

Ordo Templi Orientis



K A A B A

Number 4

An. LXXV

Sun in Aries



Ordo Templi Orientis



Ra Hoor Khuit

Lodge

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

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...I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof; argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them utterly. AL III. 42

As KAABA #4 goes to press, the third series of O.T.O. Initiations conducted by Caliph Hymenaeus Alpha in Syracuse is drawing to a close. During his ten-day visit as the guest of the Ra Hoor Khuit Lodge (March 24 - April 3), the Caliph conducted Initiations in the 0°, I°, II°, and III°, and presented instructional workshops on topics including the Qabalah and the Gnostic Mass. Thelemites from the Northeast are advancing through the Degrees of O.T.O., and Ra Hoor Khuit Lodge has been authorized to conduct Initiations through the II°.

Due to economic pressures, KAABA will be published on a biannual schedule until further notice. A new subscription price of \$2.00 per copy becomes effective with this issue. Subscription orders received before April 8 will be honored at the original rate.

The continuation of Michael Ripple's exploration of Jungian Depth Psychology and its relationship to Thelemic Magick, originally planned for this issue, will be presented at a later date. Coming in KAABA #5: another article by Andy Chertow, focusing on the Thelemic implications of Wilhelm Reich's Orgone Theory.

Thelemic businesses and organizations are invited to make use of KAABA, the voice of the New Aeon community of Eastern North America. Advertisement space may be purchased at the following rates: \$50.00 per page; \$30.00 per half-page; \$18.00 per quarter-page. (Ads are accepted subject to the approval of the publishers.) Bookstores, occult supply shops and others interested in distributing KAABA are invited to write for quantity discount information.

As always, KAABA welcomes feedback from readers. Initiates and Associate Members of the O.T.O. under the Caliphate are encouraged to submit letters, articles, reviews, artwork, local news, and creative works of poetry or prose. Your questions, suggestions, and criticisms will determine the directions our Journal will take as we plunge into the maelstrom of the Future.

I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me, & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength; & ye shall turn not back for any! AL III. 46

Invocation of Horus

According to the Divine Vision of Ouarda the Seer

I

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the flaming sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, Avenger!

1. O Thou of the Head of the Hawk! Thee, Thee, I invoke! (At every "Thee I invoke", throughout the whole ritual, give the sign of Apophis.)
 - A. Thou only-begotten-child of Osiris Thy Father, and Isis Thy Mother. He that was slain; She that bore Thee in Her womb, flying from the Terror of the Water.
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
2. O Thou whose Apron is of flashing white, whiter than the Forehead of the Morning!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
 - B. O Thou who hast formulated Thy Father and made fertile Thy Mother!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
3. O Thou whose garment is of golden glory, with the azure bars of sky!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
 - C. Thou who didst avenge the Horror of Death; Thou the slayer of Typhon! Thou who didst lift Thine arms, and the Dragons of Death were as dust; Thou who didst raise Thine head, and the Crocodile of Nile was abased before Thee!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
4. O Thou whose Nemyss hideth the Universe with night, the impermeable blue!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
 - D. Thou who travelst in the Boat of Ra, abiding at the Helm of the Aftet Boat and of the Sektet Boat!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!

5

5. Thou who bearest the Wand of Double Power!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
- E. Thou about whose presence is shed the darkness of Blue Light, the unfathomable glory of the outmost Ether, the untravelled, the unthinkable immensity of Space. Thou who concentratest all the Thirty Ethers in one darkling sphere of Fire!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!
6. O Thou who bearest the Rose and Cross of Life and Light!
Thee, Thee, I invoke!

The Voice of the Five.
The Voice of the Six.
Eleven are the Voices.
Abrahadabra!

II

Strike, strike the master chord!
Draw, draw the flaming sword!
Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
Horus, Avenger!

1. By thy name of Ra I invoke Thee, Hawk of the Sun, the glorious One!
2. By thy name Harmachis, youth of the brilliant morning, I invoke Thee!
3. By thy name Mau, I invoke Thee, Lion of the Midday Sun!
4. By thy name Tum, Hawk of the Even, crimson splendour of the Sunset,
I invoke Thee!
5. By thy name Keph-Ra I invoke Thee, O Beetle of the hidden Mastery
of Midnight!
- A. By thy name Heru-pa-Kraat, Lord of Silence, Beautiful Child that
standeth on the Dragons of the Deep, I invoke Thee!
- B. By thy name Apollo, I invoke Thee, O man of strength and splendour,
O poet, O father!
- C. By thy name of Phoebus, that drivest thy chariot through the Heaven
of Zeus, I invoke Thee!
- D. By thy name of Odin, I invoke Thee, O Warrior of the North, O Renown
of the Sagas!

- E. By thy name of Jeheshua, O Child of the Flaming Star, I invoke Thee!
- F. By thine own, Thy secret name, Hoori, Thee I invoke!

The Names are Five.
 The Names are Six.
 Eleven are the Names.
 Abrahadabra!

Behold! I stand in the midst. Mine is the symbol of Osiris; to Thee are mine eyes ever turned. Unto the splendour of Geburah, the magnificence of Chesed, the mystery of Daath, thither I lift up mine eyes. This I have sought, and I have sought the Unity: hear Thou me!

III

1. Mine is the Head of the Man, and my insight is keen as the Hawk's.
 By my head I invoke Thee!
- A. I am the only-begotten child of my Father and Mother.
 By my body I invoke Thee!
2. About me shine the Diamonds of Radiance white and pure.
 By their brightness I invoke Thee!
- B. Mine is the Red Triangle Reversed, the Sign given of none, save it be
 of Thee, O Lord!
 By the Lamén I invoke Thee!
3. Mine is the garment of white sewn with gold, the flashing abbai
 that I wear.
 By my robe I invoke Thee!
- C. Mine is the sign of Apophis and Typhon!
 By the sign I invoke Thee!
4. Mine is the turban of white and gold, and mine the blue vigour of the
 intimate air.
 By my crown I invoke Thee!
- D. My mystic sigils travel in the Bark of the Akasa; so run I after Thee
 in thy car of glory.
 By the spells I invoke Thee!
5. I bear the Word of Double Power in the Voice of the Master -- Abrahadabra!
 By the Word I invoke Thee!

E. Mine are the dark-blue waves of music in the song that I made of old to invoke Thee --

Strike, strike the master chord!
 Draw, draw the flaming sword!
 Crowned Child and Conquering Lord,
 Horus, Avenger!

By the Song I invoke Thee!

6. In my hand is thy Sword of Revenge; let it strike at Thy Bidding!
 By the Sword I invoke Thee!

The Voice of the Five.
 The Voice of the Six.
 Eleven are the Voices.
 Abrahadabra!

IV

(This section merely repeats "I" in the first person. Thus it begins:

1. *Mine is the Head of the Hawk! Abrahadabra!, and ends:*

6. *I bear the Rose and Cross of Life and Light! Abrahadabra!*

giving the Sign at each "Abrahadabra!" Remaining in the Sign, the invocation concludes:)

Therefore I say unto Thee: Come Thou forth and dwell in me; so that every Spirit, whether of the Firmament, or of the Ether, or of the Earth or under the Earth, on dry land or in the water, of whirling air or of rushing fire, and every spell and scourge of God the Vast One may be THOU. Abrahadabra!

(The Adoration -- impromptu.)

The Poetry Of

Grady

Louis

McMurtry

Space Tides: a prophecy

The roar of space winds pouring o'er
The star hung cataracts of night
Has thundered on the sapphire shore
Of Orion. And in the light
Of clustered suns the men of Earth
Have heard this song celestial
Have stopped their labors, and their mirth,
Looked back to where, terrestrial,
Our mother planet swings in peace
Around her parent sun of old
And in those gyres that never cease
The story of our life is told.
From here the race of Man has sprung
To conquer space and claim the stars,
With fire atomic as the rung
He leaped the chasmed isobars
Between the worlds! From Him there came
The Cosmic Engineers who spanned
The stellar deep with ships of flame
Who saw galactic empires planned
For all of time. And so they dreamed
To throw the outposts of the Race
Beyond the farthest stars that gleamed
Upon the outer rim of space.

Hull down the ranging cruisers ride
The star winds o'er the Pleiades,
And space tanned mariners may stride
Their quarter-decks -- or stand at ease
Along the bridge. While on patrol
Space borne torpedoes of the deep
Trans-stellar spaces gently roll
And feel the space tides as they leap
The curving parsecs. Through the roar
Of stellar seas their orbits run
And close hauled clippers drive before
The blast of an exploding sun
That ripples space. And in the holds
Of merchant argosies are gems
From Centaurus; strange fungoid molds,
Monstrosities with many limbs
From Aldebaran; by the tons
Uranium and all its ores-----
The priceless commerce of the suns
Consigned to Earth from foreign shores!

The cold, dry wind of outer space
 That sweeps a way between the stars
 Has fanned Cappella's flaming face
 And stirred the sanguine sands of Mars
 And I would ride that dark simoom
 With the Corsair avatars of old
 In racing shells that plunge the flume
 Of interstellar space. Behold
 The orange flame of Fomalhaut's
 From far below the Median Deep,
 And stand the watch with astronauts
 Who time the light years as they seep
 Across the universe. Who know
 How wheeling galaxies will strain
 The spatial curve. What storms may grow
 A million years before they gain
 The strength of cosmic hurricanes.
 Such cyclone vortices as these,
 Light years across, have fanned the vanes
 Of stations anchored in the seas
 That wash Polaris. And the spawn
 Of this space warping typhoon wind
 Are fiery molecules whole drawn
 From some sub-ether. So they send
 Another nebula to swirl
 Across the strained and troubled void.
 A cloud of new born stars to whirl
 And lure the questing anthropoid.

The power of atomic might
 Stripped from the ore uranium,
 Where nucleons are whipped in white
 Heat from bedrock neutronium,
 Has fueled the navies of high space,
 And out in that sidereal sleet
 A mighty dreadnought seeks to trace
 The orbit of a spindrift fleet
 Lost on the deep. Whose men marooned
 On racing meteorites have gazed
 With fevered eyes, their thoughts attuned
 To dusky phantoms on the glazed
 Backdrop of stars. In dream they see
 The sleeting comets crash and burn
 And gaunt ribbed worlds flap hopelessly
 About a guttered sun whose urn
 Of ashes cold spills in the gloom --
 Such drifting clouds of dust set free
 May sail the dead, high seas of doom
 Forever -- yet may never see
 Nor spume in breakers on the shore
 Of worlds that spin in hyperspace:
 Behind the ken of terrene lore
 Are planets out of time and place.

Upon the islands of a sun
 In Andromeda's stellar swarms

These cosmic pioneers have won
A beach-head. And against the storms
of toxic gasses they have wrought
Weird cities domed with crystal shell,
And to these alien worlds have brought
Some touch of Earth. Here they may dwell
Until once more the call of space
Has echoed in their hearts -- and then
The snub-nosed mining fleets will pace
The comet trails -- and trading men
Seek merchandise among the strange
Inhabitants of Narccrokelts --
With jewel dyes and sweet orange
To barter for their shaggy pelts
Symbiotic. Such men have seen
The massive glyptodons make war
On monsters trapped in the marine
Of worlds ruled by the dinosaur
Near Procyon. While from the locks
Of guardian keeps on Mercury
To where the slag of cinder rocks
Speed out beyond the star-lit sea----

January 1946

Oblivion

Oh sweet, adultrous harlot of the skies
I yearn to thee with heart of burning fire
And pray that I might lie between thy thighs
To find in one mad, all consuming quire
The passion promised in thy tender eyes.

That I might find, oh sweet, incestuous one
The flame uniting heart to soul and mind
And having found this love of two and none
Cast off the shell that maketh mankind blind
Unto the glory of the dawning sun.

And having found my rapture in thy kiss
Oh daughter of the evening's purple charms
To know the beauty, and the carnal bliss
Of total dissolution in thine arms
My Babalon. Veiled by the dread abyss.

"Oh melancholy brothers
Dark -- dark -- dark --- "
Death is the way of thy birth,
Pain is the curse of thy mirth,
Sweet is the kiss of the earth.

12-4-43

In September

The rains come down -- the chalk grey mud of Gaul
Is foamed beneath the slash of treading tanks
And soldiers curse.

I used to like the Fall
And will again, I hope, stand on the banks
Of flooding streams made rich with Autumn rain,
A seasoned briar clenched between my teeth,
And breathe the stinging frost wind.

Once again
Stride down the tree laned byways where the heath
Has mingled scent of sage with fern and pine
To savor there the breath of growing things
Distilled in ice-chill silence.

This is mine!
This time of year when airborne ice makes rings
Around the Bacchic moon -- when sun and tree
Thrall the wooded land with Summer's ember.
When these campaigns are but a memory
And I am home again. In september.

9-30-44

ZEUS

Tell me, Pan, you of the Wilderness
That space wherein all men must dwell
If they would know thy secrets
Tell me, who is this Christ
This upstart godling?

And Pan answered, slowly, grimly sad
A fool, your Grace, oh mighty Zeus
An embassy of Typhon
Tho he may know it not.
He lives his own lies.

Then what can he mean to us, old goat?
Again Pan answered, wearily
Two thousand years and more, Lord,
Of famine, pestilence,
Death for my children.

2-8-42

SATURN

Your eyes are as wise as the world
Your lips are a mockery
Of paint, your hair is curled
With the shape of the pottery
Of ancient Thrace, your face
I have seen when convolutes
Of meteor dust have swirled
Between the flowing roots
Of Yggdrasil, I know
The thoughts you have dreamed and lost,
For I am he whose foe
Is king of the giants, Frost!

10-2-41

Sterility

Along an orbit charted by the sun
A charging cruiser swings---
With flaring jets
It sweeps a path elliptic.
At his set
A somber man keeps vigil for the call
Of other ships that rendezvous.
It comes
On beamed light that pulses as alive
With modulated frequencies
And hums
An alien intelligence.
He nods
And scans the message-----
Then returns to sit
And contemplate again with weary gaze
A universe.
He idly tunes
The photophones to scope a sullen sky
Whose barren waste of star embedded night
Has settled on his own immortal soul
A touch of its aridity.
He sighs
And listens -- half unconscious -- to the dry
Hypnotic rustle of the myriad stars-----
Whispering!

12-2-42

The Gnome

There is a Gnome
In the iron mountains of the western desert
Where the jagged spires of the granite rimrock
Come ripping up through the corroded foothills

And he lives in these iron mountains
This Gnome
And he plays on the flame seared plains below
With his trails of dust and his twisting thermals
That begin nowhere and end in swirling nothingness

And he swims over the heat choked ravines
Flowing over and around the blistering hearth stones
The chipped and glowing walls of the open hearth stones
This Gnome -- whose furnace breath
Is the rippling heat of the bake oven
Pulsing and simmering on the desert floor
And in whose cupped and twisted hands
The molten hyalesence
Of the mirage is prisoned

And he feeds on the fires in his crucible
This Gnome
Feeding and swimming in the fluid seas of the Flame Winds
In the viscous, liquid heat of the burning Flame Winds
Which lick the baked and scorching clay with tongues
Of fire that seem as serpent shapen flames
To bathe the nether islands of the sun
At their dire perihelion

And this amorphous Gnome
Like some smoke-pillared djinn a god evoked
To stand the watch of Cerberus
Above the river Phlegethon -- has found
Beneath the slabs of basalt that are split
And rivened by the long diurnal siege
A noduled grain mercuric that had seeped
And sweated from the smelt of cinnabar

This Gnome -- this entity -- this eidolon
Self-procreate of fire and flame and heat
This Gnome

7-31-43

The Intruder

Come, Man, let us go
We have Intruded -- you and I
Who were never meant to be
Upon this toil worn planet.
Alone we stand -- and are alone
Though multitudes may mill about our feet
And know us not -- what had you thought?
That they would welcome Us with open arms?
Be not the Fool
From that which is Outside we came to be
And this is our reward --
That we are shunned as is the mottled plague
We and our company.
For is it not as I did oft foretell?
These creatures are as scum upon the Urth
That live and breathe and populate and die
And are as blind as kobalds in the Sun --
That transcendental light of ether born.
We speak -- and are not heard
We paint -- and no man sees
We sing -- and find our song not known
We mold -- and they know not the form
We are Outsiders
So let it be and grieve not at their loss
Come -- for there is other life we need attend
Through galaxies\ remote the life tide roars
And worlds unknown have spawned their hellish broods
Who knows -- perhaps on one of these we'll find
A sentient crystal -- or some horn'd Thing
Or eyeless monster of the sub-terrane
Whose weird and alien consciousness has found
Perception as a sense -----
There we may rest
And hold communion with the Silent Ones
To know again the Beauty that was Eld
Before the Cataclysm and the Cold
Had sharded Kolabon athwart the gulf
So let us go
And leave them in the fetor of their slime
Until eternal sameness rots their souls
And they have found the surcease of the dead --
Whenas they walk beyond the walls of sleep --
Is but a prelude of the greater storm
That crouches just beyond the barrier reef
Rumbling in its nimbostratic murk --
Come, Man, let us go -- we have Intruded -----

9-17-43

Of Emerald Earth

As space-borne fleets of Viking mariners
Swing round a world impregnable
To jettison each a cargo
Bomb shattering, irresistable

And space-marines with visored helms
Drop through the black
Of night, with strife that overwhelms
Upon the atom shattered wrack
Of worlds at war

So seetee sharded Adonis
Mills round an elder, wiser Sun
While astroids from her scattered hulk
Rust on the flame-scored plains of Mars

Now must we mark that cosmic war
When god-men stormed the Titan host
With atom fire----

Lest darkness fall
And Night engulf the Citadel
Of Emerald Earth

5-25-49

Deus Ex Machina

So has it come to this
The Hour of Peril
When Armageddon roils the storm of war
And kilted Mars bestrides a crumbling world
Of armor plated dragons belching flame
Of slant winged harpies sharding through a haze
Of incandescent fury
And of monstrous eggs
Ovum of a world gone mad with fear
And rationed thought

Such is the fate of gadget minded man
Who placed his faith in mechanistic thought
And sought no higher good than pleasure-pain
That now he finds his logic's fatal flaw
In skew-wise reason

And his need for love
Is smothered in the coils of The Machine
Upon whose altar lies his liliated soul
Till Moloch's triggered fingers arc the arms
That feed the flames

3-11-52

LIBER OZ:

"the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world."
AL II. 21

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." AL I. 40

"thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that and no other shall say nay."
AL I. 42-3

"Every man and every woman is a star." AL I. 3

There is no god but man.

1. Man has the right to live by his own law --
to live in the way that he wills to do:
to work as he will:
to play as he will:
to rest as he will:
to die when and how he will.
2. Man has the right to eat what he will:
to drink what he will:
to dwell where he will:
to move as he will on the face of the earth.
3. Man has the right to think what he will:
to speak what he will:
to write what he will:
to draw, paint, carve, etch, mould, build as he will:
to dress as he will.
4. Man has the right to love as he will:
"take your fill and will of love as ye will,
when, where, and with whom ye will." AL I. 51
5. Man has the right to kill those who would thwart these rights.

"the slaves shall serve." AL II. 58

"Love is the law, love under will." AL I. 57

Magical Techniques and Qabalistic Devices

By Bill Heidrick

Magick is a way of functioning whereby mental causes produce material results. The connections between the mental causes and the material results are where more limited disciplines, such as physical sciences, branch off from Magick. ESP theories attempt to explain how the mind can produce a physical result without a visible agent. Magicians learn to produce thoughts in the world. In Meditation, something comes in to enlighten, whether from an observation of the outside world or from some externalized, nonphysical source. In Magick, something inside reaches out.

"Qabalah" originally described a practice of Jewish mysticism which traditionally arose after the last destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem. Qabalah was a collection of oral interpretations of Jewish Law and Scripture through words, spelling, number, apparation of angels and a variety of other approaches not generally considered normal, rational and reliable. Qabalah was for Jews what Gnosticism was for Greeks in the early part of the modern era. Both early Qabalists and Gnostics collected and used a variety of methods in their efforts to understand things which do not easily yield to simple, physical explanation or definition.

The break between religious and magical use of Qabalah in the West occurred before the 12th century. As long as Qabalah was only a method of religious commentary, it remained within a social structure that had a quiet place for it. The decay of native shamanism throughout Europe changed all that. The pagan Roman conquest had diluted local religious practices by blotting out local gods and goddesses in favor of slightly similar Roman dieties. Surviving local traditions were gradually reduced to confused fragments of magical activity. People who wished to systematically and spiritually influence nature had to attach themselves to the Roman system. In the Christian period, the same needs could only openly be met through the Christian prayer system. During two thousand some odd years of repression, Qabalah offered many techniques and devices for secret worship outside the Roman and Christian political scene. Of these techniques, mystical use of numbers accounts for much.

NUMBER TECHNIQUES

There is a method of converting words to numbers and a mysticism based on the results. When the language used is English, this process is called *Numerology*. When the language used is Hebrew, the name for the number technique is *Gematria*. There are important differences between Numerology and Gematria. English is a polyglot -- it is composed from many other languages from widely different cultures. Talmudic and other forms of Hebrew are simpler and far more uniform than English. Hebrew has shorter words -- two and three letter words are very common. Most combinations of three Hebrew letters have dictionary meanings. Such compactness means that nearly all the basic words of the Hebrew language can be studied and converted into number in a relatively short time. When this is done, the meanings of the words tend to group about certain numbers. For example, the number 26, the value of the deity name "Jehovah", is also the value of words meaning "to join together" -- Jehovah as creator and covenanter -- and "sharp peak" -- Jehovah appears on mountain tops. [See illustration on p. 23.]

The number system used with Hebrew letters is as old as the Hebrew alphabet, while the several methods of numerology used with English were introduced in comparatively recent times. In Hebrew, the letters are the numerals; just as Greek letters have always stood for numbers. It wasn't at all unusual for a user of Hebrew or Greek to think of a word as *being* the number that is the sum of the individual numbers of the letters in that word. If you want to say "name" in Hebrew, say "Shem", spelled Shin-Mem. The number of Shin is 300; that of Mem is 40. (There was a late development of Hebrew that introduced five "final" forms and values. These special letters are usually ignored in Gematria. The value for "Mem final" is 600.) The total for Shem is 300 + 40 or 340. If you wanted to write the number 340 in Hebrew, the simplest way to do it would be to write Shin-Mem, the same as the word for "name", *Shem*. Another Hebrew word having this same total of 340 is *Layis*, Lamed-Yod-Shin, which means "to be strong" and "a lion". The word Shem is specially used to signify the name of the deity, who rules heaven just as a lion is said to rule beasts. If this sort of work were being done in English numerology, a number like 340 would be reduced $3 + 4 + 0 = 7$ before anything else could be done; and the meanings of the number seven in the "Pythagorean" system would be applied. In that system, 7 is "withdrawal from the world, mystery, secrets". The same process works with Hebrew Qabalah, but the meanings on the level of single digits tend to be much richer. In Hebrew mysticism, 7 is the number of victory, of the whole sphere of sense derived emotion, of the Sword of separation, often of the astrological planet Venus, of Magick derived from nature (as contrasted with divine and ceremonial types of Magick) and of a definite set of Angels, Demons, etc. Both Gematria and "Pythagorean" Numerology indulge in abstract mathematical speculation: 7 is indivisible by other numbers (except 1 and itself) -- this property makes it a prime. 7 is the sum of 3 and 4, an odd and an even number -- it is said to be composed of a male and a female.

The ease of going from word to number in Hebrew led to forms of poetry in which number equivalence replaced or joined with rhyme. Work with Gematria tends to develop nonlogical, non-Aristotelian methods of thinking that are very useful in Magick and meditation. Magical devices often include symbols like stars, triangles, lines and squares that derive meaning from Qabalistic number mysticism. In many ways Qabalah is the international language of Magick just as mathematics is the international language of science.

HEBREW LETTER:	NAME IN ENGLISH:	NUMBER VALUE:
א	Aleph	1
ב	Beth	2
ג	Gimmel	3
ד	Daleth	4
ה	Heh	5
ו	Vau	6
ז	Zain	7
ח	Cheth	8
ט	Teth	9
י	Jod	10
כ	Koph	20
ל	Lamed	30
מ	Mem	40
נ	Nun	50
ס	Samekh	60
ע	Ayin	70
פ	Peh	80
צ	Tzaddi	90
ק	Qof	100
ר	Resh	200
ש	Shin	300
ת	Taw	400

Jehovah = יהוה = 5 + 6 + 5 + 10 = 26

THE QABALAH OF CHRISTIANS, ROSICRUCIANS AND MASONS

Qabalah had its main impact on Western Magick during the Renaissance. A short work attributed to Peter of Abano (13th century), called the *Heptameron*, listed spirits and magical devices for the seven planets, the days of the week and various other matters. Cornelius Agrippa (15th century) compiled a work called *De Occulta Philosophica* in three books (a fourth was written later by another person as a summary). Agrippa's three books collected into one place nearly all the basic magical Qabalistic techniques known to nonjewish Europeans of his day. Most later Qabalistic-Magical works, including the 19th century book by Barrett, *The Magus*, are paraphrases of Agrippa and 'Abano (usually rife with errors of the most absurd kind; Barrett's book is a grotesque collection of blunders and misspellings). It is difficult to get a complete Agrippa in English. Most editions of *Occult Philosophy* include only the first of the three books; and the first is devoid of any but the most vague and minor speculations on elemental magic. The Magic of the Order of the Golden Dawn and the Magick of Aleister Crowley borrow heavily from Agrippa. Two other important collections of Qabalistic Magick are the *Calernarium Naturale Magicum...* of Tycho Brahe, 1582 (a good copy of it can be found in Manly Hall's *Codex Rosae Crucis*) and *Oedipus Aegyptiacus* by Athanasii Kircher, 1653.

The most popular style of modern ceremonial magick in English, German and French countries (except some new-world islands) is Masonic. A Masonic lodge is a service group that is organized around a series of rituals and mysteries, the secret doctrine of the lodge, based on occult and Qabalistic interpretations of sacred scripture. Masonic Lodges developed following the Crusades, and they reflect in many ways the secret societies that are still common in the Near East. European Masonic groups underwent major reconstruction of rituals and mysteries during the 17th and 18th centuries. These changes incorporated many fragments of Qabalistic and "Hermetic" lore. In the 19th century a gradual splitting apart occurred between the "Esoteric" and the "Exoteric" Masons. The latter became less interested in magic and occultism while the former began to enter more deeply into these arts. The abandoned term "Rosicrucian" was revived by both types of Masons during the last century; but, in the 20th century, only the more occult lodges openly call themselves Rosicrucian. Some go so far as to claim that they are the original and only true Rosicrucian Order -- such childish games are often reminiscent of the Big-Endian vs. Little-Endian controversy in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.

In the late 19th century new groups began to appear, incorporating other traditions with Masonic material. Some, like the Order of the Golden Dawn and O.T.O., considered themselves to be Esoteric Masons and Rosicrucians. Others, like the Theosophic groups of M. Blavatsky, held themselves aloof from the still largely Christian Masons. These new groups often took inspiration from the writings of Eliphas Levi and Papus, leaders in 19th century French "Esoteric" occultism and Free Masonry. Nearly all Western Magical-Qabalistic orders derive the greater part of their knowledge from these late 19th century Masonic and Neo-pagan Orders. The exceptions are mostly groups actively involved in reconstruction of ethnic, pagan religions -- even these tend to rely on Masonic research until their own work bears adequate fruit.

HIERARCHIES

Hierarchies feature prominently in Ceremonial Magick. In the Golden Dawn, hierarchies usually start with an all-inclusive divinity. There is a Judeo-Christian tendency to think of such a divinity as male, but the Golden Dawn brand of Qabalah comes closer to equality between the sexes. The greatest personified divinity possesses masculine and feminine characteristics. Below the great divinity come the lesser divinities. These lesser divinities are usually considered aspects or limited versions of the great divinity. They are male, female, or androgynous. Qabalistic divine names from the Hebrew Torah (Old Testament) are used by the Golden Dawn for these lesser divinities. The great divinity is often nameless, or a mysterious name like "The Limitless Light" (Ain Soph Aur) is used. The highest of the lesser divine names is Eheieh [Aleph-Heh-Yod-Heh], a form of the Hebrew verb "to be". The exact meaning of this name is "I am", a simple affirmation that the deity exists and is somehow the same as "I". This name is found in Exodus III:14 and is the name spoken to the magician Moses from the burning bush. "Yah" [Yod-Heh] or Jehovah [Yod-Heh-Vau-Heh] is another, lesser name and another tense of the Hebrew verb "to be". Jehovah means "she is" or "he is". Other such names include Elohim [Aleph-Lamed-Heh-Yod-Mem], "gods (and/or) goddesses"; Shadi El Chi [Shin-Daleth-Yod Aleph-Lamed Cheth-Yod], "almighty god lives forever"; and Tzaboath [Tzaddi-Beth-Aleph-Vau-Taw], "Hosts". These names of aspects of divinity, or lesser divinities, have correspondence to the seven ancient planets, the Sephiroth of the Qabalistic Tree of Life and other matters.

Archangelic names are also used. The powers that answer to the divine names are very abstract. Divine names are safe in some ways, because their use implies resignation to Higher Will. Work with archangels is a bit more tricky. During the Renaissance, archangels were considered to be the rulers of the motions of the planets, of great events, nations and significant political figures. It's less important to believe that there are archangels than to conceive of archangelic power, power that is less than divine but more than human. You can pick a fight with your boss and you can do the same with an archangel. Physically being fired by a boss is a little like being spiritually burned by a Seraph. Traditional names include Raphael, Michael, Gabriel, Metatron and Tzaphquel. Raphael means "healing of god"; Michael means "likeness of god"; Gabriel, "might of god" and Tzaphquel, "hidden voice of god". Metatron defies simple translation and it has been said that this name is Greek rather than Hebrew. Many of the people who have said that have also been strongly antisemitic, so it's rather difficult to decide about Metatron.

The subject of archangels leads naturally to the subject of archdevils. When a magician deals with archangels, he or she lowers his or her self from the openness of dealing with divinity. Anything that comes from a divinity is alright, directly in visible accord with the True Will of the Limitless. With a lesser entity, there is a risk of contacting something that doesn't like you and doesn't want or isn't able to do what you want. Archangels and angels (in some pantheons called demons, least gods and goddesses, etc.) always manifest when properly summoned. If they are prevented from manifesting as angels and archangels, they will manifest as devils and archdevils. To state it differently: a person may demand to have something but be unable to accept what comes. A student may really want a book that has a certain fact needed for a term paper. That student will direct his thought toward obtaining that book (the directing of thought is a form of summoning on the angelic and archangelic

levels); but, when the book arrives, it's in a language unknown to the student. Then enters the devil of frustration and the archdevil of lost time. It's worse when the thing sought is more personal or more serious and the seeker is unready. In cases like that, psychic shock can set in. Magical summoning of an experience should be accompanied by resignation to the aspect of divine will in charge. Strong summonings involve the deeper levels of the mind, and frustration on those levels can lead to neurasthenia and obsession. All negative effects can be avoided by a sufficiently high dedication or resignation to True Will.

Beneath the archangels are the angels and choirs of angels. Many of these are given particular names, but it is common to consider angels by groups called "orders" or "choirs".

The West has two major lists of choirs of angels, in addition to several minor lists. The older of the major lists is pre-Christian and Hebrew. The other major list is Christian and Latin, that of pseudo-Dionysius, given in his 5th century work, *The Celestial Hierarchies*. The list of Dionysius includes some names of latinized Hebrew from the older list. Both sets recognize ten levels of subordinate entities -- if human souls are taken as the lowest choir in the Dionysian. Both can fit the Qabalistic Tree of Life system with its ten Sephiroth. The essential difference between these lists, beyond language, rests in purpose. The choirs of Dionysius are intended to include all spiritual entities between highest divinity and physical humanity, while the Hebrew orders are a reckoning of lesser powers attendant on the archangels -- individual skills needed within different professions; celestial blue-collar workers.

Here is the Dionysian list with descriptions from *The Celestial Hierarchies*:

1. The Seraphim who burn away all that separates man from God.
2. Cherubim who illuminate the soul and unite it with the Divine Wisdom
(Wisdom or Chokmah is the second Sephiroth on the Qabalistic Tree).
3. Thrones raise up the soul and establish it in the service of the Divine.
4. Dominions bestow order and justice.
5. Virtues bestow grace and valour.
6. Powers aid the human mind to break free of forces that draw man to earthly thoughts.
7. Principalities aid men to turn toward the Divine service and away from the earth.
8. Archangels teach the soul to enable it to learn about itself and about spiritual things.
9. Angels minister to man and purify and uplift the things of Nature.
10. Man -- the possessors of the Earth.

It is evident that the Dionysian list is Christian; the assumption that nearly everything above or below the Earth exists for man's exclusive benefit is not often found in the more elaborate pagan systems. Most of the world's religions are a bit less egotistical. Placing too much emphasis on monotheism is responsible for Christian irresponsibility to fellow beings. The *Lesser Key of Solomon* or *Lemegaton*, especially the part called *Goetia*, degrades many ancient gods and goddesses to the level of Christian devils. Some of the 72 devils listed in that ancient book of ceremonial magic are mentioned as having fallen from one or other of the Dionysian choirs. The Roman Catholic Church once considered the Dionysian list to be canonical.

There are several versions of the Hebrew list of angelic orders. Here's a widely used version:

1. *Chioth Ha Qadesh* -- "the holy living creatures" from Ezekiel I:1-14.
2. *Auphanim* -- "the wheels" or "the spinning ones" from Ezekiel I:15-19.
3. *Aralim* -- "the mighty ones" from Isaiah XXXIII:7.
4. *Seraphim* -- "the burning ones" from Isaiah VI:6.
5. *Melakim* -- "the kings" or "the angels", found in many places in the Old Testament.
6. *Shinanim* -- "the multiplying ones" from Psalms 68 (in Catholic Bibles, Psalms 67).
7. *Tarshisim* -- "the ships" from Isaiah II:16 (Not Daniel X:6 as given by Mathers in his *Kabbalah Unveiled* -- it would appear that Mathers copied a mistake by Ginsburg while plagiarizing the latter's essay *The Kabbalah*.)
8. *Beni Elohim* -- "the sons of the gods (or goddesses)" from Genesis VI:1-4.
9. *Cherubim* -- "the cherubs" from Genesis III:24 and many other places.
10. *Aishim* -- "the flames" from Psalms 104:4.

Working with angels is a bit different from working with archangels. There are dangers, but these are apt to be more material. Consider the *Tarshisim*, the angelic order corresponding to the planet Venus, matters of love, emotion and reception of simple benefits from nature. These angels aid in love spells. If a magician wanted to encourage a lady to love him he could use a ritual involving the energies here called the *Tarshisim*. If that magician tried to force love instead of encourage it by use of the *Tarshisim*, he would run the risk of physical violence. Magical rape is still rape -- and a lot harder to commit with impunity than the more material kind.

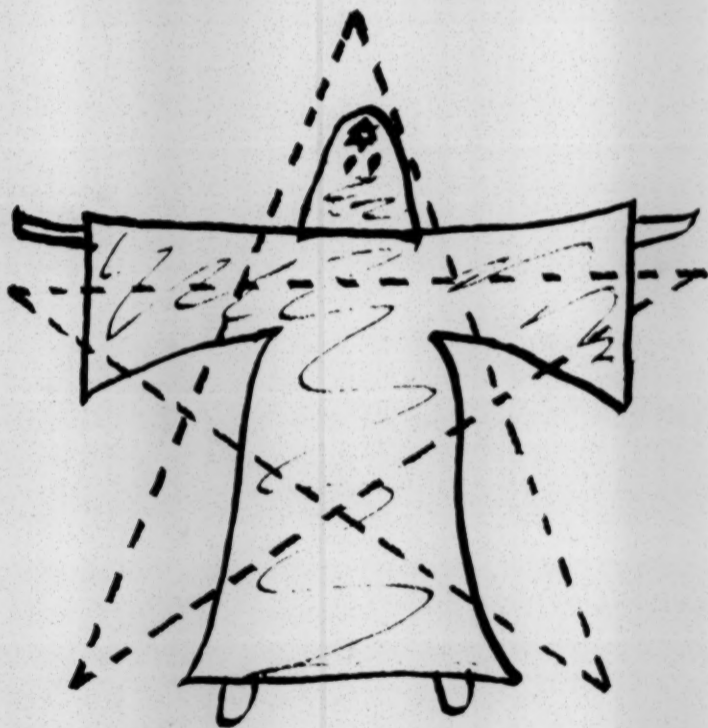
There are lists of beings supposed to be lower than the angels and perhaps lower than the human spirit. These include the intelligences of the planets and the spirits of the planets. There are also lists of devils and archdevils. To use such in magical workings involves curious twists of mind and obscure traps. To give an illustration: I became bemused with the charms of a fair lady. She responded after a manner, but refused to go beyond teasing. After many months of being sexually aroused and frustrated, I became very upset. Finally, after a particularly difficult (and I must admit, mutually difficult) time with her, I ceremonially summoned up the 72 Goetic demons and sent them after her with the injunction not to harm her, but to subject her to minor torment until she either came to my bed or stopped the games. The next day I considered the matter further, saw a bit more of it from her side, and decided that I had gone too far. I summoned the demons away from her and directed them to do to me what they were about to do to her -- the only way I could in good faith dismiss them. The results were quite strange. I felt a gritting sensation in my mouth. Later the lady in question told me that she had a toothache. Soon after, a filling dropped out of one of my teeth. I went to a dentist and had the filling replaced. This repair was accomplished without anesthetic and without pain to me. Shortly after, the lady informed me that her tooth had stopped hurting.

Work with hierarchies can produce mental imbalance in susceptible practitioners. This approach to ritual involves a sort of artificial multiple schizophrenia for a limited purpose and time. Danger usually comes from trying to work too rapidly. The first sign of difficulty is usually a little dizziness and a little confusion. At that stage, there is nothing seriously wrong -- in fact, a trace of this disorientation is helpful in ritual. It's almost impossible to do actual, lasting damage on a single attempt with hierarchy ritual. If persistence over several days results in general confusion and major difficulty in relating to other people, it's best to stop for a while.

Persistence past such warning signs for a considerable time can rarely but occasionally result in novel and interesting forms of insanity.

ROBES, TALISMANS, WANDS AND OTHER DEVICES

Qabalah plays a role in the design of magical garments. Aleister Crowley and other members of the Order of the Golden Dawn often used a sort of black silk or satin robe with hood. The hood had a large, white six-pointed star above the eye openings. When this outfit was worn, the shape of the entire garment with legs and arms extended resembled a five-pointed star, a pentagram. This five-fold figure is a symbol of human consciousness, while the six-pointed star, a hexagram, on the hood represents balanced, divine consciousness. The hexagram is known as the star of David, while the pentagram shares with seven and eight pointed stars the occasional title, "seal of Solomon". Black is the robe color, but black doesn't mean "black magic". Black is that quality or lack of color which absorbs, is heavy or seems heavy like earth. The fathomless depths of space are also represented by black. A black robe may be used with the earth correspondence to aid in producing a physical result. With the space correspondence held in mind, black becomes the color of banishment and brings power to send away the unwanted to outer darkness -- to remove the oppressive from light of mind.



The *Greater Key of Solomon*, a grimoire of ponderous age, describes a robe for magical workings. This is a garment of linen or silk in the natural color (biege or white) which has certain characters embroidered in red upon the breast. Various talismans are described, and these may be placed upon the robe for particular purposes. The devices and decorations proposed by this most venerable book of ceremony are mostly Hebrew and occasionally Latin. The characters for the breast of the robe are curious. They are not any of the many alphabets of Hebrew, either mystical or ordinary; nor are they Latin. These characters are a form of Ogam, the ancient writing of the pre-Christian Celts of Ireland, Wales and Britain. Translation of so elaborate a bit of Ogam is a task for a Gaelic scholar. A first attempt at copying over these characters [see illustration on p. 29] into English letters resulted in:

Doilomadoi-u-uma. It is unlikely that this is a correct transliteration; but, even if it is, references to hand at this writing fail to complete the translation. The meaning may be a phrase like "murmur to be able", or the name of a diety or hero. Translation from ancient Ogam is not easy. There are several major variations of the basic writing, such as Ogam beith, Craobh and Consoine -- similar shifting of letter values in Hebrew is called Temurah, with 24 types in occasional use. Ogam lines sometimes end in unusual characters like the abbreviations used in Gaelic manuscript writing -- O'Brien's 1809 *Grammar* lists 369 of the manuscript abbreviations. At times Ogam has been used as if it were

a Steganography; then the language may not even be Gaelic! Such are the tribulations of magical research. Prayers to the god Ogma are in order before attempting such translation.

Talismanic devices from the *Greater Key of Solomon* are complex and formal. Except for embellishments on garments and instruments, they are planetary and mostly circular (one type resembles a door). About the rim of the usual kind is a versicle. This is often a Hebrew passage from the Bible, but in some cases the language is Latin.

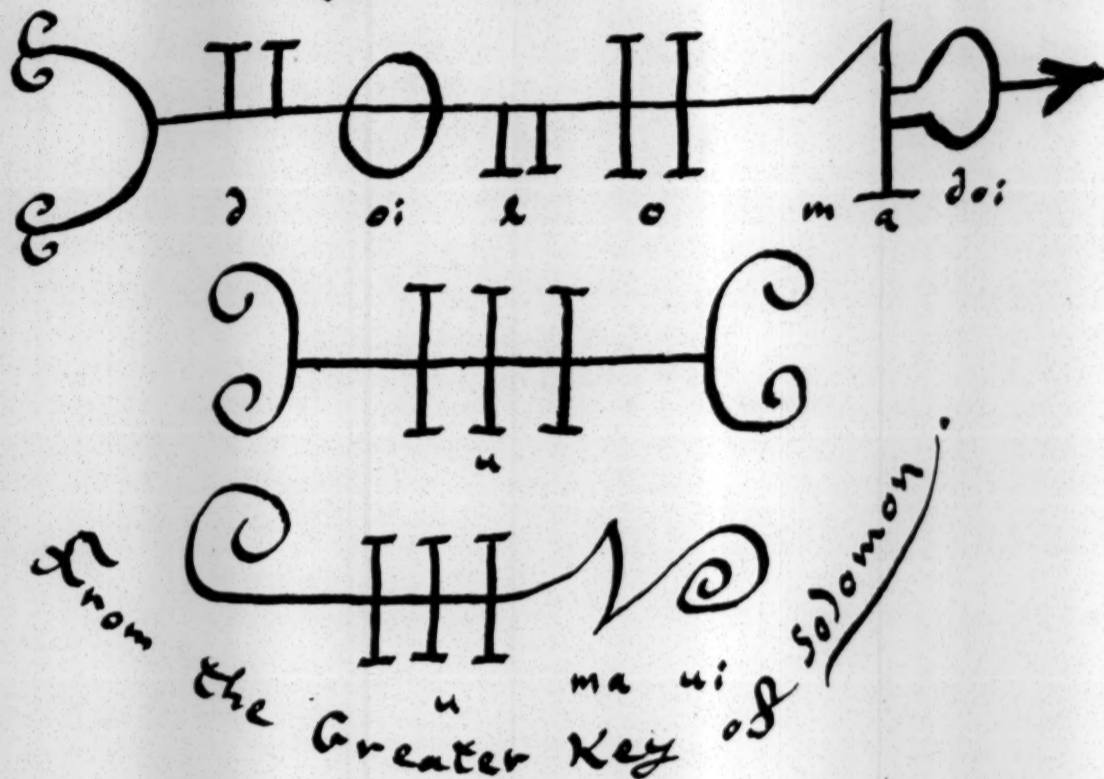
In the center of each talisman is a picture, magic square, set of planetary symbols, or something else appropriate to the purpose of the whole. Hebrew words are frequently included with the central figure.

The fifth Pentacle of Mars (in the Mathers translation: *The Key of Solomon the King*) [see illustration, p. 30] is an example of a talisman from the *Greater Key*. This device is intended to compel the obedience of demons through causing them fear. The versicle about the rim is from Psalms 91:13: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the asp; the young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under feet." In the center is a suicidal scorpion (Scorpio in the Zodiac was said to be ruled by Mars before the discovery of the transuranic planets) surrounded by four repetitions of a Hebrew word meaning "Brightness". This center design illustrates the pre-Christian legend that a scorpion surrounded hopelessly by bright fire will sting itself to death rather than burn. The effect on the demon beholding the image of this talisman in the mind of its wearer can be imagined. A modern variant might have a Hell's Angel surrounded by covenanting Marks.

In another example, the first pentacle of the Sun [see p. 30], the Hebrew versicle is replaced by a Latin statement: "Behold His face and form by Whom all things were made, and Whom all creatures obey." This translation is by Mathers in a note on the talisman. The center shows a horned and bearded human head. About the head are rays of light and the Hebrew words: El Shadi. Mathers declares in his note that this is the angel Metatron, but that is not obvious. By Gematria, the numeration of El Shadi is 345, and the value of the name Moshah

IN RED,

For the Greast of
a magical Robe.





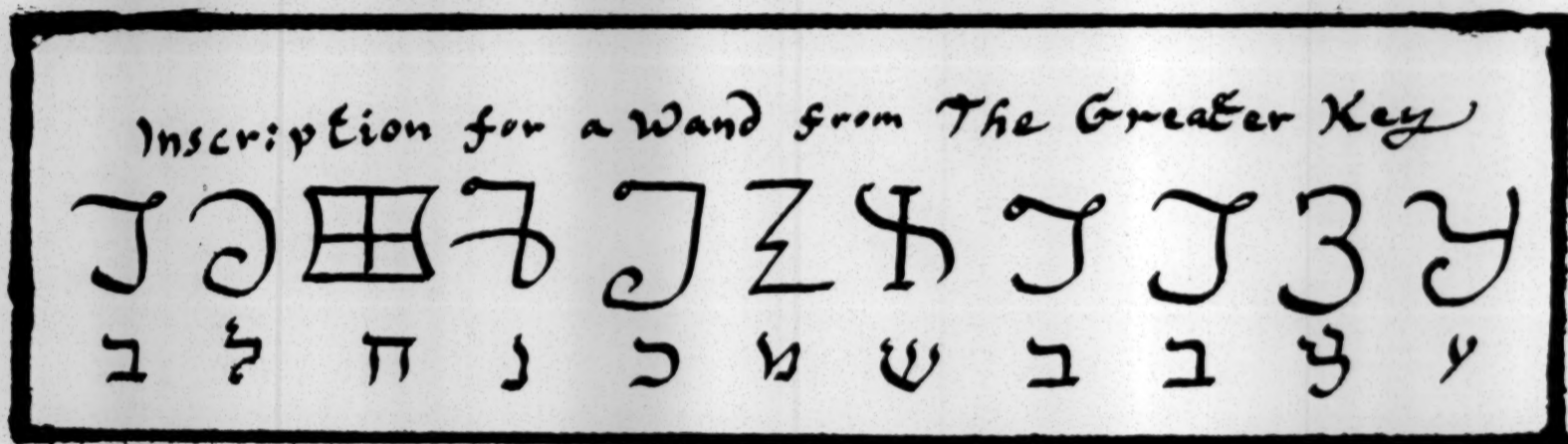
$$\begin{aligned} \text{שדו} \quad \text{ק} \quad \text{ח} &= 10 + 4 + 300 + 30 + 1 \\ &= 345 \\ \text{דשד} &= 5 + 300 + 40 \end{aligned}$$

(Moses) is also 345. In the Torah, the magician Moses is described as having a radiant light upon his face after descending Mt. Sinai. Medieval art often depicted this god-mirroring as two horns of light rising from the forehead of Moses. Moses was the servant of "Almighty God", "El Shadi". There are legends to the effect that the angel (or archangel) Metatron assumed the form of Enoch (first master after Adam of the magic now called Enochian) but no legend that Moses and Enoch are the same. Mathers worked with the Enochian magic of John Dee and may have gained an additional insight into this matter.



A wand is described in *The Greater Key of Solomon*. Instructions are given for obtaining the wood, and an inscription is to be cut along its length. The inscription is in archaic Hebrew letters of a badly copied sort. It may not be possible to recover the original meaning; but, taking a wild guess at the identity of the letters, I got: "Cut the Sweet young tree." That is a very loose translation. It could equally be taken as: "Idol chapels have sticky pedestals." Qabalah can be applied to turn up endless variations of meaning on this sort of thing, and that is one way of charging the magical weapon on which the inscription is used. Typically, inscriptions like this one are copied and recopied by people who haven't the slightest idea what the language may be or how the letters should look. After several journeys through illiterate hands, the original form and sense is lost. The inscription then becomes a mystery without solution. A new inscription may be prepared, or the old one can serve after a limited fashion. For a magical wand, Exodus IV:17 could be used: "And thou shalt take in thy hand this rod, wherewith thou shalt do the signs." Followers of Aleister Crowley may read into this passage a confirmation of magical practices appropriate to the VIIIth Degree of O.T.O.

The Order of the Golden Dawn favored a different style wand. Members of advanced degrees used the Lotus Wand to control forces corresponding to the signs of the Zodiac. On the top of this wand is a "Lotus" made of metal or paper. It has 26 petals to represent the power of the name Jehovah. This name has particular influence over the signs of the Zodiac because its four letters can be interchanged to give twelve different spellings called the Banners of the Great Name. (According to Mathers, all twelve are forms of the Hebrew verb



"to be".) One of the Banners rules each of the twelve signs. Connection to this divine name is strengthened through the presence of four calix petals at the base of the Lotus. These additional petals represent the four letters of Jehovah and the four elemental categories of the signs. The upper part of the shaft of this wand is white for constructive results, while the bottom is black for banishment. These two regions may also be used to work magic during the day or night. Between the white top and the black bottom are twelve bands of color ranging through the spectrum. These bands represent individual signs. To use this wand with powers appropriate to Leo, for example, hold it by the fifth colored band from the top. This band is yellow, the color of the Sun and Leo.

Along with the Lotus Wand, a magical circle may be used. For working with the Zodiac, a twelve-pointed star can be inscribed within a large circle. At each point the corresponding name or symbol for a sign of the Zodiac can be written. Alternately each point can be identified by a single Hebrew letter, a Tarot card, a color, one of the Twelve Banners, or something else corresponding to the signs. For Leo, the Hebrew name is Ari [Aleph-Resh-Yod-Heh], the Hebrew letter is Teth, the Tarot card is Strength; the colors are yellow,

purple, grey, and red-amber; the Banner of Jehovah, Heh-Vau-Yod-He. Other usable items include a cat's eye gem, a sun-flower, a lion's claw, olibanum, or any of the other things in row 19 of Crowley's 777. About the rim of the circle can be written a passage from the Torah listing the Twelve Tribes, the Great Divine Name of twelve letters (if you can find it), or any statement of power that can be related to the signs of the Zodiac by number or other significance.

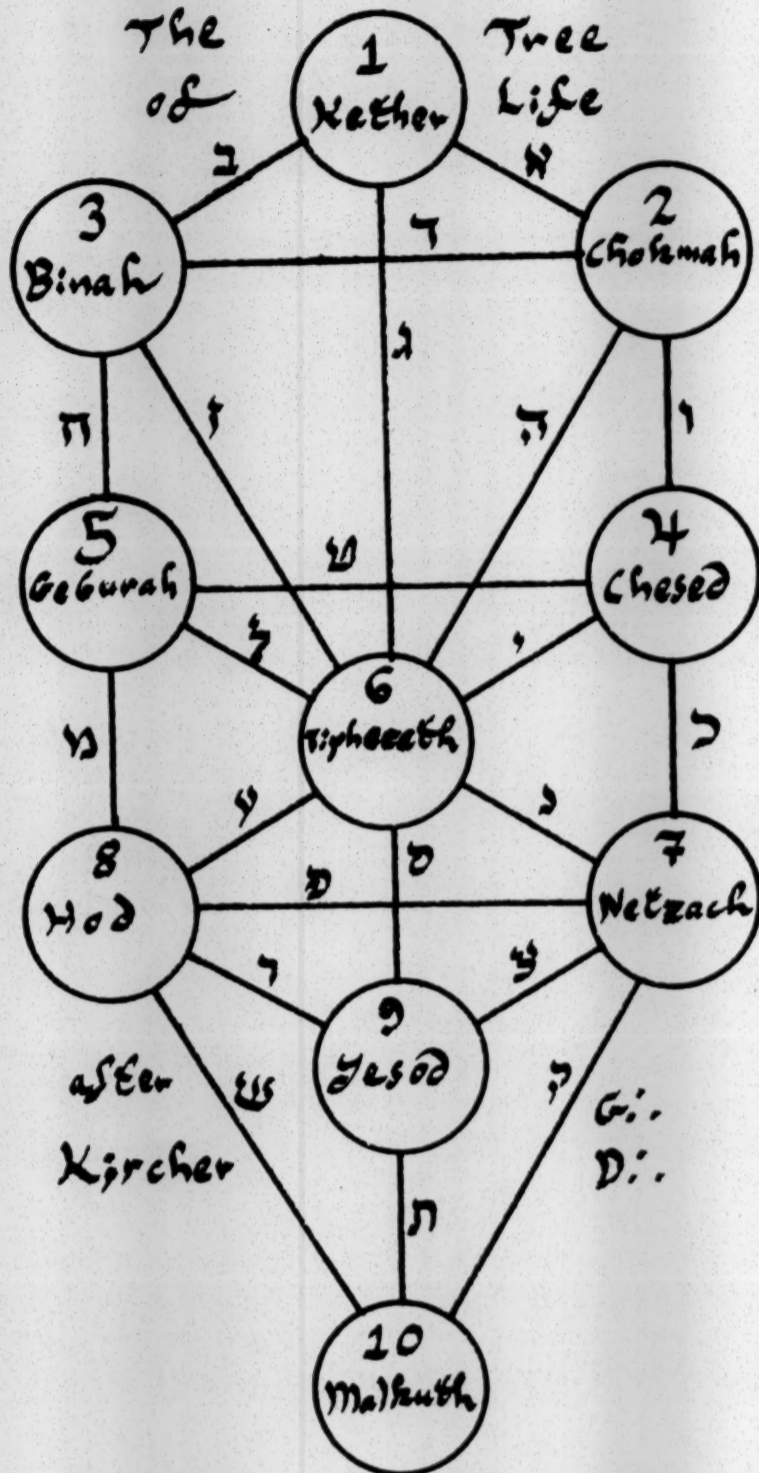
The elemental weapons are a popular set of tools used in ceremonial magic. There are four of these, one for each of the ancient elements and the letters of the name Jehovah, the Tetragrammaton. The Order of the Golden Dawn advocated the use of objects similar to the suit signs of Tarot. There is no particular need to employ separate objects for most uses of the elemental weapons. A sword cane can be used for all four if it has an ornament on the end of the handle. The cane itself is the wand of Fire. The sword is the sword of Air. The empty tube from which the sword is drawn is the cup of Water. The decoration atop the handle is the coin of Earth. Of course, a sword cane is a concealed weapon, and should not be carried in public.

COORDINATION: THE TREE OF LIFE

With all these odds and ends of magical paraphernalia, it's useful to have a way of coordinating the whole collection of symbols, objects, actions and ideas. Again Qabalah is quick with an answer. Use the Tree of Life. By the theory of correspondences, anything and everything can be made to match some part or other of this 32 part pattern. The Tree is a diagram derived from speculations by Jewish mystics and others. A full treatment cannot be given here; for more detailed instruction in its form and function, consult books on the subject by Crowley, Regardie, Knight, Gray, and Heidrick.

The Tree of Life used by most Masonic Qabalists attained its basic form in Kircher's *Oedipus Aegyptiacus*. The 22 paths and their letter attributions were established in that 17th century work. Astrological and other correspondences were worked out with the aid of the *Sepher Yetzirah* by members of the Golden Dawn in the 19th century. The Tree consists of ten Sephiroth (levels of consciousness) and twenty-two connecting paths (transitional states between the levels). By affinities to the various levels and states, virtually any set of ideas or objects can be allocated to the 32 parts of the Tree. Crowley's 777 cross-indexes lists of various things to marginal numbers referring to the 32 parts of the Tree of Life. In the examples cited above for the Lotus Wand and the magical circle of the Zodiac, mention was made of "row 19" in 777. This "19" is the 19th part of the Tree diagram. Its primary correspondence is to the Hebrew letter Teth, and to a transitional consciousness state between Geburah (number 5, consciousness of law and order in the Universe) and Chesed (number 4, consciousness of divine mercy). Briefly, the ten principal parts are these: [see diagram, p. 33] 1. Kether, the Crown, perfect unity, the primemobile, union with divine consciousness. 2. Chokmah, Wisdom, duality, the Zodiac, consciousness of power. 3. Binah, Understanding, abstract reason, Saturn, consciousness of archetypes. 4. Chesed, Mercy, bounty, Jupiter, consciousness of providence. 5. Geburah, Severity, morality, Mars, consciousness of propriety and order. 6. Tiphereth, Beauty, balance of spirit and matter, Sun, consciousness of the purpose and pattern of life. 7. Netzach, Victory, emotion, Venus, consciousness of nature. 8. Hod, Splendor, practical reason, Mercury, consciousness of means and abilities. 9. Yesod, Foundation, dream and myth, Moon, consciousness of the astral plane. 10. Malkuth, Kingdom, physical existence, Earth, consciousness through the five senses.

VERBAL TECHNIQUES



Verbal ritual techniques cannot be easily described through silent media. Demonstration is best and, failing that, experiment. Sound is the essence of practical Qabalah, for all words and letters begin as sound. Any sound may be studied by a Qabalist if it can only be captured by the letters. Any word can be given added impact in ritual if it is Qabalistically understood and carefully vibrated.

Without going into the details of Qabalistic verbal technique, let's consider a few general ways to vibrate or magically speak during ritual.

The simplest effective technique is forceful loudness. By speaking in a prolonged, powerful tone, single words are given great impact. Rituals like the Lesser Pentagram banishment (in Crowley's *Magick in Theory and Practice*, Regardie's *Golden Dawn*, and several other books), which are mostly composed of isolated words of power, can be effectively worked in that manner.

Chant is useful for ritual involving much speech. This can take the form of rhythmic speech, or it can be complex with many variations in speed and volume. Crowley's *Hymn to Pan* is effective with this method. The style used by Carl Sandburg in reciting his poem "Chicago" -- available on records in many public libraries -- is worthy of

imitation.

When variation in pitch is added to chant and alternated with prolongation of sound, a ritual like the *Preliminary Invocation of the Goetia* becomes very powerful.

After basic techniques like these are sufficiently developed, the more difficult matters of precise pronunciation, musical sound correspondences to Hebrew letters, and mantric chant can be attempted.

Crowley's advice: "Invoke often" is excellent.

CONCLUSION

Qabalah has one great flaw, a common one in Western society. Much work is needed before the sexist elements are balanced and Qabalah can easily be applied

to Gods and Goddesses alike. Too often this discipline speaks volumes to men and mutters strangely to women -- an odd thing when the very word "Qabalah" [Qof-Beth-Lamed-Heh] is a feminine noun. Much of the work of male Qabalists has been a search for a woman inside, a feminine essence in a male organism.

The *God* prejudice is deeply entrenched in Judaism and Christianity. The *Goddess* has long been buried beneath generalities like "Holy Spirit" and demoted to mediation as "Blessed Virgin" or "Shekinah". It may be too late to reform the orthodox, but the old mysteries are growing again in covens and temples everywhere. The methods of Qabalah are being used without the limitations of the past; for it is written that the *Book of Adam* shall be found only when the *Book of Eve* is opened.

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NOTE: This Bibliography dates from 1975. The relevant titles have doubled since!

LETTERS RECIEVED

25 Jan. 79

Dear Michael Ripple,

Thank you very much for sending me the third issue of your newsletter. I found it very interesting. There were two articles especially that I thought were very good. Your own article about Jung, and the other article on Reich.

I think it is imperative that both of these topics be further explored, at length and in some depth. Most Thelemites as I have known them know little about Jung and nothing about Reich. And when they mention either Freud or Reich, as being psychologies dealing with sexuality and therefore being (theoretically) akin to Crowley's work, great naivete is shown. So keep up the good work. It ought to bear good fruit.

On the subject of Jung, I'd like to reccomend you get a book, I'm sure Weiser carries it. It is entitled *The Inner Guide Meditation* by Edward Steinbrecher. It is a darned good piece of work, and by using Jung's notion of creative fantasy he makes a bridge to elucidating a new simple approach to the Body of Light technique. Really, it is much like the Golden Dawn method, without the magical element added. I'd like to see you review it in KAABA.

By the same token, there is a new reprint of an older translation of part of the Zohar, rather better I think than the dull pedestrian one of the Soncino Press in England. It is published by the Wizard Bookshelf in San Diego, and the translator is Nurho de Manhar (god knows who he is). I think it should be brought to the attention of the new younger students.

Again my thanks -- and best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Dr. Francis I. Regardie

COCAINE

By
Aleister
Crowley

[The following article was first published in *The International* in 1917, three years after passage of the Harrison Act which prohibited personal use and possession of cocaine. It has subsequently been republished, most recently in booklet form by Level Press of San Francisco.]

1

Of all the Graces that cluster about the throne of Venus the most timid and elusive is that maiden whom mortals call Happiness. None is so eagerly pursued; none so hard to win. Indeed, only the saints and martyrs, unknown usually to their fellow men, have made her theirs; and they have attained her by burning out the Ego-sense in themselves in the white-hot steel of meditation, by dissolving themselves in that divine ocean of Consciousness whose foam is passionless and perfect bliss.

To others, Happiness only comes by chance; when least sought, perhaps she is there. Seek, and ye shall not find; knock, and it shall not be opened unto you. Happiness is always a divine accident. It is not a definite quality; it is the bloom of circumstances. It is useless to mix its ingredients; the experiments in life which have produced it in the past may be repeated endlessly, and with infinite skill and variety -- in vain.

It seems more than a fairy story that so metaphysical an entity should yet be producible in a moment by no means of wisdom, no formula of magic, but by a simple herb. The wisest man cannot add happiness to others, though they be dowered with youth, beauty, wealth, wit, and love; the lowest blackguard shivering in rags, destitute, diseased, old, craven, stupid, a mere morass of envy, may have it with one swift-sucked breath. The thing is as paradoxical as life, as mystical as death.

Look at this shining heap of crystals! They are Hydrochloride of Cocaine. The geologist will think of mica; to me, the mountaineer, they are like those gleaming feathery flakes of snow, flowering mostly where rocks jut from the ice of crevassed glaciers that wind and sun have kissed to ghostliness. To those who know not the great hills, they may suggest the snow that spangles trees with blossoms glittering and lucid. The kingdom of faery has such jewels. To him who tastes them in his nostrils -- to their acolyte and slave -- they must seem as if the dew of the breath of some great demon of Immensity were frozen by the cold of space upon his beard.

For there was never any elixir so instant magic as cocaine. Give it to no matter whom. Choose me the last loser on the earth; take hope, take

faith, take love away from him. Then look, see the back of that worn hand, its skin discolored and wrinkled, perhaps inflamed with agonizing eczema, perhaps putrid with some malignant sore. He places on it that shimmering snow, a few grains only, a little pile of starry dust. The wasted arm is slowly raised to the head that is little more than a skull; the feeble breath draws in that radiant powder. Now we must wait. One minute -- perhaps five minutes.

Then happens the miracle of miracles, as sure as death, and yet as masterful as life; a thing more miraculous, because so sudden, so apart from the usual course of evolution. *Natura non facit saltum* -- nature never makes a leap. True -- therefore this miracle is a thing as it were against nature.

The melancholy vanishes, the eyes shine, the wan mouth smiles. Almost manly vigor returns, or seems to return. At least faith, hope and love throng very eagerly to the dance; all that was lost is found.

The man is happy.

To one the drug may bring liveliness, to another languor, to another creative force, to another tireless energy, to another glamor, and to yet another lust. But each in his way is happy. Think of it! -- so simple and so transcendental! The man is happy!

I have travelled in every quarter of the globe; I have seen such wonders of Nature that my pen yet sputters when I try to tell them; I have seen many a miracle of the genius of man; but I have never seen a marvel like to this.

2

Is there not a school of philosophers, cold and cynical, that accounts God to be a mocker? That thinks He takes His pleasure in contempt of the littleness of His creatures? They should base their theses on cocaine! For here is bitterness, irony, cruelty ineffable. This gift of sudden and sure happiness is given but to tantalize. The story of Job holds no such acrid draught. What were more icy hate, fiend comedey than this, to offer such a boon, and add "This you must not take"? Could not we be left to brave the miseries of life, bad as they are, without this master pang, to know perfection of all joy within our reach, and the price of that joy a tenfold quickening of our anguish?

The happiness of cocaine is not passive or placid as that of beasts. It is self conscious. It tells man what he is, and what he might be. It offers him the semblance of divinity, only that he may know himself a worm. It awakens discontent so acutely that never shall it sleep again. It creates hunger. Give cocaine to a man already wise, schooled in the world, morally forceful, a man of intelligence and self-control. If he be really master of himself, it will do him no harm. He will know it for a snare; he will beware of repeating such experiments as he may make; and the glimpse of his goal may possibly even spur him to its attainment by those means which God has appointed for His saints.

But give it to the clod, to the self-indulgent, to the blase -- to the average man, in a word -- and he is lost. He says, and his logic is perfect: *This is what I want*. He knows not, neither can he know, the true

path; and the false path is the only one for him. There is cocaine at his need, and he takes it again and again. The contrast between his grub life and his butterfly life is too bitter for his unphilosophic soul to bear; he refuses to take the brimstone with the treacle.

And so he can no longer tolerate the moments of unhappiness, that is, of normal life, for he now so names it. The intervals between his indulgences diminish.

And alas! the power of the drug diminishes with the fearful pace. The doses wax; the pleasures wane. Side-issues, invisible at first, arise; they are like devils with flaming pitchforks in their hands.

A single trial of the drug brings no noticeable reaction in a healthy man. He goes to bed in due season, sleeps well, and wakes fresh. South American Indians habitually chew this drug in its crude form, when upon the march, and accomplish prodigies, defying hunger, thirst, and fatigue. But they only use it in extremity; and long rest with ample food enables the body to rebuild its capital. Also, savages, unlike most dwellers in cities, have moral sense and force.

The same is true of the Chinese and Indians in their use of opium. Everyone uses it, and only in the rarest cases does it become a vice. It is with them almost as tobacco is with us.

But to one who abuses cocaine for his pleasure nature soon speaks, and is not heard. The nerves weary of the constant stimulation; they need rest and food. There is a point at which the jaded horse no longer answers whip and spur. He stumbles, falls a quivering heap, gasps out his life.

So perishes the slave of cocaine. With every nerve clamoring, all he can do is to renew the lash of the poison. The pharmaceutical effect is over; the toxic effect accumulates. The nerves become insane. The victim begins to have hallucinations. "See! There is a grey cat in that chair. I said nothing, but he has been there all the time."

Or, there are rats. "I love to watch them running up the curtains. Oh yes! I know they are not real rats. That's a real rat, though, on the floor. I nearly killed it that time. That is the original rat I saw; it's a real rat. I saw it first on my window-sill one night."

Such, quietly enough spoken, is mania. And soon the pleasure passes, is followed by its opposite, as Eros by Anteros.

"Oh no! they never come near me." A few days pass, and they are crawling on the skin, gnawing interminably and intolerably, loathsome and remorseless.

It is needless to picture the end, prolonged as this may be, for despite the baffling skill developed by the drug-lust, the insane condition hampers the patient, and often forced abstinence for a while goes far to appease the physical and mental symptoms. Then a new supply is procured, and with tenfold zest the maniac, taking the bit between his teeth, gallops to the black edge of death.

And before that death come all the torments of damnation. The time-sense is destroyed, so that an hour's abstinence may hold more horrors than a century of normal time-and-space-bound pain.

Psychologists little understand how the physiological cycle of life, and the normality of the brain, make existence petty both for good and ill. To realize it, fast for a day or two; see how life drags with a constant subconscious ache. With drug hunger, this effect is multiplied a thousandfold. Time itself is abolished. The real metaphysical eternal hell is actually present in the consciousness which has lost its limits without finding Him who is without limit.

Much of this is well known; the dramatic sense has forced me to emphasize what is commonly understood, because of the height of the tragedy -- or of the comedy, if one have that power of detachment from mankind which we attribute only to the greatest of men, to the Aristophanes', the Shakespeares, the Balzacs, the Rabelais', the Voltaires, the Byrons, that power which makes poets at one time pitiful of the woes of men, at another gleefully contemptuous of their discomfitures.

But I should wiselier have emphasized the fact that the very best men may use this drug, and many another, with benefit to themselves and to humanity. Even as the Indians of whom I spoke above, they will use it only to accomplish some work which they could not do without it. I instance Herbert Spencer, who took morphine daily, never exceeding an appointed dose. Wilkie Collins, too, overcame the agony of rheumatic gout with laudanum, and gave us masterpieces not surpassed.

Some went too far. Baudelaire crucified himself, mind and body, in his love for humanity; Verlaine became at last the slave where he had been so long the master. Francis Thompson killed himself with opium; so did Edgar Allen Poe. James Thompson did the same with alcohol. The cases of de Quincey and H.G. Ludlow are lesser, but similar, with laudanum and hashish, respectively. The great Paracelsus, who discovered hydrogen, zinc and opium, deliberately employed the excitement of alcohol, counterbalanced by violent physical exercise, to bring out the powers of his mind.

Coleridge did his best while under opium, and we owe the loss of the end of "Kubla Khan" to the interruption of an importunate "man from Porlock", ever accursed in the history of the human race!

Consider the debt of mankind to opium. It is acquitted by the deaths of a few wastrels from its abuse?

For the importance of this paper is the discussion of the practical question: should drugs be accessible to the public?

Here I pause in order to beg the indulgence of the American people. I am obligated to take a standpoint at once startling and unpopular. I am compelled to utter certain terrible truths. I am in the unenviable position of one who asks others to shut their eyes to the particular that they may thereby visualize the general.

But I believe that in the matter of legislation America is proceeding in the main upon a totally false theory. I believe that constructive morality is better than repression. I believe that democracy, more than any other form of government, should trust the people, as it specifically pretends to do.

Now it seems to me better and bolder tactics to attack the opposite theory at its very strongest point.

It should be shown that not even in the most arguable cases is a government justified in restricting use on account of abuse; or allowing justification, let us dispute about expediency.

So, to the bastion -- should "habit-forming" drugs be accessible to the public?

The matter is of immediate interest, for the admitted failure of the Harrison Law has brought about a new proposal -- one to make bad worse.

I will not here argue the grand thesis of liberty. Free men have long since decided it. Who will maintain that Christ's willing sacrifice of his life was immoral, because it robbed the State of a useful taxpayer?

No. A man's life is his own, and he has the right to destroy it as he will, unless he too egregiously intrude on the privileges of his neighbors.

But this is just the point. In modern times the whole community is one's neighbor, and one must not damage that. Very good. Then there are pros and cons, and a balance to be struck.

In America the prohibition idea in all things is carried, mostly by hysterical newspapers, to a fanatical extreme. "Sensation at any cost by Sunday next" is the equivalent in most editorial rooms of the alleged German order to capture Calais. Hence the dangers of anything and everything are celebrated dithyrambically by the Corybants of the press, and the only remedy is prohibition. A shoots B with a revolver; remedy, the Sullivan Law. In practice, this works well enough, for the law is not enforced against the householder who keeps a revolver for his protection, but is a handy weapon against the gangster, and saves the police the trouble of proving felonious intent.

But it is the idea that was wrong. Recently a man shot his family and himself with a rifle fitted with a Maxim silencer. Remedy, a bill to prohibit Maxim silencers! No perception that, if the man had not had a weapon at all, he would have strangled his family with his hands.

American reformers seem to have no idea, at any time or in any connection, that the only remedy for wrong is right; that moral education, self-control, good manners, will save the world; and that legislation is not merely a broken reed, but a suffocating vapor. Further, an excess of legislation defeats its own ends. It makes the whole population criminals, and turns them all into policemen and spies. The moral health of such a people is ruined for ever; only revolution can save it.

Now in America the Harrison Law makes it theoretically impossible for the layman, difficult even for the physician, to obtain "narcotic drugs" But every other Chinese laundry is a distributing center for cocaine, morphia, and heroin. Negroes and street peddlers also do a roaring trade. Some people figure that one in every five persons in Manhattan is addicted to one or another of these drugs. I can hardly believe this estimate, though the craving for amusement is maniacal among this people who have so little care for art, literature, or music, who have, in short, none of the resources that the folk of other nations, in their own cultivated minds, possess.

It was a very weary person, that hot Summer afternoon in 1909, who tramped into Logrono. Even the river seemed too lazy to flow, and stood

about in pools, with its tongue hanging out, so to speak. The air shimmered softly. In the town the terraces of the cafes were thronged with people. They had nothing to do, and a grim determination to do it. They were sipping the rough wine of the Pyrenees, or the Rioja of the South well-watered, or toying with bocks of pale beer. If any of them could have read Major General O'Ryan's address to the American soldier, they would have supposed his mind to be affected.

"Alcohol, whether you call it beer, wine, whiskey, or by any other name, is a breeder of inefficiency. While it affects men differently, the results are the same, in that all affected by it cease for the time to be normal. Some become forgetful, others quarrelsome. Some become noisy, some get sick, some get sleepy, others have their passions greatly stimulated."

As for ourselves, we were on the march to Madrid. We were obliged to hurry. A week, or a month, or a year at the most, and we must leave Logrono in obedience to the trumpet call of duty.

However, we determined to forget it, for the time. We sat down, and exchanged views and experiences with the natives. From the fact that we were hurrying, they adjudged us to be anarchists, and were rather relieved at our explanation that we were "mad Englishmen". And we were all happy together. And I am still kicking myself for a fool that I ever went on to Madrid.

If one is at a dinner party in London or New York, one is plunged into an abyss of dullness. There is no subject of general interest; there is no wit; it is like waiting for a train. In London one overcomes one's environment by drinking a bottle of champagne as quickly as possible; in New York one piles in cocktails. The light wines and beers of Europe, taken in moderate measure, are no good; there is not time to be happy, so one must be excited instead. Dining alone, or with friends, as opposed to a party, one can be quite at ease with Burgundy or Bordeaux. One has all night to be happy, and one does not have to speed. But the regular New Yorker has not time even for a dinner party! He almost regrets the hour when his office closes. His brain is still busy with his plans. When he wants "pleasure" he calculates that he can spare just half an hour for it. He has to pour the strongest liquors down his throat at the greatest possible rate.

Now imagine this man -- or this woman -- slightly hampered; the time available slightly curtailed. He can no longer waste ten minutes in obtaining "pleasure"; or he dare not drink openly on account of other people. Well, his remedy is simple: he can get immediate action out of cocaine. There is no smell. He can be as secret as any elder of the church can wish.

The mischief of civilization is the intensive life, which demands intensive stimulation. Human nature requires pleasure. Wholesome pleasures require leisure. We must choose between intoxication and the siesta. There are no cocaine fiends in Logrono.

Moreover, in the absence of a climate, life demands a conversation. We must choose between intoxication and cultivation of the mind. There are no drug fiends among people who are primarily preoccupied with science and philosophy, art and literature.

However, let us concede the prohibitionist claims. Let us admit the police contention that cocaine and the rest are used by criminals who would otherwise lack the nerve to operate. They also contend that the effects of the drugs are so deadly that the cleverest thieves quickly become inefficient. Then for Heaven's sake establish depots where they can get free cocaine!

You cannot cure a drug fiend; you cannot make him a useful citizen. He never was a good citizen, or he would not have fallen into slavery. If you reform him temporarily, at vast expense, risk, and trouble, your whole work vanishes like morning mist when he meets his next temptation. The proper remedy is to let him gang his ain gait to the de'il. Instead of less drug, give him more drug, and be done with him. His fate will be a warning to his neighbors, and in a year or two people will have the sense to shun the danger. Those who have not, let them die, too, and save the state. Moral weaklings are a danger to society, in whatever line their failings lie. If they are so amiable as to kill themselves, it is a crime to interfere.

You say that while these people are killing themselves they will do mischief. Maybe. But they are doing it now.

Prohibition has created an underground traffic, as it always does, and the evils of this are immeasurable. Thousands of citizens are in league to defeat the law, are actually bribed by the law itself to do so, since the profits of the illicit trade become enormous, and the closer the prohibition, the more unreasonably big they are. You can stamp out the use of silk handkerchiefs in this way: people say, "All right, we'll use linen." But the "cocaine fiend" wants cocaine, and you can't put him off with Epsom salts. Moreover, his mind has lost all proportion. He will pay anything for the drug. He will never say, "I can't afford it." And if the price be high, he will steal, rob, murder to get it. Again I say: you cannot reform a drug fiend. All you can do by preventing them from obtaining it is to create a class of subtle and dangerous criminals, and even when you have jailed them all, is any one any the better?

While such large profits (from one thousand to two thousand per cent) are to be made by secret dealers, it is to the interest of those dealers to make new victims. And the profits at present are such that it would be worth my while to go to London and back first class to smuggle no more cocaine than I could hide in the lining of my overcoat! All expenses paid, and a handsome sum in the bank at the end of the trip! And for all the law, and the spies, and the rest of it, I could sell my stuff with very little risk in a single night in the Tenderloin.

Another point is this. Prohibition cannot be carried to its extreme. It is impossible, ultimately, to withhold drugs from doctors. Now doctors, more than any other single class, are drug fiends, and also, there are many who will traffic in drugs for the sake of money or power. If you possess a supply of the drug, you are the master, body and soul, of any person who needs it.

People do not understand that a drug, to its slave, is more valuable than gold or diamonds. A virtuous woman may be above rubies, but medical experience tells us that there is no virtuous woman in need of the drug who would not prostitute herself to a ragpicker for a single sniff.

And if it be really the case that one fifth of the population takes some drug, then this long little, wrong little island is in for some very lively times.

The absurdity of the prohibitionist contention is shown by the experience of London and other European cities. In London any householder or apparently responsible person can buy any drug as easily as if it were cheese; and London is not full of raving maniacs, snuffing cocaine at every street corner, in the intervals of burglary, rape, arson, murder, malfeasance in office, and misprision of treason, as we are assured must be the case if a free people are kindly allowed to exercise a little freedom.

Or, if the prohibitionist contention be not absurd, it is a comment upon the moral level of the people of the United States which would have been righteously resented by the Gadarene swine after the devils had entered into them.

I am not here concerned to protest on their behalf. Allowing the justice of the remark, I will say that prohibition is no cure. The cure is to give the people something to think about; to develop their minds; to fill them with ambitions beyond dollars; to set up a standard of achievement which is to be measured in terms of eternal realities; in a word, to educate them.

If this appear impossible, well and good. It is only another argument for encouraging them to take cocaine.

DE MEDICINIS SECUNDUM QUATTUOR ELEMENTA

Liber ALEPH [The Book of Wisdom or Folly]

Chapter 93

Concerning the Use of Chymical Agents, and be mindful that thou abuse them not, learn that the Sacrament itself relateth to Spirit, and the Four Elements balanced thereunder, in its Perfection. So also thy Lion himself hath a fourfold Menstruum for his Serpents. Now to Fire belong Cocaine, which fortifieth the Will, loosening him from bodily Fatigue, Morphine, which purifieth the Mind, making the Thought safe, and slow, and single, Heroin, which partaketh, as it seemeth, of the Nature of these twain aforesaid, albeit in Degree less notable than either of them, and Alcohol, which is Food, that is, Fuel, for the whole Man. To Water, attribute Hashish and Mescal, for they make Images, and they open the Hidden Springs of Pleasure and of Beauty. Morphine, for its Ease, hath also part in Water. Air ruleth Ethyl Oxide, for it is as a Sword, dividing asunder every Part of thee, making easy the Way of Analysis, so that thou comest to learn thyself, of what Elements thou art compact. Lastly, of the Nature of Earth are the direct Hypnotics, which operate by Repose, and restore thy Strength by laying thee as a Child in the Arms of the Great Mother, I say rather of Her material and physiological Viceregent.

THE OPIUM DREAM

[The following is copied from a typescript attributed to Aleister Crowley in the University of Texas collection.]

The Story.

A girl is dragged on to the stage, *half unwillingly*, by a page. We understand that she is the captive in one set of circumstances or another, of a Chinese Bonze. *She expresses abandonment.*

The page tries to reassure her.

She *sinks into deeper apathy*, but *gradually becomes interested* enough to express *timidity*. She is told that Bonze will visit her in a moment or two.

Presently she shows *impatience*, while the page disappears.

Scene 2.

The Bonze comes in, and soothes her in a kind of fatherly way, until *she registers resignation.*

He tells her of all the beautiful things he will give her, and she shows *anticipation.*

He then goes off, and she shows *contentment and tranquility.*

Scene 3.

The page comes back, and proceeds to undress her. She has very beautiful clothes and lingerie. This undressing is carried until almost the last point, but the final act is concealed from the audience by manipulation of the Chinese robes which are put on her. The page makes her move around to display her new costume, and get accustomed to it, so that she registers *vanity.*

The page runs off to tell her master.

Scene 4.

The Bonze comes in, and starts to woo her. She expresses *coquetry*, and other suitable feminine imbecilities, eluding him with great skill, but she *gradually flutters down* to the lure; and there is a *certain contest* which develops to a high point.

She is quite satisfied with her situation, and *abandons herself to his embraces.*

At this moment the page rushes in in disorder.

Scene 5.

The page explains that the head wife is at hand, on the war path. The girl does not understand what is wrong, but judges from the behaviour of the others that some danger is at hand, and registers *alarm.*

The Bonze tries to quiet her, telling her that by his wizardry he will remain master of the situation; but tells her to conceal herself.

She does a fade-away behind the second set of curtains, which conceal the cage. The cage *terrifies* her, but ultimately she opens the door, and goes in.

The Bonze assumes an attitude of indifference.

Scene 6.

The head wife comes in, and makes a violent scene. The Bonze tries to reassure her in vain. She will not be pacified. He loses his temper, and after ill-treating her savagely, finally stabs her.

During this time the girl has been peeping through the curtain, her white face lit by a shaft of moonlight against the blackness of the background. She expresses *horror*.

The page comes in to remove the body, and the Bonze manifests triumphant satisfaction.

When this is done he calls the girl from the cage. She resists, and registers *abhorrence*.

He drags her into the room, she wrenches herself free, and exhibits *denunciation & defiance*.

He chases her, finally becoming angry, and threatens her. She becomes *cowed & shivers*, crouching in a corner of the divan. He tears off her outer robe.

Scene 7.

He now threatens her with various tortures, and proceeds to apply them. She resists them, *rising from height to height of rage*.

Finally, he threatens to imprison her in the Cage of Thunder. After a violent struggle, in which all her clothes are torn off, he thrusts her in, pulls back the curtain, and turns on the lightning.

This has the effect of driving her insane, and she *leaps and shrieks furiously*.

The Bonze is amazed that she is not killed, and attributes this to the magic of her race.

He in his turn begins to be afraid, and withdraws to the front of the stage; whereat she bursts open her cage, and rushes forward.

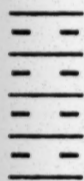
Grappling with him, she throws him to the ground, and strangles him.

C u r t a i n .

**Yellow
Kings
Garden**

Yellow Kings Garden is a book of poetry that is an oracle. It is a very young oracle (three years in July). Its parent may be said to be the Y King.

The *Ta Chuan* says: "If we led on the diagrams and expanded them, if we prolonged each by the addition of the proper lines, then all events possible under the sky might have their representation." (I. IX. 56) This expansion of the Y is what YKG is. The 512 symbols of the YKG are called nonagrams, and look like this:



At present there are texts for each of the 512, but none for the individual lines of the nonagrams.

YKG is not meant to replace the Y King. Nor is it meant to be a mere supplement to the Y. YKG is a separate oracle which, when used in conjunction with the Y, is as accurate as astrology and the tarot.

The full perfecting of the YKG will probably require many years' work. I hope to one day establish it as a physical oracle (perhaps housed in a computer) comparable to the one at Delphi.

Here are a few sample verses taken from YKG. The numbering of the texts is, incidentally, based on binary numeration.

Christopher J. Gait

Fr. Permutabo I°

0

Do What Thou Wilt
Echo Beast and Bride
For Chaos is cloven
and that is Cosmos
Love is the Law

1

Three years did Gao Tzu labor
and brought forth a camel
and three years more
and brought forth a lamb
and yet three more
and out popped the goat!

6

Enter the heart-chamber
Part the veil of Isis
Retire o man!
This lady is more than yours
She is a cat to claw the Gods

11

Eggbreaker ascends
the dawn does not rise
it rushes
How harsh the light of morning
to the children of the moon

23

In any conflict
both sides are wrong
Nothing is right then?
That is right and
that is also wrong

31

They call him hermit
who contemplates a mountain
He watches because he cannot cross
Wait too long and you wait forever

32

Purge upon the tarnished ones
No moon shall have an orbit of its own
No foot of clay can bear the cold
of steps ascending beyond clouds
Do not awaken the things
that sleep outside the hells!

33

Great need, much given
Great fear, much strength
Dragon-assisted,
man of elements
make your way

43

The husband fights, invisibly
The wife waits, timelessly
The hammer falls, the arm pulls back
endless the clangor of an empty anvil

56

The gift
better than all things
If you give it asking praise
they will praise you and no more
Take It! Do Not seek It

93

Out of Chaos
the stars are born
and of the slough of stars
are we born
And out of our thoughtful chaos
the phantom future pours

108

Frankincense and
ancient Chinese wording of
my thoughts
How I fly with
these for wings!

145

The old ones are gone
 their ashes carried away
 The cradle-gods play
 ignorant of their fiery powers
 Not even the names are changed

163

An action made
 never completely ends
 Words spoken
 echo forever

214

By a miracle of freedom
 he threads the cliff of youth
 rope walking his way
 He may have balance
 and strength of joy
 but he is bound with chains

263

The hermit
 gone out to suffer
 finds pain a pleasure
 He has passed too far
 and must return
 through Babalon's bed

322

In the serpent's head
 there is a secret
 Open your jaws
 further than possible
 This too is It

323

The stream that is hidden still flows
 feeding the garden, laid out of old
 Brothers of Craft, know that the four
 are made one
 The six shall be led once again!

333

Wealth is borne
 in monkey hands
 Tea it is
 Sacred mountain bush

365

On the borders
 where word and body burn
 there is not one moving thing
 for all points rush
 interminably
 into nothingness

418

The oxen are
 herded to the hammer
 The bull fights alone
 when no one is in sight
 raging at the moon

432

I am running into walls
 that my former hands built
 they are falling in my
 rage at a future when I
 trip over stones of a wall that
 my former hands wrecked

434

More done, less said
 More said, less thought
 More thought, less done

443

Dark and moving things
 hunger in the forest
 infinite desire
 makes every single action
 impossible

465

Our minds are swords
 they meet blade to blade
 match inch for inch
 Then glance aside

511

The garden has four and sixty paths
 one of eight have a gate
 each path, eight arbors
 each arbor, nine roses
 each rose, sixty-three petals
 And on the sixty-fourth petal
 is the rose itself in perfection

LX-FAC-1. MS3 IGD

Christopher J. Galt

DLF3U-114 J° Δ₂ Γ₂ Δ₂

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O.T.O. Publications

The O.T.O. NEWSLETTER is published quarterly by the Grand Lodge in Berkeley. It contains news of the Order, official announcements, articles on Thelemic Magick, and communications from Caliph Hymenaeus Alpha. Each issue contains many valuable and informative features. Subscription price: \$3 per year American, \$5 International, back issues \$1 each. Address: O.T.O., P.O. Box 2303, Berkeley, California 94702.

IN THE CONTINUUM is a Thelemic magazine which features writings by Aleister Crowley that are hard to find in print, as well as basic instructional articles aimed at the beginner in Thelemic occult studies. It appears three times yearly, at the Spring and Fall Equinoxes, and a special issue devoted to writings by students at the Summer Solstice. It is suggested that the magazine be ordered from Volume One, Number One, since much of the instructional materials and some of the Crowley writings are serialized. Subscription is \$12 yearly or \$4 per copy, payment with order. Address: IN THE CONTINUUM, P.O. Box 2043, Dublin, California 94566.

stood to gaze over the great expanse of
his new mindopening; then gasping grasping she
looks down to my body: it is lithe and long
and feels living.miles away your heart beats
slow and fast and breath come-goes from his
mouth as she looks down fondly at my
feet, making your toes wiggle. his wonder rises,
bird-free, cloud-deep

we walk along
a green bank, our foot crushing ants
our fingers raised to feel wind
then her eye catches flower colour fire
stooping, reaching
he plucks
i touch severed rushing blossom-life
one-eyed plant self
you blink think can't stop idea-flood
she sinks her roots soft deep between
she peeks, sprouts, spurts, shouts rosedaisy
he gapes into the gulf
slips away
rushing (waterfall) into all
emerging as many
mopping brow, we let the mangled flower fall, then i
stood to gaze over the great expanse
of your new mindopening

Dale R. Gowin

Rising

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

Great Sun, who dost Rise in Majesty
Without hindrance, through misty veil
All equaled in this golden Regale
Both blind and seeing; Bright rays impale

Causeless phantoms of fear-filled Beings,
Shadow-things, dispelled, now flee and melt
Under strengthful gaze; True Will is felt
Winding across an Blue, Starry Belt

A kiss createth all, one -- yea, one!
Every atom, embraced, joined whole
IAO! Ceaseless kiss; all present soul
Ablazing, piercing one Azure Shoal

Great Sun, who dost rise in majesty
Without hindrance, through misty veil
All equaled in this golden regale
Both blind and seeing; bright rays impale.

Love is the law, love under will.

Frater Hokumana

December 11, 1978 e.v.

