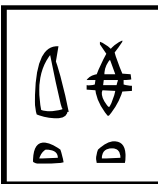


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THE RECORD OF  
 THE MAGICAL  
 RETIREMENT OF  
 G. H. FRATER  
 O.:M.:





A.:A.:  
Publication in Class C.



## PREFACE

NOBODY is better aware than myself that this account of my Retirement labours under most serious disadvantages.

The scene should have been laid in an inaccessible lamasera in Tibet, perched on stupendous crags; and my familiarity with Central Asia would have enabled me to do it quite nicely.

One should really have had an attendant Sylph; and one's Guru, a man of incredible age and ferocity, should have frequently appeared at the dramatic moment.

A gigantic magician on a coal-black steed would have added to the effect: strange voices, uttering formidable things, should have issued from unfathomable caverns. A mountain shaped like a Svastika with a Pillar of Flame would have been rather taking; herds of impossible yaks, ghost-dogs, gryphons. ...

But my good, friends, this is not the way things happen. Paris is as wonderful as Lhasa, and there are just as many miracles in London as in Luang Prabang.

I did not even think it necessary to go into the Bois de Boulogne and meet those Three Adepts who cause bleeding at the nose, familiar to us from the writings of Macgregor Mathers.

The Universe of Magic is in the mind of a man: the setting is but Illusion even to the thinker.

Humanity is progressing; formerly men dwelt habitually in the exterior world; nothing less than giants and Paynim and men-at-arms and distressed ladies, vampires and succubi, could amuse them. Their magicians brought demons from the smoke of blood, and made gold from baser metals.

In this they succeeded; the intelligent perceived that the gold and the lead were but shadows of thought. It became probable that

the elements were but isomers of one element; matter was seen to be but a modification of mind, or (at least) that the two things matter and mind must be joined before either could be perceived. All knowledge comes through the senses, on the one hand; on the other, it is only through the senses that knowledge comes.

We then continue our conquest of matter; and we are getting pretty expert. It took much longer to perfect the telescope than the motor-car. And though, of course, there are limitations, we know enough to be able to predict them.

We know in what progression the Power to Speed coefficient of a steamboat rises—and so on.

But in our conquest of Nature, which we are making principally by the use of the rational intelligence of the mind, we have become aware of that world itself, so much so that educated men spend nine-tenths of their waking lives in that world, only descending to feed and dress and so on at the imperative summons of their physical constitution.

Now to us who thus live the world of mind seems almost as savage and unexplored as the world of Nature seemed to the Greeks.

There are countless worlds of wonder unpath'd and uncomprehended—and even unguessed, we doubt not.

Therefore we set out diligently to explore and map these

untrodden regions of the mind.

Surely our adventures may be as exciting as those of Cortes or Cook!

It is for this reason that I invite with confidence the attention of humanity to this record of my journey.

But another set of people will find another disappointment. I am hardly an heroic figure. I am not The Good Young Man That Died. I do not remain in holy meditation, balanced on my left eyelash, for forty years, restoring exhausted nature by a single grain of rice at intervals of several months.

You will perceive in these pages a man with all his

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imperfections thick upon him trying blindly, yet with all his force, to control the thoughts of his mind, so that he shall be able to say “I will think this thought and not that thought” at any moment, as easily as (having conquered Nature) we are all able to say “I will drink this wine, and not that wine.”

For, as we have now learnt, our happiness does not at all depend upon our possessions or our power. We would all rather be dead than be a millionaire who lives in daily dread of murder or blackmail.

Our happiness depends upon our state of mind. It is the mastery of these things that the Magicians of to-day have set out to obtain for humanity; they will not turn back, or turn aside.

It is with the object of giving the reins into the hands of others that I have written this record, not without pain.

Others, reading it, will see the sort of way one sets to work; they will imitate and improve upon it; they will attain to the Magistry; they will prepare the Red Tincture and the Elixir of Life—for they will discover what Life means.

## PROLOGUE

IT hath appeared unto me fitting to make a careful and even an elaborate record of this Great Magical Retirement, for that in the first place I am now certain of obtaining some Result therefrom, as I was never previously certain.

Previous records of mine have therefore seemed vague and obscure, even unto the wisest of the scribes; and I am myself afraid that even here all my skill of speech and study may avail me little, so that the most important part of the record will be blank.

Now I cannot tell whether it is a part of my personal Kamma, or whether the Influence of the Equinox of Autumn should be the exciting cause; but it has usually been at this part of the year that my best Results have occurred. It may be that the physical health induced by the summer in me, who dislike damp and chill, may bring forth as it were a flower the particular kind of Energy—Sammaváyamo—which gives alike the desire to perform more definitely and exclusively the Great Work, and the capacity to achieve success.

It is in any case remarkable that I was born in October (1875); suffered the terrible mystic trance which turned me toward the Path in October (1896); applied for admission to G.: D.: in October (1898); opened my temple at Boleskine in October (1899); received the mysteries of L.I.L. in October (1900); and obtained the grade of 6° = 5°; obtained the first true mystic results in October (1901); first landed in Egypt in October (1902); landed again in Egypt in October (1903); first parted from Rose in October (1904); wrote the B.-i.-M.<sup>1</sup> in October (1905), and obtained

<sup>1</sup> [i.e. the *Bagh-i-Muattar*, also known as *The Scented Garden of Abdullah the Satirist of Shiraz*.]

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the grade of  $7^\circ = 4^\circ$ ; received the great Initiation in October 1906; and, continuing, received **the Books LXX and VII, etc.** in October 1907.

So then in the last days of September 1908 do I begin to collect and direct my thoughts; gently, subtly, persistently turning them one and all to the question of retreat and communion with that which I have agreed to call the Holy Guardian Angel, whose Knowledge and Conversation I have willed, and in greater or less measure enjoyed, since Ten Years.

Terrible have been the ordeals of the Path; I have lost all that I possessed, and all that I love, even as at the Beginning I offered All for Nothing, unwitting as I was of the meaning of those words. I have suffered many and grievous things at the hands of the elements, and of the planets; hunger, thirst, fatigue, disease, anxiety, bereavement, all those woes and others have laid heavy hand upon me, and behold! as I look back upon these years, I declare that all hath been very well. For so great is the Reward which I (unworthy) have attained that the Ordeals seem but incidents hardly worthy to mention, save in so far as they are the Levers by which I moved the World. Even those dreadful periods of “dryness” and of despair seem but the necessary lying fallow of the Earth. All those “false paths” of Magic and Meditation and of Reason were not false paths, but steps upon the true Path; even a tree must shoot downwards its roots into the Earth in order that it may flower, and bring forth fruit in its season.

So also now I know that even in my months of absorption in worldly pleasure and business, I am not really there, but stand behind, preparing the Event.

Imagine me, therefore, if you will, in Paris on the last day of September. How surprised was I—though, had I thought, I should have remembered that it was so—to find all my necessary magical apparatus to my hand! Months before, for quite other reasons, I had moved most of my portable property to Paris; now I go to Paris, not thinking of a Retirement, for I now know enough to trust my destiny to bring all things to pass without anxious



forethought on my part—and suddenly, therefore, here do I find myself—and nothing is lacking.

I determined therefore to begin steadily and quietly, allowing the Magical Will to come slowly forth, daily stronger, in contrast to my old plan, desperation kindling a store of fuel dried by long neglect, despair inflaming a mad energy that would blaze with violence for a few hours and then go out—and nothing done. “Not hurling, according to the oracle, a transcendent foot towards Piety.”

Quite slowly and simply therefore did I wash myself and robe myself as laid down in the Goetia, taking the Violet Robe of an Exempt Adept (being a single Garment), wearing the Ring of an Exempt Adept, and that Secret Ring which hath been entrusted to my keeping by the Masters. Also I took the Almond Wand of Abramelin and the Secret Tibetan Bell, made of Electrum Magicum with its striker of human bone. I took also the magical knife, and the holy Anointing Oil of Abramelin the Mage.

I began then quite casually by performing the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, finding to my great joy and some surprise that the Pentagrams instantly formulated themselves, visible to the material eye as it were bars of shining blackness deeper than the night.

I then consecrated myself to the Operation; cutting the Tonsure upon my head, a circle, as it were to admit the light of infinity: and cutting the cross of blood upon my breast, thus symbolising the equilibration of and the slaying of the body, while loosing the blood, the first projection in matter of the universal Fluid.

The whole formulating the Ankh—the Key of Life!

I gave moreover the signs of the grades from  $0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$  to  $7^{\circ}=4^{\circ}$ .

Then did I take upon myself the Great Obligation<sup>1</sup> as follows:

- I. I, O.M. &c., a member of the Body of God, hereby bind myself on behalf of the whole Universe, even as we are now physically bound unto the cross of suffering:

<sup>1</sup> [This is the “Oath of the Abyss” or the oath of  $8^{\circ}=3^{\circ}$ . ]

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- II. that I will lead a pure life, as a devoted servant of the Order:
  - III. that I will understand all things:
  - IV. that I will love all things
  - V. that I will perform all things and endure all things
  - VI. that I will continue in the Knowledge and Conversation of My Holy Guardian Angel:
  - VII. that I will work without attachment:
  - VIII. that I will work in truth:
  - IX. that I will rely only upon myself:
  - X. that I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul.

And if I fail herein, may my pyramid be profaned, and the Eye be closed upon me!

All this did I swear and seal with a stroke upon the Bell.

Then I steadily sat down in my *āsana* (or sacred Posture), having my left heel beneath my body pressing into the anus, my right sole closely covering the phallus, the right leg vertical; my head, neck, and spine in one straight vertical line; my arms stretched out resting on their respective knees;<sup>1</sup> my thumbs joined each to the fourth finger of the proper hand. All my muscles were tightly held; my breath came steady, slow and even through both nostrils; my eyes were turned back, in, up to the Third Eye; my tongue was rolled back in my mouth; and my thoughts, radiating from that Third Eye, I strove to shut in unto an ever narrowing sphere by concentrating my will upon the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

Then I struck Twelve times upon the Bell; with the new month the Operation was duly begun.

<sup>1</sup> [This is the “Thunderbolt” position or *svastikāsana* described in “Liber E.”]

Oct. 1.

*The First Day*

At Eight o'clock I rose from sleep and putting on my Robe, began a little to meditate. For several reasons—the journey and business of the day before, etc., etc., I did not feel fresh. But forcing myself a little I rose and went out to the Caf, du Dôme where I took coffee and a biroche, after buying an exercise book in which to write this record.

This was about 8.45; and now (10.10) I have written thus far. [Including the Prologue, but not the Preface.—ED.]

- 10.45. I have driven over to the Hammam through the beautiful sunshine, meditating upon the discipline of the Operation. It seems only necessary to cut off definitely dispersive things, aimless chatter and such; for the Operation itself will guide one, leading to disgust for too much food and so on. It there by upon my limbs any chain that requires a definite effort to break it, perhaps sleep is that chain. But we shall see—*solvitur ambulando*.<sup>1</sup> If any asceticism be desirable later on, true wariness will soon detect any danger, and devise a means to meet it and overcome it.
- 12.00. Have finished bath and massage, during which I continued steadily but quite gently, “not by a strain laborious and hurtful but with stability void of movement,” willing the Presence of Adonai.
- 12.05. I ordered a dozen oysters and a beefsteak, and now (12.10) find myself wishing for an apple chewed and swallowed by deglutition, as the *hatha-yogīs* do. The distaste for food has already begun.
- 12.12. Impressions already *failing to connect*.  
I was getting into *āsana* and thinking “I record this fact,” when I saw a jockey being weighed.  
I thought of recording *my own* weight which I had not taken.  
Good!

<sup>1</sup> [Lat. “it is solved by walking,” *i.e.* by doing it.]

- 12.13.- *Prāṇāyāma* [10 seconds to breath in, 20 seconds to breathe out, 30 seconds to hold in the breath.] Fairly good;
- 12.24 made me sweat again thoroughly. Stopped not from fatigue but from lunch.  
[Odd memoranda during lunch.  
Insist on pupils writing down their whole day; the play as well as the work. “By this means they will become ashamed, and prate no longer of ‘beasts.’ ”]  
I am now well away on the ascetic current, devising all sorts of privations and thoroughly enjoying the idea.
- 12.55. Having finished a most enjoyable lunch, will drink coffee and smoke, and try and get a little sleep. Thus to break up sleep into two shifts.
- 2.18. A nice sleep. Woke refreshed.
- 3.15. Am arrived home, having performed a little business and driven back.  
Will sit down and do *āsana*, etc.
- 3.20. Have started.
- 3.28. 7 *prāṇāyāma* cycles enough. Doubtless the big lunch is a nuisance.  
I continue meditating simply.
- 3.36. *Āsana* hurts badly, and I can no longer concentrate at all. Must take 5 minutes’ rest and then persevere.
- 3.41. Began again. I shall take “Hua allalu alazi lailaha illa hua”<sup>1</sup> for mantra [any sacred sentence, whose constant repetition produces many strange effects upon the mind.—ED.] if I want one, or: may Adonai reveal unto me a special mantra to invoke Him!
- 3.51. Broke down again, mantra and all.

<sup>1</sup> [Arabic, “He is God and there is no other God than he.”]

- 3.52.- Went on meditating in “Hanged Man posture” [Legs  
4.14 crossed, arms below head, like the figure of the Hanged Man in the Tarot Cards.—ED.] to formulate sacrifice and pain self-inflicted; for I feel such a worm, able only to remain a few minutes at a time in a position long since “conquered.” For this reason too I cut again the Cross of Blood; and now a third time will I do it. And I will take out the Magical Knife and sharpen it yet more, so that this body may fear me; for that I am Horus the terrible, the Avenger, the Lord of the Gate of the West.
- 4.15.- Read Ritual DCLXXI. [The nature of this Ritual is  
4.30 explained later.—ED.]
- 5.10 I have returned from my shopping. Strange how solemn and dignified so trivial a thing becomes, once one has begun to concentrate!  
I bought two pears, half a pound of Garibaldi biscuits, and a packet of Gaufrettes. I had a citron pressé, too, at the Dôme.  
At the risk of violating the precepts of Zoroaster 170 and 144 I propose to do a Tarot divination for this Operation.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [In Westcott’s edition, fragment 144 of the *Chaldean Oracles* runs:  
“Direct not thy mind to the vast surfaces of the Earth; for the Plant of Truth grows not upon the ground. Nor measure the motions of the Sun, collecting rules, for he is carded by the Eternal Will of the Father,. and not for your sake alone. Dismiss (from your mind) the impetuous course of the Moon, for she moveth always by the power of necessity. The progression of the Stars was not generated for your sake. The wide aerial flight of birds gives no true knowledge nor the dissection of the entrails of victims; they are all mere toys, the basis of mercenary fraud; flee from these if you would enter the sacred paradise of piety, where Virtue, Wisdom, and Equity are assembled.”  
and fragment 170:  
“Having put on the completely armed-vigour of resounding Light, with triple strength fortifying the Soul and the Mind, He must put into the Mind the various Symbols, and not walk dispersedly on the empyrean path, but with concentration.”]

5.10. I should explain first that I write this record for other eyes than mine, since I am now sufficiently sure of myself to attain something or other; but I cannot foretell exactly what form the attainment may take. Just so, if one goes to call upon a friend, he may be walking or riding or sleeping.

Thus, then, is Adonai hidden from me. I know where He lives; I know I shall be welcome if I call; but I do not know whether He will invite me to a banquet or ask me to go out with him for a long journey.

It may be that the Rota will give me some hint.

[We have omitted the details of this divination.—ED.]

I am never content with such divinations; trustworthy enough in material concerns, in the things of the Spirit one rarely obtains good results.

The first operation was rather meaningless; but one must allow (*a*) that it was a new way of dealing those cards for the opening of an operation; (*b*) that I had had two false starts.

The final operation is certainly most favourable; we shall see if it comes true. I can hardly believe it possible.

6.10. Will now go for a stroll, get some milk, and settle down for the evening.

10.50. I regret to have to announce that on going across to the Dôme with this laudable intention, Nina brought up that red-headed bundle of mischief, Maryt Waska. This being in a way a “bandobast” (and so inviolable), I took her to dinner, eating an omelette, and some bread and Camembert, and a little milk. Afterwards a cup of coffee, and then two hours of the *vajroli-mudra*<sup>1</sup> badly performed.

All this I did with reluctance, as an act of self-denial or asceticism, lest my desire to concentrate on the mystic path should run away with me.

<sup>1</sup> [For the *vajroli mudra* see *Śiva Samhita* IV 53-75. — T.S.]

Therefore I think it may fairly be counted unto me for righteousness. I now drink a final coffee and retire, to do I hope a more straightforward type of meditation.

So mote it be.

Naked, Maryt looks like Corregio's Antiope. Her eyes are a strange grey, and her hair a very wonderful reddish gold—a colour I have never seen before and cannot properly describe. She has Jewish blood in her, I fancy; this, and her method of illustrating the axiom “Post coitum animal triste” made me think of Baudelaire's “Une nuit que j’etais près d'une affreuse Juive”:<sup>1</sup> and the last line

Obscurcir la splendeur des tres froides prunelles.

and Barbey d’Aurevilly's “Rideau Cramoisi” suggested to me the following poem. [We omit this poem.—ED.]<sup>1</sup>

11.30. Done! i’ th’ rough! i’ th’ rough! Now let me go back to my room, and Work!

(11.47.) Home—undressed—robed—attended to toilet—cut cross of Blood once more to affirm mastery of Body—sat down at 11.49 and ended the day with 10 *prāṇāyāmas*, which caused me to perspire freely, but were not altogether easy or satisfactory.

### *The Second Day*

The Stroke of Twelve found me duly in my *āsana*, practising *prāṇāyāma*.

Let me continue this work; for it is written that unto the persevering mortal the Blessed Immortals are swift . . .

What then should happen to a persevering Immortal like myself?

<sup>1</sup> [In MS. notes to a copy of *Equinox* I (1) (transcribed by Yorke), A.C. adds to this entry “I also did a more holy practice as if to graft a tree” (*vide* Frazer, *The Magic Art &c.*, ii, 100) and describes Maryt as “a Polish Jewess, a student.” The poem “was printed in *The Winged Beetle* & called ‘The Two Secrets.’”]

- 12.7. Trying meditation and mantra.
- 12.18. I find thoughts impossible to concentrate; and my *āsana*, despite various cowardly attempts to “fudge” it, is frightfully painful.
- 12.20. In the Hanged Man posture, meditating and willing the Presence of Adonai by the Ritual “Thee I invoke, the Bornless One”<sup>1</sup> and mental formulæ.
- 12.28. I’m hopelessly sleepy! Invocation as bad as bad could be—attention all over the place. Irrational hallucinations, such as a vision of either Eliphaz Levi or my father (I can’t swear which!) at the most solemn moment! But the irrational character of said visions is not bad. They come from nowhere; it is much worse when your own controlled brain breaks loose.
- 12.33. I will therefore compose myself to sleep: is it not written that He giveth unto His beloved even in sleep? “Others, even in sleep, He makes fruitful from His own strength.”
- 7.29. Woke and forced myself to rise. I had a number of rather pleasing dreams, as I seem to remember. But their content is gone from me; and, in the absence of the prophet Daniel, I shall let the matter slide.
- 7.44. *Prāṇāyāma*. 13 cycles. Very tiring; I began to sweat. A mediocre performance.
- 8.00-8.20. Breakfast. *Hatha-yogī*—a pear and two gaufrettes.
- 8.53. Have been meditating in Hanged Man position. Thought dull and wandering; yet once “the conception of the Glowing Fire” seen as a planet (perhaps Mars). Just enough to destroy the concentration; then it went out, dammit!

<sup>1</sup> [See the edition of the *Goëtia* edited by Crowley and Mathers. — T.S.]



- 10.40. Have attended to correspondence and other business and drunk a citron pressé.  
The Voice of the *nāḍi* began to resound.
- 10.50. Have done “Bornless One” in *āsana*. Good; yet I am filled with utter despair at the hopelessness of the Task. Especially do I get the Buddhist feeling, not only that *āsana* is intensely painful, but that all conceivable positions of the body are so.
- 11.00. Still sitting; quite sceptical; sticking to it just because I am a man, and have decided to go through with it.
- 11.13. Have done 10 P.Y. cycles. A bit better, and a slight hint of the *bhuchari-siddhi* foreshadowed. Have been saying mantra; the question arises in my mind:  
Am I mixing my drinks unduly? I think not; if one didn't change to another mystic process, one would have to read the newspaper.
- 11.20. This completes my half-hour of *āsana*. Legs very painful; yet again I find myself wishing for Kandy (not sugar candy, but the place where I did my first Hindu practices and got my first Results) and a life devoted entirely to meditation. But not for me! I'm no *pratyeka-Buddha*; a *dhamma-Buddha* every inch of me! [A *pratyeka-Buddha* attains the Supreme Reward for himself alone; a *dhamma-Buddha* renounces it and returns to hell (earth) to teach others the Way.—ED.]  
I now take a few minutes “off” to make “considerations.” I firmly believe that the minutest dose of the Elixir would operate as a “detonator.” I seem to be perfectly ready for illumination, if only because I am so perfectly dark. Yet my power to create magical images is still with me.
- 11.40.- Hanged Man posture. Will invoke Adonai once more  
12.00 by pure thought. Got into a very curious state indeed; part

of me being quite perfectly asleep, and part quite perfectly awake.

2.10. Have slept, and that soundly, though with many dreams. Awaking with the utmost horror and loathing of the Path of the Wise—it seemed somehow like a vast dragon-demon with bronze green wings iridescent that rose up startled and angry. And I saw that the littlest courage is enough to rise and throw off sleep, like a small soldier in complete armour of silver advancing with sword and shield—at whose sight that dragon, not daring to abide the shock, flees utterly away.

2.15. Lunch, 3 Garibaldi and 3 Gaufrettes. Wrote two letters.

2.50. Going out walk with mantra.

8.03 This walk was in a way rather a success. I got the good mantra effects, *e.g.*, the brain taking it up of its own accord; also the distaste for everything but Adonai became stronger and stronger.

But when I returned from a visit to B—e on an errand of comradeship—1½ hours' talk to cut out of this mantra-yoga—I found all sorts of people at the Dôme, where I drank a citron pressé: they detained me in talk, and at 6.30 Maryt turned up and I had to chew a sandwich and drink coffee while she dined.

I feel a little headache; it will pass.

She is up here now with me, but I shall try to meditate. Charming as she is, I don't want to make love to her.

8.40. Mixed mantra and caresses rather a success. (At her request I gave M. a minimum dose of X.)

9.15. *Āsana* and Meditation with mantra since 8.40. The blackness seems breaking. For a moment I got a vague glimpse of one's spine (or rather one's *Suśumnā*) as a galaxy of stars, thus suggesting the stars as the ganglia of the Universe.

- 9.18 To continue.
- 10.18. Not very satisfactory. *āsana* got painful; like a worm I gave up, and tried playing the fool; got amused by the New Monster, but did not perform the *vajroli-mudra*. [For this see the *Śiva Saṃhita*, and other of the Holy Sanskrit Tantras.—ED.]  
However, having got rid of her for the moment, one may continue.
- 10.24.- P.Y. [*prāṇāyāma*.—ED.] 14 cycles. Some effort  
10.39 required; sweating appears to have stopped and *bhuchari* hardly begun.  
My head really aches a good deal.  
I must add one or two remarks. In my walk I discovered that my mantra *Hua allahu*, etc., really belongs to the *viśuddhi-cakra*; so I allowed the thought to concentrate itself there. [The *viśuddhi-cakra*: the “nerve centre,” in Hindu mystic physiology, opposite the larynx.—ED.]  
Also, since others are to read this, one must mention that almost from the beginning of this Working of Magick Art the changed aspect of the world whose culmination is the keeping of the oath “I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul” was present with me. This aspect is difficult to describe; one is indifferent to everything and yet interested in it. The meaning of things is lost, pending the inception of their Spiritual Meaning; just as, on putting one's eye to the microscope, the drop of water on the slide is gone, and a world of life discovered, though the real import of that world is not apprehended, until one's knowledge becomes far greater than a single glance can make it.
- 10.55. Having written the above, I shall rest for a few moments to try and get rid of my headache.  
A good simile (by the way) for the *yogī* is to say that he

watches his thought like a cat watching a mouse. The paw ready to strike the instant Mr. Mouse stirs.

I have chewed a Gaufrette and drunk a little water, in case the headache is from hunger. (P.S.—It was so; the food cured it at once.)

II.02. I now lie down as Hanged Man and say mantra in *viśuddhi*.

II.10. I must really note the curious confusion in my mind between the *viśuddhi-cakra* and that part of the Boulevard Edgar Quinet which opens on to the cemetery. It seems an identity.

In trying to look *at* the *cakra*, I saw that.

Query: What is the connection, which appeared absolute and essential? I had been specially impressed by that gate two days ago, with its knot of mourners. Could the scene have been recorded in a brain-cell adjoining that which records the *viśuddhi*-idea? Or did I at that time unconsciously think of my throat for some other reason? Bother! These things are all dog-faced demons! To work!

II.17. Work: Meditation and Mantra.

II.35. No good. Went off into a reverie about a castle and men-at-arms. This had all the qualities of a true dream, yet I was not in any other sense asleep. I soon will be, though. It seems foolish to persist.

II.35. And indeed, though I tried to continue the mantra with its high aspiration to know Adonai, I must have slept almost at once.

### *The Third Day*

6.55. Now the day being gloriously broken, I awoke with some weariness, not feeling clean and happy, not burning with love unto my Lord Adonai, though ashamed indeed for that thrice of four times in the night I had been awakened

by this loyal body, urging me to rise and meditate—and my weak will bade it be at ease and take its rest—oh, wretched man! slave of the hour and of the worm!

- 7.00.- Fifteen cycles of *prāṇāyāma* put me right mentally and  
7.16. physically: otherwise they had little apparent success.
- 7.30. Have breakfasted—a pear and two Garibaldi. (These by the way are the small size, half the big squares.)
- 7.50. Have smoked a pipe to show that I'm not in a hurry.
- 8.04 Hanged Man with mantra in *viśuddhi*. Thought I had been much longer. At one point the Spirit began to move—how the devil else can I express it? The consciousness seemed to flow, instead of pattering. Is *that* clear?  
One should here note that there may perhaps be some essential difference in the operation of the Moslem and Hindu *mantras*. The latter boom; the former ripple. I have never tried the former at all seriously until now.
- 8.10.- *Même jeu*—no good at all. Think I'll get up and have a  
8.32 Turker.
- 9.00. Am up, having read my letters. Continuing mantra all the time in a more or less conscious way.
- 9.25. Wrote my letters and started out.
- 10.38. Have reached the Cafe de la Paix, walking slowly with my mantra. I am beginning to forget it occasionally, mispronouncing some of the words. A good sign! Now and then I tried sending it up and down my spine, with good effect.
- 10.40. I will drink a cup of coffee and then proceed to the Hammam. This may ease my limbs, and afford an opportunity for a real go-for-the-gloves effort to concentrate.  
It cannot be too clearly understood that nearly all the work hitherto has been preliminary; the intention is to get the *chitta* (thought-stuff) flowing evenly in one direction.

Also one practises detaching it from the *vyrttis* (impressions). One looks at everything without seeing it.

O coffee! By the mighty Name of Power do I invoke thee, consecrating thee to the Service of the Magic of Light. Let the pulsations of my heart be strong and regular and slow! Let my brain be wakeful and active in its supreme task of self-control! That my desired end may be effected through Thy strength, Adonai, unto Whom be the Glory for ever! Amen without lie, and Amen, and Amen of Amen.

11.00. I now proceed to the Hammam.

12.00. The Bath is over. I continued the mantra throughout, which much alleviated the torture of massage. But I could not get steady and easy in my *āsana* or even in the Hanged Man or *shavāsana*, the “corpse-position.” I think the heat is exciting, and makes me restless. I continue in the cooling-room lying down.

12.10. I have ordered 12 oysters and coffee and bread and butter. O oysters! be ye unto me strength that I formulate the 12 rays of the Crown of HVA! I conjure ye, and very potently command.

Even by Him who ruleth Life from the Throne of Tahuti unto the Abyss of Amennti, even by Ptah the swathed one, that unweaveth the mortal from the immortal, even by Amoun the giver of Life, and by Khem the mighty, whose Phallus is like the Pillar in Karnak! Even by myself and my male power do I conjure ye. Amen.

12.20. I was getting sleepy when the oysters came. I now eat them in a *yogī* and ceremonial manner.

12.45. I have eaten my oysters, chewing them every one; also some bread and butter in the same manner, giving praise to Priapus the Lord of the oyster, to Demeter the Lady of corn, and to Isis the Queen of the Cow. Further, I pray symbolically in this meal for Virtue, and Strength, and

- Gladness; as is appropriate to these symbols. But I find it very difficult to keep the mantra going, even in tune with the jaws; perhaps it is that this peculiar method of eating (25 minutes for what could be done normally in 3) demands the whole attention.
- 1.30. Drifted into a nap. Well! we shall try what Brother Body really wants.
- 1.35. My attempt to go to sleep has made me supernaturally wakeful.  
I am—as often before—in the state described by Paul (not my masseur; the other Paul!) in his Epistle to the Romans, cap. vii. v. 19.<sup>1</sup>  
I shall rise and go forth.
- 1.55. I have a good mind to try violent excitement of the *mūlādhāra-cakra*; for the whole *suśumnā* seems dead. This at the risk of being labelled a Black Magician —by clergymen, Christian Scientists, and the “self-reliant” classes in general.
- 2.15. Arrived (partly by cab) at the Place.<sup>2</sup> Certain curious phenomena which I have noticed at odd times—e.g., on Thursday night—but did not think proper to record must be investigated. It seems quite certain that meditation-practices profoundly affect the sexual process: how and why I do not yet certainly know.
- 2.45. Rubbish! everything perfectly normal.  
Difficult, though, to keep mantram going.
- 3.00. Am sitting on the brink of the big fountain in the Luxembourg. This deadness of the whole system continues.

<sup>1</sup> [“For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.”]

<sup>2</sup> Brothel in Rue des 4 Vents. [MS. note by AC in *Equinox* I (1), transcribed by Yorke.]

To explain. Normally, if the thought be energetically directed to almost any point in the body, that point is felt to pulse and even to ache. Especially this is the case if one vibrates a mantra or Magical name in a nerve-centre. At present I cannot do this at all. The *prana* seems equilibrated in the whole organism: I am very peaceful—just as a corpse is.

It is terribly annoying, in a sense, because this condition is just the opposite of *dhāraṇa*; yet one knows that it is a stage on the way to *samādhi*. So I rise and give confidently the Sign of Apophis and Typhon, and will then regard the reflection of the sweet October Sun in the kissing waters of the fountain. (P.S.—I now remember that I forgot to rise and give the Sign.)

- 3.15. In vain do I regard the Sun, broken up by the lips of the water into countless glittering stars—abounding, revolving, whirling forth, crying aloud<sup>1</sup>—for He whom my soul seeketh is not in these. Nor is He in the fountain, eternally as it jets and falls in brilliance of dew; for I desire the Dew Supernal. Nor is He in the still depths of the water; their lips do not meet His. Nor—O my soul!—is He anywhere to be found in thy secret caverns, un luminous, formless, and void, where I wander seeking Him—or seeking rest from that Search! O my soul!—lift thyself up; play the man, be strong; harden thyself against thy bitter Fate; for at the End thou shalt find Him; and ye shall enter in together into the Secret Palace of the King; even unto the Garden of Lilies; and ye shall be One for evermore. So mote it be!

Yet now—ah now!—I am but a dead man. Within me and without still stirs that life of sense that is not life, but is as the worms that feast upon my corpse. . . . Adonai! Adonai! my Lord Adonai! indeed, Thou hast forsaken me. Nay!

<sup>1</sup> [AC is paraphrasing *Chaldean Oracles*, fragment 198 in Westcott edition.]



thou liest, O weak soul! Abide in the meditation; unite all thy symbols into the form of a Lion, and be lord of thy jungle, travelling through the servile Universe even as Mau the Lion very lordly, the Sun in His strength that travelleth over the heaven of Nu in His bark in the mid-career of Day.

For all these thoughts are vain; there is but One thought, though that thought be not yet born—He only is God, and there is none other God than He!

- 3.30. Walking home with mantra; suddenly a spasm of weeping took me as I cried through the mantra—“My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?”—and I have to stop and put it down!

A good thing; for it calms me.

- 3.45. At the Dome, master of myself. The Mantra goes just 30 times a minute, 1800 times an hour, 43,200 times a day. To say it a million times would take longer than Mrs. Glyn’s heroine did to conceive.<sup>1</sup> Yet I will get the result if I have to say it a hundred and eleven million times. But oh! fertilise my *ākāśic* egg to-day!

This remark, one should notice, is truly characteristic of the man John St. John. I see how funny it is; but I’m quite serious withal. Ye dull dogs!

[The “*ākāśic* Egg” is the sphere of the personality of man. A theosophic term.—ED.]

- 3.55. N.B.—Mantras might with advantage be palindromes.

- 3.56. I try to construct a magic square from the mantra. No good. But the mantra is going much better, quite mechanically and “without attachment” (*i.e.*, without conscious ulterior design. “Art for Art’s sake” as it were).

- 4.10. I drink a “citron pressé.”

<sup>1</sup> [An MS. note by AC to a copy of *Equinox* I (1) (transcribed by Yorke) about this point reads “3 weeks”]

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- 4.25. Alas! here comes Maryt (with a sad tale of X. It appears that she fainted and spent some hours at the hospital. I should have insisted on her staying with me; the symptoms began immediately on her drinking some coffee. I have noticed with myself, that eating has started the action).
- 5.30. An hour of mingled nap and mantra.  
I now feel alive again. It was very strange how calm and balanced I was: yet now I am again energised; may it be to the point of Enthusiasm!  
People will most assuredly smile at this exalted mystic; his life seems made up of sleep and love-making. Indeed, to-day I have been shockingly under the power of *tamas*, the dark sphere. But that is clearly a fatigue-effect from having worked so hard.  
Oh Lord, how long?
- 5.50. The Mantra still ripples on. I am so far from the Path that I have a real good mind to get Maryt to let me perform the Black Mass on her at midnight. I would just love to bring up Typhon, and curse Osiris and burn his bones and his blood!  
At least, I now solemnly express a pious wish that the Crocodile of the West may eat up the Sun once and for all, that Set may defile the Holy Place, that the supreme Blasphemy may be spoken by Python in the ears of Isis.  
I want trouble. I want to say Indra's *mantra* till his throne gets red-hot and burns his lotus-buttocks; I want to pinch little Harpocrates till he fairly yells . . . and I will too!  
Somehow!
- 6.15. I have now got into a sort of smug content, grinning all over like some sleepy Chinese god. No reason for it, Lord knows!  
I can't make up my mind whether to starve or sandwich or gorge the beast St. John. He's not the least bit hungry, though he's had nothing to call a Meal since Thursday

lunch. The *hatha-yoga* feeding game is certainly marvellous.

I should like to work marching and breathing with this mantra as I did of old with *Aum Tat Sat Aum*. Perhaps two steps to a mantra, and 4-8-16 steps to a breath-cycle? This would mean 28 seconds for a breath-cycle; quite enough for a marching man. We might try 4-8-8 to start; or even 8-8-8 (for the Chariot, wherein the Geburah of me rises to Binah—Strength winning the Wings of Understanding). [These symbols, allusions, and references will all be found in 777.—ED.]

- 6.55. I shall now ceremonially defile the Beyt Allah with Pig, to express in some small measure my utter disgust and indignation with Allah for not doing His job properly. I say in vain “Labbaik!” [I am here.—ED.] He answers, “But I’m *not* here, old boy—another leg-pull!” He little knows His man, though, if He thinks He can insult me with impunity. Andre, un sandwich!  
[Beyt Allah, the Mosque at Mecca, means “House of God”—ED.]

- 7.05. I shall stop mantra while I eat, so as to concentrate (*a*) on the chewing, (*b*) on defiling the House of God. Not so easy! the damned thing runs on like a prairie fire. Important then to stop it absolutely at will: even the Work itself may become an obsession.

11 hours with no real break—not bad.

The bad part of to-day seems the *āsana*, and the deadness. Or, perhaps worse, I fail to apprehend the true magical purport of my work: hence all sort of aimless formulae, leading—naturally enough—to no result.

It just strikes me—it may be this Isis Apophis Osiris IAO formula that I have preached so often. Certainly the first two days were Isis—natural, pleasant, easy events. Most certainly too to-day has been Apophis! Think of the wild

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- cursing and black magic, etc. . . . we must hope for the Osiris section to-morrow or next day. Birth, death, resurrection! IAO!
- 7.35. The Sandwich duly chewed, and two Coffees drunk, I resume the mystic Mantra. Why? Because I dam well choose to.
- 7.50. 'Tis a rash thing to say, and I burn incense to the Infernal Gods that the Omen may be averted; but I seem to have conquered the real Dweller of the Threshold once and for all. For nowadays my blackest despair is tempered by the certainty of coming through it sooner or later, and that with flying colours.
- 9.30. The last  $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour I wasted talking to Dr. Roland, that most interesting man. I don't mean talking; I mean listening. You are a bad, idle good-for-nothing fellow, O.M.! Why not stick to that mantra?
- 10.40. Have drunk two citrons pressés and gone to my room to work a mighty spell of magick Art.
- 11.0. Having got rid of Maryt (who, by the way, is Quite mad), and thereby (one might hope) of Apophis and Typhon, I perform the Great Ritual 671 with good results magically; *i.e.*, I formulated things very easily and forcibly; even at one time I got a hint of the Glory of Adonai. But I made the absurd mistake of going through the Ritual as if I was rehearsing it, instead of staying at the Reception of the Candidate and insisting upon being *really* received. I will therefore now (11.50) sit down again and invoke really hard on these same lines, while the Perfume and the Vision are yet formulated, though insensibly, about me. And thus shall end the Third day of my retirement.

*The Fourth Day*

12.15. So therefore begins the fourth day of this my great magical retirement; I bleed from the slashes of the magical knife; I smart from the heat of the Holy Oil; I am bruised by the scourge of Osiris that hath so cruelly smitten me; the perfume yet fills the chamber of Art;—and I?

Oh Adonai my Lord, surely I did invoke Thee with fervour; yet Thou camest not utterly to the tryst. And yet I know that Thou wast there; and it may be that the morning may being remembrance of Thee which this consciousness does not now contain.

But I swear by Thine own glory that I will not be satisfied with this, that I will go on even unto madness and death if it be Thy will—but I will know Thee as Thou art.

It is strange how my cries died down; how I found myself quite involuntarily swinging back to the old mantra that I worked all yesterday.

However, I shall try a little longer in the Position of the Hanged Man, although sleep is again attacking me. I am weary, yet content, as if some great thing had indeed happened. But if I lost consciousness—a thing no man can be positive about from the nature of things—it must have happened so quietly that I never knew. Certainly I should not have thought that I had gone on for 25 minutes, as I did.

But I do indeed ask for a Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel which is not left so much to be inferred from the good results in my life and work; I want the Perfume and the the Vision. . . .

Why am I so materially wallowing in grossness? It matters little; the fact remains that I do wallow.

I want that definite experience in the very same sense as Abramelin had it; and what's more, I mean to go on till I get it.

- 12.34. I begin, therefore, in Hanged Man posture, to invoke the Angel, within the Pyramid already duly prepared by 67I.
- 12.57. Alas! in vain have I tried even the supreme ritual of Awaiting the Beloved, although once I thought—Ah! give unto Thy beloved in sleep!  
How ashamed I should be, though! For an earthly lover one would be on tiptoe of excitement, trembling at every sound, eager, afraid . . .  
I will, however, rise and open (as for a symbol) the door and the window. Oh that the door of my heart were ever open! For He is always there, and always eager to come in.
- 1.0. I rise and open unto my Beloved.  
. . . May it be granted unto me in the daylight of this day to construct from 67I a perfect ritual of self-initiation, so as to avoid the constant difficulty of assuming various God-forms. Then let that ritual be a constant and perfect link between Us . . . so that at all times I may be perfect in Thy Knowledge and Conversation, O mine Holy Guardian Angel! to whom I have aspired these ten years past.
- 1.5. And though as it may seem I now compose myself to sleep, I await Thee . . . I await Thee!
- 7.35. I arise from sleep, mine eyes a little weary, my soul fresh, my heart restored.
- 8.0. Accordingly, I continue in gentle and easy meditation on my Lord Adonai, without fear or violence, quite directly and naturally.  
One of the matters that came up last night with Dr. Roland was that of writing rubbish for magazines. He thought that one could do it in the intervals of serious work; but I do not think that one should take the risk. I have spent these many years training my mind to think cleanly and express beautifully. Am I to prostitute myself for a handful of bread?

I swear by Thyself, O Thou who art myself, that I will not write save to glorify Thee, that I will write only in beauty and melody, that I will give unto the world as Thou givest unto me, whether it be a consuming fire, or a cup of the wine of Iacchus, or a glittering dagger, or a disk brighter than the sun. I will starve in the street before I pander to the vileness of the men among whom I live—oh my Lord Adonai, be with me, give me the purest poesy, keep me to this vow! And if I turn aside, even for a moment, I pray Thee, warn me by some signal chastisement, that Thou art a jealous god, and that Thou wilt keep me veiled, cherished, guarded in Thine harem a pure and perfect spouse, like a slender fountain playing in Thy courts of marble and of malachite, of jasper, of topaz, and of lapis lazuli.

And by my magick power I summon all the inhabitants of the ten thousand worlds to witness this mine oath.

8.15. I will rise, and break my fast. I think it as well to go on with the mantra, as it started of its own accord.

9.00. Arrived at Pantheon, to breakfast on coffee and biroche and a peach.

I shall try and describe Ritual 671;<sup>1</sup> since its nature is important to this great ceremony of initiation. Those who understand a little about the Path of the Wise may receive some hint of the method of operation of the L.V.X.

And I think that a description will help me to collect myself for the proper adaptation of this Ritual to the purpose of Self-initiation.

<sup>1</sup> [The ritual published as “Liber 671” is not the ritual which Crowley is here describing, but the adaptation for Self-Initiation that he prepared during this magical retirement. One revision of the earlier form, a scripted initiation ritual with two officers and a candidate, adapted from the Neophyte ceremony of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, survives in typescript as “Liber DCLXXI vel תרעא” but is unpublished. — T.S.]

Oh, how soft is the air, and how serene the sky, to one who has passed through the black rule of Apophis! How infinitely musical are the voices of Nature, those that are heard and those that are not heard! What Understanding of the Universe, what Love is the prize of him that hath performed all things and endured all things!

The first operation of Ritual 671 is the preparation of the Place.

There are two forces; that of Death and that of Natural Life.<sup>1</sup>

Death begins the Operation by a knock, to which Life answers.

Then Death, banishing all forces external to the operation, declares the Speech in the Silence. Both officers go from their thrones and form the base of a triangle whose apex is the East. They invoke the Divine Word, and then Death slays with the knife, and embalms with the oil, his sister Life.

Life, thus prepared, invokes, at the summons of Death, the forces necessary to the Operation. The Word takes its station in the East and the officers salute it both by speech and silence in their signs; and they pronounce the secret Word of power that riseth from the Silence and returneth thereunto.

All this they affirm; and in affirming the triangular base of the Pyramid, find that they have mysteriously affirmed the Apex thereof whose name is Ecstasy.

This also is sealed by that secret word; for that Word containeth All.

Into this prepared Pyramid of divine Light there cometh a certain darkling wight, who knoweth not either his own nature, or his origin or destiny, or even the name of that

<sup>1</sup> [Death is represented by the Hierous, and Life by the Hegemon; they are identified with the Greek God-forms of Hades and Demeter, with Hermes and Iacchus for invisible stations. — T.S.]



which he desireth. Before he can enter the Pyramid, therefore, four ordeals are required of him.

So, bound and blinded, he stumbles forward, and passes through the wrath of the Four Great Princes of the Evil of the World, whose Terror is about him on every side. Yet since he has followed the voice of the Officer who has prepared him, in this part of the Ritual no longer merely Nature, the great Mother, but Neschamah (his aspiration) and the representative of Adonai, he may pass through all. Yea, in spite of the menace of the Hiereus, whose function is now that of his fear and of his courage, he goes on and enters the Pyramid. But there he is seized and thrown down by both officers as one unworthy to enter. His aspiration purifies him with steel and fire; and there as he lies shattered by the force of the ritual, he hears—even as a corpse that hears the voice of Israfel—the Hegemon that chants a solemn hymn of praise to that glory which is at the Apex, and who invisibly rules and governs the whole Pyramid.

Now then that darkling wight is lifted by the officers and brought to the altar in the centre; and there the Hiereus accuses him of the two and twenty Basenesses, while the Hegemon lifting up his chained arms cries again and again against his enemy that he is under the Shadow of the Eternal Wings of the Holy One. Yet at the end, at the supreme accusation, the Hiereus smites him into death. The same answer avails him, and in its strength he is uplifted by his aspiration—and now he stands upright.

Now then he makes a journey in his new house, and perceives at stated times, each time preceded by a new ordeal and equilibration, the forces that surround him. Death he sees, and the Life of Nature whose name is Sorrow, and the Word that quickeneth these, and his own self—and when he hath recognised these four in their true nature he passes to the altar once more and as the apex of

a descending triangle is admitted to the lordship of the Double Kingdom. Thus is he a member of the visible triad that is crossed with the invisible— behold the hexagram of Solomon the King! All this the Hieres seals with a knock and at the Hegemon's new summons he—to his surprise—finds himself as the Hanged Man of the Tarot.

Each point of the figure thus formed they crown with light, until he glitters with the Flame of the Spirit.

Thus and not otherwise is he made a partaker of the Mysteries, and the Lightning Flash strikes him. The Lord hath descended from heaven with a shout and with the Voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God.

He is installed in the Throne of the Double Kingdom, and he wields the Wand of Double Power by the sings of the grade.

He is recognized an initiate, and the word of Secret Power, and the silent administration of the Sacrament of Sword and Flame, acknowledge him.

Then, the words being duly spoken and the deeds duly done, all is symbolically sealed by the Thirty Voices, and the Word that vibrateth from the Silence to the Speech, and from the Speech again unto the Silence.

Then the Pyramid is sealed up, even as it was opened; yet in the sealing thereof the three men partake in a certain mystical manner of the Eucharist of the Four Elements that are consumed for the Perfection of the Oil.

Konx Om Pax. [With these mystic words the Mysteries Eleusinian were sealed.—ED.]

- 10.00. Having written out this explanation, I will read it through and meditate solemnly thereupon. All this I wrote in the Might of the Secret Ring committed unto me by the Masters; so that all might be absolutely correct. One thing strikes me as worthy of mention. Last night when I went into the restaurant to speak to **Roland**, my

distaste for food was so intense that the smell of it caused real nausea. To-day, I am perfectly balanced, neither hungry nor nauseated. This is indeed more important than it seems; it is a sure sign when one sees a person take up fads that he is under the black rule of Apophis. In the Kingdom of Osiris there is freedom and light. To-day I shall eat neither with the frank gluttony of Isis nor with the severe asceticism of Apophis. I shall eat as much and as little as I fancy; these violent means are no longer necessary. Like Count Fosco, I shall “go on my way sustained by my sublime confidence, self-balanced by my impenetrable calm.”

10.50. I have spent half an hour wandering in the Musee du Luxembourg.

I now sit down to meditate on this new ritual. The following, so it appears, should be the outlines—damn it, I've a good mind to write it straight off—no! I'll be patient and tease the Spirit a little. I will be coquettish as a Spanish catamite.

1. Death summons Life and clears away all other forces.
2. The Invocation of the Word. Death consecrates Life, who in her whirling dance invokes that Word.
3. They salute the Word. The Signs<sup>1</sup> and M—M<sup>2</sup> must be a Chorus, if anything.
4. The Miraculous appearance of Iacchus, uninvoked.
  1. The 3 Questions.<sup>3</sup>
  2. The 4 ordeals. Warning and comfort as an appeal to the Officers.
  3. The Threshold.

<sup>1</sup> [The Signs in Ritual 67I are the Signs of Horus (the Enterer) and Harpocrates (Silence), the old G.D. Neophyte signs. — T.S.]

<sup>2</sup> [The “secret word” of Ritual 67I. It is said to enumerate to 93. — T.S.]

<sup>3</sup> [“Who art thou? Whence came thou? whither goest thou? What seekest thou?” (the second and third are bracketed together). — T.S.]

The Chorus of Purification.

The Hymn “My heart, my mother!” as already written, years ago.<sup>1</sup>

4. At the altar. The accusation and defence as antiphonies.
5. The journey. Bar and pass, and the 4 visions even as a mighty music.
6. The Hanged Man—the descent of Adonai.
7. The installation—signs, etc.

Sealing as for opening; but insert Sacrament.

- 1.15. During a lunch of 12 oysters, Cêpes Bordelaise, Tarte aux Cêrises, Café Noir, dispatched without Yoga or ceremonial, I wrote the Ritual in verse, in the Egyptian Language. I don't think very well. Time must show: also experience. I'd recite Tennyson if I thought it would give Samadhi! Now more mantra, though by the Lord I'm getting sick of it.
- 1.40. It occurs to me, now that I am seeing my way in the Operation a little more clearly, that one might consider the First Day as Osiris Slain **✖**, the Second as that of the Mourning of Isis **L**, the third as that of the Triumph of Apophis **V**, and to-day that of Osiris Risen **X**; these four days being perfect in themselves as a  $5^\circ = 6^\circ$  operation (or possibly with one or two more to recapitulate L.V.X. Lux, the Light of the Cross). Thence one might proceed to some symbolic passage through the  $6^\circ = 5^\circ$  grade—though of course that grade is really symbolic of this soul-journey, not *vice versâ*—and through  $7^\circ = 4^\circ$ ; so perhaps—if one could only dare to hope it!—to the  $8^\circ = 3^\circ$  attainment. Certainly what little I have done so far pertains no higher than Minor adeptship though I have used higher formulæ in the course of my working.

<sup>1</sup> [It is a verse paraphrase of cap. XXX of the *Book of the Dead*. — T.S.]

1.55. My *prāṇa* is acting in a feverish manner; a mixture of fatigue and energy. This is not good: it probably comes from bolting that big lunch, and may mean that I must sleep to recover equilibrium. I will, however, use the Pentagram ritual on my *anāhata-cakra* [the heart; a nerve-centre in Hindu mystical physiology.—ED.] and see if that steadies me. (P.S.—Yes: instantly). Notice, please, how in this condition of intense magical strain the most trifling things have a great influence. Normally, I can eat anything in any quantity without the slightest effect of any sort; witness my expeditions and debauches; nothing upsets me.

P.S.—But notice, please! Normally half a bottle of Burgundy excites me notably; while doing this magic it is like so much water. A “transvaluation of all values!”

3.55. Over a citron pressé I have revised the new Ritual. Also I have bought suitable materials for copying it fair; and this I did without solemnity or ceremonial, but quite simply, just as anybody else might buy them. In short, I bought them in a truly Rosicrucian manner, according to the custom of the country.

I add a few considerations on the grade of Adeptus Major  $6^{\circ} = 5^{\circ}$ .

(P.S.—Distinction is to be made between attainment of this grade in the natural and in the spiritual world. The former I long since possessed.)

1. It may perhaps mean severe asceticism. In case I should be going out on that path I will try and get a real good dinner to fortify myself.
2. The paths leading to Geburah are from Hod, that of the Hanged Man, and from Tiphereth, that of Justice, both equilibrated aspects of Severity, the one implying Self-Sacrifice, the other involuntary

suffering. One is Free-will, the other Karma; and that in a wider sense than that of Suffering.

The Ritual 671 will still be applicable: indeed, it may be considered sufficient; but of course it must be lived as well as performed.

(I must here complain of serious trouble with fountain pens, and the waste of priceless time fixing them up. They have been wrong throughout the whole operation, a thing that has not happened to me for near eight years. I hope I've got a good one at last—yes, thank God! this one writes decently.)

- 4.15. Somehow or other I have got off the track; have been fooling about with too many odd things, necessary as they may have been. I had better take a solid hour willing the Tryst with Adonai.
- 5.40. Have done all this, and a Work of Kindness. I will again revise the new ritual, dine, return and copy it fair for use. Let Adonai the Lord oversee the Work, that it be perfect, a sure link with Him, a certain and infallible Conjunction, and Spell, and Working of true Magick Art, that I may invoke Him with success whenever seemeth good unto Him. Unto Him; not unto Me! Is it not written that Except Adonai build the House, they labour in vain that build it?
- 6.15. Chez Lavenue. Not feeling like revision, will read through this record.  
My dinner is to be Bisque d'Ecrevisses, Tournedos Rossini, a Coupe Jack, half a bottle of Meursault, and Coffee. All should now acquit adepts of the charge of not knowing how to do themselves well.
- 7.20. Dinner over, I return to *mantra-yoga*. One may note that I expected the wine to have an excessive effect on me; on the contrary, it has much less effect than usual.

This is rather important. I have purposely abstained from anything that might be called a drug, until now, for fear of confusing the effects.

With my knowledge of hashish-effects, I could very likely have broken up the Apophis-kingdom of yesterday in a moment, and the truth of it would have been 5 per cent. drug and 95 per cent. magic; but nobody would have believed me. Remember that this record is for the British Public, "who may like me yet." God forbid! for I cannot echo Browning's hope. Their greasiness, hypocrisy, and meanness are such that their appreciation could only mean my vileness, not their redemption. Sorry if I seem pessimistic about them! A nasty one for me, by the way, if they suddenly started buying me! I should have, in mere consistency, to cut my throat!

Calm yourself, my friend! There is no danger.

7.40. At home again and robed. Am both tired and oppressed, even in my peace; for the day has been, and the evening is, close and hot, with a little fog, and, one may suspect, the air is overcharged with electricity. I will rest quietly with my mantra as Hanged Man, and perhaps sleep for a little.

8.10. No sleep—no rest for the wicked! 'Tis curious how totally independent is mantra-yoga of reverie. I can say my mantra vigorously while my thought wanders all over the world; yet I cannot write the simplest sentence without stopping it, unless with a very great effort, and then it is not satisfactory to either party!

Meditation—of the "rational" sort—on this leads me to suggest that active "radiant" thought may be incompatible with the mantra, itself being (?) active. One can read and understand quite easily with the mantra going; one can remember things.

For example, I see my watch chain; I think. "Gold. Au, 196 atomic weight. AuCl<sub>3</sub>, £3 10s. *od.* an ounce" and so on

*ad infinitum*; but the act of writing down these things stops the mantra. This may be (partly) because I always say under my breath each word as I write it. [P.S.—But I do so, though less possibly, as I read.]

8.22. As I am really awake, I may as well do a little *prāṇāyāma*.

8.40. How little I know of magic and the conditions of success! My 17 cycles of breath were not absolutely easy; yet I did them. After a big dinner!!! The sweating was quite suppressed, in spite of the heat of the night and the exercise; and the first symptoms of the *bhuchari-siddhi*—the “jumping about like a frog”—were well marked. I am encouraged to spend a few minutes (still in *āsana*) reading the *Śiva Saṃhita*.

9.0. *Āsana* very painful again. True, I was doing it very strictly. I notice they give a second stage—trembling of the body—as preliminary to the jumping about like a frog—I had omitted this, as one is so obviously the germ of the other.

The Hindus seem to lack a sense of proportion. When the *yogī*, by turning his tongue back for one half-minute, has conquered old age, disease and death; then instead of having good time he patiently (and rather pathetically, I think!) devotes his youthful immortality to trying to “drink the air through the crow-bill” . . . . . in the hope of curing a consumption of the lungs which he probably never had and which was in any case cured by his former effort!

9.40. Have been practising a number of these *mudras* and *āsanas*.

Concerning the *viśuddhi-cakra* which is “of brilliant gold or smoke colour and has sixteen petals corresponding to the sixteen vowel sounds,” one might make a good mantra of the English vowel sounds, or the Hebrew.

“Curiouser and curiouser!” The Yogis identify the Varana



(Ganges) with the *idā-nāḍi*, the Asi (?) with the *pingalā-nāḍi*, and Benares with the space between them. Like my identification of my throat with the Gate of the *cimetière du Montparnasse*.

Well, it requires very considerable discrimination and a good sound foundation of knowledge, if one means to get any sense at all out of these Hindu books.

10.20. A little *prāṇāyāma*, I think.

10.22. Can't get steady and easy at all! Will try Hanged Man again.

10.42. Not much good. The mantra goes on, but without getting hold of the *cakra*.

'Tis difficult to explain; the best simile I can get is that of a motor running with the clutch out; or of a man cycling on a suspended machine.

There's no grip to it.

The fact of the matter is, I am quite unconcentrated. Evidently the Osiris Risen stage is over; and I think it is a case for violent measures.

If one were to slack off now and hope for the morning, like a shipwrecked Paul, one would probably wake up a mere man of the world.

The Question then arises: What shall I do to be saved?

The only answer—and one which is quite unconnected with the question—is that a Ritual of Adeptus Major should display the Birth of Horus and Slaying of Typhon. Here again Horus and Harpocrates—the twins of the twin signs of  $0^\circ = 0^\circ$  ritual—are the slayers of Typhon. So all the rituals get mixed: the symbols recur, though in a different aspect. Anyway, one wants something a deal better than the path of Pe in  $4^\circ = 7^\circ$  ritual. I think the postulant should be actually scourged, tortured, branded by fire for his equilibrations at the various “Stations of the Cross” or points upon his mystic journey. He must

assuredly drink blood for the sacrament—ah! now I see it all so well! The Initiator must kill him, Osiris; he must rise again as Horus and kill the Initiator, taking his place in the ceremony thence to the end. A bit awkward technically, but 'twill yield to science. They did it of old by a certain lake in Italy!<sup>1</sup>

Well, all this is dog-faced demon, ever seducing me from the Sacred Mysteries. I can't go out and kill anybody at this time o'night! We might make a start, though, with a little scourging, torturing, and branding by fire. . . . Anything for a quiet life!

- 11.0. But scourging oneself is not easy with a robe on; and though one could take it off, there is this point to be considered: that one can never (except by a regrettable accident) hurt oneself more than one wants to. In other words, it is impossible thus to inflict pain, and so flagellants have been rightly condemned as mere voluptuaries. The only way to do so would be to inflict some torture whose severity one could not gauge at the time: e.g., one might dip oneself in petroleum and set light to it, as the young lady mystic did—I suppose in Brittany!—the other day. It's not the act that hurts, but the consequences; so, although one knows only roughly what will happen, one can force oneself to the act.

This, then, is a possible form of self-martyrdom. Similarly, mutilations; though it is perhaps just to observe that all these people are mad when they do these things, and their standard of pleasure and pain consequently so different from the sane man's as to be incomprehensible.

Look at my Uncle Tom! who goes about the world bragging of his chastity. The maniac is probably happy — a peacock who is all tail! And squawk. Look at the Vegetarians and Wallaceites and all that crew of lunatics.

<sup>1</sup> [See Frazer, *The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings*, cap. I. — T.S.]

They are paid in the coin of self-conceit. I shall waste no pity on them!

- 11.03. Rather pity myself, who cannot even make sensible “considerations” for a Ritual of Adeptus Major.

The only thing to do in short is to go steadily on, with a little extra courage and energy—no harm in that!—on the same old lines. The Winding of the Way must necessarily lead me just where it may happen to go. Why deliberately go off to Geburah? Why not aspire direct by the Path of the Moon-Ray unto the Ineffable Crown? Modesty is misplaced here!

Very good. Then how aspire? Who is it that standeth in the Moon-Ray? The Holy Guardian Angel. Aye! O my Lord Adonai, Thou art the Beginning and the End of the Path. For as Thou  $\text{הוה}$  thou art also  $406 = \text{הו}$  Tau the material world, the Omega. And as He  $\text{הוה}$  Thou art  $12$ , the rays of the Ineffable Crown. (A disaster has occurred; viz., a sudden and violent attack of that which demands a tabloid of Pepsin, Bismuth, and Charcoal—and gets it. On my return, 11.34, I continue.)

And as  $\text{אני}$  Ani “I” thou art also  $\text{אין}$  the Negative, that is beyond these on either side!

But this illness is a nuisance. I must have got a little chill somehow. Its imminence would account for my lack of concentration. And I could doubtless go on gloriously, but that another disaster has occurred! Enter Maryt, sitting and clothed and in her right mind—or comparatively so!

- 11.38. I suppose, then, I must quit the game for a minute or two.
- 11.56. Got rid of her, thank God. I may say in self-defence that I would never have let her in but for the accident of my being outside the room and the door left open, so that she was inside on my return.
- Let me get into *āsana*.

*The Fifth Day*

- 12.26. So beginneth the Fifth Day of this great Magical Retirement. With two and twenty breath-cycles did I begin. This practice was a little easier; but not much better. It ought to become quite simple and natural before one devotes the half-minute of *kumbhaka* (breath held-in), when one is rigid to a strong projection of Will toward Adonai, as has been my custom. I hope to-day will be more hard definite magical Work, less discourse, less beatific state of mind—which is the very devil! the real Calypso, none the less temptress because her name happens to be Penelope. Ah Lord Adonai, my Lord! Grant unto me the Perfume and the Vision; let me attain the desirable harbour; for my little ship is tossed by divers tempests, even by Euroclydon, in the Place where Four Winds meet.
- 12.35. Therefore I shall go to rest, letting my mind rest ever in the Will toward Adonai. Let my sleep be toward Him, or annihilation; let my waking be to the music of His name; let the day be full to the uttermost of Him only.
- 2.18. My good friend the body woke me at this hour by means of disturbed dreams about a quite imaginary relative of whom nobody for years had ever seen anything but his head, which he would poke out of a waterproof sheet. He was supposed to be an invalid. I am glad to say that I woke properly and got quite automatically on to the mantra. My Prana, however, seems feverish and unbalanced. So I eat a biscuit or two and drink some water and will put it right with the Pentagram Ritual. Done, but oh! how hard. Sleep fights me as Apollyon fought Christian! but I will up and take him by the throat. (See; 'tis 2.30. Twelve minutes to do that little in!) And look at the handwriting!

- 3.6. How excellent is *prāṇāyāma*, a comfort to the soul! I did thirty-two cycles, easy and pleasant; could have gone on indefinitely. The muscles went rigid, practically of their own accord; so light did I feel that I almost thought myself to be “that wise one” who “can balance himself on his thumb.” Sleep is conquered right away from the word “jump.” Indeed, if

Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees;

then surely:

Satan flees, exclaiming “Damn!”  
When any saint starts Pranayam!

So happy, indeed, was I in the practice that I devoted myself by the Waiting formula to Adonai; and that I got to “neighbourhood-concentration” is shewn by the fact that I several times forgot altogether about Adonai, and found myself saying the silly old *mantra*.

- 3.06. I despair of asking my readers to distinguish between the common phenomenon of wandering thought and this phenomenon which is at the very portal of true and perfect concentration; yet it is most important that the distinction should be seized. The further difficulty will occur—I hope!—of distinguishing between the vacancy of the idiot, and that destruction of thought which we call *śivadarśana*, or *Nirvikalpa-samādhi*. [We must again refer the reader to the Hindu classics. —ED.]

The only diagnostic I can think of is this; that there is (I can't be sure about it) no rational connection between the thought one left behind one and the new thought. In a simple wandering during the practice of concentration one can very nearly always (especially with a little experience) trace the chain. With neighbourhood-concentration this is not so. Perhaps there is a chain, but so great already is the power of preventing the impressions from rising into

consciousness that one has no knowledge of the links, each one having been automatically slaughtered on the threshold of the consciousness.

Of course, the honest and wary practitioner will have no difficulty in recognising the right kind of wandering; with this explanation there is no excuse for him if he does.

I have another theory, though. Perhaps this is not a wandering at all, but a complete annihilation of all thought. Affirming Adonai, I lop off the heads of all other; and Adonai's own head falls. But in the momentary pause which this causes, some old habitual thought (to-night my mantra) rises up. A case of the Closure followed by the Moving of the Previous Question. Oh Lord! when wilt Thou carry a Motion to Adjourn, nay, to Prorogue, nay! to Dissolve this Parliament?

3.32. I am not sleepy; yet will I again compose myself, devoting myself to Adonai.

7.07. Again woke and continued mantra.

8.10. I ought to have made more of it at 7.07; I went off again to sleep; the result is that I am rather difficult to wake again. However, let me be vigilant now.

8.45. I have dressed and from 8.35-8.45 performed the Ritual of the Bornless One.

Though I performed it none too well (failing, *e.g.*, to make use of the Geometric Progression on the Maha-lingam formula in the IEOU section [We cannot understand this passage.<sup>1</sup> It presumably refers to the "Preliminary Invocation" in the *Goëtia* of King Solomon, published S.P.R.T., Boleskine Foyers, N.B., 1904.—ED], and not troubling even to formulate carefully the Elemental Hosts, or to

<sup>1</sup> [Since "ED." is presumably Crowley acting as his own editor, this may just be a piece of deliberate obtuseness. See "The Temple of Solomon the King" in *Equinox* I (8) and "Liber Samekh" for the technique alluded to. — T.S.]

marshal them about the circle) I yet, by the favour of IAO, obtained a really good effect, losing all sense of personality and being exalted in the Pillar. Peace and ecstasy enfolded me. It is well.

8.50. But as I was ill last night, and as the morning has broken chill and damp, I will go to the Café du Dôme and break my fast humbly with Coffee and Sandwich. May it strengthen me in my search for the Quintessece, the Stone of the Wise, the Summum Bonum, True Wisdom and Perfect Happiness!

9.00. I hope (by the way) that I have made it quite clear that all this time even a momentary cessation of active thought has been accompanied by the rising-up of the mantra. The rhythm, in short, perpetually dominates the brain; and becomes active on every opportunity. The liquid Moslem mantra is much easier to get on to than is the usual Hindu type with its *m* and *n* sounds predominating: but it does not shake the brain up so forcibly. Perhaps 'tis none the worse for that. I think the unconscious training of the brain to an even rhythm better than startling it into the same by a series of shocks. I should like, to to remark that the suggestions in the "Herb Dangerous"<sup>1</sup> for a ritual seem the wrong way round. It seems to me that the Eastern methods are very arid, and chiefly valuable as a training of the Will, while the Ceremonies of the Magic of Light tune up the soul to that harmony when it is but one step to the Crown.

The real plan is, then, to train the Will into as formidable an engine as possible, and then, at the moment in the Ritual when the real work should be done, to fling forth flying that concentrated Will "whirling forth with re-echoing Roar, so that it may comprehend with invincible Will ideas omniform, which flying forth from that one Fountain

<sup>1</sup> [Published in *Equinox* I (2) as "The Psychology of Hashish."]

issued: whose Foundation is One, One and Alone.”<sup>1</sup>

As therefore Discipline of whatever kind is only one way of going into a wood at midnight on Easter Eve and cutting the magic wand with a single blow of the magic knife, etc. etc. etc., we can regard the Western system as the essential one. Yet of course *prāṇāyāma*, for one thing, has its own definite magical effect, apart from teaching the practitioner that he must last out those three seconds—those deadly long last three seconds—even if he burst in the process.

All this I am writing during breakfast.

My devotees may note, by the way, how the desire to sleep is breaking up.

- |       |      |  |
|-------|------|--|
| Night | I.   | 7½ hours, unbroken from 12.30.   |
| „     | II.  | 7 hours nearly, with dreams.   |
| „     | III. | 8 hours nearly; but woke three or four times, and if I had not been a worm would have scattered it like chaff! |
| „     | IV.  | 6 1/2 hours; and I wake fresh.   |
| „     | V.   | 1¾ + 4½ + 1 hour; and real good work done in the intervals.  |
| [P.S. | „    | VI. Probably 4 hours.  |
| „     | „    | VII. 2 + 2 + ½ hours.  |
| „     | „    | VIII. 6 hours much broken.   |
| „     | „    | IX. 1 ½ + 2 + 2 hours.   |
| „     | „    | X. 4 + 1 ¼ hours.  |
| „     | „    | XI. 1¾ + 4½ hours.   |
| „     | „    | XII. Back to the normal—7 hours perfect sleep.]  |
- 11.30. Have been walks [*sic*] with the mantra arranging for and modelling a “saddle” whereby to get *āsana* really steady and easy; also for some photographs illustrating some of the more absurd positions, for the instruction of my devotees. I must now copy out the new Ritual.

<sup>1</sup> [*Chaldean Oracles*, fragment 39 in Westcott edition, paraphrased slightly.]



This, you will readily perceive, is all wrong. Theoretically, everything should be ready by the beginning of the Operation; and one should simply do it and be done with it. But this is a very shallow view. One never knows what may be required; *i.e.*, a beginner like myself doesn't. Further, one cannot write an effective Ritual till one is already in a fairly exalted state . . . and so on.

We must just do the best we can, now as always.

- 2.00 I have been concentrating solely on the Revision and copying of the Ritual. Therefore I now live just as I always live in order to get a definite piece of work done: concentrating as it were *off* the Work. As Levi also adjures us by the Holy Names.

Coming back from lunch (a dozen Marennes Vertes and an Andouillette aux Pommes) I met Zelina Visconti, more lovely-ugly than ever in her wild way. She says that she is favourably disposed towards me, on the recommendation of her concierge ! ! ! “The tongue of good report hath already been heard in his favour. Advance, free and of good report!”<sup>1</sup>

- 4.45. And only two pages done! but the decorations “marvellous”!

- 5.15. Another half-hour gone! in mere titivating the Opus! and now I'm too tired to as much as start *prāṇāyāma*. I will go to the Dôme and see what a citron pressé and a sandwich does for me, at the same time taking over the MS. of Liber 963,<sup>2</sup> which has been given me to correct, and doing it.

Please the pigs, the Visconti will cheer me up in the evening; and I shall get a good day in to-morrow.

<sup>1</sup> [A quote from the Entered Apprentice ritual of Freemasonry. — T.S.]

<sup>2</sup> [“Liber CMLXIII, Θεσαυρου Ειδολον” (The Treasure House of Images) by J.F.C. Fuller. A series of “Litanies” for the Signs of the Zodiac, it was published in *Equinox* I (3), and formed the bulk of a volume questionably titled *The Pathworkings of Aleister Crowley* (New Falcon). — T.S.]

- 6.35. Still at Liber 963. I should like to write mantrams for each chapter.
- 7.20. Still at Liber 963. I need hardly say that I am perfectly aware that in one sense all this working and ritual making and copying and illuminating is but a crowd of dog-faced demons, since the One Thought of Unity with Adonai is absent.  
But I do it on purpose, making each thing I do into that Magic Will.  
So if you ask me “Are you correcting Liber 963?” I reply, “No! I am Adonai!”
- 7.50. Arrival of the Visconti.
- 8.50. Departure of the Visconti. Really a necessary rest: for my head had begun to ache, and her kiss, half given and half taken, much refreshed me.
- 9.50. Have done Liber 963. 'Tis hardly thinkable that one could have read it (merely) in the time. Say three and a half hours! Well, if it doesn't count as Tapas, and Jap, and Yama, and Niyama, and all the rest of it, all I can say is that I think They don't play fair. I will now go and get something to eat, and (God willing) on my return settle down to real work, for I need daylight to copy my Ritual.
- II.30. A sandwich and two coffees at the Versailles and a citron pressé at the Dome, some little chatter with **Morrice**, **Barnes**, **Hughes**,<sup>1</sup> and others. In fact, I'm a lazy unconcentrated hound. I started Mantra again, though; of course it goes quite easily.
- II.50. Undressed, and the mantra going, and the Will toward Adonai less unapparent.  
To-day I began ill, full of spiritual pride—look at the records of my early hours! One might have thought me a great master of magic loftily condescending to explain a

<sup>1</sup> All painters. [(MS. note by A.C. in *Equinox* I (I), transcribed by Yorke).]

few elementary truths suited to the capacity of his disciples.

The fact is that I am a toad, ugly and venomous, and if I do wear a precious jewel in my hand, that jewel is Adonai, and—well, come to think of it, I am Adonai. But St. John is not Adonai; and St. John had better do a little humiliation to-morrow. Nothing being more humiliating than *prāṇāyāma*, I will begin with that.

### *The Sixth Day*

- 12.05. Thus then—oh ye great gods of Heaven!—begins the Sixth Day of the Great Magical Retirement of that Holy Illuminated Man of God our Greatly Honoured Frater, O.M., Adeptus Exemptus 7° = 4° Brother-Elect of the Most Secret and Sublime Order A.: A.:
- He does with great difficulty (and no interior performance) just four breath-cycles.
- Somebody<sup>1</sup> once remarked that it had taken a hundred million years to produce me; I may add that I hope it will be another hundred million before God makes such another cur.
- 12.15. Have performed the Equilibrating Ritual of the Scourge, the Dagger, and the Chain; with the Holy Anointing Oil that bringeth the informing Fire into their Lustral Water.
- 12.35. I am so sleepy that I cannot concentrate at all. (I was trying the “Bornless One.”) The magic goes well; good images and powerful, but I slack right off into sleep. It's the hour for heroic measures or else to say: A good night's rest, and start fresh in the morning! I suppose, as usual, I shall say the first and do the second.
- 12.45. Have risen, washed, performed the ritual “Thee I invoke, the Bornless One” physically.

<sup>1</sup> [J.F.C. Fuller.]

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The result fair. One gets better magical sight and feeling when one is performing a ritual in one's Astral Body, so called. For one is on the same plane as the things one's dealing with.

If, however, serious work is wanted, one must be all there. To get "materialized" "spirits"—pardon the absurd language!—one should (nay, must!) work inside one's body. So, too, I think, for the highest spiritual work; for that Work extends from Malkuth to Kether.

Here is the great value of the rationalistic Eastern systems. [P.S. Of course scientifically worked with pencil, note-book, and stop-watch. The *yogī* is usually in practice just as vague a dreamer as the mystic.] They keep one always balanced by common sense. One might go off on lines of pleasing illusion for years, until one was lost on the "Astral Plane."

All this, observe, is very meaningless, very vague at the best. What is the Astral Plane? Is there such a thing? How do its phantoms differ from those of absinthe, reverie, and love, and so on?

We may admit their unsubstantiality without denying their power; the phantoms of absinthe and love are potent enough to drive a man to death or marriage; while reverie may end in anti-vivisectionism or nut-food-madness. On the whole, I prefer to explain the many terrible catastrophes I have seen caused by magic misunderstood by supposing that in magic one is working with some very subtle and essential function of the brain, whose disease may mean for one man paralysis, for another mania, for a third melancholia, for a fourth death. It is not *à priori* absurd to suggest that there may be some one particular thought that would cause death. In the man with heart disease, for instance, the thought "I will run quickly upstairs" might cause death quite as directly as "I will shoot myself." Yet of course this thought acts through the will and the

apparatus of nerves and muscles. But might not a sudden fear cause the heart to stop? I think cases are on record.

But all this is unknown ground, or, as Frank Harris would say, Unpath'd Waters. We are getting dangerously near "mental arsenic" and "all—god—good—bones—truth—lights—liver—mind—blessing—heart—one and not of a series—ante and pass the buck."

The common sense of the practical man of the world is good enough for me!

- I.10. Will G. R. S. Mead or somebody wise like that tell me why it is that if I get out of my body and face (say) East, I can turn (in the "astral body") as far as West-Sou'-West or thereabouts, but no further except with very great difficulty and after long practice? In making the circle, just as I got to West, I would swing right back to West-Nor'-West: turn easily enough, in short, to any point but due West, within perhaps  $5^\circ$ , but never pass that point. I have taught myself to do it, but always with an effort.

Is this a common experience?

I connect it with my faculty of knowing direction, which all mountaineers and travellers who have been with me admit to be quite exceptional.

If I leave my tent or hut by a door facing, say, South-West, throughout that whole day, over all kinds of ground, through any imaginable jungle, in all kinds of weather, fog, blizzard, blight, by night or day, I know within  $5^\circ$  (usually within  $2^\circ$ ) the direction in which I faced when I left that tent or hut. And if I happen to have observed its compass bearing, of course I can deduce North by mere judgment of angle, at which I am very accurate.

Further, I keep a mental record, quite unconsciously, of the time occupied on a march; so that I can always tell the time within five minutes or so without consulting my watch.

Further, I have another automatic recorder which maps out distance plus direction. Suppose I were to start from Scott's and walk (or drive; it's all the same to me) to Haggerston Town Hall (wherever Haggerston may be; but say it's N.E.), thence to Maida Vale. From Maida Vale I could take a true line for Piccadilly again and not go five minutes walk out of my way, bar blind alleys, etc., and I should know when I got close to Scott's again before I recognised any of the surroundings. It always seems to me that I get an intuition of the direction and length of line A (Scott's to Haggerston bee-line; in spite of any winding, it would make little odds if I went via Poplar), another intuition of line B (Haggerston to Maida Vale), and obtained my line C (back to Scott's) by "Subliminal trigonometry." In this example I am assuming that I had never been in London before. I have done precisely similar work in dozens of strange cities, even a twisted warren like Tangier or Cairo. I am worse in Paris than anywhere else; I think because the main thoroughfares radiate from stars, and so the angles puzzle one. The power, too, suits ill with civilized life; it fades as I live in towns, revives as I get back to God's good earth. A seven-foot tent and the starlight—who wants more?

- 1.35. Well, I've woke myself writing this. The point that really struck me was this: what would happen if by severe training I forced my "astral body"—damn it! isn't there a term for it free from L. . . . —prostitution? (One speaks of "les deux prostitutions"; so it's all right.) My *Scin-Læca*, then—what would happen if I forced my *Scin-Læca* to become a Whirling Dervish? I couldn't get giddy, because my Semicircular canals would be at rest.

I must really try the experiment.

[*Scin-Læca*. See Lord Lytton's *Strange Story*. —ED.]

- 1.58. I will now devote myself to sleep, willing Adonai. Lord Adonai, give me deep rest like death, so that in very few hours I may be awake and active, full of lion-strength of purpose toward Thee!
- 7.35. My heroic conduct was nearly worth a “Nuit Blanche.” For, being so thoroughly awake, I had all my *prāṇā* irritated, a feeling like the onset of a malarial attack, twelve hours before the temperature rises. I dare say it was after 3 o'clock when I slept; I woke too, several times, and ought to have risen and done *prāṇāyāma*: but I did not. O worm! the sleepest bird can easily catch *thee!* . . . I am not nicely awake, though it is to my credit that I woke saying my mantra with vigour. 'Tis a bitter chill and damp the morn; yet must I rise and toil at my fair Ritual.
- 7.55. Settling down to copy.
- 10.12. Have completed my two prescribed pages of illumination. Will go and break my fast and do my business.
- 10.30. After writing letters went out and had coffee and two brioches.
- 11.50. At Louvre looking up some odd points in the lore of Khemi [Egypt.—ED.] for my Ritual.
- 12.20. I cannot understand it; but I feel faint for lack of food; I must get back to strict *hatha-yoga* feeding.
- 1.00. Half-dozen oysters and an entrecôte aux pommes.
- 2.05. Back to work. I am in a very low physical condition; quite equilibrated, but exhausted. I can hardly walk upright. Lord Adonai, how far I wander from the gardens of thy beauty, where play the fountains of the Elixir!
- 2.55. Wrote two pages; the previous were not really dry; so I must wait a little before illuminating.

- I will rest—if I can! In the Hanged Man posture.
- 4.30. I soon went to sleep and stayed there.  
It is useless to persist. . . . Yet I persist.
- 5.40. I was so shockingly cold that I went to the Dôme and had milk, coffee, and sandwich, eaten in *yogī* manner. But it has done no good as far as energy is concerned. I'm just as bad or worse than I was on the day which I have called the day of Apophis (third day). The only thing to my credit is the way I've kept the mantra going.
- 5.57. One thing at least is good; if anything does come of this great magical retirement—which I am beginning to doubt—it will not be mixed up with any other enthusiasm, poetic, venereal, or bacchanalian. It will be purely mystic. But as it has not happened yet—and just at present it seems incredible that it should happen—I think we may change the subject.  
. . . . What a fool I am, by the way! I say that “He is God, and that there is no other God than He” 1800 times an hour; but I don't *think* it even once a day.
- 6.30. All my energy has suddenly come back.  
Was it that *hatha-yoga* sandwich?  
I go on copying the Ritual.
- 7.10. Copying finished. I will go and dine, and learn it by heart, humbly and thoughtfully. The illumination of it can be finished, with a little luck, in two more days. I am disinclined to use the Ritual until it is beautifully coloured.<sup>1</sup> As Zoroaster saith: “God is never so much turned away from man, and never so much sendeth him new paths, as when he maketh ascent to divine speculations or works, in a confused or disordered manner, and (as the oracle adds) with unhallowed lips, or

<sup>1</sup> [A colour facsimile of the illuminated MS. of this Ritual was printed in *Equinox* IV (1), *Commentaries on the Holy Books and other papers* (1996).]



unwashed feet. For of those who are thus negligent the progress in imperfect, the impulses are vain, and the paths are dark.”<sup>1</sup>

- 7.40. Chez Lavenue. Bisque d’Ecrevisses, demi-perdreau à la Gelée, Cêpes Bordelaise, Coupe Jack. Demi Clos du Roi. I am sure I made a serious mistake in the beginning of this Operation of Magick Art. I ought to have performed a true Equilibration by an hour’s *prāṇāyāma* in *āsana* (even if I had to do it without *kumbhaka*) at midnight, dawn, noon, and sunset, and I should have allowed nothing in heaven above, or in earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, to have interfered with its due performance. Instead I thought myself such a fine fellow that to get into *āsana* for a few minutes every midnight and the rest go-as-you-please would be enough. I am well punished.
- 8.30. This food, eaten in a *yogī* and ceremonial manner, is doing me good. I shall end, God willing, with coffee, cognac, and cigar. It is a fatal error to knock the body to pieces and leave the consciousness intact, as has been the case with me all day. It is true that some people find that if they hurt the body, they make the mind unstable. True; they predispose it to hallucination. One should use strictly corporeal methods to tame the body; strictly mental methods to control the mind. This latter restriction is not so vitally important. Any weapon is legitimate against a public enemy like the mind. No truce nor quarter! On the contrary, to use the spiritual forces to secure health, as certain persons attempt to do to-day, is the vilest black magic. This is one of the numerous reasons for supposing that Jesus Christ was a Brother of the Left-Hand Path.

<sup>1</sup> [*Chaldæan Oracles*, fragment 183 in Westcott edition; quoted by Proclus in his commentary on Plato’s *Parmenides*.]

Now my body has been treating me well, waking nicely at convenient hours, sleeping at suitable times, keeping itself to itself . . . an admirable body. Then why shouldn't I take it out and give it the best dinner Lavenue can serve? . . . Provided that it doesn't stop saying that mantra!

It would be so easy to trick myself into the belief that I had attained! It would be so easy to starve myself until there was "visions about"! It would be so easy to write a sun-splendid tale of Adonai my Lord and my lover, so as to convince the world and myself that I had found Him!<sup>1</sup> With my poetic genius, could I not outwrite St. John (my namesake) and Mrs. Dr. Anna Bonus Kingsford? Yea, I could deceive myself if I did not train and fortify my scepticism at every point. That is the great usefulness of this record; one will be able to see afterwards whether there is any trace of poetic or other influence. But this is my sheet-anchor: I cannot wrote a lie, either in poetry or about magic. These are serious things that constitute my personality; and I could more easily blow out my brains that write a poem which I did not feel. The apparent exception is in case of irony.

[P.S. I wonder whether it would be possible to draw up a mathematical table, showing curves of food (and digestion), drink, other physical impulses, weather, and so on, and comparing them with the curve of mystic enthusiasm and attainment.

Through it is perhaps true that perfect health and *bien-être* are the bases of any true trance or rapture, it seems unlikely that mere exuberance of the former can excite the latter.

In other words there is probably some first matter of the work which is not anything we know of as bodily. On my return to London, I must certainly put the matter before

<sup>1</sup> [Vide "Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente." — T.S.]

more experienced mathematicians, and if possible, get a graphic analysis of the kind indicated.]

- 9.20. How difficult and expensive it is to get drunk, when one is doing magic! Nothing exhilarates or otherwise affects one. Oh, the pathos and tragedy of those lines:

Come where the booze is cheaper !

Come where the pots hold more !

How I wish I had written them!

- 10.08. Having drunk a citron pressé and watched the poker game at the Dôme for a little, I now return home. I thought to myself, “Let me chuck the whole thing overboard and be sensible, and get a good night's rest”—and perceived that it would be impossible. I am so far into this Operation that

pausing to cast one last glance back

O'er the safe road—'twas gone!

- 10.08. I must come out of it either an Adept or a maniac. Thank the Lord for that! It saves trouble.

- 10.20. Undressed and robed. Will do an Aspiration in the Hanged Man position, hoping to feel rested and fit by midnight.

The Incense has arrived from London; and I feel its magical effects most favourable.

O creature of Incense! I conjure thee by Him that sitteth upon the Holy Throne and liveth and reigneth for ever as the Balance of Righteousness and Truth, that thou comfort and exalt my soul with Thy sweet perfume, that I may be utterly devoted to this Work of the Invocation of my Lord Adonai, that I may fully attain thereto, beholding Him face to face—as it is written “Before there was Equilibrium, Countenance beheld not Countenance”—yea, being utterly absorbed in His ineffable Glory—yea, being That of which there is no Image either in speech or thought.

10.55. What a weary world we live in! No sooner am I betrayed into making a few flattering remarks about my body that I find everything wrong with it, and two grains of Cascara Sagrada necessary to its welfare!

. . . . I wish I knew where I was! I don't at all recognise what Path I am on; it doesn't seem like a Path at all. As far as I can see, I am drifting rudderless and sailless on a sea of no shore—the False Sea of the Qliphoth. For in my stupidity I began to try a certain ritual of the Evil Magic, so called. . . . Not evil in truth, because only that is evil (in one sense) which does not lead to Adonai. (In another sense, all is evil which is not Adonai.) And of course I had the insane idea that this ritual would serve to stimulate my devotion. For the information of the Z.A.M., I may explain that this ritual pertained to Saturn in Libra;<sup>1</sup> and, though right enough in its own plane, is a dog-faced demon in this operation. Is it, though? I am so blind that I can no longer decide the simplest problems. Else, I see so well, and am so balanced, that I see both sides of every question.

In chess-blindness one used to abjure the game. I never tried to stick it through; I wish I had. Anyhow, I have to stick this through!

O Lord of the Eye, let thine Eye be ever open upon me!  
 For He that watcheth Israel doth not slumber nor sleep!  
 Lord Šiva, open Thou the Eye upon me, and consume me  
 altogether in its brilliance!

<sup>1</sup> [This is obscure: Saturn in Libra suggests the Three of Swords (Sorrow) and the Goëtic Demons Purson and Gremory, but Crowley's reference is perhaps better explained by the entry for the second decan of Libra in the Golden Dawn paper on the Magical Images of the decans (in Regardie, *Complete G.D.*; abbreviated in 777 cols. CXLIX-CLI): "A man dark and of unpleasant face. A 'face' of ill-deeds yet of singing and mirth, gluttony, sodomy and following of evil pleasures." Cf. the long note on the formula of ALIM at the end of chapter IV of *Magick in Theory and Practice*. — T.S.]

Destroy this Universe! Eat up thine hermit in thy terrible jaws! Dance Thou upon this prostrate saint of Thine!

. . . I suffer from thirst . . . it is a thirst of the body . . . yet the thirst of the soul is deeper, and impossible to quench.

Lord Adonai! Let the Powers of Geburah plunge me again and again into the Fires of Pain, so that my steel may be tempered to that Sword of Magic that invoceth Thy Knowledge and Thy Conversation.

Hoor! Elohim Gibor! Kamael! Seraphim! Graphiel! Bartzabel! Madim! I conjure ye in the Number Five.

By the Flaming Star of my Will! By the Senses of my Body! By the Five Elements of my Being! Rise! Move! Appear! Come ye forth unto me and torture me with your fierce pangs . . . for why? because I am the Servant of the Same your God, the True Worshipper of the Highest.

Ol sonuf vaoresaji, gono Iadapiel, elonusaha cælazod.

I rule above ye, said the Lord of Lords, exalted in power.

[From Dr. Dee's MSS.—ED.]<sup>1</sup>

II.17. Will now try the Hanged Man again.

II.30. Very vigorous and good, my willing of Adonai. . . . I should like to explain the difficulty. It would be easy enough to form a magical Image of Adonai: and He would doubtless inform it. But it would only be an Image. This may be the meaning of the command-ment “Thou shalt not make any graven image,” etc., just as “Thou shalt not have any other Gods but me” implies single-minded devotion (*ekāgrata*) to Adonai. So any mental or magical Image must necessarily fall short of the Truth. Consequently one has to will that which is formless; and this is very difficult. To concentrate the mind upon a definite thing is hard enough; yet at least there is something to grasp, and some means of checking one's

<sup>1</sup> [It is a slight variation of the opening of the first “Angelic Key.” — T.S.]

result. But in this case, the moment one's will takes a magical shape—and the will simply revels in creating shapes—at the moment one knows that one has gone off the track.

This is of course (nearly enough) another way of expressing the Hindu Meditation whose method is to kill all thoughts as they arise in the mind. The difference is that I am aiming at a target, while they are preventing arrows from striking one. In my aspiration to know Adonai, I resemble their *yogīs* who concentrate on their “personal Lord”; but at the same time it must be remembered that I am not going to be content with what would content them. In other words, I am going to *define* “the Knowledge and Conversation of my Holy Guardian Angel” as equal to *Neroda-samapatti*, the trance of *nibbana*.

I hope I shall be able to live up to this!

- 11.55. Have been practising *āsana*, etc. I forgot one thing in the last entry: I had been reproaching Adonai that for six days I had evoked Him in vain. . . . I got the reply, “The Seventh Day shall be the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.” So mote it be!

### *The Seventh Day.*

- 12.17. I began this great day with Eight breath-cycles; was stopped by the indigestion trouble in its other form. (P.S.—Evidently the introduction of the Cascara into my sensitive aura made its action instantaneous.) My breathing passages were none too clear, either; I have evidently taken a chill.

Now, O, my Lord Adonai, thou Self-Glittering One, wilt Thou not manifest unto Thy chosen one? For see me! I am as a little white dove trembling upon thine altar, its throat stretched out to the knife. I am as a young child bought in the slave market . . . and night is fallen! I await

Thee, O my Lord, with a great longing, stronger than Life; yet am I as patient as Death.

There was a certain Darwesh whose turban a thief stole. But when they said to him, "See! he hath taken the road to Damascus!" that holy man answered, as he went quietly to the cemetery, "I will await him here!" So, therefore, there is one place, O thou thief of my heart's love, Adonai, to which thou must come at last; and that place is the tomb in which lie buried all my thoughts and emotions, all that which is "I, and Me, and Mine." There will I lay myself and await thee, even as our Father Christian Rosenkreutz that laid himself in the Pastos in the Vault of the Mountain of the Caverns, Abiegnus, on whose portal did he cause to be written the words, "Post Lux Crucis Annos Patebo."<sup>1</sup> So Thou wilt enter in (as did Frater N. N. and his companions) and open the Pastos; and with thy Winged Globe thou wilt touch the Rosy Cross upon my breast, and I shall wake into life—the true life that is Union with Thee.

So therefore—*perinde ac cadaver*—I await Thee.

- 12.43. I wrote, by the way, on some previous day (IV. 12.57 A.M.) that I used the Supreme formula of Awaiting. . . . Ridiculous mouse! is it not written in the Book of the Heart that is girt about with the Serpent that "To await Thee is the End, not the Beginning"?<sup>2</sup>

It is as silly as rising at midnight, and saying, "I will go out and sleep in the sun."

But I am an Irishman, and if you offer me a donkey-ride at a shilling the first hour and sixpence the second, you must not be surprised at the shrewd silliness of my replying that I will take the second hour first.

<sup>1</sup> [See the *Fama Fraternalis*, the first Rosicrucian manifesto. The inscription on the door of the vault of Christian Rosenkreutz was there said to be "Post CXX annos patebo" (after 120 years I shall manifest). 120 is equated with "Lux Crucis" (the Light of the Cross) by various methods of Qabalistic analogic.]

<sup>2</sup> [Liber LXV, II. 62.]

But that is always the way; the love of besting our dearest friends in a bargain is native to us: and so, even in religion, when we are dealing with our own souls, we try to cheat. I go out to cut an almond rod at midnight, and, finding it inconvenient, I “magically affirm” that ash is almond and that seven o’clock is twelve. It seems a pity to have become a magician, capable of forcing Nature to accommodate herself to your statements, for no better use to be made of the power than this!

Miracles are only legitimate when there is no other issue possible. It is waste of power (the most expensive kind of power) to “make the spirits bring us all kinds of food” when we live next door to the Savoy; that Yogi was a fool who spent forty years learning to walk across the Ganges when all his friends did it daily for two pice; and that man does ill when he invokes Tahuti to cure a cold in the head while Mr. Lowe's shop is so handy in Stafford Street.

But miracles may be performed in an extremity; and are. This brings us round in a circle; the miracle of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is only to be performed when the magus has rowed himself completely out; in the language of the Tarot, when the Magus has become the Fool.

But for my faith in the Ritual 671 I should be at the end of my spells.

Well? We shall see in the upshot.

1.25. I really almost begin to believe IT will happen.

For I lay down quite free of worry or anxiety (hugging myself, as it were), perfectly sure of Him in the simple non-assertive way that a child is sure of its mother, in a state of pleased expectancy, my thoughts quite suppressed in an intent listening, as it were for the noise of the wind of His chariot, as it were for the rustle of His wings.

For lo! through the heaven of Nu He rideth in His



chariot—soon, soon He will be here!

Into this state of listening come certain curious things—formless flittings, I know not what. Also, what I used to call “telephone-cross” voices<sup>1</sup>—voices of strange people saying quite absurd commonplace things—“Here, let’s feel it!” “What about lunch?” “So I said to him: Did you . . .” and so on; just as if one were overhearing a conversation in a railway carriage. I beheld also Kephra, the Beetle God, the Glory of Midnight. But let me compose myself again to sleep, as did the child Samuel.

If He should choose to come, He can easily awaken me.

- 3.35. I have been asleep a good deal—one long dream in which Pollit, Lord Morley of Blackburn and my wife are all staying with me in my mother’s house. My room the old room, with one page torn out—for I conceived it as part of a book, somehow! Oh such a lot of this dream! Most of it clearly due to obvious sources—I don’t see where Lord Morley comes in. Very likely he is dead. I have had that happen now and again. [P.S.—this was not the case.]

The dream changed, too, to a liner; where Japanese stole my pipe in a series of adventures of an annoying type—every one acted as badly as he knew how, and as unexpectedly.

Waking just now, and instantly concentrating on Adonai, I found my body seized with a little quivering, very curious and pleasant, like trembling leaves in a continuous air.

I think I have heard this state of Interior Trembling described in some mystic books. I think the Shakers and Quakers had violent shudderings. Abdullah Haji of Shiraz<sup>2</sup> writes:—

<sup>1</sup> Now called “aerials” from analogous occurrences in wireless telegraphy. [MS. note by AC. in *Equinox* I (I), transcribed by Yorke.]

<sup>2</sup> [Another one of Crowley’s pseudonyms. The quotation is from *The Scented Garden of Abdullah the Satirist (Bagh-i-Muattar)*, cap. XIX.]

Just as the body shudders when the Soul  
Gives up to Allah in its quick career  
Itself. . . .

It is the tiniest, most intimate trembling, not unlike that of *kumbhakha* or “*Vindu-siddhi*” [see the *Śiva Saṃhita*.—ED.] properly performed; but of a female quality. I feel as if I were being shaken; in the other cases I recognize my own ardour as the cause. It is very gentle and sweet. So now I may turn back to wait for Him.

3.50. The Voice of the *nāḍi* has changed to a music faint yet very full and very sweet, with a bell-like tone more insistent than the other notes at intervals.

5.45. Again awake, and patient-eager. The dreams flow through me ceaselessly.

This time a house where I, like a new Bluebeard, have got to conceal my wives from each other. But my foolish omission to knife them brings it about that I have thirty-nine secret chambers, and only one open one in each case. Oh, yards of it! And all sorts of people come in to supper—which there isn't any, and we have to do all sorts of shifts—and all the wives think themselves neglected—as they are bound to do, if one is insane enough to have forty—and I loathed them all so! it was terrible having to fly round and comfort and explain; the difficulty increases (I should judge) as about the fifth power of the number of wives . . .

I'm glad I'm awake!

Yea, and how glad when I am indeed awake from this glamour life, awake to the love my Lord Adonai!

It is bitter chill at dawn. A consecrating cold it seems to me—yet I will not confront it and rejoice in it—I am already content, having ceased to strive.

7.15. Again awake, deliciously rested and refreshed.

- 9.45. Again awake, ditto.
- II.35. I will now break my fast with a sandwich and coffee, eaten *yogī*-wise.  
 I seem like one convalescent after a fever; very calm, very clean, rather weak, too weak, indeed, to be actually happy: but content.  
 I spent the morning posing for Michael Brenner, a sculptor who will one day be heard of. Very young yet, but I think the best man of his generation—of those whose work I have seen. By the way, I am suffering from a swollen finger, since yesterday morning or possibly earlier. I have given it little attention, but it is painful.  
 I want to explain why I have so carefully recorded the somewhat banal details of all I have eaten and drunk.
1. All food is a species of intoxicant; hence a fruitful source of error. Should I obtain any good result, I might say “You were starved” or “You were drunk.” It is very easy to get visions of sorts by either process, and to delude oneself into the idea that one has attained, mistaking the Qliphoth for Kether.
  2. In keeping the vow “I will interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul” the mere animal actions are the most resistant. One cannot see the nature of the phenomenon; it seems so unimportant; one is inclined to despise it. Hence I enter it in the record as a corrective.
  3. If others are to read this, I should like them to see that elaborate codes of morality have nothing to do with my system. No question of sin and grace ever enters it.

If a chemist wants to prepare copper sulphate from its oxide, he does not hesitate on the ground that sulphuric acid, thrown in the eyes, hurts people. So I use the moral drug which will produce the desired result, whether that drug be what people commonly call poison or no. In short, I act like a sensible man; and I think I deserve every credit for introducing this completely new idea into religion.

- 12.25. That function of my brain which says “You ought to be willing Adonai” sometimes acts. But I am willing Him! It is so active because all this week it has been working hard, and doesn't realise that its work is done. Just as a retired grocer wakes up and thinks “I must go and open the shop.”

In Hindu phrase, the thought-stuff, painfully forced all these days into one channel, has acquired the habit [*i.e.*, of flowing naturally in it.—ED.] I am *ekāgrata*—one-pointed. Just as if one arranges a siphon, one has to suck and suck for a while, and then when the balance in the two arms of the tube is attained, the fluid goes on softly and silently of its own act. Gravitation which was against us is now for us.

So now the whole destiny of the Universe is by me overcome; I am impelled, with ever-gathering and irresistible force, toward Adonai.

- 12.25. Vi Veri Vniversvm Vivvs Vici!<sup>1</sup>

- 12.57. Back home to illuminate my beautiful Ritual.

- 3.30. Two pages done and set aside to dry. I think I will go for a little walk and enjoy the beautiful sun.

Also to the chemist's to have my finger attended to.

<sup>1</sup> [*Lat.*, “By the power of Truth, I, a living man, have conquered the universe.” Crowley's 8°=3° motto; apparently it is a quote from somewhere but I have not managed to track it down precisely so far.]

- 4.05. The chemist refused to do anything; and so I did it myself. It is the romantic malady of ingrowing nail; a little abscess had formed. Devilish painful after the clean-up. Will go the walk aforesaid.
- 4.17. I ought to note how on this day there is a complete absence of all one's magical apparatus. The mantra has slowed down to (at a guess) a quarter of its old pace. The rest in unison. This is because the feeling of great power, etc. etc., is the mere evidence of conflict—the thunder of the guns. Now all is at peace; the power of the river, no more a torrent.
- The Concourse of the Forces has become the Harmony of the Forces; the word Tetragrammaton is spoken and ended; the holy letter Shin is descended into it. For the roaring God of Sinai we have the sleeping Babe of Bethlehem. A fulfilment, not a destroying, of the Law.
- 4.45. Am at home again. I will lie down in the Position of the Hanged Man, and await the coming of my Lord.
- 6.00. Arisen again to go out to diner. I was half-asleep some of the time.
- 6.15. Dinner—Hors d'Œuvre—Tripes à la Mode de Caen—Filet de Porc—Glace— $\frac{1}{2}$  Graves. Oh, how the world hath inflexible intellectual rulers!<sup>1</sup> I eat it in a semi-yogī manner.
- 6.20. I am wondering whether I have not made a mistake in allowing myself to sleep.
- It would be just like me, if there were only one possible mistake to make, to make it! I was perfect, had I only watched. But I let my faith run away with me. . . . I wonder.

<sup>1</sup> [*Chaldean Oracles*, fragment 64 in Westcott edition.]

6.45. Dinner over, I go on as I am in calm faith and love. Why should I expect a catastrophic effect? Why should not the circumstances of Union with God be compatible with the normal consciousness? Interpenetrating and illuminating it, if you like; but not destroying it. Well, I don't know why it shouldn't be; but I bet it isn't! All the spiritual experience I have had argues against such a theory.

On the contrary, it will leave the reason quite intact, supreme Lord of its own plane. Mixing up the planes is the sad fate of many a mystic. How many do I know in my own experience who tell me that, obedient to the Heavenly Vision, they will shoot no more rabbits! Thus they found a system on trifles, and their Lord and God is some trumpery little elemental masquerading as the Almighty.

I remember my Uncle Tom telling me that he was sure God would be displeased to see me in a blue coat on Sunday. And to-day he is surprised and grieved that I do not worship his god—or even my own tailor, as would be surely more reasonable!

7.32. How is it that I expect the reward at once? Surely I am presuming on my magical power, which is an active thing, and therefore my passivity is not perfect. Of course, when IT happens, it happens out of time and space—now or ten years hence it is all the same. All the same to IT; not all the same to me, O.M. So O.M. (the dog!) persists irrationally in wanting IT, here and now. Surely, indeed, it is a lack of faith, a pandering to the time-illusion . . . and so forth. Yes, no doubt it is all magically wrong, even magically absurd; yet, though I see the snare, I deliberately walk into it. I suppose I shall be punished somehow . . . Good! there's the excuse I wanted. Fear is failure: I must dare to do wrong. Good!

7.50. It has just occurred to me that this Waiting and Watching is the supreme Magical strain. Every slight sound or other impression shocks one tremendously. It is easy enough to shut out sounds and such when one is concentrating in active magic: I did all my early evocations in Chancery Lane. But now one is deliberately opening all the avenues of sense to admit Adonai! One has destroyed one's own Magic Circle. The whole of that great Building is thrown down. . . . Therefore I am in a worse hole than I ever was before—and I've only just realized it. A footfall on the pavement is most acute agony—because it is not Adonai. My hearing, normally rather dull, is intensely sharpened; and I am thirty yards from the electric trams of the Boulevard Montparnasse at the busiest hour of the evening. . . .

And the Visconti may turn up! . . .  
Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani!<sup>1</sup>

8.45. I went out to the Dôme to drink my final citron pressé and to avoid the Visconti. Am returned, and in bed. I shall try and sleep now, waking in time for midnight and the quiet hours.

8.53. I have endured the supreme temptation and assault of the Enemy.

In this wise. First, I found that I did not want sleep—I couldn't stop "Waiting." Next, I said "Since last night that Black Ritual (see entry 10.55) did at least serve to turn all my thoughts to the One Thought, I will try it again . . ."

Then I said: "No; to do so is not pure 'waiting.'"

And then—as by a flash of lightning—the Abyss of the Pit opened, and my whole position was turned. I saw my life from the dawn of consciousness till now as a gigantic "pose"; my very love of truth assumed for the benefit of my biographer! All these strange things suffered and

<sup>1</sup> [Aramaic, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"]

enjoyed for no better purpose than to seem a great man. One cannot express the horror of this thought; it is The thought that murders the soul—and there is no answer to it. So universal is it that it is impossible to prove the contrary. So one must play the man, and master it and kill it utterly, burying it in that putrid hell from which it sprang. Luckily I have dealt with it before. Once when I lived at Paddington Jones and Fuller were with me talking, and, when they went, thoughtfully left this devil-thought behind—the agony is with me yet.

That, though, was only a young mild devil, though of the same bad brood. It said: “Is there any Path or Attainment? Have you been fooled all along?”

But to-night's thought struck at my own integrity, at the inmost truth of the soul and of Adonai.

As I said, there is no answer to it; and as these seven days have left me fairly master of the fortress, I caught him young, and assigned him promptly to the oubliette.

I put down this—not as a “pose”—but because the business is so gigantic. It encourages me immensely; for if my Dweller on the Threshold be that most formidable devil, how vast must be the Pylon that shelters him, and how glorious must be the Temple just beyond!

9.30. It seems that there was one more mistake to make; for I've made it!

I started to attempt to awaken the *kundalini*—the magical serpent that sleeps at the base of the spine; coiled in three coils and a half around the *susumnā*; and instead of pumping the *prāṇa* up and down the *susumnā* until Śiva was united with Śakti in the *sahasrāra-cakra*, I tried—God knows why; I'm stupider than an ass or Hall Caine<sup>1</sup>—to work the whole operation in *mūlādhāra*—with the obvious result.

<sup>1</sup> A bad novelist [MS. note by AC in *Equinox* I (1), transcribed by Yorke.]



There are only two more idiocies to perform—one, to take a big dose of Hashish and record the ravings as if they were *sāmadhi*; and two, to go to church. I may as well give up.

Yet here answers me the everlasting Yea and Amen: Thou canst not give up, for I will bring thee through. Yet here I lie, stripped of all magic force, doubting my own peace and faith, farther from Adonai than ever before—and yet—and yet—

Do I not know that every error is a necessary step in the Path? The longest way round is the shortest way home. But it is disgusting! There's a grim humour in it, too. The real Devil of the Operation must be sitting with sardonic grin upon his face, enjoying my perplexity—

For that Dweller-of-the-Threshold-thought was not as dead as I supposed; as I write he comes again and again, urging me to quit the Path, to abandon the unequal contest. Luckily, friend Dweller, you prove too much! Your anxiety shows me that I am not as far from attainment as my own feelings would have me think. At least, though, I am thrown into the active again; I shall rise and chant the Enochian Calls and invoke the Bornless One, and clear a few of the devils away, and get an army of mighty angels around me—in short, make another kind of fool of myself, I wonder?

Anyway, I'll do it. Not a bad idea to ask Thoth to send me Taphthartharath with a little information as to the route—I do not know where I am at all. This is a strange country, and I am very lonely.

This shall be my ritual.

1. Banishing Pentagram Ritual.
2. Invoking ditto.<sup>1</sup>
3. “The Bornless One.” [See the “Goetia.”—ED.]

<sup>1</sup> [For these two see “Liber O vel Manus et Saggitæ” in *Equinox* I (2) and elsewhere.]

4. The Calls I—VI with the rituals of the five Grades.  
[From Dr. Dee's and the G.: D.: MSS.—ED.]<sup>1</sup>
5. Invocation of Thoth.
6. (No: I will *not* use the New Ritual, nor will I discuss the matter.) An impromptu invocation of Adonai.
7. Closing formulae.

To work, then!

- II.15. The ceremony went well enough; the forces invoked came readily and visibly; Thoth in particular as friendly as ever—I fancy He takes this record as a compliment to Him—He's welcome to it, poor God!

The L.V.X. came, too but not enough to pierce the awful shroud of darkness that by my folly I have woven for myself.

So at the end I found myself on the floor, so like Rodin's *Cruche Cassée* Danaide Girl as never was . . . As I ought to have been in the beginning! Well, one thing I got (again!), that is, that when all is said and done, I am that I am, and all these thoughts of mine, angels and devils both, are only fleeting moods of me. The one true self of me is Adonai. Simple! Yet I cannot remain in that simplicity.

I got this "revelation" through the Egyptian plane, a partial illumination of the reason. It has cleared up the mind; but alas! the mind is still there. This is the strength and weakness both of the Egyptian plane, that it is so lucid and spiritual and yet so practical. When I say weakness, I mean that it appeals to my weakness; I am easily content with the smaller results, so that they seduce me from going on to the really big ones. I am quite happy as a result of my little ceremony—whereas I ought to be taking new and terrible oaths! Yet why should Tahuti be so kind to me, and Asar Un-nefer so unkind?

The answer comes direct from Tahuti himself: Because

<sup>1</sup> [See "The Symbolic Representation of the Universe" in *Equinox* I (8).]

you have learned to write perfectly, but have not yet taught yourself to suffer.

True enough, the last part!

Asar Un-nefer, thou perfected One, teach me Thy mysteries! Let my members be torn by Set and devoured by Sebek and Typhon! Let my blood be poured out upon Nile, and my flesh be given to Besz to devour! Let my Phallus be concealed in the maw of Mati, and my Crown be divided among my brethren! Let the jaws of Apep grind me into poison! Let the sea of poison swallow me wholly up!

Let Asi my mother rend her robes in anguish, and Nepti weep for me unavailing.

Then shall Asi being forth Hoor, and Heru-pa-kraat shall leap glad from her womb. The Lord of Ven-geance shall awaken; Sekhet shall roar, and Pasht cry aloud. Then shall my members be gathered together, and my bonds shall be unloosed; and my khu shall be mighty in Khem for ever and ever!

II.37. I return to the place of the Evil Triad, of Ommo Satan, that is before the altar. There to expiate my folly in attaching myself to all this great concourse of ideas that I have here recorded, instead of remaining fixed in the single stronghold of Unity with Myself.

II.54. And so this great day draws to its end. These are indeed the Qliphoth, the Qliphoth of Kether, the Thaumiel, twin giant heads that hate and tear each other. For the horror and darkness have been unbelievable; yet again, the light and brilliance have been almost insupportable. I was never so far, and never so near . . . But the hour approaches. Let me collect myself, and begin the new day in affirmation of my Unity with my Lord Adonai!

*The Eighth Day*

12.03. Thus the Eighth day, the Second Week, begins. I am in *āsana*. For some reason or other, *prāṇāyāma* is quite easy. Concentrating on Adonai, I was in *kumbhakha* for a whole minute without distress.

It *is* true, by the way. I was—and am—in some danger of looking on this Record as a Book; *i.e.*, of emphasising things for their literary effect, and diminishing the importance of others which lend themselves less obviously. But the answer to this, friend Satan! is that the Canon of Art is Truth, and the Canon of Magic is Truth; my true record will make a good book, and my true book will make a good record.

*Ekam evam advaitam!* friend Satan! One and not two.  
*Hua allahu alazi lailaha illa Hua!*

But what shall by my “considerations” for this week? I am so absolutely become as a pantomorphous Lynx that all things look alike to me; there are just as many pros and cons to *prāṇāyāma* as to Ceremonial, etc. etc.,—and the pros and cons are so numerous and far reaching that I simply dare not start discussing even one. I can see an endless avenue in every case. In short, like the hashish-drunkard in full blast, I am overwhelmed by the multitude of my own magical Images. I have become the great Magician—Mayan, the Maker of Illusion—the Lord of the Brethren of the Left-hand Path.

I don't “wear my iniquity as an aureole, deathless in Spiritual Evil,” as Mr. Waite thinks; but it's nearly as bad as that. There seems only one reply to this great question of the Hunchback (I like to symbolize the spirit of Questioning by “?”—a little crooked thing that asks questions) and that is to keep on affirming Adonai, and refusing to be obsessed by any images of discipline or magic.

Of course! but this is just the difficulty—as it was in the Beginning, is now, and every shall be, world without end! My beautiful answer to the question, How will you become a millionaire? is: I will possess a million pounds. The “answer” is not an answer; it is a begging of the question.

What a fool I am! and people think me clever. *Ergo*, perhaps!

Anyhow I will now (12.37) go quietly to sleep—as I am always saying, and never do when I say it!—in the hope that daylight may bring counsel.

- 7.40. Woke fresh and comfortable. Sleep filled with dreams and broken into short lengths. I ought to observe that this is a very striking result of forging this magic chain; for in my normal life I am one of the soundest sleepers imaginable. Nine solid hours without turning once is my irreducible minimum.
- 9.10. Having done an hour's illumination of the New Ritual, will go and break my fast with coffee and a brioche, and thence proceed to Michael Brenner's studio.
- 12.15. I have spent the morning in modelling *siddhāsana*—a more difficult task than appeared. Rather like THE task! But I went on with the mantra, and made some Reflections upon Kamma.
- I will now have a *yogī* coffee and sandwich, and return to my illumination of the Ritual.
- In the desert of my soul, where no herb grows, there is yet one little spring. I am still one-pointed, at least in the lower sense that I have no desire or ambition but this of accomplishing the Great Work.
- Barren is this soul of mine, in these 3½ years of drought (the 3½ coils of the *kuṇḍalinī* are implied by this) and this *ekāgrata* is the little cloud like a hand (*Yod*, the Lingam of great Śiva). And, though I catch up my robe and run

before the chariot of the King into Jezreel, it may be that before I reach those gates the whole sky may be one black flame of thundercloud, and the violet swords of the lightning may split asunder its heavy womb, and the rain, laughing like a young child, may dance upon the desert!

- 12.58. The Light beginneth to dawn upon the Path, so that I see a little better where I stand. This whole journey seems under some other formula than IAO—perhaps a Pentagram formula with which I am not clearly acquainted. If I knew the Word of the Grade, I could foretell things: but I don't. I think I will read through the whole Record to date and see if I can find an Ariadne-clue.
- 1.15. Back, and settled to Ritual-painting.
- 2.30. Finished: bar frontispiece and colophon, which I can design and execute to-morrow.
- 3.00. Took half an hour off, making a silly sketch of a sunset. Will now read through the Record, and Reflect upon it.
- 4.15. “Before I was blind; now I see!” Yesterday I was right up to the Threshold, right enough; but got turned back by the Dweller. I did not see the Dweller till afterwards (8.53 entry) for he was too subtle. I will look carefully back to try and spot him; for if I “knew his Name” I could pass by—*i.e.*, next time I climb up to the Threshold of the Pylon. I think the entries 1.25 and 3.35 AM. explain it. “HUGGING MYSELF, AS IT WERE.” How fatally accurate! I wrote it and never saw the hellish snare! I ought to have risen up and prepared myself ceremonially as a bride, and waited in the proper magical manner. Also I was too pleased with the Heralds of my Lord’s coming—the vision of Khephra, etc. It was perhaps this subtle self-satisfaction that lost me . . . so I fell to the shocking abyss of last night! The Dweller of the Threshold is never visible until after one has fallen; he is a Veiled God and smites like the Evil

Knight in Malory, riding and slaying—and no man seeth him.

But when you are tumbled headlong into Hell, where he lives, then he unveils his Face, and blasts you with its horror!

Very good, John St. John, now you know! You are plain John St. John and you have to climb right up again through the paths to the Threshold; and remember this time to mortify that self-satisfaction! Go at it more reverently and humbly—oh, you dog, how I loathe you for your Vileness! To have risen so high, and—now—to be thus fallen!

- 4.40. The question arises: how to mortify this self-satisfaction? Asceticism notoriously fosters egoism; how good am I to go without dinner! How noble! What renunciation!

On the other hand, the good wine in one says: “A fine fellow I have made my coffin of!”

The answer is simple, the old answer: *Think not of St. John and his foolishness; think of Adonai!* Exactly: the one difficulty!

My best way out will be to concentrate on the New Ritual, learn it perfectly by heart, work it at the right moment. . . .

I will go, with this idea, to have a Citron pressé; thence to my Secret Restaurant, and dine, always learning the Ritual.

I will leave off the mantra, though it is nearly as much part of me as my head by now; and instead repeat over and over again the words of the Ritual so that I can do it in the end with perfect fluency and comprehension. And this time may Adonai build the House!

- 6.10. Instead I met Dr. Roland,<sup>1</sup> who kindly offered to teach me how to obtain astral visions! (P.S.—The tone of this entry

<sup>1</sup> A writer for American Magazines. [MS. note by AC in *Equinox* I (1), transcribed by Yorke.]

wrongs me. I sat patiently and reverently, like a *chela* with his *guru*, hoping to hear the Word I needed.) Thence I went my long and lonely walk to my Secret Restaurant, learning the Ritual as I went.

- 7.15. Arrived at the Secret Restaurant. Ordered 6 oysters, Rable de Lièvre poivrade purée de marrons, and Glace “Casserole” with a small bottle of Perrier Water.

I know the New Ritual down to the end of the Confession. It was hard to stop the mantra—the moment my thought wandered, up it popped!

- 8.03. I shall add Café Cognac Cigare to this debauch.  
I continue learning the Ritual.

- 8.40. I will return and humble myself before the Lord Adonai. It is near the night of the Full Moon; in my life the Full Moon hath ever been of great augury. But tonight I am too poor in spirit to hope.

Lo! I was travelling on the paths of Lamed and of Mem, of Justice and the Hanged Man, and I fell into both the pitfalls thereof. Instead of the Great Balance firmly held, I found only Libra, the house of Venus and of the exaltation of Saturn; and these evil planets, smiling and frowning, overcame me. And so for the sublime Path of Man; instead of that symbol of the Adept, his foot set firmly upon heaven, his whole figure showing forth the Reconciler with the Invisible, I found but the stagnant and bitter water of selfishness, the Dead Sea of the Soul. For all is Illusion. Who saith “I” denieth Adonai, save only if he mean Adonai. And Daleth the Door of the Pylon, is that Tree whereon the Adept of Man hangeth, and Daleth is Love Supernal, that if it be inserted in the word ANI, “I,” giveth ADNI, Adonai.

Subtle art thou and deadly, O Dweller of the Threshold (P.S.—This name is a bad one. *Dweller beside the Pylon* is a better term; for he is not in the straight path, which is



simple and easy and open. He is never “overcome”; to meet him is the proof of having strayed. The Key fits the Door perfectly; but he who is drunken on the bad wine of Sense and Thought fumbles thereat. And of course there is a great deal of door, and very little key-hole), who dost use my very love of Adonai to destroy me!

Yet how shall I approach Him, if not with reverent joy, with a delicious awe? I must wash His feet with my tears; I must die at His gateway; I must . . . I know not what . . .

Adonai, be thou tender unto me Thy slave, and keep my footsteps in the Way of Truth! . . . I will return and humble myself before the Lord Adonai.

10.18. Home again; have done odd necessary things, and am ready to work. I feel slack; and I feel that I have been slack, though probably the Record shows a fair amount of work done. But I am terribly bruised by the Great Fall; these big things leave the body and mind no worse, apparently; but they hurt the Self, and later that is reflected into the lower parts of the man as insanity or death.

I must attain, or . . . an end of John St. John.

An end of him, one way or the other, then!

Good-bye, John!

10.30. Ten minutes wasted in sheer mooning! I'm getting worse every minute.

10.40. Fooled away ten minutes more!

10.57. Humiliation enough! For though I made the cross with Blood and Flame, I cannot even remain concentrated in humiliation, which yet I feel so acutely. What a wormy worm I am! I tried the new strict *siddhāsana*, only to find that I had hurt myself so this morning with it that I cannot bear it at all, even with the pillow to support the instep.

I will just try and do a little *prāṇāyāma*, to see if I can

stay doing any one simple thing for ten minutes at a stretch!

- 11.30. Twenty-five Breath-Cycles . . . But it nearly killed me. I was saying over the Ritual, and did so want to get to the Formulation of the Hexagram at least, if not to the Reception. As it was, I broke down during the Passage of the Pylons, luckily not till I had reached that of Tahuti. But it is a good rule; when in doubt play *prāṇāyāma*. For one can no longer worry about the Path: the Question is reduced to the simple problem: Am, I, or am I not, going to burst?
- I got all the sweating and trembling of the body that heart could desire; but no “jumping about like a frog” or levitation. A pity!
- 11.45. I shall read for a little in the *Yoga-Shastra* as a rest. Then for the end of the day and the Beginning of the Ninth Day. Zoroaster (or Pythagoras?) informs us that the number Nine is sacred, and attains the summit of Philosophy.<sup>1</sup> I'm sure I hope so!
- 11.56. I get into *āsana* . . . and so endeth the Eighth Lesson.

*The Ninth Day*

- 12.02. Thus I began this great day, being in my *āsana* firm and easy, and holding in my breath for a full minute while I threw my will with all my might towards Adonai.
- 12.19. Have settled myself for the night. Will continue a little, learning the Ritual.
- 12.37. Having learnt a few passages of a suitable nature to go to sleep upon, I will do so.  
 . . . Now I hope that I shall; surely the Reaction of Nature against the Magical Will must be wearing down at last!

<sup>1</sup> [*Chaldean Oracles*, fragment 186 in Westcott edition, paraphrased.]

- 2.12. I wake. It takes me a little while to shake off the dominion of sleep, very intense and bitter.
- 3.04. Thus John St. John—for it is not convenient further to speak as “I”—performed 45 Breath-cycles; for 20 minutes he had to struggle against the Root of the Powers of Sleep, and the obstruction of his left nostril.  
During his *kumbhakha* he willed Adonai with all his might.  
Let him sleep, invoking Adonai!
- 5.40. Well hath he slept, and well awakened.  
The last entry should extend to 3.30 or thereabouts; probably later; for, invoking Adonai, he again got the beginnings of the Light, and the “telephone-cross” voices very strongly. But this time he was fortunately able to concentrate on Adonai with some fervour, and these things ceased to trouble. But the Perfume and the Vision came not, nor any full manifestation of the L.V.X., the Secret Light, the light that shineth in darkness. John St. John is again very sleepy. He will try and concentrate on Adonai without doing *prāṇāyāma*—much harder of course. It is a supreme effort to keep both eyes open together.  
He must do his best. He does not wish to wake too thoroughly, either, lest afterward he oversleep himself, and miss his appointment with Michael Brenner to continue moulding *siddhāsana*.
- 7.45. Again I awake. . . . [O swine! thou hast felt in thyself “Good! Good! the night is broken up nicely; all goes very well”—and thou hast written “I!” O swine, John St. John! When wilt thou learn that the least stirring of thy smug content is the great Fall from the Path?] It will be best to get up and do some kind of work; for the beast would sleep.

- 8.25. John St. John has arisen, after doing 20 breath-cycles, reciting internally the ritual, 70 per cent. of which he now knows by heart.
- 8.35. To the Dôme—a café-croissant. Some proofs to correct during the meal.
- 10.25. Having walked over to the studio reciting the Ritual (9.25-9.55 approximately), John St. John got into his pose, and began going for the gloves. The Interior Trembling began, and the room filled with the Subtle Light. He was within an ace of Concentration; the Violet Lotus of *ājñā* appeared, flashing like some marvellous comet; the Dawn began to break, as he slew with the Lightning-Flash every thought that arose in him, especially this Vision of *ājñā*; but fear—dread fear!—gripped his heart. Annihilation stood before him, annihilation of John St. John that he had so long striven to obtain: yet he dared not. He had the loaded pistol to his head; he could not pull the trigger. This must have gone on for some time; his agony of failure was awful; for he knew that he was failing; but though he cried a thousand times unto Adonai with the Voice of Death, he could not—he could not. Again and again he stood at the gate, and could not enter. And the Violet Flames of *ājñā* triumphed over him.
- Then Brenner said: “Let us take a little rest!”—oh irony!—and he came down from his throne, staggering with fatigue. . . .
- If you can conceive all his anger and despair! His pen, writing this, forms a letter badly, and through clenched teeth he utters a fierce curse.
- Oh Lord Adonai, look with favour upon him!
- 11.30 After five minutes rest (to the body, that is), John St. John was too exhausted on resuming his pose, which, by the way, happens to be the Sign of the Grade  $7^\circ = 4^\circ$ , to strive consciously.

But his nature itself, forced through these days into the one channel of Will towards Adonai, went on struggling on its own account. Later, the conscious man took heart and strove, though not so fiercely as before. He passed through the Lightnings of Ajna, whose two petals now spread out like wings above his head, and the awful Corona of the Interior Sun with its flashing fires appeared, and declared itself to be his Self. This he rejected; and the Formless Ocean of White Brilliance absorbed him, overcame him; for he could not pass therethrough. This went on repeating itself, the man transformed (as it were) into a mighty Battering Ram hurling itself again and again against the Walls of the City of God to breach them.— And as yet he has failed. Failed. Failed. Physical and mental exhaustion are fairly complete.

Adonai, look with favour upon Thy slave!

- 12.20. He has walked, reciting the Ritual, to Dr. Roland and H—— for lunch. They have forgotten the appointment, so he continues and reaches Lavenue's at 12.04 after reading his letters and doing one or two necessary things. He orders Epinards, Tarte aux Fraises, Glace au Café, and ½ Evian. The distaste for food is great; and for meat amounts to loathing. The weather is exceedingly hot; it may be arranged thus by Adonai to enable John St. John to meditate in comfort. For he is vowed solemnly “to interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with his soul.”
- 12.50. During lunch he will go on correcting his proofs.
- 1.35. Lunch over, and the proofs read through.
- 1.45. He will make a few decorations further in his Ritual, and perhaps design the Frontispiece and Colophon. He is very weary, and may sleep.

2.25. He has done the illumination, as far as may be. He will now lie down as Hanged Man, and invoke Adonai.

4.45. He was too tired to reach nearer than the neighbourhood of that tremendous Threshold; wherefore he fell from meditation into sleep, and there his Lord gave him sweet rest thereof.

He will arise, and take a drink—a citron pressé—at the Dôme; for the day is yet exceeding hot, and he has had little.

4.53. One ought to remark that all this sleep is full extravagant dreams; rarely irrational and never (of course) unpleasant, or one would be up and working with a circle every night. But O.M. thinks that they show an excited and unbalanced condition of John St. John's brain, though he is almost too cowed to express an opinion at all, even were the question, Is grass green? Every small snatch of sleep, without exception, in the last three or four days, has these images.

The ideal condition seems likely to be perfect oblivion — or (in the Adept) is the *tamo-guna*, the Power of elemental Darkness, broken once and for ever, so that His sleep is vivid and rational as another man's waking; His waking another man's *sāmadhi*; His *sāmadhi*—to which He ever strives—— ? ? ? ? ?

At least this later view is suggested by the Rosicrucian formula of Reception:

May thy mind be open unto the Higher!  
 May thy heart be the Centre of Light!  
 May thy body be the Temple of the Rosy Cross!<sup>1</sup>

and by the Hindu statement that in the attained *yogī* the *kuṇḍalinī* sleeps in the *svādīṣṭhāna*, no more in the *mūlādhāra-cakra*.

See also the Rosicrucian lecture on the Microcosmos,

<sup>1</sup> [From the Adeptus Minor ritual of the R.R. et A.C.]

where this view is certainly upheld, the Qliphoth of an Adept being balanced and trained to fill his Malkuth, vacated by the purified Nephesh which has gone up to live in Tiphereth.<sup>1</sup>

Or so O.M. read it.

The other idea of the Light descending and filling each principle with its glory is, it seems to him, less fertile, and less in accord with any idea of Evolution.

(What would Judas McCabbage<sup>2</sup> think?)

And one can so readily understand how tremendous a task is that of the postulant, since he has to glorify and initiate all his principles and train them to their new and superior tasks. This surely explains better the terrible dangers of the path. . . .

Some years back, on the Red River in China, John St. John saw at every corner of that swift and dangerous stream a heap of wreckage.

. . . He, himself in danger, thought of his magical career. Alcoholism, insanity, disease, faddism, death, knavery, prison—every earthly hell, reflection of some spiritual blunder, had seized his companions. By dozens had that band been swept away, dashed to pieces on one rock or another. He, alone almost upon that angry stream, still held on, his life each moment the plaything of giant forces, so enormous as to be (once they were loose) quite out of proportion to all human wit or courage or address—and he held on his course, humbly, not hopelessly, not fearfully, but with an abiding certainty that he would endure unto the end.

And now?

In this great Magical Retirement he has struck many rocks, sprung many leaks; the waters of the False Sea

<sup>1</sup> [This lecture, "The Microcosm: Man" is published in Regardie (ed.) *The Golden Dawn*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Joseph McCabe, a Rationalist writer of the period.]

foam over the bow, ride and carry the quarter—is he perchance already wrecked, his hopeless plight concealed from him as yet by his own darkness? For, dazzled as he is by the blinding brilliance of this morning's Spiritual Sun, which yet he beheld but darkly, to him now even the light of earth seems dark. Reason the rudder was long since unshipped; the power of his personality has broken down, yet under the tiny storm-sail of his Will to Adonai, the crazy bark holds way, steered by the oar of Discipline—Yea, he holds his course. Adonai! Adonai! is not the harbour yet in sight?

- 6.07. He has returned home and burnt (as every night since its arrival) the holy incense of Abramelin the Mage. The atmosphere is full of vitality, sweetened and strengthened; the soul naturally and simply turns to the holy task with vigour and confidence; the black demons of doubt and despair flee away; one respire already a foretaste of the Perfume, and obtains almost a premonition of the Vision.  
So, let the work go on.
- 6.23. 7 Breath-cycles, rather difficult. Clothes are a nuisance, and make all the difference.
- 6.31. John St. John is more broken up by this morning's failure than he was ready to admit. But the fact stands; he cannot concentrate his mind for three seconds together. How utterly hopeless it makes one feel! One thinks one is at least always good for a fair average performance—and one is undeceived.  
This, by the way, is the supreme use of a record like this. It makes it impossible to cheat oneself.  
Well, he has got to get up more steam somehow, though the boiler bursts. Perhaps early dinner, with Ritual, may induce that Enthusiastic Energy of which the Gnostics write.



This morning the whole *sankhara-dhatu* (the tendency of the being John St. John) was operating aright. Now by no effort of will can he flog his tired cattle along the trail.

So poor a thing is he that he will even seek an Oracle from the book of Zoroaster.<sup>1</sup>

Done. Zoroaster respectfully wishes to point out that “The most mystic of discourses informs us—his wholeness is in the Supra-Mundane Order; for there a Solar World and Boundless light subsist, as the Oracles of the Chaldeans affirm.”

Not very helpful, is it?

As if divination could ever help on such exalted planes!

As if the trumpery elementals that operate these things possessed the Secrets of the Destiny of an Adept, or could help him in his agony!

For this reason, divination should be discarded from the start: it is only a “mere toy, the basis of mercenary fraud” as Zoroaster more practically assures us.

Yet one can get the right stuff out of the Tarot (or other inconvenient method) by spiritualising away all the meaning, until the intuition pierces that blank wall of ignorance. Let O.M. meditate upon this Oracle on his way to feed John St. John's body—and thus feed his own!

6.52. Out, out, to feed!

6.57. Trimming his beard in preparation for going out, he reflects that the deplorable tone (as one's Dean would say) of the last entry is not the cry of the famished beast, but that of the over-driven slave.

<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.*, the *Chaldean Oracles*, whose ascription to Zoroaster is *late* (mediæval / Renaissance). While the *Oracles* only survive as fragmentary quotations in the writings of Proclus and other later Platonists, they are believed to be parts of a single Greek hexameter poem, probably first written down during the reign of Marcus Antoninus Aurelius (2d. century c.e.). The passage quoted is fragment 130 in the Westcott edition. — T.S.]

“Adonai, ply Thou thy scourge! Adonai, load Thou the chain!”

- 7.25. What the devil is the matter with the time? The hours flit just like butterflies—the moon, dead full, shines down the Boulevard. My moon—full moon of my desire! (Ha, ha, thou beast! are “I and Me and Mine” not dead yet?)

Yea, Lord Adonai! but the full moon means much to John St. John; he fears (*fears*, O Lord of the Western Pylon!) lest, of once that full moon pass, he may not win through. . . .

“The harvest is over, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!”

Yet hath not Abramelin lashed the folly of limiting the spiritual paths by the motions of the planets? And Zoroaster, in that same oracle just quoted?

- 7.35. Hors d’Œuvres, Bouillabaisse, contrefilet rôti, Glace. ½ Graves.

The truth is that the *chitta* is excited and racing, the control being impaired; and the Ego is springing up again.

- 7.50. This racing of the *chitta* is simply shocking. John St. John must stop it somehow. Hours and hours seem to have passed since the last entry.

- 7.57. ! ! ! He is in such a deuce of a hurry that (in a lucid moment) he finds himself trying to eat bread, radish, beef and potato at a mouthful.

Worse, the beast is pleased and excited at the novelty of the sensation, and takes delight in recording it.

Beast! Beast!

- 8.03. ! ! ! ! After myriads of æons. He has drunk only about one third of his half-bottle of light white wine; yet he's like a hashish-drunkard, only more so. The loss of the time-sense which occurs with hashish he got during his experiments with that drug in 1906, but in an unimportant

- way. (Damn him! he is so glad. He calls this a Result. A result! Damn him!) O.M. who writes this is so angry with him that he wants to scrawl the page over with the most fearful curses! and John St. John has nearly thrown a bottle at the waiter for not bringing the next course. He will not be allowed to finish his wine! He orders cold water.
- 8.12. Things a little better. But he tries 100 small muscular movements, pressing on the table with his fingers in tune, and finds the tendency to hurry almost irresistible. This record is here written at lightning speed. . . . Attempt to write slowly is painful.
- 8.20. The thought too, is wandering all over the world. Since the last entry, very likely, the beast has not thought even once of Adonai.
- 8.35. The Reading of the Ritual has done much service, though things are still far from calm. Yet the mighty flood of the *chitta* is again rolling its tremendous tide toward the sea—the Sea of annihilation. Amen.
- 9.00. Returning home, with his eyes fixed on the supreme glory of the Moon, in his heart and brain invoking Adonai, he hath now entered into his little chamber, and will prepare all things for the due performance of the New Ritual which he hath got by heart.
- 9.35. Nearly ready. In a state of very intense magical strain—anything might happen.
- 9.48. Washed, robed, temple in order. Will wait until 10 o'clock and begin upon the stroke. O.M.  $7^\circ = 4^\circ$  will begin; and then solemnly renounce all his robes, weapons, dignities, etc., renouncing his grades even by giving the Signs of them backwards and downwards toward the outer. He will keep only one thing, the Secret Ring that hath been committed unto him by the Masters; for from that he

cannot part, even if he would. That is his Password into the Ritual itself; and on his finger it shall be put at the moment when all else is gone.

- II.05. Ceremony works admirably. Magical Images strong. At Reception behold! the Sigil of the Supreme Order itself in a blaze of glory not to be spoken of. And the half-seen symbol of my Lord Adonai therewith as a mighty angel glittering with infinite light.

According to the the Ritual, O.M. withdrew himself from the Vision; the Vision of the Universe, a whirling abyss of coruscating suns in all the colours, yet informed and dominated by that supernal brilliance. Yet O.M. refused the Vision; and a conflict began and was waged through many ages—so it seemed. And now all the enemies of O.M. banded themselves against him. The petty affairs of the day; even the irritations of his body, the emotions of him, the plans of him, worry about the Record and the Ritual and—O! everything!—then, too, the thoughts which are closer yet to the great Enemy, the sense of separate-ness; that sense itself at last—so O. M. withdrew from the conflict for a moment so that the duty of this Record done might leave him free for the fight.

It may have been a snare—may the Lord Adonai keep him in the Path.

Adonai! Adonai!

(P.S.—Add that the “ultra-violet” or “astral” light in the room was such that it seemed bright as daylight. He hath never seen the like, even in the ceremony which he performed in the Great Pyramid of Gizeh.)

- II.14- O. M. then passed from vision unto vision of un-exempld splendour. The infinite abyss of space, a rayless orb of liquid and colourless brilliance fading beyond the edges into a flame of white and gold. . . . The Rosy Cross flashing with lustre ineffable. . . . and more, much more
- II.34.

which ten scribes could hardly catalogue in a century.

The Vision of the Holy Guardian Angel itself; yet was He seen as from afar, not intimately. . . .

Therefore is O. M. not content with all this wonder; but will now orderly close the temple, that at the Beginning of the Tenth Day—and Ten are the Holy Sephiroth, the Emanations of the Crown; Blessed be He! . . . He may make new considerations of this Operation whereby he may discover through what error he is thus betrayed again and again into failure.

Failure. Failure.

II.49. The Temple is closed.

Now then, O Lord Adonai! Let the Tenth Day be favourable unto O. M. For in the struggle he is as nothing worth. Nor valiant, nor fortunate, nor skilful—except Thou fight by his side, cover his breast with Thy shield, second his blows with Thy spear and with Thy sword.

Aye! let the Ninth Day close in silence and in darkness, and let O.M. be found watching and waiting and willing Thy Presence.

Adonai! Adonai! O Lord Adonai! Let Thy Light illumine the Path of that darkling wight John St. John, that being who, separate from Thee, is separate from all

Light, Life, Love.

Adonai! Adonai! let it be written of O. M. that “The Lord Adonai is about him like a thunderbolt and like a Pylon and like a Serpent and like a Phallus—and in the midst thereof like the Woman that jetteth the Milk of the Stars from Her paps; yea, the Milk of the Stars from Her paps.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Liber LXV, v. 65, slightly paraphrased.]

*The Tenth Day*

12.17. Now that the perfume of the incense is clearly away, one may most potently perceive the Invoked Perfume of the Ceremony Itself. And this mystical perfume of Adonai is like pure Musk, but infinitely subtilised—far stronger, and at the same time far more delicate. (P.S.—Doubt has arisen about this perfume, as to whether there was not a commonplace cause. On the balance of the evidence, carefully considered, one would pronounce for the mystic theory.)

One should add a curious omen. On sitting down for the great struggle (11.14) John St. John found a nail upon the floor, at his feet. Now a nail is *Vau* in Hebrew, and the Tarot Trump corresponding to *Vau* is the Hierophant or Initiator—whereby is O. M. greatly comforted.

So poor a thing hath he become!

Even as a little child groping feebly for the breast of its mother, so gropeth Thy little child after Thee, O Thou Self-Glittering One!

12.55. He hath read through Days VIII. and IX.

. . . He is too tired to understand what he reads. He will, despite of all, do a little *prāṇāyāma*, and then sleep, ever willing Adonai.

For *prāṇāyāma* with its intense physical strain is a great medicine for the mind. Even as the long trail of the desert and the life with the winds and the stars, the daily march and its strife with heat, thirst, fatigue, cure all the ills of the soul, so does *prāṇāyāma* clear away the phantoms that Mayan, dread maker of Illusion, hath cumbered it withal.

1.13. 10 Breath-Cycles; calm, perfect, without the least effort; enough to go to sleep upon.

He will read through the Ritual once, and then sleep. (The *prāṇāyāma* precipitated a short attack of diarrhœa, started by the chill of the Ceremony.)

6.23. He slept from 1.45 (approximately) till now. The morn is cold and damp; rain has fallen.

John St. John is horribly tired; the “control” is worn to a thread. He takes five minutes to make up his mind to go through with it, five more to wash and write this up. And he has a million excuses for not doing *prāṇāyāma*.

6.51. 15 Breath-cycles, steady and easy enough.

The brain is cool and lucid; but no energy is in it. At least no *sammāvāyāma*. And at present the Superscription on John St. John's Cross is

#### FAILURE.

Marvellous and manifold as are his results, he hath renounced them and esteemeth them as dross. . . . This is right, John St. John! yet how is it that there is place for the great hunchbacked devil to whisper in thine ear the doubt: Is there in truth any mystic path at all? Is it all disappointment and illusion?

And the “Poor Thing” John St. John moves off shivering and sad, like a sot who has tried to get credit at a tavern and is turned away—and that on Christmas Eve! There is no money in his purse, no steam in his boilers — that’s what’s the matter with John St. John.

It is clear enough, what happened yesterday. He failed at the four Pylons in turn; in the morning Fear stopped him at that of Horus and so on; while in the evening he either failed at the Pylon of Thoth, *i.e.*, was obsessed by the necessity (alleged) of recording his results, or failed to overcome the duality of Thoth. Otherwise, even if he comprehended the base, he certainly failed at the apex of the Pyramid.

In any case, he cannot blame the Ceremony, which is most potent; one or two small details may need correction, but no more.

Here then he is down at the bottom of the hill again, a Rosicrucian Sisyphus with the Stone of the Philosophers! An Ixion bound to the Wheel of Destiny and of the *samsara*, unable to reach the centre, where is Rest.

He must add to the entry 1.13 that the “telephone-cross” voices came as he composed himself to sleep, in the Will to Adonai. This time he detached a body of cavalry to chase them to oblivion. Perhaps an unwise division of his forces; yet he was so justly indignant at the eternal illusions that he may be excused.

Excused! To whom? Thou must succeed or fail! O Batsman, with thy frail fortress of Three-in-One, the Umpire cries “Out”; and thou explainest to thy friends in the pavilion. But thy friends have heard that story before, and thy explanation will not appear in the score. *Mr. J. St. John, b. Maya, o*, they will read in the local newspaper. There is no getting away from that!

Failure! Failure! Failure!

Now then let me (7.35) take the position of the Hanged Man and invoke Adonai.

- 9.00. Probably sleep returned shortly. Not a good night, through dreamless, so far as memory serves.

The rain comes wearily down, not chasing the dryness, but soddening the streets.

The rain of autumn, not the rain of spring!

So is it in this soul, Lord Adonai. The thought of Thee is heavy and uneasy, flabby and loose, like an old fat woman stupid-drunk in her slum; which was as a young maiden in a field of lilies, arrow-straight, sun-strong, moon-pure, a form all litheness and eagerness, dancing, dancing for her own excess of life.

Adonai! Adonai!

- 9.17. Rose, dressed, etc., reflecting on the Path. Blinder than ever! The brain is in revolt; it has been compressed too



long. Yet it is impossible to rest. It is too late. The Irresistible God, whose name is Destiny, has been invoked, and He hath answered.

The matter is in His hands; He must end it, either with that mighty spiritual Experience which I have sought, or else with black madness, or with death. By the Body of God, swear thou that death would come—welcome, welcome, welcome!

And to Thee, and from Thee, O thou great god Destiny, there is no appeal. Thou turnest not one hair's breadth from Thy path appointed.

That which “John St. John” *means* (else is it a blank name) is that which he must be—and what is that? The issue is with Thee—cannot one wait with fortitude, whether it be for the King's Banqueting-House or for the Headsman and the Block?

- 9.45. Breakfast—croissant, sandwich, 2 coffees. Concentrating *off* the Work as well as possible.
- 10.10. Arrived at Brenner's studio. The rest has produced one luminous idea: why not end it all with destruction? Say a great ritual of Geburah, curses, curses, curses! John St. John ought not to have forgotten how to curse. In his early days at Wastdale Head people would travel miles to hear him!
- Curse all the Gods and all the demons—all those things in short which go to make up John St. John. For *that*—as he now knows—is the Name of the great Enemy, the Dweller upon the Threshold. It was that mighty spirit whose formless horror beat him back, for it was he!
- So now to return to concentration and the Will toward Adonai.
- 10.20. One thing is well; the vow of “interpreting every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my soul” is

keeping itself. Whatever impression reaches the consciousness is turned by it into a symbol or a simile of the Work.

- 11.18. The pose over; recited Ritual, now known by heart; then willed Adonai; hopelessly unconcentrated.

. . . To interpret this Record aright, it must, however, be understood that the “Standard of Living” goes up at an incredible rate. The same achievement would, say five days ago, have been entered as “High degree of concentration; unhoped-for success.”

The phenomena which to-day one dismisses with annoyed contempt are the same which John St. John worked four years continuously to attain, and when attained seemed almost to outstrip the possible of glory. The flood of the *chitta* is again being heaped up by the dam of Discipline. There is less headache, and more sense of being on the Path—that is the only way one finds of expressing it.

- 11.45. Worse and worse; though pose even better held. In despair returned to a simple practice, the holding of the mind to a single imagined object; in this case the Triangle surmounted by the Cross. It seems quite easy to do nowadays; why shouldn't it lead to the Result? It used to be supposed to do so.

Might be worth trying anyway; things can hardly be worse than they are.

Or, one might go over to the Hammam, and have a long bath and sleep—but who can tell whether it would refresh, or merely destroy the whole edifice built up so laboriously in these ten days?

- 12.15. At Panthéon. ½ dozen Marennes, Rognons Brochette, Lait chaud.

John St. John is aching all over, cannot get comfortable anyhow; is hungry, and has no appetite; thirsty, and loathes the thought of drinking!

He must do something—something pretty drastic, or he will find himself in serious trouble of body and mind, the shadows of his soul, that is sick unto death. For “where are now their gods?” Where is the Lord, the Lord Adonai?

- 12.35. The beast feels decidedly better; but whether he is more concentrated one may doubt. Honestly, he is now so blind that he cannot tell!

Perhaps a “café, cognac, et cigare” may tune him up to the point of either going back to work, or across Paris to the Hammam. He will make the experiment, reading through his proofs the while.

One good thing; the *chitta* is moving slowly. The waiters all hurry him—what a contrast to last night!

- 1.15. Proofs read through again. John St. John feels far from well.

- 2.15. A stroll down the Boul’ Mich’ and a visit to M——’s<sup>1</sup> studio improve matters a good deal.

- 3.30. The cure continued. No worry about the Work, but an effort to put it altogether out of the mind. A café crème, forty minutes at the Academie Marcelle—a gruelling bout without gloves—and J. St. J. is at the Luxembourg to look at the pretty pictures.

- 3.40. The proof of the pudding, observes the most mystic of discourses (surely!), is in the Eating.

One might justly object to any Results of this Ten days’ strain. But if abundant health and new capacity to do great work be the after-effect, who then will dare to cast a stone?

Not that it matters a turnip-top to the Adept himself. But others may be deterred from entering the Path by the foolish talk of the ignorant, and thus may flowers be lost

<sup>1</sup> J.W. Morrice. Marcelle was his girl in the brothel 3 Rue des 4 Vents. [MS. note by AC in *Equinox* I (1), transcribed by Yorke.]

that should go to make the fadeless wreath of Adonai. Ah, Lord, pluck *me* up utterly by the root, and set that which Thou pluckest as a flower upon thy brow!

- 4.10. Walked back to the Dôme to drink a citron pressé, through the lovely gardens, sad with their fallen leaves. Reflecting on what Dr. Henry Maudsley once wrote to him about mysticism “Like other bad habits (he might have said ‘Like all living beings’) it grows by what it feeds on.” Most important, then, to use the constant critical check on all one’s work. The devotion to Adonai might itself fall under suspicion, where it not for the definition of Adonai. Adonai is that thought which informs and strengthens and purifies, supreme sanity in supreme genius. Anything that is not that is not Adonai.

Hence the refusal of all other Results, however glorious; for they are all relative, partial, impure. *Anicca, dukkha, anattā*: Change, sorrow, Unsubstantiality; these are their characteristics, however much they may appear to be *ātman, sat, chit, ananda*, Soul, Being, Knowledge, Bliss.

But the main consideration was one of expediency. Has not John St. John possibly been stuffing himself both with Methods and Results?

Certainly this morning was more like the engorgement of the stomach with too much food than like the headache after a bout of drunkenness.

A less grave fault, by far; it is easy and absurd to get a kind of hysterical ecstasy over religion, love, or wine. A German will take off his hat and dance and jodel to the sunrise—and nothing comes of it! Darwin studies Nature with more reverence and enthusiasm, but without antics—and out comes the Law of Evolution. So it is written “By their fruits ye shall know them.”

But about this question of spiritual overfeeding—what did Darwin do when he got to the stage (as he did, be sure!

many a time) when he wished every pigeon in the world at the devil?

Now this wish has never really arisen in John St. John; however bad he feels, he always feels that Attainment is the only possible way out of it. This is the good *karma* of his ten years' constant striving.

Well, in the upshot, he will get back to Work at once, and hope that his few hours in the world may prove a true strategic movement to the rear, and not a euphemism for rout!

- 5.04. There are further serious considerations to be made concerning Adonai. This title for the Unknown Thought was adopted by O. M. in November, 19—,<sup>1</sup> in Upper Burma, on the occasion of his passing through the ordeal and receiving the grade which should be really attributed to Daath (on account of its nature, the Mastery of the Reason), though it is commonly called  $7^{\circ} = 4^{\circ}$ .

It appeared to him at that period that so much talk and time were wasted on discussing the nature of the Attainment—a discussion foredoomed to failure, in the absence of all Knowledge, and in view of the Self-Contradictory Nature of the Reasoning Faculty, as applied to Metaphysics—that it would be wiser to drop the whole question, and concentrate on a simple Magical Progress.

The Next Step for humanity in general was then “the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.”

One thing at a time.

But here he finds himself discussing and disputing with himself the nature of that Knowledge.

Better far act as hitherto, and aspire simply and directly, as one person to another, careless of the critical objections (quite insuperable, of course) to this or any other conception.

<sup>1</sup> [Probably 1906.]

For as this experience transcends reason, it is fruitless to argue about it.

Adonai, I invoke Thee!

Simpler, then, to go back to the Egoistic diction, only remembering always that by “I” is meant John St. John, or O. M., or Adonai according to the context.

- 5.30. Having read some of THE Books to induct myself again into the Work.

Therefore will I kindle the holy Incense, and turn myself again to the One Thought.

- 6.27. All this time in Hanged Man position, and thinking of everything else.

As bad as it was on the very first day!

- 7.10. More waste time aimlessly watching a poker game.

Walked down to Café de Versailles. Dinner. Hors d'Œuvre, Escargots, Cassoulet de Castelnaudry, Glace, ½ Evian. Am quite washed-out. I have not even the courage of despair. There is not enough left in me to despair.

I don't care.

- 7.35. One gleam of light illumines the dark path—I can't enjoy my dinner. The snails, as I prong them forth, are such ugly, slimy, greasy black horrors—oh! so like my soul! . . . Ugh!

I write a letter to Fuller and sign myself with a broken pentagram.

It makes me think of a “busted flush.” . . .

But through all the sunlight peeps: e.g., These six snails were my six inferior souls; the seventh, the real soul, cannot be eaten by the devourer.

How's that for high?

- 8.03. Possibly a rousing mantra would fix things up; say the Old Favorite:

Aum Tat Sat Aum

- and give the Hindus a chance.  
 We can but try.  
 So I begin at once.
- 9.10. This is past all bearing. Another hour wasted chatting to Nina and Howard.<sup>1</sup> The mantra hardly remembered at all. I have gone to bed, and shall take things in hand seriously, if it kills me.
- 9.53. Since 9.17 have done *prāṇāyāma*, though allowing myself some irregularities in the way of occasional omission of a *kumbhakha*.  
 'Tis very hard to stick to it. I find myself, at the end of above sentence, automatically crawling into bed. No, John!
- 10.14. Have been trying to extract some sense from that extraordinary treatise on mysticism, *Konx Om Pax*. Another failure, but an excusable one.  
 I will now beseech Adonai as best I may to give me back my lost powers.  
 For I am no more even a magician! So lost am I in the illusions that I have made in the Search for Adonai, that I am become the vilest of them all!
- 10.27. A strange and unpleasant experience. My thought suddenly transmuted itself into a muscular cry, so that my legs gave a violent jerk. This I expect is at bottom the explanation of the *bhuchari-siddhi*. A very bad form of uncontrolled thought. I was on the edge of sleep; it woke me.  
 The fact is, all is over! I am done! I have tried for the Great Initiation and I have failed: I am swept away into strange hells.

<sup>1</sup> Son of Sir Henry Howard, an ambassador somewhere. [MS. note by AC in *Equinox* I (1), transcribed by Yorke.]

Lord Adonai! let the fires be informing; let them “balance, assain, assoil.”<sup>1</sup>

I suppose this rash attempt will end in Locomotor Ataxia or G. P. I.<sup>2</sup>

Let it! I'm going on.

11.47. The first power to return is the power to suffer. The shame of it! The torture of it!

I slept in patches as a man sleeps that is deadly ill. I am only afraid of failing to wake for the End of the day. God! what a day!

. . . I dare not trust my will to keep me awake; so I rise, wash, and will walk about till time to get into my *āsana*.

Thirst! Oh how I thirst!

I had not thought that there could be such suffering.

### *The Eleventh Day*

12.19. It seems a poor thing to be proud of, merely to be awake. Yet I was flushed with triumph as a boy that wins his first race.

The powers of *āsana* and *prāṇāyāma* return. I did 21 Breath-cycles without fatigue.

Energy returns, and Keeness to pursue the Path—all fruits of that one little victory over sleep.

How delicate are these powers, so simple as they seem!

Let me be very humble, now and for every more! Surely at least that lesson has been burnt into me.

And how gladly I would give all these powers for the One Power!

12.33. Another smart attack of diarrhœa. I take 4 gr. Plumb c. Opio and alter my determination to stay out of bed all

<sup>1</sup> [An allusion to the chorus of purification of “Liber Pyramidos.” ‘Assain,’ approx. “clean, purify, disinfect”; ‘assoil,’ an archaic form of ‘absolve,’ e.g. to release from a debt or obligation, acquit of a criminal charge, etc.]

<sup>2</sup> [General paralysis of the insane.]



night, as chill is doubtless the chief cause. . . . It is really extraordinary how the smallest success awakes a monstrous horde of egoistic devils, vain, strutting peacocks, preening and screaming!

This is simply damnable. Egoism is the spur of all energy, in a way; and in this particular case it is the one thing that is not Adonai (whatever else may be) and so the antithesis of the Work.

Bricks without straw, indeed! That's nothing to it. This job is like being asked to judge a Band contest and being told that one may do anything but listen. Only worse! One could form some idea of how they were playing through other senses; in this case *every* faculty is the enemy of the Work. At first sight the problem seems insoluble. It may be so, for me. At least, I have not solved it. Yet I have come very near it, many a time, of old; have solved it indeed, though in a less important sense than now I seek. I am not to be content with little or with much; but only with the Ultimate Attainment.

Apparently the method is just this; to store up—no matter how—great treasures of energy and purity, until they begin to do the work themselves (in the way that the Hindus call *śukshma*).

Just so the engineer—five feet six in his boots—and his men build the dam. The snows melt on the mountains, the river rises, and the land is irrigated, in a way that is quite independent of the physical strength of that Five foot Six of engineer. The engineer might even be swept away and drowned by the forces he had himself organized. So also the Kingdom of Heaven.

And now (12.57) John St. John will turn himself to sleep, invoking Adonai.

- 1.17. Can neither sleep nor concentrate.

Instead grotesque “astral” images of a quite base gargoylish type.

I suppose I shall have to pentagram them off like a damned neophyte.

*Je m'emmerde!*

- 3.08. Praise the Lord, I wake! If that can be called waking which is a mere desperate struggle to keep the eyes open.
- 3.18. Pranayama all wrong—very difficult. Rose, washed, drank a few drops of water. (N.B.—To-night have drunk several times, a mouthful at a time; other nights, and days, no. All entries into body recorded duly.)
- 3.30. Have done 10 Breath-Cycles; am quite awake. It will therefore now be lawful again to sleep.
- 8.12. Awoke at 7.40, read a letter which arrived, and tried quite vainly to concentrate.
- 8.52. Have risen, written a letter. Will break my fast—café croissant—and go a walk with the New Mantra, using my recently invented method of doing *prāṇāyāma* on the march. The weather is again perfect.
- 9.14. Breakfast—eaten Yogin-wise—at an end. The walk begins.
- 11.15. The walk over. Kept mantra going well enough. Made also considerations concerning the Nature of the Path. The upshot is that it does not matter. Acquire full power of Concentration; the rest is only leather and prunella. Don't worry; work!  
I shall now make a pantacle to aid the said faculty of concentration.  
The Voice of the *nāḍi* (by the way) is resounding well, and the *chitta* is a little better under control.

- 1.05. Have worked well on the Pantacle, thinking of Adonai. Of course we are now reduced to a “low anthropomorphic conception”—but what odds? Once the Right Thought comes it will transcend any and all conceptions. The objection is as silly as the objection to illustrating Geometry by Diagrams, on the ground that printed lines are thick—and so on.

This is the imbecility of the “Protestant” objection to images. What fools these mortals be!

The Greeks, too, after exhausting all their sublimest thoughts of Zeus and Hades and Poseidon, found that they could not find a fitting image of the All, the supreme—so they just carved a goat-man, saying: Let this represent Pan!

Also in the holiest place of the most secret temple there is an empty shrine.

But whoso goes there in the first instance thinks; There is no God.

He who goes there at the End, when he has adored all the other deities, knoweth that No God.

So also I go through all the Ritual, and try all the Means; at the End it may be I shall find No rituals and No means, but an act or a silence so simple that it cannot be told or understood.

Lord Adonai, bring me to the End!

- 1.25. After writing above, and adding a few touches to the Pantacle, am ready to go to lunch.

- 1.45. Arrived at Panthéon, with mantra.

Rumpsteak aux pommes soufflées, poire, ½ Evian, and the three Cs.

Was meditating on asceticism. John Tweed once told me that Swami Vivekananda, towards the end of his life, wrote a most pathetic letter deploring that his sanctity forbid his “going on the bust.”

What a farce is such sanctity! How much wiser for the man to behave as a man, the God as a God!

This is my real bed-rock objection to the Eastern systems. They decry all manly virtue as dangerous and wicked; and they look upon Nature as evil. True enough, everything is evil relatively to Adonai; for all stain is impurity. A bee's swarm is evil—inside one's clothes. "Dirt is matter in the wrong place." It is dirt to connect sex with statuary, morals with art.

Only Adonai, who is in a sense the True Meaning of everything, cannot defile any idea. This is a hard saying, though true, for nothing of course is dirtier than to try and use Adonai as a fig-leaf for one's shame.

To seduce women under pretence of religion is unutterable foulness; though both adultery and religion are themselves clean.

To mix jam and mustard is a messy mistake.

- 2.05. It also struck me that this Operation is (among other things) an attempt to prove the proposition: Reward is the direct and immediate consequence of Work.

Of all the holy illuminated Men of God of my acquaintance, I am the only one that holds this opinion.

But I think that this Record, when I have time to go through it, and stand at some distance, to get the perspective, will be proved a conclusive proof of my thesis. I think that every failure will be certainly traceable to my own dam foolishness; every little success to courage, skill, wit, tenacity.

If I had but a little more of these!

- 2.22. I further take this opportunity of asserting my Atheism. I believe that all these phenomena are as explicable as the formation of hoar-frost or of glacier tables. I believe "Attainment" to be a simple supreme sane state of the human brain. I do not believe in miracles; I do not think

that God could cause a monkey, clergy-man, or rationalist to attain.

I am taking all this trouble of the Record principally in hope that it will show exactly what mental and physical conditions precede, accompany, and follow “attainment” so that others may reproduce, through those conditions, that Result.

I believe in the Law of Cause and Effect—and I loathe the cant alike of the Superstitionist and the Rationalist.

*The Confession of St. Judas McCabbage*

I believe in Charles Darwin Almighty, maker of Evolution; and in Ernst Haeckel, his only son our Lord Who for us men and for our salvation came down from Germany: who was conceived of Weissmann, born of Büchner, suffered under du Bois-Raymond, was printed, bound, and shelved: who was raised again into English (of sorts), ascended into the Pantheon of the Literary Guide and sitteth on the right hand of Edward Clodd: whence he shall come to judge the thick in the head. I believe in Charles Watts; the Rationalist Press Association; the annual dinner at the Trocadero Restaurant; the regularity of subscriptions, the resurrection in a sixpenny edition, and the Book-stall everlasting. AMEN.

3.00. Arrived at Brenner’s studio, and went on with the “moulage” of my *āsana*.

4.20. Left the Studio; walk with mantra.

4.55. Mantra-march. *Prāṇāyāma*; quick-time. Very bracing and fatiguing, both.

At Dôme to drink a citron pressé.

Reflections have been in my mind upon the grossness of the Theistic conception, as shewn even in such pictures as Raphael’s and Fra Angelico’s.

How infinitely subtler and nobler is the contemplation of

The Utmost God  
Hid i' th' middle o'matter,

the inscrutable mystery of the nature of common things.  
With what awe does the wise man approach a speck of  
dust!

And it is this Mystery that I approach!

For Thou, Adonai, art the immanent and essential Soul of  
Things; not separate from them, or from me; but That  
which is behind the shadow-show, the Cause of all, the  
Quintessence of all, the Transcender of all.

And Thee I seek insistently; though Thou hide Thyself in  
the Heaven, there will I seek Thee out; though Thou wrap  
Thyself in the Flames of the Abyss, even there will I pursue  
Thee; Though Thou make Thee a secret place in the Heart  
of the Rose or at the Arms of the Cross that spanneth all-  
embracing Space; though Thou be in the inmost part of  
matter, or behind the Veil of mind; Thee will I follow;  
Thee will I overtake; Thee will I gather into my being.

So thus as I chase Thee from fastness to fastness of my  
brain, as Thou throwest out against me Veil after Magic  
Veil of glory, or of fear, or of despair, or of desire; it  
matters nothing; at the End I shall attain to Thee—oh my  
Lord Adonai!

And even as the Capture is delight, is not the Chase also  
delight? For we are lovers from the Beginning, though it  
pleasure Thee to play the Syrinx to my Pan.

Is it not the springtide, and are these not the Arcadian  
groves?

- 5.31. At home; settling to strictest meditation upon Adonai my  
Lord; willing His presence, the Perfume and the Vision,  
even as it is written in the Book of the Sacred Magick of  
Abramelin the Mage.
- 8.06. Soon this became a sleep, though the will was eager and  
concentrated.

The sleep, too, was deep and refreshing. I will go to dinner.

8.22. Arrived, with mantra, at the Caf, de Versailles.

9.10. ½ doz. Marennes, Rable de Lièvre, citron pressé.

I am now able to concentrate OFF the Path for a little.

Whether this means that I am simply slipping back into the world, or that I am more balanced on, and master of, the Path, I cannot say.

10.04. Have walked home, drunk a citron pressé at the Dôme, and prepare for the night.

As I crossed the boulevard, I looked to the bright moon, high and stately in the east, for a message. And there came to me this passage from the Book of Abramelin: “And thou wilt begin to inflame thyself in praying” . . .

It is the sentence which goes on to declare the Result. (P.S.—With this rose that curious feeling of confidence, sure premonition of success, that one gets in most physical tasks, but especially when one is going to get down a long putt or a tricky one. Whether it means more than that perception and execution have got into unison (for once) and know it, I cannot say.)

It is well that thus should close this eleventh day of my Retirement, and the thirty-third year of my life. Thirty and three years was this temple in building. . . . It has always been my custom on this night to look back over the year, and to ask: What have I done?

The answer is invariably “Nothing.”

Yet of what men count deeds I have done no small share. I have travelled a bit, written a bit . . . I seem to have been hard at it all the time—and to have got nothing finished or successful.

One Tragedy—one little comedy—two essays—a dozen poems or so—two or three short stories—odds and ends of one sort and another: it's a miserable record, though the Tragedy is good enough to last a life. It marks an epoch in

literature, though nobody else will guess it for fifty years yet.

The travel, too, has been rubbish. It's been a petty, peddling year.

The one absolute indication is: on no account live otherwise than alone.

But it is 10.35; these considerations, though in a way pertaining to the Work, are not the Work itself.

Let me *begin to inflame myself in praying!*

### *The Twelfth Day*

12.17. When therefore I had made ready the chamber, so that all was dark, save for the Lamp upon the Altar, I began as recorded above, to inflame myself in praying, calling upon my Lord; and I burned in the Lamp that Pantacle which I had made of Him, renouncing the Images, destroying the Images, that Himself might arise in me.

And the Chamber was filled with that wondrous glow of ultra-violet light self-luminous, without a source, that hath no counterpart in Nature unless it be in that Dawn of the North. . . .

And there were revealed unto me certain Words of Power . . .

And I invoked my Lord and recited the Book Ararita<sup>1</sup> at the Altar . . .

This holy inspired book (delivered unto me in the winter of last year) was now at last understood of me; for it is, though I knew it not, a complete scheme of this Operation.

For this cause I will add this book Ararita at the end of the Manuscript. [This has not been permitted. The Book

<sup>1</sup> ["Liber DCCCXIII vel Ararita sub figurâ DLXX." It had been privately printed in the 1909 first edition of *Θελημα* and was planned for general publication in vol. III of the *Equinox*; it was first generally published in a volume called *The Holy Books* (Dallas: Sangreal, 1969), bound up with Liber VII and Liber LXV, and again in *Equinox* III (9).]



Ararita will be issued by the A.: A.: in due course.—ED.] I also demanded of mine Angel the Writing upon the Lamens of Silver; a Writing of the veritable Elixir and supernal Dew. And it was granted unto me.

Then subtly, easily, simply, imperceptibly gliding, I passed away into nothing. And I was wrapped in the black brilliance of my Lord, that interpenetrated me in every part, fusing its light with my darkness, and leaving there no darkness, but pure light.

Also I beheld my Lord in a figure and I felt the interior trembling kindle itself into a Kiss—and I perceived the true Sacraments—and I beheld in one moment all the mystic visions in one; and the Holy Graal appeared unto me, and many other inexpressible things were know of me.

Also I was given to enjoy the subtle Presence of my Lord interiorly during the whole of this twelfth day. Then I besought the Lord that He would take me into His presence eternally even now.

But He withdrew Himself, for that I must do that which I was sent hither to do; namely, to rule the earth.

Therefore with sweetness ineffable He parted from me; yet leaving a comfort not to be told, a Peace . . . the Peace. And the Light and the Perfume do certainly yet remain with me in the little Chamber, and I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

For I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold! I am alive for evermore, and have the Keys of Hell and of Death. I am Amoun the Sun in His rising; I have passed from darkness into Light. I am Asar Un-nefer the Perfected One. I am the Lord of Life, triumphant over death. . . .

There is no part of me that is not of the Gods. . . .<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [From “I know that my Redeemer liveth” to here quoted or paraphrased from the Adeptus Minor ritual of the R.R. et A.C.]

The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu  
 Saith with his voice of truth and calm:  
 Oh Thou that has a single arm!  
 O Thou that glitterest in the moon!  
 I weave Thee in the spinning charm;  
 I lure thee with the billowy tune.

The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu  
 Hath parted from the darkling crowds,  
 Hath joined the dwellers of the light,  
 Opening Duant, the star-abodes;  
 Their keys receiving.

The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu  
 Hath made his passage into night,  
 His pleasure on the earth to do  
 Among the living.<sup>1</sup>

Amen

Amen without lie

Amen, and Amen of Amen.

- 12.40. I shall lie down to sleep in my robes, still wearing the Ring of the Masters, and bearing my wand in my hand. For to me now sleep is the same as waking, and life the same as death.  
 In Thy L.V.X. are not light and darkness but twin children that chase each other in their play?
- 7.55. Awoke from long sweet dreamless sleep, like a young eagle that soars to greet the dawn.
- 9.20. After breakfast, have strolled, on my way to the studio, through the garden of the Luxembourg to my favourite fountain. It is useless to attempt to write of the dew and the flowers in the clear October sunlight.  
 Yet the light which I behold is still more than sunlight. My eyes too are quite weak from the Vision; I cannot bear the brilliance of things.

<sup>1</sup> [Part of Crowley's poetic paraphrase of the writing on the reverse of the Stéle of Ankh-f-n-khonsu, a version of cap.II of the *Book of the Dead*.]

The clock of the Senate strikes; and my ears are ravished with its mysterious melody. It is the Infinite interior movement of things, secured by the co-extension of their sum with the all, that transcends the deadly opposites; change which implies decay, stability which spells monotony.

I understand all the Psalms of Benediction; there is spontaneous praise, a fountain in my heart. The authors of the Psalms must have known something of this Illumination when they wrote them.

- 9.30. It seems, too, that this Operation is transformed. I suppose it must read as a patchwork of most inharmonious colour, a thing without continuity or cohesion. To me, now, it appears from the very start a simple direct progress in one straight line. I can hardly remember that there were checks. Of course my rational memory picking out details finds otherwise. But I seem to have two memories almost as if belonging to two strata of being. In Qabalastic language, my native consciousness is now Neschamah, not Ruach or Nephesch.

. . . I really cannot write more. This writing is a descent into Ruach, and I want to abide where I am.

- 11.17. At 10.0 arrived at Brenner's studio, and took the pose. At once, automatically, the interior trembling began again, and again the subtle brilliance flowed through me.

The consciousness again died and was reborn as the divine, always without shock or stress.

How easy is magic, once the way is found!

How still is the soul! The turbid spate of emotion has ceased; the heavy particles of thought have sunk to the bottom; how limpid, how lucid is its glimmer. Only from above, from the overshadowing Tree of Life, whose leaves glisten and quiver in the shining wind of the Spirit, drops ever and anon, self-luminous, the Dew of Immortality.

Many and wonderful also were the Visions and powers offered unto me in this hour; but I refused them all; for being in my Lord and He in me, there is no need of these toys.

- 12.00. The pose over. On this second sitting, practically no thoughts arose at all to cloud the Sun; but a curious feeling that there was something more to come.  
Possibly the Proof, that I had demanded, the Writing on the Lamén . . .
- 12.40. Chez Lavenue. Certain practical considerations suggest themselves.  
One would have been much better off with a proper Magical Cabinet, a disciple to look after things, proper magical food ceremonially prepared, a private garden to walk in . . . and so on.  
But at least it is useful and important to know that things can be done at a pinch in a great city and a small room.
- 1.14. The lunch is good; the kidneys were well cooked; the tarte aux fraises was excellent; the Burgundy came straight from the Vat of Bacchus. The Coffee and Cognac are beyond all praise; the cigar is the best Cabaña I ever smoked.  
I read through this volume of the Record; and I dissolve my being into quintessential laughter.  
The entries are some of them so funny! . . . Previously, this had escaped me.
- 1.32. And now the Rapture of it takes me!
- 1.25. The exquisite beauty of the women in the Restaurant . . . what John St. John would have called old hags!
- 1.27. My soul is singing . . . my soul is singing!
- 1.30. It matters nothing what I do . . . everything goes infinitely, incredibly right!

“The Lord Adonai is about me as a Thunderbolt and as a Pylon and as a Serpent and as a Phallus.” . . .

3.17. Have had a long talk of Art with B——. “The master considers himself always a student.” So, therefore, whatever one may have attained, in this as in Art, there is always so much more possible that one can never be satisfied. Much less, then, satiated.

11.15. Having gone back into the life of the world—yet a world transfigured!—I did all my little work, my little amusements, all the things that one does, very quietly and beatifically.

About 10.30 the rapture began to carry me away; yet I withstood it and went on with my game of Billiards, for politeness’ sake.

And even there in the Café du Dôme was the glory within me, and I therein; so that every time that I failed at a stroke and stood up and drank in that ambrosial air, I was night falling for that intense sweetness that dissolved away the soul. Even as a lover that swoons with excess of pleasure at the first kiss of the beloved, even so was I, oh my Lord Adonai!

Wherefore I am come hither to my chamber to enflame myself in praying at the Altar that I have set up.

And I am ready, robed, armed, anointed . . . .

11.35. Ardesco ! . . . . .

*The Thirteenth Day.*

It is Eight o’clock in the morning.

Being entered into the Silence, let me abide in the Silence!

AMEN