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Fire in the Mind Design

www.FireintheMindDesign.com
contact@FireintheMindDesign.com

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KONX OM PAX

ESSAYS IN LIGHT

BY

ALEISTER CROWLEY

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KONX OM PAX

*Dedication And Counter-Dedication
With A Note On Obscurity*

WHEN the Neophyte enters upon the Path of Evil, there confronteth him the great angel Samael. In vain he saith that he is come from between the pillars and seeketh the hidden Knowledge in the Name of Adonai; the angel answers him: "I am the Prince of Darkness and of Evil. The wicked and rebellious man gazeth upon the face of Nature, and findeth therein naught but terror and obscurity; unto him it is but the darkness of the darkness, and he is but as a drunken man groping in the dark. Return! For thou canst not pass by."

Equally, when the Neophyte enters upon the Path of Good, doth the great angel Metatron arrest him with the words: "I am the angel of the Presence divine. The wise man gazeth upon the material world, and he beholdeth therein the luminous image of the Creator. Not as yet canst thou bear the dazzling brilliance of that Light. Return! For thou canst not pass by!" These common-places of the bastard mysticism of mountbacks, crude and imbecile as they seem to one who has "passed by," are curiously apt to mine intention of the moment.

Essays in Light! I hear somebody exclaim. The man was obscure enough before, but now...!!! Very like. 'Tis the first time I have written careless of lucidity. By the usual paradox, I may expect some solemn fool to assert that nothing ever was so plain, and (with a little luck) the rest of the solemn fools-brief, all England-to follow them: till Konx om Pax replace Reading without Tears in every Infant School.

Yet, suppose this were to happen, how would the world be advanced? In no wise. For the brilliance wherein we walk will be but thick darkness to all those who have no become so blind that light and darkness are akin. The light wherein I write is not the light of reason; it is not the darkness of unreason; it is the L.V.X. of that which, first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought; not by destroying their balance, and thereby showing a false and partial light, but by overleaping their limitations.

Let not the pedant exclaim with Newman that I avoid the Scylla of Ay and the Charybdis of Nay by the Straits of No-meaning.

A thing is not necessarily A or not-A. It may be outside the universe of discourse wherein A and not-A exist. It is absurd to say of Virtue either that it is green or not-green; for Virtue has nothing to do with colour. It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX-the LVX of the Bretheren of the Rosy Cross-that is transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with That LVX. But to those who do not, it must (I fear) remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland.

Kant and others have remarked on the similarity of our hands and feet, and the impossibility of one replacing its fellow in ordinary 3-dimensional space. This to them suggested a space in which they can be made to coincide.

Similarly, a constant equilibration of all imaginable opposites will suggest to us a world in which they are truly one; whence to that world itself is but the shortest step.

All our contradictories are co-ordinate curves; they are on opposite sides of the axis, but otherwise are precisely similar, just as in the case of the hands quoted above. If they were not similar, they would no longer be contradictories, but contraries.

People who begin to think for themselves usually fall into the error of contradicting normal ideas as taught by their seniors.

Thus, one learns that marriage is right and adultery wrong. One thinks, and finds the beauty of the latter, the sordidity of the former; perhaps ending, with a little wit, in defending marriage because the delights of adultery are impossible without it. This attitude is good enough, indeed, while one is talking to the grovellers; but what educates the clergy (since miracles still happen) is a truism to an actress.

We must go further, and perceive both sides of the question; then will open to us that world in which there is

neither marrying nor giving in marriage, of which the great enemy of his age's morality has so eloquently spoken.

If in the jungle two elephants fight lustily, he shall do little who champions either; rather snare both, tame both, ride both, as the charioteer of the Tarot with the opposing sphinxes, black and white.

Nor, O man, believe thou that finality is anywhere to be reached in words. I balance A and not-A (a), and finding both false, both true, transcend with B. But whatever B is, it is as false and true as b; we reach C. So from C to c, and for ever. Not, as Hegel thought, until we reach an idea in which no seed of self-contradiction lurks; for that can never be.

The thinkable is false, then? (once more!) Yea, but equally it is true.

So also the old mystics were right who saw in every phenomenon a dog-faced demon apt only to seduce the soul from the sacred mystery; right, too, they who "interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with the soul." Yet the latter is the higher formula; the narrowing of the Magic Circle to a point is an easier task than the destruction of that circle (and all both within and without) by the inrush of a higher dimension.

Alas! but either way is the Last Step; lucky are most of us if only we can formulate some circle. Any circle!

Nor avails it, O man, to transcend the reason by ignoring it. Thou must pass through the fire to Adonai-Melekh, child of earth! Thou canst not slip by on either side. Only when the Destruction of the Babel-Tower of Reason comes as an actual catastrophe of thy career canst thou escape from the ruins. Otherwise, what answer hast thou (O perfect mystic!) to whom the doctor speaks of men "self-hypnotized into cataleptic trances," to whom the historian denies thy Christ or Mahomet, to whom the ethicist flings his snarls of "anti-social"; whom, indeed, all men, thyself the foremost, charge with insanity, with ignorance, with error?

Naught but an infinite skepsis saves thee here. Do not defend thy Christ; attack the place of thine opponent;

challenge all his premisses, dispute the validity of his most deepest axioms, impugn his sanity, doubt his existence!

On thine own formula he is but a demon dog-faces, or God.

Destroy him, or be he: that is enough; there is no more to say.

Dear children of earth, long have you dwelt in darkness; quit the night and seek the day! Seek not to imitate the language of the wise; 'tis easy. There is no royal road to illumination; that which I say in Light is true to the children of Light; to them of darkness is a confusion and a snare.

Knew ye what agony the nimble acuteness of mine own dialectic was to me, ye would not envy me, O dullards! For I fear ever, lest I be replacing truth of thought by mere expertness of mechanic skill. Then, seeing the thought as fear, I quench it masterly. Whence rise other evil things; the thought "Is this too mere trickery of the mind?" "Is this too cowardice?" and others by the score.

So answering one by one, and one and all, reason breaks down, and either deep sleep loosens all my limbs, and darkness falls upon my soul, or else.

But you know what else, dear children of the Light.

To you, Konx Om Pax-Light in Extension-is your natural home. You have written these essays by my pen; not on you need I bestow them; but-

*To all and every person
in the whole world
who is without the Pale of the Order;
and even to Initiates
who are not in possession of the Password
for the time being;
and to all those who have resigned
demitted,
or been expelled
I dedicate
this Revelation of the Arcana*

*which are in the
Adytum of God-nourished Silence.*

While, on the other hand:

St. Paul spoke up on the Hill of Mars
To the empty-headed Athenians;
But I would rather talk to the stars
Than to empty-headed Athenians;
It's only too easy to form a cult,
To cry a crusade with "Deus Vult."
But you won't get much of a good result
From empty-headed Athenians.

The people of London much resemble
Those empty-headed Athenians.
I could very easily make them tremble,
Those empty-headed Athenians.
A pinch of Bible, a gallon of gas,
And I, or any otherguess ass,
Could bring to our mystical moonlight mass
Those empty-headed Athenians.

In fine, I have precious little use
For empty-headed Athenians.
The birds I have snared shall all go loose;
They are empty-headed Athenians.
I thought perhaps I might do some good;
But it's ten to one if I ever should.
And I doubt if I would save, if I could,
Such empty-headed Athenians.

So (with any luck) I shall bid farewell
To the empty-headed Athenians.
For me, they may all of them go to hell,
For empty-headed Athenians.
I hate your idiot jolts and jars,
You monkeys grinning behind your bars.
I'm more at home with the winds and stars
Than with empty-headed Athenians.

Ra-asa isalamanu para-di-
zododa ol-kari-nu ääö ialipire-
gahe qui-inu enai butamonu od
inoasa ni pa-ra-diala; kasaremeji
ugeare kahiralanu, od zodonake
lukifatanu paresa ta vavale-
zodirenu tolhami...Irejila kahis-a
da das pa-aotza busada caosago,
das kahisa, od ipuranu teloahe
karekareka ois-alamahe lonukaho
od Vovina karebafe?

Avé

Owe ni Ifa ipa
Ọmọran ni imọ-
Bi a ba wipe mọ-
Ọmọran a mọ.

African Proverb

Liber XCV | The Wake World
A Tale For Babes And Sucklings
 (With Explanatory Notes In Hebrew And Latin
 For The Use of The Wise And Prudent)



MY name is Lola, because I am the Key of Delights, and the other children in my dream call me Lola Daydream. When I am awake, you see, I know that I am dreaming, so they must be very silly children, don't you think? There are people in the dream too, who are quite grown up and horrid; but the really important thing is the wake-up person. There is only one, for there never could be any one like him. I call him my Fairy Prince. He rides a horse with beautiful wings like a swan, or sometimes a strange creature like a lion or a bull, with a woman's face and breasts, and she has unfathomable eyes.

My Fairy Prince is a dark boy, very comely; I think every one must love him, and yet every one is afraid. He looks through one just as if one had no clothes on in the Garden of God, and he had made one, and one could do nothing except in the mirror of his mind. He never laughs or frowns of smiles; because, whatever he sees, he sees what is beyond as well, and so nothing ever happens. His mouth is redder than any roses you ever saw. I wake up quite when we kiss each other, and there is no dream any more. But when it is not trembling on mine, I see kisses on his lips, as if he were kissing some one that one could not see.

Now you must know that my Fairy Prince is my lover, and one day he will come for good and ride away with me and marry me. I shan't tell you his name because it is too beautiful. It is a great secret between us. When we were engaged he gave me such a beautiful ring. It was like this. First there was his shield, which had a sun on it and some roses, all on a kind of bar; and there was a terrible number written on it. Then there was a bank of soft roses with the sun shining on it, and above there was a red rose on a golden cross, and then there was a three-cornered star, shining so bright that no-one could possibly look at it unless they had love in their eyes; and in the middle was an eye without an eyelid. That could see anything, I should think, but you see it could never go to sleep, because there wasn't any eyelid. On the sides were written I.N.R.I. and T.A.R.O., which mean many strange and beautiful things, and terrible things too. I should think any one would be afraid to hurt any one who wore that ring. It is all cut out of

Virgo Mundi

Adonai

Pegasus
Sphinx

V.V.V.V.V.

Sigilla annuli
 1. Cognominis 666
 2. Ordinis
 3. II Ordinis
 4. III Ordinis



an amethyst, and my Fairy Prince said: “Whenever you want me, look into the ring and call me ever so softly by name, and kiss the ring, and worship it, and then look ever so deep down into it, and I will come to you.” So I made up a pretty poem to say every time I woke up, for you see I am a very sleepy girl, and dream ever so much about the other children; and that is a pity, because there is only one thing I love, and that is my Fairy Prince. So this is the poem I did to worship the ring, part is in words, part is in pictures. You must pick out what the pictures mean, and then it all makes poetry.

THE INVOCATION OF THE RING

ADONAI! Thou inmost Δ ,
 Self-glittering image of my soul,
 Strong lover to thy Bride’s desire,
 Call me and claim me and control!
 I pray Thee keep the holy tryst
 Within this ring of Amethyst.

For on mine eyes the golden \odot
 Hath dawned; my vigil slew the night.
 I saw the image of the One:
 I came from darkness into L.V.X.
 I pray Thee keep the holy tryst
 Within this ring of Amethyst.

I.N.R.I - me crucified,
 Me slain, interred, arisen, inspire!
 T.A.R.O. - me glorified,
 Anointed, fill with frenzied Δ !
 I pray Thee keep the holy tryst

Incantatio



Within this ring of Amethyst.

I eat my flesh: I drink my blood
 I gird my loins: I journey far:
 For thou hast shown \odot , +
 Σ , 777, καμήλον,
 I pray Thee keep the holy tryst
 Within this ring of Amethyst.

Prostrate I wait upon Thy will,
 Mine Angel for this grace of union.
 O let this sacrament distil
 Thy conversation and communion.
 I pray Thee keep the holy tryst
 Within this ring of Amethyst.

I have not told you anything about myself, because it doesn’t really matter; the only thing I want to tell you about is my Fairy Prince. But as I am telling you all this, I am seventeen years old, and very fair when you shut your eyes to look; but when you open them, I am really dark, with a fair skin. I have ever such heaps of hair, and big, big, round eyes, always wondering at everything. Never mind, it’s only a nuisance. I shall tell you what happened one day when I said the poem to the ring. I wasn’t really quite awake when I began, but as I said it, it got brighter and brighter, and when I came to “ring of amethyst” the fifth time (there are five verses, because my lover’s name has five V’s in it), he galloped across the beautiful green sunset, spurring the winged horse, till the blood made all the sky turn rose red. So he caught me and set me on his horse, and I clung to his neck as we galloped into the night. Then he told me he would take me to his Palace and show me everything, and one day when we

AdvenitAdonai



were married I should be mistress of it all. Then I wanted to be married to him at once, and then I saw it couldn't be, because I was so sleepy and had bad dreams, and one can't be a good wife if one is always doing that sort of thing. But he said I would be older one day, and not sleep so much, and every one slept a little, but the great thing was not to be lazy and contented with the dreams, so I mean to fight hard.

By and by we came to a beautiful green place with the strangest house you ever saw. Round the big meadow there lay a wonderful snake, with steel gray plumes, and he had his tail in his mouth, and kept on eating and eating it, because there was nothing else for him to eat, and my Fairy Prince said he would go on like that till there was nothing left at all. Then I said it would get smaller and smaller and crush the meadow and the palace, and I think perhaps I began to cry. But my Fairy Prince said: "Don't be such a silly!" and I wasn't old enough to understand all that it meant, but one day I should; and all one had to do was to be as glad as glad. So he kissed me, and we got off the horse, and he took me to the door of the house, and we went in. It was frightfully dark in the passage, and I felt tied so that I couldn't move, so I promised to myself to love him always, and he kissed me. It was dreadfully, dreadfully dark though, but he said not to be afraid, silly! And it's getting lighter, now keep straight forward, darling! And then he kissed me again, and said: "Welcome to my Palace!"

I will tell you all about how it was built, because it is the most beautiful Palace that ever was. On the sunset side were all the baths, and the bedrooms were in front of us as we were. The baths were all of pale olive-coloured marble, and the bedrooms had lemon-coloured everything. Then there were the kitchens on the sunrise side, and they were russet, like dead leaves are in autumn in one's dreams. The place we had come through was perfectly black everything, and only used for offices and such things. There were the most horrid things everywhere about; black beetles and cockroaches and goodness knows what; but they can't hurt when the Fairy Prince is there. I think a little girl would be eaten though if she went in there alone.

Regnum Spatii
Palatium Otz
Chiim

Draco תלי

Ceremonium
0°=0°

Domus X
v. Regnum
v. Porta
4 Loci secundum
Elementa

Qliphoth



Then he said: "Come on! This is only the Servants' Hall, nearly everybody stays there all their lives." And I said: "Kiss me!" So he said: "Every step you take is only possible when you say that." We came into a dreadful dark passage again, so narrow and low, that is was like a dirty old tunnel, and yet so vast and wide that everything in the whole world was contained in it. We saw all the strange dreams and awful shapes of fear, and really I don't know how we ever got through, except that the Prince called for some splendid strong creatures to guard us. There was an eagle that flew, and beat his wings, and tore and bit at everything that came near; and there was a lion that roared terribly, and his breath was a flame, and burnt up the things, so that there was a great cloud; and rain fell gently and purely, so that he really did the things good by fighting them. And there was a bull that tossed them on his horns, so that they changed into butterflies; and there was a man who kept telling everyone to be quiet and not make a noise. So we came at last in the next house of the Palace. It was a great dome of violet, and in the centre the moon shone. She was a full moon, and yet she looked like a woman quite, quite young. Yet her hair was silver, and finer than spiders' webs, and it rayed about her, like one can't say what; it was all too beautiful. In the middle of the hall there was a black stone pillar, from the top of which sprang a fountain of pearls; and as they fell upon the flood, they changed the dark marble to the colour of blood, and it was like a green universe full of flowers, and little children playing among them. So I said: "Shall we be married in this House?" and he said: "No, this is only the House where the business is carried on. All the Palace rests upon this House; but you are called Lola because you are the Key of Delights. Many people stay here all their lives though." I made him kiss me, and we went on to another passage which opened out of the Servants' Hall. This passage was all fire and flames and full of coffins. There was an Angel blowing ever so hard on a trumpet, and people getting up out of the coffins. My Fairy Prince said: "Most people never wake up for anything less." So we went (at the same time it was; you see in dreams people can only be in one place at a time; that's the best of being awake) through another passage, which was lighted by the Sun. Yet there were fairies dancing in a great green ring,

Via ת vel Crux

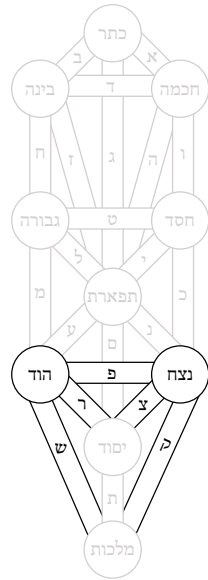
Cherubim

Domus IX
v. Fundamentum

Yod
v. Membrum
sancti foederis

Via ש v. Dens

Via ו v. Caput

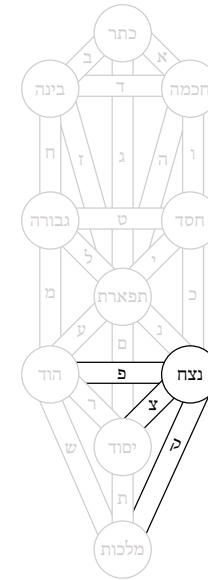


just as if it was night. And there were two children playing by the wall, and my Fairy Prince and I played as we went; and he said: “The difference is that we are going through. Most people play without a purpose; if you are travelling it is all right, and play makes the journey seem shorter.” Then we came out into the Third (or Eighth, it depends which way you count them, because there are ten) House, and that was so splendid you can’t imagine. In the first place it was a bright, bright, bright orange colour, and then it had flashes of light all over it, going so fast we couldn’t see them, and then there was the sound of the sea and one could look through into the deep, and there was the ocean raging beneath one’s feet, and strong dolphins riding on it and crying aloud, “Holy! Holy! Holy!” in such an ecstasy you couldn’t think, and rolling and playing for sheer joy. It was all lighted by a tiny, weeny, shy little planet, sparkling and silvery, and now and then a wave of fiery chariots filled with eager spearmen blazed through the sky, and my Fairy Prince said: “Isn’t it all fine?” But I knew he didn’t really mean it, so I said “Kiss me!” and he kissed me, and we went on. He said: “Good little girl, there’s many a one stays there all his life.” I forgot to say that the whole place was just one mass of books, and people reading them till they were so silly, they didn’t know what they were doing. And there were cheats, and doctors, and thieves; I was really very glad to go away.

There were three ways into the Seventh House, and the first was such a funny way. We walked through a pool, each on the arm of a great big Beetle, and then we found ourselves on a narrow winding path. There were nasty Jackals about, they made such a noise, and at the end I could see two towers. Then there was the queerest moon you ever saw, only a quarter full. The shadows fell so strangely, one could see the most mysterious shapes, like great bats with women’s faces, and blood dripping from their mouths, and creatures partly wolves and partly men, everything changing from one into the other. And we saw shadows like old, old, ugly women, creeping about on sticks, and all of a sudden they would fly up into the air, shrieking the funniest kind of songs, and then suddenly one would come down flop, and you saw she was really quite young and ever so lovely, and she would have nothing on, and

Domus VIII
v. Splendor

Via ק
v. Cranium



as you looked at her she would crumble away like a biscuit. Then there was another passage which was really too secret for anything; all I shall tell you is, there was the most beautiful Goddess that ever was, and she was washing herself in a river of dew. If you ask what she is doing she says: “I’m making thunderbolts.” It was only starlight, and yet one could see quite clearly, so don’t think I’m making a mistake. The third path is a most terrible passage; it’s all a great war, and there’s earthquakes and chariots of fire, and all the castles breaking to pieces. I was glad when we came to the Green Palace.

It was all built of malachite and emerald, and there was the loveliest gentlest living, and I was married to my Fairy Prince there, and we had the most delicious honeymoon, and I had a beautiful baby, and then I remembered myself, but only just in time, and said: “Kiss me!” And he kissed me and said: “My goodness! But that was a near thing that time; my little girl nearly went to sleep. Most people who reach the Seventh House stay there all their lives, I can tell you.”

It did seem such a shame to go on; there was such a flashing green star to light it, and all the air was filled with amber-coloured flames like kissed. And we could see through the floor, and there were terrible lions, like furnaces for fury, and they all roared out: “Holy! Holy! Holy!” and leaped and danced for joy. And when I saw myself in the mirrors, the dome was one mass of beautiful green mirrors, I saw how serious I looked, and that I had to go on. I hoped the Fairy Prince would look serious too, because it is most dreadful business going beyond the Seventh House; but he only looked the same as ever. But oh! how I kissed him, and how I clung to him, or I think I should never, never have had the courage to go up those dreadful passages, especially knowing what was at the end of them. And now I’m only a little girl, and I’m ever tired of writing, but I’ll tell you all about the rest another time.

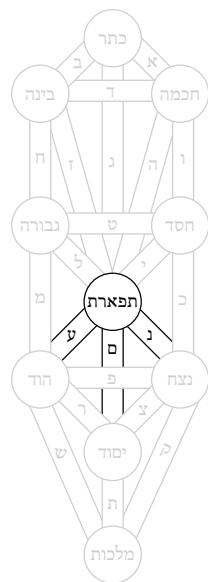
*Explicit
Capitulum Primum
vel
De Collegio Externo.*

Via ט v. Hamus

Via פ v. Os

Domus VII
v. Victoria

PART II

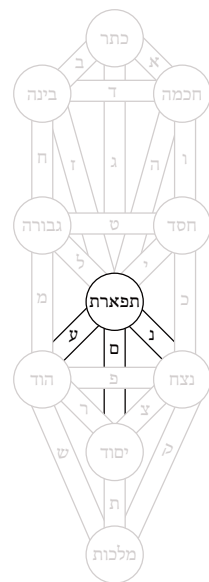


I WAS telling you how we started from the Green Palace. There are three passages that lead to the Treasure House of Gold, and all of them are very dreadful. One is called the Terror by Night, and another the Arrow by Day, and the third has a name that people are afraid to hear, so I won't say.

But in the first we came to a mighty throne of grey granite, shaped like the sweetest pussy cat you ever saw, and set up on a desolate heath. It was midnight and the Devil came down and sat in the midst; but my Fairy Prince whispered: "Hush! it is a great secret, but his name is Yeheswah, and he is the Saviour of the World." And that was very funny, because the girl next to me thought it was Jesus Christ, till another Fairy Prince (my Prince's brother) whispered as he kissed her: "Hush, tell nobody ever, that is Satan, and he is the Saviour of the World."

We were a very great company, and I can't tell you all of the strange things we did and said, or of the song we sang as we danced face outwards in a great circle ever closing in on the Devil on the throne. But whenever I saw a toad or a bat, or some horrid insect, my Fairy Prince always whispered: "It is the Saviour of the world," and I saw that it was so. We did all the most beautiful wicked things you can imagine, and yet all the time we knew that they were good and right, and must be done if ever we were to get to the House of Gold. So we enjoyed ourselves very much and ate the most extraordinary supper you can think of. There were babies roasted whole and stuffed with pork sausages and olives; and some of the girls cut off chops and steaks from their own bodies, and gave them to a beautiful white cook at a silver grill, that was lighted with the gas of dead bodies and marshes; and he cooked them splendidly, and we all enjoyed it immensely. Then there was a tame goat with a gold collar, that went about laughing with every one; and he was all shaved in patches like a poodle. We kissed him and petted him, and it was lovely. You must remember that I never let go of my Fairy Prince for a single instant, or of course I should have been turned into a horrid black toad.

Via ז v. Oculus



Then there was another passage called the Arrow by Day, and there was a most lovely lady all shining with the sun, and moon, and stars, who was lighting a great bowl of water with one hand, by dropping dew on it out of a cup, and with the other she was putting out a terrible fire with a torch. She had a red lion and a white eagle, that she had always had ever since she was a little girl. She had found them in a nasty pit full of all kinds of filth, and they were very savage; but by always treating them kindly they had grown up faithful and good. This should be a lesson to all of us never to be unkind to our pets.

My Fairy Prince was laughing all the time in the third path. There was nobody there but an old gentleman who had but his bones on outside, and was trying ever so hard to cut down the grass with a scythe. But the faster he cut it, the faster it grew. My Fairy Prince said: "Everybody that ever was has come along this path, and yet only one ever got to the end of it." But I saw a lot of people walking straight through as if they knew it quite well; he explained, though, that they were really only one; and if you walked through that proved it. I thought that was silly, but he's much older and wiser than I am; so I said nothing. The truth is that it is a very difficult Palace to talk about, and the further you get in, the harder it is to say what you mean because it all has to be put into dream talk, as of course the language of the wake-world is silence.

So never mind! let me go on. We came by and by to the Sixth House. I forgot to say that all those three paths were really one, because they all meant that things were different inside to outside, and so people couldn't judge. It was fearfully interesting; but mind you don't go in those passages without the Fairy Prince. And of course there's the Veil. I don't think I'd better tell you about the Veil. I'll only put your mouth to my head, and your hand—there, that'll tell any body who knows that I've really been there, and it's all true that I'm telling you.

This Sixth House is called the Treasure House of Gold; it's a most mysterious place as ever you were in. First there's a tiny, tiny, tiny doorway, you must crawl

Via ט v. Sustentaculum

Via י v. Piscis

Domus VI v. Pulchritudo

פרכת

Ceremonium 5°=6°

Humilitas

ALI SLOPER; OR, THE FORTY LIARS

A Christmas Diversion

هو که دست از جان بشوید

هر چه در دل دارد بگردید

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

(With suggestions for cast)

ALI SLOPER (Aged 120 Years)	Mr. Christian Rosencreutz
BONES ("Greatly Honoured Frater C.C.R.")	Mr. W..d..n Gr..ssm..th
MRS BONES	Miss C..m..ll.. Cl..ff..rd
BABY BONES (Aged Fifteen Months)	Mr ..sc..r ..sch.. or Miss L..c..l.. H..l
BONES ("Greatly Honoured Frater N.L.")	Miss L..ly Br..yt..n
IMAGINARY CHAIRMAN, WAITS, ETC.	Any Imaginary Actors

Dr. Waistcoat's famous troupe of pantomimists ("The forty liars"):

Whitehead	Equilibrist
Dina and Doni	Knockabouts
Daath	Sensation Baby
Nehushtan	Serpentine Dancer
The Ales (Ralph, Mike, and Sam)	Serio-Comics
Lucy Furr and Florrie Farr	Egyptian Duettists

THE MYSTERIOUS MATHERS in his great sketch, "THE FAMILY VAULT"

(Mr. Mathers will borrow any required properties from the audience.)

"I reside on Abiegnus, and my name is 'Flodden' James. I am not up to small deceits or any sinful games:
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the boulder That broke up our Society—and also broke the founder!"

The Clippers	Eccentrics
Happy Hal Barthe with Tim Urah and Ike Baker	Quick Change Artists
Le Marbre	Lightning Calculator
Mac and Mic	Face Artists

THE YONLY YEATS

What are Yeats?

Berridge and his Magic Clasp

Mo Locke and Bill Feegur

Serios

Miss Schnaar

Diseuse

Shaddai L. Hye in his great songs:

The Yonisuckle and the Bee

New every morning is the love

Hire a member, hire a member

How's that for Hye? and

LINGAM LONGER, LUCY

Dr. Jellinek

Contortionist

Barry Ether

Society Reciter

La Chic Ina

In her famous GLORY SONG

The Freaks

Harry Canpin

The India-rubbed-faced Man

May Imm

The only genuine Mermaid exhibiting

Constance Sylphide, the living skeleton, in her songs I'm the Empress of Rosher, etc.

Tabicat

Supermen

Nogah

"The little bit of sweet-stuff"

Lieber Herr Gott with his trained beasts; includes the Unicorn from the Stars, only one in Europe.

Adam Cadman

Low Comic

*The Terrible Tetragrammaton
Græco-Jewish Wrestler*

GRAND PATRIOTIC SPECTACLE

Warlike Preparations—General Eloah arrives from Temain of Edom—Colonel Holiun summoned from Mount Paran—The Wilderness of Seir—The Tents of Cushan—A Dervish stronghold—General Tetragrammaton's flying column—City of Meroz I.V. desert in a body—A traitor in the camp?—Melchizek Pasha's cunning move. The river Kishon sweeps away the Moabites (by Mr. Frank Parker)—Battle at last—Desperate stand of the Kings of Edom—Marshal Jah's flank attack—Everlasting Mountains scattered—Perpetual Hills bowed (by Mr. Frank Parker)—Charge of the gallant Karnaim—Rout of the Edomites—The Dukes in full flight—And Grand Finale "Blowing up of the Tower of Babel" (by Mr. Frank Parker).

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

Scene

Practicable Drawing-room littered with innumerable sheets of double Elephant Whatman paper, about to be an impracticable Table of Correspondences. A roaring fire. Sofas and Chairs. In presenting this play before a British audience, the Manager should come forward and say: "Ladies and Gentlemen, owing to the severe indisposition of the Author, no obscene jests will be found to occur in the dialogue of this play. The actors have, however, been instructed to pause and wink at frequent intervals, when you are at liberty to imagine an unusually profound and peculiarly foul double entendre. We have also gone to the expense of hiring people to sit in the stalls and start the laughs, so that there is no excuse whatever for any of you to complain of having passed an unprurient evening."

The scene rises. The BONES FAMILY and MR. BOWLEY sitting round the fire. Up stage, MRS. P..TR..CK C..MPB..LL chased by MR. M..RT..N H..RV..Y runs off R. and barks her shin on a chair.

Mrs P. C. I am not happy! I am not happy! O Glwyndyvaine, what shall I say?

Mr. M. H. Most people would say Damn, ma belle Mygraine!

Mrs. P. C. [*Aside*] If Maeterlinck gives me a name like a headache, will not Shaw call me simply a cough-drop? [*Exit*]

Prompter [*Angrily*] The Truth!

Mr. M. H. The Truth! The Truth! The Truth!

Exit. Blare of Trumpets.

Mrs. Bones A truce to this theatrical folly! More coffee, Mr. Bowley?

Bowley Please. I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Bones, but in honour of the festive season, and as relaxation of our severe labours upon the Table of Correspondences, I have taken the liberty of engaging Dr. Waistcoat's celebrated troupe of Variety Artistes to perform at intervals during the evening.

Mrs. Bones I'm sure we're very much obliged by your kindness; I trust it did not cost you too much.

Bowley Waistcoat is an old friend of mine, you know; connected with the Straights. The Dover Straights on the mother's side. *Non Omnis Moriar* is his motto. Very likely; but on the other hand, he's never really *quite* alive; so one can bargain with him to great advantage.

Mrs. Bones Well, I'm sure it will all be most delightful. We get very little of the old-fashioned Christmases now.

Bones Two thousand years hence we shall all be saying the same about Bowleymas Day in the sunset of Bowleyanity.

Bowley Respect my modesty—Pyrrho-Zoroastrianism, if you please.

Mrs. Bones More coffee?

Bowley Please. You do not ask what your husband means.

Mrs. Bones I give you two up.

Bones To-day we celebrate Christ's birth; then, Bowley's.

Bowley I hide my blushes in thy breast, O babe!

Does so; the child weeps.

Bowley Take it, for God's sake!

Done. The child smiles.

Mrs. Bones But I thought your birthday was in October.

Bowley It is; and why did I arrange it on that date? Because I knew that I was the Messiah—pass the baby, please!—and that people would celebrate the day according to my word.

Mrs. Bones But why?

BONES signals wildly to her, but in vain.

Bowley Because children born in summer thrive best.

Mrs. Bones But why?

Bowley Brother, you waste alarm. They have ears and hear not. But I am not talking; I am making my Table of Correspondences. I drink to my Table of Correspondences.

Drinks. BONES picks up a book on Indian Mysticism. Thunder. Slow music.

Bowley More coffee, please. I attribute the Baby to Malkuth. Mrs. Bones, may I paint the baby bright yellow all over? Heedless of Mother's sighs and groans He painted blue the Baby Bones, in the well-known porphyrean of the late John Keats, on whom be peace. At this stage in my career—drop that silly Babu twaddle!—I offer you the following desperate alternative, greatly honoured Frater! We will go on with the Table, or I will read you my latest glorious masterpiece entitled Amath. The Hebrew for Truth, Baby! Reflect, O bat-eyed child, upon the circumstance that Amath adds up to 441, which is the square of 21, Eheieh, divine name of Kether, also mystic number of Tiphereth—*vide* Tiphereth clause in “J” — “I will devote myself to Great Work,” etc., you remember—meaning Truth is of Kether the end and of Tiphereth the means, also Aleph is the Fool, Kether, Mem the Hanged Man, Tiphereth; and Tau the Sign of the Cross and the Virgin of the World. May be read by Tarot (McGregor Mathers) Fools hang Virgins! What about wise men? Hush, baby dear! Wait till you're an Arahat on Ararat, and then you'll know all about it, you beetle-headed little bitch! Nothing like early and clear instruction, Mrs. Bones Train up a child and a moustache—why don't you get Cecil some Pommade Hongroise? I attribute Pommade Hongroise to Gemini; and it is called the Waxen or Sticky Intelligence, because it sticketh together everything that is stuck together, and disposeth in right conformation the hairs that are beneath the supernals in that Orifice of the Nose of the Most Holy Ancient One which is called His Nose, and distributeth tens of thousands of severities upon the Inferiors. This is that which is written. (*Psalms, xcix, 4*) “The nose which is not a Nose.” And again “His Nose”; wherein no mention is made of the Most Holy Ancient One, but only of Tetragrammaton. Also we have heard in Barietha that this is spoken of the Shells—Qliphoth you would call them, Baby! As it is written, She sells sea shells. Nay, Mrs. Bones, if I be drunken, it is of the Wine of Iacchus, the Dew of Immortality, the Lustral Fountain in the chalice of the Stolistes or Stolistria. Or rather attribute it to your own Mince Pie, and its Awful and Avenging Punitive Currants! But as I say, your alleged husband trains neither his child nor his moustache; and I will contend with him, I will fight and overcome him; yea, I will inflict upon him my celebrated essay upon Truth—and he shall never rise again! It is written in the manner of Immanuel Kant? Ay, but of Immanuel Kant in bed with Bessie Bellwood. The hands are the hands of Schopenhauer, but the voice is the voice of Arthur Roberts.

Listen to the Jataka, O child of wonder and the innocent eyes, and if you yell you will be deposited in the coal-hole. Superlatively Honoured Fratres and Sorores of the Order of the Tin Sunset—compare Charles Baudelaire our Lord!—Assist me to open the temple—my mouth, Mrs. Bones—Mouth is part of body, and body is Temple (*Colossians, iv, 15*), you may say I need no assistance—in the Grade of Ten equals One and don't you forget it!

אמת¹

An essay upon Truth by the boy O.M.,
Member of the Order of the A.:A.:

To the first paragraph of “Ascension Day” (dearly beloved brethren), it is written as a Fingerpost—and worthy is it to be graven with a needle upon the eye-corners so that whoso would be warned should be warned! “What is Truth? said jesting Pilate; but Crowley waits for an answer.”

He did more than wait: he took active measures to discover; and though an answer in the Key of Affirmation would, in its very exordium, beggar human language, yet we may do a certain amount to destroy some of the minor fallacies that obscure the vision of our weaker brethren, not, alas! Veiling their eyes from Truth, but from the perception of the Great Falsehood. Just as in chemistry the schoolboy blunders over the law of Combining Weights, and finds difficulty in accepting it, only to discover that the real difficulty of the chemist is that the law is *not* true; just as the golfer painfully corrects his pull and his slice, only to learn that the pull and the slice are the masterstrokes of the game; just as the brilliant and studious person arrives at the summit of his academic career, only to discover (if he have sufficient wit left over from the process) that the qualities required for success in life are a set different from, and even incompatible with, those which gave him his fellowship; so also we may help those weaker brethren who animadvert scornfully upon the circumstance that a poet, a philosopher, an adept, an emancipated man of any sort, rarely speaks the truth in the sense that the witness in a divorce case is expected to, by indicating to them the true nature of those sparks of light shaken off from the invisible Crown of Glory, sparks which they have mistaken for corpse-lights or marsh-vapours, surrounding “they think it an inexplicable paradox!” one who, in all other respects, is so high and pure a being.

¹ The views in this essay have been deliberately left as they were originally written on 18th December, 1906, by Aleister Crowley. The discussion which follows represents with great essential fidelity the actual argument which was held after its perusal on Christmas Day. The stage directions in the essay represent the facts.

The first point is, it takes two to make a lie.

A. says to B.: “I have emptied all the water from the bottle,” and tells the truth.

Student C. says the same words to Professor D., and lies. The bottle and its contents being the same in each case.

BONES laughs contemptuously and is frowned at.

Because B. wants a drink and Professor D. a bottle free from moisture. This is a malicious lie if Student C. is trying to excuse his slackness, and the accident of his having truly emptied the bottle would not absolve him. This is Confusion of the Matter of Speech.

BONES opens his mouth and shuts it again with a severe effort.

E. says to F.: “John the Baptist had red hair,” and lies (whether in point of fact his hair was red or not), because he has no just ground for saying so.

Confusion of the Modality of Assertion.

When the Auditor is in an inferior position as to knowledge, this ranks as a malicious lie.

Mrs. G. says to Father H. in the confessional, “I have not flirted with Mr. I.,” and lies, because (on the theory) Father H. has a right to know. —

*BONES interjects, “Flirted! Autres temps, Autres mots! You’re improving, Frater!”
Reader replies “Pig!”*

— But she says the same words with truth to Mrs. J., who is merely asking out of curiosity. For if she changes the subject, or is rude, it is tantamount to a confession, and Mrs. J. has no right to trick or force one from her.

This is called Keeping the Vow of Secrecy which one has sworn to one’s own Soul. —

BONES protests violently, and is reminded that discussion follows, never interrupts, the Paper.

— But why insist? The so-called casuists of the Christian Church

have exhaustively investigated this subject; and all they say is none the less true because it is subtle or immoral, as the stupid and puritan pretend. Cardinal Newman may have had his faults, but he is at least a pleasant contrast to Gladstone and Kensit. If my truth is not the truth of the Divorce Court, it is because my world (thank God!) is not the Divorce Court. I prefer Christ to Sir Gorell Barnes as an authority on the Seventh Commandment; and the Spiritual Interpretation of facts is the formula "Solve" of the Theurgic Alchemist."

What is a poet? What are his powers?

*He can watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illumine
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom;
Nor heed, nor see, what things they be ...*

Let Mr. Straightforward and Mr. Veracity and Mr. Scorn-to-tell-a-lie and Mr. George Washington Redivivus reflect that there are people in the world with sensoria sighted to a different range from themselves! There is such a thing as a point of view.

The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto the Man in the Moon, who stood on the shores of Lake Copernicus and said: "What a beautiful earth-rise! How wonderful are the dark shadows on yon silver globe! They are like a hare, like a dog, like a bally great rabbit with its tail in its mouth. One would say a young virgin in pink sandals with her hair in curl papers." (For the man in the moon has read Maeterlinck and the divine Oscar.) The Angel replied: "O Man in the Moon, this is an error which is spoken concerning silver globes, hares, dogs, rabbits, Virgins, pink slippers, and the ubiquitous products of the immortal Hinde. Let us examine more closely!" Tucking forthwith the Man under his wing, the Angel flew incontinently earthward. "The globe is bigger than I thought," said the Man. "Curious illusion: it is a concave bowl of blue," said the Man. "Nay! but it is a vast plain; and there go the ships; no doubt, were it only August I should see that great Leviathan, whom Thou (addressing the Almighty) hast made to play therein. But the silly season is long past." And he cursed it for a barren ocean. Luckily he was not Christ, or Mr. Swinburne would have found it difficult to find similes for everything he writes about; from Blake and Byron to Dekker, Dickens, Dionysius, Dio Chrysostom, and Diogenes.

Then said the Man: "It is not blue but gray; it is far-resounding and makes an anarithmical gelasm; it is salt; it is wet; it is a generator of ozone, or my olfactory organs are deceived and oh! but my bowels are stirred within me like the young lady in the Song of Solomon when the young gentleman... "Hush!" said the Angel. "All this is delusion; examine more closely!" "It is a universe of living things!" exclaimed the Man, for it was Thames Water that he examined through the Angel's 90 h.-p. Mercédès Pocket Microscope. "And oh! if God thought that they were very good, what peculiar tastes He must have!" "Look more closely!" said the Angel, handing him a pair of Spectacles from the firm of Kelvin, Boscovitch, Son, and Haeckel. "Nothing is now visible," said the Man, "but a purely geometric conception of the mind, and a self-contradictory one at that." "Go back to the moon," said the Angel, throwing him thither with the supple yet powerful jerk which had won him the Cricket Ball event in the Celestial University Athletics, and entitled him to wear a Dark Blue ribbon round his crown (for "As above, so Beneath." Oxford produces Angels and Cinaedes, Cambridge only men). Go back to the Moon—and mind! *No Travellers' Tales!*"

The question of the point of view leads us naturally to a consideration of the speech of those for whom the Master of Samadhi has radically changed the aspect of the Universe. How shall a god answer a man?

Frater Neophyte K. asks our S. H. Frater L. $8^{\circ}=3^{\circ}$.

"Are there such things as elemental spirits in the scientific sense?"

Now Frater L. knows that there are (just as Professor Ray Lankester would assure a Hottentot of the reality of microscopic objects), but he also knows that there are not, seeing that all is but an illusory veil of the Indicable Arcanum in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence.

Frater L. will therefore reply 'Yes!' if he thinks Frater K. in danger of scepticism. He will reply 'No!' if he thinks Frater K. is a curiosity monger. In neither case will he consider the fact of the question, unless (with a secret smile) he for his own sake wishes to affirm the illusion of all thoughts. In this event he is really nearer "untruthfulness" than otherwise, even though his answer chance to coincide with fact.

This is called Perception of the Illusion of the Opposition of Contraries.

Again, Professor M. will reply truthfully to his disciple N.'s question, "Master, are you hungry?" "I do not know," or cast gloom over Xenophon's θαλασσα θαλασσα with φαντασμα φαντασμα, or even κολυμβεθρα κολυμβεθρα. Because he is sceptical of the instrument of knowledge. But he would lie in saying the same words (taking the second instance) to a common soldier of the 10,000 who did not know who he was but took him for a person acquainted with the locality.

He would not, however, care an obolus whether he was lying or not—unless he happened to be making experiments involving the subject. What he would care about was whether or no his answer showed that he was thinking as a sceptical philosopher. If so, good.

This brings us—how subtly!—to a statement which I do not wish to support by proofs. I imagine that he who is able to receive it will receive it.

This is Truth, that one should be concerned with one's own business, and with nothing else whatever. If I enter thy laboratory, O Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry, who protestest that thou dost aspire to the Great White Brotherhood, and demand of thee, "What art thou doing?" wilt thou reply, "I am extracting the enzymes from this ferment," or rather, "I am aspiring to the Great White Brotherhood." And if that question puzzle thee, as well it may, seeing that either answer is in some sense or other a lie—then see to it, I say, that thou lie not to the Holy Ghost!

Shakespeare is perhaps thought by some (may it be credited?) to have written the lines:

*To thine own self be true,
And it will follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.*

"Tis a worthy aphorism" Let the consciousness be ever directed towards the Self—by whatever Name I call Thee, Thou art Nameless to all Eternity!—and the possibility of lying is avoided.

For one speaketh not, nor, if one spake, is there any to hear. Know that the greater the Adept, the more truthful; should he "in Error" speak, the more must he appear a liar to those of his fellows who hear his voice. For he speaks, as beholding the Face of God; they hear, as idols the work of men's hands that have ears and hear not, neither have they any understanding. Therefore, have the chance words of Adepts been ill-heard throughout the ages; therefore, has the world run red with blood because the Adepts have spoken Truth, and the falsehood thereof has rung its sepulchral summons down the Halls that men call Time.

BONES boils over. MRS. BONES strokes his marble brow.

Now it hath occurred that some of the younger Adepts, the light-hearted and foolish of the Great White Brotherhood, those who slip back oftenest to normal consciousness of the Universe, so that even their pure wings are soiled in the mire of sense, perception, reason, and their foul kind, some of those boys, I say, forget the Writing on the outer Veil of the Indicible Arcanum, that rune which is written, "No separate existence!" in golden letters on the silver of the veil (just as within is written "No existence" in silver letters upon the gold of the veil).

BONES smiles, seeing the way to destroy the argument of the Paper.

That rune these boys forget, miserable ones!

Therefore, lost in the unthinkable depths of their depravity, do they dream evil dreams called "Others," "Fellow-men" and the like (Fellow-men is really a nightmare so appalling that only the "passmen" of the G. W. B. ever dream it, since it implies the ghastly and horrible phantasm of "mankind").

Now in their better selves is a certain force whose troubled reflection is called "Love." This tinctures the dream, and they instantly feel compassion for the "Others"-who, being merely unpurified parts of the consciousness, simply need annihilating—and set to work (if you please!) to redeem these "Others," to initiate these "fellow-men," to emancipate these "separate beings."

The bitterly sarcastic tone of this passage chills the blood of MRS. BONES, and she hastily prepares more coffee.

天道

(THIEN TAO)

A POLITICAL ESSAY
BY

郭禮雅

OR,
THE SYNAGOGUE OF
SATAN

*My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time.
To make the punishment fit the crime.
The punishment fit the crime!*
W.S. GILBERT

I

俗薄

(*"THE DECAY OF MANNERS"*)

SINCE nobody can have the presumption to doubt the demonstration of St. Thomas Aquinas that this world is the best of all possible worlds, it follows that the imperfect condition of things which I am about to describe can only obtain in some other universe; probably the whole affair is but the figment of my diseased imagination. Yet if this be so, how can we reconcile disease with perfection?

Clearly there is something wrong here; the apparent syllogism turns out on examination to be an enthymeme with a suppressed and impossible Major. There is no progression on these lines, and what I foolishly mistook for a nice easy way to glide into my story proves but the blindest of blind alleys.

We must begin therefore by the simple and austere process of beginning.

The condition of Japan was at this time (what time? Here we are in trouble with the historian at once. But let me say that I will have no interference with my story on the part of all these dull sensible people. I am going straight on, and if the reviews are unfavourable, one has always the recourse of suicide) dangerously unstable. The warrior aristocracy of the Upper House had been so diluted with successful cheesemongers that adulteration had become a virtue as highly profitable as adultery. In the Lower House brains were still esteemed, but they had been interpreted as the knack of passing examinations.

The recent extension of the franchise to women had

rendered the Yoshiwara the most formidable of the political organizations, while the physique of the nation had been seriously impaired by the results of a law which, by assuring them in case of injury or illness of a lifelong competence in idleness which they could never have obtained otherwise by the most laborious toil, encouraged all workers to be utterly careless of their health. The training of servants indeed at this time consisted solely of careful practical instruction in the art of falling down stairs; and the richest man in the country was an ex-butler who, by breaking his leg on no less than thirty-eight occasions, had acquired a pension which put that of a field-marshal altogether into the shade.

As yet, however, the country was not irretrievably doomed. A system of intrigue and blackmail, elaborated by the governing classes to the highest degree of efficiency, acted as a powerful counterpoise. In theory all were equal; in practice the permanent officials, the real rulers of the country, were a distinguished and trustworthy body of men. Their interest was to govern well, for any civil or foreign disturbance would undoubtedly have fanned the sparks of discontent into the roaring flames of revolution.

And discontent there was. The unsuccessful cheesemongers were very bitter against the Upper House; and those who had failed in examinations wrote appalling diatribes against the folly of the educational system.

The trouble was that they were right; the government was well enough in fact, but in theory had hardly a leg to stand on. In view of the growing clamour, the official classes were perturbed; for many of their number were intelligent enough to see that a thoroughly irrational system, however well it may work in practice, cannot for ever be maintained against the attacks of those who, though they may be secretly stigmatized as doctrinaires, can bring forward unanswerable arguments. The people had power, but not reason; so were amenable to the fallacies which they mistook for reason and not to the power which they would have imagined to be tyranny. An intelligent plebs is docile; an educated canaille expects everything to be logical. The shallow sophisms of the socialist

were intelligible; they could not be refuted by the profounder and therefore unintelligible propositions of the Tory.

The mob could understand the superficial resemblance of babies; they could not be got to understand that the circumstances of education and environment made but a small portion of the equipment of a conscious being. The brutal and truthful "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" had been forgotten for the smooth and plausible fallacies of such writer as Ki Ra Di.

So serious had the situation become, indeed, that the governing classes had abandoned all dogmas of Divine Right and the like as untenable. The theory of heredity had broken down, and the ennoblement of the cheesemongers made it not only false, but ridiculous.

We consequently find them engaged in the fatuous task of defending the anomalies which disgusted the nation by a campaign of glaring and venal sophistries. These deceived nobody, and only inspired the contempt, which might have been harmless, with a hate which threatened to engulf the community in an abyss of the most formidable convulsions.

Such was the razor-edge upon which the unsteady feet of the republic strode when, a few years before the date of my visit, the philosopher Kwaw landed at Nagasaki after an exhilarating swim from the mainland.

II

獨立

(*"STANDING ALONE"*)

KWAW, when he crossed the Yellow Sea, was of the full age of thirty-two years. The twenty previous equinoxes had passed over his head as he wandered, sole human tenant, among the colossal yet ignoble ruins of Wei Hai Wei. His only companions were the lion and the lizard, who frequented the crumbling ruins of the officers' quar-

THE STONE

*Of The Philosophers Which Is
Hidden In The Mountain Of Abiegnus
The Rosicrucian Mountain Of Initiation*

الى
سلوفير

Containing an essay on
אמת

"And a certain woman cast a piece of a mill stone upon Abimelech, and all to brake his skull."

—ANON

"Qu'est—ce donc, en verité, que ce pierre? C'est le fondement de la philosophie absolue, c'est le suprême et inébranlable raison."

—LEVI

"Whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken; but upon whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to power."

—ANON

"One day when I was all alone I found a wondrous little stone. It lay forgotten on the road Far from the ways of man's abode. When on this stone mine eyes I cast I saw my Treasure found at last. —O Stone, so red and rare and wise! O fragment of far Paradise!"

—MACHEN

HOLBEIN HOUSE suggests rather Hogarth. It is one of those sordid barracks where the Martinet of Realism, Society, pens his privates. Whoso sees an inhabitant thereof thenceforward for ever must believe in the predestination of the damned. Are we so far progressed as to interpret the saying *The Englishman's home is his castle* in the light of the fact that once a man lay dead in his room for seven weeks, all undisturbed?

Thus far the Socialist. To him enter a Man. Sayeth, the fate of men is naught; we measure mountain ranges by their peaks, not by their plains. And forthwith the Man must seek in Holbein House for some crown of the age, some Venus floating new-born in that Dead Sea, some God new-lit upon that Limbo. As also it is written.

We follow him to its smallest garret, deserted by the rats, since they found nor room nor victual, but tenanted by men. Arthur Gray was a poet who had abandoned alike his father's favour and his jam factory. Caring for nothing but his books, he lived in Holbein House, year in, year out. Looking at the blank wall opposite, he had seen God face to face, and died. When he spoke he was not understood, for his words were the words of a dead God.

Basil Gray, his brother, had come hot-foot from West

Africa to see him. Basil had just made the great march from Tetuan to Lagos, and the love of his only brother burnt strong in him, and the hunger for his face.

Basil, looking upon the blind face of the desert, his body withered in the furnace of the sand, had seen God face to face, and died.

Basil spoke, therefore, as a dead God speaks, and only children understood him.

At Gibraltar, on the way home, he had fallen in with Denzil Roberts, that foolish globe-trotter, secularist, and philanthropist-at-large. Denzil had just returned from a silly *sentimental journey* Through Spain, and gazing on the sunset from the western tower of the Alhambra he had come nigh to seeing God.

Saddened and sane, he yet could recognize the magnificent insanity of Basil, and had come home with him to learn the way to the gate that men call Madness.

The fourth occupant of the room was Arthur's oldest friend-nay, master.

Desperate research, life risked again and again in strange ways, incomprehensible to the swinish multitude, steady purpose ever equilibrating each thought with its opposite, had brought him at the end to the mastery of things.

So earnestly would he gaze on God, and die, that God had given him of His own life, and sent him among men.

But men knew him not. Only the babes could understand his strange grave smile.

The fifth man was a classical scholar; much learning had made him mad. Yet, well as he knew Greek and Latin, he had not yet read enough to see therein the luminous image of the Creator.

Last was a doctor who, gazing ever on madness, had himself become mad. He, too, saw God, but, being already mad, died not. Men thought they understood him, and for that reviled him. Being mad, he did not care.

All these men smoked heavily, and the silence of the world lay upon them.

It was only when the Man and the Socialist, invisibly seeking some pinnacle in the plains of Holbein House, as Sigiri springs from the flat table of the central province of Ceylon, came upon them, that their influence woke them into life.

I will cause them to converse, said the Man (who was the Devil), as it were to take you upon an high mountain and show you all the kingdoms of the earth. "I have seen them," said the Socialist. "But," said the Man, "things look very different from that height."

"Poverty and vice are the same from any point of view," began the Socialist.

"Listen!" said the other.

Arthur Gray stretched his legs as well as the room would allow. "Master, your pipe is out. Read us that yarn of your turn—to with Asmodee in Scotland. If ever a place seemed to defy God, 'it is this, it is this, it is this.' Tune our instruments, master!"

The big man put away his pipe. "Your brother," he said, "will recognize the title."

And clearing his throat, he began:

هو الله الذى لا اله الا هو

OR THE DEVIL'S CONVERSION

I SEE o' nights among the whins
The Devil walking widdershins
As stony silent as the Sphinx
I sit upon the sandy links,
And listen to the glittering spell
Of Asmodee the Goat of Hell.

He conjures up the nights of gray
And cardinal in Dahomey,
Where before kings and caboceers
The flaming cat of Hell appears;

Where witches whirl their flapping teats
Still shrieking to the drum that beats
Its monstrous call to flesh of man
Hissing and bubbling in the pan.—
“Hua is God” it spelt to me;
“There is none other God than He.”

He conjures up the seas that swell
Before the hosts of Gabriel
Between the Lights in Ibis flight
Who whirls the Sword and Scales of Right.
The tall ship strikes: the rending roar
Of death devours the horrid war
Where men dash women to the deck,
Leave children wailing on the wreck...
Behold the lightning’s jagged flash
Spell out the signal with its lash.”
“Hua is God” (it tore the sea)
“There is none other God than He.”

He conjures up the greasy glare
Of Rupert Street by Leicester Square
Whose sodden slaves with sweat and paint
Sicken the soul and make it gaint.
Build of the slimy scales of vice
One concentrated cockatrice!
“Think!” laughs the devil, “everywhere
Is Rupert Street by Leicester Square.”
“True!” I replied, “it spells to me:
There is none other God than He.”

He conjures up the loathly rout
Of Christians crawling in and out,
A sight as lovely to the wise
As maggots in a maiden’s eyes.
From chapel, church, and meeting–room
From brothel, hospital, and tomb,
From palace, gin–ship, workhouse, prison,
Factory, slum, their slime is risen
The Devil said “Bestir thy wits!
Spew out those dysenteric—” “It’s

A pity” (thus I cut him short)
“Your boyhood was so badly taught.
The riddle’s simple—here’s the key!
There is none other God than He.”

He conjures up the Universe,
Men bitter bad, and women worse.
The whole disgusting Pan is shown,
Filth from the spirit to the stone.
“Read that!” he yelled. “Your eyeballs squint,
But That is surely plain as print.”
“It is,” I said, “for all to see—
There is none other God than He.”

And now the Devil strides and spins
Most furiously widdershins,
He causes two deceitful moons
To dance upon the driving dunes.
“If all’s illusion, gentle youth,
All is the enemy of Truth.
Where are you now?” “My worthy friend!”
(I answered) “take it to the end.
I do not think you prove it quite
That truth and lies are opposite.
But upon This we can agree:
There is none other God than He.”

He wrote in flame upon the grass
“This person is a perfect ass.”
He vanished in a cloud of musk.
He sent the demons of the dusk
To ramp and rage about the links
To tease me—Me, the stony Sphinx!
I smiled; I bent them to my will;
I set them dancing deosil,
And singing with seraphic glee
“There is none other God than He.”

The devil saw that he had failed,
He came back very draggle–tailed;
And, poised above me in the air,
Whined “Mr. Sphinx, now, is it fair?”

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