I was very sorry when we had to return to England. We took Granada on our way. I found the Alhambra entirely familiar, although I had never been there before. It was not a case of the sens du deja vu, which is a passing perception. I went from one court to another as if I had lived there before; I knew what I was coming to so accurately that I could hardly doubt that I had really lived there at one time or another. I remembered nothing of the circumstances; except that it must have been my habit to go to the Western tower and look over the valley, the town somnolent at the foot of the hill, and the distant Sierra, while the sun sank superbly sad among clouds which seemed to have borrowed their softness and brilliance from swansdown.

Coke and I arranged to see the dancing of the Gypsies who lived in the caves outside the city, and I made a somewhat elaborate study of the subject. The principal dances are the Tango, which is quite different to that with which we have become familiar; the Fandango, the Civilla Gitana; the Soleairio Gitana, the Cachusa Gitana, the Morongo, the Sirrillas, the Baile de la Flor, the Baile de la Bosca, and the Baile de la Bona.

It is a mistake to say, brutally, as Science is inclined to do, that all dancing symbolizes passion. I am always

annoyed with research that stops half-way. That is the great error of Freud. When he says, quite correctly, that dreams are phantasms of suppressed sexual desire, the question remains, of what is sexual desire the phantasm? to me it seems no more than one of the ways of expressing the formula of creation. I regard chemical action as identical. A man and a woman unite; and the result is a child, which is totally different from them though formed of their elements. Just so the combination of hydrogen and chlorine produces hydrochloric acid. They are gases: at ordinary temperature it is a liquid. None of its chemical and physical reactions is identical with those of its elements. The phenomena are analogous in very many ways, but the essence of their similarity is in the Qabalistic formula Yod, Hé, Vau.

I have successfully eliminated the danger of obsession by sexual ideas in this way: I refuse to admit that it is the fundamental truth. Science in failing to follow me so far has destroyed the idea of religion, and the claim of mankind to be essentially different from other mammalia. The demonstration of anthropologists that all religious rites are celebrations of the reproductive energy of nature is irrefutable; but I, accepting this, can still maintain that these rites are wholly spiritual. Their form is only sexual because

the phenomena of reproduction are the most universally understood and pungently appreciated of all. I believe that when this position is generally accepted, mankind will be able to go back with a good conscience to ceremonial worship. I have myself constructed numerous ceremonies where it is frankly admitted that religious enthusiasm is primarily sexual in character.

I have merely refused to stop there. I have insisted that sexual excitement is merely a degraded form of divine ecstasy. I have thus harnessed the wild horses of human passion to the chariot of the Spiritual Sun. I have given these horses wings that mankind may no longer travel painfully upon the earth, shaken by every irregularity of the surface, but course at large through the boundless ether. This is not merely a matter of actual ceremonies; I insist that in private life men should not admit their passions to be an end, indulging them and so degrading themselves to the level of the other animals, or suppressing them and creating neuroses. I insist that every thought, word and deed should be consciously devoted to the service of the Great Work. "Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God."

One night in Granada I met one of these Gypsies. The

setting was supremely romantic. The burden of his life fell from the shoulders of the poet. I experienced that spontaneous and irresistible stroke of love which only exists when the beauty of the human form and the beauty of the rest of nature are harmonized automatically. It was one of those experiences which merely come even to the most romantic poets, and to them only too few times in a decade. Fuller always maintained that the lyric in which I celebrated that night was the greatest that had ever been written of its kind. I can do no less than ask public opinion to examine his judgment.

Your hair was full of roses in the dewfall as we danced,
The sorceress enchanting and the paladin entranced,
In the starlight as we wove us in a web of silk and steel
Immemorial as the marble in the halls of Boabdil,
In the pleasaunce of the roses with the fountains and the yews
Where the snowy Sierra soothed us with the breezes and the dews!
In the starlight as we trembled from a laugh to a caress
And the God came warm upon us in our pagan allegresse.
Was the Baile de la Bona too seductive? Did you feel
Through the silence and the softness all the tension of the steel
For your hair was full or roses, and my flesh was full of thorns
And the midnight came upon us worth a million crazy morns.
Ah! my Gypsy, my Gitana, my Saliya! were you fain
For the dance to turn to earnest? O the sunny land of Spain!
My Gitana, my Saliya! more delicious than a dove!
With your hair aflame with roses and your lips alight with love!
Shall I see you, shall I kiss you once again? I wander far
From the sunny land of summer to the icy Polar Star.
I shall find you, I shall have you! I am coming back again
From the filth and fog to seek you in the sunny land of Spain.

I shall find you, my Gitana, my Saliya! as of old
With your hair aflame with roses and your body gay with gold.
I shall find you, I shall have you, in the summer and the south
With our passion in your body and our love upon your mouth -
With our wonder and our worship be the world aflame anew!
My Gitana, my Saliya! I am coming back to you!

This year was indeed my annus mirabilis in poetry. It began with "Clouds Without Water," to which I have already called attention in the matter of its technique. The question of its inspiration is not less interesting. At Coulsdon, at the very moment when my conjugal cloud-burst was impending, I had met one of the most exquisitely beautiful young girls, by English standards, that ever breathed and blushed. She did not appeal to me only as a man; she was the very incarnation of my dreams as a poet. Her name was Vera; but she called herself 'Lola.' To her I dedicated "Gargoyles" with a little prosepoem, and the quatrain (in the spirit of Catullus) "Kneel down, dear maiden o' mine." It was after her that my wife called the new baby!

Lola was the inspiration of the first four sections of "Clouds Without Water." Somehow I lost sight of her, and in the fifth section she gets mixed up with another girl who inspired entirely sections six and seven. But the poem was still incomplete. I wanted a dramatic climax, and for this

I had to go to get a third model. Number two was an old friend. I had known her in Paris in 1902. She was one of the intimates of my fiancée. She was studying sculpture under Rodin, and was unquestionably his best woman pupil. She was strangely seductive. Her brilliant beauty and wholesome Highland flamboyance were complicated with a sinister perversity. She took delight in getting married men away from their wives, and the like. Love had no savour for her unless she was causing ruin or unhappiness to others. I was quite ignorant of her intentions when she asked me to sit for her, but once in her studio she lost no time, and "The Black Mass," "The Adept," and "The Vampire" describe with ruthless accuracy our relations. She initiated me into the torturing pleasures of algolagny on the spiritual plane. She showed me how to intensify passion by self-restraint. The formula is entirely analogous to the physical formula of the Arabs. She made me wonder, in fact, if the secret of Puritanism was not to heighten the intensity of love by putting obstacles in its way.

I regard the ideas entirely morbid and objectionable. Artificial impediments to nature are necessarily as disastrous as natural ones. The essence of my objection to English ideas of morality is just this: that sexual relations are over

emphasised, and assume an entirely disproportionate value. The formula of the average novel is to keep the reader in suspense about the love affairs of the characters. I confess frankly that I cannot read such stuff with patience. The goal to be attained is so petty. What do I care whether John and Mary get married on page 400 or not? I am utterly bored by the sentimental parts of Le Vicomte de Bragelonne and Louise de La Valliere. I adore Dumas, but I have to skip amorous intrigues. I like open air adventure and great political coups, where the event determines the destinies of thousands of lives. I cannot stand Stevenson when he tries to write about love. (And to think that the Cinema people introduced a love interest into Treasure Island - and even Dr. Jekyll! - Faugh!)

I do not mind a background of love properly subordinated to the true interests of life; but I do not know any single book of which it is the main theme which does not disgust me. Romeo and Juliet seems to me the feeblest of Shakespeare's tragedies. As You Like It and Twelfth Night, Midsummer Night's Dream and The Tempest are only tolerable because the adventures are in themselves amusing, and Shakespeare does not take the love itself too seriously.

Am I reproaching myself, then, for having written as

I have on the subject? My defence is duplex. In the first place, I have no objection to lyrical love. "I arise from dreams of thee" and "O lover, I am lonely here" are legitimate. It is the sacrament by which man enters into communion with God.

There remain my narrative and dramatic books on love. "The Tale of Archais" is simply jejune; I apologize and pass on. "The Mother's Tragedy," "The Fatal Force," "Jezebel," "Tannhäuser," all treat love not as an object in itself, but on the c ntrary, as a dragon ready to devour any one less than St. George. "Alice" is partly excusable, because it is really a lyric, when all is said and done. In any case, I do not value the book very highly. It is ridiculous to make any thing important depend on the appetites of an American matron. The same may be said of "The Star and the Garter." "Why Jesus Wept" exhibits love as the road to ruin. It is the sentimental point-of-view about it which is the catastrophe of Sir Percy's career, as it was in that of Le Vicomte de Bragelonne. In "Orpheus," love, it is true, inspires the poet to great deeds of a sort; but it ends in disappointment and leads him to death.

The long and the short of the matter is, that love is

a good servant but a bad master. It ought to be understood in every detail on every plane, and then employed as a weapon to carve one's way to fortune. I think it is degrading to make one's way by women like Aramis and Porthos, or to allow the vagaries of women to wreck one's life, as in the case of Athos. I am, in short, more Puritan than the Puritans. Parsifal summarizes my philosophy. It must not be forgotten that the Knight was quite happy in playing with the girls in Kundry's garden; he merely refused to let his attention be distracted; and it is the energy of love which heals the wound of Amfortas. The lance is to be dipped into the cup for one purpose only; the attainment of Spiritual Kingship and the regeneration of humanity.

But back to my sculptress! To her I dedicated "Rodin in Rime" and "Clouds Without Water" itself - not openly; our love affair being no business of other people, and in any case being too much ginger for the hoi polloi, but in such ways as would have recommended themselves to Edgar Allen Poe.

There remains a tragic and abominable story to be told. She suddenly decided that she had better get married; not being able to marry me, she did the next best thing, found

another explorer and dragged him to the altar. This man left shortly afterwards on an expedition which involved his being very many months beyond reach of communication. He had a rival brother officer, who somehow discovered one of the cryptograms. (As a matter of fact, it was a simple one; he had merely to take a rule and draw a straight line to make the name and surname of the girl stand out en toutes lettres.) It might seem that such a man would not know how to draw a line anywhere, but he drew this line - and arranged that a copy of the book thus marked should be handed to the husband by another member of his party after he had cut his communication with the world, perhaps for years. In point of fact, it proved to be for ever.

Now as to section eight of "Clouds Without Water," "The Initiation." I hardly know why I should have felt it necessary to conclude on such an appalling chord. The powers of life and death combine in their most frightful forms to compel the lovers to seek refuge in suicide, which they, however, regard as victory. "The poison takes us: Karetc Vi Kwiev. The Answer is that the happy ending would have been banal. The tragedy of Eros is that he is dogged by Anteros. It is the most terrible of all anti-climaxes to have to return to

the petty life which is bounded by space and time. I had the option of coming down to earth or enlisting death in my service. I chose the latter course.

My model was a woman very distinguished and very well known in London society. She had already figured as the heroine of "Felix." She had been one of the best and most loyal friends of Oscar Wilde. She was herself a writer of subtlety and distinction, but she filled me with fascination and horror. She gave me the idea of a devourer of human corpses, being herself already dead. Fierce and grotesque passion sprang up for the few days necessary to give me the required inspiration for my climax. I could only heighten the intoxication of love by spurring it to insanity.

This, in fact, is a final criticism of love itself as such, and justifies all that has been said about it by the Buddha - and even by the Church. It justifies my own attitude that love must be resolutely torn from the throne in the human heart which it has usurped. One must not set one's affections on things below; one must find an answer to old age and death. "Only those are happy who have desired the unattainable." Love being the sublimation of the human Ego, it follows that the Ego itself must be surrendered.

The limitations of life on earth are intolerable. The consciousness is unendurable for all those who have begun to understand the universe. Man is so infinitesimally inane, yet he feels himself capable of such colossal attainment.

There are only two courses open to intelligent men; either they must set themselves to overcome mortality, with all that that implies, attachment to the things of earth, including their human personalities; or they must dull the edge of the anguish which they can no longer bamboozle by the fairy stories of religion and the fatuities of optimism. It is for this reason that all truly great men either succeed in annihilating themselves completely in their work, so that there is no room in their consciousness even for the consideration as to whether that work is not in fact a toy; or, finally, take to drink or drugs. Sensitiveness is the passive half of genius, and the more sensitive a man is, ceteris parions, the greater his potentiality.

Certain very inferior intellects persuade themselves to accept the conventional consolations, and some of these people, like Lord Kelvin, sometimes manage to build watertight compartments in their brains; by an act of will they refuse to throw the light of their knowledge upon the dark chambers of their

souls. Some, like Schopenhauer, support the realization of their incurable ill with steely stoicism. Some, like Blake, force an issue for themselves in mysticism; and, their progress being slow, they are able to persuade themselves that the progress which constantly encourages them will avail them to the end. Others, like myself (thanks to the advantage afforded by the accessibility of the wisdom of antiquity in modern translations) see almost from the first that the progressive solution is unsatisfactory, and determine to grasp the nettle. But there are many, who, like Poe, Coleridge, de Quincey, Baudelaire, De Maupassant, and so many others, have neither the means of giving open battle nor of avoiding it; they seek refuge in stupefying the senses.

My twelve months of creative spurt reached a climax in February, 1908, when I wrote the five books of "The World's Tragedy" in five consecutive days at Eastbourne. This is beyond all question the high-water mark of my imagination, my metrical fluency, my wealth of expression, and my power of bringing together the most incongruous ideas so as to enrich my matter to the utmost. At the same time, I succeeded in reaching the greatest height of spiritual enthusiasm, human indignation, and demoniac satire. I sound the gamut of

every possibility of emotion from innocent faith and enthusiasm to experienced cynicism. It would be impossible to give any idea of this book by quotations within a reasonable space. I must content myself by quoting the criticism of Frank Harris with regard to one speech which I sent him:—

"I accept your poem at once, and think it very good indeed. It may be mystic, but it is as good as Göethe."

Oh well, then! Here it is:

"Hear then! By abrasax! thebar....."

(World's Tragedy pp. 17-18. Quote to "it is done."

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Besides all these activities of my own, I came into a new world. My Operation of the Sacred Magic was not sterile. After returning from Morocco, the Spirit came upon me and I wrote a number of books in a way which I hardly know how to describe. They were not taken from dictation like the Book of the Law, nor were they my own composition. I cannot even call them automatic writing. I can only say that I was not wholly conscious at the time of what I was writing, and I felt that I had no right to "change" so much as the style of a letter. They were written with the utmost rapidity without pausing for thought for a single moment, and I have not presumed to revise them. Perhaps 'plenary inspiration' is the only adequate phrase, and this has become so discredited that people are loth to admit the possibility of such a thing.

The prose of these books, the chief of which are "Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente, The Book of the Heart girt with the Serpent", and "Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli", is wholly different from anything that I have written myself. It is characterized by a sustained sublimity of which I am totally incapable, and it over-rides all the intellectual objections which I should, myself, have raised. It does

not admit the need to explain itself to any one, even to me. I cannot doubt that these books are the work of an intelligence independent of my own. The former describes the relation of the Adept with his Holy Guardian Angel; the latter is "the voluntary emancipation of a certain Adept from his deptship.....the birth words of a Master of the Temple." And, like "The World's Tragedy", it is difficult to give a very good idea of them by brief quotations:

21. I, and Me, and Mine were sitting with lutes in the market place of the great city, the city of the violets and the roses.

22. The night fell, and the music of the lutes was stilled.

23. The tempest arose, and the music of the lutes was stilled.

24. The hour passed, and the music of the lutes was stilled.

25. But Thou art Eternity and Space; Thou art Matter and Motion; and Thou art the negation of all these things.

26. For there is no Symbol of Thee.
(Liber LXV, Cap. III)

48. Excellent is Thy love, Oh Lord! Thou art revealed by the darkness, and he who gropeth in the horror of the groves shall haply catch Thee, even as a snake that seizeth on a little singing-bird.

49. I have caught Thee, O my soft brush; I am like a hawk of mother-of-emerald; I catch Thee by instinct, though my eyes fail from Thy glory.

(Liber VII, Cap IV.)

Even this did not exhaust my creative energy. As in Cairo in 1902 I had started the Lover's Alphabet, on the ground that the most primitive kind of lyrics or odes was in some way the most appealing and immortal, so I decided to write a series of hymns to the Blessed Virgin Mary in the simplest possible style. I must not be thought exactly insincere, though I had certainly no shadow of belief in any of the Christian dogmas, least of all in this adaptation and conglomeration of Isis, Semele, Astarte, Cybele, Freya, and so many others; I simply tried to see the world through the eyes of a devout Catholic, very much as I had done with the decadent poet of "White Stains", the Persian mystic of the "Bagh-i-Muattar", and so on. I was, in fact, adopting another alias - in the widest sense of the word.

I did not see why I should be confined to one life. How can one hope to understand the world if one persists in regarding it from the conning-tower of one's own personality? One can increase one's knowledge and nature by

travelling and reading; but that does not tell one how things look to other people. It is all very well to visit St. Peter's and the Vatican, but what would be really interesting would be to know how they look to the Pope. The greatness of a poet consists, to a considerable extent, in his ability to see the world through another man's eyes; and my training in science is always suggesting to me that I should invent a technique for doing anything that I want to do.

My technique for borrowing other people's spectacles was to put myself in their place altogether, either by actually adopting a suitable alias or by writing a book in their names. It is a common and legitimate literary device. All that I did was to carry it out a little more conscientiously than does the average writer. So, in this case, I was trying to discover what Catholics felt by calling me to my Muse to give me the language suitable to the occasion. No, I was not insincere in any proper sense of the word, though I certainly had my tongue in my cheek to a certain extent, as appears from the following.

When in Holland in '97, I had written a Christmas hymn in which the Nativity was treated realistically. I

now found that Christian piety had taken away the entire poetic beauty of Bethlehem by declaring that the Virgin suffered no pain. (It is really astonishing how these idiots managed to remove any touch of sublimity from this stupid story!) I therefore had to change "Her bitter anguish hath sufficed" into "her joyful ardour hath sufficed", and otherwise degrade my poem to a blasphemous imbecility, in order to comply with the conventions of the Church. Apart from that, what I had written in a spirit not far removed from ribaldry was found wholly satisfactory.

I had written, in 1899, while staying with Mathers in Paris, a hymn to Isis to be used in the ceremonies of Isis-Worship which he was at that time proposing to revive in Paris. I changed the word 'Sistron' to 'cymbal' and the word 'Isis' to 'Mary'. The hymn required no further alteration. I think that rather significant.

Once more, I made a translation of the Fatihah, the most sacred chapter of the Qu'ran, I replaced the name of God by that of Mary, and once again found favour with the Vatican.

I quote a few isolated stanzas:

The red sun scorches up our veins;
The white moon makes us mad;
Pitiless stars insult our pains
With clamour glad.

At the foot of the Cross is the Mother of God,
And Her tears are like rain to enliven the sod,
While the Blood of the Lord from His Body that runs
Is the heat of the summer, the fire of its suns.

See where the cherubim pallid and plumed
Swing with their thuribles praises perfumed!
Jesus is risen and Mary assumed :-
Ave Maria!

O sorrow of pure eyes beneath
The heavy-fringed ecstatic lids,
Seeing for maiden song and wreath
Sphinxes and pagan pyramids!

O Mary, like a pure perfume
Do thou receive this failing breath,
And with Thy starry lamp illume
The darkling corridors of death!

Having thus composed fifty-two classics, some of which, by the way, are very fine technically and none of which are marred by the atrocities of grammar and rime which we naturally associate with all but a few hymns, the question of publication arose. I thought I would present them as the work of a famous actress (there was some truth in this!) who wished to remain anonymous. I took them to Mr. Wilfred Meynell, of Burns & Oates. In talking them over with him, I found it a little awkward to speak of the author. I did not wish to say 'he' and I would not say 'she'. Meynell noticed this, and said in his loftiest manner, which is

very lofty indeed:

"My de-ah young friend, you need not hesitate for the choice of a pronoun. It is quite evident to any one with any sense of literatu-ah that these chawming hymns were written by a woman!"

I was hard put to it not to exclaim:

"Turn the animile round, Bill, and let the lidy see 'is....." I forget how that particular 'story of the showman' runs.

However, I kept my face straight, and he published them under the title of "Amphora". The Daily Mail gave me a beautiful long review. I especially appreciated:

> "These poems indicate a mind full of earnest aspiration towards his spiritual Queen, a mind of an engaging näivete, untroubled by the religious and philosophical problems which weary more complex intelligences."

Father Kent wrote a very laudatory criticism in "The Tablet" and (to my joy!) selected for quotation some stanzas from the mangled masterpiece of 1897. The rest of the Press followed suit. The Scotsman spoke of :

> "An engaging simplicity and fervour of feeling, and a graceful, refined literary art."

The Daily Telegraph said :

> "Though many have a touch of mysticism, most have a simplicity of expression and earnestness of devotion that will commend them to

the author's coreligionists."

The Catholic Herald praised my:

"Very high level of poetic imagery."

The Catholic Times touched high-water mark; and subsequently, when I re-issued the volume under the title of "Hail, Mary" and my own name, it stood to its guns, and said:

> "Needless to say they breathe a spirit of deep piety and filial love towards our Heavenly Mother. Many beautiful and touching thoughts are embodied in the various verses, wich cannot but do good to the pious soul."

The most beautiful of all the jokes was, perhaps, a little cruel. Alice Meynell had always held me in the utmost horror as several degrees worse than Swinburne, and she had been entrapped into giving the most extravagant praise to "Amphora". When it transpired that I was the author, her confusion was pitiable. The incident shows, by the way, the utter stupidity of the whole business. My art was always my art, and to a lover of art it should have made no difference whether I happened to be an antinomian or an anti-Parnellite.

There was besides such creative work and the editorial work which Fuller and I had undertaken on behalf of the Order, the task of reconstituting it in its original purity.

Under Mathers, the Grades had become meaningless: to be an Adept had meant no more than to be a peer of the realm does in modern times. It was for me to sweep away all this nonsense, to re-establish the ordeals, in spirit and in truth. I was at first ignorant enough of Magick to imagine that this could be done by the simple process of replacing sham formalities by real ones. I proposed, for example, to test people's courage by putting them in actual contact with the four elements, and so on, as was apparently done in ancient Egypt; but experience soon taught me that an ordeal, however severe, is not much use in genuine initiation. A man can always more or less brace himself up to meet a situation when he knows that he is on his trial. A man might have a certificate of ability to swim half a mile; and yet be utterly unable, for a dozen different reasons, to save a friend from drowning when the need arose.

Of course it sounds totally impossible to administer ordeals of the real kind required, but I found by experience that I did not even have to give the matter a moment's thought. My Magical Self took complete charge of the business without wasting a moment or disturbing me. It may be through some act of my own, it may be entirely without my intention, that aspirants to the Order find themselves

in circumstances where they are tested in the qualities necessary to their stage of initiation. There is thus no possibility of evading the intentions of the Order. It is not conducted consciously by any men soever, but by mysterious forces automatically set in motion by the force of the obligations themselves.

For example: The oath of a Probationer apparently involves no difficulties of any sort; no penalties are stated, or implied; the aspirant merely pledges himself "to perform the Great Work, which is to obtain the knowledge of the nature and powers of my own being." He is not required to reach any particular stage of knowledge by the end of his probation; he is free to choose such practices as appeal to him; and, provided that his record shows that he has devoted a reasonable proportion of his spare time to the Work, he is unhesitatingly passed to the degree of Neophyte. It sounds as if it were impossible for any one to fail. Yet, actually, only eight percent manage to get through the year of probation. The reason is that no sooner does a man make up his mind to enter the Path of the Wise than he rouses automatically the supreme hostility of every force, internal or external, in his sphere.

I further restored the original rule of the Order that its members should not know each other officially, and have as little to do with each other as possible. Theoretically, a member should know only his introducer and those whom he himself introduces. In the present conditions of society it is practically impossible to maintain this rule with absolute strictness, but I keep as near to the ideal as possible. I did relax the rule, to a certain extent, in 1910 - it was the greatest mistake I had ever made, and the mischief done at that time has never been wholly repaired. Every month I live I am the more amazed at the praeterhuman wisdom and foresight of the Order. I have never known a mistake to be made; whereas my conscious powers are constantly at fault. If I had no other evidence of the authority of the people to whom I am pledged, it would be supplied by Their wisdom.

It happened that at the funeral of Saladin, Fuller had met a youth named Neuberg, Victor Benjamin of that ilk, who was at Trinity College, Cambridge, and knew my work. Having to go to Cambridge one day on some business or other, I thought I would look the lad up. I was not sure of the name, and there were several similar 'bergs' in the University register, but having drawn my bow at a venture, the

first arrow struck the King of Israel between the harness at the very first shot. I use the words 'King of Israel' advisedly, for Neuberg was certainly a most distinguished specimen of that race. He was a mass of nervous excitement, having reached the age of twenty-five without learning how to manage his affairs. He had been prevented from doing so, in fact, by all sorts of superstitions about the terrible danger of leading a normal wholesome life. The neuroses thus created had expressed themselves in a very feeble trickle of poetry and a very vehement gust of fads.

He was an agnostic, a vegetarian, a mystic, a Tolstoian, and several other things all at once. He endeavoured to express his spiritual state by wearing the green star of Esperanto, though he could not speak the language; by refusing to wear a hat, even in London, to wash, and to wear trousers. Whenever addressed, he wriggled convulsively, and his lips, which were three times too large for him, and had been put on hastily as an afterthought, emitted the most extraordinary laugh that had ever come my way; to these advantages he united those of being extraordinarily well read, overflowing with exquisitely subtle humour, and being one of the best natured people that ever trod this planet.

But from the first moment I saw him, I saw far more than this; I read an altogether extraordinary capacity for Magick. We soon drifted into talking about the subject, and I found that he already practised a good deal of spiritualism and clairvoyance. The former was his bane. The habit of making himself spiritually passive and inviting the entire Spirit world to obsess him, proved finally fatal to him. Despite all we could do to protect his aura, we found it impossible to stop the leak altogether, so that at any moment he was liable to become possessed of the devil. He soon learnt how to protect himself as soon as he recognized that he was being attacked; but the spirits became very cunning, and were at pains to persuade him not to take the proper measures of protection. I believe, despite all this that he would have succeeded eventually in mending his aura, but in the principal ordeal of the Neophyte he was so seriously damaged that he was never the same man again. During the next few years I saw a great deal of him, and his spiritual adventures will serve both as a diversion and warning on many a page to come.

Recognizing the possibilities of Neuberg, I decided to utilize them for the benefit of the Order, and of himself.

The first task was to get rid, as far as possible, of his physical defects, which turned out to be very serious. One day during our walk through Spain we came upon a waterfall, and, the weather being oppressively hot, we decided to take a dip. In this way I discovered that he was suffering from varicocele very badly indeed, and as soon as we got to England I sent him to my doctor, who advised an operation, which was duly performed. He had also pyorrhoea so badly that my dentist said that if he had delayed the visit three weeks he would not have had a tooth left in his head. Attention to these points, and to the physical cause of his neurosis, made a healthy man of him. One defect remained; and that was incurable, being a slight spinal curvature. The change in him was extraordinary. He lost all his nervousness; he became capable of enduring great physical fatigue, of concentrating mentally, and of dismissing the old fads which had obsessed him. Incidentally, by removing his inhibitions, I released the spring of his genius, and in the next few years he produced some of the finest poetry of which the English language can boast. He had an extraordinary delicacy of rhythm, an unrivalled sense of perception, a purity and intensity of passion second to none, and a remarkable command of the English language.

"But the other voice was silent, and the noise
of waters swept me
Back into the world, and I lay asleep on a hill-
side
Bearing for evermore the heart of a goddess,
And the brain of a man, and the wings of the
morning
Clipped by the shears of the silence; so must
I wander lonely,
Not know of the light till I enter into the
darkness."

He possessed the magical gift of conveying an idea of tremendous vividness and importance by means of words that are unintelligible to the intellect.

"I go as Thunder that come but as a bird."

(And then the girl came as a bird, and he went as a worm - but I anticipate.)

82.

Neuberg was the moving spirit of one of those societies which are always springing up in universities. They never take root; because death comes to all alike at the end of three years, so to speak. People who stay up for a fourth year are Ancient Mariners, but lack the power to hold the wedding guest. Of course people over-lap; but the generations follow each other so quickly and the spirit of youth is so impotent to stamp itself upon history, that it is a rare piece of luck when any of these clubs or societies live beyond seven years at the outside. Neuberg's society, the Pan Society, did make its mark on the University; but that was not its fault. It was simply that he found people idiotic enough to make it invulnerable against the arrows of oblivion by dipping it into the Styx of persecution. Nothing could have been more helpful than the attitude of the Dean of Trinity, an idiot and inept. I have noticed that people who dislike me are invariably rendered so blind by malice that they give themselves away and make themselves ridiculous.

There is an institution at Cambridge called "Ciccu," Cambridge Intercollegiate Christian Union. It is a bestial thing, compact of hypocrisy and secret vice. Now my connection with the Pan Society was of the slightest. I

have merely been invited to read papers, I think altogether three times, on mysticism or kindred subjects. Nothing more harmless can be imagined, but the Ciccu went out of its mind. I am compelled to remark at this point that one of the most disgraceful features of controversy in England is that the upholders of religion and morality, which are frequently not at all in question, instead of disputing with their opponents, assail them with the weapons of secret slander. "This man," they say, "wants to take a penny off the income tax. It is certain that he habitually breaks the Seventh Commandment." In this instance the Ciccu did not know or care what it was that I had read to the Pan Society. They merely stated that I hypnotized the entire assembly and took a mean advantage of them. It did not matter to them that what I was supposed to have done is impossible in nature, at least to one of my very mediocre powers.

However, the Senior Dean of Trinity, the Rev. R. St. J. Parry, started to make trouble. I went to see Him, and asked him what accusations he had to make against me. He merely became confused, tried to bluster, would not commit himself, and finally said that he had given orders that I was not to be admitted to the precincts of the College. On

the following morning I waited in the Great Court for him to come out of Chapel and called him a liar to his face in front of everybody. It then began to dawn upon him that he had no power to exclude me from Trinity, I being a life member of the College. He summoned the president, secretary and treasurer of the Society, and threatened to send them down. But as it happened they none of them belonged to Trinity, and he had no more power over them than he had over the Queen of Madagascar. He must have been a really exceptional fool, even for a Don, not to have found out such essential facts before entering upon his campaign. He ultimately resorted to the meanest possible course of action. He did not dare to attack Neuberg, whose relations were wealthy Jews and might be relied upon to make every kind of trouble if he interfered with the hope of Israel; but he threatened a man named Norman Mudd, whose parents were poor and without influence, with the loss of his mathematical scholarship. Unfortunately again, Mudd was the mainstay of the hope of the College for the forthcoming Tripos, and Mudd himself had the heart of a lion. He dared the Dean to do his damndest in the most uncompromising language. Once again the wretched creature had to draw in his horns. Only after I had left the battle-field to seek other victories did he

succeed in bullying Mudd into resignation from the Society by frightening his father. Mudd gave his promise to have no more to do with it - and promptly broke it. The Pan Society won all along the line.

The victory was all the more signal in that an imitation society called the Heretics, who had been trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds like the Rationalist Press Association, had melted away into the thinnest kind of mist at the first intimation from the authorities that their exceedingly mild programme of half-baked infidelity was displeasing to the powers that were. The whole incident was trivial in its way, but it taught me an important lesson of policy. The more upright and uncompromising one is, the safer one is from attack. One's enemies will resort to the most despicable subterfuges, but they will not have the courage to come into the open, and they will in one way or another fall into the pit which they dig. It is true that one can apparently be damaged by secret slander, when the enemy become foolhardy by open misrepresentation, but if one is working in the eternal one may be sure that they harm no one but themselves. Suppose, for example, that I attack Lloyd George by saying that he had undergone seven years'

penal servitude for burglary, and suppose Lloyd George treats me with the contempt I deserve. Well, at the moment there may be a few people silly enough to believe such nonsense, and to think that his allowing the statement to go unchallenged makes it probable that there is some truth in it. But consider what the biographers will say? They will discover that Lloyd George's time was fully accounted for without the penal servitude, and they will simply wonder what spirit of insanity possessed me to make so ridiculous a mis-statement. They will have no difficulty in understanding that he, preoccupied with affairs of state, could not be bothered to leave his work to chastise me.

Another consideration arises in this connection. It is always difficult to discover who has really said what about one, and even if one succeeds it is not always the best policy to refute the falsehoods. If people were attacking one by merely falsifying or exaggerating actual incidents, defense would be possible; but when people are bound merely by the limits of their vile imaginations, it is not easy to keep pace with them. What is the use of Lloyd George proving that he did not undergo penal servitude for burglary if I can retort, "Perhaps not, but you were hanged for sheep stealing!" To defend oneself against

the accusations of a knave is to seek justice from the verdict of fools. If one's work and one's reputation depends on the opinion of people at the moment, it is of course, necessary to meet them on their own ground. At every election the most ridiculous falsehoods about the candidates are sedulously circulated at the last moment; if possible, too late to allow time for refutation. The election may doubtless depend on such infected activities.

But when one is working in the eye of God, when one cares nothing for the opinion of men, either at the moment or at any other time; when one has surrendered for ever one's personal interests and become lost in one's work, it is merely waste of time and derogatory to one's dignity to pay attention to irrelevant interruptions about one's individual affairs. One keeps one's powder and shot for people who attack one's work itself. And even this is often useless. The Buddha told his disciples not to combat error. If it had only seven heads like the Lennean hydra it might be possible to sterilize the necks after each operation sufficiently long to finish the job before they grow again. But modern hydras have not this pitiful paucity of talking machines. Hardly a month passes but I hear some new and perfectly fantastic yarn about myself, sometimes flattering,

sometimes the reverse, but nearly always entirely baseless, and, as often as not, bearing internal evidence of its absurdity. I have been sufficiently amused to wish to make a collection of these legends, but I find that my memory refuses to record rubbish of this kind. It insists on having some peg whereon to hang its old clothes.

I am not sure whether it was Henry Maudsley who shows that the mind develops not by accretion but by co-ordination. It seems that there is a certain number of pigeon holes, if I may use the metaphor, in which isolated facts may be stored, and that this number is strictly limited. The efficiency of the arrangement may doubtless be increased by practise and the use of mnemonics, but sooner or later one comes to the end. A man of forty who has devoted every moment of his time to acquiring knowledge finds almost certainly that he has no more pigeon holes available, and that therefore he cannot acquire any new knowledge except by forgetting some of the old.

This, by the way, shows the tremendous importance of selective study. One of the few gleams of intelligence shown in the works of Conan Doyle is where Sherlock Holmes is ignorant that the earth goes round the sun, and on being told, says that he will at once try to forget it. The case chosen

exhibits the chooser as imbecile, for elementary astronomy is certainly important to the detective. But the general idea is sound.

But there is fortunately another means of acquiring knowledge than simply assimilating facts. In Arabic there are triliteral verbal roots which represent fundamental ideas. Any such root may be modified in about ninety different ways, and the idea is modified accordingly. Thus by inserting a long a between the second and third letters, we obtain the idea of the agent, and so on. Thus by learning, say, one hundred roots and fifty methods of modification, one has not one hundred and fifty words but five thousand.

Similarly, the mind is able to retain simple impressions be referring them to a second stage of thought. One does not have to remember the formulas of the paraffins; one can apply one's rule and recover the forgotten fact, or even deduce the existence of a fact unknown. This second stage of thought can be supplemented by a third, and so on. The idea is co-ordination, exactly as the diversity of the cells of the body are subject to the central control of the unity of the Ego. It is to be noticed, moreover, that a great deal of this control has been gradually reduced by practice,

in many cases extending over generations, to purely subconscious action. The measure of the excellence of a mind is that of its achievement in emulating this physical disposition. (On the other hand, the best minds perfect an instrument by which they can bring up any subconscious action into light. This is the object of many of the practices of Yoga. The student endeavours to regain control of his reflexes. It has already been described how he reverses the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.)

Maudsley's idea (I develop a similar thesis in Eleusis) is roughly speaking, to organise humanity as if they were cells in the body. Science is in the greatest danger of disintegration, because the accumulation of facts is so overwhelming that no man can hope to assimilate even one-tenth per cent of what is known. Each specialist is going gaily ahead with his particular stunt, and the further he goes the farther he gets from the main body of knowledge; hence the more likely he is to develop disproportionately - and also to aim at the hegemony of his own pet subject. In other words, even our best cells are tending to act like the cells of cancer.

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already disappeared. The terms which appeared to the Victorian so simple and intelligible, such as Matter, Space, Truth, have completely failed to resist analysis. Henri Poincaré, in many ways the greatest mind of our time, has brought us back to the academic scepticism of Pyrrho. He does not even content himself with knocking Truth on the head with a single weapon. Not only is Truth a matter of convenience; but it can never be absolute Truth, can never be more than probable in the mathematical sense of the word; and even so, the calculation depends upon conventions and definitions so entirely that it becomes clear that the argument is circular. But worse still, there is every reason to suppose that the idea of Truth itself is little more than a disease of language.[1]

On the other hand, a few enlightened intelligences, seeing clearly the absolute debacle in which this icy expanse of frozen thought was bound to break up, have determined vigorously to find a modus vivendi for Athena. They deliberately abandoned materialism for Mysticism,

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1. Cf. Anatole France, Le Jardin D'Epicure, p. 276: "L'ame possede Dieu dans la mesure ou elle participe de l'absolu." Otherwise: "Le souffle est assis sur celiu qui brille au soisseau du don qu'il recoit en ce qui est tout, delie." Or: "Celui dont de souffle est un signe de vie, l'homme, prendra place dans le feu divin, source et foyer de la vie, et cette place lui sera mesuree sur la vertue qui lui a ete donnée d'etendre ce souffle chaud, cette petite âme invisible, à travers l'espace libre."

even in those departments of thought where there seemed the least need for any such accommodation, and they thus came to create a new mathematics and a new logic where infinite (or rather transfinite) ideas might be commensurable with those of ordinary thought. I refer (needless to say, I hope) to the recent work of such thinkers as the Hon. Bertrand Russell. The necessity of some such intervention was emphasized in the most surprising way by the result of the experiment of Michelson and Morley. Physics itself cocked a snook at its professors by calmly offering a contradiction in terms.

It was not enough to replace the geometry of Euclid by those of Rieman and Lobatshewsky, and the mechanics of Newton by those of Einstein. The substitution was evidently meaningless so long as any of the axioms of thought and the definitions of its terms survived. It was not the metaphysicians this time who were picking holes in a vacuum; it was the mathematicians and physicists, to say nothing of the chemists, who found the ground completely cut away from under their feet. Simultaneously from all sides Necessity charged at the head of its cavalry with irresistible élan.

There could only be one result. It is to-day implicitly admitted by all advanced thinkers in every

science that the reason is no more than an exceedingly imperfect instrument whose methods are entirely empirical, whose terms lack precision, and whose theses cancel each other out. I might claim a good deal of credit for having written out, as far back as 1902, a reasonably complete demonstration[1] of this conclusion whose premisses were not stated by the official leaders of thought till long afterwards. Yet the theory of initiation on which European Adepts base their systems (derived, possibly, from the Egyptians and Chaldeans by way of the Gnostics, Pythagoras and the Neoplatonists), that of Lao-tze in China, and that of the Vedantists in India, alike imply something of the sort. My claim to originality is confined to the nature of my proof, which I drew from facts of a similar order to those which have finally driven modern science and mathematics to their present position; whereas the Ancients, as far as we know, based their thesis on an intuitive perception of the

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1. Pertinent is a note made by me in Granada during the dances of the Gypsies. "The proof that the reason is always contradictory is in itself a contradiction. This is no objection....indeed one expects it. The question is one for the practical man not the theorist." The fact that a flaw is essential in every argument, even in one directed against the validity of argument, proves the very point which would at first sight seem to be disproved. Epaminondas and the Oretans. Bertrand Russell deserves great credit for analyzing this and similar paradoxes. His theory of "zig-zagginess" is profoundly stimulating, and he is not far from the kingdom of heaven.

incompetence of reason and on their experience of the results of illumination.

But the moderns must still take one step to bring themselves into line with myself and my masters; they must "leave the poor old stranded wreck" of intellect, and "pull for the shore" of a satisfactory conception of the cosmos in the lifeboat of Magick. The process of mental development sketched a few paragraphs earlier has been carried as far as it is possible to do. The data supplied by the senses are now sufficiently complete to make it evident that their implications are re-entrant. It was bad enough when they seemed to lead into blind alleys, when the utmost analysis of any phenomenon brought us up against a blank wall of utter unintelligibility. It is far worse now that it has become apparent that all our terms are interchangeable.

I was once challenged in a lecture to give a definition of the word 'Will'. I offered to do so on condition that the questioner should in his turn supply a definition of each word that was used in mine. He collapsed. It is obvious that to define the unknown a can only be done by saying either a = b or a = cd. In the first case one simply defines one unknown as another: nothing is gained. In the second case, c and d themselves require definition

as ef and gh, respectively. The process may be extended; but it is bound to end by the exhaustion of the alphabet, y = za. The relativity of the whole series of equations then becomes apparent. The conclusion is that each and every term is a thing in itself, unknown and unknowable, and though to some extent apprehensible by intuition, only to the extent in which it is directly and indefinably cognizable by oneself.

Such is only one of the innumerable ways in which it may be demonstrated that conscious thought is confused on the one hand, and arbitrary on the other. There is, therefore, no possible escape save by the development of a faculty of mind which shall not be manifestly imbecile in any of these ways. This brings us back to the traditional task of the initiate - the development of the Neschamah.

I devoted a great deal of time to various essays demonstrative of the general truth above set forth [1] and to this practical problem. I took all the mystical and magical practices of all religions all over the world, and those of the secret teachers and associations to which I had access. I have little hesitation in saying that I have not omitted any practice of importance.

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1. "The Soldier and the Hunchback, ? and !" states it most clearly.

I stripped these methods of all their dogmatic top-hamper, all their racial and climatic limitations, and all the complications which had been introduced in the course of time or through the idiosyncracies of their inventors. I further freed them from the weight of the promised rewards which were supposed to follow on their performance. I wrote down the result of the simplest and most dignified prose at my command, clarifying the instructions by separating them into sections.

I guided myself by the principle that the object of any useful practice soever must necessarily be to get rid of some limitation. Thus the real object of Asana is evidently to release the body from the pain which is its normal characteristic; that of Mantra-Yoga to smooth the choppy sea of thought by inducing its movement to take the form of rhythmical billows. In this way I set forth the initiated teaching of all ages and all arts in a uniform and consistent body of writing, being careful nowhere to imply any theory soever.

> In this book it is spoken of the Sephiroth and the Paths; of Spirits and Conjurations; of Gods, Spheres, Planes, and many other things which may or may not exist.
>
> (Liber O)

> May be.
> It has not been possible to construct this book on a basis of pure Scepticism. This matters less, as the practice leads to Scepticism, and it may be through it.
>
> (Liber Thisarb)

This work extended over a number of years, but the fundamental principles were laid down at this time. It is just to say that the publication of these instructions completely revolutionized occult training. It may not seem so very important on the surface to have adhered to the point of view without altering the practice, but in reality the difference is vital. For instance, there is a book, Liber Jugorum, in which the student takes an oath to exclude a certain thought, word or act, for a given period, and on every occasion of forgetfulness to cut himself on the wrist with a razor.

It is obviously easy to mistake such a practice for one of an escetic[1] nature, but no greater error could be made. There is no implication of wrong-doing and punishment; the only idea of the practice is to enable the performer to establish control over his mind. For this reason he does not swear to refrain from some evil thing - there is, in fact, no such thing as evil except

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1. It is truly 'ascetic': i.e. proper to the training of an athlete. His diet and exercises are 'good' only in relation to the one object on which he is concentrating.

relatively - but he is not expected to choose anything of the sort. Indeed, he would not be encouraged to do so. His intention to obtain control should not be reenforced by the desire to free himself from some particular habit. Such an emancipation would not imply perfect mastery. It is necessary to acquire the power to abstain from anything in a perfectly arbitrary way.

Few of these practices have in fact any direct bearing on the question of attainment; they stand to it as the soldier's drill does to fighting. Attainment means something different for every man, and it would be presumptuous on the part of the teacher to point the way. The A ∴ A ∴ differs from all organizations in many respects, but most of all in this: that it makes no attempt to set up a standard. There are, as a matter of fact, one or two points which all men who tread the Path of the Wise must face; but even so these points might appear to any two men in a totally different light.

83

In 1908 I began to be a little restless. The Himalayas had cured me of the habit of going to the Alps. I could not play any longer with dolls after wooing such grown-up girls as Chogo Ri and Kangchanjango. I tried to settle down in the Latin Quarter, finding a real home at 50 Rue Vavin with M. and Madame Bourcier, people in whom the spirit of the early days of D'Artagnan was still alive. There is a peculiar relation between the best bourgeois of this type and the wandering gentilhomme who is seeking his fortune in one way or another, and requires a pied à terre. It is one which implies great mutual respect and affection, and alas, the qualities which make such relations possible are becoming very rare in the world. Despite all its draw-backs, there was never a better social system than the feudal, so far as it derived from the patriarchal. In getting rid of its abuses, we have also got rid of the noblest springs of action and the most congenial code of manners. The War destroyed this relation altogether. The Bourciers ended by being as disgusting as any other French people.

Rationalism in any form is the most fatal enemy of the human race. Consider the mere question of duelling. It is

quite undeniable that one proves nothing by running someone through with a sword. The practice was therefore entirely illogical. At the same time, its existence made people careful how they behaved. It was a barrier against vulgarity and cowardice, which are the chief qualities observable in human relations to-day. It is true that duelling produced a type of bully, but he was not worse, and was far less objectionable, than his successor.

Duelling moreover offers redress for personal wrongs. The theory that God defends the right was not so absurd as it sounds, for it requires an exceptionally callous man to risk his life in a bad quarrel, however sure he may be of his mastery of the rapier. But to-day a man has no redress but the law courts, where there is no question at all of God defending the right. The worse case a man has the more likely he is to win it, provided that he has stolen enough money to fee the best lawyers. The modern bully, so far from risking his life, is careful to arrange that he should risk nothing. He so disposes his affairs that damages cannot be obtained from him, and, in any case, the penalty falls not on the responsible people but on a nameless man of straw. The most outrageous and insolent villainy can go unpunished for decades.

Consider the notorious case of Bottomley, whom everybody in London knew to be a thief and a blackmailer, yet he had to be tried four times before he was convicted, and in the mean time he was within an ace of becoming Prime Minister of England. He could not have raised a five-pound note in the whole of the City of London, yet he was able to swindle the public to the tune of many hundreds of thousands of pounds. He blackmailed one prominent man after another week after week; but no one could sue him for libel because he was bankrupt twenty times over. (I remember, incidentally, being introduced to him at Romano's at lunch one day. He wanted to consult a letter, and took a mass of papers from his inside pocket. Among them were no less than sixteen bankrupt notices.) I remember my father-in-law dismissing a curate for some perfectly disgraceful conduct. The man went to Bottomley and next week was a page in John Bull describing how the Rev. F. F. Kelly swindled his servant girls out of their savings.

Fortunately for Bottomley, Gerald Kelly was in England. Otherwise I should have gone to Romano's and broken a wine bottle on the scoundrel's head. It may be said that the Law of Criminal Libel offers a redress, but it is notoriously

hard to secure a conviction. Almost the only man that has been sentenced in recent times is Cecil Chesterton, who was absolutely honest and believed himself to be acting in the real interests of the public. Besides, in the case of newspaper libels, one can never get at the man really responsible. One finds in the dark some poor devil who never heard of the article for which he is being prosecuted.

Things became so bad in France that a law had to be passed compelling any newspaper which attacked a man to allot double the amount of space to his reply. It is an admirable law; it secures fair play to the victims without demanding, as in England, that he should ruin himself in legal expenses on a wild goose chase. But the spirit of fair play seems completely to have deserted England. During the war the law was strained and violated in every way to prosecute the Quakers, though they had been promised special protection. There is no consistency in public opinion, no conscience in the public press. One year Michael Collins was being denounced as a traitor in the pay of Germany, as a common gunman and assassin, and so on. Twelve months later he was the saviour of Ireland, the darling of England, the young romantic poet appointed by

Providence in the crisis. If he had not been shot, he would probably be a gunman and all the rest of it by now.

Nor is there any generosity towards brave enemies, as there was even a quarter of a century ago. There were few Englishmen who had not a soft place in their hearts for De Wet. But to-day, not content with the judicial assassination of Sir Roger Casement, we try to destroy his good name by circulating, secretly, so that his friends have no opportunity of answering the charges, an alleged diary of his in which he reveals himself as indulging in the pet vice of the English upper classes. The result is that Casement's memory is treasured as that of a martyr. Besides being more honest, it would have been better policy to admit the obvious fact that Casement was a dangerous fanatic whose brain had been thrown into disorder by disease and hardship. It never pays to ill treat a man who represents, however unworthily, a cause. We used to recognize this. We did all in our power to prevent Wilde from getting himself into prison but his

was too strong for us. At the same time we should not have yielded. His imprisonment popularized and justified his offence, perpetuated his memory, and pushed artificially into the first class an unoriginal and unwholesome writer who is hardly worthy to be included in the third.

I was indeed restless. In April I wandered from Paris to Deal and played golf enthusiastically. Rose was going from bad to worse. I had begun to learn to detect the smell of alcohol, but her cunning was so extraordinary that I was never able to catch her in the act of drinking. During the whole period, in fact, I only did so twice. The second occasion makes an interesting story. It shows the extent to which the obsessing demon can conceal his presence.

It was one evening in our house at 21 Warwick Road. Rose and I were sitting in my library on the ground floor in the front of the house. The dining room and kitchen were in the basement, the whiskey being kept in the side-board. Rose said that she would go and lock up the house, and went downstairs. I put off my slippers and followed stealthily. The staircase was partly illuminated, a shadow being cast diagonally across it. I heard the dining-room door open, and began to descend. Rose came quickly back and looked up the stairs; but luckily I was in the shadow and she did not see me. She then went very quickly back into the dining room, leaving the door open, and I went down the stairs as quickly as possible, hoping to catch her in the act. As I reached the foot, whence I could see into

the dining room, I heard the noise as of a door being closed. Rose was standing by the sideboard; but there was no evidence of her act except an empty wet glass. During the few seconds it had taken me to descend the stairs, she had opened the sideboard, uncorked the bottle, poured out and drunk the whiskey, and restored everything to its normal condition. It was an act of prestidigitation and nothing else.

I was at my wit's end. She was no better than before she went to Leicester. I thought I would try moral pressure, and took counsel of Fuller, Eckenstein and Gerald Kelly, as well as her doctor. They were none of them very hopeful, but they agreed that it might do some good to leave her, and refuse to return until guarantees were given that she had stopped drinking. There did really seem some hope: the power of love might work the miracle, and certainly my love for Rose was stronger than ever, although cut away completely from its physical support. I have always been peculiarly sensitive about trifles in my rapports with women; the most trivial thing can put me off completely. (Alexander Harvey has a superb story "The Mustache" in which this psychology is admirably set forth.) I could have borne her death more philosophically. I was constantly

tortured by the "memory of the Rose-red hours". I was not allowed to forget. There was the possibility of paradise at my elbow, and there was nothing there but the reek of hell.

> I reel back beneath the blow of her breath
> As she comes smiling to me, that disgust
> Changes her drunken lust
> Into a shriek of hate - half conscious still
> (Beneath the obsession of her will)
> Of all she was - before her death, her death!

I hated to go away; In my diary, April 26th, I find:

> Gerald at twenty-one. Wonders I didn't put my foot down a year ago. But Rose's tenderness is such, and I love her so dearly.

However, I left on the 28th for Paris.

Late in 1908 I picked up a book. The title attracted me strongly, "The Magician". The author, bless my soul! No other than my old and valued friend, William Somerset Maugham, my nice young doctor whom I remembered so well from the dear old days of the Chat Blanc. So he had really written a book - who would have believed it! I carried it off to Scott's. In my excitement, I actually paid for it.

I think I ate two dozen oysters and a pheasant, and drank a bottle of No. 111, one of the happiest champagnes in the famous - can you say 'caterer's?' Yes: - I mean caterer's cellar. Yes; I did myself proud, for the

Magician, Oliver Haddo, was Aleister Crowley; his house 'Skene' was Boleskine. The hero's witty remarks were, many of them, my own. He had, like Arnold Bennett, not spared his shirt cuff.

But I had jumped too hastily to conclusions when I said "Maugham has written a book". I found phrase after phrase, paragraph after paragraph, page after page, bewilderingly familiar; and then I remembered that in my early days of the G.·. D.·. I had introduced Gerald Kelly to the Order, and recommended him a selection of books on Magick. I reflected that Maugham had become a great friend of Kelly's, and stayed with him at Camberwell vicarage.. Maugham had taken some of the most private and personal incidents of my life, my marriage, my explorations, my adventures with big game, my Magical opinions, ambitions and exploits, and so on. He had added a number of the many absurd legends of which I was the central figure. He had patched all these together by innumerable strips of paper clipped from the books which I had told Gerald to buy. I had never supposed that plagiarism could have been so varied, extensive and shameless. "The Memoirs of a Physician", "The Island of Doctor Moreau", "The Blossom and the Fruit", and numerous other more or less occult works

of fiction had supplied the plot, and many of them the incidents. "The Kabbalah Unveiled", "The Life of Paracelsus", "The Ritual and Dogma of Transcendental Magic", and others had been transcribed, whole pages at a time, with such slight changes as "failed" for "resulted in failure", and occasional additions or omissions.

I like Maugham well enough personally, though many people resent a curious trick which he has of saying spiteful things about everybody. I always feel that he, like myself, makes such remarks without malice, for the sake of their cleverness. I was not in the least offended by the attempts of the book to represent me as, in many ways, the most atrocious scoundrel, for he had done more than justice to the qualities of which I was proud; and despite himself he had been compelled, like Balaam, to prophesy concerning me. He attributed to me certain characteristics which he meant to represent as abominable, but were actually superb.

He represented me as having treated my wife as Dumas makes Cagliostro treat his, with the object of producing homunculi, artificial living human beings - "Was it for these vile monstrosities that Margot was sacrificed in all her loveliness?" - Well, comeliness is cheap after all.

To discover the secret of life, who would not pitch two-thirds of our 'maudite race' into the bottomless pit of oblivion, for which, in any case, they are bound?

"The Magician" was, in fact, an appreciation of my genius such as I had never dreamed of inspiring. It showed me how sublime were my ambitions, and reassured me on a point which sometimes worried me - whether my work was worth while in a worldly sense. I had at times feared lest, superbly as my science had satisfied my own soul, it might yet miss the mark of making mankind master of its destiny.

Well Maugham had had his fun with me; I would have mine with him. I wrote an article for Vanity Fair (December 30th, 1908) in which I disclosed the method by which the book had been manufactured, and gave parallel passages. Frank Harris would not believe that I was serious. He swore I must be making it up. He could not believe that any man would have the impudence to publish such strings of plagiarism. I had to bring a little library round to the office to prove my proposition, and Harris sat and stared, and gasped like a fish at each fresh outrage. He cut down the article to two and a half pages, but even so it was the most damning exposure of a literary crime that had ever been known. No author of even mediocre repute had ever

risked his reputation by such flagrant stupra.

Maugham took my riposte in good part. We met by chance a few weeks later, and he merely remarked that there were many thefts besides those which I had pointed out. I told him that Harris had cut down my article by two-thirds for lack of space. "I almost wish", I said, "that you were an important writer."

I had begun, I do not in the least remember how, to try my hand at short stories. Even to-day having written more than seventy such, I do not quite understand why this form of art should appeal to me. I take fits of it. I go for a month without thinking of the subject at all, and then all of a sudden I find myself with ideas and writing them down. I entirely agree that the short story is one of the most delicate and powerful forms of expression. It forms a link with poetry because one can work up to ecstasy of one kind or another in a more lyric manner than is possible in a novel; the emotion evoked is doubtless more limited, but it can be made for this very reason better defined. The ecstasy of "Wuthering Heights", "The House with the Green Shutters", and "Tess of the D'Urbevilles" is altogether on a larger scale. It is built up of more

and more varied material, and it is evidently possible to obtain a great general effect. On the other hand, the novel loses in poignancy. Such incidents as the hand at the window in "Wuthering Heights" and Mrs. Gourlay's exclamation in Douglas's masterpiece, are almost out of keeping with the general plan.

In Paris I wrote "The Soul Hunter", the diary of an insane doctor who has drugged his enemy, certified his death, got possession of the corpse, embedded it in plaster of Paris, and vivisects the brain in order to discover the seat of the soul - a nice Christmassy idea.

Paris disgusted me. I tried to find peace at Morêt, but found only boredom, and went off to Venice with a bad throat which gave me the idea of the story "Cancer?" In this a distinguished painter imagines himself to have cancer of the throat - and anywhere else of which he is reminded by some trifling irritation. (Eugéne Carriére is doubtless responsible in part for the theme.) He works himself into all kinds of mental fever, but luckily goes to a doctor - drawn from my own doctor, Edmund L. Gros, the famous American physician of Paris - who pronounces him neurasthenic but otherwise healthy and prescribes a motoring tour, sending his own brother to take charge of

the patient. They reach the Pyrenees. He is so exhilarated that he can think of nothing better to do than cut his throat. Another Christmassy idea.

Venice bored me as badly as Morêt. That was, in fact, the essence of my stories: that I was incurably sad about Rose. So I got back to Paris, and forgot my sorrows in the kindness of Nina Olivier and various friends. I wrote "The Dream Circean". This is a bigger and better story than either of the others. A young man full of romantic ideas of honour and purity has an adventure in which he rescues a girl from the malice of her mother. This involves a fight with the servant. But after he has won he cannot find the house. He searched vainly, and becomes a monomaniac. Then he meets Eliphas Levi, who promises to cure him, provided that he swears never to enter the street where he imagined the house to be as long as he should live. He is, in fact, cured; but one day after Levi's death he finds himself in the neighbourhood of the street, and decides to walk through it merely to celebrate the fact that he is cured, and that it means no more to him than any other street. Instantly the old obsession seizes him, and for the rest of his life he searches through Paris for the girl with golden hair, though he knows quite well that even if he found her she

would be an old woman.

Rose's family and my friends had put pressure on her, and her father wrote to me that I could come back, which I did; but I found that she had simply become more cunning than ever.

It was really beyond belief. It had been hard to convince myself that she was in the grip of this disease. I had been told about it in more or less plain terms by quite a number of people, and had merely been angry with them. Now, when I knew it myself, I found other people equally incredulous. Haynes told me that he simply could not believe the facts, though he knew all about her two months at Leicester, and the rest. Her doctor told me that she would come to him and beg him, with tears in her eyes and tones of desperate sincerity, to cure her; and all the while she would be drinking under cover of her handkerchief. I took her down to Sandwich for a fortnight in June and July, but there was nothing to be done. One could not even watch her. She would go out in the early hours of the morning and appear at the breakfast table hardly able to speak.

I went back to Paris on July 8th. I worked on "Clouds Without Water", "Sir Palamedes", "The World's Tragedy" and

"Mr. Tood". In particular, I wrote the autobiographical preface to "The World's Tragedy", some ten thousand words, at a stretch; and certain lyrics, mostly about Dorothy, of whom more in a moment. "Mr. Todd", as the name implies is a personification of Death, and the idea of the play is to introduce him as Deus Ex Machina, helping the characters one by one out of their various troubles. The idea sounds a good one, but apart from availing myself of my opportunities for double entendre ("I was told the other day that he held a lot of land in London, and has more tenants than the Duke of Westminster!"), I could not make much of it. The repetition of the idea was bound to be rather ridiculous. It is my one failure in this period.

The truth doubtless is that I had used up the energy accumulated in my wanderings, and written myself out: i.e., as far as anything big was concerned. I was in excellent form with lyrics, and wrote several as good as anything I had ever done. In particular "After Judgment", to the honour and glory of Dorothy, will stand in English literature as one of the most passionate poems in the language.

It was certainly time that I went for a walk in the country. Paris is not a stimulant to a poet of my calibre; I need to be face to face with God and see Him, and live.

For when it is said that no man shall look upon His face and live, the emphasis must be on the word 'man'. It is the privilege of the poet that his life is fed by direct communication with Nature, as a child in the womb of its mother. The man who is separate from Nature, and is nourished by the gross food of his conscious impressions, produces only second-rate stuff. I feel the necessity of being absolutely shut off from the external universe - "My life is hid with Christ in God", to borrow the phraseology of the Christian mystic. I received my inspiration directly, without even needing an intellectual peg on which to hang it. My consciously conceived work is always inferior; it only exists because when I come to the point of actual writing, my pen runs away with me.

So I wanted to get back to the tall timber, but I did not know where to go. My course was determined by the necessities of Neuberg's initiation. He had joined me in Paris, and I proceeded to instruct him without losing a moment. He had taken an Honours degree in Mediaeval and Modern Languages, and he could not order his dinner. I remember his asking for red cabbage by the name of "rouge kō-bāzhe" - which is the nearest I can get to it phonetically.

He had been warned against drinking absinthe and we

told him that was quite right, but (we added) many other drinks in Paris are terribly dangerous, especially to a nice young man like you; there is only one really safe, mild, harmless beverage and you can drink as much of that as you like without running the slightest risk, and what you say when you want it is "Garcon! un Pernod." I forbear to remark on the result, beyond mentioning that I took Nina and a lady whom I will call Dorothy, as she figures under that name in numerous lyrics, to the Bal Bullier. He had had two double absinthes, and they made him bold. (One of my wittiest remarks was made one Boat Race Night at the Empire when accosted by two charming ladies. I exclaimed to my friend, "That which hath made them bold hath made me drunk.")

Neuberg wished to acquire the affections of one of my two girls, but he could not tell them apart, and he wooed them alternatively in the most extravagantly je june fashion. Thanks to his various phobias, be had never made love satisfactorily to any woman in his life. He did not know what to say or do. He made all sorts of clumsy advances, which the girls cruelly repressed. Dorothy reproached him sadly:

"Surely, Mr. Neuberg, you would not say such things to your Dons' wives at Cambridge!"

Baffled in this direction, he made a supreme appeal to Nina by offering her two francs and twenty-five centimes.

We then went to our respective hotels to bed, and the reaction began. He was in bed the whole of the next day, and when I called on him the morning of the day after that I found nothing had been done to cast a veil over the natural results of his indiscretion. But that was Neuberg all over. He was physically the filthiest animal that I have ever known. His gifts were supernatural. I remember giving him a saucer to clean: it had a very small quantity of yellow oil paint in it, that was left over from painting some talisman. He was a long while away, and we went into the bedroom to see how he was getting on. The saucer seemed as full of paint as before, like the widow's curse: nay, more he had repeated the miracle of the loaves and fishes, for he had covered the whole of his dress and his person with this paint. It was all over the washstand, all over the walls and floor, and even to some extent on the ceiling. This is not a joke; this is not an exaggeration; it actually happened. I do not offer any explanation; I doubt if there is one. I simply state the facts, and leave the world to admire.

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Dorothy would have been a grande passion had it not been that my instinct warned me that she was incapable of true love. She was incomparably beautiful. Augustus John has painted her again and again, and no more exquisite loveliness has ever adorned any canvas. She was capable of simulating the greatest extravagances of passion. Indeed, the transports were genuine enough; but they were carefully isolated from the rest of life, so that she was in no way compromised by them. At the time I rather resented this; I was inclined to call her shallow and even to feel somewhat insulted; but now I see that she was in reality acting like an adept, keeping the planes well apart. She was an extremely good friend, though she never allowed her friendship to interfere with her interests. In other words, she was a thoroughly sensible and extremely charming girl.

She was, in addition, one of the best companions that a man can possibly have. Without pretence of being a bluestocking, she could hold her own in any conversation about art, literature or music. She was the very soul of gaiety, and an incomparable comedienne. One of my most delightful memories is the matching of our wits. It was rapture to compete with her in what we called "leg-pulling", which

may be defined as inducing some one to make a fool of himself. We carried this out with all due regard for honour and good feeling; we never did any one any harm, and we often did people a great deal of good.

Neuberg was, so to speak, born for our benefit, and this is what we did. We began thus: I told Neuberg with the utmost delicacy that Dorothy had been wounded to the heart by his gross manner of wooing, not only because of her almost morbid modesty, but because she had fallen in love with him at first sight. I urged him to make amends by paying respectful court to her, which he proceeded to do, she playing up to it with sublime fantasy, but pretending the greatest reluctance to admit that she was in love with him. Little by little she yielded, and they became engaged. (She had a husband round the corner, but one ignores such flim-flam in Montparnasse.)

In the meanwhile I went on the other tack, and urged Neuberg to take the obvious measures to get rid of the cause of his neurosis, and ultimately persuaded him to go down to the Rue des Quatre Vents and ask an old friend of mine named Marcelle to undertake his cure. No sooner had he done this than I pretended to discover his engagement to Dorothy, and brought to him a sense of the grievous wrong

which he had done her by his infidelity. I persuaded him that the only manly and honourable course was to tell her frankly what he had done. So we arranged a dinner party at which he should do so. She insisted on his going into every possible detail of his mis demeanour. Considering that he was the shyest man alive with women, and that, furthermore, he supposed her to be even more delicate in repression, the dinner was excruciatingly funny. I admitted with sombre remorse my share in persuading him to disgrace himself and Dorothy took the severest view of my conduct. I as the older man, I in charge of his conscience, I responsible to his parents, etc., etc. She said she would never speak to me again, and walked home up the Boulevard with Neuberg, with me hanging on the outskirts, pleading and gesticulating to be forgiven, and always receiving the most austere rebuffs. At the same time she could not forgive Neuberg either. He took it absolutely to heart; he felt that he had ruined both his life and hers, and that he would never be able to get over having insulted the fairest and dearest and purest of God's creatures. Of course he would never speak to me again either.

I let him suffer for two or three days, then one

afternoon I went across to his hotel, and told him that this nonsense had gone on long enough; and it was time for him to learn something of life; I told him the facts. He regarded them as outrageous lies. I pointed out a hundred indications that they were true, but he was absolutely convinced of her purity and my infamy. I realized that I was wasting my breath.

"Come across the road," I said wearily, "and see with your own eyes."

I was almost obliged to use actual force, but he came; and there was Dorothy, unadorned, smoking a cigarette on my bed. The boy was absolutely stunned. Even with the evidence in front of his eyes, he was loth to admit the truth. His ideal of woman was shattered thoroughly and for ever.

The boy had suffered frightfully, but that was not my fault. It was the fault of his own romantic idealism; and had I not destroyed it in this drastic way, he would have been the prey of one vampire after another as long as he lived. As it was, his physical health became superb, his nerves stopped playing him tricks, he got rid of all his fads about food, dress, and conduct, his genius soared free

of all its silly inhibitions, his magical powers developed unhindered by the delusions bred of insisting that Nature is what one thinks it ought to be, and his relations with humanity became reasonable.

I have told this story at length not merely because it is amusing in itself, though that were sufficient excuse, but because it affords an excellent example of the way I go to work to bring my pupils in touch with reality. I saw to it that he came to no actual harm; at the same time I put him through the mill with unsparing severity. It is no good making two bites at a cherry, and partial initiation is sometimes worse than no initiation at all. One must not leave a loophole for the Lord of Lies.

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Peace being made, and Neuberg trained, so far as Paris offered a suitable theatre, I determined to put him up against reality of another kind. He had always been accustomed to have everything come to him; he had been allowed to assume that the world was constituted for his convenience and comfort. He had never met any real people at all. He admitted, so to speak, the existence of a baker, but he did not really understand that bread was made with flour and that flour was made from corn by a miller (whom he had hitherto regarded merely as the father of a miller's daughter in a poem), and that corn was grown by actual human beings. So I proposed to him to walk through the wildest parts of Spain. We agreed to start from Bayonne with less than five pounds between us, and managed to make our way to Madrid on foot, avoiding as far as possible the line of the railway.

We left Paris for Bordeaux on the last day of July, went on to Bayonne the next morning, and started the same afternoon for the frontier, reaching Ustaritz that night. Three days' walk took us across the Pyrenees to Pamplona. The people of the mountain villages seemed to have no experience of strangers, especially of strangers on foot. Of course we were not very beautiful objects to the initiated eye. I was in my climbing clothes, save that I

replaced tweed by buckskin breeches, the same pair as I am wearing to-day. As for Neuberg, I cannot say what he looked like, because when God make him he broke the mould.

So the people almost everywhere outside the larger towns supposed us to be beggars. It took me some time to discover why my requests for food and shelter were received with such disfavour. I spoke Spanish fairly well as soon as I picked up my Mexican memories; but naturally the people didn't tell me to my face what was the matter; and having been accustomed to be treated everywhere as a great lord, it never entered my head for a moment that they could suppose anything else. When I found out, I said to myself: Well, that is easy enough: I will show them some money. However, they still regarded us with great suspicion. They gave us what we wanted, but did not seem in the least happy about it. Further investigation, however, finally revealed that having money, they thought we must be brigands. We let it go at that.

However, misunderstandings were not yet over. Three times on the road we were arrested as anarchists. The soldiers could not understand why any one should want to go to Madrid except to kill Alphonso, and I suppose there is something really to be said for this point of view.

They gave us no real annoyance, our pass-ports being as impressive as they were unintelligible. Of course, they didn't really think we were anarchists, and they would not have cared if we had been; but most of these unhappy men were marooned for indefinite periods in ghastly districts where there was absolutely no amusement of any kind. To arrest us was a good excuse to have some one to talk to. That, incidentally, is more or less the case with idle officials everywhere, but in countries like England and America they have to pretend to take their silly formalities seriously, and so what was originally no more than desoeuvrement becomes deliberate annoyance. The pettier minds get to enjoy the exercise of this tuppeny-ha'penny authority, and the regulations which were perhaps instituted in an emergency survive their usefulness, like the vermiform appendix, and become the most tedious and irritating tyranny.

The Pyrennean Frontiers of Spain at this point are delightfully picturesque, though the mountains are anything but imposing. (Damn those Himalayas; they have spoilt me for scenery.) Some of the mountain villages are filthier and more savage than anything even in German Switzerland.

The people are neither polite nor picturesque - they snarl and stink.

We had a longish day into Pamplona, forty-two kilometers, and got the first decent meal since leaving Bayonne. The poverty of the country is really pitiful. As George Borrow recounts, the Church sucks the life blood of the people. One can quite understand the moralizing of Protestant travellers. Prosperity varies inversely with piety. Italy is only flourishing to-day in those districts where the alimentary canal of industry has been cleared of the taeniae of Christianity. The only city of Spain which holds its own with the rest of the world to-day is Barcelona, a notorious hot bed of infidelity and Free-Masonry. It is to the last degree unfortunate that these things should be connected in the minds of the unthinking with anarchy and other cults implying social disorder. Lord Morley was an atheist, Huxley an agnostic, and Edward the Seventh a Free-Mason; but it would be hard to pick three men more genuinely enlightened or more truly conservative.

It is Rome herself who is always trying to prove that servile bigotry is the only guarantee of national credit and personal good faith. Having been thoroughly beaten in the nineteenth century by the geologists, physicists,

biologists, anthropologists, chemists and astronomers, Christianity has endeavoured to make the people forget that science has not left dogma a leg to stand on, and to persuade the world that the alternative to submission to Rome, or at least to the practically anonymous and amorphous aggregation of nonconformist nonentities, is Judaism (conceived as a bullion-bloated bogy) and Bolshevism. Christianity is trying to rally the forces of decency and order to the soiled standard, black with the blood of the innocents, the infants of science and freedom which have been trampled back into the stinking slime of superstition and slavery of which it is the symbol.

The supreme danger of our century is this dilemma. We are being compelled to haveto chose between militarism and commercialism. The first duty of thinkers is to demonstrate that the antithesis is not exclusive. There is no reason why we should not have an aristocracy of birth and brain, independent of the struggle for life, and a democracy of labour and love, independent of the struggle for life, and a democracy of labour and love, independent of formal adhesion to creeds. The solution is given by "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." The object of education

should be to enable a child to discover his True Will, to find out what he is fit for, and develop his faculties with strict reference to the execution of that True Will.

The attempt to standardize the ambition of humanity has naturally produced universal discontent. It should be recognized that there are an infinite number of ways of attainment, and that the world is big enough and diverse enough to give every one his fair share of happiness. The one proviso is that happiness should not be defined for us by dogmatism and measured in terms of motor cars. The most dangerous delusion of the devil is that the soul can be satisfied by the fulfilment of formulae, that one's neighbour's goods are desirable. "Thou shalt not covet" is something more than a law of God; it is a piece of common sense advice. We have all of us the means of satisfaction ready to our hands if we only had the sense to avail ourselves of it, but we stupidly grab at the things which we do not want in the least, for no better reason than that other people tell us that we cannot do without them.

An analagous absurdity, and one enormously costly, in conventionality. The city clerk invokes debts and discomfort in order to comply with the code which demands that he

should wear a hideous and humiliating costume of cheap and nasty cloth made artificially costly by the affectation of elegance. He ruins himself in order to look like a second rate waiter when he wants to affect smartness. In a hundred ways, so-called civilized people pawn their possibilities of happiness, convenience, and even economic security, for the sake of something for which we cannot even find a name which is not on the face of it a cynical jest.

In pursuance of this policy, the Jesuits are fomenting discord in every part of the world where Catholicism is not a permanent obsession. They are behind the perennial perturbations of Ireland, pointing the moral of the Russian revolution, attacking the fundamental principles of justice in France from the Dreyfus case to the affaire Caillaux creating a partito populare in Italy, to counteract the loyal, orderly, and tolerant programme of Fascismo, and finding themselves beaten, they acquiesced, and captured the movement. Mussolini soon became a fire-breathing dragon, with strings in their hands. They are trying to identify Ferrer with the anarchists in Spain, persuading the employers of labour in the United States that the best workmen are

those who have betrayed their comrades, and even in England contrasting their methods of education with that of the unsectarian government schools to the disadvantage of the latter. As soon as English hardihood and common sense are informed of this latest intrigue the invariable result will follow.

There is a curious fatality attached to the schemes of Rome. Their strategy is impeccable, and their tactics are carried out with super-Napoleonic mastery of circumstance. Yet somehow or other, it always happens that the result is the exact opposite of that on which they calculated. The most recent and glaring example is the attempt to smash Protestantism and irreligion in the Great War. The strongholds of Rome shared the fate of the masterpieces of Brialmont: Austria was completely disintegrated. Russia, whose general political principles were in harmony with Papal pretensions, was reduced to a bleeding pulp on which the maggots of murderous Marxians grew fat, Rebellious Italy recovered its lost ground and became a victorious anti-Papal power whose youth were actually proposing at one time to expatriate the Pope to Canada. Germany, which had just re-admitted the Jesuits, was starved into revolution and chaos. England has, to a great extent, got rid of the Popish

plots in Ireland which galled her, and Ulster has become permanently predominant. Only in the United States has Rome not received the rebuff, and even there Free-Masonry has awaked to the danger of ultramontanism, and developed from a social and business society into an anti-clerical political association which combines all the subtle strength of a secret society with the weight of wealth and prestige of power.

In Spain there is certainly less stupidity of this kind, but the people hand over their hearts' blood to Herod. They sacrifice their happiness and their humanity at the shrine of superstition. Hell swallows up their hopes. The motive of their lives is fear. The Spaniard wraps himself in his pride, and holds himself aloof from actual affairs as much as he can. The social and economic power is in the hands of the women, and the women, are under the dominion of the priests.

There is no hope for Spain; because her men live either in the past, as Pizarro, or in the present with their favourite matador. The future means nothing to them; they have no motive for wrenching themselves away from the strangle-hold of St. Peter. The women, on the other hand, are entirely

absorbed in the petty affairs of the parish as far as the present is concerned, and for the future are pre-occupied with purgatory. The priests, with their praeterhuman patience, go steadily ahead, year after year, enjoying the first fruits of the country. Remorselessly and relentlessly they drain the people of their substance. No matter how steadily the tide of fortune might flow towards the Peninsula, they would always be equal to the task of keeping it in a condition of pernicious anaemia. I wrote an article descriptive of the unhappy state of the people for Frank Harris, but he refused to publish it. Here is his letter.

> "I cannot do all Spain as grumble; you spit on it and hiss at it. After all it is only the beautiful or great or extraordinary that endures, and we all forget the petty miseries of life as soon as we can.
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> Frank Harris
>
> Why not do your best for me w'h is pure Beauty.
> Yours F. H."

From Pamplona it is three days easy walking to Logrono. We left our hotel after dinner and walked in the cool of the night about ten kilometers to a place which we christened "Bats' Culvert" in honour of our shelter. It was big enough almost to be called a tunnel. Delightfully warm and dry, I

do not blame the bats for their choice of habitation.

The road to Logrono is very varied and picturesque. In particular there is one fine rock peak which reminded me of Tryfan. We found the days terribly hot and dusty. In order to test our endurance to the highest point, we talked to each other about the ices of Trinity College Kitchen, which are the best in the world, with those of Rumpelmayer in Paris for a poor second, and the rest absolutely nowhere. The walk did me all the good imaginable, but the diet was a little too much for my young friend, who developed chronic indigestion.

The people live in the most poverty-stricken circumstances; they cannot even understand that there may be others differently situated. In one place they told us at the hotel that they could give us nothing whatever to eat. The courtyard was running wild with poultry, and I told the woman to slay a couple of birds and roast them. It must have taken me a good quarter of an hour to get it into her head that this was a serious order, and by the time the meal was served the entire village had collected to see the eccentric millionaires who spent one and fourpence on food at a stroke.

Logrono will always live in my memory. The situation

of the town is very impressive, with its large lazy river, almost dry at that season of the year, affording a measure of the landscape. The people were, if anything, lazier still. The entire population seemed to be sprawling on the terraces of the cafés drinking the wine of the country, a type of Burgundy which has more than a little merit. It is a strong, rough, harsh wine; but the flavour of the soil is as apparent as that of peat in Irish whiskey, and it has the advantage of being absolutely genuine.

I am barbarian enough to prefer the local Spanish and Italian wines to all but the fine vintages of the French. Civilization has produced its usual result on its initiates. The French winemakers employ too much chemistry for my liking. I require vitality in food and drink, and I believe that this quality is a spiritual thing. I believe that the reverence with which all fine wine is treated has a magical effect in ripening. I believe that the gaiety of the peasant who trod the grapes transmits itself magically to the product. I believe that the brilliance of "old masters" partially depends upon the loving care and reverence with which they have been treated for centuries. I believe that an idol becomes a receptacle of power by virtue of the worship paid and offerings made to it. When people have

finished laughing loudly and rudely at remarks of this sort, I remind them of the virtues of favourite guns, fishing rods, cricket bats and golf clubs. A stranger can distinguish at the first glance the treasured weapon from the newcomer, on the one hand, and the despised and neglected abject on the other.

The spirit of Logrono was so broad and idle that it was very hard to drag ourselves away from it, but we managed it somehow and walked in the cool of the evening of August 9th to a place that we called "Jack Straw's Castle", at the opening of a magnificent ravine through mighty cliffs of earth.

The following day the road led over a high pass, a barren wilderness of bizarre beauty. It was nearly night-fall when we reached a wretched hamlet, so poor that there was really no food to be had. There was not even any pretence at an inn, and it was only long negotiation and the display of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, in the shape of a silver dollar that we persuaded the inhabitants to let us have a cup of goat's milk apiece, a small scrap of dry bread, and a bed in the straw in a horribly dirty barn. It was a glorious meal and a very heaven of repose. On the

third day we completed the 150 kilometers on the road from Logrono to Soria. The last few hours of the walk were made splendid by the thunderstorm which I have already described.

I should have liked to stay in Soria for an unlimited time. The town is a stupendous relic of the rugged grandeur of the past. The people were, beyond all praise, sympathetic, and I cannot even begin to describe my appreciation of the cook in our hotel. It may have been that he was benefited by the proverb, "Hunger is the best sauce", but I cannot help that.

We now found ourselves in danger of striking the main road, so we turned aside from the direct line to Madrid, and struck out for Burdo de Osma. Our first night was spent at a place which we called "Witches' Kitchen Village". We got lodgings in a house whose sinister aspect was only surpassed by that of its inhabitants. We were so doubtful about their intentions that we barricaded ourselves for the night in the main room. There were considerable alarums and excursions; but when they found we meant business they decided to leave us alone, and in the morning everyone was all smiles. We had forty-four kilometers to walk, most of the way over scrub desert without a drop of water or a hint of shelter. It was extraordinarily dreary and wearisome.

Burgo de Osma is a lovely little town tucked away in a fold of the cloak of Nowhere. We had arrived at the psychological moment. It was about to celebrate its annual two days of festival.

When civic life is still integral it never lacks interest. It is when the provinces begin to aid the capital that decay sets in. The philosophy of the Book of the Law is necessary to preserve states from the disintegration which inevitably follows upon over-centralization. An association of sovereign independent units, each absolutely respecting itself and others, the whole linked by their common interests, forms a cosmos comparable to that of the stars and the atoms. It is self-sustaining because it does not imagine that its elements should be subordinated to and merged in any one of them. Human affairs are analogous. The stable state is composed of a strong aristocracy, where the King is primus inter pares. When he becomes Le ~~Rio~~ Roi soleil the scaffold is not far away.

Similarly, as soon as a city like London begins to increase beyond the point where it obtains adequate nourishment from the country without straining its resources, it soon finds itself having to live by means of desperate shifts,

and as soon as these begin to break down the end comes very suddenly. The strength of the United States was in the doctrine of State sovereignty. The gradual usurpation of this power by the Federal authority, especially under the megalomaniac Wilson, is bound to result in a tyranny which will neglect the very diverse interests which it governs, and the lower station of each unit will lead to the collapse of the whole unwieldly monster. The worst tendency of the human mind is expressed in religion by monotheism, which is ideal centralization. Nature affords a better example of a stable economy. It is true that the planets are subordinate to one sun; but even so each planet has its separate character and orbit. The stars are independent individuals related to each other by certain bonds which serve to sustain them in independence. As soon as a system becomes centripetal it is on the highway to dissolution.

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The smaller towns of Spain have preserved their distinct characteristics, their amour propre. They are not entirely servile suburbs of Madrid. They do not drain themselves of their best blood to supply the court with sycophants. It is for this reason that, although Spain has been torn by civil and dynastic wars, it maintains a certain rugged resistance to the forces of autocracy on the one hand, and to revolution on the other.

Burgo de Osma was an excellent example of the cell on whose welfare and whose differentiation from sister cells, the integrity of the organism depends. The pride of the Spanish character is the most valuable factor in its preservation. Spain, almost alone of European countries, does not exude a hord of emigrants upon America. The pride of the individual is personal, family and local as well as national. He prefers haughty poverty to servile prosperity, and this quality may yet restore him to his former greatness, when the tide of economics flows once more in his direction, after Europe has been ruined by the expedients which at present buttress her artificial system of centralization and standardization.

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Minister had a brother in Mexico who eked out a precarious livelihood by exporting brass bedsteads. The calibre of the uprights was such that silver pesos could be neatly packed therein, and the influence of the Minister prevented the Custom House being surprised at the weight. These silver pesos were of the same quality as those from the Government mint; and at the then price of silver, there was over 100% profit on each coin put into circulation. It was quite impossible to distinguish the good money from the bad, except that the coiners had thoughtlessly struck one dollar of Amadeo II, who lived so long ago that his coins should have been more worn than these were.

As we approached Madrid we found the people increasingly suspicious and unwilling to accept our pesos, and in the last hundred kilometers or so it was extremely difficult to get them to take our money at all, and, therefore, to get food or shelter. But when we came to the city itself, instead of the nuisance reaching a climax, we found that it disappeared altogether. The Madrilenes were not going to worry their heads as to whether money was good or bad. It doesn't matter, they argued, so long as we agree to take it, and all the desperate efforts of the Government to call in the bad coinage fell flat.

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This incident gave me a great deal to think over. It enlightened me more than a little as to the nature of money. I do not know why it is that one of the commonest things in the world, which goes through the hands of literally everyone except Buddhist monks, should be so difficult to understand. I may say that the events of the War in subsequent years have convinced me more than ever that there are very few people alive who understand the nature of wealth, money, or any of the subjects connected therewith, who realize what are the true factors in national prosperity. The subject is full of paradoxes, and I heard more nonsense talked about reparations than I had heard even about the war itself.

For instance, all the more intelligent people assume it as a general principle that Work in itself means Wealth. They cannot distinguish between work and the wealth produced by it. This was at the bottom of most of the arguments that Germany could not pay. Of course there is only one way in which victory can be made to pay, and that is by settling on the land of the vanquished and making them serfs. We should have got rid of our surplus of unemployed by expatriating the Germans from their western provinces and settling them with our own people, to form a province of mixed French

and English such as might form a barrier for generations against the East of Europe. I do not say that this programme is enlightened humanitarianism, but it is certainly practical patriotism in the ordinary sense of the word.

Forgive the digression! We were at Burgo de Osma and the fiesta was in full swing. I enjoyed every minute heartily. For the first time I was able to see a bull-fight without the accretions of snobbishness when the famous matador steps forth to exhibit his skill in the presence of Royalty, and the game is not a game but an excuse for servility and intrigue. It was all the difference between house football at a public school and a Cup Final. I was able to understand the direct appeal which the sport makes to the primitive passions.

There was no excitement and no disgust for me. I had reached a spiritual stage in which Sanna - pure perception - had ousted Vedana - sensation - I had learnt to look on the world without being affected by events. I was able to observe what went on as few people can, for the average man's senses are deceived by his emotions. He gets things out of proportion, and he exaggerates them even when he is able to appreciate them at all. I made up my mind that it should be

an essential part of my system of initiation to force my pupils to be familiar with just those things which excite or upset them, until they have acquired the power of perceiving them accurately without interference from the emotions. It is all a branch of the art of concentration, no doubt; but it is one which has been very much neglected, and it is of supreme importance when the aspirant arrives at the higher levels, where it is a question of "making no difference between any one thing and any other thing", and uniting oneself with each and every possible idea. For as long as anything soever escapes assimilation there remains separateness and duality, or the potentiality of such. Evil can only be destroyed by "love under will"; and so long as it is feared and hated, so long as we insist on attributing a real and irreconcilable existence to it, so long will it remain evil for us. The same of course applies to what we call 'good'. Good is itself evil in so far as it is separate from other ideas.

Through this course of initiation I was brought into great happiness. I was able to perceive a fact which I had never guessed: that blood on the shoulder of a bull in the Spanish summer sunlight is the most beautiful colour that exists. In the whole of my memories I had only one fact to

set against it: the green of a certain lizard who ran across my path on a hill-side in Mexico. It is, in fact, very rare to see pure colours in Nature; they are nearly always mised or toned down. But when they do appear they are overwhelming.

This is probably why precious stones have such an influence on most people. Personally, I regard them with mediocre interest. I prefer a colour to be vital; that is, not so much inherent in the material of an object as produced by its movement and (a fortiori) of its life. Thus no jewel has ever given me the joy that I find in pools of clear sea water under the rocks, in crimson jellyfish, in scarlet anemones, in shoals of violet fish - in the sunsets which perform two hours of oratorio ever night at Cefalu, especially during the autumn; but most of all in these pure colours of life.

It is, by the way, interesting to observe that pure colour is comparatively common in the microscopic world, and it seems to me more than possible that the smallest insects and even animalculae may possess a complete language of iridescence. It is said by some philosophers that the sense of colour becomes less important as we advance in the scale of evolution. It is at least certain that in so-called

civilized countries the tendency is for the world to become drab and grey, and it is also considered a mark of good taste to like quiet harmonies and to be shocked by gorgeous splashes of colour. It is argued that Whistler's quarter-tones of grey demand finer perceptions than Gauguin's blazing splotches.

I am doubtful whether this argument is not that of the fox who lost his tail. The delight of the savage in barbaric glitter accords naturally with his fierce passions, and our own acquiescence in shadowy hues may testify to our disillusionment with the joys of life - which, incidentally, comes less from our philosophical superiority than from our inability to enjoy them. Are we really satisfied to have abandoned - or lost! our manhood? Are there not moments when we would give all our telephones, our hygienic sanitation, our policed politeness, for one red hour of baresark madness? Does not the popularity of novels of adventure, of jungle life, even of crime, indicate the regret of modern society for the days when life still seemed to be worth living? Do not the bravest souls still cling to the blood-stained superstitions which science has disproved and ethics condemned? Is not the "corybantic Christianity",

as Huxley called it, of the Salvation Army, nearer to the heart of the people than the etiolated cult of the mealy-mouthed Master affected by humanitarians, vegetarians, and anti-vivisectionists?

And may it not be that humanity will have to choose between a reversion to savagery and extinction at the hands of more truculent types? We have replaced the courage of chivalry cunning. We scatter indiscriminate death over women and children from a safe distance; but instead of keeping our murderous cunning as a mystery in the hands of a privileged priesthood, we have democratized destruction. A few far-seeing writers have already hinted that the negro, utterly incapable of ethical development but perfectly competent to understand the elementary science necessary to prepare the apparatus of devastation, may one day take it into his head to avenge his age-long wrongs upon us "po' white trash". In such a day our moral superiority - if superiority it be - will count for nothing. We shall be only the weaker for having lost the animal love and tenacity of life.

For my part, my disposition is almost comically gentle. I have always found it impossible to support the contemplation

of the sufferings of others. This characteristic was at the root of my revolt against Christianity, with its callous and even joyful acquiescence in the eternal damnation of the vast majority of mankind. It has, without doubt, determined the whole course of my life; nothing has seemed to me worth doing except to relieve the sufferings of mankind. I thought to do this by joining a community pledged, like the Knights of Monsalvat, to the preservation of a sacrament which should fortify us in knight-errantry. I was rewarded by being made the medium of the communication of a universal formula "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law!" which every man may apply to every problem of his life, and solve it.

But at the same time I felt from the beginning that my sensitiveness implied grave moral weakness, and I set myself to correct it. This is at the bottom of my persistent search for dangerous adventures, of my matching myself against mountains, pestilence, wild beasts, and wilder men. Also women! I have succeeded in acquiring a certain power of doing the manly thing in any conjuncture of circumstance while retaining innate sensitiveness and sympathy. I learnt the lesson of chivalry; to strike, and strike home, without malice.

My reward has been not only in feeling myself master of my environment, but in regaining the attitude toward life which civilization has eaten away. I have known the primitive pleasures of the Paladin. I have exulted in pitting my own strength and skill against nature, in daring every kind of danger, enduring every kind of hardship, and, even more, in forcing myself to face ideas which I most feared and loathed, and making them quail before my glance and serve my purpose. I have thus done violence to my nature in a thousand ways, for I am congenitally timid, slothful, fastidious, and adroit in evasion; but it was necessary for me in order that I might attain complete initiation. I was chosen as a symbolic sacrifice to create a type of humanity fit to conquer its environment during the Aeon of Hors, which began in 1904 with its formula of force and fire, its secular Deity, the Crowned and Conquering Child. I have tried to make myself a model for mankind to emulate. I have tried to show in my own life that the utmost refinement of thought, the most exalted aspirations to holiness, are not incompatible with the strongest and most primitive passions: that the most enlightened and sympathetic idealism does not demand the suppression of moral and physical firmness, and that philosophical scepticism may co-exist with practical action so decisive and so appropriate to the needs

of the moment as to seem shortsighted, callous and brutal.

The bull-fight at Burgo de Osma turned my mind to thoughts of this kind. I saw that the spirit which begins by suppressing brutal sports ends by emasculating man altogether. His moral independence and even his instinct of self-preservation must atrophy unless nourished by delight in his animal life. As long as he is a mammal, he must keep intact the instincts proper to his type. He must not nourish his spirituality or his idealism at the expense of his instrument of perception. In other words, he must draw a very hard and fast line between the part of him which is God and the part of him which is brute. We want the highest spiritual type to endure, to flourish, to dominate the baser types - very good. The condition of success is that the most spiritual man should be the most vigorous, virile and intelligent, with the keenest possible delight in his biological efficiency.

The error of almost universal opinion on this point comes from mixing up the planes. People fail to see that the solidity of an instrument has nothing to do with the subtlety of its purpose; yet the analogy from scientific instruments should make the point clear. When we want to verify the most immaterial intuitions of the imagination,

for instance, the almost metaphysical theories of Einstein's, we make our telescopes as materially perfect as possible; we make them gigantic; we insist on the utmost degree of rigidity; we emphasize their material properties in every possible way. We do not argue that the subtlety of our speculations demands that the instruments by which we test them should be made of gossamer, even when we require the finest and most attenuated instruments, such as cross wires or delicate measures, we chose their material of the most resistant substances. The more delicately ethereal our determinations, the more we demand the perfection of physical properties.

The analogy applies to man. Nietzsche well said that the best thoughts are those that come with walking. I myself wrote in "The Book of Lies", "I distrust any thoughts uttered by any man whose health is not robust". Yet, as I say later in the chapter:

> "Do we not know that the most robust of men express no thoughts at all?
> They eat, drink, sleep and copulate in silence.
> What better proof of the fact that all thought is dis-ease?"

The dilemma (as thus stated) is disquieting. It does in fact condemn conscious thought as evidently a symptom of discontent. It can only be justified on the ground that

even the perfect animal should be developing to a higher type, and that his thoughts help him to formulate this problem, and to solve it. Hence it is said that every idle thought is sinful, and that "for every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof on the Day of Judgment." But when the Psalmist says "I hate thoughts" he is speaking like a Yogi, whose task is to stop thinking so that he may hear the voice of his Soul. It may be in fact that man is already perfect in his way relatively to this planet, as constituted at present; he is certainly capable of solving every spiritual riddle that the Sphinx propounds.

The gods have made a point of proving this in my person. They have led me to complete comprehension of the Cosmos so far as I am capable of perceiving it, and they have done this while leaving me as capable of enjoying wine, women, and athletics as the beefiest Blue that ever stroked a boat. In fact, more so, since my spiritual apprehension enables me to extract the quintessence of joy from the most trivial incidents of daily life. But this would have been impossible had I not been taught to make the analysis which destroys Buddha's proposition. "Everything is sorrow." Before accomplishing this, my pleasures were always spoilt by the

reflection that they depended on suffering. The beauty of a woman always reminded me of the long agony to which she was doomed as soon as it began to fade. Foie gras cried aloud the sufferings of the geese of Strasbourg. Even wine whispered of the hard lives of the peasants who produced it. But initiated wisdom has taught me that every phenomenon must be perceived per se, without fettering it with a chain of argument. The woman whom I pitied had her own compensations; the patient peasants had pleasures beyond my comprehension; even the goose with its diseased liver might be less afflicted with morbid thoughts than those which were possibly due to the sluggishness of mine!

This was one of the lessons which I learnt in the Abyss; that I had no right to connect phenomena. The existence of each was its own complete justification, and the best service I could do to my conscious being was to help him to concentrate on his own completeness by teaching him to cut himself clear of the cords of causality. Our environment oppresses us chiefly because of our exaggerated egoism. We imagine that the universe has nothing to do but make impressions on our consciousness. If these

seem painful to us, we pity ourselves; if to them we shed tears of sympathy. In this way we weave the web of universal woe. It is all moonshine. The real cause of our pain is that by allowing our Ego to expand, we press against the rest of the universe, which otherwise would leave us in peace.

There is another way to look at this matter.

> "And Adonai said: The strong brown reaper swept his swathe and rejoiced. The wise man counted his muscles, and pondered, and understood not, and was sad.
> Reap thou, and rejoice!"
>
> (Liber LXV, I, 56)

And again, the value of any phenomenon depends upon the point of view.

> "Then was the Adept glad, and lifted his arm. Lo! an earthquake, and plague, and terror on the earth.
> A casting down of them that sate in high places; a famine upon the multitude.
> And the grape fell ripe and rich into his mouth."
>
> (Liber LXV, I, 57, 58)

Every time one breathes, one causes the death of countless corpuscles. The life of the individual is a continual holocaust of the substance of his body, just as the existence of an empire demands the immolation of its citizens. Yet each cell, like each citizen, may be

conscious and acquiesce in the purpose of the whole of which it forms part, proudly and gladly. We have no right to assume that others suffer merely because we see them in circumstances such as would cause us suffering.

Again, we can transcend our own suffering by reaching the realization of our True Selves. We discover that our sorrow, like the ideas of time and space, is but one of the conditions of our becoming conscious of ourselves. It is therefore an illusion created by ourselves for our own convenience. We can get rid of it by returning (in Samadhi) to our eternal essence; and so soon as we are aware of this it seems no longer worth while to waste a thought on the subject. It is too much trouble to get rid of suffering, and indeed it is no longer painful when we have appreciated its true nature. The same kind of thought leads us to acquiesce in the universal anguish. Each individual can get rid of his own illusions as we have done for ourselves. It becomes senseless to labour to alleviate their distress; the true remedy is to teach them the truth about themselves, and the technique of realizing it.

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I began to understand some of the passages in the Book of the Law which had revolted me.

> These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk.
>
> We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched and the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world.
>
> Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; be upon them!

Throughout the Book pity and compassion, the master virtues of Buddhism, are condemned in the most scathing language. I began to understand that to pity any one was to refuse to recognize his sovereignty and perfection, to affirm his inferiority, to be deceived by appearances. The truly noble attitude to others is to respect them absolutely as one's equals; to fight them if occasion arose. "As brothers fight ye!" But let us fight without malice, without pretending that there was an absolute right and wrong in the quarrel; but only a relative right and wrong, an appearance due to our looking at some section of the universal illusion from two different points of view.

When the war broke out in 1914 I tried my utmost to get

the world to look at the matter in this light. I have always disliked Germany and the Germans, their social system, their methods of thought, their personal habits, and pretty well everything else about them. As an Englishman I was as keen as mustard to knock them into the middle of next week. But I wanted it done in the spirit of the Boat Race. We don't start every spring to say that Oxford men are blackguards and scoundrels, and cads and cheats. If they beat us we don't accuse them of foul play, and if we win we don't boast that God has vindicated Justice. We don't mob a stranger who is reading a book bound in dark blue. We don't rag our own men who happen not to be keen on rowing, and compel them under pain of social ostracism and physical violence to give up their lives to trying for a place in the Eight.

In the war I didn't see a penny to choose between the moral attitudes of the various nations. It was at least possible for the noblest men of both nations to believe their own cause just, and for the most cynical to see its rottenness. But I wanted the war to be fought in a soldierly spirit. I saw no use in the campaign of lies and abuse, or in the sophistry of the diplomatists. I thought we should fight with cool heads without pretence, for the one thing that was

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really at stake, the ultimate issue concealed behind all the protestations; that is, the preservation of the national Soul and the hegemony of Europe. As Austin Harrison said: "We are fighting for our golf and our weekends." That is, for an attitude towards life. I was ready to fight over the right to spend Thursday to Tuesday at Deal. I cared nothing for the pompous political Pecksniffery about the 'sanctity of treaties' which every one knew to be swindles; the 'right of little nations', which both sides were using as cat's paws; and the machine-made morality which really meant the success of one's shoal of sharks and the control of markets for our manufactures.

The curse of my life, from a practical point of view has been my persistent optimism about humanity, both as individuals and in the mass. I always trust people; I always expect them to be actuated by the highest motives; to be devoted to truth and jealous of honour. I have been deceived, betrayed, and robbed again and again, but there is still something in me which refuses to believe that even those whom I know from actual experience to be conscienceless cads, are not highminded gentlemen, inexplicably led to act as they have done by some delusion. I go on trusting people after detecting them in the vilest baseness.

I am equally unpractical about the herd. I sincerely believed in 1914 that every one would understand that England was in deadly danger, and would instantly drop all private interests and rally as one man, wholeheartedly to the Standard. And by the 'Standard' I meant the ideal England of the poets, the England which Shakespeare showed us in John of Gaunt's speech in matchless eloquence, yet no less in the rough language of the soldiers at Agincourt. The England which I loved was the land which Milton had consecrated to liberty, which Byron and Shelley had left because they loved it so passionately that they could not bear to see it trampled under the hoof of the German usurper and his servile, corrupt and tyrannical tools. I loved the England of Dibdin, Campbell, Thomson, and their brother bards; the England which had stood up to Napoleon and broken him, which had won Canada by the spade and India by the sword. I loved the England which I irrationally associated with the freedom of the individual, religious and political tolerance, security of life and property, hearty good will between all classes, so that a Duke and a plowman might play cricket every Saturday afternoon as equals.

I believed in the existence of this country and this spirit. I did not believe in the reality of the ranting,

blustering England of Rudyard Kipling with its blatant patriotism; in the callous, avaricious England of commerce, or the currish, envious England of the demagogues. The facts nailed me to the cross. There was no voice but that of unctuous hypocrisy, asinine brag, slanderous stupidity, venomous malice, party prejudice, treasonable intrigue, ignoble pacifism, maniacal patriotism, or conscienceless cunning. The England that I loved might exist, and doubtless did, in the breasts of many of the simple-minded sheep that were driven to the shambles to be butchered by the incompetence of their officers and the confusion caused by the squabbles at headquarters. But like the sheep in the Bible, they were dumb. The only animals that spoke were of the only species that speak in the Bible - snakes and asses! They produced a picture of England which no true Englishman could see without hoping that oblivion might follow destruction. The shame of being a son of the soil which bred the politician, the pressman, and the profiteer was almost unendurable.

My wanderings about the world have fixed my love for England even more firmly in my heart. In Spain, I became acutely aware of the fact, since I had spent so many months at home, more than ever before since I became an adult. In

my loneliness I was able to analyze my love somewhat as I have done above, and I burned in spirit to cleanse my country of her corruption. The respectability of the self-righteous, from the Rationalist Press Association to the Primitive Methodists, must be ravaged by reality. It was based on ignorance and fear. The snobbishness and servility of every class, except the folk who lived in fresh air and respected themselves without refusing respect to their social superiors, must be swept away and dumped in the dust bin of contempt.

It is all based on failure to realize that "Every man and every woman is a star." Brixton need not envy Bayswater, or Bayswater Belgravia, if it would only be itself. Limehouse ought to glory in being Limehouse, a unique idea, sovereign in its splendour. Middle-class manners and morals, superstitious reverence for symbols of superiority like the cut of a coat, the selectness of a street, the precedence at a party, the prestige of a pedigree, a title or a bank account, must all perish. I am myself every kind of a snob. I value everything I am and have, part megalomaniac, part collector of curios. I am proud of my nationality, my family, my breeding, my education, my attainments, my manners; I even quarter my shield with my vices and follies. I fend them tokens of some

kingship as a Hapsburg might boast of his lip.

But this kind of snobbishness is all right; I never want to be somebody else. I would not cross the street for a peerage, or leave my dinner to become as rich as Rothschild; and all I ask of other people is that they should realize their own unique and individual supremacy. I know that I am one of the eternal gods, and it annoys me to have to meet other gods who either fail to honour me, and therefore hate or despise me, or else fail to know themselves and therefore treat me with adoration instead of respect, servility instead of friendship; who offer me obedience when I need comradeship, the stone of service when I hunger for the bread of love.

The man who is truly great does not want to be surrounded by inferiors. Adulation, or even honest admiration, will not serve his turn, though the latter helps to sustain in those moments of dire doubt which assail all men in the very measure of their nobility. The greater a man is, the less can he find satisfaction in his performance, for the clearer his perception of perfection the more severe he sees his shortcomings. How can a man who has read a shilling handbook on astronomy retain one ort of ambition, or one who understands

what is implied by the existence of a piece of chalk think anything in the world worth doing? Yet a man may reasonably love his children and his country with the animal part of him, dust cleaving to dust; and he may make such emotions, symbols of a spiritual reality, as a mathematician makes a mark on a piece of paper, serve to remind him of infinite and even unimaginable truths. The danger is in mistaking the sign for the substance. Here once more we return to the original problem propounded by the bull-fight: we must live our silly lives aright.

"This thing is God: to be man with thy might
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
and live out thy life as the Light."

The inadequacy of language and the arbitrariness of its symbolism are no excuse for careless caligraphy and slip-shod prose. For my part, I have always aimed at the loftiest poetry and toiled at the technique. The Book of the Law offers this solution of the age-old dilemma. By doing one's true Will, each element, fulfilling its own function, on its own plane, without arguing about the purpose of the whole, satisfies its own equations, constitutes its quota to the total. And who shall say that the end may not justify the obscure beginning?

This error of confusing the planes is the most common source of trouble and danger to the initiate. It is absurd for the body to decline food, on the ground that it must die sooner or later and what's the use; or for the mind to refrain from thought because it knows that "summa scientia nihil scire". It is equally absurd for the soul to allow itself to be disturbed in its sovereign splendour and serenity by taking the phantasms of the phenomenal world at their face value. It must understand that, while all separate existence is in a sense evil, one spectre is no worse than another. Cruelty and moral depravity of all kinds depend for their unpleasantness on the point of view of the observer and a host of other circumstances. A man slashing at his brother's bowels with a knife may merely be removing his appendix; and some apparently weak and cowardly action may really have for its motive the noblest obligations of honour, and for its driving force the determination to conquer and control the natural instincts of the lower self. Consider the meekness of Ferrovius in "Androcles and the Lion", the behaviour of the Devil's Disciple, the heartless of Brand.

So I sat in the shade and saw the gallant men facing the gallant bulls, saw the gay ladies with flaming faces and

fluttering fans, heard the applause or anger of the people, felt their excitement thrill my own flesh with billows, salt and stinging, of a sea whose every pulse was purple with slaughter. And yet I sat aloof; the bull-fight was no more and no less an event in the order of nature than the calm peace of the moon, the gentle gaiety of the stream, the moveless majesty of the mountains, or the superb and sacred solitude of the stars. I reflected that the stars themselves were dreadful orbs of flame; that the moon's mildness witnessed its weariness. I saw that life was change, and change was life; that every violence was the measure of some energy, and that the value of self-control depends upon the spirit of the stallions which it has broken to the rein.

The boasted virtue of the modern bourgeois is of the same kind as that of the impotent man who prides himself on having mastered his passions. If a man is to be worth anything he must possess the strength of Hercules, and refrain from abusing it. The craft of Ulysses can never stoop to deceit. We must possess all possible passions, develop them to the utmost of which we are capable, yet never let them loose except to serve the primary purpose of our existence. So I understood the merit of the matador as he slipped the

espada swiftly and smoothly in that straight channel between the bones of the great bull which is the only way to strike him to the heart. He had quintessentialized the strength and skill of years, speeding their soul in one effortless stroke. And I understood the strength of the Spanish character: how honour means so much because it implies the control of such fierce force.

In England the virility of love, hate, sport, adventure, has been deprecated as brutal, therefore has honour come to mean no more than good repute in the eyes of one's neighbour. No Englishman ever commits suicide because he has been betrayed into an act unworthy of his standard of conduct; he can always find excuses for himself or shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of his circumstances, his hereditary traits, his health, or his saviour; and as for the opinion of others, none would be so deadly that it resists the balm of the verdict of twelve stupid shop-keepers and a few dollars of damages. Our wife elopes with the butler, our daughter pilfers pocket-handkerchiefs, our son cheats at cards, we ourselves become fraudulent bankrupts. We do not worry; everything is soon smoothed over. We do not keep souls - we keep shops. We leave our love affairs in the hands of our

lawyers, and our honour to be assessed in pounds, shillings and pence by a dozen dullards, too stupid even to scorn our shame after a lawyer has played his G on the fiddle he has strung with our bowels. Good government, well-policed citizens, Tennysonian emasculation of love, pacifist anaemia, humanitarian horror of animal food and rough sport, religious lukewarmness - all these things are evidence, not of evolution, but of etiolation.

The war showed how far our degeneration had gone. The strong man does not abuse his enemy or justify wrath by taking a high moral ground; he fights coolly, silently, and sternly. The very violence of his passions demands the strictest self-control. Our weakness made us curse and complain and vilify. We were compelled to take the strongest measures, to force men to do what decent men would have done without being asked. We vented our impotent rage upon the Quaker, and sent men like Bertrand Russell to jail for trying to tell a truth which would have served our cause. When I protested against the hysterical headlines and flamboyant falsehoods, libels which carried their own contradictions in every line and agonized appeals to the most depraved emotions of the most degraded elements of the mob, I was

told by our leaders that the campaign must be run on those lines. People would not fight unless they were first maddened by hate so that they lived in a nightmare of frenzied fear.

I am afraid they were right. We were only saved by the fact that the Germans were equally insane. Their Hymn of Hate, their shooting of Edith Cavell, their attack on the Lusitania, and finally their spurlos versenkt campaign, showed that their nerves were even shakier than ours. The Kaiser said at the very outbreak of the war that the nation with the steadiest nerves would win. He should have said, the nation with the rottenest nerves will lose - for that is what happened. We all became mad dogs, and we only won because we were more stupid than the enemy. Their system of education was so much better than ours that they understood what was happening, and they could not stand it. They were within an ace of victory. Ludendorff told the Kaiser that the next push would smash us for good and all. Three days later he went back with his tail between his legs and said: "We are beaten: the men won't attack." That being so, they could not even resist. The savage Senegalese and Scots, the mean vindictive French, and the enthusiastic

English, encouraged by the idea of American assistance, swept irresistibly eastward, with the insensate spirit of a battered boxer, too exhausted to feel pain and fatigue any more, who suddenly realizes that his opponent is an even worse case and only needs to be brainlessly battered.

Yes, I prefer the desperate gambling of the Spaniard, with his hand on his knife, to the genteel clerk playing halma with his washed-out wife, and the savage reality of the bull-ring to the serene sedateness of the Oval. I don't think Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but behind the chapel where two pugnacious little peers pummelled each other as viciously as fighting cocks, and shook hands when it was over, became fast friends, drank, drabbed, and diced for sheer devilry, and fought the French not for lofty moral reasons, but because he was a rotten frog-eater, and because, whatever he was, a scrap was a scrap. But now that we are so civilized and Christian, we feel that it is wrong to fight, and can only be induced to do so when doped with the hashish of hypocritical hysterics, fortified by extravagant promises of reward and frenzied fears of fantastic calamities, the whole consolidated and brought to a point by drastic laws which not only deprive us of every fragment of

liberty and independence, but herd us, brand us, corral us, and finally butcher us like the cattle we have become since we exchanged the England of Shakespeare, Marryat and Burton for the England of Kipling, Hooley, Northcliffe and Bottomley; forgot the passion of Ford and Webster for the sentimentalism of Tennyson and Dickens, the rugged religion of Cromwell and Nicholson for the satin consolations of Sir William Barrett and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and instead of hunting boars and wolves chase the golf ball to its lair; or, at best, the leather to its place between the posts.

The essence of the fear and hatred with which I am regarded by the majority of my compatriots is based on the fact that I have stepped naked into the arena of actuality, that I have dared and done the deeds of which they fear even to dream, and told them truths which remind them of the reality which they spend their lives in trying to cheat, and written in unquenchable words of fire the blazing letters on the wall which announce the doom of dastards and degenerates, by exulting in the enjoyment of the passions which have perished, of cringing compliance with the conventions which they hope will conceal them, protect them from the facts of life.

Even the little while I have been in London had shown me that I was envied, feared, and loathed. The mere name of Magick scared the majority, none more than the rationalists and sceptics who boasted that they were free from all such superstitions. My poetry has shocked by its sincerity and thoroughness. People felt instinctively that I might be as dangerous as Shelley. My eccentricities, which were mostly matters of convenience, such as wearing a white silk shirt with a soft collar, a dead of darkness unknown in those days, convinced people that I must be addicted to all sorts of unusual vices, and they extended the connotation of the word 'unusual' to include 'unspeakably horrible', just as a woman who exposed her face in the streets of a Mohammedan city would be classed as an utterly shameless wanton. Even my climbing was considered rather discreditable because I did it myself instead of paying peasants to pull me up peaks, in the orthodox fashion.

I found in fact that whatever I did, however conventional, was somehow infused with my personality and excited derisive or hostile remarks. If I didn't dress for dinner I was aping Bohemianism; if I did, my hidden motive was to satyrize the fashion. Naturally, finding that my sincerest endeavours

failed to please anybody, I left off bothering about it. It has certainly saved me a lot of trouble. My shyness is, of course, incurable; but I have suffered from it much less since I made up my mind that I should attract attention in a perfectly fitting frock coat just as much as if I appeared in cloth of gold with a turban and a diamond aigrette. I found it less embarrassing to make myself conspicuous; for I could console myself that people were looking at my clothes, not at me, and it was only myself that resented attention.

During this walk across Spain, I had much leisure for meditation on such subjects as I have been discussing in the last few pages. I was pledged to do my work in the world, and that meant my becoming a public character and one sure to arouse controversy. I thought out my plan of campaign during this walk. I decided first of all, that the most important point was never to forget that I was a gentleman and keep my honour the more spotless that I was assuming a position whose professors were rarely well born, more rarely well bred, hardly ever sincere, and still less frequently honest even in the most ordinary sense of the word.

It seemed to me that my first duty was to prove to the world that I was not teaching Magick for money. I

promised myself always to publish my books on an actual loss on the cost of production - never to accept a farthing for any form of instruction, giving advice, or any other service whose performance depended on my magical attainments. I regarded myself as having sacrificed my career and my fortune for initiation, and that the reward was so stupendous that it made the price pitifully mean, save that, like the widow's mite, it was all I had. I was therefore the wealthiest man in the world, and the least I could do was to bestow the inestimable treasure upon my poverty-stricken fellow men.

I made it also a point of absolute honour never to commit myself to any statement that I could not prove in the same sense as a chemist can prove the law of Combining Weights. Not only would I be careful to avoid deceiving people, but I would do all in my power to prevent them deceiving themselves. This meant my declaring war on the Spiritualists and even the Theosophists, though I agreed with much of Blavatsky's teachings, as uncompromisingly as I had done on Christianity.

I further resolved to uphold the dignity of Magick by pressing into its service science and philosophy, as well

as the noblest English that I could command, and to present it in such a form as would of itself command respect and attention. I would do nothing cheap: I would be content with nothing second rate.

I thought it also a point of honesty not to pretend to be "better" than I was. I would avoid concealing my faults and foibles. I would have no one accept me on false pretences. I would not compromise with conventiality; even in cases where as an ordinary man of the world, it would have been natural to do so. In this connection there was also the point that I was anxious to prove that spiritual progress did not depend on religious or moral codes, but was like any other science. Magick would yield its secrets to the infidel and the libertine, just as one does not have to be a churchwarden in order to discover a new kind of orchid. There are, of course, certain virtues necessary to the Magician; but they are of the same order as those which make a successful chemist. Idleness, carelessness, drunkenness; the like interfere with success in any serious business, but sound theology and adherence to the code of Hampstead as against that of Hyderabad are only important if the man's mind is upset by worrying about whether his soul or his body may suffer if his views ar erroneous or his conscience reliable.

The conclusion of my meditations was that I ought to make a Magical Retirement as soon as the walk was over. I owed it to myself and to mankind to prove formally that the formulae of initiation would work at will. I could not ask people to experiment with my methods until I had assured myself that they were sufficient. When I looked back on my career, I found it hard to estimate the importance of the part played by such circumstances as solitude and constant communication with nature. I resolved to see whether by application of my methods, purged from all inessentials and understood in the light of common sense physiology, psychology and anthropology, I could achieve in a place like Paris, within the period of the average man's annual holiday, what had come as the climax of so many years of adventure. I also felt it proper to fit myself for the task which I had undertaken in publishing the Equinox, by purifying and consecrating myself to the utmost, and to fortifying myself with as much magical force as I might be able to invoke. The result of this resolve will appear in its proper place.

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to collect in my mind the numberless conclusions of the very varied trains of thought which had occupied my mind during our fortnight's tramp. They shaped themselves into a conscious purpose. I knew myself to be on the brink of resuming my creative work in a way that I had never yet done. Till now I had written what was given me by the Holy Ghost. Everything I did was sui generis and had no conscious connection with any other outburst of my genius; but I understand that from this time on I should find myself writing with a sense of responsibility, that my work would be coherent, each item (however complete in itself) an essential part of a pyramid, a monument whose orientation and proportions should proclaim my purpose. I should do nothing in future that was not as definitely directed to the execution of my True Will as every step through Spain was taken with the object of reaching Madrid; and I reflected that many such steps must seem wasted, many leading away from the beeline, that I did not know the road and had no idea what Madrid would be like when I reached it. All I could do was to take each step steadily, fearlessly, firmly and determinedly, trusting to the scanty information to be gathered from signposts

and strangers, to keep more or less on the right road, and to take my chance of being satisfied with the unknown city which I had chosen as my goal with no reason beyond my personal whim.

Thus I made our march symbolize life. There were other analogies: We had to endure every kind of hardship heartily and to take our fun where we found it without being dainty. We learnt to enjoy every incident, to find something to love in every strange face, to admire even the dreariest wilderness of sunburnt scrub. We knew that nothing really mattered so long as we got to Madrid. The world went on very well without us, and its fortunes were none of our business. The only thing that could annoy us was interference with our intention to get to Madrid, though we didn't want to go there except insofar as we had taken it into our heads to get our faces towards it.

All these lessons would be of value when I got to London. I meant to tell mankind to aspire to a new state about which I could tell them little or nothing, to teach them to tread a long and lonely path which might or might not lead thither, to bid them dare to encounter all possible perils of nature unknown, to

abandon all their settled manners of living and cut themselves off from their past and their environment, and to attempt a Quixotic adventure with no resources beyond their native strength and sagacity. I had done it myself, and found not only that the pearl of great price was worth far more than I possessed, but that the very perils and privations of the Quest were themselves my dearest memories. I was certain of this at least: that nothing in the world except this was worth doing. We turned our steps from Burgo de Osma. It would have been pleasant to halt, but there was nothing to keep us. We were glad to rest and glad to go on. The march to Madrid was the only thing that mattered. So should it be with my life. Success should not stay my footsteps. Whatever I attained should restore my energies and spur me to more strenuous strides.

We marched steadily to Aranda de Duero, Milagros, and many another village which (to itself the centre of the world) was to me, even then, but a milestone, and is now no more than a forgotten name which I exhume from my diary. The only impressions of this part of the march to Madrid are Big Stone Bivouac where we tried to shelter from a bitter wind, sleeping till the cold awoke

us, and then trying to warm ourselves by exercise until fatigue sent us once more to sleep. An alternation of discomforts, which was repeated half a dozen times during the night. The memory is delightful. All the pleasant incidents of the period have passed into oblivion.

About fifty kilometers from Madrid we passed a magnificent range of rocks. The smiling fertile valley does not count; it is the naked rugged aspiration of the grim granite that leaves its marks in the mind. It was for the peasants to think of their fields and see nothing of the universe but their crops and the coins which they hoarded at harvest, only to pass into the pouch of the priest and pay for a parcel of earth in which they might conceal their carcases from the eye of the vulture.

On August the 2nd, we found ourselves in Madrid, and turned wearily into the first hotel we came to in Puerto del Sol. Neuberg was by this time a pretty sick man. He could not stand the rough food and the fatigue and the exposure, though he stuck to it with the utmost gameness. He had the passive patient courage of the Jew in its fullest development. However, there was no

need for any further display of this virtue, and I put him to bed and told him to stay there and repair his ravaged intestines on delicate food until they were strong enough to support him through the next ordeal. As for myself, I was as fit as I had ever been in my life, and appreciating the extreme barbarism of the wilderness was the best possible preparation for swinging over to the other extreme and feeding my soul on the refinements of art.

As a critic of art I have curious qualifications. My early life left me ignorant of the existence of anything of the sort beyond Landseer's Dignity and Impudence. I suppose I ought to have deduced the existence of art from this alone had I been an ideal logician. Such horrors imply their opposites. However, even in my emancipation I never discovered art as I did literature. It never occurred to me that there might be a plastic language as well as a spoken and written one. I had no conception that ideas could be conveyed through this medium. To me, as to the multitude, art meant nothing more than literature.

The first picture that awakened me was Manet's wonder Olympe, enthusiastically demonstrated by Gerald

Kelly to be the greatest picture ever painted. I could see nothing but bad drawing and bad taste; and yet something told me that I was making a mistake. When I reached Rodin shortly afterwards I understood him at once, because the sculpture and architecture of the East had prepared me. I knew that they were the expression of certain religious enthusiasms, and it was easy for me to make the connection and say: "Rodin's sculpture gives the impression of elemental energy." Yet this was subconscious. In my poems I have treated Rodin from a purely literary standpoint.

As time passed my interest in the arts increased. I was still careful to avoid contemporary literature lest it should influence my thought or style. But I saw no harm in making friends with painters and learning to see the world through their eyes. Having already seen it through my own in the course of my wanderings, I was the better able to observe clearly and judge impartially. Perhaps this circumstance itself had biassed me. It is at least the case that I have no use for artists who have any touch with tradition and see Nature secondhand. I think I have kept my head pretty square on my shoulders in the turmoil of the recent

revolutions. I find myself able to distinguish between the artist whose eccentricities and heresies interpret his individual peculiarities from the self-advertising quack who tries to be original by outdoing the most outrageous heresiarch of the moment.

In the galleries of the Prado there is no occasion to trouble about such matters. The place fills one with uttermost peace; one goes there to worship Velasquez and Goya, not to argue. Perhaps I was still too ingenuous to appreciate Goya to the full. On the other hand, there may be something in my impression that he is badly represented at Madrid. Much of his work struck me as the mechanical masterpieces of the clever court painter. Possibly, moreover, there was no room for him in my spirit, seduced, as it was, by the vivid variety of Velasquez. Las Meninas is worshipped in a room consecrated solely to itself, and I spent more of my mornings in that room, and let it soak in. I decided then, and might concur still had I not learnt the absurdity of trying to ascribe an order to things which are each unique and absolute, that Las Meninas is the greatest picture in the world. It certainly taught me to know the one thing that I care to learn about painting: that

the subject of a picture is merely an excuse for arranging forms and colours in such a way as to express the inmost self of the artist.

I had made several experiments with hashish since my return from China, always with excessive precaution. Some of these had been somewhat unexpectedly successful. I found that my habit of analyzing and controlling my mind enabled me to turn the effect of the drug to the best account. Instead of getting intoxicated, I became quite abnormally able to push introspection to the limit. The results of these experiments had been slowly sorted out and interpreted in the course of months. I found a striking analogy between this toxic excitement and the more legitimate methods of mental development, but each threw light on the other. I sat up all one night embodying the essence of my knowledge in an essay, The Psychology of Hashish, of which I have already given some account.

Neuberg was well enough to get about after two or three days in bed, but it was clear that he was in no state to encounter new hardships. We gave up the idea of walking to Gibraltar, and on August 28th left Madrid for Granada. I had kept the promise of Le Gitana

and the city kept its promise to me. But it is not safe to stay too long on the summit of Happiness. Two days later we went on to Ronda, almost the only interesting thing about which is its physical geography, which twenty-four hours allows one to absorb easily. We went on the next day to Gibraltar. It did not take us long to find out that we had left freedom behind us. It was hot; the levanter was blowing and taking all the marrow out of one's bones. I was utterly tired: I sat down. I was perceived by a rock scorpion (as they call the natives of the fortress, a detestable and dispicable breed, which reminds one quite unreasonably of the Eurasian) who saw a chance to sting somebody. He began by hectoring me, and ended by arresting me. When we got to the police station, and the sergeant found that we were staying at the best hotel in the town, and inspected our papers, we received the proper apologies; but I didn't forget that if I hadn't been a privileged person I might have been sent to prison for sitting down when I was tired and ill. That is part of the price we pay for the privilege of paying exhorbitant taxes to support a swarm of useless jacks in office.

Of course I may be looking at this incident in a totally wrong light. The policeman may have mistaken my act as symbolic of a wish to linger in Gibraltar, and deduced that I must be dangerously insane. Next to Avon, it is probably the most ghastly place on the globe. In a previous incarnation I either insulted a Buddha, or wounded a universal Holy King, or killed my father and mother - at least I can suggest no better an hypothesis to explain my having been held up sometimes as much as four days at a time waiting for a steamer. The only way to keep from acute delirious melancholia is to indulge furiously in the only two articles purchasable in the place which even promise to palliate one's pangs. One can buy cheap editions of fearful and wonderful fiction and packets of the best Butterscotch. By exhibiting these two drugs continuously, one can produce in oneself a kind of coma which takes one through the tedium.

We crossed to Tangiers without delay, and I revelled once more and rejoiced to feel myself back among the only people on earth with whom I have ever felt any human affinity. My spiritual self is at home in China, but my heart and my hand are pledged to the Arab.

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I had begun to train Neuberg seriously in Magick and Mysticism. The first point was, of course, to get rid of any prejudices and superstitions. This was not too difficult, he being a professed agnostic. But the second point was to train him in the technique. This was well enough as far as Magick was concerned, for he naturally possessed the poetic and dramatic instincts, the sense of the fitness of gesture, and so on: and, more important than all, it came natural to him to arouse in himself the right kind of enthusiastic energy in the right way.

In addition, he possessed a peculiar faculty which I have only found in anything like the same degree in one other man in my life. He was a materializing medium in the strictest sense; that is, he could condense ideas into sensible forms. He could not do it at all by himself, because he lacked the power to collect at one point all the available materials of the required kind, as may be done by concentrated will, and thereby to create such a state of strain in the atmosphere that the evoked forces must relieve it, if they possibly can, by a change of state. Just

so carbon dioxide, if forced into a closed cylinder below the critical temperature, relieves the intolerable pressure by liquefying. Here the carbon dioxide corresponds to the invisible forces in the magical atmosphere, separated from its other components collected in one place, confined and directed by the Magician. The critical temperature corresponds to such magical conditions as quiet and inviolability; the cylinder to the constraint imposed by the Magician to prevent the dissipation of his invoked ideas.

Such indeed is an outline of the theory of calling forth spirits to visible appearance (by 'visible' we always intend audible - too dangerously often tangible, and too unpleasantly often capable of producing impressions on the olfactory nerves.) In practice, however, there is something lacking to success. Just as if you dry benzine continuously for a decade, it no longer boils at 65°, or whatever it is, but at 200° or more; and just as you can super-saturate a solution of Glauber's salts, and it will not crystallize out unless it is shaken or a glass rod introduced, so one may do one's utmost to call forth the forces of a planet and there maintain their immunity from sensory perceptions until they are supplied with some basis

which they can use as the skeleton of sensible shape.

Neuberg supplied the missing link, as I might have expected from his personal resemblance to that Darwinian desideratum. There was some substance in him which was on the borderland between the manifest world of matter and the astral world of sensation. In his presence I found it quite easy to produce phenomenal phantasms of almost any idea, from gods to demons, which I happened to need at the moment. I had of course a very wide experience of so-called material manifestations; but for the most part these had been independent of my will, and often contrary to it. I have already mentioned a number of such phenomena in connection with the Abramelin Operation. I had succeeded in suppressing them by preventing my magical force from leaking away. A miracle annoyed me as it annoys an electrician to find that his current is escaping, perhaps giving shocks to people who have strayed in its path. His first thought is to detect and correct the imperfection of his insulation. Years had passed without my magical energy breaking loose: I had persuaded it to work through the proper channels.

Carelessness showed itself once more in Shanghai.

I was invoking certain forces with Soror F. in her circle. After I had constrained them to come, I proceeded to make a circumambulation with the object of giving them the desired direction, and when I came to the West of the circle, I noticed that Soror F. had profanely left her slippers inside it. These, not being consecrated objects, had no business there; so I pushed them gently over the frontier with my foot. They were seized and flung furiously to the ceiling with such force that they broke off some of the plaster. There was no possibility that my foot had supplied the motive power even had I kicked them away in a rage instead of pushing them as quietly as I could - which I naturally did, to diminish the disturbance. There had been several other minor incidents of the same sort on subsequent occasions; but I took measures, as before, to suppress them.

The manifestations which Neuberg helped to produce were of an entirely different character; they occurred in conformity with my will. I was able to work more by sight and less by faith than I had ever done before. In even the use of the proper material bases for

manifestation, such as the incense of Abramelin, Dittany of Crete, and blood, had rarely resulted in more than "half formed faces", partial and hesitating presentations of the desired phantom whose substance seemed to hover on the frontier of the worlds (rather like the Cheshire cat!) The clouds of incense used to grow denser in such wise as rather to suggest a shape than to show one. I could never be sure, even when my physical eyes told me that a form was present, whether my imagination and my desire were not playing tricks with my optical apparatus. Such shapes almost always vanished when I fixed my gaze upon them, and there was no means of saying whether this act, by releasing them from the constraint of my will, had enabled them to escape, or whether intelligent inspection had not simply dissipated an illusion.

With Neuberg, on the contrary, there could be no doubt whatever as to the physical character of the beings which we evoked. On one occasion the God came to us in human form (we were working in a locked temple) and remained with us, perfectly perceptible to all our senses, for the best part of an hour, only vanishing when we were physically exhausted by the ecstasy of intimate contact with His divine person. We sank into

a sort of sublime stupor; when we came to ourselves, he was gone.

Again, at Victoria Street, a number of us were dancing round the altar with linked hands and faces turned outwards. The temple was dimly lighted, and thick with incense. Somehow the circle broke, and we kept on dancing, each for himself. Then we became aware of the presence of a stranger. Some of us counted the men present, and found there was one too many. One of the weaker brethren got scared, or one of the stronger brethren remembered his duty to science - I don t know which - and switched on the light. No stranger was to be seen. We asked Brother Lucifer - as I may call him! - why he had broken the spell, and each of us independently confirmed his story. We all agreed about the appearance of the visitor. We had all been impressed with the same feeling, that he did not belong to the human species.

I have mentioned two only of very many experiences of the same kind, choosing those which seem the most convincing and complete. More often we kept the manifestation at a decorous distance. There is, of course, extreme danger in coming into contact with a demon of a

malignant or unintelligent nature. It should, however, be said that such demons only exist for imperfectly initiated Magicians. The adept ought to be able to identify himself absolutely with all beings alike. Invocations should always insist on identification. If this be duly done no harm can ensure, just as lightning cannot hurt lightning.

I must confess to pride and pleasure in these performances. I had practically abandoned the attempt to obtain material manifestations. It was difficult to do, dangerous in the doing, and dubious when done. I had learnt to compel a spirit to carry out my commands or instruct me on any matter of which I was ignorant, without being at the pains to demonstrate his presence to my senses, just as I telegraph instructions to my solicitor or write to some scholar for information, in full faith that the results will be as reliable as if I had taken the trouble to arrange a personal interview. I am inclined to think that my work with Neuberg was rather a retrogression. It made me hanker after phenomena, tempted me to distrust the subtler modes of realization.

After he had left me, I felt myself rather lost for a little while, and I had to learn the lesson all over again that the finer forms of manifestation are not less but more actual than the grosser; that the intangible ideas and

ineffable intelligences of the most ethereal empires of the empyrean are stronger and more solid the less palpable they are to the lower modes of apprehension. It is hard to explain, and harder to learn, that Truth abides in the inmost sanctuary of the Soul and may not be told, either by speech or by silence; yet all attempts to interpret it distort it progressively as they adapt themselves to the perceptions of the mind, and become sheer caricatures by the time they are translated into terms of bodily sensation. Now the reality of things depends on their truth, and thus it is that it is not a philosophical paradox but a matter of experience that the search for Truth teaches us to distrust appearances exactly in proportion as they are positive. Physical facts betray their hallucinatory nature by their consistent refusal to comply with the requirements of reason, and thought admits its transparent falsity by violating its own laws at every turn.

Materialists claim that the senses are the sole source of knowledge. Good! Then the most absurd and impossible idea of a madman or a metaphysician must be derived from sensory impressions no less than a brick. We habitually use our mental faculties to criticise and correct our sensory impressions. At what point, then, does our judgment cease

to be reliable. Which is more real; the brick, the facts indirectly learnt from the brick, such as its chemical and electrical properties, the laws of nature which I deduce from the sum of such facts, or the mystical moonshine which meditation on all these evokes?

I feel that I should demonstrate these theses with the utmost emphasis. Consider, first, the material world. A thing is never true to itself. A flower changes all its attributes with every changing condition of circumstances totally independent of it; with every variation of light its colour is altered. Its shape depends on the lens through which we observe it. The microscope turns it into an entirely different object. Its scent cannot be described intelligibly in any language, and we have no warrant whatever that any two men would agree on the subject. It means one thing to us, another totally different to the bee; the more one observes it, the more we are bound to admit that we do not know and cannot know, what it is in itself; and the only possible conclusion is that it is in reality nothing at all beyond an unknowable focus for our attention which inexplicably affects divers sensoria in various unintelligible ways. Besides our incompetence to define it, its existence presents problems which lead to propositions so absurd in

themselves and so irreconcilable with each other, that the course most consistent with common sense is to conjecture that it is an hallucination created by a kink in our consciousness.

Thought has this advantage over sensation in the matter of reality, that it asserts its own existence implicitly. To doubt or deny that it exists is itself thought. (The paradox is my own), I thought it the simplest and deepest instance of the fundamental self-contradiction inherent in intellect. Bertrand Russell proves the same point by examples which I do not doubt are more formally perfect and logically impeccable. (It led him to construct his remarkable theory of zig-zagginess.) The upshot is that every proposition involved depends on postulates, by assuming the truth of which we can prove the proposition to be false. Most men dismiss such demonstrations as intellectual conjuring tricks. But they are nothing of the sort. The irritable refusal to discuss them shows how the conclusion wounds man's pride of intellect. It drives better men to despair, and the best to discover an instrument of apprehension which is not thus self-condemned as incompetent and insane.

In my great initiation in the Sahara, I was told in one vision, "Above the Abyss" (that is, to that Intelligible Intuition between which and the intellect there is a great gulf fixed) "a thing is only true in so far as it contains its own contradiction in itself." The initiate must learn to use this faculty. Its first advantage is to deliver one from the dilemma set forth above. We need no longer doubt that white is white, because that proposition implicitly asserts that white is black. Our new instrument assures us that the whiteness of white depends on the fact of its blackness. This statement sounds more than absurd; it is a meaningless assertion. But we have already seen that the axioms of the intellect involve absurdity. They only impose upon us at first because they happen to be our personal property. The intuitions of the Neschamah are guaranteed by interior certainty, and they cannot be criticized for the simple reason that they have themselves completed the work of criticism of the most destructive kind before presenting themselves at all. Buddhist psychology has analysed many of these characteristics of superconsciousness, and even arranged them in an order corresponding with spiritual development.

I may say that I have toiled for many years to express

ideas of this order in terms intelligible to the normal consciousness and susceptible of apprehension by the normal intellect. Success has scarcely been complete; only on rare occasions has the flash fixed itself on the film when the lens was in focus, and the exposure correct. I am acutely aware that many of my most arduous and ardent attempts to interpret mystical experience have resulted in blurred images, sometimes perhaps grandiose and suggestive - but that is no compensation for obscurity and vagueness. May I present one effort which I myself am able to hold more or less clearly in my ordinary consciousness?

The Buddhists describe the closest approximation to true observation of anything, by saying that it is seen in the four-fold formless state, which they define in the following terms: Any proposition about an object is simultaneously perceived as being both true and false, but also neither true nor false. To perceive an object in this manner implies that the observer has attained the last possible degree of spiritual development which permits any positive point of view soever. Such a man is but one step from the threshold of Arahatship. He has only to destroy this conception of things, as is done in this four-fold

formless state, to attain the trance Nerodha-Sammapatti, in which all being and form is absolutely annihilated, so much so that the trance is only distinguishable from Nibbana by the fact that one comes out of it.

It was on October 2nd, 1919 that I first attained to this Pisgah-sight of the Promised Land, Pari-Nibbana. I was spending the night in Fleischmann's Turkish Baths in New York. It was my custom in all such places to practise the tenth clause of my vow as a Master of the Temple, "To Interpret every phenomenon as a particular dealing of God with my Soul," by forcing advertisements and other public announcements to yield some spiritual significance. I would either apply the Qabalah to the words and manipulate the numbers so as to reach a state of mind in which some truth might suddenly spring in the silence, or I would play upon the words as if they were oracles, or else force the filthy falsehoods of fraudulent dollar-dervishes to transfigure themselves at the touch of my talisman into mysterious messages from the Masters.

I had awakened at dawn and meditated awhile upon this four-fold formless state. I was merely trying to make out what could possibly be meant by piling contradiction on

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contradiction, as the definition did. I did not understand it in the least, and I had not the slightest intention of trying to reach realization of it. At that time all such meditation was entirely out of my line, but accidents will happen even in the best regulated Magical circles, and the following extraordinary experience knocked me sideways.

I quote verbatim my Magical record:

> "I was putting on my bath-robe after weighing, and turning a sleeve inside out, when my masseur, an holy man positively trembling on the brink of Arahatship, cried to me that both sides of it were inside, and both outside. I replied humbly that I was seeking for a side that was neither inside nor outside - and then like a flash I saw that I had it! Oh Glory Ineffable of Realization! (Oh Right Thinking!) For either side is both inside and outside because I can use it as such, and it is neither inside nor outside with regard to the discrimination which might be made by an uninitiate between any one thing and any other thing.
>
> "Now this quality is not in the robe, which has two sides easily distinguished by hemmings, machining, etc., to say nothing of orientation in space, but in me, and arises from my positive determination not to notice whether my back reads "Stolen from the Fleischmann Baths" or no. Now I am not indifferent to comfort. I notice whether the robe is thick or thin; its observed qualities depend upon a weakness in me. All qualities soever in the robe must therefore disappear as soon as I am strong enough to ignore them; and thus any self-sufficiency or "attainment" destroys my consciousness of any separate existence. Q.E.F."

I sincerely believe that the above account of a state of mind, in itself utterly incompatible with ordinary

intellectual apprehension, has for once been caught; and its characteristics correctly observed and intelligibly expressed in such a way as to give at least some rudimentary idea of one type of intuition with whose laws those of the reason have nothing whatever in common.

I do not wish to press the point. In these 'lonesome latter days' there are people in the world who can scarcely define the difference between Dedekindian and Cantorian cuts and whose nights are not disturbed by anxiety about the truth of Fermat's last theorem. A fortiori, we had better swoop on the Straits of Gibraltar and tell a tale of Tangiers. (I will confine myself to mentioning that I got a charming letter from my exquisite Dorothy, to which I replied by the poem Telepathy in The Winged Beetle.)

In point of fact, we may not be much better off even here. Most true tales worth telling are either incredible, improper or both. One of the reforms which I introduced into the A.·.A.·. was the abolition of all obligations of secrecy. They were never useful except as temptations to people to break them. The secret knowledge has quite adequate warders. I have learnt that I have only to tell the truth about almost anything to be set down at once as a liar. It is far better to throw dust in the eyes of the animals whose faces are turned to the ground, by casual

frankness. If you have a secret, it is always dangerous to let people suspect that you have something to hide.

So much for Neuberg's capacities in Magick. In Mysticism he was fatally handicapped by his congenital dislike of discipline, order, punctuality, and every moral quality that goes with science. I started him on Yoga about this time. One incident is instructive. His daily hour for practising Asana arrived one day when we were crossing to Europe on the steamer. He refused to do his work; he could not bear to attract the attention of the other people on board and appear ridiculous. (Neuberg! Ridiculous!! O all ye gods and little fishes!) I, being responsible for him as his Holy Guru, performed the practice in his stead. He experienced remorse and shame, which did him good; but several other incidents determined me to impose on him a Vow of Holy Obedience.

I must point out the virtue of this practice. Technically it is identical with that in vogue in the Society of Jesus. The pupil must obey his teacher, <u>perinde ac cadaver</u>. But the moral implication is wholly antagonistic. The Jesuit is taught that obedience to his superior and humility before him are virtues in themselves pleasing to God. In the A.·. A.·. the superior is, so to speak, the

sparring partner of the pupil. His function is to discover the prejudices, fears and other manifestations of tendency which limit the pupil, by observing the instinctive reactions which may follow any order. The pupil discovers his own weaknesses, which he then proceeds to destroy by analysing them, somewhat as Freud has recently suggested - science is always discovering odd scraps of magical wisdom and making a tremendous fuss about its cleverness! - as well as to master it by habitually ignoring its inhibition. If the superior is anything of a psychologist, he should be able to teach the average weakling fairly perfect self-control in three months at the outside. Neuberg improved enormously in consequence of the practice, and his final breakdown was due to a strain of racial congenital cowardice too deeply seated for eradication. He at least gained this: that he was brought face to face with this fundamental moral deficiency in his character. For the rest of his life he must expiate his infirmity, that his suffering may teach him the necessity of tackling it from the beginning in his next incarnation.

It was time for me to get back to England. Neuberg was to join his relations at St. Sebastian, and as soon as he was gone, I wrote <u>The Soldier and the Hunchback ! and ?</u> On the 13th of December. Two days later I left Plymouth by the "Marlborough."

The

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