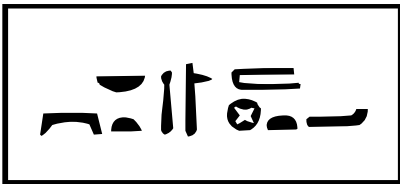
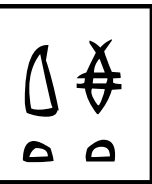
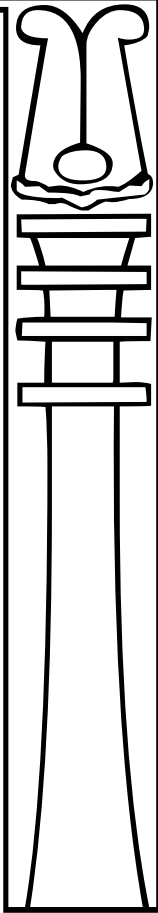
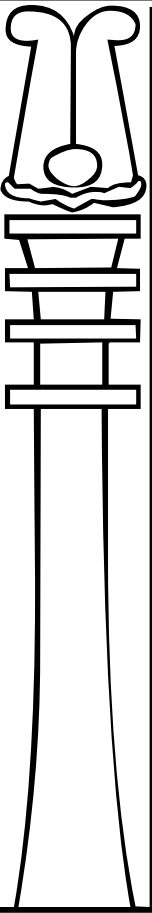


LIBER
LX

THE
AB-UL-DIZ
WORKING





A.:A.:
Publication in Class C

V. Praemonstrator
V.V. Imperator
S.U.A Cancellarius

The Ab-ul-Diz Working

1911 E.V.

Introduction

(Adapted from Crowley's *Confessions*)

The autumn [of 1911 e.v.] had a new experience in store for me. The current of my life was once more to be suddenly turned; and as usual, this critical change came about as the result of a series of casual chances. I was caught in a web, some of whose strands had been woven as early as 1902. That fertile passage through Paris on my return from Chogo Ri, which had already born so much fruit in my life, had still some seed—which now came to harvest.

I have mentioned Nina Olivier, whom I loved so well and sans so passionately. In my sunlight she had blossomed into *La Dame de Montparno*, the Queen of the Quarter. But I have not mentioned an obscure prig whom I will call Monet-Knott, whom I had met though my fiancée, the "Star" to Nina's "Garter." This brainless and conceited youth had become accompanist to the greatest dancer of her generation. Let me call her Lavinia King. She, first and never equalled, had understood and demonstrated the Art of dancing as a complete language of affections of the mind and heart. Knott and Nina [...] had contracted a liaison. I met Knott for the second time [and] I saw a fair amount of him in the next few weeks; so that, running across him in London on October 11th, he took me after supper to the Savoy to meet Miss King.

A boisterous party was in progress. The dancer's lifelong friend, whom I will call by the name she afterwards adopted, Soror Virakam, was celebrating her birthday. This lady, a magnificent specimen of mingled Irish and Italian blood, possessed most powerful personality and a terrific magnetism which instantly attracted my own. I forgot everything. I sat on the floor like a Chinese God, exchanging electricity with her.

After some weeks' preliminary skirmishing, we joined battle along the whole front; that is to say, I crossed to Paris, where she had a flat, and carried her off to Switzerland to spend the winter skating. Arrived at

Interlaken, we found that Murren was not open, so we went on to St. Moritz, breaking the journey at Zurich. This town is so hideous and depressing that we felt that our only chance of living through the night was to get superbly drunk, which we did...

(Let me emphasize that this wild adventure had not the remotest connection with Magick. Virakam was utterly ignorant of the subject. She had hardly so much as a smattering of Christian Science. She had never attended a seance, or played Planchette.)

...*Lasatti sed non satiati* by midnight. I expected to sleep, but was aroused by Virakam being apparently seized by a violent attack of hysteria, in which she poured forth a frantic torrent of senseless hallucination. I was irritated and tried to calm her. But she insisted that her experience was real; that she bore an important message to me from some invisible individual. Such nonsense increased my irritation. But—after about an hour of it—my jaw fell with astonishment. I became suddenly aware of a coherence in her ravings, and further that they were couched in my own language of symbols. My attention being thus awakened, I listened to what she was saying. A few minutes convinced me that she was actually in communication with some intelligence who had a message for me.

Let me briefly explain the grounds for this belief. I have already set forth, in connection with the Cairo working, some of the safeguards which I habitually employ. Virakam's vision contained elements perfectly familiar to me. This was clear proof that the man in her vision, whom she called Ab-ul-Diz, was acquainted with my system of hieroglyphics, literal and numerical, and also with some incidents in my magical career. Virakam herself certainly knew nothing of any of these. Ab-ul-Diz told us to call him a week later, when he would give further information. We arrived at St Moritz and engaged a suite in the Palace Hotel.

My first surprise was to find that I had brought with me exactly those Magical Weapons which were suitable for the work proposed and no others. But a yet more startling circumstance was to come. For the purposes of the Cairo working, Ouarda and I had brought two abbai; one, scarlet, for me; one, blue, for her. I had brought mine to St Moritz; the other was of course in the possession of Ouarda. Imagine my amazement when Virakam produced from her trunk a blue abbai so like Ouarda's that the only differences were minute details of gold embroidery! The suggestion was that the Secret Chiefs, having chosen Ouarda as their messenger, could not use anyone else until she had become irrevocably disqualified by insanity. Not till now could her place be taken by another; and that Virakam should

possess a duplicate of her Magical Robe seemed a strong argument that she had been consecrated by them to take the place of her unhappy predecessor.

She was very unsatisfactory as a clairvoyant; she resented these precautions. She was a quick-tempered and impulsive woman, always eager to act with reckless enthusiasm. My cold scepticism no doubt prevented her from doing her best. Ab-ul-Diz himself constantly demanded that I should show "faith" and warned me that I was wrecking my chances by my attitude. I prevailed upon him, however, to give adequate proof of his existence and his claim to speak with authority. The main purport of his message was to instruct me to write a book on my system of mysticism and Magick, to be called Book Four, and told me that by means of this book, I should prevail against public neglect. It saw no objection to writing such a book; on quite rational grounds, it was a proper course of action, I therefore agreed to do so. But Ab-ul-Diz was determined to dictate the conditions in which the book should be written; and this was a difficult matter. He wanted us to travel to an appropriate place. On this point I was not wholly satisfied with the result of my cross-examination. I know now that I was much to blame throughout. I was not honest either with him, myself or Virakam. I allowed material considerations to influence me, and I clung—oh triple fool!—to my sentimental obligations towards Laylah.

We finally decided to do what he asked, though part of my objection was founded on his refusal to give us absolutely definite instructions. However, we crossed the passes in a sleigh to Chiavenna, whence we took the train to Milan. In this city we had a final conversation with Ab-ul-Diz. I had exhausted his patience, as he mine, and he told us that he would not visit us any more. He gave us his final instructions. We were to go to Rome and beyond Rome, though he refused to name the exact spot. We were to take a villa and there write Book Four. I asked him how we might recognize the right villa. I forget what answer he gave through her, but for the first time he flashed a message directly into my own consciousness. "You will recognize it beyond the possibility of doubt or error," he told me. With this, a picture came into my mind of a hillside on which were a house and garden marked by two tall Persian nuts.

The next day we went on to Rome. Owing to my own Ananias-like attempt to "keep back part of the price", my relations with Virakam had become strained. We reached Naples after two or three quarrelsome days in Rome and began house-hunting. I imagined that we should find dozens of suitable places to choose from, but we spend day after day scouring the city and suburbs in an automobile, without finding a single place to let that corresponded in the smallest degree with our ideas.

Virakam's brat—a most god-forsaken lout—was to join us for the Christmas holidays, and on the day he was due to arrive we motored out as a forlorn hope to Posilippo before meeting him at the station at four o'clock or thereabouts. But the previous night Virakam had a dream in which she saw the desired villa with absolute clearness. (I had been careful to say nothing to her about the Persian nuts, so as to have a weapon against her in case she insisted that such and such a place was the one intended.)

After a fruitless search we turned our automobile towards Naples, along the crest of Posilippo. At one point there is a small side lane scarcely negotiable by motor, and indeed hardly perceptible, as it branches from the main road so as to form an acute-angled "Y" with the foot towards Naples. But Virakam sprang excitedly to her feet and told the chauffeur to drive down it. I was astonished, she being hysterically anxious to meet the train, and our time being already almost too short. But she swore passionately that the villa was down that lane. The road became constantly rougher and narrower. After some time, it came out on the open slope; a low stone parapet on the left protecting it. Again she sprang to her feet. "There", she cried, pointing with her finger, "is the villa I saw in my dream!" I looked. No villa was visible. I said so. She had to agree; yet stuck to her point that she saw it. I subsequently returned to that spot and found that a short section of wall, perhaps fifteen feet of narrow edge of masonry, is just perceptible through a gap in the vegetation.

We drove on; we came to a tiny piazza, on one side of which was a church. "That is the square and the church", she exclaimed, "that I saw in my dream!"

We drove on. The lane became narrower, rougher and steeper. Little more than a hundred yards ahead it was completely "up", blocked with heaps of broken stone. The chauffeur protested that he would be able neither to turn the car nor to back it up to the square. Virakam, in a violent rage, insisted on proceeding. I shrugged my shoulders. I had got accustomed to these pythoons.

We drove on a few yards. Then the chauffeur made up his mind to revolt and stopped the car. On the left was a wide open gate through which we could see a gang of workmen engaged in pretending to repair a ramshackle villa. Virakam called the foreman and asked in broken Italian if the place was to let. He told her no; it was under repair. With crazy confidence she dragged him within and forced him to show her over the house. I sat in resigned disgust, not deigning to follow. Then my eyes suddenly saw down the garden, two trees close together. I stooped. Their

tops appeared. They were Persian nuts! The stupid coincidence angered me, and yet some irresistible instinct compelled me to take out my notebook and pencil and jot down the name written over the gate—Villa Caldarazzo. Idly, I added up the letters $6 + 10 + 30 + 30 + 1$ and $20 + 1 + 30 + 4 + 1 + 200 + 1 + 7 + 7 + 70$. Their sum struck me like a bullet in my brain. It was 418, the number of the Magical Formula of the Aeon, a numerical hieroglyph of the Great Work! Ab-ul-Diz had made no mistake. My recognition of the right place was not to depend on a mere matter of trees, which might be found almost anywhere. Recognition beyond all possibility of doubt was what he promised. He had been as good as his word.

I was entirely overwhelmed. I jumped out of the car and ran up to the house. I found Virakam in the main room. The instant I entered I understood that it was entirely suited for a Temple. The walls were decorated with crude frescoes which somehow suggested the exact atmosphere proper to the Work. The very shape of the room seemed somehow significant. Further, it seemed as if it were filled with a peculiar emanation. This impression must not be dismissed as sheer fancy. Few men but are sufficiently sensitive to distinguish the spiritual aura of certain buildings. It is impossible not to feel reverence in certain cathedrals and temples. The most ordinary dwelling-houses often possess an atmosphere of their own; some depress, some cheer; some disgust, others strike chill to the heart.

Virakam of course was entirely certain that this was the villa for us. Against this was the positive statement of the people in charge that it was not to be let. We refused to accept this assertion. We took the name and address of the owner, dug him out, and found him willing to give us immediate possession at a small rent. We went in on the following day and settled down almost at once to consecrate the Temple and begin the book.

The idea was as follows. I was to dictate; Virakam to transcribe, and if at any point there appeared the slightest obscurity—obscurity from the point of view of the entirely ignorant and not particularly intelligent reader; in a word, the average lower-class man in the street—I was to recast my thoughts in plainer language. By this means we hoped to write a book well within the compass of the understanding of even the simplest-minded seeker after spiritual enlightenment.

Part One of Book Four expounds the principles and practice of mysticism in simple scientific terms stripped of all sectarian accretion, superstitious enthusiasms or other extraneous matter. It proved completely successful in this sense.

Part Two deals with the principles and practice of Magick. I explained the real meaning and modus operandi of all the apparatus and technique of Magick. Here, however, I partially failed. I was stupid enough to assume that my readers were already acquainted with the chief classics of Magick. I consequently described each Weapon, explained it and gave instructions for its use, without making it clear why it should be necessary at all. Part Two is therefore a wholly admirable treatise only for one who has already mastered the groundwork and gained some experience of the practice of the art.

The number 4 being the formula of the book, it was of course to consist of four parts. I carried out this idea by expressing the nature of the Tetrad, not only by the name and plan of the book, but by issuing it in the shape of a square 4 inches by 4, and pricing each part as a function of 4. Part One was published at 4 groats, Part Two at 4 tanners, Part Three was to cost 3 "Lloyd George groats" (at this time the demagogue was offering the workman ninepence for fourpence, by means of an insurance swindle intended to enslave him more completely than ever). Part Four, 4 shillings. Part Three was to deal with the practice of Magick, and Part Four, of The Book of the Law with its history and the Comment; the volume, in fact indicated in the Book itself, chapter III, verse 39.

The programme was cut short. The secret contest between the will of Virakam and my own broke into open hostility. A serious quarrel led to her dashing off to Paris. She repented almost before she arrived and telegraphed me to rejoin her, which I did, and we went together to London. There, however, an intrigue resulted in her hastily marrying a Turkish adventurer who proceeded to beat her and, a little later, to desert her. Her hysteria became chronic and uncontrollable; she took to furious bouts of drinking which culminated in delirium tremens.

The partial failure of our partnership was to some extent, without doubt, my own fault. I was not whole-hearted and I refused to live by faith rather than by sight. I cannot reproach myself for this; for that, I have no excuse. I may nevertheless express a doubt as to whether full success was in any case possible. Her own masterless passions could hardly have allowed her to pass unscathed through the ordeals which are always imposed upon those who undertake tasks of this importance.

LIBER LX

The Ab-ul-Diz Working

An ACCOUNT of a Communication made to Fra. Perdurabo in 1904 Ψ -X. through the seer Ouarda is to be found in “The Equinox” No. VII of Vol. I.

This Ouarda, disobedient unto her high calling, suffered in detail those things prophesied of her, and the final catastrophe, or an equivalent even more terrible, occurred on the 27th of September, 1911 Ψ -X.

At least this catastrophe (dementia in its most hopeless form) precluded the possibility of her ever serving Fra. P. as a messenger from the Great White Brotherhood whom he serves.

Of the occurrence of this catastrophe Fra. P. was ignorant until the 19th (I think, it may have been later, it was not earlier) of October.

Late in the evening of the 11th October, within a few minutes of midnight, he was taken by the well-known *raconteur* Mr. Hener Skene, to the Savoy Hotel in London, and there introduced to a Mrs. Mary d'Este Sturges.

The astrological figure for this hour is subjoined.

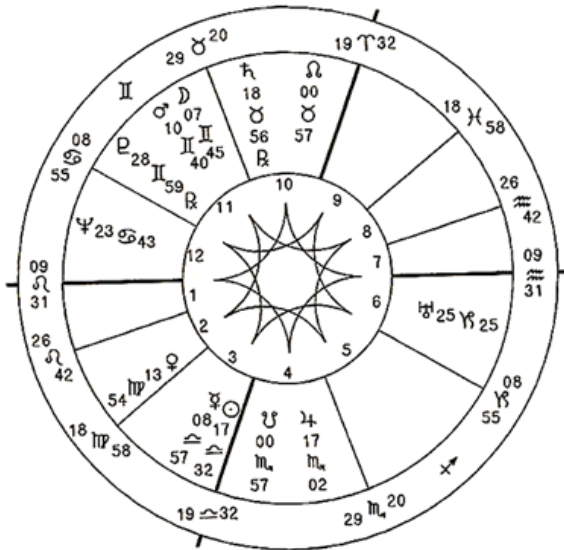


Figure 1. *The Ab-ul-Diz Working.*

This astounding figure is unintelligible without a reference to certain previous figures.

At Fra. P.'s birth ♃ , ♆ , and ♁ were culminating. ♅ in the 8th the only figure above the horizon.

At Fra. P.'s first initiation (November 18, 1898 Ψ -X. about 6 P.M.) the same three were again alone in the heaven.

At the Equinox of the Gods this again took place.

At Fra. P.'s reception into the grade of Magister Templi this configuration was again seen. ♂ was (I think) just risen.

These figures are all subjoined here, and must astonish the astrological student.¹

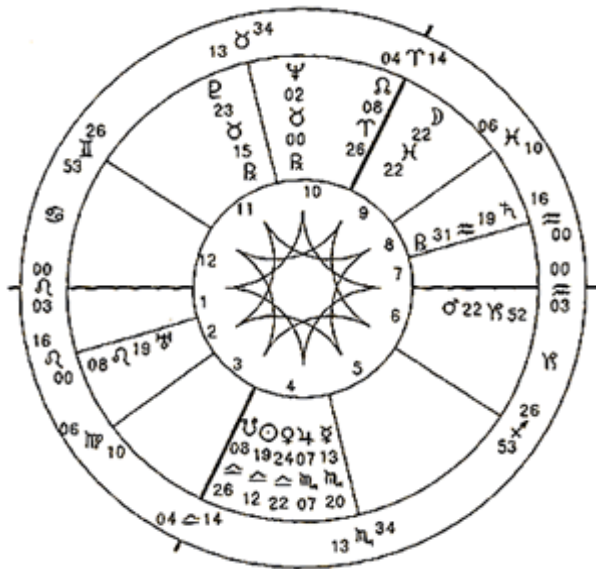


Figure 2. *The Nativity of Aleister Crowley.*

1 Evidently the elevation of ♅ in the 10th House caused the violence of the final catastrophe. Note, too, ♄ rising, and ♁ in the same degree of ♌ as at his birth.

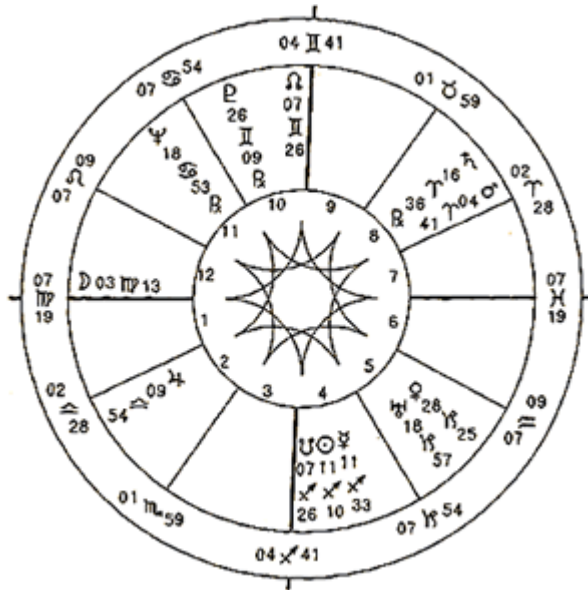


Figure 5. The Magister Templi Initiation

Of this heavenly disposition Fra. P. was of course ignorant at the time; but he was in wise ignorant of the profound and occult emotion caused by the meeting, an emotion which was not peculiar to himself alone.

On the 13th he took tea with the lady, and returning after dinner, did not leave the suite until he had expressed (however unworthily) the nature of his feelings. On the 14th he dined with her, and after partaking subsequently of chocolate and rolls, left for the North of England.

He returned to the Savoy Hotel on the 29th, somewhat disturbed in his mind by the silence with which his letters to her had been treated, but, meeting her, forgave her, and passed several hours in her company, the parting being dictated by her being obliged to take the 11 o'clock train to Paris, on the morning of the 30th.

He rejoined at lunchtime on the 14th of November at her flat in Paris, took her to Montparnasse on the night of the 18th and left Paris with her for Switzerland on the evening of the 19th.

The night of the 21st was spent at the National Hotel, Zurich.

At about midnight she was in a state of excitement, exhaustion, and hysteria so fierce and terrible as to be almost alarming to Fra. P. I must mention that he had hitherto regarded her only as a voluptuous and

passionate woman of the world, or perhaps in part as a fellow-artist; no thought of her use in his occult work had ever crossed his mind.

However, the state described, one little removed from that of an amorous but infuriated lioness, suddenly and without warning gave place to a profound calm hardly distinguishable from prophetic trance, and she began to describe what she was “seeing”.

Fra. P.'s old sceptical attitude had in no wise been weakened by the lapse of years; he attached no importance to, or interest (save artistic interest) in, what he regarded as a morbid phenomenon due to over-excitement of Bacchus and Eros, and he cannot particularize the order of the events now to be related, although he wrote them down an hour later when they assumed an occult importance.

The lady had, I think, on the previous day (the 20th) “seen” in a dream the “head of the 5 White Brothers” who told her that “it was all right.”

This person now again appeared to her. He was an old man with a long white beard; in his hand he held a wand, and on his breast was a large “claw”. On his finger was a ring; under a transparent “glass” top it had a white feather or “bird”. Subsequently she described this as the feather of a “bird of Paradise”, or something similar.

His first counsel to the seer was “to make herself perfectly passive” in order that he might communicate freely.

She then said that the 5 White Brethren were “turning red” and “Here is a book to be given to Fra. P.¹ The name of the book is Aba, and its number IV.” It was the correspondence of the name and number that made Fra. P. think there might be something in the communication.²

In the room seen was also a black-headed “Turk” or “Egyptian” wearing a tarbush and a red sash; his name is “Jezel”³ (?) and he has one hand covered with crocodile skin. He is hunting this book; but (said the Ancient) Fra. P. will get it.

There was a lot, too, about the Book VII; curious in view of the fact that the words (“[Liber] VII.” V:46) “only by passive love shall he avail” had sprung up in P.'s mind when she mentioned the old man's first command.

P. then began to “challenge” the old man.

The seer was not seeing clearly, and was terribly afraid of the whole business.

He gave his name as (?) Ab-ul-Diz.

1 She did not know Fra. P. as such. This is not a “test”.

2 ABA = אבא = 4

3 Jezel = זיזל = 5; Veli = וילי = 57. This suggests a possible identity between the “Turk” in the vision and the actual Turk who ultimately spoilt the work, Veli Bey; but I do not like the spelling, and Soror Virakam, on meeting Veli Bey's father, Elias Pasha, recognized him immediately as Jezel.

P. asked “What about 78?” and he replied that he was 78.¹

P. asked “What is 65?”² He said that P. was 65 and his age 1400.³

At some point or other he gave his symbol: IV 1400 78 1. “Water spring proceeding hence.”

I gave the P[ass] W[ord] of the Equinox (K[ραροτα]) at which he frowned.

P. considered, and considers, these attempts at identification as entirely unsatisfactory.

He promised to come and “make all clear” after 7 days at 11 P.M., P. being told to invoke “as before.”⁴ It is curious that this new revelation should have come at the moment when “Liber Legis” was ready to be published;⁵ and the proofs of the Horus invocation arrived on the very morning of the day when the invocation is to be made. P. will test this as follows: he will begin invoking by the “Bornless One” and if the seer gets nothing from this, and then does get something from “Horus”, then—good.

At St. Moritz P. had the following documents:

1. Θελημα
2. Early book of invocation etc. containing the “Bornless One”.
3. Book of Dee's conjurations, etc.
4. MSS. of A.'.A.'. rituals and some minor MSS.
5. The “Sepher Sephiroth.”
6. *The Canon* and first draft of lexicon.
7. No. 6 of *The Equinox*.
8. Proofs of *The Temple of Solomon [the King]* for [*The Equinox*] No. 7, including the Invocation of Horus used in 1904 Ψ-X.
9. The Invocation of Horus and the “Book of Results”.⁶

Fra. P. told his mistress as much as possible during the week, in order to avoid questions as to what she could or could not have known. If the Brethren wish to communicate, they must make the proof certain beyond controversy.

1 78 is א'וא'א. At this period A.C. did not know the spelling which gives the number 93.

2 65 is אדנ'י

3 In the “Sepher Sephiroth”, unpacked at St.Moritz, 1400 is given as אב=Chaos (!) the Unknown God of Chokmah in *Liber 418*, and as תלת רישין =the Tree Heads!

4 Q[ur]y. “Bornless One” or “[Invocation of] Horus.”

5 In *The Equin[ox]* I(7)

6 This only discovered on search. Why P. should have brought it is beyond conjecture, as it could have no possible use to him. Very curious.

In the Salon of their suite at St. Moritz is a very large and tall mirror, just as there was in their flat at Cairo, where the previous revelation took place.

They arrived at St. Moritz on Wednesday Nov. 22; on the next day the seer found that she had unreasonably brought a perfectly useless article from Paris. It was a robe—an abbai of blue and gold, precisely similar to that one bought for “Nuit” in the old rituals, save that there is a little red embroidery added.

Fra. P. has here with him these magical implements:

1. The Wand of Ebony crowned with the Star Sapphire and the golden snakes.
2. The Robe of a Neophyte.
3. The shew-stone of graven topaz, a rosy cross upon a chain of gold and pearls.
4. The Bell of *Electrum Magicum*.
5. The Ring of that is hidden under N.O.X.

The Seer will dress as indicated in “Liber Legis” I:61., Fra. P. as is his custom. Incense of Abramelin will be burnt. The room will be ordered in balanced disposition with the Mirror as “East”.

The ritual of Hoor will be altered to suit the magical costume and arms of P.

The invocation will begin at 10:45 P.M.

This has been written up to date by Fra.P. with his own hand on the evening (6:30–8:00 P.M.) of November 28, 1911 Ψ -X. An.VII ☉ in 5° ♄.

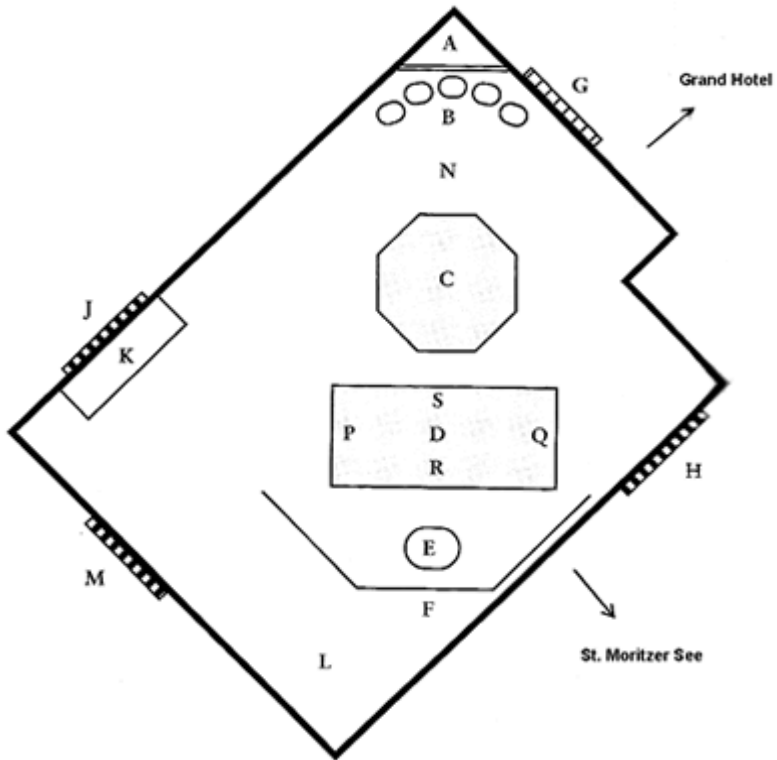
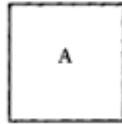


Figure 6. *The Temple of Ab-ul-Diz Working.*

- A. Tall mirror.
- B. Five chairs for the 5 Brethren.
- C. Octagonal table, tiles $(5 \times 5) + (4 \times (\frac{1}{2} + 3 + \frac{1}{2})) = 41$ squares in all.
- D. Large inlaid table.
- E. Chair for Fra. P.
- F. Screen.
- G. Curtained window.
- H. Door to small balcony.
- J. Door to hotel blocked by the couch (K)
- L. Furniture stored away here.
- M. Door to Seer's bedroom.
- N. Seer on floor facing mirror.

On (C.) are P.'s weapons and books of invocation; incense and burner.
 On (D.) are (P.) a clock, symbol of Time, (Q.) electric lamp, symbol of space, (R.) writing materials; and (S.) the five books of $\theta\epsilon\lambda\eta\mu\alpha$.



A long narrow room, an attic.

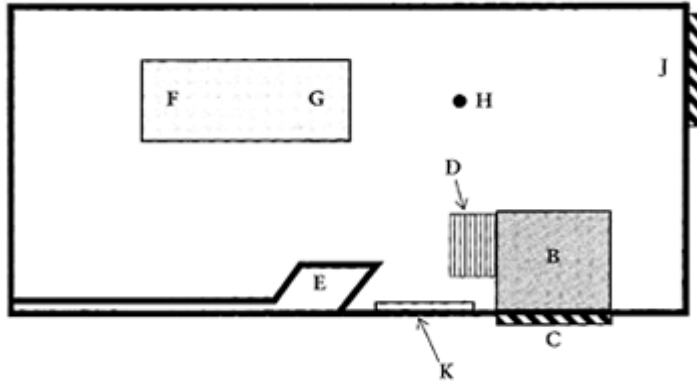


Figure 7. *The Astral Setting of the Ab-ul-Diz Working.*

Description of the room given by the Seer this evening Nov.28:

- A. Position of Seer in Bed upon the Earth at Zurich.
- B. Raised platform within room. Here stood "adept" most of the time.
- C. Door leading to (?)
- D. Steps descending into room (?) B [13] of these.
- E. Large mantle set obliquely; it had big iron "doors".
- F. Table, plain deal, much worn, very solid.
- G. Place on table where the book IV was placed.
- H. [...] of "Turk".
- J. Big double doors leading to abode of many demons.
- K. Against the wall is a blackboard, on which the adept wrote the symbol given below.

The Record Continued.

10:38.

Entered, robed, kindled incense.

10:40 P.M.

L.B.R.¹

10:45

Began the invocations: "Thee I invoke, the Bornless One."

10:56

Have finished the "Bornless One", done with great vigour and good success on simple exoteric lines.

11:00

P. *Cujus nomen est Nemo, Frater A.:A.:, adest.*

Seer spoke at same moment.

Seer says the white man is here, and wants to know what I want.

P. Nothing: did I call him, or he me?

S. He called you. but there is 77!²

P. Why did he call me?

A. To give you this book.

P. How will it be given?

A. By the Seer (*who complains she has no book*).

P. Do you claim to be a Brother of A.:A.:?

A. He has A.:A.: in black letters on his breast; but they are always running into a 7.

P. What does A.:A.: mean?

A. It means *all*.

P. Give a symbol or further meaning.

A. (S.) A triangle with something—with horns—in it. Also a key.

P. What kind of key?

¹ Lesser Banishing Ritual.

² February 8, 1912. 77 = [...] !!!

- A. Ordinary wands, but \triangle and spirals (?) for ring.
- A. The Key of 31 (He is showing numbers very fast).
- P. Ask him to be slower and simpler.
- S. Three long *f* s.
- A. I hold the blue.

11:10

- P. Give further signs of your identity, e.g. Are you Sapiens Dominabitur Astris?
- A.(S.) I see nothing but a skull.¹
- P. Is Deo Duce [Comite] Ferro one of you?
- A. — — — —
- P. Repeats.
- A. No. No: no longer.
- P. Do you know this word: MAKASHANAH?
- S. He writes it in gold, and after it he puts a black cross.
- P. (*Spoken.*) A Maltese X.

S. complains of somebody beside her, breathing on her.

- P. Ask who breathes. (*I can see small elementals dodging about.*)
- S. The black man; he has now a white turban.
- P. Ask A. to send him away, unless he serves some purpose.

S. Banishes by 541 (a number given her against fear).

- A. Let P. finish the word BAL.
- P. *Balata?* Is that right?
- A. No. There's a sword after it.
- P. My Enochian is rusty—pardon. *Balatohe?*
- A. That is right.
- P. Finish the word BAB.

11:21

- A. HTE
- P. Try again.
- A. $(X^1 / 2) HT^1 / 2$
- P. I want an intelligible significant word.
- S. ITO but that isn't what he said. He sticks to his HTE or something.

¹ Very good. S.D.A. is dead

- A. Try Brethren.
- P. Exactly what I'm doing. Can he not give something that only I know, or something that not even I know, but can make out once he gives me the clue?
- A. Shews a black T-square and draws 3 lines through the long part, across so as to divide it into 4 parts. (*S. rather distressed.*) 1st (top) space marked 4, 2nd 8, 3rd 12, 4th 0 (Zero) and that one P. must find out which it is.
- Through the T-square he draws a r cross, so that if there were 2 T-squares it would make a square. His hand points to the free end, toward the Nuith.
- Ask me about 9.¹
- P. Consider yourself asked.
- A. 9 is the number of a page in a book.
- P. What book?
- A. A book of voyages.²
- P. We have none in stock. What book?
- A. A book of fools.
- P. What book of fools?
- A.
- P. What is on this page 9?
- S. Is there a book of saints? He shewed me the book (?) Book of Job.³ (*This from the first, but it was written in a language unknown to S.*)
- P. Let A. give S. a mystic name for P. to call her by.

11:40

- A. - - - - -
- S. I won't tell you.
- P. Please tell me.
- S. He says the name should be that of the 7th virgin, and I won't be a virgin.
- P. What is that name? (I am having to repeat things a lot, and to wait. What is that name? What is that name? What is that name?)
- S. 2 or 3 times he shewed me a V.I. - - - - -


1 9 becomes intelligible now An. XIV, ☉ in $\nearrow 9^{\circ}=2^{\circ}$ is the Grade of a Magus. The Grade refers to Change—a “book of voyages.” Also—“a book of fools”—*The Book of Wisdom or Folly*.

2 Page 9 of the typescript of *Liber Aleph* contains these words: “[The Will] but always travelleth it with thee upon thy Path, ready to acquaint thee with thy true Nature, if thou attend unto its Word, its Gesture, or its Show of Imagery.”

3 Job[א״ב] = 19

- P. Is it Seer's fault or P.'s that these communications are so futile? Or his own?
- A. If you can translate 9 you will not find it futile.
- P. Well, how can I identify this book?
- A. - - - - -
- P. Is there a copy in my possession now and here?
- A. No.
- P. Where can I find it?
- A. London.
- P. Probably. In my office?
- S. Are there black bookshelves in your office?
- P. Dark brown.
- S. No, black!
- P. I don't think so.
- S. The book is marked with a crown, and under XX1.
- P. Further details, please.

P. goes to examine his private book of invocation which has a crown. On p.9 is an invocation of the A. Seph. Am.

- S. He shows another book with a blazing sun, and covers in gold.
- A. The Book IV. Your instruction to the Brothers.
- P. Then I'm not to publish it?
- A. Gives silence sign.
- P. I understand by that that I am not to publish it.
- A. Never. Never never never never. But you are to find it.
- S. He shews gold ring with a  woven in it.
- P. Any letters?
- S. I don't believe he's said what he came to say at all.
- P. Let him dictate slowly and clearly his message. I will go and look for this Book IV if I have sufficient.

11:55

- [P:] Does he wish to go on with this very unsatisfactory conversation?
- A. Go to London, find Book IV, and return it to the Brothers.
- P. Where is Book IV?
- A. In London.
- P. Where in London?
- A. (S.) Is there any place in London "Sign of the New Moon"?—you know.
- P. Probably dozens.

- A. Ask Hendersons.
 P. What will the contents of Book IV enable me to do?
 A. To finish the work begun To point out a voyage.
 S. Is Henderson on Regent Street?
 P. I think so.
 S. Sees envelope with a Star and New Moon addressed to them.
 P. What do you know of *Æquo Animo*?
 S. He crosses his arms and bows his head, squatting.
 P. Can *Æquo Animo* find the Book IV for us?
 A. Yes (but he puts a big 1 after it.)
 P. Has he any further to say? I will write to *Æquo Animo*.
 S. Write TH⁷ / 8 ZIG (He has just written this).
 A. When you get Book IV you'll know what the white feather means.
 Obey and return Book IV to the Brothers.

444.

- P. At what address?
 A. Where I sent a package of rituals—small books.
 P. When did I send such a package?
 A. 1894 (!!!)
 P. Is Non Omnius Moriar one of you?
 (S. Don't believe him.)
 P. That date!?
 A. a brown paper package of small books.
 P. 396 Camden Rd.?
 A. No.
 P. 87 rue Mozart?
 A. No.
 S. Some number with a 7 in it.
 A. Your number (o Seer!) is 7; but it's a bad number, so don't mark it down.
 S. Try 1904 for the date.
 P. D.D.S.?
 A. Yes.
 P. Mistle? – – – – – Manningtree?

12:15

- A. Doesn't sound quite right.
 P. Can't you tell me the place?
 A. —S. Pamberton? Someone who does clerical work for you will know address. (? *Maza*?) The book is to be changed and then sent out again. It has been corrupted, and must be restored to its pristine glory. He will give you (P) some letters:

A	H	L	K or L	Y	Z	72
12	3	4	5	6	87	

Then a long line of zeros under a line.

S. complains of fatigue, etc.

- P. Ask for another appointment.
- S. The 4th December, at between 7 and 9 P.M.
- P. Good-bye!
- A. 7777! Good-bye.

December 4th

9:00 P.M.

[P.] *Adsum!*

S. drunk. Seer sees 444. I'd better go to London at once and find the Book IV.

- P. What about my?
- A. You did receive something in the 7th month ? 97 and you've got to pay.
- P. Have I not paid?
- A. No. But you shall pay, and there will be such joy in the doing.
- S. ? - - - - - ?
- A. What have you done with 24 and the sign of the cross and the crown? Write as fast as you can; the 4th, 5th number, then the 3rd, then the 1st and 0 is greater than all; for 0 [...] the Circle and the Crown. (*They're all sitting round the long table. Something in the middle—a book open—they are divided in opinion about something.*)
- P. How shall I get this Book IV?
- A. Waiting in London.
- P. I don't want the rational answer, I want the absurd.
- A. 1429.
- P. Enlarge on this.
- A. 10 - - - - It's all about water. (*i.e., Book IV is.*)
- P. Tell me more.
- A. You disdained the ship I offered you. The ship was No. 1. 4. with the head of a negro, golden beak, breast white.

In his, A.'s, hand a wand (?) with golden spearhead. The feather was from a white dove in front of ship. Now P. steps in dressed in white.

[A.] 29—read 29!—and 39! Don't waste time!

9:15

I think S. should be excited [...] by.

[A.] Read 69 – – – –

10:30

*S. sees the crocodile hand. A. is now in black—the room by the incense.
His name is I AM.*

P. What is my name?

A. KAM.

P. What is S.'s name?

A. 7 Heb [rew] Characters . . . V out of 3 letters of P.'s.

P. Out of which name?

A. Mystic Name.

P. Which?

A. Seventh (?) 731

A. S. sees Starry Heaven.

P. Your name?

A. VIRAKAM.¹

S. Do you want to know about the Sword?

P. Yes.

S. It's lying sheathed on table.

P. Well?

S. – – – The Brothers are turning red on the 9th. – – – White ball rolling on table from side to side—never falls. [...] They're placing academic robes on P.² and a chain with a cross.³ They vote, 9 votes cast, 2 not cast—these two in same robes as P. (*There are now 11 brethren*).

1 P.S. December 10th [1911]. VIRAKAM = 278 (Cherubim) VIR = Man or strength. KAM = Work (or for *kama*, lust). 278 = 2 x 139 (Hiddekel)

2 S. says P. had a double Janus face when robe was put on.

3 This seems to refer to my O.T.O. initiation, where a chain with a cross was given me, also robes of an Academia Masonica. Note the 9=2³ symbolism here. There are two other Magi besides P. (666) on the earth.

- P. What do they vote about?
S. Can't find out. — — — — — I wish you'd let me go. — — — —
Bishop brought in to decide. — — — — Let me go—I can't
understand it all.
- P. You have my sympathy.
S. The white man says I must obey *all*.
P. Who is all?
S. Almighty.
P. Who is that?
S. The Knower of All.
P. Who is that?
S. It's just a sunblaze.—Old man going to door, where is One Eye.
P. Yes?
S. He knocks with a sword. Opens it. Steps, up. Up he goes. People
on steps not very visible—Afraid I'm useless—so much I'm
missing.
- A. If you blind your eyes you will see; if you obey you will know.
S.: We (*A. and S.*) have come out where there's *nothing*. I'm not afraid.
Take me home—I want to be near you (*P.*).
(*S. nearly crying.*)
- P. You are near me, sweet.
S. They put black robe on me too, one like you have. Oh I'm afraid,
I'm afraid. (*Trembling all over and gasping.*)—Only one star!—
Oh if I only knew what it was!—Under the feet of A. is skull and
crossbones.
- P. Good.
S. The crossbones form support of chair. Nobody in chair now.—
Somebody sitting cross legged in it. Bell on table.—My old man
only does what they tell him—just waits—has ring on arm—
There's terrible enemy rising up for P.
- P. Who?
S. Tall, smooth-faced, long face, hair brushed back, age 30—40, 33
no! 34.
- P. Name?
S. N.G.—N.G.B. (Bingham). Something ending in ham.
P. Birmingham?
S. Yes it could be that. But you'll show him the white feather of the
dove—a quill—dip in ink.—Everybody's in black, heads covered,
only eyes showing. They're all signing something in a book. 1st
signs X.—2nd signs R.
- P. When next seance?
S. He signs X.

- P. Meaning?
S. I won't do it any more. Yes: I'll just obey. (*Sobs.*)
P. When?
S. 10th December at 9 P.M.
P. Say *Vale, Frater.*

S. says it. A. goes off with a casket. S. comes back. (No; she don't [sic]) Under casket lock is Latin written Dix i m or n (very fine, just engraved in steel.) O. X.—figures like little men.

- P. Why not come back?
S. I want to know what's in casket.—They gave me a ring with cross. (*They gave me a white sack before.*)
P. Come back; you've tried.
S. I see lilies.

S. is convinced of the reality this time, much more than previous time.

[Sunday] December 10

8:40 P.M.

I have arranged the room ceremonially as before; but will recite the Invocation of Hoor as in Egypt, beginning at 8:50.

9:15

Did this. Near beginning Stone of Wand flew out, and was lost.

9:18

P. *Nemo adest.*

9:19

S.'s body is being turned around to face P. (this astrally) S. is going to high door (of a temple) always towards left. Two high carved figures at door, one each side. Inside is nothing but a great Vault, bottomless; but now a white figure is sitting in middle on a raised thing.

- P. Where's your old man?
S. I don't know.

This figure holds up its left hand; thumb standing out very straight, on it he balances a chain. He has black rod and points to lines of his own hand. A blue glass covers his palm. There are lines through glass—6 lines, and at each point are different figures, e.g. a man on horseback, a very black bird.

- P. Ask him “Where is old man?”
S. Beside me.
P. What is his real message?

S. keeps on being turned to left.


- P. (*Repeats.*)
P. Does he want you to go to left?
S. Something's wrong: I don't know what. I don't see him.

Thinks she's been really pushed.

- S. (*Repeats above.*) I'm in desert. Can't you clear it up?
P. Aiwass! Aiwass! Aiwass! Aiwass! Aiwass! Aiwass! - - - - -
Long pause - - - - -

9:32

S. repeats: Something wrong etc. Long pause—S. repeats again.

- P. Ab-ul-Diz! Ab-ul-Diz! Ab-ul-Diz! Ab-ul-Diz! Ab-ul-Diz! Ab-ul-Diz!
S. Big black door.
P. Go through it.
S. Closed.
P. Break it open!
S. All black ^٢ a cloth now. Hooded man in  guards door.
P. Push him away. Give some sign.
S. I should have something on my head.
P. Put on that white bandage (*astral*).
S. I can see nothing. I can do nothing. If only old man were here!
P. Why isn't he?
S. Is this right hour?
P. Yes. Perhaps you've done something wrong!
S. Now I see first room filled with figures in black robes and folded arms, faces hooded.
P. Is old man there?

S. Sure, if I could only get to him.
P. Call his name.
S. They're not near me as usual.
P. Ask why.
S. - - - - - I think my friend is here now. - - - - - So indistinct.
- - - - - Something wrong with *me*.
P. Ask forgiveness; ask what you're to do to get right.
S. I'm to obey.
P. In what have you disobeyed?
S. Faith.
P. Faith in what?
S. Faith in all. I haven't taken the 20 steps (I can't do it: I'm ready to die: I can't hear or understand. I want to go away.)
P. Is there anything you can do to put it right?
S. I can do nothing, dear.
P. Is that what they tell you?
S. To wait.
P. Anything else?
S. "Your (*i.e.*, *S. 's*) part is to serve."
P. Serve whom?
S. The purpose.
P. Whose purpose?
S. P.'s.
P. What is my purpose?
S. To bring the Light.
P. Amen. What can you do to aid that?
S. Obey.
P. But I do not wish to command.
S.: The way shall be made clear. We shall be taken by the hand and guided and can make no mistakes. P.'s cloak shall cover you. (*i.e.*, *S. is to do something that's meant for P. to do.*)

9:58

P. Shall we R. to 2 or 7? (*Go to France or Italy?*)
S. 7. (I saw candlestick with 3 candles.) (*Italy.*)
P. Shall we be 412, 73, or 434? (*i.e. 2, 3, or 4?*)
S. 73.
P. A. how many R's of E? (*after [how many] Revolutions of Earth?*)
S. 7 (and a 7 and then it passed away.) Now I see a 9.
P. Is 200-200 right? (*Raymond Radclyffe.*)
S. (202 I see) Yes. But there's a good deal of doubt about it. Finally yes.

P. This is very important: please make sure.

S. Y – E – S

P. Will he swear that by the body of Nuit?

S. He doesn't want to.

P. Is that because it seems to be a material affair?

S. Yes.

P. Then will he swear it by the head of Ra-Hoor-Khuit?

S. Yes.

P. Is the doubt really in his mind, or in yours or mine?

S. Not in his.

P. Is it in yours?

S. Yes. You can be assured.

P. That's very nice of him. Shall we do a M.R. and p. MMM?
(*Magical Retirement and practice High Magic?*)

S. Yes.

P. By M? (*the Sea*)

S. I see a T.

P. In 246? or near it? (*Rome*).

S. 247.

P. (*aside*) $50 + 1 + 80 + 30 + 5 + 60 = 216$ (*Naples*).
 $20 + 1 + 80 + 200 + 10 = 311$ (*Capri*).

P. 216 or 311?

S. 311.

P. Then not 247? (*Oh, I see! "246 and beyond."*)

S. 4 is very important.

P. Will he make another app [ointmen]t?

S. They have something to tell you; they're all in white now.

P. Please tell.

S. Something about "Sepher Sephiroth".

P. What?

S. I saw 2 white *Is*—11 then a quite separate 7. Try every 7th number.

P. Beginning from which?

S. From 11.

P. I will. I want you to strengthen the bond between you and these people.

S. How? By promising obedience? By taking oath?

P. Would that help?

S. They show me \triangle with spot in centre.

P. Is it a spot? Look again.

S. A crown.

P. Look again.

S. It's red.

- P. See thing in centre clearly.
 S. A cross.
 P. Look once more. You said a spot?
 S. —A rose?—An eye!
 P. Good; very good! When shall we see them again?
 S. The 11th. (No; it can't be. I don't want to see them again till I see them more clearly.)
 P. Obey!
 S. I swear it. Old man will come alone tomorrow at 7.
 P. Can't he make it a more convenient hour, such as 10?
 S. Yes, 10.
 P. Does he want me to invoke as tonight?
 S. Be better prepared. Use the holy rite.
 P. Which holy rite?
 S. You use that for initiation.
 P. You mean the opening?
 S. Yes.
 P. Very good. *Vale, Frater*. What shall I do to Seer? Shall she be 391 (*normal*) or under C₂H₆O or 31? (*Dr[ops] 4*)
 S. 6280. (*meaning C₂H₆O*)
 P. After the due performance of the Rites of Venus?
 S. Ay, verily!
 P. *Vale, Frater!*

After ceremony P. went out: S. saw him with 4 eyes and a balance in his mouth. In hand something—right foot raised. From eyes shoot 4 figures.

[Monday] December 11th

9:30

Seer being excited by a half bottle of Pommery 1904, and by Eros, opened T[emple] by “[Liber] 671.” Toward end S. cried “The Beast!” amid her groans. It is now 9:49.

9:50

- S. The Beast has come in here. He opens his mouth. Many characters come therefrom.—J or I and then Uranus. He says, “You shall go on till the end.”
 P. Describe the Beast.
 S. Great God! - - - - He's tremendous. Like an oxen (!!!) and between his two horns lies another curled horn. (*Groans*) It comes

down over his face. The half of his right foot is white.—It's an arrow, and below the arrow is letter V. I. only want The Truth, The Truth, The Truth.

P. What is his name?

S. I think it's Uranus.—(?) Eros maybe. (*S. becomes quite unintelligible*). He has a gilded hoof. (*Old man and all brethren in white are here.*) They've all their hands on same bar in shape of U. Their hands are mailed.

9:58

S. You may ask what you like tonight.—47 or 477.

P. What is your real name?

S. Ura, and then flashing in a flame I see Surt (*Ora*)¹—I always see Crown and Cross.

10:00

[S.] (*S. again inaudible.*) I am to serve and he is a master who can command. O.H.O.²

P. Meaning?

S. Initiation.

P. Who's he?

S. You (*P.*) must make the test.

P. Test of whom?

S. Of the one to be—Absolutely!

P. Does ♯ follow ♯? (*Will there be a son?*)

S. No.

P. Does ♯ follow? (*Or a daughter?*)

S. No.

P. Will Π get Λ of Λ? (love of this life, i.e. L.W.)

S. It comes. It's poised.

P. Will N. do what he proposed?

S. He has.

P. Not yet, surely!

S. He has. The deed is father to the thought.

P. What will happen to R.? (.)

S. He will act rightfully as in the past.

P. Then he is only a fool?

S. He counts for his weight only.


1 Note. Ura=207=Aur=Light. Surt.= Sorath =the Spirit of the Sun=666

2 O.H.O. is the Title of the Brother who initiated me to O.T.O.

- P. Tell me about this Book IV or Aba.
- S. It's the most important. You'll find it unexpectedly.
- P. When
- S. Wait! Be patient! Work! Deny nothing! The simplest things mean most. You're on the way. The Book IV means freedom to all. It's the Light.
- P. When shall I next meet a Brother in the flesh?
- S. When you know him! He's waiting for you. Know him by crossed hands. He too has a ring.¹ Wait! Wait! Wait! We are with you. Your work is not yet done. Out of your life shall come many. There are three bars to cross²
. Sacrifice ? France †I can't make it out. By the blood of Œdipus! (?) (*S. unintelligible.*) On thy feet shall hoofs be added for speed. Because of the Great Way to go. Scorn not the means. Ask what you will. But remember they are all there.
- P. l.l.n.i.t.b.p.e.? (*Is last night's instruction to be punctually executed?*)
- S. Yes: but move. Ask again. There are great events happening and you are too doubtful; have confidence.
- P. M.w.a.t.i.o.l.n.? (*May we alter the instruction of last night?*)
- S. No 29. You are the test. Obey. She serves.
- P. When shall we speak again with him?
- S. To-night if you will you can know all. Only ask clearly. All are here; the 11, the 5 and the 6.
- P. What is the meaning of "106 seasons"?
- S. Equals 6—7 or 671.
- P. Yes: but what period of the time of earth?
- S. The tenth.
- P. 10th what?
- S. Aeon. (I see 3 x 's and x y).
- P. Is P. the L[ogos] of the A[eon]?
- S. He's the D. of the A! I see Retirement written.
- P. What does D. stand for?
- S. 0417. He shall be the 4th of the 11.
- P. Am I right in my guess? (*D. for Darmion*).
- S. No. Wait. Wait. Wait. You will have proof.
- P. What does D. stand for?
- S. For 4 in 11.
- P. Isn't it a word?
- S. Yes.

1 [P.S.] This again is true of the O.H.O. both as to the Sign and the Ring.

2 [P.S.] S[eer] left me in Naples (1), London (2), 3—?

- P. What word?
 S. The sign.
 P. What sign?
 S. . That's all. I'm tired.¹
 P. When are we to see them again?
 S. Oh God! I hope never! I'm dead. I'm dead.—I won't tell you. I won't. I'm tired. I won't be here on the 13th. I'm going away. I won't (*ad liber*). (*Screams and groans and sighs.*) The chain's woven all but the last 3 links.
 P. At what hour on the 13th?
 S. 9.
 P. Then *Vale, Frater. S . V . A . T .* Hadit.

10:26

Previous to the Orgie and Incantations, S. was lying drunk on the sofa; the 11 came to her and gave her mystic gifts, one knowledge, another power, another wisdom, etc. and said it was all for the Cause. They sealed the gifts basiculo ad cunnum. The last one said, "I'll bring you the seed from which fruit shall come."

[Wednesday] December 13th

No ceremony.

9:06 P.M. (*This is actual 8:59 circa.*)

Ready.

9:07 P.M.

[P.] *Nemo adest.*

9:10

Seer ready.

- P. Is Ab-ul-Diz there?
 S. Has been here for some time.
 P. Will he answer questions?

¹ Note this sign  recurring in Soror Ahitha's vision ("Liber XCVII")

S. Yes.

P. C.A.c.? (*Can Anna come?*)

S. C.A.?

P. n.n.e.? (*Can Preston come?*)

S. Yes: always and O.F. Faith (*3 times.*)

P. n.a.e. (*Can Anna come?*)

S. No. (*Tonight there'll be trouble. I feel it.*)

P. Why?

S. Lack of faith. If only you'd believe and go straight etc.

P. Who is doubting?

S. You.

P. Not at all.

S. Yes.

P. You, o Seer, have doubted.

S. (*General assertion of faith.*) Prove me.

P. I tried you.

S. 3—2.

P. I tested your faith several times.

S. The answer is X . X . X . I . A . A . and you never tried the supreme test.

P. W.K.g.u.h.p.? (*Will Kundry g[ive] up her p[earls]?*)

S. No: not yet.

P. What will happen in that case?

S. What happened to you before.

P. Ah God!—Is it too late?

S. No. Not too late, but too little faith.

P. Take these in your hand. (*P. gave S. the [pearls].*)

S. Why?—They've disappeared, there's nothing left; they no longer exist. - - - - - Never mind: I'm at home with them; (*i.e., the Brothers*); how well they know! - - - - - Begin his name with last letter; write it otherwise and add 22. Begin with - - - - - ZIDLUBA add 22. Oh, mother! (*A noise.*)

P. What have you done?

S. I've thrown away the p[earls]. I was quite right. He tells me so. If you can't give me spiritual gifts and things of value I don't need any. I don't need pearls; I need light.

P. What shall be done with the pearls?

S. Nothing; they're of no value. Understand; for God's sake understand. You must ask such questions differently.

P. S.t.p.b.s.t.V.? (*Shall the pearls be sent to V. V. V. V.?*)

S. Wait; and know. You were answered this question before.

P. B.n.? T.s.u.s. (*But now? They stir up strife.*)

S. Yes; are *you* ready to serve?

- P. Have I not served?
 S. Not completely.
 P. What remains for me to give up?
 S. The Unknowable. There are seven stars. (7 “x”s.) 5 you have past; 2 are ready. 1 you hold now in the form of a cross. Now ask what you will. All help is ready. Are you ready to serve? Ask what proof you will.
 P. Yes. M.w.t.A.w.u.? (*May we take Anna with us?*)
 S. A man on a journey.
 P. Yes or no?
 S. Yes.
 P. M.w.t.P.a.w.? (*May we take Preston as well?*)
 S. Yes.
 P. But you said otherwise before. Why this change?
 S. Lack of faith.
 P. We swear to obey whatever you order in this matter. A.w.t.b.t.o.f.? (*Are we to be three or four?*)
 S. To go?
 P. Yes. T. or F.?
 S. Ask in another way.
 P. The Moon or the Empress?
 S. Ask it differently.
 P. —The shape or the numeration? ([...] of [...])
 S. The Enumeration.
 P. Why have you altered your mind? I.i.f.k.f.K.? (*Is it from kindness f or Kundry?*)
 S. No—My God, they seem to say lack of faith, lack of faith, lack of faith! I think there's a journey all prepared, etc.
 P. M.K.d.a.s.w.? (*May Kundry do as she will?*)
 S. Yes.
 P. Then it's of no importance?
 S. Yes. (*i.e., it is of importance.*)
 P. And success depends on the wisdom of Kundry?
 S. On love!—On love! They've come to help and not to hinder. They show always the sign 11.—There's no fear about me!
 P. N.w.w.a.m.? (*Need we worry about money?*)
 S. Have faith! Have faith! Have faith! Read the sign of the Moon! (*i.e., as long as we love we needn't worry.*)

9:45



They have me seated on centre of table.

- P. S.I.s.t.[...]a.u.f.o.? (*Shall I send the [...] away until further orders?*)
- S. Wait!
- P. S.I.h.t.i.a.c.p.? (*Should I hide them in a consecrated place?*)
- S. W.t.c.? (*With the c[...]?*)
- S. Yes: That will do.
- P. W.K.t.s.a.o.? (*Will Kundry serve truly and obey?*)
- S. Yes.
- P. Raise your hand and swear it.
- S. I swear to serve truly and to obey.
- P. Will you allow anything to interfere?
- S. Nothing.
- P. It is recorded.—S.w.t.P.i.t.s.o.t.B.? (*Shall we take Preston into the secrets of the Brotherhood?*)
- S. No.
- P. Very good.
- S. Have you complied with all regulations?
- P. No.
- S. Why not?
- P. Kundry is too proud to be a mere Probationer.
- S. (All is expected of you). It's not necessary. X! X! X! = 30.
- P. Then why complain of my not keeping regulations?
- S. To test you.
- P. Yes: I had admitted Kundry to all knowledge necessary and will admit her further as may seem useful. I ask W.i.h.r.g.? (*What is her real grade?*)
- S. $4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$
- P. Will it please you if I admit her formally to that grade?
- S. Yes.
- P. Give me a sign of authorization.
- S. V.
- P. One V.?
- S. Either 5 or 6.
- P. Give the sign of V.V.V.V.V.
- S. Looks like *God* or *All*.
- P. I want a symbol.
- S. The Eye!—What's L.V. (the L. reversed).?
- P. I.C.t.p.f.o.m.r.? (*Is Capri the place for one magical retirement?*)
- S. I see after it 42.
- P. That means no?
- S. I see V.I. (I. illuminated) v . i . x . or v . i . z .
- P. No?
- S. No; not no.

- P. Then it means yes?
- S. I'm afraid it does mean no. (I'm in a scale being weighed against nothing. This because P. said the question was a trifle. *To serve* is my motto.)
- P. I.n.C.,w.? (*If not Capri, where?*)
- S. You were answered that two years ago; but now they can tell you for certain; it has P.A.X. after it, or 1600.¹
- P. Do you wish Ab-ul-Diz to be your teacher or master?
- S. Oh yes! He is my master.
- P. Will you write his name: is his handwriting on the form of the Probationer?
- S. I.R.I.S. (?) (*S. signs this form.*)
- P. Concerning your motto, is it to be in English, or if not, in what language?
- S. I.V.A.H.O.
- [P.] What does it mean?
- [S.] My motto is simply "I serve".
- P. In English or Latin, etc?
- S. It doesn't matter: it means the same thing. Virakam is the name.
- P. Virakam means "I serve"?
- S. I don't know.
- P. Ask them what Virakam means.
- S. I serve the Light. I tend the Light. Only believe. I do believe. I here sign my name as faithful to this revelation and obedient to it. (*Sig. Mary d'Este Sturges Virakam.*)
- P. When will Abuldiz again speak with us?
- S. On the 5th, in the morning; you will know why.—(I think on awakening.)
- P. The 5th day from now?
- S. I don't know.
- P. Ask.
- S. The 19th.²
- P. Right.
- S. But it will be different. All so beautiful, and you will know why. No need of champagne! They make a peculiar little sign on going (*I couldn't quite catch this sign. Something between Q.X. and H.P.K.*)
- P. —*Valetes, Fratres!* Arise!
- S. They give a number as they go away—400. A terrible bad number, but it was meant for me!

1 ㊦ = 1600!

2 On the 19th at 6:01 A.M. ㊦ ♀ exactly as at this hour!!!

10:20 P.M.

December 19th

10:00 P.M. The old man says he's been waiting since 7 A.M.

P. May I ask as before?

S. Begin with zero.

P. I always do and end with it.

S. There is no end.

P. There doesn't seem to be even much middle.

S. There are two columns upright.

P. I know their names.

S. K . A . M . O Q

A

P. I have begun with zero, indeed, now may I go on?

S. Yes, after A. All is ready; are you ready?

P. Yes. W.i.K.t.d.a.P.? (*What is K[undry] to do about Preston?*)

S. The question was answered yesterday. Wait, and see further.

P. C.m.? (*Concerning money?*)

S. 29.

P. Explain this further.

S. It explains itself.

P. Yes, to me, but not to Virakam.

S. She must believe you.

P. I refuse to ask her to do so, as contrary to my system of scepticism.

S. You're wasting time; she is ready. Why do you doubt?—Out of 96.

P. Wisdom. (?) Because S. varies.

S. Not really. Have faith.

P. Then will S. make a definite plan and act on it at once?

S. No. It's being made. We are making it.

P. Then what is it?

S. Wait. Why can't you see clearly? Remember 444.

P. But this matter must be settled within 12 hours.

S. It's been settled, absolutely.

P. Then what is it?

S. Understand - - - - - Can't you remember?

P. No.

S. All or nothing. 1000 (? 1500) No doubt.

P. W.V.a.a.o.? (*Will Virakam act at once?*)

S. Yes.

P. Swear it.

S. We swear by 3.

- P. Will V. understand this on reading records?
 S. Virakam is white “(2)”
 P. Yes; but will she understand?
 S. Read the meaning of white. Her colour is blue.
 P. N.w.a.t.V.? (*Now what about the Villa?*)
 S. What you will. Patience; there is danger of health.
 P. H.o.f.? (*Here or further?*)
 S. No. (*Insists on this.*) You asked wrongly.
 P. H.? (*Here?*)
 S. Where?
 P. R.? (*Rome?*)
 S. No.
 P. N.? (*Naples?*)
 S. Yes. (*You only muddle yourself.*)
 P. W.? (*When?*)
 S. Why?—The chain is broken.
 P. Is V. to work herself, or only to help P.?
 S. Ask so that I can't tell. I see a pale green light—green and yellow. Virakam is to work, to serve. Her path shall be made plain—across waters. Hold her hand. Something's meant by that; you'll know what. x . x . x . They offer you a red hood of some kind. The old man has a gavel in his hand. C O R I N E or G. Picture of a fish, round whose tail is a wreath.
 P. Ask for his blessing.
 S. He will give you some advice.
 P. Ready.
 S. Tomorrow you will find what you seek; you will know, for he will be with you and give you the sign. Don't hesitate and don't worry, bring forth the fruits. The way is paved, and the stairs slanted. Don't be afraid. Make the sign in answer. Till to-morrow.
 P. Good-bye!
 S. There is no good-bye. There's work to be done; I'm always ready. Don't struggle. Accept and believe Ab-ul-Diz. (*He holds his finger to one eye, which means, Close your eyes and see.*)
 P. Yes.
 S. Yes.
 P. When see you again?
 S. Tomorrow.
 P. Evening? At what time?
 S. 7 to 9—10!
 P. All right. Wake up!