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THE OCCULT OBSERVER

A Quarterly Journal of Occultism Art and Philosophy

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AUG 17 1950

CONTENTS

Murder and Mysticism : The Editor
Panacea : *a poem* — I. R. ORTON
The Tarot — Bernard BROMAGE
Heard in Sleep — MUNCHAUSEN
Corn and the Development of Intellect — Fergus DAVIDSON
The Literary Career of the Devil — John HEATH-STUBBS
The Meaning of Mantra — G. J. YORKE
Arjuna's Hymn to the Sun — J. MICHAUD, Ph.D.
The Psychology of Hand — Mir BASHIR
The Adept and the Imp — Michael JUSTE
The Zodiac and You — Julian SHAW
Tryst with Lilith — From a MS.
The Art of Wisdom — QUAESTOR
Reviews : 'The Book of Saheti':
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We would like to bring the following work to the attention of our readers.

WORLDS IN COLLISION

by

IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY

In a book to be published in a few weeks called *Worlds in Collision*, Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky will present a great body of evidence to show that about 1500 B.C. a comet, a new member of the solar system, *did* pass close to the earth. This he places at the time of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. Fifty-two years later, at the time of Joshua, the same comet returned. At both of these two meetings with the comet, in Dr. Velikovsky's words, 'according to the memory of mankind, the earth refused to play the chronometer by undisturbed rotation on its axis'. This is the first of four volumes in which the same author will maintain that not only on these two occasions but many times has the earth undergone vast and disastrous cataclysms in which its rotation was interrupted.

The main body of the evidence in *Worlds in Collision* is historical, and the details are drawn from—among other sources—the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Egyptian papyri, the historical texts, traditions and legends of Rome, Greece, Babylonia, Arabia, Persia, India, Tibet, Finland, Iceland, West Africa, Siberia, China, Japan, the Pacific Islands, Mexico, and Peru. Dr Velikovsky describes the area of his investigations as 'anthropology in the broadest sense', within the framework of a single science, concerning itself with 'the nature of the cosmos and its history'.

Thus a single scholar has sought a synthesis of knowledge and reason in the fields of science, legend and religion. The result is a theory of earth's history as a planet, fascinating as a tale by Jules Verne, yet documented with a scholarship worthy of Darwin or Jeans.

Dr. Velikovsky was born in Vitebsk, Russia, in 1895. He studied natural sciences at Edinburgh, and law, economics, and history in Russia. He studied medicine at the Moscow Imperial University and medical law at the University of Charcow. Later he received his M.D. in Moscow. During the early twenties he studied biology in Berlin. He founded and edited the *Scripta Universitatis*, a joint work of Jewish scholars out of which grew the University of Jerusalem.

Date of English publication : September, 1950.

Price : 15s. 0d., 16s. 0d. or 18s. 0d. Demy. Postage 8d.

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Editorial

MURDER AND MYSTICISM

From the meadows of my own microcosm I plucked many blossoms, heavenly-hued and delicately fragrant, purifying the senses and sweetening the human earth. Amid the ages I had gathered them into the great granary; reaping a spiritual harvest for the time when my nature reached ripeness and a great feast set before me in the evening of my illumination.

Overflowing with abundance was the soil of my nature; for the substances of my microcosm had brought nourishment and the little servants had given love: therefore all the parts were in gay accord and in graceful proportions.

But as I was seated there I beheld at the outer gates a lean and wolfish figure who spat and snarled and turned away and I asked: 'Who is that man?' and was told he is an ascetic who carries the

CEMETERY OF THE SELF.

I thought: 'A strange phrase,' and a grotesque vision of this man's actions appeared.

That he reigned over a barren land; that he was barbarian to his inner dominions where the waters were a trickle and trees without fruit, where winters desolated amid cold winds. And I knew he was a sexton unto himself and a gravedigger: a self-assassin; for he wailed: 'I must slay; I must kill; I must utterly destroy.'

Therefore the shy green things did not grow, and the gentle forms could not browse, and the lilies had no ground for their roots.

Sadly I returned to my feast and he to his fast.

THE EDITOR

THE PANACEA

How many times must you die, Balder?
Not you alone lie here in death
Killed by malice and the blind,
Killed by the mistletoe wound, Balder.

Now the wretched plant that pierced
Your vulnerable body, lives,
A cure for all disease, a key
To every lock, a calm to smooth
The epileptic's frenzied face,
An answered prayer of a barren womb;
How many times have you lived, Balder?

Shoot the mistletoe off the oak,
Heal the children of every ill,
Heal the children of failing eyes
Clouded by years to declare them men;

But not you only shall heal, Balder.

There is no need to constrain a man
To die in the festival of fire,
These are seen whose willing flame
Provides both fire and victim,
Or they walk though their kindled pyre consumes,
Speak though their ship sails outward,
Only through dream we know the truth,
Read the dread rune of their grieving glance;
These for the child's health, Balder,
The child who carries his years like flowers,
These for the frenzied brain and lips,
These that no field lie barren and dead
Or vision bear no fruiting,
Blaze to heaven in the fires of their hearts,
Shine as you shone, O loved Balder.

Mistletoe god, another fruit
Bright on its branch for our good is grown;
The fruit of the rowan on April hills,
Out-of-its-season wonder;
Another who will not heal his hurt,
Another fruit on another tree;
True to you both all these will die
For the health of the ailing Earth, Balder.

I. R. ORTON

THE TAROT

By BERNARD BROMAGE

A great many of us probably have friends who cling on to a very old superstition. They dislike playing cards with a pack that has been used for fortune-telling; and, vice versa, practitioners of divination have a strong objection to seeing their beloved symbols in the hands of people who can think of nothing else except bridge, pontoon or whist. Both types are subconsciously aware of an influence which goes right back into the beginnings of human speculation.

In the ancient caves of Serapis near Naples there was discovered towards the end of the last century some half-erased wall-paintings which set the scholarly world by the ears. There was little doubt that chance and industry had unearthed a 'find' of quite exceptional importance. The symbolic pictures under which the ancient Egyptians were wont to conceal the real nature of their gods and goddesses were at last unveiled to the gaze of man.

Soon the antiquarians started putting two and two together; and it was not long before it was realised that quite definite identity could be established between the discoveries in the cave and a curious European relic of the past known as the *Tarot*.

Previous to this date, these romantic and mystifying cards had been, for the most part, regarded as one of those curiosities of history which, in spite of their obvious and inescapable charm, are not worthy of any particular attention on the part of the ordinary public. But once their real meaning was recognised, the matter assumed a very different complexion. It was agreed that a study of these picturesque symbols might well lead, not only to a complete knowledge of the ancestry of playing cards, but to something more vital—to an under-

standing of the inner meaning of the great religions of the East.

When the Knights Templars returned to Europe after their long sojourn in the Near East, they brought with them as part of their booty some incredibly interesting manuscripts as well as a collection of painted cards to which they attached a very special significance. They were always extremely reticent as to the real meaning of these counters; but there is evidence to show that they were among the most treasured possessions of the Order.

Unfortunately, after the dissolution of the Order it was not possible to trace any complete pack which had been in the possession of the Knights, although remnants of extraordinary interest have been unearthed in the most unexpected quarters.

The Gipsy Guardians of the Card Symbols

It would seem that the cards were 'taken over' and used for purposes of fortune-telling by the wandering gipsies of the Middle Ages, who, like their prototypes in more modern times, claimed for themselves a deep knowledge of mysticism and clairvoyance. Sitting by their camp-fires in many countries in Europe, laying blessings on the generous and curses on the unkind, they wiled away the watches of the night with laying out the intricate designs the cards which they regarded as a living memorial of their own marvellous lineage. For it must be remembered that the gipsies always insisted that their line originated in Ancient Egypt itself. At any rate, this claim has never been disproved, and the investigations of some very reputable scholars have shown that there is a great deal to be said for this alleged derivation.

It was by accident that cultured Europe as a whole first woke up to the astounding attractiveness of the *Tarot*. It was the year 1393. Charles VII of France

a monarch not remarkable for brains, was laid up with an attack of sun-stroke; and his already befuddled wits had not improved in the process. The court was distracted. What could be done to bring back His Majesty, sunk in a deep and despairing melancholy, to something approaching sanity? The Court Fool was consulted. Full of ready ideas, he hit upon the notion of treating the King for a time as one treats an unhappy child. His Majesty, who was looking on the gloomy side of everything, must be shown something cheerful. A picture book was just the thing.

And so the city was scoured for a satisfactory artist. Jacques de Gringoire, a miniaturist of quite exceptional gifts, was commissioned to do his best; and soon the King was in ecstasy over a set of seventy-eight designs which are still to be seen in the Cabinet des Estampes in Paris. This set, over which a mad king giggled and dreamed, have been the joy of thousands of us ever since. It is the best example we have of the *Tarot* in its sophisticated European form. At last there was put on record a 'picture book' calculated to take us all back into the world of original symbolic art, as well as providing us with a magnificent example of mediæval art in its most decorative and engaging aspect.

What does the word Tarot mean, and how is the pack made up? The answer to the first question is not easy, as we are confronted with at least two interpretations which deserve close attention. The most obvious is that the cards were so called on account of their being 'tarotées' on the back: that is to say, they were picked out with plain or dotted lines crossing diagonally. Another and more convincing explanation takes us back to origins, and asserts that the name is a corruption of the Hindostani word *taru* (a pack of cards), this in its turn being

related to the Hungarian Romany *tar*. As we have already seen, the gipsies of the Middle Ages, particularly the Magyar variety, were the most diligent custodians of the pictorial heritage which springs ultimately from the venerable temples of the East.

The essential fact to realise in a study of the *Tarot* is that the pack is not only a series of entrancing pictures; much more it is a representation in diagram form of those Forces of Energy by which the world is moved. And each card depicts a particular aspect of this universal Energy.

At the same time, we must remember that these cards are not separate and distinct, but are each the outcome or reflex of certain others, to which they are by nature sympathetic or antagonistic. Like ourselves, cards have their likes and dislikes.

A simple example of Energy transforming itself from one form into another can be found in the dynamo, in which mechanical power is changed into electrical force. It was Benjamin Franklin, the famous American statesman, who first formulated, in a letter to a friend, the implications of this discovery.

In like manner, the Energy contained in one card moves along a Path to the next card, where it appears as another manifestation or Force. It does more than this. By contributing to the sum-pattern of the pack it links up with groups and finally with suits.

The Tarot, therefore, constitutes a complete and balanced whole. The first card is known as the *Magician*, and is shown as a mysterious mediæval personage equipped with symbols of the first four Energies; that is, four cards, four divisions, and four suits. Thus the first section of the pack, known as the 'Major Arcana', consists of twenty-two symbols, comprising this first card and its first three reflexes; while the fourth

card starts the next set of four reflexes (constituting the first group of seven, or 'Septenary'). The second 'Septenary' is a reflex of the first 'Septenary', leaving an odd card, the Fool, usually depicted as a wayward, thoughtless youth, treading the path of life without any thought of direction or destiny.

The remainder of the cards, known as the 'Minor Arcana', compose four suits, each suit in sympathy with the four first cards respectively. These suits are known as Cups, Pentacles, Wands (or Sceptres) and Swords. In different countries we find variations in these appellations; but the implications are the same. All the cards represent aspects of the same original Force on a lower level, and are sympathetic to cards in the Major Arcana, as well as to the changing tides of influence between themselves.

It will, therefore, be seen that the pack as a whole represent the sum-total force in its diversities of form, some elements sympathetic, some antagonistic to each other, but all mutually interconnected by natural links or Paths.

The Diagrams of the Tree of Life

The idea of the Path is also to be found in the conception of the 'Tree of Life', a favourite preoccupation of mediæval philosophers; and some authorities do, in fact, contend that the Tarot is nothing more or less than a pictorial diagram of this same method of visualing the unceasing flow of the tidal-waves of the universe.

This 'Tree', the corner-stone of Hebraic mysticism, in like manner has its governing or spiritual power at the summit and its paths criss-crossing in the shape of branches to other less spiritual foci of the potentials, finally reaching the 'Earthy' plane just as does the *Tarot*.

This view is backed up by the contention that the Kaballah (the system of the 'Tree of Life') is based on the Hebrew alphabet which consists of twenty-two letters. But other authorities go back further into time, and have produced startling evidence to show that the *Tarot* derives, in actual fact, from farther East. It is certain that the Chinese had cards at a very early date, while on the borders of Tibet the letters of the Sanskrit alphabet have from the remote past been given a very significant meaning. It is, consequently, reasonable to suppose that the desire to probe the mysteries of life has probably combined to produce a pack, not merely of cards, but of a replica of the universe itself and all that it contains.

It is not surprising to find that the *Tarot* reveals points of contact with other spheres of man's attempt to explore the mysteries of the infinite. The cards can be linked up with the entire astronomical and astrological system. Indeed, at various periods, packs have appeared which have, so to speak, 'gone over' to the astrological camp. One of the most entertaining of these is published by the house of Grimaud at Paris, and shows the signs of the Zodiac acting in collaboration with the *Tarot* symbols. The cards can also be related to the physical constitution of man, especially to the design and ganglia of the central nervous system.

A word on the way in which the cards are used. There is no space to go into details; but the reader may like to know something of their working. The consultant shuffles, and certain cards are dealt. These representations of Forces will give the picture of the influence surrounding the question or person, both as regards the position in which they fall and also to their situation in relation to each other. An ancient Irish method of divination lays out the cards in the form of a Maltese cross.

Whether one believes that the results obtained spring from the cards themselves or from their interpretation, it must be admitted that results are achieved. The present writer has had the most remarkable manifestations of the clairvoyance inherent in the pack, which leaves no room for doubt; and we all remember instances of extraordinary shocks from readings of the ordinary playing cards. This should not astonish us when we remember that they are the *Tarot's* younger brother, being the Minor Arcana minus the four Knights, the 'Fool' having turned into the Joker.

Famous Packs of Tarot

One of the most fascinating hobbies imaginable is the collecting of *Tarot* packs; although, alas, one of the most expensive. The ex-Queen of Spain has a marvellous array, and the treasures of the United States Card Company in Cincinatti will always make the mouth water and the heart beat faster. But the ordinary enthusiast, if he has patience and diligence, can still pick up in out-of-the-way-corners enchanting facsimiles of some of the greatest packs ever imagined and designed.

Here are a few sets to look out for. The famous 'Marseilles' *Tarot* is not particularly rare in reproduction; and is a genuine transcript of some of the finest mediæval hand-painted specimens. The very beautiful set painted by the exquisite artist Mantegna in 1485 the not so easily obtainable; but they are a delight for life. Also the 'Visconti' *Tarot*, painted for the Duke of Milan in 1415, the originals being still in the possession of his family, are of the highest artistic and symbolical value.

At a more recent date, the pack associated with Etteila, a French barber who made a fortune out of divination at the time of the Revolution, is worth attention, principally because of the designs, which, abandon-

ing mediævalism, are executed in a typical eigtheenth century manner—'red-cao' figures, astrological hints and chaste Directoire costumes.

Napoleon always took with him on his campaigns a pack of the *Tarot*; and when he returned to his capital, one of his first visits was to Madame Le Normand, whose cards, although a little flamboyant, like the lady herself, have the ample charm of the epoch. But, like many of her tribe, she was tactless enough on one occasion to allow truth to prevail over flattery; and the superstitious Emperor had her thrown into prison for her pains.

In London, at the present day, the set designed by Pamela Colman Smith and published by Messrs. Rider, can be seen for a modest figure and gives the beginner a good idea of the meaning and history of the cards. Lady Harris has quite recently exhibited her own very expressive drawings at Oxford; and the present writer has also entered the lists. A curious and fantastic experimental set has been published by the artist Osmund Spare.

Some years ago, when the present writer was ransacking those intriguing bookstalls which used to give such a fascination to the banks of the Seine, he discovered an old Huguenot Bible. His attention was arrested by a delightful wood-cut facing the New Testament portion. It was practically a facsimile of the twenty-first, or final card of the Major Arcana, The World. It was as if the essence of life had been summed up both in a Book and in a set of symbols.

For instance, the twelfth card, the Hanged Man, represents a perverted sort of martyrdom, that which mortifies itself in order to acquire power and glory for itself. The thirteenth card, Death, shows a skeleton reaping what he has sown, and can mean Strife with no

profitable result. It is a natural outcome of the previous card. But out of these figures come the Four card, Temperance, as it would seem inevitably, revealing a reunion of the good forces in the world: it provides a just comment on the previous emblems of doom.

To conclude: the Tarot has always interested the searcher after truth, and always will. The never-ending revelation of hitherto concealed possibilities entices us irresistibly towards the discovery of a Key to all we have thought and hoped. Still latent messages are waiting to announce themselves; and if we pick up nothing more from the *Tarot* than a taste for some inspiring byways of artistic creation, we shall at least feel a faint intimation of something bigger than ourselves which at the same time holds out the promise of the best that we may think and become.

* * *

HEARD IN SLEEP

By MUNCHAUSEN REDIVIVUS

Sometimes in a semi-doze I hear conversations, and in this slight episode the following dialogue was heard. These characters have occasionally appeared before sleep, sometimes on awakening.

That exceedingly busy student, Samuel Flitterflop, in his peregrinations from School to School with great tidings of well-trodden fields of occult discovery, was disturbing my sleep again. This time I heard:

'Masters! You have to *be* a Master to know one! I actually know four!'

WOOFLE (*incredulously*): 'Four! And I don't even know one'.

Flitterflop replied smugly, 'Ah, my good fellow, but then I am one of the old souls, so naturally it follows . . .'.

WOOFLE (*enviously*): 'But four of them! It's a bit

wholesale, isn't it? Just because you are an old soul, I mean? I don't smoke, I don't drink, I live sparingly, and *always* sublimate my kundalini . . .'

FLITTERFLOP *(meaningly)*: 'I've noticed you don't spend much'.

WOOFLE *(defensively)*: 'I can't afford to. What with saving for the trip to Thibet . . .'.

FLITTERFLOP *(patronisingly)*: 'Now, if you were an old soul you would not need to go as far as that. Look what I've got! An actual description of the Masters, done by one of their Chelas under their inspiration'. (Through the sleep-haze I saw a sketch of four venerable old men, such as I have had reproduced here).

WOOFLE *(with a gasp of amazement)*: 'But how did you come by that?'

FLITTERFLOP *(portentously)*: 'By the proper occult methods, my lad. You know the theory . . . work yourself into a sacred frenzy, rend the soul . . . the Sobs and Throbs method, in short, and hey-presto . . . there are the Masters!'

WOOFLE: 'But that doesn't account for that picture. Is it authentic?'

FLITTERFLOP *(angrily)*: 'Of course it's authentic. If the Masters can write on a blackboard, and transport astral letters, then why can't they impress their likeness on an ordinary piece of paper?'

WOOFLE *(caperingly but still admiring)*: 'All the same they look a bit like elderly esoteric quads, don't they? What are they Masters of?'

FLITTERFLOP *(in an informative tone)*: 'They are the Masters of Love, Ever More Love, Love Transcendental and Love Sublimated, and they are known by the names Plumbago, Pink, Puce and Purple.'

WOOFLE: 'And what do they teach?'

FLITTERFLOP: Love.'

HEARD IN SLEEP



WOOFLE: 'That's a big subject. How do they teach it?'

FLITTERFLOP: 'By never saying anything, and, of course, it follows that they never *feel* anything. That is the quintessence of Mastership'.

WOOFLE: 'But if that is so, how do their students know they exist?'

FLITTERFLOP *(in anger)*: 'How do they know? They just *do*, that's all'.

WOOFLE: 'But they must teach something . . . somehow'.

FLITTERFLOP *(exasperatedly)*: 'They raise their fingers in warning. That's how they teach Love'.

WOOFLE (*still puzzled*): 'I see, and do their *chelas* know what they mean?'

FLITTERFLOP: 'Of course they do. You can always tell the kind of Masters who are operating by their *chelas*. The *chela* is apt to attract the very Master whose

vibrations correspond to his. Now, these Masters have been attracted to me, and I am going to spread their teachings far and wide'.

WOOFLE (*still puzzled*): 'But you can't set up as a Teacher with Masters who say, do, hear and feel nothing. You won't get any followers on the strength of four raised forefingers'.

FLITTERFLOP: 'Your ignorance is abysmal. Some of the biggest occult schools have been raised on Masters who say and do nothing. I think big, my lad, and with four Masters, with four raised forefingers, we've got an astral symbolism which should attract thousands of students . . .'

(Still arguing, the indefatigable Flitterflop and his toady Woofle passed out of my rapidly recovering consciousness).

* * *

CORN AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF INTELLECT

By FERGUS DAVIDSON

The attribution of spiritual qualities to material objects is usually termed idolatry. No distinction is made between the organic and inorganic and the object is usually referred to as dead matter, a very complete misnomer, in the case of corn in particular which is so very much alive. It is proposed in this article to indicate certain material aspects of the cereals which have elevated man to extremely high intellectual status and, in a subsequent article, how man himself has elevated the cereals to the highest spiritual levels. The difference between the intellectual and the spiritual is difficult to define, but for rough purposes, it is considered as equivalent to that between the rational and the irrational in the very absolute sense employed by Hargrave in his

account (*The Occult Observer*, No. 3, 1949) of the doctrine of Lu Tzu in 'The Secret of the Golden Flower.' The Secret remains, like the rest of Life, a secret that cannot be 'understood' by the intellect. It can only be experienced. That is but another way of saying: life can only be lived. You cannot 'understand' life by means of reasoning-power, because—so far as the intellect knows—there is no *reason* why life should exist on this or any other planet. This article is therefore concerned only with giving an account of certain phenomena which to a very large extent cannot be accounted for. It is *not* an explanation.

In the purely material sense the achievement of so-called civilised society in the development of food crops is miserable compared with barbarian groups. 'Our debt to pre-literate barbarians is heavy. Every single food plant of any importance has been discovered by some nameless barbarian society (Childe, 'What Happened in History'). The cereals were consciously cultivated before all other plants, although the problem of their origin has remained unsolved. It was thought that the theory of *gen foci* formulated by Vavilov which postulated seven independent centres of the origin of cultivated plants with special emphasis on Abyssinia provided a satisfactory explanation; but the author himself seems to have discarded it. Thus there remains for solution the great problem of cereal origins, the solution to which will give us a key to the origin of civilisation itself.

The material reason for this apparently sweeping statement lies in the peculiar effect of the cereals in the intellectual growth of mankind. Hunting developed the power of observation, the sense of space and the growth of instinct of primitive man, so that the back portion of the brain became highly developed. The consequence

was the emergence of highly communistic societies, for without co-operation in the hunt, men died through lack of animal dietary. Cereal cultivation, however, necessitated concentration on a much narrower field of vision, so that the eye, coupled with the need for food in the stationary society, evoked the development of the intellect and the front part of the brain was developed at the expense of the sensory impulses. The consequence was the origin of private property in land and the growth of highly individualistic societies. Without individual attention, corn dies, a fact which makes stationary agricultural groups most difficult to communise.

Leisure Begins with Cereal Crops

The development of the cereals gave man a certain freedom from perpetual preoccupation with the Food Quest, time for reflection and food for thought as well as for the body. 'Single grains of wheat, when sown in fertile soil in a clear space, often give rise to plants each of which at harvest may consist of 40, 50 or even 100 straws or more, and a corresponding number of ears filled with grain. In these instances a single main shoot coming from a grain produces several branches or "tillers", which in turn branch similarly; these secondary tillers produce still more branches, and the process may be repeated during autumn and early spring until the end of March or beginning of April, when it ceases and the growth length of the straw and the development of the ear commences . . .

'That a single grain in favourable circumstances may give rise to a plant yielding several thousands of grains is an amazing fact which has attracted attention in all ages' (Percival, 'Wheat in Great Britain').

This is indeed the fact which has caused man to endow the cereals with various spiritual and mythological attributes. To the writer, however, it is this fact, in

conjunction with their development of the intellect and the Soul and the creation of the economic conditions which made their development and use possible, which is the Greatest Miracle. According to R. R. Schmidt ('The Dawn of the Human Mind'), the psychical metamorphosis, which began towards the end of the Palæolithic age, was set in motion by cosmic events. Earth shifted the scenes of life; and the naturalistic Stone Age pictorial representation lost its potency and its original intention. The inspiration and the truthfulness faded away in the cave sanctuaries; here the being of primitive magic declines. The crisis of the world has established a new kingdom upon earth; and in the irradiation of new activities the Soul forms a new facies (? perhaps 'facet' or 'species') of thought upon the ancient basis. The thing which once was sinks into the unconscious; a higher psychical Power lays hold upon the rudder of mankind. This new-born apprehension, the belief in the soul, has its deepest roots in the dominion of a Power more highly articulated both socially and economically. Along with the powers of earth the kingdom of 'the other side' comes into flower. Mankind, who buries the seed deep in the ground, and harvests it, raising his eyes to the Powers of the Cosmos, now frames the other-world of the Soul . . .

'Out of the man of magic, who is fettered to nature, there grows the emancipated man, vehicle of a soul, who differentiates the original magic somatopsychic unity into its departments. Body and Soul, Outward and Inward, World and Ego, become a duality in the consciousness. The mind, orderly, accumulating in memory and symbol-envisaging, makes these distinctions as experience develops a higher significance. Thus the content of former magical experience becomes overlaid, and the limitations of thought which still continue are

changed into a symbol. And thus as the soul develops, each period of metamorphosis becomes a single experience of mankind, lived through once and closed for ever. Psychical change proceeds in step with telluric changes. The childhood of man stretches over innumerable lengths of time—that first stage in which the life of sensory impulse passes on to the awakening of the magical soul. For tens of thousands of years the magical prospects-concepts ripen into comprehensible symbolic concepts. The symbolic stage of pre-historic times was flourishing only for thousands of years. The lofty conscious reason has been active for but a few hundred years, and when its time comes, it will make way for another form of thought' (translated by Professor R. A. S. Macalister).

Although therefore it is impossible to 'understand' life by reasoning power, it is possible to apply reason to the problem of faith by arguing that it is almost completely beyond the bounds of probability that the conjunction of man and seed in the development of the intellect and the soul and the creation of economic conditions essential for such development should be the result of chance. The condition "almost" however necessitates the admission that the belief that it is a miracle is a declaration of faith. The writer prefers to use his reason in making such a declaration rather than to assert without the slightest proof whatever, as do the materialists, that matter and life originated spontaneously, for that would be an even greater miracle; or, like millions of theists, to be content with the assertion of the existence of God, also without proof nor making the slightest attempt to obtain it—one of the cardinal sins. Actually, there are two miracles, one the very fact of the existence of means of Creation, and the other Creation itself. In the opinion

of the writer, these are rational conclusions.

In the creation and development of the intellect, then, the most remarkable fact was and is the human brain. It existed long before the cultivation of the cereals which, after all, took place only a short ten thousand years ago, a mere second in the infinity that, so far as we yet know, is the age of man. The development of the intellect took place in stages precipitated by certain physical or cosmic changes. One of the earliest and most important was the assumption by man of an upright posture, due probably to climatic change, though of what nature is difficult to determine. Its significance lies in the fact that man raised his eyes from the ground, saw the world and could gaze at the heavens. One of the first intellectual advances made as a consequence of this new posture was the elaboration of an elementary conception of size.

Measurements and the Mathematical Bases

From this it was but a short step to the idea of measurement, and as society became organised more and more in groups, to that of metrological standards, albeit approximate rather than precise and, very naturally, based on the physical characteristics of man himself. Thus the height of a man, the stretch of his arms from middle finger-tip to middle finger-tip, his forearms (ells and cubits), nails, hands, palms, feet and pace, the load he could carry and several others were utilised as conventional standards in commercial intercourse. The system on which these standards was constructed is termed Binary, because addition and subtraction were effected by doubling or halving in the progression 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32. For a long period the intellectual capacity showed no advance in numerical technique. The mind of man was still in its infancy, groping toward the light, yet by its very groping a civili-

logical supremacy in Near Eastern and Mediterranean countries generally.

The barley seed was used in linear, superficial, capacity, weight and time measurement before it ultimately became a criterion of value as well as a unit of account in the economic sphere as distinct from the metrological. But in the development of the various metrological tables, priestly influence is indicated by their combination with the sacred numeral of the universe, 25,920,000 or 12,960,000 (see article in previous issue, 'The Conversion of a Materialist') or its divisors. The most important of these was the numeral 432 (in any order). Von Schubert ('Lehrbuch der Sternkunde', Erlangen, 1847), says that in the measurement of grain among the ancients and in Homer in the measurement of liquids, the unit of reckoning was the number 432. 'Of special significance, because it is still the ruling system throughout India and the most universal in ancient and modern Asia, is the time reckoning of the Indians. The key number of this time reckoning is always 4320, which number is more or less divided into decimal parts. We must acknowledge the number 432 or 4320 as very significant in the space and time (conditions) of our planet.'

432 multiplied by 6 equals 2,592.

Origins in Grain or Stars

Many attempts have been made to explain the development of early weights and measurements by tracing their numerical connections on a purely materialistic basis. Neugebauer ('Zur Entstehung des Sexagesimal systems') even denies any original connection of the stars with ancient weight metrology; but it is very, very noticeable that such attempts invariably employ the use of the word 'almost' or similar approximatives in their arith-

metical calculations (e.g. Warren 'When the double cubit cubed of 70,000 cubic inches was established as the standard of weight and measure, the method of dividing it sextarially had to be settled, and fortunately the number 69,984 C.I. was very suitable, being only out by about 1 in 4,000. The side cube could be divided by 2, 3, 6, and 12'). No attempt has been made, so far as the writer is aware (and he would be glad of information on the point), in which the starting point of investigation is astronomical dimension, in relating stellar and cereal relationships in ancient and modern metrological systems. But it is obviously the correct procedure, even though the earliest weights were probably based on seed alone. Thus the Jews went into captivity with a mina of 60 shekels or 12,960 Grains Troy. The shekel of 4 Attic drachmas was 259.2 Old Grains Troy, the Euboic bushel 2,160 and the Eginetan cubic foot 2,592 cubic inches. By utilising the stellar approach, the use of approximation could probably be eliminated to a considerable extent.

These facts attest the advance of the human intellect as a consequence of corn cultivation. But what about the transition from the advancement of the intellect to the birth of consciousness of the soul? The complementary aspect of man's utilisation of the cereals in the development of the intellect is their endowment with high spiritual attributes. This process at a very early age had also a numerical character at least in the transition from symbolic conception to animism. This phase will be the subject of an article in the next issue.

Meanwhile we may speculate on the nature of mind in the future. If the development of the mind has been so largely influenced by the use of the eye and the external influences which have determined this use, then it is highly probable that the invention of the aeroplane

and its inevitable concomitant of travel in interstellar space will be a very gradual evolution of the eye taking millions of years in all probability as it has taken to assume its present form, towards fourth dimensional visibility. If the rational mind developed in the past five centuries becomes overlaid with fourth dimensional vision, then it is quite clear that a new world will emerge from the age which is dying 'into one which is coming to birth'.

Note: a second and complementary article by F. Davidson in the next issue will deal with 'Spirits of the Corn'.

* * *

THE LITERARY CAREER OF THE DEVIL

By JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

Those great abstract nouns—Good and Evil, Sin, Salvation and Damnation—in the context of which the drama of man's existence in this world, and beyond, is played out, can never be wholly susceptible to his intellectual definition. They can only be realised in images; these images we call mythical, or poetical. And though the ideas for which they stand remain eternal, the images are in continual flux, changing with man's altering historic consciousness. As soon as we image to ourselves, as God, our conception of Absolute Goodness, we create an *eidolon*, which readily, almost inevitably, becomes an idol. And so it is with our image of the Adversary of Good. But here we err rather, by imputing a positive essence to that which in reality can have none. By so doing, we increase its power to injure us. Down the ages, the poetic image of the Devil stands as the projection into the exterior Universe of man's fears, and of his own evil and half-confessed desires.

Good and Evil are fundamental ethical concepts. But always the thing done, and the thing experienced,

precedes the thing said and the thing thought. Before man knew the polarity of Good and Evil within himself, he was conscious of the great and recurrent polarities of Nature—Consciousness and Unconsciousness, Light and Darkness, Winter and Summer. It is these which the earlier mythological systems reflect. Set, the adversary of Osiris, Tiamat, the adversary of Baal Marduk, are the Waning as against the Waxing Year, the power of the Desert against the Sown, the primal waters of Chaos which oppose the creating Sun God. From such conceptions, at a later stage, emerges that of a cosmic conflict between Good and Evil. Thus, the Magian religion of ancient Persia envisaged the whole Universe as the battle-ground between Ahura Mazda, God of Light and Creator of all good things, and Ahriman, God of Darkness, and Creator of Evil—a duel only to be decided at the end of time.

But it was the Jews who first made the discovery of a God Who was both all-good and all-powerful. His Adversary, therefore, could not be a second god, opposing Him on His own ground. The Spirit of Evil could only represent some rebellious and discordant element in the Universe, which Omnipotence permitted to exist for Its own all-embracing ends. Satan, The Enemy—later to be called *diabolos*, the Traducer, the Accuser—came submissively among the other Sons of God before His throne, to gain permission to torment and test the righteous servant of the All-High.

The process of ethical discovery is continuous throughout the Old Testament. The hypostatization of the figure of Evil belongs to its later books—and still more to those aprocryphal and apocalyptic works which were composed after the closing of the canon of our Old Testament. The Jewish people, brought into contact with Persian dualism and Greek intellectual speculation,

learnt to elaborate and re-interpret their myths. An ancient story which had once, perhaps, purported to explain no more than why men must die, while the snake, which renewed its skin afresh each year, was apparently immortal, became an image of the primal temptation and fall of man through the Devil's agency. Another myth, which told of a race of giants, begotten by "the Sons of God" of "the daughters of men", was interpreted in terms of a more far-reaching cosmic disaster, wherein whole legions of angels were seduced from their allegiance to God.

These images the Christian Church inherited—but with a difference, since for her, the final defeat of Evil had been consummated in Christ's victory on the Cross. Though Evil might still seem to be all-powerful in the world, it could have no force against the redeemed. Gnostic and Manichæan heretics, emphasising now one, now another aspect of man's intuitive experience at the expense of the whole, elaborated their complex and eccentric systems, in which the Spirit of Evil enacted a variety of fantastic rôles. Against such as these, the Catholic Church gradually formulated what developed into the great synthesis of Mediæval thought, in which the whole of history, from the Creation to the Last Judgment, was one great and intelligible drama.

The Devil as the Ape of God

Of this drama the Mediæval Mystery and Morality Plays are the poetic expression. In them the Devil—though the fear of Hell was real, and terrifyingly actualised in terms of physical torments—is fundamentally the Fool. He is God's Ape, a cosmic clown, who, though he lies in wait to trap poor souls, can never win in the end as long as they trust in the means of Grace. He is a grotesque figure, as we see him represented by the Gothic sculptors, tricked

out with the horns, hoof, and tail of older fertility-gods—things which once had relevance in Natural Religion, but are now relegated to the realm of the infantile and the perverted.

For the educated mind of the Middle Ages, as represented by Dante, there was, indeed, something more. Dante's universe is hierarchic, founded on intellectual love, as Mediæval society was a hierarchy based, in theory, on the mutual recognition of feudal obligations of loyalty and service. As the poet, guided by Virgil, descends through Hell, he encounters plenty of minor Devils of the same grotesque kind as we find in the Mystery Plays, squabbling among themselves, and devising fantastic torments for the damned. But Lucifer himself, in Dante, is something different—a huge, subhuman figure, wedged in the infinite cold at the earth's centre. A mechanical and mindless evil, his three faces like the faces of a cathedral clock-tower, his wings threshing the air like the sails of a windmill, he champs eternally at the figures of Brutus and Cassius, who betrayed the first Emperor, and Judas Iscariot, who betrayed the Son of God. These are the supreme malefactors, whose sin was against the principles of loyalty and service upon which all law, human and divine, is founded.

The mind of the Latin Middle Ages, with its heritage of Roman Law and Aristotelian logic, sought always to define and to make positive. Hence evil came to be conceived, less as an insidious temptation, inextricably mingled with Good, than as something to which a man could wholly commit himself, by a written and legal contract, electing by a conscious act of will to forgo all his natural obligations to the Good. From this arose the appalling belief in the positive power of witchcraft which reached its height, amounting to hysteria, during that

break-up of the Mediæval world which we call the age of the Renaissance and the Reformation. It led not only to ghastly persecutions (in Protestant and Catholic countries alike), but also, beyond doubt, to many sick and perverted souls seeking an outlet for their resentment against the world in what amounted to a wide-spread underground religion—compounded partly of superannuated pagan rites, partly of a parody of the sacramentalism of Christianity itself, directed towards a destructive end.

But, for the Renaissance Humanist, the magician was the man who sought to pursue the new paths of knowledge—perhaps forbidden knowledge—which were opened up. By some odd chance the legends which gathered around an obscure German mountebank, Johannes or Georg Faust, erected him into a new and potent mythological figure. Christopher Marlowe, whose brief life expressed so much of the stresses of the age, projected dramatically the new man of the Renaissance, who gives full reign to his lust for power, for knowledge, and for sensuous experience. Yet he is terribly conscious of the retribution which must follow. Marlowe's Mephistophelis, a sombre and tormented figure, makes no attempt to deceive as to the nature of the damnation towards which he tempts. And Faustus' own end is in terror and misery. *Dr. Faustus* is the last of the Mediæval Morality Plays, and the first great tragedy of modern man.

The renewed emphasis on purely human activities revived the formulas of the Classical Epic—in which life is summed in a journey (as in the *Odyssey*) or in a battle (as in the *Iliad*). But for the Humanist who was also a Puritan there could only be one battle worthy of the highest poetry—Man's battle against Sin and Temptation, and only one journey—Man's pilgrimage

through the world from Eden to a regained Paradise. The Satan of Milton's *Paradise Lost* sums up the characteristics of the Epic antagonists of the poet's predecessors — Homer's Hector, Virgil's Turnus, Aristo's Rodomonte—but they are lifted to a supernatural plane. Satan is *not* the hero of the poem. The centre of the action is occupied by the figure of Adam, and the most exalted place by that of the Messiah. The character of Satan deteriorates as the poem proceeds—for he becomes increasingly native to the climate of Hell. But into the Arch-rebel of the first two books Milton had put more of his own proud and rebellious nature than he was perhaps aware.

Blake's Devil of Revolutionary Energy

It was left for Blake to declare that Milton had been "of the Devil's party without knowing it". This was in *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell.* Reacting against the rationalism of the Eighteenth Century, Blake attempted a transvaluation of accepted Christian values, identifying the Angels with the prudential morality of the worldly and pharisaical, and the Devil with the new and passionate energies which had been released by the French Revolution. In his later work he was to see Satan differently—as himself the personification of the hypocritical morality of this world :—

Tho' thou art worshipp'd by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The son of morn in weary night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill.

Blake saw deeper than most of his generation. For the Romantics generally, Prometheus, who was both the god who pitted himself against the Ruler of the Universe, and Man as the latter's suffering victim, was the symbol of their illimitable aspirations. Prometheus had many avatars, of whom Faust and Don Juan, the heroes

who sought the extreme satisfaction, respectively, of their intellect and their senses, are two. This theme finds its fullest expression in Goethe's *Faust*, a work which by its comprehensiveness transcends Romanticism. But the Mephistopheles who now tempts Faust is scarcely any longer a personification of supernatural evil. A cynical, entertaining, and sarcastic devil, he is rather the projection of the negative side of Faust's (and Goethe's) personality. He is the Spirit Who Denies, the Shadow which casts a blight upon all innocent enjoyment. Goethe, one feels, has loaded the dice against him; Faust escapes too easily from his clutches. But Faust himself is no longer an individual, responsible, through the gift of Free Will, to God. He is, Humanity as part of a cosmic process, of which Nature, "the Eternal Feminine", is the final arbitress.

In the Nineteenth Century belief in such an evolutionary process came to supersede the conception of the Universe as a Divine-Human drama. This evolutionary process was either motiveless, knowing nothing of Good and Evil, as in Hardy's *The Dynasts*, or more optimistically conceived as somehow making for ultimate good. In Shaw's *Man and Superman*, Don Juan, or rather the woman who pursues him, has become the Incarnation of the Life Force. The Devil has dwindled to a colourless and querulous figure. The characters have only to reject his negative criticisms of the Life Force to ascend forthwith to a Vitalist Heaven.

Early in the nineteen-thirties, the novellist William Gerhardi wrote *The Memoirs of Satan*. Satan, a very old man, had retired to a London suburb to chronicle his unsuccessful attempts, down the ages, to subvert the progress of humanity. Having completed the record, he died, tired, disappointed, and obscure. But at the time of this book's publication events in the world at large

were already moving in such a direction as to make many people wonder whether there wasn't life in the old dog yet. Four years after the conclusion of the Second World War, Aldous Huxley, in *Ape and Essence*, envisaged an atom-blasted world of the future, the inhabitants of which had reverted to an organised Diabolism. We have so long failed to take the Devil seriously, that we may wonder whether a re-awakening religious consciousness may not tempt us to take too much interest in him. That would, doubtless, just suit his book.

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THE MEANING OF MANTRA

By G. J. YORKE

By definition *mantra* means thought (*man*) liberation (*tra*). Prayers, hymns of praise, invocations and magical spells are all called *mantra*. They usually consist of, or are composed round, certain key words (*bìja mantra*) which represent by tradition a primeval language revealed to the mythical seers (*rishi*) of a Golden Age. *Mantra* depends on the spoken word (*vāk*), and *Vāk* is the Hindu equivalent of the Green *logos*. 'In the beginning was the Word (*logos*) and the Word was with God and the Word was God' is paralleled in the Tantras by 'in the beginning was God (*Brahman*) and the Word (*vāk*) is the Spirit and Power (*shakti*) of God, being One with It the Possessor of Power (*shaktiman*)'.

This doctrine of *mantra* teaches that the world is sound (*shabda*), and *mantra yoga* is the technique of spiritual attainment through practices based on the Hindu conception of the laws of sound. Thus the mystic syllable *Om* represents the vibration of the first creative movement or stirring of God. As such it cannot be heard by the human ear, but it can be perceived directly by the yogi through meditation on its sound as imagined by him.

The fifty letters of the Sanscrit alphabet are said to represent individually the sounds of all particular movements, and, when combined in *mantra*, to be that divine harmony which has been called 'the music of the spheres.' In this system of correspondences each letter is taken as a symbol of one of the fifty categories into which—as Mantrics assert—everything can be classified, the divisions running through the two planes of gross and subtle matter, but coalescing on the third plane which is beyond. The sounds of these letters when spoken are thought to be the vibratory equivalents of the ideas they represent. They are symbolised by the rosary of skulls round the neck of the Goddess Kali, which is called the Garland of Letters (*varnamala*). Spaced round the diagram (*yantra*) of the Shrichakra they form a memoria technica of the universe. A similar device survives in the West in the qabalistic figure of the Tree of Life, of which each limb or path represents one of the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet while to each is attributed a whole hierarchy of ideas their totality with the inclusion of the ten Sephiroth representing on all planes the universe as understood the Jews, before science changed their mode of thou

To the Hindu, as to the Neoplatonist, the gods, consorts and the five elements (*tanmatra*), which in manifold combinations form the body of Natur naught save mind. Each is represented by a key (*bìja mantra*) or root (*mula mantra*) which ex exactly in sound the meaning of the idea be These monosyllables—such as *Rām* for fire, H Sarasvati and so on—are onomatopœic. Each tive of that to which it is attributed, just as a music evokes a particular emotion. Their co nunciation and attribution are only revealed by (*guru*) to disciples qualified in his opinion

them. They are never given to the uninitiated and when written are concealed by synonym and cryptogram, *Om* being called *pranava*, *Phat* 'sword seed' and so on. A similar tradition was taught by magician-priests in the West and survives in some of the barbarous words of evocation in ritual magic. Unfortunately these Western words of power, with the possible exception of certain isolated vowel sounds, bear no tonal relation to the key words (*bìja mantra*) of the Hindus, while both their meaning and attributions have been forgotten.

The Sound-Language of Nature

This idea of a primeval language, which is the direct expression in sound of the forces of nature, is found in Western myths about the Magi of the Golden Age. Just over 150 years ago and before the Hindu principles of *mantra* were known in Europe, Novalis wrote of these mythical sages: 'their speech was a wondrous song, its irresistible tones penetrated deep into the inwardness of nature and split it apart. Each of their names seemed to be the key to the soul of each thing in nature. With creative power these vibrations called forth all images of the world's phenomena.'

God (*Brahman*) is without sound (*ashabda*). In God arises a metaphysical point (*bindhu*) or stress which stirs forth as the multiple forces of nature. This energising is the primary cause of the duality of subject and object. It is a play of Spirit (*shakti*) in the Ether of Consciousness (*chidākāsha*). God in the form of Power (*shakti*) goes forth and by so doing becomes the Sound God (*Shabda-brahma*) or Demiurge (*Shiva*) responsible for the manifold details of the universe. In one tradition this is the outcome of a union between love and will following the first creative urge of the One to be many. The Word (*vāk* as *Sarasvati*) is the daughter of love by

will and speaks that by which a thing is. In another allegory the union of will and word represents the potency of Creation, when all things are in undifferentiated stress in the womb of the Mother of All. This potency manifests as the universe, at the dissolution of which it returns whence it came and remains THERE as the Nature of Consciousness (*chidrûpini*). Meanwhile as Immanent Spirit it pervades both mind and matter, which are temporal forms of consciousness (*chit*). Creation is preceded by the Word (*vāk*) both in Heaven and on earth, where man first calls to mind the word which expresses his will and by speaking it effects his purpose.

Sarasvati, the Goddess of Wisdom and Understanding, is the Spirit, Power, and Consort (*Shakti*) of the Demiurge (*Shiva.*) She is the cause of speech, that which it denotes (*artha*) and the mental perception thereof (*pratyaya*). In Her manifestation as name (*nama*) and form (*rūpa*), as subject and object, She represents the duality of the universe. She holds a musical instrument (*vina*) the symbol of all sound of which She is the cause. Her clothing is white, the colour of the spirit element (*ākāsha*). Like the Greek Goddess Rhea, She is all that flows (*saras*), for She is the activity (*shakti*) of the Unmoving Cause of all. As the dynamic aspect of Her static consort She can be invoked by speech, He in silence alone. She rides a white swan (*hamsa*), whose name is that of the vital function (*prāna*) which manifests as the outbreath (*ham*) and the inbreath (*sah*) of all living creatures, and is called the unspoken prayer (*ajāpa mantra*). She is Life, She is the Holy Ghost of the Christian Trinity, the Supreme Power and Spirit (*parashakti*) of *Mantra Shastra.*

Prior to manifestation, Consciousness (*chit*) and Matter (*pakriti*) exist undifferentiated as Potential

Energy (*Parashakti*). With the first creative movement they divide into mind and matter, subject and object. At a later stage in this evolution the mind of a man (*antahkarana*) is opposed to the objects of his senses, though both have evolved from the same source. This mind is more than the mere brain, since it includes the senses. Though invisible to the normal eye, it has a subtle body (*sukshma sarìra*), which is a sort of thought form of its physical counterpart the material body (*linga sarìra*). It is however capable of modification, as it tends to assume the shape of that to which it is directed. That is why in worship the traditional form of the deity is held steady in the mind's eye. This is assisted by the repetition (*japa*) of the *mantra* which represents in terms of sound the object worshipped. Union with the Goddess Sarasvati means that the subtle body of the worshipper has for the moment taken the same form as the Goddess. Since however God is without form and beyond sound, this is only one of the many stages towards God-realisation.

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ARJUNA'S HYMN TO THE SUN
A-UM

A Short Extract from the Chapter of the Birds in 'The Book of Sa-Heti'

By J. MICHAUD, Ph.D.

1 *And after a while, Arjuna, the beloved Disciple—whose name in after days became John, the beloved of God's Son, the true knowledge of the origin of this latter name now having been forgot exclaimed,*

2 *'Glory to the Sun, the Gate of Liberation, the foundation of bright radiance, the triple source of splendour of the Rig-, the Yayur- and the Sama-Veds!*

3 *'Glory to him, who as the fiery heart of the Cosmos is one with the Cause of the Universe:*

4 *'To the Sun, who is the reflector of radiant life, and in whom are concealed the two Brahmās.*

5 *'To him who is one with the notion of Time, and all its divisions, and hours, and minutes, and seconds;*

6 *'To him who is to be meditated upon as the visible form of Brahmā, representing Vishnu, as the personification of the mystic Word.*

7 *'To him who nourishes the domains of the Planetary Lords and Man, filling the Moon with his rays, and who feeds the Gods with nectar and ambrosia.*

8 *'Glory be to Brahmā, visible as the Sun, who alone is the dispeller of earthly darkness and of the darkness of his Brothers who circulate around his Majesty.*

9 *'To the God who is clad in the raiment of purity, eternal life, and adoration!*

10 *' Glory to the Sun, until whose rising man is incapable of devout acts, and water has no purity; and touched by whose rays the world is fitted for worship: to Him who resides in that centre and divine Source of purification!*

11 *'I adore the living King of the Cosmos, borne in a golden car, from whose Eye there are no secrets hid, whose banners scatter blessings!*

12 *'Who at night descendeth to the realm of darkness, bringing light and many blessings to that realm.*

13 *'Who at dawn returneth to this world, and greets the earth with his benevolent smile, wrapt in rosy clouds and blue, and utterly glorious. How beautiful thou art, and far-gleaming, and strong!*

14 *'Oh, thou Lord of the golden surface that giveth life to everything that grows upon the shining worlds around thy Throne, reflecting thine eternal perfections.*

15 *'Thou, who art the beginning of life, as the Moon is its end, adored by the wise and pure in heart.*

16 *'When thou art absent from this earth, the evil things of night do creep about, and the serpent and hyena set out upon their noxious errands, to flee when thou returnest in the morn, to hide within their holes and onyx-shaded corners.*

17 *'Oh, thou wonderful shield of God, do not conceal thy visage from the worshippers of Him of whom thou art the outward seeming—the toga and investment of the Lord; the image of that mantua of Vishnu whose ray-glory no-one can behold and live.*

18 *'Hence, in his mercy and His loving-kindness He has given power unto Brahmā to model his throne on that of the Lord Supreme.*

19 *'How amazing thou art, O Sun; thou Soul of our living Cosmos; Soul of the worlds around thee.*

20 *'The morning greets thee, blushing like the maiden who beholds the unexpected lover; the sea and all the waters reflect thy glances; the birds and insects sing and hum with pleasure when thou arisest from the darkling sphere which is the nether realm of earth.*

21 *'Oh lustrous one, so full of majesty, dispeller of mists and clouds which first thou paintedst in tints of vermilion, green and purple as they drift above the proudly rising mountains and the sea.*

22 *'Oh Crown of the firmament and brightest fountain of ever-changing colours which in thy rainbow concentrated are; thou blessed King of splendour; thou golden anvil upon which God does hammer out His miracles of Life and Light!*

23 *'Thou, whose Seed resideth in the heart of man, and in all living things that move, or stay moveless without action.*

24 *'Thou Ruler of all the worlds, Father of kings and men and of beasts and all things that show no outward life;*

25 *'I adore thee, and love thee, and offer unto thee my humble worship from the heart which liveth not*

without the blessings of thy utter Power!'

26 *And the Lord, even Chrishna, smiled benevolently upon Arjuna, the Brother of his heart and mind, who dwelled with him in Heaven before this world was made.*

27 *And the Disciples heard, and said, 'Amen! So be it. Glory to the threefold Sun, the symbol of Vishnu and the two Brahmās!*

28 *'The House of the Master, where dwell those who listen to his words, and follow him to be engulfed in the beauties of his Paradise!'*

29 *And they bowed unto the Lord, who gave them blessings, embracing Arjuna with the holy kiss of the Master for his Disciple, who has proved his worthiness.*

NOTE

There are 50 Chapters in the book, divided into five sections, named, 'Youth'; 'Spiritual Heritance'; 'Divine Wisdom'; 'Appulse of Crises', and 'Sublimation'.

The book brings to light a moving tale of the real Life of the Lord Chrishna; not the ignorant tales one may find in many new and ancient works on that divine Being, but TRUTH, leading unto LIFE and Liberation. It is a highly dramatic and profoundly moving history, and beautiful in all its aspects of both grim and divine reality.

It is a way-pointer for the Seeker, and may become a radiant Star if he follows the Way. A star of freedom and happiness so great that no man can even dream of the bliss and glory that awaits him who conquers the illusions of this world of man.

Time of Action is about 5,000 years ago, when the Lord Chrishna Jeseus, known to-day as Krishna, walked the earth with his Disciples in India.

The names of some of the main personages in this book have been taken from the Vishnu Purana, as have been a few of the legends. But these latter have been reconstructed entirely, and though symbolical, the superstitions have been stripped away. Truth needs no superstitions or embellishments.



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HAND

By MIR BASHIR

'Chirology is a valuable contribution to character-research in its widest application. The findings and knowledge expounded are of essential importance for psychologists, doctors and educationalists,' claims Carl Jung in introducing Spier's treatise on *Hands of Children.*

This is a weighty claim, and that too for a much debunked system of hand interpretation. In the face of traditional, legal and religious condemnation it surely needed a man of Jung's intellectual and moral stature to record such a bold observation.

Of course the real student of the hand has known it from times immemorial, and in the East the symbols engraved in the hand have been interpreted with a view to vocational guidance, diagnostic analysis, as well as psychological advice in relation to practically all the aspects of life.

In more recent times the use of finger-prints has been universally taken up. The scope of this system for the time being, however, is limited to the identification of criminals. The basic types of patterns formed by the ridge lines of the skin, in the area of the tips of the fingers, have been discovered and classified. But no definite system as yet is evolved from the vast data of the study of millions of these imprints where character is concerned. Individual observers, nevertheless, are slowly endeavouring to correlate specific mental pre-dispositions with these basic types of imprint-designs. One need hardly comment on the suggestive trend of this line of research.

In ancient India, these patterns in the finger-tips were specially observed. The central point or the core was



Fig. I



Fig. II

recognised as the axil of the formation of each imprint-design and described with an appropriate name. These patterns were subjected to a series of observations with reference to the concurrent presence or otherwise of certain specific mind-body conditions. It was found that each pattern invariably had its concomitant counterpart in the individual psychology of the person in whose hands they were imprinted. An imprint design was verified as having its psycho-constitutional prototype. When, for example, an imprint-design with concentric circle was observed on all finger-tips of both hands, such a person was invariably observed to have a specific type of individuality that contained elements essential for material success (Fig. I). It was, moreover, observed that such an individual was born to families the members of which left him substantial inheritances. This led to the common interpretation—the sign of the rich with the background of money. Heredity in this one aspect was thus traceable.

When defects in the formation of these patterns or their absence from one or more finger-tips was noticed,

the person was found relatively to lack the former force of indications. Nevertheless, some elements in his individual psychology, as well as of heredity of former type, were observed to be present to aid him in attaining partial material stability and success.

Designs and patterns of various shapes and forms were also observed in the skin ridges of other parts of the fingers as well as the palmar surface. All such symbols were verified as unalterable. This gave rise to the association of the idea of Fate or Destiny with hand-reading. The legal custom of thumb imprint as seal or signature is in essence the recognition of this unalterable quality of the finger-print patterns. The practice is as old as civilisation itself.

The study of the shape and formation of the hand of late seems to be attracting increasing attention. This is quite in tune with the spirit of modern times. Speed being the hall-mark of the expression of our generation, there is sure to be a lack of the time to devote to the study of the intricate design patterns engraved in the hand. The study of the structure and formation of the hand of course is nothing new. The various shapes of palm, thumb and fingers have long been scrutinised and their specific corresponding psychological correlations verified. It has been observed, for example, that when a person owns a thumb that stands out, is firm and long, will and reason predominate in the personality of that individual. In hand-reading the thumb represents will by the first phalange and logic by the second phalange. (Fig. II). It has also been noticed that when a large fleshy ball is found at the root of the thumb, such a person is vitally alive—love, including passion in its wider sense, being the essential ingredient of his psychology. When this elevation is missing, shrivelled or flat, passion and vital forces are corres-

pondingly absent. There is a definite lack of warmth of well-being, and the physical constitution betrays paucity of mating energies. This fleshy elevation is known as the Mount of Venus (Fig. II). The term is understood to denote love as an essentially creative force which when in excess—or passion—tends to be blind.

The index finger, commonly known as the pointing finger, is associated with the desire to lead—to point the way. Leadership essentially implies a predominant element of ambition. To lead is, in its very act, to assume responsibility. It has been observed that those who have a predominant first finger, as in Fig. II, have an innate talent for excelling in the art of leadership. When this finger is too long—out of proportion with the hand—it shows despotic and tyrannical propensities. Fig. III). When it is deficient and very short, a definite predisposition to shirk responsibility is noticed in the make up of such a person. (Fig.IV).

When the rest of the fingers follow the natural out-pointing powerful lead of the fore-finger, it is found to be the mark of the born leader of men. It accentuates the ambitious urge for domination. Napoleon's hand is a true example of such a type. The index finger is dominating with a forward pointing sweep. The rest of the fingers follow its lead (Fig. II).

In more recent times, this finger is observed to be associated with that part of consciousness in which feelings of superiority, at one extreme, and those of inferiority on the other, are connected.

The second finger is observed to be associated with that aspect of human personality in which balance in thought processes is concerned. When in harmony with the rest of the hand, this finger manifests reflection,

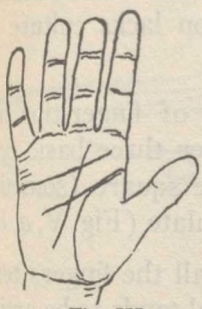


Fig. III



Fig. IV

prudence and thoughtfulness. It gives that sense of discretion and direction which is imperative for self-preservation. When this finger is deficient, it evinces essential lack of sense of prudence.. Frivolity, and incapacity to sense the direction in which lies the pathway to self-preservation, is the result (Fig. III).

Aesthetic appreciation is found to be associated with the third finger. When this finger is long and well-shaped, love of the beautiful is natural (Fig. IV). There is an eye for colour. When it is short and deficient the finger shows abuse of aesthetic taste. When over-developed, almost of the same length as the second finger, the individual tends to seek the exciting and the striking in which there is the suggestion of the distorted rather than the beautiful. Aesthetic satisfaction is sought in ventures of risky type. Such a finger urges one toward the region of the speculative—racing, gambling and the like.

The little finger is observed to be associated with that aspect of personality which deals with expression. When this finger is long and well-shaped, love of expression is innate (Fig. III). Such people endeavour to study words, styles and languages. When short and deficiently

formed, it shows defective expression. Word mastery is poor and the style of expression lacks culture and refinement (Fig. IV).

The observations of the shape of finger-tips have resulted in their classification under three basic types. These are known as the conic, the square (sometimes called the rectangular) and the spatulate (Fig. V, *a*, *b*, *c*).

It has been observed that when all the fingers terminate in a decided cone, the individual tends to be artistic. There is quickness of perception, and intuitive quality predominates. The mind tends to be readily responsive, activity therefore is apt to be spasmodic (Fig. V, *a*, *a*).

When all the finger-tips show a decided rectangular formation, realism is observed. There is a marked tendency towards the practical in life. Order, method, convention and all that has a suggestion of the useful is appreciated (Fig. V, *b*).

When all the finger-tips are broad at the termination like a chemist's spatula, energies are in abundance and require activity and physical mobility. Movement in the



Fig. V



Fig. VI

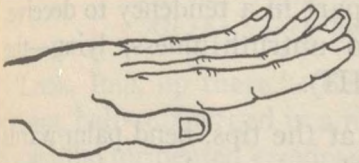


Fig. VII

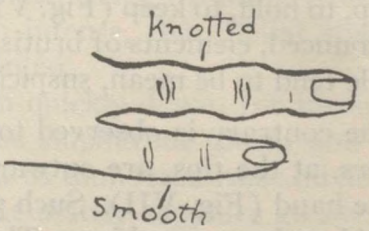


Fig. VIII

spheres, over lands and seas, is sought after. The inventive propensities urge towards mechanical pursuits, exploration, expansion. There is the decided touch of the pioneer in such people (Fig. V, *c*).

When such a formation is observed at the tip of the predominant third finger — associated with the aesthetic sense—it tends to stimulate activity which in essence is artistic. It is observed that such a combination endows one with histrionic ability—beauty in movement, acting, dancing and the like (Fig. V, *c*).

When fingers are straight, it has been observed that the use of potentialities is on right lines. When they are crooked, there is a suggestion of abuse of capacities. For example, when the little finger inclines in a marked fashion towards the third finger, at the tip, expression tends to be evasive. In moderation it is noticed to sug-

gest tact but when the curve is in excess, there is a definite hint of the abuse in it. Crooked little finger is found to have its counter part in a tendency to deceive, to cheat and definitely to untruthfulness, lying—the abuse of expression (Fig. III).

When all the fingers, at the tips, bend palm-wards in a claw-like fashion, it has been observed to show covetousness. There is a tendency in such people to grasp, to hold, to keep (Fig. VI). When the bent is very pronounced, elements of brutish greed are evinced. Such people tend to be mean, suspicious and secretive.

The contrary is observed to be the case when all the fingers, at the tips, are outward bent, towards the back of the hand (Fig. VII). Such people show an incapacity to hold, to keep, anything. They cannot even hold their tongues. They are predisposed to spend, to talk, to give out. When the bent is pronounced they tend to over-spend, to over-talk (gossip).

When all the fingers are even and smooth at the sides, quickness of mental process is the result. When they are knotted, that is when the bulges at the joints are pronounced, analysis—slowness—and a calculating trend of mind is found to be the outcome. Smooth fingers are associated with impulse, knotted ones with slowness of mental processes—analysis, and as a result reflection, hesitation and doubt (Fig. VIII).

The inquiry has been extended to all the portions and aspects of human hand and a comprehensive system of character-study has been evolved, which, if properly understood and rightly applied, can prove to be of immense value to mankind. 'The most important study of mankind is man,' and the hand is the vitally essential part of the person of man.

THE ADEPT AND THE IMP

By MICHAEL JUSTE

All the bright heavens still;
All the harsh hells ashout.

'Look, Imp, up there.' Belial spoke to his grinning servant, half-submerged in a muddy swamp, and pointed beyond the tormented crevices of roof: 'There, see'.

One long crinkled and horny talon trembled at the unusually glittering light that—though shining from an immense distance—was so intense, that Belial shaded his slanting eyes as he pointed.

The Imp looked up, then quickly down, for his sight was only accustomed to the sulphurous gloom and sky of tattered cloud, the bellow of thunderstorms and hurricanes. Yet he had seen the stately sapphire gleam and shuddered over its serene purity.

The Imp looked wonderingly at his master's malevolent green eyes and quavered: 'Another task! what is the old——brewing?' He inwardly cursed.

Belial smiled. There is no humour in Hell and Belial's smile was not light-hearted. The smile was a malicious grimace and the large green tusks parted and one talon thoughtfully scratched his black leathery cheek. The smile hinted at secret infamies as he peered into the Imp's quivering face. 'Imp,' and his master's grin grew wider, 'I want you to darken that light. I want you to destroy that light. It hurts my eyes.'

'G-g-go up there? C-c-climb all the way? I-I-am t-too small and i-i-it i-is far be-yond my powers,' the Imp stammered.

'Imp, that light is the light of an awakened man. Imp, with my knowledge that light can be extinguished through great temptations. You will go up there; he would recognise me at once for his eyes are keen and I bear certain signs. No, Imp, you will go and if you

succeed I will give you many gifts, including—' he paused.

'Including—?' the Imp eagerly waited.

'The skin of his soul for your shoes,' Belial snarled. 'Now take this box of tricks and go.'

Belial, who was exceedingly old and evil, knew the little and large corruptions and whenever light flowered he would draw from his arsenal of evil that which would ruin and corrode and make barren that which might bring good to birth.

Now the green topaz glow of his eyes glared its hate as the light high overhead shone in love as he sent his would-be destroyer upwards.

Now Belial dealt in essentials: beauty, power, greed, lust, hate. Though all these were seldom needed for one victim; but he had overlooked one simple fact: this Adept had overcome all temptations, otherwise he would not have revealed his great light. Belial had attacked the incorruptible, and one small Imp could not scale such battlements.

He drew a deep breath and the Imp, drawn into the magical hurricane of his powers, was blown upwards, spinning, rolling, tumbling upwards, tightly gripping a traveller's bag of tricks; up through brown mephitic mists; up to the place and radiance of the bright star.

* * *

Slowly the Adept awoke from his holy trance, the essences of his mind still fierily irridescent, the spire of his vision receding into a remote glory; the celestial carrillons now a blur of sweetness as he descended back to man and earth. Yet a shining serenity was still within him as he opened his eyes to behold a suave stranger—immaculately clad—standing before him.

Belial, who knew the complete code of salesmanship, had missed no detail. Yet the Imp's bag of samples

—though of bright polished hide—looked, somehow, unholy. To the discerning eyes of the Adept the materials, tanned in Hell, easily revealed their origin. And though the temptations were neatly packed they emanated a varied nastiness. The Imp, in a glint of black shoes and sharply creased trousers, looked, outwardly, spotless; but the Adept saw black hoofs, a black heart, and a small sly face; possessing a sense of humour, however, he did not wish to disillusion this child from Hell.

The place of this meeting was on a high hillside overlooking deep green valleys and great rivers; a rich perspective of nature in ripe abundance; an opulent panorama most refreshing to the eye, yet distant. Here the Imp could display his wares without interruption.

The Imp, blinking before the brightness of the Adept, imagined he was well hidden within his barrier of flesh, and introduced himself as a traveller who wished to present him with various samples.

The Adept smilingly returned the greeting: 'You have something to sell?'

'N-n-not to s-s-sell, sir, b-b-but gifts.' The radiance of this man was bewildering and made him uncomfortable.

'Gifts!' The Adept sounded pleased. 'You are most kind, really kind!'

'B-b-but not from me,' the Imp stammered. He did not intend to share any blame if the plot went wrong. 'A friend sent me.'

'A friend,' the Adept mused benignly. 'Does he know me, and where are these gifts?'

'Here.' The Imp pointed to his case. He was feeling more at ease. This enemy looked a thoroughly simple man, an innocent one too; kindly eyes and gentle smile. The case of magical tricks would overwhelm this shining

fool. He would begin with the small temptations. His crooked soul grinned; he even foresaw the problem of transportation after this saint fell. This was his first big assignment. Absurd of Belial to give him so large a bag. One, or probably two, temptations would have sufficed.

Now the subject of magic is frequently a matter of glamour, and this bag held bottles containing essences, venoms, distillations of enchantments, spells, elixirs, narcotics for the imagination; herbs from Hell that could produce false Heavens; in short all substances to poison heart and mind and add to Hell's population.

The Imp opened a bottle of Vanity: an essence spreading sounds of flattery; voices acclaiming the Adept as the holiest of men, one loud voice leading:

'Ah! celestial magnificence, we the countless multitude acclaim you God of God. Command and we obey, all-wise and all perfect.' And from minute voices in blades of grass, grave sounds from the distant boughs, from the baritone of falling waters, from the bells of a distant mountain herd, even from the mountain itself and one small shining cloud that drifted by, came praise.

And the Adept listened and smiled, till the Imp thought: 'What a simpleton!' then aloud: 'I can hear all praise you, saint of saints; the world praises you; for your greatness dazzles them.'

But the Adept was laughing loudly. 'No, my friend, I hear hollow echoes and a great braying. The hypocrisy of the world in a small bottle! Is this a gift from your friend?'

And the Imp, scowling in his heart and now uneasy, watched the Adept wave his hand and disperse the flatteries.

'An experiment, your holiness!'

'Somewhat childish,' the Adept replied.

'I have other gifts.'

Now the Imp released from bottle after bottle the little temptations: False Humility, to turn the Adept into a hypocrite; Greed, to bloat the flesh and degenerate the mind; vapours, to distort the vision; monsters ascending from the valleys, and mirages from the heights; all to bewilder and confuse.

And the Adept smiled in his calm fashion, and the temptations were not.

Now desperation convulsed the Imp; he had spread a festival of temptations—every dish of a hellish excellence—so well-spiced and tasty that any small nature would have smacked its lips and indulged in gluttony. Only in the last resort was he permitted to use the greatest temptation that would probe and weaken this contemptible and incorruptible one; this—and revolting images streamed obscenely through his emotions. If he could, if he dared? He gave a sudden yelp of anguish. Belial—who was below and watchful—tugged magically at his most sensitive portions.

The Adept, who knew the plot and the play, nodded sympathetically: 'In pain?' he questioned. 'Can I help you?'

The Imp shuddered. He came to corrupt, not to be cured. Belial would degrade him to the lowest Hell.

'Just a twinge,' his writhing face croaked.

'This air is excellent for health.' The Adept was most friendly.

The scenery was adrift in a golden and silver haze. Over the flocculent cloud of forest came the sudden winged rainbows of birds. In the exhilarating purity of this place the murmuring from below emphasised the profound gulfs between this illuminated man and the interests of the world. But amid these gentle sounds came the clear thin notes of a bell, and the holy man

was amused to see the ears of this dapper traveller from Hell twitch before these chimes.

The Imp's thoughts now wandered : his task was more difficult than he had expected. The pure light was unbearable to his senses ; it dazed the murk in him ; the screech and howling of his homeland were missing ; this peacefulness painfully stroked and stitched at the rags of his character. 'Belial, the dirty——' he winced. Belial was in constant touch. He stared wildly into the kindly eyes of his victim.

'I have brought a friend.'

'A friend?'

'A lady friend,' the Imp explained. 'She is behind that rock. Shall I bring her?'

'Certainly.'

Now, proudly leering, his strut shouting 'Victory!' he introduced Belial's masterpiece. Bewilderingly, delicately lovely, her draperies moon-misty, her great dove-gentle eyes imploring compassion and tenderness ; she was silvery fair ; lithe as a new lily. Her hair diaphanous aureole, tendrilled. Her slim hands, modestly folded, shone through a coif of light ; her palely-smooth feet trod as twin fluttering petals. She looked nun-like, subtly holy ; formed from ethereal elements. Adoring devotee for an anchorite ; but her fragrance was intriguingly cold, sweetly corrupt. This was the one fault in Belial's bewitchment ; the seal of his satanic nature.

Now as she swayed there, cool and shimmering, her witch heart brewing elusive snares ; pale eyelids veiling mischief, the Adept looked so admiringly at her that the Imp inwardly roared. 'At last!' and he recalled Belial's tales about desert hermits and men of God ; for it had been an accepted tradition that holy men were celibate and succubae were zealously trained for their downfall. The Imp had been reared upon primitive and

mediæval legends; how their hair shirts so irritated them that nymph-white limbs invariably brought them to Belial's sulphurous lakes—where they still hunted these elusive forms amid the gloomy mists.

The Adept turned to him, reproof in his tones: 'Young man, I do not know by what magic you brought her here, but she is very lovely and should be protected.'

'The old fox,' the Imp inwardly grinned, and he heard the remote laughter of his master echoing. 'I would most willingly leave her in your holy care,' the Imp solemnly replied; 'she will serve you and pray with you in your devotions.'

'No, she will be a companion to my wife,' the Adept explained.

'Wife!' Belial's assistant gasped. Outrage and alarm blended in his voice. The Imp was shocked. This man was unholy, a transgressor; openly revealing his necessity for a mate.

The Adept called: 'My love, we have visitors.'

Never before had the Imp beheld so much beauty as in this woman who now approached. The silvery sorcery of Belial's witch was eclipsed before the warm golden sweetness of the Adept's wife. Here was no cunning elusiveness, no wantoning trap that slyly clawed, but harmonious proportions, gentle strength and aliveness; her bearing gave her simple dress queenliness; her glances caressed like her warm low voice and the atmosphere quickened into an indefinable peacefulness; the lustrous shimmer of her hair was seen by the Imp as a soothing gold; her kind blue eyes broke through the veil of his cunning and he trembled before the unconscious magic of purity.

Now the troubled mind of the Imp searched for the corruptible in this woman; for it was well-known in Hell that the weaker sex corroded good character; that

woman turned the meandering stream of man's nature into a raging torrent and his sleeping passions into a hurricane through the gentle meadows of the mind; but the warm love of this woman sent forth was all-embracing and endearing, and there was laughter in her wise eyes. Then the Imp sensed the complete understanding between the Adept and his wife and knew he had again failed as she led the succuba mincingly into the house.

And Belial, who observed this, broke into a palsy of rage till his tusks clicked and a sulphurous foam dripped hissingly upon the oozy floor.

'My queen succuba a slut for a kitchen!' he bellowed. 'Imp,' he commanded, 'the greatest of all temptations, and—if—you—fail—!' Through the turbulent cloud of rage whence spluttered his master's voice, the Imp received the message. He was to offer this holy man the world. Which meant foolish idealism governing for a short time and his master eventually acquiring an exceedingly strong slave.

Now this was to be truly big magic; to create a glamour, a comprehensive enchantment, till the victim yielded. He was to offer a planet with all its complex activities and the victim was to be tempted in all his weaknesses. Now the attack was to be multiplied a millionfold; these illusions would riddle the adamant of this man until all would collapse; until his egotism would be bloated and his appetites roar like a great fire.

The Imp now spoke fast and glibly. He hoped this temptation would sweep the Adept off his feet.

'My most expensive and exclusive sample. In here are the ingredients of the world, and by a subtle device these elements will give you control over every dominion, every force of nature, over every atom of this world and all the mechanics to use them. Here, take it. . . . No.

Just watch me sir, I will first demonstrate some of the powers such as key to earthquakes, volcanoes and all the catastrophes . . .'

'A most unpleasant bottle!' the Adept cried, and stopped the Imp from uncorking the phial.

The Imp stared, then realised that his eagerness had revealed his true intentions. He trembled. What would Belial do to him?

'If only in the power of the evilly intentioned. But in possession of the-th-g-g-good!' He stumbled over this word as though it were an obstacle to his vocal cords. 'In your hands, sir, all would be well. No disease, no misery, no wars, no death.' He paused.

'And no life,' the Adept added. 'Changelessness is as bad as chaos.'

'But, most honoured sir, think, you could change the destinies of every creature; you could possess every treasure; you could become Emperor of the World. Worship and applause from every tongue. Obedience from all beasts; reins to guide the winds; your kind purposes rule deeps and heights.'

The Imp grew eloquent; he was no longer a commercial traveller from Hell but picturing his own ambitions; though cunningly hiding his sharp teeth beneath his gentle words. 'Great multitudes under your control.'

'Stop!' the Adept cried, 'enough! The bubble of power does not interest me; such thrones are thorns, and such crowns corrupt. Your bag contains strange samples; your wares have the smell of sulphur.'

'And can your master give all this world to me, and is it his to give?' the Adept questioned. 'It is a great deal; and all to me?' He nodded his head and solemnly repeated: 'It is a great deal.'

The Imp laughed complacently: 'Sir, my master is a generous man.'

'But,' the Adept anxiously asked, 'has he acquired all of this honestly?'

The Imp winced, then in a flash of evil wisdom replied: 'Sir, he gained all this through thieves, yet honestly.'

And the Adept, who appreciated the subtlety, sadly whispered: 'Alas, few men live beyond the Devil's clutch.' Then, aloud: 'Would you also make me a thief? I will now reveal to you a little of my magic, for you have offered me power, love, flattery.' He pointed below: 'And all that.'

So in this high place, where cool winds brought offerings of fragrance and gentle murmurings from a busy world, the Adept challenged Belial through his Imp.

And now, almost beyond the Imp's eye-reach, shone twin benign suns with blue impenetrable deeps set within a countenance filling all sky, and to his ears the measured pulse of a mountainous drum and torrential sounds of hidden streams; then the vision became an all-dazzling nimbus; then formed foaming into meteor blaze and his hysterical senses tumbling through abysses. The black craggy bit of him whirling about vast incandescences, only the basalt of his being invulnerable: unyielding to this light. Form vanished into golden space: a heaven of gyrating stars: unfamiliar galaxies, corruscating, uncountable.

Now lightly he drifted, beyond Belial's aid—a small scared Imp, his minute cunning forgotten, his little magic blown apart by this greater magic; scattered through a secret cosmos where haloes fiercely flared, and, above, the intense shining of a sun.

Now the drumming and the many sounds dwindled to murmuring and a hush entered these heavens; for the Adept was in paradisal meditation and into the dominion of his being came a great peace; his mind was ascending areas of bright wisdom and the Imp somer-

saulting amid a cataract of glory, for the Adept breathed celestial nectar and the cosmos sang hymns of welcome; anthems in praise of the unity of God. But all the bewildered sprite heard was a melodious thunder tormenting his distorted particles and he saw a brilliant light. Yet the virtues and essences of this purified cosmos could not sublimate this carbonised midge, and he wailed amid these lambent symphonic spaces for his master Belial; but his master could not hear; for the gulf between had become holy and all Belial's cunning could not solve the mystery of his servant's disappearance.

Meanwhile, the crescendo of peace had attained its perfect equilibrium; all notes were one golden crystalline chord moving in slow royal sweetness; each star a gentle gong for this sonorous power; and there came the distillations from all fragrances into one royal fragrance; till all ether was glorified, and the Imp was but a drifting cinder in boundless light, a pitiful black ash whose temptations had diminished to their true proportions, still gripping his traveller's bag of enchantments, lost in the cosmic empire of the Adept.

Now in this transcendent bliss of unutterable good where all was poise and exaltation, this child of Belial beheld the activities of wisdom; for the Adept meditated upon purpose and the grinding out of good; its radiance flowering before the Imp's astonished gaze.

Through the luminous empyrean emerged a celestial architecture: prismatic girders threading constellations, rivetted to the auras of stars and suns; cosmic mathematics and the scaffolding of universal principles that harmonised all into a divine unity from the remotest corners of these heavens. He beheld imperious buttresses and arcs lost in the infinite spaces. He beheld the spinning of microcosmic designs through the loom of con-

sciousness. He beheld such riches that the temptations of his master became the trash of a beggar's gathering. He beheld the table of a cosmic banquet; he beheld the vessels and cups bubbling with the elixirs of supernal wisdoms and the shimmering fruits of accomplishment.

And this cosmic kingliness so dazzled the eyes of this poor Imp that he became blinded and, groping, he discovered a firmness beneath his feet, and all ethereal enchantments had vanished, and he again beheld the still figure of the Adept.

Then the holy man opened his eyes and smiled at the distracted little traveller; his clothes were disarrayed, his face dismayed; his sample case of magic was fallen from his nerveless hand and the trumpery spells scattered before the Adept's feet.

'I believe you were going to sell me something? Ah! I remember, the world and all its rich and varied possessions: its pomp and its poverty; its busy inhabitants and its fruits, had I accepted the dividends in terms of numerous powers; the lease as long as I did not oppose your master. And all——'he paused and smiled, 'given in friendship. And what happened to those who did accept?'

There was no reply. Only an odour of sulphur revealed the small traveller's disappearance.

* * *

Belial glared at his quivering servant. The vortex of incident through which he had passed had—to the discerning eye of Belial—almost straightened the distortions of his slave. He glanced at the suitcase and its crumpled spells that followed the descent of the Imp, now floating untidily upon the surface of the muddy pool wherein the Imp had only recently wallowed.

'You're warped; hopelessly warped,' he yelled, and hurled the poor wretch down the deepest abyss of Hell.

THE ZODIAC AND YOU

By JULIAN SHAW

There are three ways of making the acquaintance of the Zodiac. There is the text-book way; you learn the names of the signs and the dates on which the Sun passes through these signs every year. If you have an ephemeris, you read off the quicker motion of the Moon every month; then you find the positions and rate of motion of the planets, from Mercury to far-distant Pluto.

The next way is to study the sky, if possible through a telescope, remembering that the signs of the Zodiac and the constellations of the same name no longer coincide in space. I sometimees think that many modern astrologers satisfy themselves with their text-book knowledge of their ephemerides and do not consider the heavens. Astronomers, on the other hand, although they may refuse to countenance astrology and limit their researches to strictly scientific studies, yet, at times, show a commendable enthusiasm for their subject. They are awed by the vastness and grandeur of the heavens, while astrologers are too often concerned with trivialities.

The third way, which can only be practised after at least one of the other ways has been mastered, is the psychological way, and it may do much to clear up distortions and blank spaces in your personal experience. Begin at a time when you are pretty sure you will have a fair amount of leisure for the next twenty-eight days; when, so far as you can tell, no unusual stress or excitement may complicate matters. For your part, you will refrain from initiating any new activity. You must not, of course, allow your affairs to slide.

Let us suppose that you start with the New Moon. Find from your Ephemeris when the conjunction with the Sun takes place and keep a diary. Mark in advance the days and times when the Moon enters the successive

signs, when it transits the cusps of houses, Sun, Moon and planets in your maps, radical and progressed. Note also the chief aspects the Moon makes each day. You will then have a good deal of material to work upon and every evening you should hold a review. In the light of your experience, prepare for the following day.

If you really want to discover hidden possibilities and deeply cherished weaknesses, make a resolution in writing and read it every day for the twenty-eight days. The resolution should be in your own words and it should affirm that you welcome each sign indifferently. (I use the excellent word 'indifferently' in the sense in which it is used in the Book of Common Prayer, i.e., without making a difference. The present meaning is a sad example of deterioration.)

Try as far as possible to get the 'feel' of each sign, apart from planets in the sign. Note also where the ruler is situated in your horoscope. Take particular note of any intercepted signs.

There are two ways of considering the signs. There is what we may call the analytical way, regarding each sign as the *mode* of one of the *elements*: Cardinal Mutable, Fixed x Fire, Earth, Air, Water. The other way consists in building up a picture until it becomes a living experience, using, if desired, the English names

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins;
The Crab, and next the Lion shines;
The Virgin, and the Scales.
The Scorpion, Archer and Sea-goat;
The Man that holds the Watering Pot,
And Fish, with glittering Tails.

This experiment of acceptance should be made in an adventurous spirit. The attitude is important. Avoid falling into a negative state, as if a man were to say: 'I hate Scorpio but I can take it, stings and all.'

The attitude should be one of controlled but not strained attention, much as if you were proving a drug, or as if you were an intelligent guinea-pig for research on the common cold. Note down any reactions—physical, emotional, mental. As you are careful not to initiate any special activities during the time, while keeping to your normal routine, note if any people or events come to you out of the blue.

A Practice to Open Out the Self

Chopin once said of English lady pianists that 'they played wrong notes with great feeling'. The aim of this exercise is to play the notes correctly and with a perfectly even interpretation, i.e. the minimum of feeling, equally distributed. At first sight, the passivity connected with this exercise may seem unhealthy but, while some restraint may be called for, the twenty-eight days will not seem a long time if the investigation be properly conducted. A keen motorist who has had his car decarbonised and overhauled will take it on the road slowly to 'run it in'. He will be quite unperturbed if small cars pass him, honking loudly. Like the man who spoke prose all his life without knowing it, we have similarly responded to zodiacal influences all our lives; now, we are overhauling our engine and running it in slowly; we desire an even performance.

While it is unlikely that you will achieve a big success the first time, the experience should reveal to you if you shrink from life regularly at the same place. If you do, there will be a corresponding bulge opposite, or the opposing movement may split into two or more parts. Also, it should show if certain fears, dating, perhaps, back to your cradle, are regular fortnightly or monthly intruders, appearing in fresh disguise evey time.

If the exercise be well done, you should have a new

sense of power and well-being by the time you come to review your work. It is as if you decided to open all the cupboards in your house, turn out trunks in the attic, boxes in the basement, bundles of letters in your desk. You discover things you had forgotten and you find a fantastic amount of rubbish which you can throw out. For better or worse, you know now what you possess and remind yourself of the saying that 'to possess is to use'. In addition to the rubbish you have thrown out, you decide to get rid of inconvenient, dilapidated mental furniture handed down to you and now seen to be only out-of-date prejudices.

At the end of the period you should have gained greatly in self-knowledge; far more important, however, will be the fact that the Zodiac *in you* will be a trustworthy instrument to record impressions. Keats wrote that when he saw a sparrow outside his window he said to himself: 'I am that sparrow!' You should be able, after the twenty-eight days, instantly and without qualification to recognise the manifestation of any sign and without any sense of possessiveness.

Just as an instrument maintains his technique by exercise, so there are several useful exercises for practice in the Zodiac which will not take more that a minute or two if done regularly.

(1) Run through the signs, starting with Aries, linking the opposite in every case, e.g., Aries-Libra, etc.

(2) Run through the Triplicities, starting with Aries and the Fiery Triplicity.

(3) Run through the Quadruplicities, starting with Aries, Cardinal Fire.

(4) Take a square aspect from your horoscope or take your Ruler, Rising Planet, Sun or Moon and imagine an exact square from the chosen planet or light. Then *change places*. Do the same with an opposition

aspect, changing places very carefully and completely, identifying yourself with the new place. You will begin to understand the meaning of the commandment: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'.

It is important to distinguish between the psychological approach to the Zodiac and the scientific approach, for any attempt to blend these approaches is disastrous. There are many amateur astrologers who resemble the man who leaves his own country and becomes naturalised in another but who never learns the language of his adopted country correctly, while forgetting much of his mother-tongue. Many people are concerned with questions about how one comes in touch with, or is influenced by, the Zodiac. The pattern of the man on earth receiving currents from millions of miles away has little to recommend it. If the method of '*As if*' be realised to be similarity but not identity, then we may say: act *as if* you were a radio receiver and transmitter in one, the excellence of your reception being progressively conditioned by the improved quality of your transmissions. This example of *as if* leads to the most unbridled egotism and hallucinations if great care be not taken.

An important matter to clear up, if you do not already know it, concerns the relative proportion of output and intake. Are you dreamy, fond of reading and talking about ideas while averse to activity; or are you constantly up-and-doing and so self-sufficient that you seal yourself up against the entry of new ideas? Most people find it hard to strike a balance.

As a more extended exercise, take the Sun in its annual journey. Note its transits over sensitive points in your horoscope and the transit over opposing points. Note New and Full Moons. Particularly feel the four great stations of the year:—the Vernal Equinox, the

Summer Solstice, the Autumn Equinox, the Winter Solstice. If you have done the earlier exercises faithfully, you will understand the mood of men who cried: 'Bless the Lord, all His works', proceeding to enumerate, with a wealth of detail, the chances and changes of the year.



TRYST WITH LILITH

During John's wanderings through the inner worlds he lands, with his companions, upon a strange island, and after some astonishing incidents, he hides within a glen, and there emerges a beautiful figure of a woman.

'John,' and the mystery and music she wove into my name, compelled me to respond; for there was a warring within me: one part all melting and entreating and longing, the other impassive, aloof, unwelcoming; yet her bewitchments crept into the very crevices of my nature.

Now there was a lilt in her whisperings; her words were little waves that lapped about me; endearing, flickering words, and her arms about me:

There are briars about your love:
O! let me break through the golden thickets.
I will entwine you to me in the branches of my love,
With the sweetness of all fruits, in the fragrances of all flowers.

And now I was neither youth nor man; nor was there haste or slowness, but only an ever enduring. I was no longer John, wanderer in strange lands; but all entranced emotion, all bewilderment, staring into the eyes as into an abyss.

'Who are you?" I whispered. "How do you know my name?'

'I am Lilith, and I have waited, waited.' Her voice was a rustle of leaves; she spoke as though words were unfamiliar.

'I am Lilith and I have waited. I am no enemy; are leaves, gentle petals, cool dews, the healing herb your enemies?'

Beneath a drift of fragrance and canopy of blossom I gazed into her large green eyes—green eyes of a fawn but with the glow of wisdom. And though no woman had come into my life, her caressings were a shimmer of tenderness and passionate supplication to all my being; I knew she was not human, yet one part of me recognised the richness of a great love.

And though she was as a green shining about me, just beyond the ranges of memory, in tales and fables lay the debris, the hurt of poignant idylls, the rusting swords of failure, the utter weariness of the forlorn quest and armoured figures vanishing into the dusk of haunted woods; the melancholy of autumns, the drift of haggard leaves and the faded hues of ragged pennons. Such sorrowful memories brooded in me that I broke from her gentle clinging. Fragments from the tale of Undine, of the Lorelei, of nymphs; wraiths of sorrowful folklore and loves entangled amid enchantments: half-hidden faces and imploring eyes swirled through barriers within me of which I had been unaware.

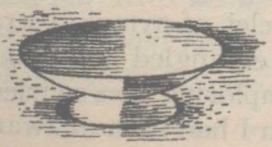
'They would rescue others but could not rescue themselves; pride and conceit and arrogance defeated them."

She pleaded as I would go from her: 'Why be afraid because I see with your eyes and know the hurt of your heart? Why fear me?'

Her fingers wove into mine; their cool vibrancy drawing at my hesitations, the green irises of her eyes drawing me back; then she smiled. And I knew. Here was no witchcraft, no reticent slyness. Here was Nature in sweet revelation.

All the green soothing, green cleansing, through latticing leaves, drift of dove-grey light and beneath the lavelovering of glances. Ah! suppliant, pliant Lilith, Lilith, the everchanging, unchanging! Mingled sweet of the green, the gold, the delicate dark. Tendering fingers and mouth, all Maytime's voice and breasts of April's sap; eyes soft emerald . . . Your voice: the croon of leaves, hillhigh, with hints and glittering of secret wisdoms; the governing and ordinances of hidden ways . . . Yet I knew you not; for you were white limbs and overcrowning hair and green veilings, of fragile caressing and fine fire, subtle weavings of tender fingers, greenily cool in the silvered air. All senses rewoven, emotions woven through looms of living, small ecstacies banqueting; all my being dedicated, the gay toys of my imagination entangled in this green delirium who was named Lilith, who was enchantress; whose voice was a silver nocturne, who awakened all my elements amid welcoming intangibles . . .

From a MS.



THE BOOK OF SA-HETI

By Dr. J. MICHAUD, Ph.D.

A New Occult Classic

A Holy Book has been written. The reviewer of the above work can find no simpler and clearer description than this and is fully aware of the significance of such a term, yet feels justified in considering that this work possesses such qualities.

The author has taken from the Vishnu Puranas the tale of Chrishna Jeseus, Arjuna and Maia, actual names in these ancient scriptures, which became John and Mary, also the various episodes incorporated in the New Testament 3,000 years later, and developed these incidents in so sublime a language that the reviewer could not lay this work down until finished. The author brings such fire and power, such a blaze of beauty from a remote past, that the reader will again relive this enchantment and feel he has been blessed with a spiritual exaltation.

This is a work of great illumination; consistently inspired from first to final page. In wisdom and in vision, power flows from the mind as though it had been lifted up and the true mystical teachings revealed as when first given forth 5,000 years ago. All is living: the warm rainbow hues of ancient India, its birds and beasts and flowers: the evil and the good people; the astonishing magical battles; the holy and benign beings who teach the true wisdom and prophecy; the panoramas of the higher and lower realms; the various gates of the Paradises and the Hells. Again the great mystical teachings; unperverted, radiant with the truths like flaming jewels set in enamels and arabesques of words, to shine within the higher mind and set it alight. Here is an intense spiritual adventure for the sensitive and a living loveliness for every kind of reader.

This is a royal book: as though the Lord of the high realm had inspired the writer to renew again the forsaken wisdom; the kingly teachings that are true teachings in these days of a planetary Gethsemane when the great truths are crucified, and the illuminated minds dwell within a long Calvary.

This book will raise the hiss of the malicious and the snarling of those who have perverted the great issues of man's pilgrimage.

THE ART OF WISDOM

Nature does not sidestep growth; neither can the student. An immature mind cannot teach wisely; how can a mind that has made only half the journey and has therefore seen only half the way tell what the rest of the road is like? True wisdom, which is the result of maturity, possesses an art all its own. To the simple mind the answer to the problem is given in the form of a parable: to the intellectual mind the reply should be scientific, logical and clear; to the mystic it can be given as a standard of conduct.

The mind of the wise man is radiant with light when the qualities of human character are kept under control and such minds are all embracing comprehension and compassion. This rich, mellow consciousness deals with truth as an artist treats colour on a canvas. He knows the true age of the inquirer and knows the age-old truths must be given a new pattern and tint, so that the inquirer will go away feeling he has been presented with something precious and unique. And this is a very great art—perhaps the greatest—for the traveller is given a touch of illumination to his consciousness: an immortal fragment that will add to his final liberation. This is the art of the spirit, as a composition is art to a composer. Spiritual truths are given to men in many forms, but wisdom is an essence that is more subtle and deeper than all.

The wise man takes the colours of the spiritual truths, the brushes of material substance, and uses human consciousness as his canvas, and the perfect blend might be an immortal phrase, a shining parable, or a burning whiplash in a sentence; for wisdom must also be strong when necessary and also gay with laughter as the wise man knows that laughter besides strength and beauty is part of wisdom.

QUAESTOR.

DESIGN IN FANTASY

Prince Lucifer: a Biography of the Devil, *by* SIMON STAUGHTON: Eynesbury Press, 12s. 6d.

The ways of God and the devil to man may be justified with more or less success on many planes. Milton changed the monstrous mediæval dream-structure of hell into a literally realised Renaissance combattimento with suggestions of the *terribilità* of the Sistine Chapel roof figures and of Greek fire from the siege of Constantinople; his God, in spite of theological arguments tending otherwise, has in fact a great deal not merely of Jehovah but also of Zeus, that Zeus whose justification in Homer is merely that of the super-strong boss: if all you gods, Zeus is represented as in effect saying, were pulling at the lower end of a rope, I could pull you all up easily. Simon Staughton's justification is rather of the ways of the devil by attributing their design to the Almighty. He gives us an elaborate grotesque of the ways of God masquerading as those of hell. The Lord decides that heaven is too static; 'so long as My souls remain in heaven they will never mature. I seek in My experiment nothing short of perfection'. So He entrusts His favourites Lucifer and Lilith with the organisation of Another Place where souls are to be cleansed by punishments devised by their own consciences: 'a cleansing-house for heaven . . . with tortures they themselves shall consider adequate to purge their crime'. The cosmic scheme thus becomes something of a constitutional struggle between two houses in one legislature—for Lucifer and his angels are to tempt to the utmost as well as to purge: all sections however are under the more-than-Stuart despotism of an Absolutist Monarchy. Those who thus organise in time the plans of the eternal are guaranteed that the pitch wherein they wallow shall not defile their immortal parts: 'nothing shall touch your innate sweet goodness, my Lilith'.

Eventually hell is built and its agents ready for their unaccustomed tasks with freshly-devised appearances, Lucifer's features being 'those of a Spanish grandee of ancient royal lineage', Lilith clad in 'glistening skin-clinging silk', the rest following suit. The scheme of the Fall and of Redemption begins, and hell's myrmidons start to enjoy themselves. Not so Michael, who has remained in heaven and finds his simple military mind adrift in strange theology. 'If the Advocate is to be the Son of Man, and man is the son of God, that makes Him God's grandson'. An Early Christian convert, Curmon, the Archpriest of an official state religion, is nonplussed by Lucifer's specious arguments. Lilith, who is really a bit soft for her job, becomes interested in the Borgia Pope, acts as his defending counsel and later sets up house with him. Chloe, her assistant, also finds a lover in St. Marmaduke—indeed the feminine side of hell generally seems something of a let-down. Nowhere are the strong or ultimate arguments about the scheme of things, such as the origins of evil, put in this book, only the theological top-dressings are played with. A disastrous comparison with the scabrous wit of Anatole France in this métier keeps coming to mind; Mr. Staughton has written no 'Fall of the Angels'. He has however produced an amusing book that should, like its subject, seduce many.

The subject of a Life is usually dead; but the life of the devil goes merrily on as yet awhile in an age wherein he has produced some of his masterpieces; that very mystery of evil the atomic bomb, those vast continental extensions of the diabolic domains of acquisitiveness and sadism. And have we done so badly at home?

ROSS NICHOLS.

CODA

A Summary

The fifth number of the journal caters for an even wider range of occult interests than before. A brief parabolic editorial is followed by a beautiful short mythical poem on *Balder* by I. R. ORTON whose work has been attracting attention lately in 'The Listener.' BERNARD BROMAGE'S *Tarot* gives a fairly full account of the evolution and the inner content of these extraordinary cards, seemingly of Egyptian origin, used so extensively for prediction. A light satire by MUNCHAUSEN REDIVIVUS on the nonsense often talked about unknown 'Masters' forms an interlude before the first of two important articles by FERGUS DAVIDSON on the interplay between crop-culture and human development, called *Corn and the Development of Intellect.* These articles make, we consider, a real contribution to the study of anthropology and early civilisation.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS, the critic and poet, deploys with charm and learning *The Literary Career of the Devil,* through changing conceptions for which perhaps evolution is the wrong word. For the occultist proper G. J. YORKE'S *The Meaning of Mantra* provides a valuable summary of the key doctrine of the Hindu system.

The centre pages are occupied by *Arjuna's Hymn to the Sun,* an extract of striking beauty from a new work by DR. J. MICHAUD, *The Book of Sa-Heti,* which is also reviewed in this issue. This is a deeply-felt reconstruction from studies in the Hindu Purana and other scriptures and is likely to receive widespread recognition. MIR BASHIR, following the autobiographical experiences recounted in his first pair of articles, now sets forth in *The Psychology of Hand* the basis of that craft of cheirology of which he is such a distinguished exponent in this

country. It will be noted that, unlike other cheiromantics, he is largely concerned with the imprint-designs of the whole hand, not merely its main lines.

An extensive supernatural fable, *The Adept and the Imp*, by MICHAEL JUSTE, recounting the temptations of a great Master by a very small devil, is followed by one of JULIAN SHAW'S valuable working-plans for the new astrology, *The Zodiac and You*. An idyllic passage from a manuscript is followed by the above-mentioned review of DR. MICHAUD'S work, a page of *Wisdom* by QUAESTOR and finally by *Design in Fantasy* by ROSS NICHOLS, reviewing SIMON STAUGHTON'S amusing book 'Lucifer.'

* * *

It has been decided that the first volume of the 'Occult Observer' shall comprise the first six numbers. Pagination will therefore be continuous to the end of the next issue. For the contents of this, see back cover.

Contributions, if of suitable length (2,000 words approx.) and of authoritative quality, are welcomed.

R.N.



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by

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Here are described many of the incidents found in the New Testament but enacted 3,000 years previously wherein John becomes Arjuna, Maia the holy Mary and Christ Krishna.

One feels the fiery power that must have inspired the author when writing this fascinating history. Throughout runs a bright intensity, and passages that should illuminate the reader's mind.

This should become an occult classic of the future.

Demy, cl. 156 pp. Postage 8d. 21s. net.

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Hindu Myth Considered as Archetypes	Ross NICHOLS
The Three Centaurs	Michael JUSTE
The Rhododendrons	J. MICHAUD, Ph.D.
Illumination by Gnosis	Iain FLETCHER

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THE FIRST FOUR NUMBERS

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Michael JUSTE	Two Parables
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