

JOHN ST. JOHN

The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Hath parted from the darkling crowds,
Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
Opening Duant, the star-abodes;
Their keys receiving,
The dead man Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Hath made his passage into night,
His pleasure on the earth to do
Among the living.

Amen

Amen without lie

Amen, and Amen of Amen.

12.40. I shall lie down to sleep in my robes, still wearing the Ring of the Masters, and bearing my wand in my hand.

For to me now sleep is the same as waking, and life the same as death.

In Thy L.V.X. are not light and darkness but twin children that chase each other in their play?

7.55. Awoke from long sweet dreamless sleep, like a young eagle that soars to greet the dawn.

9.20. After breakfast, have strolled, on my way to the studio, through the garden of the Luxembourg to my favourite fountain. It is useless to attempt to write of the dew and the flowers in the clear October sunlight.

Yet the light which I behold is still more than sunlight. My eyes too are quite weak from the Vision; I cannot bear the brilliance of things.

The clock of the Senate strikes; and my ears are ravished with its mysterious melody. It is the Infinite interior movement of things, secured by the co-exten-

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9.20. sion of their sum with the all, that transcends the deadly opposites; change which implies decay, stability which spells monotony.

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

9.30. It seems, too, that this Operation is transformed. I suppose it must read as a patchwork of most inharmonious colour, a thing without continuity or cohesion. To me, now, it appears from the very start a simple direct progress in one straight line. I can hardly remember that there were checks.

Of course my rational memory picking out details finds otherwise. But I seem to have two memories almost as if belonging to two strata of being. In Qabalastic language, my native consciousness is now Neschamah, not Ruach or Nephesch.

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

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

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

How easy is magic, once the way is found!

How still is the soul! The turbid spate of emotion has ceased; the heavy particles of thought have sunk to

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- 11.17. the bottom; how limpid, how lucid is its glimmer. Only from above, from the overshadowing Tree of Life, whose leaves glisten and quiver in the shining wind of the Spirit, drops ever and anon, self-luminous, the Dew of Immortality.
Many and wonderful also were the Visions and powers offered unto me in this hour; but I refused them all; for being in my Lord and He in me, there is no need of these toys.
- 12.0. The pose over. On this second sitting, practically no thoughts arose at all to cloud the Sun; but a curious feeling that there was something more to come. Possibly the Proof, that I had demanded, the Writing on the Lamén . . .
- 12.40. Chez Lavenue. Certain practical considerations suggest themselves.
One would have been much better off with a proper Magical Cabinet, a disciple to look after things, proper magical food ceremonially prepared, a private garden to walk in . . . and so on.
But at least it is useful and important to know that things can be done at a pinch in a great city and a small room.
- 1.14. The lunch is good; the kidneys were well cooked; the tarte aux fraises was excellent; the Burgundy came straight from the Vat of Bacchus. The Coffee and Cognac are beyond all praise; the cigar is the best Cabaña I ever smoked.

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- 1.14. I read through this volume of the Record; and I dissolve my being into quintessential laughter.
The entries are some of them so funny! . . . Previously, this had escaped me.
- 1.32. And now the Rapture of it takes me!
- 1.25. The exquisite beauty of the women in the Restaurant . . . what John St. John would have called old hags!
- 1.27. My soul is singing . . . my soul is singing!
- 1.30. It matters nothing what I do . . . everything goes infinitely, incredibly right!
“The Lord Adonai is about me as a Thunderbolt and as a Pylon and as a Serpent and as a Phallus.” . . .
- 3.17. Have had a long talk of Art with B——. “The master considers himself always a student.” So, therefore, whatever one may have attained, in this as in Art, there is always so much more possible that one can never be satisfied.
Much less, then, satiated.
- 11.15. Having gone back into the life of the world—yet a world transfigured!—I did all my little work, my little amusements, all the things that one does, very quietly and beatifically.
About 10.30 the rapture began to carry me away; yet I withstood it and went on with my game of Billiards, for politeness’ sake.
And even there in the Café du Dôme was the glory within me, and I therein; so that every time that I failed at a stroke and stood up and drank in that

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II.15. ambrosial air, I was night falling for that intense
sweetness that dissolved away the soul. Even as a lover
that swoons with excess of pleasure at the first kiss of
the belovéd, even so was I, oh my Lord Adonai!
Wherefore I am come hither to my chamber to enflame
myself in praying at the Altar that I have set up.
And I am ready, robed, armed, anointed

II.35. Ardesco !

The Thirteenth Day.

It is Eight o'clock in the morning.
Being entered into the Silence, let me abide in the
Silence!

AMEN

[The advertisements which appeared at this point in the paper edition are here omitted. They may be restored in a later release of this electronic edition, but at the moment I do not feel them to be of sufficient importance to warrant the work of layout, typeface matching, *etc.* required. — T.S.]

Last revised 15.07.04; just a few tweaks to “John St. John.” Further proof reading is probably still required but I have just finished key-entering in all of MTP and am not in the mood right now.]