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A VISION
Portrait of Giraldus
from the Speculum Angelorum et Homenorum
A VISION

AN EXPLANATION OF LIFE
FOUNDED UPON THE WRITINGS
OF GIRALDUS AND UPON CERTAIN DOCTRINES ATTRIBUTED TO KUSTA BEN LUKA

By
WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

LONDON
PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY BY
T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.
1925
I thank Messrs Macmillan & Co., the publishers of my book "Later Poems," for permission to reprint from that work "The Phases of the Moon."

W. B. Y.
A VISION

This edition consists of six hundred copies numbered and signed.

This is No...154.......
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DEDICATION

TO VESTIGIA

IT is a constant thought of mine that what we write is often a commendation of, or expostulation with the friends of our youth, and that even if we survive all our friends we continue to prolong or to amend conversations that took place before our five-and-twentieth year. Perhaps this book has been written because a number of young men and women, you and I among the number, met nearly forty years ago in London and in Paris to discuss mystical philosophy. You with your beauty and your learning and your mysterious gifts were held by all in affection, and though, when the first draft of this dedication was written, I had not seen you for more than thirty years, nor knew where you were nor what you were doing, and though much had happened since we copied the Jewish Schemahamphorash with its seventy-two Names of God in Hebrew characters, it was plain that I must dedicate my book to you. All other students who were once friends or friends' friends were dead or estranged. Florence Farr coming to her fiftieth year, dreading old age and fading beauty, had made a decision we all dreamt of at one time or another, and accepted a position as English
teacher in a native school in Ceylon that she might study oriental thought, and had died there. Another had become a Buddhist monk, and some ten years ago a traveller of my acquaintance found him in a Burmese monastery. A third lived through that strange adventure, perhaps the strangest of all adventures—Platonic love. When he was a child his nurse said to him—"An Angel bent over your bed last night," and in his seventeenth year he awoke to see the phantom of a beautiful woman at his bedside. Presently he gave himself up to all kinds of amorous adventures, until at last, in I think his fiftieth year but when he had still all his physical vigour, he thought "I do not need women but God." Then he and a very good, charming, young fellow-student fell in love with one another and though he could only keep down his passion with the most bitter struggle, they lived together platonically, and this they did, not from prejudice, for I think they had none, but from a clear sense of something to be attained by what seemed a most needless trampling of the grapes of life. She died, and he survived her but a little time during which he saw her in apparition and attained through her certain of the traditional experiences of the saint. He was my close friend, and had he lived I would have asked him to accept the dedication of a book I could not expect him to approve, for in his later life he cared for little but what seemed to him a very simple piety. We all, so far as I can remember, differed from ordinary students of philosophy or religion through our belief that truth cannot be discovered but may be revealed, and that if a man do not lose faith, and if he go through certain preparations, revelation will find him at the fitting moment. I remember a learned brassfounder in the North of England who visited us occasionally, and was convinced that there was a certain moment in every year which, once known, brought with it "The Summum
Bonum, the Stone of the Wise.” But others, for it was clear that there must be a vehicle or symbol of communication, were of opinion that some messenger would make himself known, in a railway train let us say, or might be found after search in some distant land. I look back to it as a time when we were full of a phantasy that has been handed down for generations, and is now an interpretation, now an enlargement of the folk-lore of the villages. That phantasy did not explain the world to our intellects which were after all very modern, but it recalled certain forgotten methods of meditation and chiefly how so to suspend the will that the mind became automatic, a possible vehicle for spiritual beings. It carried us to what we had learned to call Hodos Chameleon's.

II

SOME were looking for spiritual happiness or for some form of unknown power, but I had a practical object. I wished for a system of thought that would leave my imagination free to create as it chose and yet make all that it created, or could create, part of the one history, and that the soul’s. The Greeks certainly had such a system, and Dante—though Boccaccio thought him a bitter partisan and therefore a modern abstract man—and I think no man since. Then when I had ceased all active search, yet had not ceased from desire, the documents upon which this book is founded were put into my hands, and I had what I needed, though it may be too late. What I have found indeed is nothing new, for I will show presently that Swedenborg and Blake and many before them knew that all things had their gyres; but Swedenborg and Blake preferred to explain them figuratively, and so I am the first to substitute for
Biblical or mythological figures, historical movements and actual men and women.

III

I HAVE moments of exaltation like that in which I wrote "All Souls' Night," but I have other moments when remembering my ignorance of philosophy I doubt if I can make another share my excitement. As I most fear to disappoint those that come to this book through some interest in my poetry and in that alone, I warn them from that part of the book called "The Great Wheel" and from the whole of Book II, and beg them to dip here and there in the verse and into my comments upon life and history. Upon the other hand my old fellow students may confine themselves to what is most technical and explanatory; thought is nothing without action, but if they will master what is most abstract there and make it the foundation of their visions, the curtain may ring up on a new drama.

I could I daresay make the book richer, perhaps immeasurably so, if I were to keep it by me for another year, and I have not even dealt with the whole of my subject, perhaps not even with what is most important, writing nothing about the Beatific Vision, little of sexual love; but I am longing to put it out of reach that I may write the poetry it seems to have made possible. I can now, if I have the energy, find the simplicity I have sought in vain. I need no longer write poems like "The Phases of the Moon" nor "Ego Dominus Tuus," nor spend barren years, as I have done some three or four times, striving with abstractions that substituted themselves for the play that I had planned.
DOUBTLESS I must someday complete what I have begun, but for the moment my imagination dwells upon a copy of Powys Mather’s “Arabian Nights” that awaits my return home. I would forget the wisdom of the East and remember its grossness and its romance. Yet when I wander upon the cliffs where Augustus and Tiberius wandered, I know that the new intensity that seems to have come into all visible and tangible things is not a reaction from that wisdom but its very self. Yesterday when I saw the dry and leafless vineyards at the very edge of the motionless sea, or lifting their brown stems from almost inaccessible patches of earth high up on the cliff-side, or met at the turn of the path the orange and lemon trees in full fruit, or the crimson cactus flower, or felt the warm sunlight falling between blue and blue, I murmured, as I have countless times, “I have been part of it always and there is maybe no escape, forgetting and returning life after life like an insect in the roots of the grass.” But murmured it without terror, in exultation almost.

W. B. Y.

CAPRI, February, 1925.
The Great Wheel
IN the spring of 1917 I met in the National Gallery a man whom I had known in the late Eighties and early Nineties, and had never thought to see again. Michael Robartes and I had been intimate friends and fellow-students for a time, and later, after matters of theological difference arose between us, I lost sight of him, but heard a vague rumour that he was wandering or settled somewhere in the Near East. At first I was not certain if this were indeed he, and passed him in hesitation several times, but his athletic body, and his skin that had seemed, even when I first met him, sundried and sun-darkened, his hawk-like profile, could belong to no other man. I wish the thirty years had changed me as little, for I saw no change in that erect body except that the hair that had been some kind of red, was grey, and in places, fading into white. I had known him as an uncompromising Pre-Raphaelite, and there he stood before the story of Griselda pictured in a number of episodes, the sort of thing he had admired thirty years ago. Even when I had made him understand who I was I drew him from the picture with difficulty, because his indignation that the authorities of the gallery had not thought it was worth saving from the German bombs had heightened his admiration for all pictures of
that type and his need for its expression. "The old painters," he said, "painted women with whom they would if they could have spent the night or a life, battles they would if they could have fought in, and all manner of desirable houses and places, but now all is changed, and God knows why anybody paints anything. But why should we complain, things move by mathematical necessity, all changes can be dated by gyre and cone, and pricked beforehand upon the Calendar." I brought him to a seat in the middle of the room, and I had begun to speak of the changed world we met in when he said: "Where is Yeats? I want his address. I am lost in this town and I don't know where to find anybody or anything." I felt a slight chill, for we had both quarrelled with Mr Yeats on what I considered good grounds. Mr Yeats had given the name of Michael Robartes and that of Owen Aherne to fictitious characters, and made those characters live through events that were a travesty of real events. "Remember," I said, "that he not only described your death but represented it as taking place amid associations which must, I should have thought, have been highly disagreeable to an honourable man." "I was fool enough to mind once," he said, "but I soon found that he had done me a service. His story started a rumour of my death that became more and more circumstantial as it grew. One by one my correspondents ceased to write. My name had become known to a large number of fellow-students, and but for that rumour I could not have lived in peace even in the desert. If I had left no address I could never have got it out of my head that there was a vast heap of their letters lying somewhere, or even crossing the desert upon camel back." I did not know where Mr Yeats lived, but said that we could find out from Mr Watkins the book-seller in Cecil's Court: and having so found out, he said we must call upon Mr Yeats,
and we started, keeping as much as possible from the main streets that we might have silence for our talk. "What have you to say to Yeats?" I said, and instead of answering he began to describe his own life since our last meeting. "You will remember the village riot which Yeats exaggerated in 'Rosa Alchemica.' A couple of old friends died of their injuries, and that, and certain evil results of another kind, turned me for a long time from my favourite studies. I had all through my early life periods of pleasure, or at least of excitement, that alternated with periods of asceticism. I went from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Vienna, in pursuit of a ballet dancer, and in Vienna we quarrelled. I tried to forget my sorrow in wine, but in a few weeks I had tired of that, and then, with some faint stirring of the old interest I went to Cracow, partly because of its fame as a centre of printing, but more I think because Dr. Dee and his friend Edward Kelly had in Cracow practised alchemy and scrying. There I took up with a fiery handsome girl of the poorer classes, and hired a couple of rooms in an old tumble-down house. One night I was thrown out of bed and when I lit my tallow candle found that the bed, which had fallen at one end, had been propped up by a joint stool and an old book bound in calf. In the morning I found that the book was called 'Speculum Angelorum et Hominorum,' had been written by Giraldus and printed at Cracow in 1594, a good many years before the celebrated Cracow publications, and was of a very much earlier style both as to woodcut and type. It was very dilapidated and all the middle pages had been torn out; but at the end of the book were a number of curious allegorical pictures; a woman with a stone in one hand and an arrow in the other; a man whipping his shadow; a man being torn in two by an eagle and some kind of wild beast; and so on to the number of eight and twenty; a portrait of Giraldus and
a unicorn; and many diagrams where gyres and circles
grew out of one another like strange vegetables; and
there was a large diagram at the beginning where lunar
phases and zodiacal signs were mixed with various
unintelligible symbols—an apple, an acorn, a cup. My
beggar maid had found it, she told me, on the
top shelf in a wall cupboard where it had been left by
the last tenant, an unfrocked priest who had joined a
troup of gypsies and disappeared, and she had torn
out the middle pages to light our fire. What little
remained of the text was in Latin, and I was piecing the
passages together and getting a little light on two or
three of the diagrams when a quarrel with my beggar
maid plunged me into wine and gloom once more. Then
turning violently from all sensual pleasure I decided to
say my prayers at the Holy Sepulchre, and from there I
went to Damascus that I might learn Arabic for I had
decided to continue my prayers at Mecca, and hoped to
get there in disguise. I had gone the greater portion of
the way when I saw certain markings upon the sands
which corresponded almost exactly to a diagram in the
'Speculum.' Nobody could explain them or say who
made them, but when I discovered that an unknown
tribe of Arabs had camped near by a couple of nights
before and that they had moved in a northerly direction,
I took the first opportunity of plunging into the desert
in pursuit. I went from tribe to tribe for several months,
learnt nothing and found myself at last in a remote town
where, thanks to a small medicine chest which I always
carry, I became first doctor, and then a kind of steward
to an Arab chief or petty king. I constantly spoke about
those markings upon the sand but learnt nothing till
our town or village was visited by a tribe of Judwalis.
There are several tribes of this strange sect, who are
known among the Arabs for the violent contrasts of
character amongst them, for their licentiousness and
their sanctity. Fanatical in matters of doctrine, they seem tolerant of human frailty beyond any believing people I have met. One of them, an old man well known for his piety, asked me to prescribe for some complaint of his. When he came into my house, the book lay open upon a table, the frontispiece spread out: he turned towards it because it was European, and everything European filled him with curiosity, and then, pointing to the lunar phases and the mythological emblems, declared that he saw the doctrines of his tribe. The Judwali had once possessed a learned book called "The Way of the Soul between the Sun and the Moon" and attributed to a certain Kusta ben Luka, Christian Philosopher at the Court of Harun Al-Raschid, and though this, and a smaller book describing the personal life of the philosopher, had been lost or destroyed in desert fighting some generations before his time, its doctrines were remembered, for they had always constituted the beliefs of the Judwalis who look upon Kusta ben Luka as their founder. As my attempt to understand the diagrams of Giraldus, in the absence of other intellectual interests, had come to fill all my thoughts, I persuaded him to accept me into his tribe and for some years wandered with the Judwalis, though not always with the same tribe. I found that though their Sacred Book had been lost they had a vast doctrine which was constantly explained to their growing boys and girls by the aid of diagrams drawn by old religious men upon the sands, and that these diagrams were in many cases identical with those in the "Speculum Angelorum et Hominorum." I am convinced, however, that this doctrine did not originate with Kusta ben Luka, for certain terms and forms of expression suggest some remote Syriac origin. I once told an old Judwali of my conviction upon this point but he merely said that Kusta ben Luka had doubtless been taught by the desert
djinns who lived to a great age and remembered ancient languages."

We had come by this to the little Bloomsbury court where Mr Yeats had his lodging; but when I told him so, he said, "No, it will be better to write and make an appointment. He is almost certain to be out." The evening had begun to darken and I pointed to a gleam of light through a slit in the curtain of the room on the second floor, but he said "No, no, I will write," and then "I have great gifts in my hands and I stand between two enemies; Yeats that I quarrelled with and have not forgiven; you that quarrelled with me and have not forgiven me." He began to walk away and I followed, and presently we fell into talk about indifferent things. I dined with him at the hotel and after dinner he brought out diagrams and notes, and began explaining their general drift. The sheets of paper which were often soiled and torn were rolled up in a bit of old camel skin and tied in bundles with bits of cord and bits of an old shoe-lace. This bundle, he explained, described the mathematical law of history, that bundle the adventure of the soul after death, that other the interaction between the living and the dead and so on. He saw that I was interested and asked if I would arrange them for publication. Such things fascinate me and I consented and from then on for months we were travelling companions, and he explained notes and diagrams in words almost as obscure. Certainly no man had ever less gift of expression. He came with me to France and later on to Ireland because of his wish to see once more places that he had known. In Dublin we stayed for a time in my Dominick Street house, described so extravagantly in "The Tables of the Law," which keeps its eighteenth century state, though slum children play upon its steps and the windows of the next house are patched with brown paper. On a walking tour in Connaught we
passed Thoor Ballylee where Mr Yeats had settled for the summer, and words were spoken between us slightly resembling those in "The Phases of the Moon," and I noticed that as his friendship with me grew closer, his animosity against Mr Yeats revived.

Suddenly, however, our friendship was shattered by a violent scene like those of our youth. We had returned to London and I had there written eighty or ninety pages of exposition. He complained in exaggerated language that I interpreted the system as a form of Christianity, that only those aspects of character that were an expression of Christianity interested me—primary character to use the terms of the philosophy—and that I was neither informed nor interested when I came to the opposite type. I contended that there could be nothing incompatible between his system and Christianity. St. Clement of Alexandria had taught the re-birth of the Soul and had remained a saint, and in our own time the Capuchin Archbishop Passivalli has taught it and keeps his mitre. Through lack of it, I said, the mediaeval Church got into a labyrinth of absurdity about Limbo and unbaptised children, but a certain number of modern Catholics have come to think that God may very well command a soul that has left its work unfinished to leave Purgatory and return to the world. Nothing, however, would persuade him, and he declared that he would give all his material to Mr Yeats and let him do what he liked with it. Now it was my turn to get angry, for I had spent much toil upon his often confused and rambling notes. "You will give them to a man," I said, "who has thought more of the love of woman than of the love of God." "Yes," he replied, "I want a lyric poet, and if he cares for nothing but expression, so much the better, my desert geometry will take care of the truth." I replied—I think it better to set my words down without disguise—"Mr Yeats has intellectual
belief but he is entirely without moral faith, without that sense, which should come to a man with terror and joy, of a Divine Presence, and though he may seek, and may have always sought it, I am certain that he will not find it in this life." This increased Robartes' anger, for I had almost repeated words of his own, and he accused Christianity of destroying Greco-Roman art and science, because it thought nothing mattered but faith. I denied this but said that even barbarism had not been too great a price to pay for pity and a conscience, and I reminded him that the system itself made the realisation of God one half of life. He then used ungenerous words, revived a quarrel of thirty years before, said that I was always the same, that I was but a free man for a moment, and even asked if I had consulted my confessor.* He called next day with some kind of an apology but said I must come to see Mr Yeats and that he had made an appoint­ment for us both. At Mr Yeats's Bloomsbury lodging he talked of his travels and his discovery, and as during the night I had thought the matter over and thought myself well out of a troublesome and thankless work, I helped his exposition. He had brought the Giraldus diagrams, and they seemed to interest Mr Yeats at first sight as much as they had Robartes himself. Mr Yeats consented to write the exposition on the condition that I wrote the introduction and any notes I pleased, and would have persuaded me to accept a portion of the profits but this I refused as later on I may publish my own commentary.

Two days later Robartes returned to Mesopotamia, for the armistice had made some spot, where he planned to spend his declining years, habitable once more, and from that day to this I have heard neither of him nor from him. This silence that has closed round him has

* I think Mr Aherne has remembered his own part in this conversation more accurately than that of his opponent.—W. B. Y.
made it natural to write, as I know he wished that I should, as if his conversation and his foibles were already a part of history. In all probability he will never read what Mr Yeats or I have written, and he has lived so long out of Europe that he has no friends to find offence in a too candid record.

Mr Yeats's completed manuscript now lies before me. The system itself has grown clearer for his concrete expression of it, but I notice that if I made too little of the antithetical phases he has done no better by the primary. I think too that Mr Yeats himself must feel that the abstract foundation needs some such exploration as I myself had attempted. The twelve rotations associated with the lunar and solar months of the Great Year first arose, as Mr Yeats understands, from the meeting and separation of certain spheres. I consider that the form should be called elliptoid, and that rotation as we know it is not the movement that corresponds most closely to reality. At any rate I can remember Robartes saying in one of his paradoxical figurative moods that he pictured reality as a number of great eggs laid by the Phoenix and that these eggs turn inside out perpetually without breaking the shell.

O. A.

London, May, 1925.
BOOK I

WHAT THE CALIPH PARTLY LEARNED
I. THE WHEEL AND THE PHASES OF THE MOON

An old man cocked his ear upon a bridge;
He and his friend, their faces to the South,
Had trod the uneven road. Their boots were soiled,
Their Connemara cloth worn out of shape;
They had kept a steady pace as though their beds,
Despite a dwindling and late risen moon,
Were distant still. An old man cocked his ear.

AHERNE

What made that sound?

ROBARTES

A rat or water-hen
Splashed, or an otter slid into the stream.
We are on the bridge; that shadow is the tower,
And the light proves that he is reading still.
He has found, after the manner of his kind,
Mere images; chosen this place to live in
Because, it may be, of the candle light
From the far tower where Milton’s platonist
Sat late, or Shelley’s visionary prince:
The lonely light that Samuel Palmer engraved,
An image of mysterious wisdom won by toil;
And now he seeks in book or manuscript
What he shall never find.

AHERNE

Why should not you
Who know it all ring at his door, and speak
Just truth enough to show that his whole life
Will scarcely find for him a broken crust
Of all those truths that are your daily bread;
And when you have spoken take the roads again?

ROBARTES

He wrote of me in that extravagant style
He had learned from Pater, and to round his tale
Said I was dead; and dead I choose to be.

AHERNE

Sing me the changes of the moon once more;
True song, though speech: "mine author sung it me."

ROBARTES

Twenty-and-eight the phases of the moon,
The full and the moon's dark and all the crescents,
Twenty-and-eight, and yet but six-and-twenty
The cradles that a man must needs be rocked in:
For there's no human life at the full or the dark.
From the first crescent to the half, the dream
But summons to adventure and the man
Is always happy like a bird or a beast;
But while the moon is rounding towards the full
He follows whatever whim's most difficult
Among whims not impossible, and though scarred,
As with the cat-o'-nine-tales of the mind,
His body moulded from within his body
Grows comelier. Eleven pass, and then
Athena takes Achilles by the hair,
Hector is in the dust, Nietzsche is born,
Because the hero's crescent is the twelfth.
And yet, twice born, twice buried, grow he must,
Before the full moon, helpless as a worm.
The thirteenth moon but sets the soul at war
In its own being, and when that war's begun
There is no muscle in the arm; and after
Under the frenzy of the fourteenth moon
The soul begins to tremble into stillness,
To die into the labyrinth of itself!

AHERNE

Sing out the song; sing to the end, and sing
The strange reward of all that discipline.

ROBARTES

All thought becomes an image and the soul
Becomes a body: that body and that soul
Too perfect at the full to lie in a cradle,
Too lonely for the traffic of the world:
Body and soul cast out and cast away
Beyond the visible world.

AHERNE

All dreams of the soul
End in a beautiful man's or woman's body.

ROBARTES

Have you not always known it?

AHERNE

The song will have it
That those that we have loved got their long fingers
From death, and wounds, or on Sinai's top,
Or from some bloody whip in their own hands.
They ran from cradle to cradle till at last
Their beauty dropped out of the loneliness
Of body and soul.

**Robartes**

The lover's heart knows that.

**Aherne**

It must be that the terror in their eyes
Is memory or foreknowledge of the hour
When all is fed with light and heaven is bare.

**Robartes**

When the moon's full those creatures of the full
Are met on the waste hills by country men
Who shudder and hurry by: body and soul
Estranged amid the strangeness of themselves,
Caught up in contemplation, the mind's eye
Fixed upon images that once were thought,
For separate, perfect, and immovable
Images can break the solitude
Of lovely, satisfied, indifferent eyes.

*And thereupon with aged, high-pitched voice Aherne laughed, thinking of the man within, His sleepless candle and laborious pen.*

**Robartes**

And after that the crumbling of the moon:
The soul remembering its loneliness
Shudders in many cradles; all is changed,
It would be the world's servant, and as it serves,
Choosing whatever task's most difficult
Among tasks not impossible, it takes
Upon the body and upon the soul
The coarseness of the drudge.
Before the full
It sought itself and afterwards the world.

ROBARTES
Because you are forgotten, half out of life,
And never wrote a book, your thought is clear.
Reformer, merchant, statesman, learned man,
Dutiful husband, honest wife by turn,
Cradle upon cradle, and all in flight and all
Deformed because there is no deformity
But saves us from a dream.

AHERNE
And what of those
That the last servile crescent has set free?

ROBARTES
Because all dark, like those that are all light,
They are cast beyond the verge, and in a cloud,
Crying to one another like the bats;
And having no desire they cannot tell
What’s good or bad, or what it is to triumph
At the perfection of one’s own obedience;
And yet they speak what’s blown into the mind;
Deformed beyond deformity, unformed,
Insipid as the dough before it is baked,
They change their bodies at a word.

AHERNE
And then?

ROBARTES
When all the dough has been so kneaded up
That it can take what form cook Nature fancy
The first thin crescent is wheeled round once more.
AHERNE
But the escape; the song's not finished yet.

ROBARTES
Hunchback and Saint and Fool are the last crescents.
The burning bow that once could shoot an arrow
Out of the up and down, the wagon wheel
Of beauty's cruelty and wisdom's chatter—
Out of that raving tide—is drawn betwixt
Deformity of body and of mind.

AHERNE
Were not our beds far off I'd ring the bell,
Stand under the rough roof-timbers of the hall
Beside the castle door, where all is stark
Austerity, a place set out for wisdom
That he will never find; I'd play a part;
He would never know me after all these years
But take me for some drunken country man;
I'd stand and mutter there until he caught
"Hunchback and Saint and Fool," and that they came
Under the three last crescents of the moon,
And then I'd stagger out. He'd crack his wits
Day after day, yet never find the meaning.

And then he laughed to think that what seemed hard
Should be so simple—a bat rose from the hazels
And circled round him with its squeaky cry,
The light in the tower window was put out.
2. THE DANCE OF THE FOUR ROYAL PERSONS

By Owen Aherne

MICHAEL ROBARTES gives the following account of the diagram called "The Great Wheel" in Giraldus. A Caliph who reigned after the death of Harun Al-Raschid discovered one of his companions climbing the wall that encircled the garden of his favourite slave, and because he had believed this companion entirely devoted to his interests, gave himself up to astonishment. After much consideration he offered a large sum of money to any man who could explain human nature so completely that he should never be astonished again. Kusta ben Luka, now a very old man, went to the palace with his book of geometrical figures, but the Caliph, after he had explained them for an hour, banished him from the palace, and declared that all unintelligible visitors were to be put to death. A few days later four black but splendidly dressed persons stood at the city gate and announced that they had come from a most distant country to explain human nature, but that the Caliph must meet them on the edge of the desert. He came attended by his Vizir, and asked their country. "We are," said the eldest of the four, "the King, the Queen, the Prince and the Princess of the Country of Wisdom. It has reached our ears that a certain man has pretended that wisdom is difficult, but it is our intention to reveal all in a dance." After they had danced for several
minutes the Caliph said: "Their dance is dull, and they
dance without accompaniment, and I consider that no-
body has ever been more unintelligible." The Vizir gave
the order for their execution, and while waiting the
tightening of the bow-strings, each dancer said to the
executioner: "In the Name of Allah, smooth out the
mark of my footfall on the sand." And the executioner
replied, "If the Caliph permit." When the Caliph
heard what the dancers had said, he thought, "There
is certainly some great secret in the marks of their feet."
He went at once to the dancing place, and, having stood
for a long time looking at the marks, he said: "Send
us Kusta ben Luka, and tell him that he shall not die."
Kusta ben Luka was sent for, and from sunrise to sunset
of the day after, and for many days, he explained the
markings of the sand. At last the Caliph said: "I now
understand human nature; I can never be surprised
again: I will put the amount of the reward into a tomb
for the four dancers." Kusta ben Luka answered: "No,
Sire, for the reward belongs to me." "How can that
be?" said the other, "for you have but explained the
marks upon the sand, and those marks were not made
by your feet." "They were made by the feet of my
pupils," said ben Luka. "When you banished me from
the Palace they gathered in my house to console me,
and the wisest amongst them said, 'He that dies is the
chief person in the story,' and he and three others offered
to dance what I chose." "The reward is yours," said
the Caliph, "and henceforth let the figure marked by
their feet be called the Dance of the Four Royal Persons,
for it is right that your pupils be rewarded for dying."

According to the Robartes MSS. the Dance of the Four
Royal Persons is one of the names for the first figure
drawn by the Judwali elders for the instruction of youth
and is identical with the "Great Wheel" of Giraldus.

I am inclined to see in the story of its origin a later
embodiment of a story that it was the first diagram drawn upon the sand by the wife of Kusta ben Luka, and that its connection with the lunar phases, the movements and the nature of the Four Faculties and their general application to the facts of human life, were fully explained before its geometrical composition was touched upon. The Judwali doctor of Bagdad, who is mentioned elsewhere in this book, said that the whole philosophy was so expounded in a series of fragments which only displayed their meaning, like one of those child's pictures which are made up out of separate cubes, when all were put together. The object of this was, it seems, to prevent the intellect from forming its own conclusions, and so thwarting the Djinn who could only speak to curiosity and passivity. I cannot, however, let this pass without saying that I doubt the authenticity of this story, which Mr Yeats has expanded into the poem "Desert Geometry or The Gift of Harun Al-Raschid," at least in its present form, and that an almost similar adventure is attributed in one of the Robartes documents to a Mahometan grammarian of a much later date. I will, however, discuss all these matters at length in my own book upon the philosophy and its sources.

O. A.

May, 1925.
PART I

3. THE GREAT WHEEL

I

ANTITHETICAL AND PRIMARY

THE diagram of the Great Wheel shows a series of numbers and symbols which represent the Lunar phases; and all possible human types can be classified under one or other of these twenty-eight phases. Their number is that of the Arabic Mansions of the Moon but they are used merely as a method of classification and for simplicity of classification their symbols are composed in an entirely arbitrary way. As the lunar circle narrows to a crescent and as the crescent narrows to a still narrower crescent, the Moon approaches the Sun, falls as it were under his influence; and for this reason the Sun and Moon in diagram 1 are considered to be imposed one upon another.

They may be coloured gold and silver respectively. The first phase is therefore full Sun as it were, and the 15th Phase full Moon, while Phases 8 and 22 are half Sun and half Moon. In Book II is described the geometrical foundation of this symbolism and of the other characters of the wheel. When one uses the phases, in popular exposition or for certain symbolic purposes, one considers full Sun as merely the night when there is no moon, and in representing any phase visibly one makes the part which is not lunar dark. The
Sun is objective man and the Moon subjective man, or more properly the Sun is *primary* man and the Moon *antithetical* man—terms that will be explained later. Objective and Subjective are not used in their metaphysical but in their colloquial sense. Murray's dictionary describes the colloquial use of the word "objective" thus. All that "is presented to consciousness as opposed to consciousness of self, that is the object of perception or thought, the non-ego." And again, objective when used in describing works of art means "dealing with or laying stress upon that which is external to the mind, treating of outward things and events rather than inward thought ", "treating a subject so as to exhibit the
actual facts, not coloured by the opinions or feelings of the writer." The volume of Murray’s dictionary containing letter S is not yet published, but as “subjective” is the contrary to “objective” it needs no further definition. Under the Sun’s light we see things as they are, and go about our day’s work, while under that of the Moon, we see things dimly, mysteriously, all is sleep and dream. All men are characterised upon a first analysis by the proportion in which these two characters or Tinctures, the objective or primary, the subjective or antithetical, are combined. Man is said to have a series of embodiments (any one of which may be repeated) that correspond to the twenty-eight fundamental types. The First and Fifteenth, being wholly objective and subjective respectively, are not human embodiments, as human life is impossible without the strife between the Tinctures.

II

The Four Faculties

INCARNATE man has Four Faculties which constitute the Tinctures—the Will, the Creative Mind, the Body of Fate, and the Mask. The Will and Mask are predominately Lunar or antithetical, the Creative Mind and the Body of Fate predominately Solar or primary. When thought of in isolation, they take upon themselves the nature now of one phase, now of another. By Will* is understood feeling that has not become desire because

*I have changed the “creative genius” of the Documents into Creative Mind to avoid confusion between “genius” and Daimon; and “Ego” into Will for “Ego” suggests the total man who is all Four Faculties. Will or self-will was the only word I could find not for man but Man’s root. If Blake had not given “selfhood” a special meaning it might have served my turn.

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there is no object to desire; a bias by which the soul is classified and its phase fixed but which as yet is without result in action; an energy as yet uninfluenced by thought, action, or emotion; the first matter of a certain personality—choice. If a man's Will is at say Phase 17 we say that he is a man of Phase 17, and so on. By Mask is understood the image of what we wish to become, or of that to which we give our reverence. Under certain circumstances it is called the Image. By Creative Mind is meant intellect, as intellect was understood before the close of the seventeenth century—all the mind that is consciously constructive. By Body of Fate is understood the physical and mental environment, the changing human body, the stream of Phenomena as this affects a particular individual, all that is forced upon us from without, Time as it affects sensation. The Will when represented in the diagram is always opposite the Mask, the Creative Mind always opposite the Body of Fate.

The Will looks into a painted picture. The Creative Mind looks into a photograph, but both look into something which is the opposite of themselves. The picture is that which is chosen, while the photograph is heterogeneous. The photograph is fated, because by fate is understood that which comes from without, whereas the Mask is predestined, Destiny being that which comes to us from within. We best express the heterogeneousness of the photograph if we call it a photograph of a crowded street, which the Creative Mind—when not under the influence of the Mask—contemplates coldly; while the picture contains but few objects and the contemplating Will is impassioned and solitary.

All Four Faculties influence each other and the object of the diagram of the Wheel is to show when and in what proportions. When the Will predominates, and there is strong desire, the Mask or Image is sensuous, but when Creative Mind predominates it is abstract. When
the Mask predominates it is idealised, when Body of Fate predominates it is concrete, and so on. An object is sensuous if I relate it to myself, "my fire, my chair," etc., but it is concrete if I say "a chair, a fire," and abstract if I but speak of it as the representative of a class—"the chair, the fire," etc.

III

THE PLACE OF THE FOUR FACULTIES ON THE WHEEL

A MAN whose Will is at Phase 17 will have his Creative Mind at Phase 13 and his Mask at Phase 3 and his Body of Fate at Phase 27; while a man whose Will is at Phase 3 would have all these positions exactly reversed. When Will is at Phase 15, Creative Mind is there also. On the other hand, when Will is at Phase 22, Will and Body of Fate are superimposed, while Creative Mind and Mask are superimposed at Phase 8. The points on diagram 1 marked Head, Heart, Loins and Fall mark where the four faculties are at equal distances from one another and that in part is why they are also represented by cardinal signs. They have also another significance which will be explained later.

Will and Mask are opposite in Tincture, Creative Mind and Body of Fate are opposite in Tincture. The one has the primary in the exact strength of the antithetical in the other, and vice versa. The primary and antithetical define the inclination of the Will, and through the Will affect the other three; this may be called the difference in quality. A Will at Phase 18 would have the exact amount of antithetical inclination that a Will at Phase 4 would have of primary. On the other hand, a Will at Phase 18 and Creative Mind at Phase 12 are exactly the same in the proportions of their Tinctures, have exactly
the same quality of Tincture but move in opposite
directions—one is going from Phase 1 to Phase 28 and
the other from Phase 28 to Phase 1. It is therefore
necessary to consider both direction and quality.

The relations between Will and Mask, Creative Mind
and Body of Fate are called 
oppositions, and upon some
occasions contrasts, while those between Will and
Creative Mind, Mask and Body of Fate are called—for
reasons which will appear later—discords.

Between Phase 12 and Phase 13, and between Phase
4 and Phase 5 in diagram 1 occurs what is called "the
opening of the tinctures," and between Phase 18 and
Phase 19, and between Phase 4 and Phase 5 what is called
"the closing." This means that between Phase 12 and
Phase 13 each Tincture divides into two, and closes up
again between Phase 18 and Phase 19. Between Phase
26 and Phase 27 the Tinctures become one Tincture, and
between Phase 4 and Phase 5 become two again. The
antithetical before Phase 15 becomes the primary after
Phase 15, and vice versa—that is to say, the thoughts
and emotions that are in nature antithetical before Phase
15 are in nature primary after Phase 15; the man who
before Phase 15 is harsh in his judgment of himself will
turn that harshness to others after Phase 15.

The geometrical reasons both for this interchange and
for the closing and opening of the Tinctures are dis-
cussed in Book II.

IV

DRAMA OF THE FACULTIES AND OF THE TINCTURES, ETC.

ONE can describe antithetical man by comparing him
to the Commedia del Arte or improvised drama of Italy.
The stage manager having chosen his actor, the Will,
chooses for this actor, that he may display him the better,
a scenario, *Body of Fate*, which offers to his *Creative Mind* the greatest possible difficulty that it can face without despair, and in which he must play a rôle and wear a *Mask* as unlike as possible to his natural character (or *Will*) and leaves him to improvise, through *Creative Mind*, the dialogue and the details of the plot. He must discover a being which only exists with extreme effort, when his muscles are as it were all taut and all his energies active, and for that reason the *Mask* is described as "A form created by passion to unite us to ourselves." Much of what follows will be a definition or description of this deeper being, which may become the unity described by Dante in the *Convito*.

For *Primary Man* one must go to the Decline of the *Commedia del Arte* for an example. The *Will* is weak and cannot create a rôle, and so, if it transform itself, does so after an accepted pattern, some traditional clown or pantaloon. It has perhaps no object but to move the crowd, and if it "gags" it is that there may be plenty of topical allusions. In the *primary* phases Man must cease to desire *Mask* and *Image* by ceasing from self-expression, and substitute a motive of service for that of self-expression. Instead of the created *Mask* he has an imitative *Mask*; and when he recognises this, his *Mask* may become an image of mankind. The author of "The Imitation of Christ" was certainly a man of a late *primary* phase. It is said that the *antithetical Mask* is free, and the *primary Mask* enforced; and the free *Mask* is personality, a union of qualities, while the enforced mask is character, a union of quantities, and of their limitations—that is to say, of those limitations which give strength precisely because they are enforced. Personality, no matter how habitual, is a constantly renewed choice, and varies from an individual charm, in the more *antithetical* phases, to a hard objective dramatisation, which differs from character mainly
because it is a dramatisation, in phases where the antithetical Tincture holds its predominance with difficulty.

Antithetical men are, like Landor, violent in themselves because they hate all that impedes their personality, but are in their intellect (Creative Mind) gentle, but primary men whose hatreds are impersonal are violent in their intellect but gentle in themselves as doubtless Robespierre was gentle.

The Mask before Phase 15 is described as "a revelation" because through it the being obtains knowledge of itself, sees itself in personality; while after Phase 15 it is a "concealment," for the being grows incoherent, vague and broken, as its intellect (Creative Mind) is more and more concerned with objects that have no relation to its unity but a relation to the unity of Society or of material things, known through the Body of Fate, and adopts a personality which it more and more casts outward, more and more dramatises. It is now a dissolving violent phantom which would grip itself and hold itself together. The being of Antithetical Man is described as full of rage before Phase 12, against all in the world that hinders its expression, but after Phase 12 the rage is a knife turned against itself. After Phase 15, but before Phase 19, the being is full of phantasy, a continual escape from, and yet acknowledgment of all that allures in the world, a continual playing with all that must engulf it. The primary is that which serves, the antithetical is that which creates.

At Phase 8 is the "Discovery of Strength," an embodiment in sensuality, for the imitation that held it to the norm of the race has ceased and the personality with its own norm has not begun. Primary and antithetical are equal and fight for mastery; and when this fight is ended through the conviction of weakness
and the preparation for rage, the *Mask* becomes once more voluntary. At Phase 22 is the "Breaking of Strength," for here the being makes its last attempt to impose its personality upon the world, before the *Mask* becomes enforced once more and Character is once more born.

To these two phases, perhaps to all phases, the being may return up to four times before it can pass on. It is claimed, however, that four times is the utmost possible. By being is understood that which divides into *Four Faculties*, by individual the *Will* analysed in relation to itself, by personality the *Will* analysed in relation to the *Mask*. It is because of the antithesis between *Will* and *Mask* that subjective natures are called *antithetical*, while those in whom individuality and *Creative Mind* predominate, and who are content with things as they find them, are called *primary*. Personality is strongest near Phase 15, individuality near Phase 22 and Phase 8.

V

**RULE FOR DISCOVERING TRUE AND FALSE MASKS**

*WHEN* the *Will* is in antithetical phases the *True Mask* is the effect of *Creative Mind* of opposite phase upon that phase; and the *False Mask* is the effect of *Body of Fate* of opposite phase upon that phase.

The *True Mask* of Phase 17 for instance is "Simplification by intensity" and is derived from Phase 8 modified by the *Creative Mind* of that phase, which is described as "Simplicity" and is from Phase 27 which is that of the Saint.

The *False Mask* of Phase 17 is "Dispersal" and is derived from Phase 8, modified by the *Body of Fate* which is from Phase 13 and is described as "Interest."
It will be found that this word describes with great accuracy the kind of "Dispersal" which weakens men of Phase 17 when they try to live in the Primary Tincture.

When the Will is in primary phases the True Mask is the effect of Body of Fate of opposite phase upon that phase; and the False Mask is the effect of Creative Mind of opposite phase upon that phase.

The True Mask of Phase 3, is "Innocence" and it is derived from Phase 17 modified by its Body of Fate which is described as "Loss" and derived from Phase 27, which is that of the Saint.

The False Mask of Phase 3 is "Folly" and is derived from Phase 17 modified by Creative Mind of that phase which is described as "Creative imagination through antithetical emotion." The primary Phase 3 when it attempts to live antithetically gives itself up to inconsequence because it cannot be creative in the Mask. On the other hand, when it lives according to the Primary, and is true to phase, it takes from its opposite phase delight in passing things, sees "a world in a grain of sand, Heaven in a wild flower" and becomes a child playing, knows nothing of consequence and purpose. "Loss" effects Phase 17 itself as an enforced withdrawal of primary desire for the Body of Fate is inimical to antithetical natures.

Only long familiarity with the system can make the whole table of Masks, Creative Minds, etc.—see sec. xii—intelligible; it should be studied by the help of these two following rules:

*In an antithetical phase the being seeks by the help of the Creative Mind to deliver the Mask from Body of Fate.*

*In a primary phase the being seeks by the help of the Body of Fate to deliver the Creative Mind from the Mask.*
VI

RULE FOR FINDING THE TRUE AND FALSE CREATIVE MIND

WHEN the Will is in antithetical phases the True Creative Mind is derived from the Creative Mind Phase modified by the Creative Mind of that phase; while the False Creative Mind is derived from the Creative Mind Phase, modified by the Body of Fate of that Phase.

For instance the True Creative Mind of Phase 17 "Creative Imagination through antithetical Emotion" is derived from Phase 18 as that phase is modified by its Creative Mind which is described as "Sincere expression of Self."

The False Creative Mind of Phase 17 "Artificial self-realisation" is derived from Phase 18 as that phase is modified by its Body of Fate "Enforced Love."

Phase 17 has the same proportion of Tinctures as Phase 18 but a different direction, is growing more Primary and so has intellectually what Phase 18 has emotionally, and is turning outward what Phase 18 turned inward.

Phase 18 stirred to creation by "Sincere expression of self" stirs Phase 17 to creation of images; on the other hand Phase 18 stirred by "Enforced love"—which had to Phase 18 itself been an influence forcing the being to seek what to it was an impossible primary activity and so to a morbid self-absorption—becomes in Phase 17 an "artificial dramatisation of the Self."

When the Will is in Primary Phases the True Creative Mind is derived from Creative Mind phase, modified by the Body of Fate of that phase; while the False Creative Mind is derived from the Creative Mind Phase modified by the False Creative Mind of that Phase.

For instance the True Creative Mind of Phase 27 is
described as "Spiritual Receptivity" and is derived from Phase 8 as that phase is modified by its Body of Fate derived from Phase 18, and described as "Interest." While its false Creative Mind is described as "Pride" and is derived from Phase 3, modified by the False Creative Mind of that Phase which is derived from Phase 27 and described as "Abstraction." As will be seen later the phase of the Saint, Phase 27, has "Abstraction" for its great sin and escapes from this sin by "Humility."

Again two mirrors face one another. Phase 8 and Phase 27 are alike in Tincture but different in direction. The meaning of the interchange between "Pride" and "Abstraction" will grow clear from the exposition of the phase.

VII

RULE FOR FINDING BODY OF FATE

THE Body of Fate of any particular phase is the effect of the whole nature of its Body of Fate phase upon that particular phase. As, however, the Body of Fate is always primary it is in sympathy with the primary phase while it opposes the antithetical phase; in this it is the reverse of the Mask which is sympathetic to an antithetical phase but opposes a primary.

VIII

SUBDIVISIONS OF THE WHEEL

EXCLUDING the four phases of crisis (Phases 8, 22, 15, 1,) each quarter consists of six phases, or of two sets of three. In every case the first phase of each set
can be described as a manifestation of power, the second of a code or arrangement of powers, and the third of a belief, the belief being an appreciation of, or submission to some quality which becomes power in the next phase. The reason of this is that each set of three is itself a wheel, and has the same character as the Great Wheel. The Phases 1 to 8 are associated with elemental earth, being phases of germination and sprouting; those between Phase 8 and Phase 15 with elemental water, because there the image-making power is at its height; those between Phase 15 and Phase 22 with elemental air, because through air, or space, things are divided from one another, and here intellect is at its height; those between Phase 22 and Phase 1 with elemental fire because here all things are made simple. The Will is strongest in First Quarter, Mask in second, Creative Mind in third, and the Body of Fate in fourth.

There are other divisions and attributions to be considered later.

IX

DISCORDS, OPPOSITIONS AND CONTRASTS.

THE being becomes conscious of itself as a separate being, because of certain facts of opposition and discord, the emotional opposition of Will and Mask, the intellectual opposition of Creative Mind and Body of Fate, discords between Will and Creative Mind, Creative Mind and Mask, Mask and Body of Fate, Body of Fate and Will. A discord is always the enforced understanding of the unlikeness of Will and Mask or of Creative Mind and Body of Fate. There is an enforced attraction between opposites, for the Will has a natural desire for the Mask and the Creative Mind a natural perception
of the Body of Fate; in one the dog bays the Moon, in the other the eagle stares on the Sun by natural right. When, however, the Creative Mind deceives the Will, by offering it some primary image of the Mask, or when the Will offers to the Creative Mind an emotion that should be turned towards the Mask alone, the opposition emerges again in its simplicity because of the jarring of the emotion, the grinding out of the Image. On the other hand it may be the Mask that slips on to the Body of Fate till we confuse what we would be with what we must be. As the discords through the circling of the Four Faculties approach opposition, when as at Phase 15 (say) the Creative Mind comes to be opposite the Mask, they share the qualities of Opposition. As the Faculties approach to one another, on the other hand, Discord gradually becomes identity, and one or other, according to whether it takes place at Phase 1 or Phase 15, is weakened and finally absorbed, Creative Mind in Will at Phase 15, Will in Creative Mind at Phase 1 and so on. While if it be at Phase 8 or Phase 22 first one predominates and then the other and there is instability.

Without this continual discord through deception there would be no conscience, no activity; and it will be seen later that deception is used as a technical term and may be substituted for "desire." Life is an endeavour, made vain by the Four Sails of its Mill, to come to a double contemplation, that of the chosen Image, that of the Fated Image.

There are also harmonies but these which are geometrically connected with the centre of the figure can be best considered in relation to another part of the System.
THE FOUR PERFECTIONS AND THE FOUR AUTOMATONISMS

THE Four Perfections can only be understood when their phases come to be considered; it will be obvious for instance that self-sacrifice must be the typical virtue of phases where instinct or race is predominant, and especially in those three phases that come before reflection. Automatonism in antithetical phases arises from the Mask and Creative Mind, when separated from the Body of Fate and Will, through refusal of, or rest from conflict; and in primary phases from the Body of Fate and Will, when weary of the struggle for complete primary existence or when they refuse that struggle. It does not necessarily mean that the man is not true to phase or, as it is said, out of phase; the most powerful natures are precisely those who most often need automatonism as a rest. It is perhaps an element in our enjoyment of art and literature, being awakened in our minds by rhythm and by pattern. He is, however, out of phase, if he refuse for anything but need of rest the conflict with the Body of Fate which is the source of antithetical energy and so falls under imitative or creative automatonism, or if in primary phases he refuse conflict with the Mask and so falls under obedient or instinctive automatonism.

XI

THE DAEMON, THE SEXES, UNITY OF BEING, NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL UNITY.

THE Will and the Creative Mind are in the light, but the Body of Fate working through accident, in dark, while
Mask, or Image, is a form selected instinctively for those emotional associations which come out of the dark, and this form is itself set before us by accident, or swims up from the dark portion of the mind. But there is another mind, or another part of our mind in this darkness, that is yet to its own perceptions in the light; and we in our turn are dark to that mind. These two minds (one always light* and one always dark, when considered by one mind alone), make up man and Daimon, the Will of the man being the Mask of the Daimon, the Creative Mind of the man being the Body of Fate of the Daimon and so on. The Wheel is in this way reversed, as St. Peter at his crucifixion reversed by the position of his body the position of the crucified Christ: "Demon est Deus Inversus." Man's Daimon has therefore her energy and bias, in man's Mask, and her constructive power in man's fate, and man and Daimon face each other in a perpetual conflict or embrace. This relation (the Daimon being of the opposite sex to that of man) may create a passion like that of sexual love. The relation of man and woman, in so far as it is passionate, reproduces the relation of man and Daimon, and becomes an element where man and Daimon sport, pursue one another, and do one another good or evil. This does not mean, however, that the men and women of opposite phases love one another, for a man generally chooses a woman whose Mask falls between his Mask and his Body of Fate, or just outside one or other; but that every man is, in the right of his sex, a wheel, or group of Four Faculties, and that every woman is, in the right of her sex, a wheel which reverses the masculine wheel. In so far as man and woman are swayed by their sex they interact

* Light and dark are not used in this section as in the description of the phases, but as it were cross that light and dark at right angles. See diagrams in Sec. XVII, Book II.

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as man and Daimon interact, though at other moments their phases may be side by side. The Daimon carries on her conflict, or friendship with a man, not only through the events of life, but in the mind itself, for she is in possession of the entire dark of the mind. The things we dream, or that come suddenly into our heads, are therefore her Creative Mind (our Creative Mind is her Body of Fate) through which her energy, or bias, finds expression; one can therefore, if one will, think of man as Will and Creative Mind alone, perpetually face to face with another being who is also but Will and Creative Mind, though these appear to man as the object of desire, or beauty, and as fate in all its forms. If man seeks to live wholly in the light, the Daimon will seek to quench that light in what is to man wholly darkness, and there is conflict and Mask and Body of Fate become evil; when however in antithetical man the Daimonic mind is permitted to flow through the events of his life (the Daimonic Creative Mind) and so to animate his Creative Mind, without putting out its light, there is Unity of Being. A man becomes passionate and this passion makes the Daimonic thought luminous with its peculiar light—this is the object of the Daimon—and she so creates a very personal form of heroism or of poetry. The Daimon herself is now passionless and has a form of thought, which has no need of premise and deduction, nor of any language, for it apprehends the truth by a faculty which is analogous to sight, and hearing, and taste, and touch, and smell, though without organs. He who attains Unity of Being is some man, who, while struggling with his fate and his destiny until every energy of his being has been roused, is content that he should so struggle with no final conquest. For him fate and freedom are not to be distinguished; he is no longer bitter, he may even love tragedy like those "who love the gods and withstand them"; such men are able to
bring all that happens, as well as all that they desire, into an emotional or intellectual synthesis and so to possess not the Vision of Good only but that of Evil. They are described as coming after death into dark and into light, whereas primary men, who do not receive revelation by conflict, are in dark or in light. In the Convito Dante speaks of his exile, and the gregariousness it thrust upon him, as a great misfortune for such as he; and yet as poet he must have accepted, not only that exile, but his grief for the death of Beatrice as that which made him Daimonic, not a writer of poetry alone like Guido Cavalcanti. Intellectual creation accompanies or follows in antithetical man, the struggle of the being to overthrow its fate and this is symbolised by placing the Creative Mind in the phase opposite to that of the Body of Fate. Unity of Being becomes possible at Phase 12, and ceases to be possible at Phase 18, but is rare before Phase 13 and after Phase 17, and is most common at Phase 17. When man is in his most antithetical phases the Daimon is most primary; man pursues, loves, or hates, or both loves and hates—a form of passion, an antithetical image is imposed upon the Daimonic thought—but in man's most primary phases the Daimon is at her most antithetical. Man is now pursued with hatred, or with love; must receive an alien terror or joy; and it is to this final acceptance of the Image that we apply the phrases "Unity with God," "Unity with Nature." Unity with God is possible after Phase 26, though almost impossible before Phase 27 which is called "The Saint," while Unity with Nature may take place after Phase 1, and in its turn becomes impossible after Phase 4. But for the possibility of this union man in his primary phases would sink into a mechanical objectivity, become wholly automatic. At Phase 26, however, he can escape from that which he apprehends through the organs of sense, by submission to that which he can apprehend
by the mind's eye and ear, its palate and its touch. When he is content to be pursued, to be ignored, to be hated even by that he so apprehends, he becomes the object not of hatred but of love, for the Daimonic mind, being now antithetical, has passed from thought to passion. Antithetical man pursuing, or hungry, with a passion like that of the beasts, may be exalted with a passion first discovered and expressed by finer minds than his; and the Daimon so pursuing, so hungry, is also so exalted, and we have therefore the right to describe our union with it, as union with Nature, or with God. When Phase 1 has been passed, the union is with nature.

According to the Solar symbolism, which is explained in Book II, two are not in light and two in dark, but all four in light as contrasted to Four Principles that are solar and entirely dark.

XII

TABLE OF THE FOUR FACULTIES

EACH Faculty is placed after the number of the phase where it is formed, not after the phase which it affects.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WILL.</th>
<th>MASK.</th>
<th>CREATIVE MIND.</th>
<th>BODY OF FATE.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>No description except entire plasticity.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WILL.</td>
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XIII

CHARACTERS OF CERTAIN PHASES

FOUR PERFECTIONS

At P. 2, P. 3, P. 4 ... Self-sacrifice
At P. 13 ... ... Self-knowledge
At P. 16, P. 17, P. 18 Unity of Being
At P. 27 ... ... Sanctity
FOUR TYPES OF WISDOM

At P. 4 ... ... Wisdom of Desire
At P. 12 ... ... Wisdom of Intellect
At P. 18 ... ... Wisdom of Heart
At P. 26 ... ... Wisdom of Knowledge

FOUR CONTESTS

At P. 1 ... ... Moral
At P. 8 ... ... Emotional
At P. 15 ... ... Physical
At P. 22 ... ... Spiritual or supersensual

RAGE, PHANTASY, ETC.

From P. 8 to P. 12 Rage
From P. 12 to P. 15 Spiritual or supersensual Rage
From P. 15 to P. 19 Phantasy
From P. 19 to P. 22 Power

XIV

*GENERAL CHARACTER OF CREATIVE MIND AFFECTING CERTAIN PHASES

(1) Affecting 28, 1, 2, from 2, 1, 28. Controlled.
(2) ,, 3, 4, 5, 6 from 27, 26, 25, 24. Transformatory.
(3) ,, 7, 8, 9 from 23, 22, 21. Mathematical.
(4) ,, 10, 11, 12 from 20, 19, 18. Intellectually passionate.
(5) ,, 13 from 17. Stillless.

* This and the following Table are divided into ten divisions because they were given me in this form, and I have not sufficient confidence in my knowledge to turn them into the more convenient twelve-fold divisions. The relation of the Great Wheel and the Year is explained in Book II, and the makers of these tables may have had the old tenfold year in their minds.—W. B. Y.
(7) " 17, 18, 19, 20 from 18, 12, 11, 10. Emotionally passionate.
(8) " 21, 22, 23 from 9, 8, 7. Rational.
(9) " 24 from 6. Obedient.
(10) " 25, 26, 27 from 3, 4, 5. Serenity.

XV

GENERAL CHARACTER OF BODY OF FATE

(1) Affecting 28, 1, 2 from 16, 15, 14. Joy.
(2) " 3, 4, 5, 6, from 13, 12, 11, 10. Breathing.
(3) " 7, 8, 9 from 9, 8, 7. Tumult.
(4) " 10, 11, 12 from 6, 5, 4. Tension.
(5) " 13 from 3. Disease.
(6) " 14, 15, 16 from 2, 1, 28. The world.
(7) " 17, 18, 19, 20 from 27, 26, 25, 24. Sorrow.
(8) " 21, 22, 23 from 23, 22, 21. Ambition.
(9) " 24 from 20. Success.
(10) " 25, 26, 27 from 19, 18, 17. Absorption.

XVI

TABLE OF THE QUARTERS

THE FOUR CONTESTS OF THE ANTITHETICAL WITHIN ITSELF

First quarter. With body. In the first quarter body should win, in second heart, etc.
Second " With heart.
Third " With mind.
Fourth " With soul.
FOUR AUTOMATONISMS

First quarter. Instinctive.
Second " Imitative.
Third " Creative.
Fourth " Obedient.

FOUR CONDITIONS OF THE WILL

First quarter. Instinctive.
Second " Emotional.
Third " Intellectual.
Fourth " Moral.

FOUR CONDITIONS OF THE MASK

First quarter. Intensity (affecting Third Quarter)
Second " Tolerance (affecting Fourth Quarter).
Third " Convention or systematization (affecting First Quarter).
Fourth " Self-analysis (affecting Second Quarter).

DEFECTS OF FALSE CREATIVE MIND WHICH BRING THE FALSE MASK

First quarter. Sentimentality.
Second " Brutality (desire for root facts of life).
Third " Hatred.
Fourth " Insensitiveness.

Note.—In primary Phases these defects separate Mask from Body of Fate, in antithetical, Creative Mind from Body of Fate.

ELEMENTAL ATTRIBUTIONS

Earth ... First quarter ...
Water ... Second quarter ...
Air ... Third quarter ...
Fire ... Fourth quarter ...
XVII

UNCLASSIFIED ATTRIBUTES

Mask worn — moral and emotional.
Mask carried — emotional.

ABSTRACTION

Strong at 6, 7, 8.
Strongest at 22, 23, 24, 25.
Begins at 19, less at 20, increase again at 21.

THREE ENERGIES

Images from self give emotion.
Images from world give passion.
Images from the supersensual give will.
4. THE TWENTY-EIGHT EMBODIMENTS

I

PHASE ONE AND THE INTERCHANGE OF THE TINCTURES

As will be seen, when late phases are described, every achievement of a being, after Phase 22, is an elimination of the individual intellect and a discovery of the moral life. When the individual intellect lingers on, it is arrogance, self-assertion, a sterile abstraction, for the being is forced by the growing primary Tincture to accept first the service of, and later on absorption in, the primary whole, a sensual or supersensual objectivity.

When the old antithetical becomes the new primary, moral feeling is changed into an organisation of experience which must in its turn seek a unity, the whole of experience. When the old primary becomes the new antithetical, the old realisation of an objective moral law is changed into a subconscious turbulent instinct. The world of rigid custom and law is broken up by "the uncontrollable mystery upon the bestial floor."

Phase 1 not being human can better be described after Phase 28.
II

PHASE TWO

Will—Beginning of Energy.

Mask (from P. 16). True—Player on Pan's Pipes.

False—Fury.


Body of Fate (from P. 14)—"None except monotony."

When the man lives out of phase and desires the Mask, and so permits it to dominate the Creative Mind, he copies the emotional explosion of Phase 16 in so far as difference of phase permits. He gives himself to a violent animal assertion and can only destroy, strike right and left as in the rage of a child, seek satisfaction of bodily need full of ignorance and gloom.

"But when they find the frowning Babe,
Terror strikes through the region wide:
They cry 'The babe! the babe is born!'
And flee away on every side."

But if he live according to phase, he uses the Body of Fate to clear the intellect of the influence of the Mask. He frees himself from emotion; and the Body of Fate, derived from Phase 14, pulls back the mind into the supersensual, so changes it that it grows obedient to all that recurs; and the Mask, now entirely enforced, is a rhythmical impulse. He gives himself up to the function of the moment, the hope of the moment, and yet is neither immoral nor violent but innocent; he is as it were the breath stirring on the face of the deep; the smile on the face of a but half-awakened child. Nobody of our age has, it may be, met him, certainly no record of such meeting exists, but, were such meeting possible, he would be remembered as a form of joy, for he would
seem more entirely living than all other men, a personification or summing up of the life of all other men. He would decide on this or that by no balance of the reason but by an infallible joy, and if born amid a rigid mechanical order, he would make for himself a place, as a dog will scratch a hole for itself in loose earth.

Here, as at Phase 16, the ordinary condition is sometimes reversed, and instead of ugliness, otherwise characteristic of this as of all primary phases, there is beauty. The new antithetical Tincture (the old primary reborn) is violent. A new birth, when the product of an extreme contrast in the past life of the individual, is sometimes so violent that lacking foreign admixture it forestalls its ultimate physical destiny. It forces upon the primary and upon itself a beautiful form. It has the muscular balance and force of an animal good-humour with all appropriate comeliness as in the dancing faun. If this rare accident does not occur, the body is coarse; not deformed, but coarse from lack of sensiveness and is most fitted for rough physical labour.

Seen by those lyrical poets who draw their Masks from early phases, the man of Phase 2 is transfigured. Weary of an energy that defines and judges, weary of intellectual self expression, they desire some "concealment," some transcendent intoxication. The bodily instincts, subjectively perceived, become the cup wreathed with ivy. Perhaps even a Body of Fate from any early phase may suffice to create this Image, but when it affects Phase 18 and Phase 14 the Image will be more sensuous, more like immediate experience.

"The Kings of Inde their jewelled sceptres vail,  
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;  
Great Brama from his mystic heaven groans  
And all his priesthood moans;  
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale."
III

PHASE THREE

Will—Beginning of Ambition.


Body of Fate (from P. 13)—Interest.

Out of phase and copying the opposite phase, he gives himself up to a kind of clodhopper folly, that keeps his intellect moving among conventional ideas with a sort of make-believe. Incapable of consecutive thought and of moral purpose, he lives miserably seeking to hold together some consistent plan of life, patching rags upon rags because that is expected of him, or out of egotism. If on the other hand he uses his Body of Fate to purify his Creative Mind of the Mask, if he is content to permit his senses and his subconscious nature to dominate his intellect, he takes delight in all that passes; but because he claims nothing of his own, chooses nothing, thinks that no one thing is better than another, he will not endure a pang because all passes. Almost without intellect, it is a phase of perfect bodily sanity, for, though the body is still in close contact with supersensuous rhythm, it is no longer absorbed in that rhythm; eyes and ears are open; one instinct balances another; every season brings its delight.

"He who bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy,
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise."
Seen by lyrical poets, of whom so many have belonged to the fantastic Phase 17, the man of this phase becomes an Image where simplicity and intensity are united, he seems to move among yellowing corn or under overhanging grapes. He gave to Landor his shepherds and hamadryads, to Morris his “Water of the Wondrous Isles,” to Shelley his wandering lovers and sages, and to Theocritus all his flocks and pastures; and of what else did Bembo think when he cried, “Would that I were a shepherd that I might look daily down upon Urbino.” Imagined in some antithetical mind, seasonal change and bodily sanity seem images of lasting passion and the body’s beauty.

IV

Phase Four

Will—Desire for Exterior World.

Mask (from P. 18). True—Passion. False—Will.


B.F. (from P. 12)—Search.

When out of phase he attempts antithetical wisdom (for reflection has begun), separates himself from instinct (hence “mutilation”), and tries to enforce upon himself and others all kinds of abstract or conventional ideas which are for him, being outside his experience, mere make-believe. Lacking antithetical capacity, and all of primary that is founded upon observation, he is aimless and blundering, possesses nothing except the knowledge that there is something known to others that is not mere instinct. True to phase, his interest in everything that
happens, in all that excites his instinct ("search"), is so keen that he has no desire to claim anything for his own will; nature still dominates his thought as passion; yet instinct grows reflective. He is full of practical wisdom, a wisdom of saws and proverbs, or founded upon concrete examples. He can see nothing beyond sense, but sense expands and contracts to meet his needs, and the needs of those who trust him. It is as though he woke suddenly out of sleep and thereupon saw more and remembered more than others. He has "the wisdom of instinct," a wisdom perpetually excited by all those hopes and needs which concern his well-being or that of the race (Creative Mind from Phase 12 and so acting from that in race which corresponds to personality when personality is unified in thought). The men of the opposite phase, or of the phases nearly opposite, worn out by a wisdom held with labour and uncertainty, see persons of this phase as images of peace. Two passages of Browning come to mind:

"An old hunter, talking with gods
Or sailing with troops of friends to Tenedos."

"A King lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When Earth was nigher Heaven than now:
And the King's locks curled,
Disparting o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space betwixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
Age with its bane, so sure gone by,
(The gods so loved him while he dreamed)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the King should ever die."
THE OPENING OF THE TINCTURES

SINCE Phase 26 the Primary Tincture has so predominated, man is so sunk in Fate, in life, that there is no reflection, no experience, because that which reflects, that which acquires experience has been drowned. Man cannot think of himself as separate from that which he sees with the bodily eye or in the mind’s eye. He neither loves nor hates though he may be in hatred or in love. Birdalone in “The Water of the Wondrous Isles” (a woman of Phase 3 reflected in an antithetical mind) falls in love with her friend’s lover and he with her. There is great sorrow but no struggle, her decision to disappear is sudden as if some power over which she has no control compelled. Has she not perhaps but decided as her unknown fathers and mothers compelled, but conformed to the lineaments of her race? Is she not a child of “Weird,” are not all in the most primary phases children of “Weird” exercising an unconscious discrimination towards all that before Phase 1 defines their Fate, and after Phase 1 their race. Every achievement of their souls, Phase 1 being passed, springs up out of the body, and their work, now it is passed, is to substitute for a life, where all is Fate frozen into rule and custom, a life where all is fused by instinct; with them to hunger, to taste, to desire, is to grow wise.

Between Phase 4 and Phase 5, the Tinctures separate, are said to open, and reflection begins. When closed, there is an approach to absolute surrender of the Will, first to God, then, as Phase 1 passes away, to Nature, and the surrender is the most complete form of the freedom of the Body of Fate which has been increasing since Phase 22. When Man identifies himself with his Fate, when he is able to say “Thy Will is our freedom” or
when he is perfectly natural, that is to say perfectly a portion of his surroundings, he is free even though all his actions can be foreseen, even though every action is a logical deduction from that that went before it. He is all Fate but has no Destiny.

VI

PHASE FIVE

Will—Separation from Innocence.


Body of Fate (from P. 11)—Natural Law.

Out of phase, and seeking antithetical emotion, he is sterile, passing from one insincere attitude to another, moving through a round of moral images torn from their context and so without meaning. He is so proud of each separation from experience that he becomes a sort of angry or smiling Punch with a lath between his wooden arms striking here and there. His Body of Fate is enforced, for he has reversed the condition of his phase and finds himself at conflict with a world which offers him nothing but temptation and affront. True to phase, he is the direct opposite of all this. Abstraction has indeed begun, but it comes to him as a portion of experience cut off from everything but itself and therefore fitted to be the object of reflection. He no longer touches, eats, drinks, thinks and feels nature, but sees
it as something from which he is separating himself, something that he may dominate, though only for a moment and by some fragmentary violence of sensation or of thought. Nature is half gone but the laws of nature have appeared and he can change her rhythms and her seasons by his knowledge. He lives in the moment but with an intensity Phases 2, 3 and 4 have never known, the Will approaches its climax, he is no longer like a man but half-awakened. He is a corrupter, disturber, wanderer, a founder of sects and peoples, and works with extravagant energy, and his reward is but to live in its glare.

Seen by a poet of the opposite phase, by a man hiding fading emotion under broken emphasis, he is Don Juan or the Giaour.

VII

PHASE SIX

Will—Artificial Individuality.


Body of Fate (from Phase 10)—Humanity.

Example: Walt Whitman.

Had Walt Whitman lived out of phase, desire to prove that all his emotions were healthy and intelligible, to set his practical sanity above all not made in his fashion, to cry "thirty years old and in perfect health!" would have turned him into some kind of jibing demagogue;
and to think of him would be to remember that Thoreau when he had picked up the jaw-bone of a pig that had not a tooth missing, recorded that there also was perfect health. He would, that he might believe in himself, have compelled others to believe. But using his Body of Fate (his interest in crowds, in casual loves and affections, in all summary human experience) to clear intellect of antithetical emotion (always insincere from Phase 1 to Phase 8), and haunted and hunted by the now involuntary Mask, he creates an Image of vague, half-civilised man, while all his thought and impulse is a product of democratic bonhomie, of schools, of colleges, of public discussion. Abstraction has been born but it is the abstraction of a community, of a tradition, a synthesis starting, not as with Phases 19, 20 and 21 with logical deduction from an observed fact, but from some experience or from the whole experience of the individual or of the community: "I have such and such a feeling. I have such and such a belief. What follows from feeling, what from belief?" While Thomas Aquinas, whose historical epoch was nearly of this phase, would sum in abstract categories all possible experience, not that he may know but that he may feel, Walt Whitman makes catalogues of all that has moved him, or amused his eye, that he may grow more poetical. Experience is all absorbing, subordinating, observed fact, drowning even truth itself (where truth is conceived of as something apart from impulse and instinct and from the Will, where impulse or instinct begins to be all in all). In a little while, though not yet, impulse and instinct, sweeping away catalogue and category, will fill the mind with terror.
VIII

Phase Seven

Will—Assertion of individuality.


Body of Fate (from phase 9)—Adventure that excites the individuality.

Examples: George Borrow, Alexandre Dumas, Thomas Carlyle, James Macpherson.

At Phases 2, 8 and 4 the man moved within traditional or seasonable limits, but since Phase 5 limits have grown indefinite; public codes, all that depend upon habit, are all but dissolved, even the catalogues and categories of Phase 6 are no longer sufficient. If out of phase the man desires to be the man of Phase 21; an impossible desire, for that man is all but the climax of intellectual complexity and all men, from Phase 2 to Phase 7 inclusive, are intellectually simple. His instincts are all but at their apex of complexity, and he is bewildered and must soon be helpless. The dissolving character, out of phase, desires the breaking personality, and though it cannot possess, or even conceive of personality, seeing that its thoughts and emotions are common to all, it can create a grandiloquent phantom and by deceiving others deceive itself; and presently we shall discover Phase 21, out of phase, bragging of an imaginary naïveté.

Phase 7 when true to phase surrenders to the Body of Fate which, being derived from the phase where
personality first shows itself, is excited into forms of character so dissolved in Will, in instinct, that they are hardly distinguishable from personality. These forms of character, not being self-dependent like personality, are however inseparable from circumstance: a gesture, or a pose born of a situation and forgotten when the situation has passed; a last act of courage, a defiance of the dogs that must soon tear the man into pieces. Such men have a passion for history, for the scene, for the adventure. They delight in actions, which they cannot see apart from setting sun or a storm at sea or some great battle, and that are inspired by emotions that move all hearers because such that all understand.

Alexander Dumas was the phase in its perfection, George Borrow when it halts a little, for Borrow was at moments sufficiently out of phase to know that he was naive and to brag of imaginary intellectual subjectivity, as when he paraded an unbelievable fit of the horrors, or his mastery of many tongues. Carlyle like Macpherson showed the phase at its worst. He neither could, nor should have cared for anything but the personalities of history, but he used them as so many metaphors in a vast popular rhetoric, for the expression of thoughts that seemed his own and were the work of preachers to angry ignorant congregations. So noisy, so threatening that rhetoric, so great his own energy that two generations passed before men noticed that he had written no sentence not of coarse humour that clings to the memory. Sexual impotence had doubtless weakened the Body of Fate and so strengthened the False Mask, yet one doubts if any mere plaster of ant's eggs could have helped where there was so great insincerity.
IX

PHASE EIGHT

Will—War between race and individuality.


Creative Mind (from Phase 22). True—Versatility. False—Impotence.

Body of Fate (from Phase 8)—The beginning of strength.

Example: The Idiot of Dostoieffsky perhaps.

Out of phase, a condition of terror, when true to phase, of courage unbroken through defeat.

From Phase 1 to Phase 7, there has been a gradual weakening in the character of all that is primary. Character has taken the disguise of individuality (the will analysed in relation to itself), but now, though individuality persists through another phase, personality (the Will analysed in relation to the Mask) must predominate. So long as the primary Tincture predominated, the antithetical Tincture accepted its manner of perception; and character has been enlarged by the vegetative and sensitive faculties excited by the Body of Fate, which are the nearest a primary nature can come to antithetical emotion. But now the bottle must be burst. The struggle of idealised, or habitual theologised thought with instinct, and that between mind and body, of the waning primary with the growing antithetical, must be decided, and the vegetative and sensitive faculties must for a while take the sway. Only then can the Will be forced to recognise the weakness of the Creative Mind when unaided by the Mask, and so to permit the involun-
tary Mask to change into the voluntary. Every modification or codification of morality has been its attempt, acting through the Creative Mind, to set order upon the instinctive and vegetative faculties, and it must now feel that it can create order no longer. It is the very nature of a struggle, where the soul must lose all form received from the objectively accepted conscience of the world, that it denies us an historical example. One thinks of possible examples only to decide that Hartley Coleridge is not amongst them, that the brother of the Brontës may only seem to be because we know so little about him, but that Dostoieffsky’s Idiot is almost certainly an example. But Dostoieffsky’s Idiot was too matured a type, he had passed too many times through the twenty-eight phases to help our understanding. Here for the most part are those obscure wastrels who seem powerless to free themselves from some sensual temptation—drink, women, drugs—and who cannot in a life of continual crisis create any lasting thing. The being is often born up to four times at this one phase, it is said, before the antithetical Tincture attains its mastery. The being clings like a man drowning to every straw, and it is precisely this clinging, this seemingly vain reaching forth for strength, amidst the collapse of all those public thoughts and habits that are the support of primary man, that enables it to enter at last upon Phase 9. It has to find its strength by a transformation of that very instinct which has hitherto been its weakness and so to gather up the strewn and broken members. The union of Creative Mind and Mask in opposition to Body of Fate and Will, intensifies this struggle by dividing the nature into halves which have no interchange of qualities. The man is inseparable from his fate, he cannot see himself apart, nor can he distinguish between emotion and intellect. He is will-less, dragged hither and thither, and his unemotionalised intellect, gathered up into the mathe-
matical Phase 22, shows him perpetually for object of desire, an emotion that is like a mechanical energy, a thought that is like wheel and piston. He is suspended; he is without bias, and until bias comes, till he has begun groping for strength within his own being, his thought and his emotion bring him to judgment but they cannot help. As those at Phase 22 must dissolve the dramatising Mask in abstract mind that they may discover the concrete world, he must dissolve thought into mere impersonal instinct, into mere race that he may discover the dramatising Mask: he chooses himself and not his Fate. Courage is his true Mask, and diversity, that has no habitual purpose, his true Creative Mind, because these are all that the phase of the greatest possible weakness can take into itself from the phase of the greatest possible strength. When his fingers close upon a straw, that is courage, and his versatility is that any wave may float a straw. At Phase 7, he had tried out of ambition to change his nature, as though a man should make love who had no heart, but now shock can give him back his heart. Only a shock resulting from the greatest possible conflict can make the greatest possible change, that from primary to antithetical or from antithetical to primary again. Nor can anything intervene. He must be aware of nothing but the conflict, his despair is necessary, he is of all men the most tempted—"Eloi, Eloi, why hast thou forsaken me?"

There are two human types found at each phase and called Victim and Sage, the first predominantly emotional, the other predominantly intellectual. Though not necessary to a first understanding of "The Wheel," they must be touched on when describing Phase 22 (a phase of such great importance at the present moment of history that it will be described at greater length than the other phases), and for this reason it is necessary to say that they have an interchange at Phase 8 or at
Phase 22, corresponding to the interchange of the Tinctures. Their diagram will be given, while expounding another portion of the system.

X

Phase Nine

Will—Belief instead of individuality.


Body of Fate (from Phase 7)—Enforced sensuality.

Example: An unnamed artist.

Out of phase, blundering and ignorant, the man becomes when in phase powerful and accomplished; all that strength as of metallic rod and wheel discovered within himself. He should seek to liberate the Mask by the help of the Creative Mind from the Body of Fate—that is to say, to carve out and wear the now voluntary Mask and so to protect and to deliver the Image. In so far as he does so, there is immense confidence in self-expression, a vehement self, working through mathematical calculation, a delight in straight line and right angle; but if he seek to live according to the primary Tincture, to use the Body of Fate to rid the Creative Mind of its Mask, to live with objective ambition and curiosity, all is confused, the Will asserts itself with a savage, terrified violence. All these phases of incipient personality when out of phase are brutal, but after Phase 12, when true
personality begins, brutality gives place to an evasive capricious coldness—"false, fleeting, perjured Clarence"—a lack of good faith in their primary relation, often accompanied in their antithetical relation by the most self-torturing scruples. When an antithetical man is out of phase, he reproduces the primary condition, but with an emotional inversion, love for Image or Mask becomes dread, or after Phase 15, hatred, and the Mask clings to the man or pursues him in the Image. It may even be that he is haunted by a delusive hope, cherished in secret, or bragged of aloud, that he may inherit the Body of Fate and Mask of a phase opposed to his own. He seeks to avoid antithetical conflict by accepting what opposes him and his antithetical life is invaded. At Phase 9, the Body of Fate that could alone purify the mind of a Carlyle, or of a Whitman, is the enemy of a unity which it breaks with sensuality (the rising flood of instinct from Phase 7) and the man if out of phase, instead of mastering this through his dramatisation of himself as a form of passionate self-mastery, and of seeking some like form as Image, grows stupid and blundering. Hence one finds at this phase, more often than at any other, men who dread, despise and persecute the women whom they love. Yet behind all that muddy, flooded, brutal self, there is perhaps a vague timid soul knowing itself caught in an antithesis, an alternation it cannot control. It is said of it, "the soul having found its weakness at Phase 8 begins the inward discipline of the soul in the fury of Phase 9." And again, "Phase 9 has the most sincere belief any man has ever had in his own desire."

There is a certain artist who said to a student of these symbols, speaking of a notable man, and his mistress and their children, "She no longer cares for his work, no longer gives him the sympathy he needs, why does he not leave her, what does he owe to her or to her children?" The student discovered this artist to be a
cubist of powerful imagination and noticed that his head suggested a sullen obstinacy, but that his manner and his speech were generally sympathetic and gentle.

XI

Phase Ten

Will—The Image Breaker.


Body of Fate (from Phase 6)—Enforced emotion.

Example: Parnell.

If he live like the opposite phase, conceived as primary condition—the phase where ambition dies—he lacks all emotional power (False Mask: "Inertia"), and gives himself up to rudderless change, reform without a vision of form. He accepts what form (Mask and Image) those about him admire and, on discovering that it is alien, casts it away with brutal violence, to choose some other form as alien. He disturbs his own life, and he disturbs all who come near him more than does Phase 9, for Phase 9 has no interest in others except in relation to itself. If, on the other hand, he be true to phase, and use his intellect to liberate from mere race (Body of Fate at Phase 6 where race is codified), and so create some code of personal conduct, which implies always "divine right," he becomes proud, masterful and practical. He cannot wholly escape the influence of his Body of Fate, but he will be subject to its most
personal form; instead of gregarious sympathies, to some woman’s tragic love almost certainly. Though the *Body of Fate* must seek to destroy his *Mask*, it may now impose upon him a struggle which leaves victory still possible. As *Body of Fate* phase and *Mask* phase approach one another they share somewhat of each other’s nature; the effect of mutual hate grows more diffused, less harsh and obvious. The effect of the *Body of Fate* of Phase 10 for instance is slightly less harsh and obvious than that of the "enforced sensuality" of Phase 9. It is now "enforced emotion." Phase 9 was without restraint, but now restraint has come and with it pride; there is slightly less need to insist upon the brutal facts of life that he may escape from their charm; the subjective fury is less uncalculating, and the opposition of *Will* and *Mask* no longer produces a delight in an impersonal precision and power like that of machinery (machinery that is emotion and thought) but rather a kind of burning restraint, a something that suggests a savage statue to which one offers sacrifice. This sacrifice is code, personality no longer perceived as power only. He seeks by its help to free the creative power from mass emotion, but never wholly succeeds, and so the life remains troubled, a conflict between pride and race, and passes from crisis to crisis. At Phase 9 there was little sexual discrimination, and now there is emotion created by circumstance rather than by any unique beauty of body or of character. One remembers Faust, who will find every wench a Helen, now that he has drunk the witches' dram, and yet loves his Gretchen with all his being. Perhaps one thinks of that man who gave a lifetime of love, because a young woman in capricious idleness had written his name with her parasol upon the snow. Here is rage, desire to escape but not now by mere destruction of the opposing fate; for a vague abstract sense of some world, some image, some circum-
stance, harmonious to emotion, has begun, or of some-
thing harmonious to emotion that may be set upon the
empty pedestal, once visible world, image, or circum-
stance has been destroyed. With less desire of expression
than at Phase 9, and with more desire of action and of
command, the man (Creative Mind from Phase 20, phase
of greatest dramatic power) sees all his life as a stage
play where there is only one good acting part; yet no one
will accuse him of being a stage player for he will wear
always that stony Mask (Phase 24 "The end of ambi-
tion" antithetically perceived). He, too, if he triumph,
may end ambition through the command of multitudes,
for he is like that god of Norse mythology, who hung
from the cliff’s side for three days a sacrifice to himself.
Perhaps Moses when he descended the mountain-side
had a like stony Mask, and had cut out of the one rock
Mask and table.

John Morley says of Parnell, whose life proves him of
the Phase, that he had the least discursive mind he had
ever known, and that is always characteristic of a phase
where all practical curiosity has been lost wherever some
personal aim is not involved, while philosophical and
artistic curiosity are still undiscovered. He made upon
his contemporaries an impression of impassivity, and yet
after a speech that seemed brutal and callous, a follower
has recorded that his hands were full of blood because he
had torn them with his nails. One of his followers was
shocked during the impassioned discussion in Committee
Room No. 15, that led to his abandonment, by this most
reticent man’s lack of reticence in allusion to the opera-
tions of sex, an indifference as of a mathematician deal-
ing with some arithmetical quantity, and yet Mrs Parnell
tells how upon a night of storm on Brighton pier, and
at the height of his power, he held her out over the waters
and she lay still, stretched upon his two hands, knowing
that if she moved, he would drown himself and her.
Will—The Image Burner.


Body of Fate (from Phase 5)—Enforced belief.

Examples: Spinoza, Savonarola.

While Phase 9 was kept from its subjectivity by personal relations, by sensuality, by various kinds of grossness; and Phase 10 by associations of men for practical purposes, and by the emotions that arise out of such associations, or by some tragic love where there is an element of common interest; Phase 11 is impeded by the excitement of conviction, by the contagion of organised belief, or by its interest in organisation for its own sake. The man of the phase is a half solitary, one who defends a solitude he cannot or will not inhabit, his Mask being from a phase of abstract belief, which offers him always some bundle of mathematical formulae, or its like, opposed to his nature. It will presently be seen that the man of Phase 25, where the Mask is, creates his system of belief, just as Phase 24 creates his code, to exclude all that is too difficult for dolt or knave; but the man of Phase 11 systematises, runs to some frenzy of conviction, to make intellect, intellect for its own sake, possible, and perhaps, in his rage against rough-and-ready customary thought, to make all but intellect impossible. He will be the antithesis of all this, should he be conquered by his Body of Fate (from Phase 5, where the common instinct first unites itself to reflection) being carried off by
some contagion of belief, some general interest, and compelled to substitute for intellectual rage some form of personal pride and so to become the proud prelate of tradition.

In Spinoza one finds the phase in its most pure and powerful shape. He saw the divine energy in whatever was the most individual expression of the soul, and spent his life in showing that such expression was for the world’s welfare and not, as might seem, a form of anarchy. His Mask, under the influence of his Body of Fate, would have forced him to seek happiness in submission to something hard and exterior; but the Mask, set free by a Creative Mind that would destroy exterior popular sanction, makes possible for the first time the solitary conception of God. One imagines him among the theologians of his time, who sought always some formula perhaps, some sheep-dog for common minds, turning himself into pure wolf, and making for the wilderness. Certainly his pantheism, however pleasing to his own bare bench of scholars, was little likely to help the oratory of any bench of judges or of bishops. Through all his cold definitions, on whose mathematical form he prided himself, one divines some quarrel, not recorded in his biography, with the thought of his fathers and his kin, forced upon him almost to the breaking of his heart: no nature without the stroke of fate divides itself in two.

XIII

THE OPENING OF THE TINCTURE, ETC.

JUST before the place in the Great Wheel, where the word Heart is written, the splitting or opening of each Tincture begins, and increases till Phase 15 and then
decreases, until the place where *Head* is written; at which point they close once more. The *antithetical Tincture* is said to open at Phase 11, the *primary* at Phase 12. When the *Tinctures* open, that is to say when observation gives place to experience, when the being attains self knowledge or its possibility, the *Four Faculties* reflect themselves in the experience or knowledge as the *Four Qualities*, the *Will* as *instinct* (or race), the *Mask* as *emotion*, the *Creative Mind* as *reason*, the *Body of Fate* as *desire*.

Before the interchange of the *Tinctures* at Phase 15 the *antithetical* is reflected as *reason* and *desire*, the *primary* as *emotion* and *instinct*, while after Phase 15 this is reversed. *Emotion* and *instinct* when acting as one are *love*, *reason* and *desire hatred*; and in all *phases* before Phase 11 and after Phase 19, except those between Phase 26 and Phase 4, and especially in those phases round Phase 8 and Phase 22 the man knows himself through acted *love* and acted *hate*. Between Phase 26 and Phase 4 *love* and *hate* should be themselves unknown being only known as one, as that which is fated.

By *love* is meant love of that particular unity towards which the nature is tending, or of those images and ideas which define it, and by *hate*, hate of all that impedes that unity. In the phases between Phase 12 and Phase 18, the unity sought is Unity of Being, which is not to be confused with the complete subjectivity of Phase 15, for it implies a harmony of *antithetical* and *primary* life, and Phase 15 has no *primary*. Between Phase 12 and Phase 18 the struggle for this unity becomes conscious and its attainment possible. All the *antithetical* control over *primary* faculties increases; and the being may become almost wholly predestined, as distinguished from the *primary* phases which are fated. It struggles within itself, for it must now harmonise its *instinct* with its *emotion*, its
reason with its desire, and not in relation to, or for the sake of, some particular action; but in relation to a conception of itself as Unity. With this change sexual love becomes the most important event of the life, for the opposite sex is nature chosen and fated—Image and Body of Fate.

At the approach of Unity of Being the greatest beauty of literary style becomes possible, for thought becomes sensuous and musical. All that moves us is related to our possible Unity; we lose interest in the abstract and concrete alike, only when we have said, "My fire," and so distinguished it from "the fire" and "a fire," does the fire seem bright. Every emotion begins to be related, as musical notes are related, to every other. It is as though we touched a musical string that set other strings into sympathetic vibration.

XIV

Phase Twelve

Will—The Forerunner.


Creative Mind (from Phase 18). True—Subjective Philosophy. False—War between two forms of Expression.

Body of Fate (from Phase 4)—Enforced Intellectual Action.

Example: Nietzsche.

The man of this phase is out of phase, is all a reaction, is driven from one self-conscious pose to another, is full of hesitation; or he is true to phase, a cup that remembers but its own fullness. His phase is called the "Fore-
runner" because fragmentary and violent. The phases of action where the man mainly defines himself by his practical relations are finished, or finishing, and the phases where he defines himself mainly through an image of the mind begun or beginning; phases of hatred for some external fate are giving way to phases of self-hatred. It is a phase of immense energy because the Four Faculties are equidistant. The oppositions (Will and Mask, Creative Mind and Body of Fate) are balanced by the discords and these, being equidistant between identity and opposition, are at their utmost intensity. The nature is conscious of the most extreme degree of deception, and is wrought to a frenzy of desire for truth of self. If Phase 9 had the greatest possible "belief in its own desire," there is now the greatest possible belief in all values created by personality. It is therefore before all else the phase of the hero, of the man who overcomes himself, and so no longer needs, like Phase 10, the submission of others, or like Phase 11 conviction of others to prove his victory. Solitude has been born at last, though solitude invaded, and hard to defend. Nor is there need any longer of the bare anatomy of Phase 11; every thought comes with sound and metaphor, and the sanity of the being is no longer from its relation to facts, but from its approximation to its own unity, and from this on we shall meet with men and women to whom facts are a dangerous narcotic or intoxicant. Facts are from the Body of Fate, and the Body of Fate is from the phase where instinct, before the complications of reflection, reached its most persuasive strength. The man is pursued by a series of accidents, which, unless he meet them antithetically, drive him into all sorts of temporary ambitions, opposed to his nature, unite him perhaps to some small protesting sect (the family or neighbourhood of Phase 4 intellectualised); and these ambitions he defends by some kind of
superficial intellectual action, the pamphlet, the violent speech, the sword of the swashbuckler. He spends his life in oscillation between the violent assertion of some commonplace pose, and a dogmatism which means nothing, apart from the circumstance that created it. If, however, he meets these accidents by the awakening of his antithetical being there is a noble extravagance, an overflowing fountain of personal life. He turns towards the True Mask and having by philosophic intellect (Creative Mind) delivered it from all that is topical and temporary, announces a philosophy, which is the logical expression of a mind alone with the object of its desire. The True Mask, derived from the terrible Phase 26, called the phase of the Hunchback, is the reverse of all that is emotional, being emotionally cold; not mathematical, for intellectual abstraction ceased at Phase 11, but marble pure. In the presence of the Mask, the Creative Mind has the isolation of a fountain under moonlight; yet one must always distinguish between the emotional Will—now approaching the greatest subtlety of sensitiveness, and more and more conscious of its frailty—and that which it would be, the lonely, unperturbable, proud Mask, as between the Will and its discord in the Creative Mind where is no shrinking from life. The man follows an Image, created or chosen by the Creative Mind from what fate offers; would persecute and dominate it; and this Image wavers between the concrete and sensuous Image. It has become personal; there is now, though not so decisively as later, but one form of chosen beauty, and the sexual Image is drawn as with a diamond, and tinted those pale colours sculptors sometimes put upon a statue. Like all before Phase 15 the man is overwhelmed with the thought of his own weakness and knows of no strength but that of Image and Mask.
Will—Sensuous Ego.


Body of Fate (from Phase 3)—Enforced Love.

Examples: Baudelaire, Beardsley, Ernest Dowson.

This is said to be the only phase where entire sensuality is possible, that is to say sensuality without the inter-mixture of any other element. There is now a possible complete intellectual unity, Unity of Being apprehended through the images of the mind; and this is opposed by the fate (Phase 3 where body becomes deliberate and whole) which offers an equal roundness and wholeness of sensation. The Will is now a mirror of emotional experience, or sensation, according to whether it is swayed by Mask or Fate. Though wax to every impression of emotion, or of sense, it would yet through its passion for truth (Creative Mind) become its opposite and receive from the Mask (Phase 27), which is at the phase of the Saint, a virginal purity of emotion. If it live objectively, that is to say surrender itself to sensation, it becomes morbid, it sees every sensation separate from every other under the light of its perpetual analysis (Creative Mind at a phase of dispersal). Phase 13 is a phase of great importance, because the most intellectually subjective phase, and because only here can be achieved in perfection that in the antithetical life
which corresponds to sanctity in the primary: not self-denial but expression for expression’s sake. Its influence indeed upon certain writers has caused them in their literary criticism to exalt intellectual sincerity to the place in literature, which is held by sanctity in theology. At this phase the self discovers, within itself, while struggling with the Body of Fate, forms of emotional morbidity, which others recognise as their own; as the saint may take upon himself the physical diseases of others. There is almost always a preoccupation with those metaphors and symbols and mythological images through which we define whatever seems most strange or most morbid. Self-hatred now reaches its height, and through this hatred comes the slow liberation of intellectual love. There are moments of triumph and moments of defeat, each in its extreme form, for the subjective intellect knows nothing of moderation. As the primary Tincture has weakened the sense of quantity has weakened, for the antithetical Tincture is preoccupied with quality.

From now, if not from Phase 12, and until Phases 17 or 18 have passed, happy love is rare for seeing that the man must find a woman whose Mask falls within or but just outside his Body of Fate and Mask, if he is to find strong sexual attraction, the range of choice grows smaller, and all life grows more tragic. As the woman grows harder to find, so does every beloved object. Lacking suitable objects of desire, the relation between man and Daimon becomes more clearly a struggle or even a relation of enmity.
Will—The Obsessed Man.


Body of Fate (from Phase 2)—Enforced Love of the World.

Examples: Keats, Giorgione, Many Beautiful Women.

As we approach Phase 15 personal beauty increases and at Phase 14 and Phase 16 the greatest human beauty becomes possible. The aim of the being should be to disengage those objects which are images of desire from the excitement and disorder of the Body of Fate, and under certain circumstances to impress upon these the full character of the Mask which, being from Phase 28, is a folding up, or fading into themselves. It is this act of the intellect, begun at conception, which has given the body its beauty. The Body of Fate, derived from the phase of the utmost possible physical energy, but of an energy without aim, like that of a child, works against this folding up yet offers little more of objects than their excitement, their essential honey. The images of desire, disengaged and subject to the Mask, are separate and still (Creative Mind from a phase of violent scattering). The images of Phase 13 and even of Phase 12 have in a lesser degree this character. When we compare these images with those of any subsequent phase, each seems studied for its own sake; they float
as in serene air, or lie hidden in some valley, and if they move it is to music that returns always to the same note, or in a dance that so returns into itself that they seem immortal.

When the being is out of phase, when it is allured by primary curiosity, it is aware of its primary feebleness and its intellect becomes but a passion of apprehension, or a shrinking from solitude; it may even become mad; or it may use its conscious feebleness and its consequent terror as a magnet for the sympathy of others, as a means of domination. At Phase 16 will be discovered a desire to accept every possible responsibility; but now responsibility is renounced and this renunciation becomes an instrument of power, dropped burdens being taken up by others. Here are born those women who are most touching in their beauty. Helen was of the phase; and she comes before the mind’s eye elaborating a delicate personal discipline, as though she would make her whole life an image of a unified antithetical energy. While seeming an image of softness, and of quiet, she draws perpetually upon glass with a diamond. Yet she will not number among her sins anything that does not break that personal discipline, no matter what it may seem according to others’ discipline; but if she fail in her own discipline she will not deceive herself, and for all the languor of her movements, and her indifference to the acts of others, her mind is never at peace. She will wander much alone as though she consciously meditated her masterpiece that shall be at the full moon, yet unseen by human eye, and when she returns to her house she will look upon her household with timid eyes, as though she knew that all powers of self-protection had been taken away, and that of her once violent primary Tincture nothing remained but a strange irresponsible innocence. Her early life has perhaps been perilous because of that nobility, that excess of antithe-
tical energies, which may have so constrained the fading primary that, instead of its becoming the expression of those energies, it is but a vague beating of the wings, or their folding up into a melancholy stillness. The greater the peril the nearer has she approached to the final union of primary and antithetical, where she will desire nothing; and already perhaps, through weakness of desire, she understands nothing yet seems to understand everything; already serves nothing, while alone seeming of service. Is it not because she desires so little and gives so little that men will die and murder in her service? One thinks of The Eternal Idol of Rodin: that kneeling man with hands clasped behind his back in humble adoration, kissing a young girl a little below the breast, while she gazes down, without comprehending, under her half-closed eyelids. Perhaps could we see her a little later, with flushed cheeks casting her money upon some gaming-table, we would wonder that action and form could so belie each other, not understanding that the Fool's Mask is her chosen motley, nor her terror before death and stillness. One thinks too of the women of Burne-Jones, but not of Botticelli's women, who have too much curiosity, nor Rossetti's women, who have too much passion; and as we see before the mind's eye those pure faces gathered about the Sleep of Arthur, or crowded upon the Golden Stair, we wonder if they too would not have filled us with surprise, or dismay, because of some craze, some passion for mere excitement, or slavery to a drug.

In the poets too, who are of the phase, one finds the impression of the Body of Fate as intoxication or narcotic. Wordsworth, shuddering at his solitude, has filled his art in all but a few pages with common opinion, common sentiment; while in the poetry of Keats there is an exaggerated sensuousness, though little sexual passion, that compels us to remember the pepper on the
tongue as though that were his symbol. Thought is disappearing in image; and in Keats, in some ways a perfect type, intellectual curiosity is at its weakest; there is scarcely an image, where his poetry is at its best, whose subjectivity has not been heightened by its use in many great poets, painters, sculptors, artificers. The being has almost reached the end of that elaboration of itself which has for its climax an absorption in time, where space can be but symbols or images in the mind. There is little observation even in detail of expression, all is reverie, while in Wordsworth the soul's deepening solitude has reduced mankind, when seen objectively, to a few slight figures outlined for a moment amid mountain and lake. The corresponding genius in painting is that of Monticelli, after 1870, and perhaps that of Condor, though in Condor there are elements suggesting the preceding phase.

All born at antithetical phases before Phase 15, are subject to violence, because of the indeterminate energy of the Body of Fate; this violence seems accidental, unforeseen and cruel—and here are women carried off by robbers and ravished by clowns.

XVII

**Phase Fifteen**

Will. 
Mask (from Phase 1). 
Creative Mind (from Phase 15). 
Body of Fate (from Phase 1). 

No description except that this is a phase of complete beauty.

*Body of Fate* and *Mask* are now identical; and *Will* and *Creative Mind* identical; or rather the *Creative Mind* is dissolved in the *Will* and the *Body of Fate* in the *Mask*. Thought and *Will* are indistinguishable, effort and attain—
ment are indistinguishable; and this is the consummation of a slow process; nothing is apparent but dreaming Will and the Image that it dreams. Since Phase 12 all images, and cadences of the mind, have been satisfying to that mind just in so far as they have expressed this converging of will and thought, effort and attainment. The words musical, sensuous, are but descriptions of that converging process. Thought has been pursued, not as a means but as an end—the poem, the painting, the reverie has been sufficient of itself. It is not possible, however, to separate in the understanding this running into one of Will and Creative Mind from the running into one of Mask and Body of Fate. Without Mask and Body of Fate the Will would have nothing to desire, the Creative Mind nothing to apprehend. Since Phase 12 the Creative Mind has been so interfused by the antithetical Tincture, that it has more and more confined its contemplation of actual things to those that resemble images of the mind desired by the Will. The being has selected, moulded and remoulded, narrowed its circle of living, been more and more the artist, grown more and more "distinguished" in all preference. Now contemplation and desire, united into one, inhabit a world where every beloved image has bodily form, and every bodily form is loved. This love knows nothing of desire, for desire implies effort, and though there is still separation from the loved object, love accepts the separation as necessary to its own existence. Fate is known for the boundary that gives our Destiny its form, and—as we can desire nothing outside that form—as an expression of our freedom. Chance and Choice have become interchangeable without losing their identity. As all effort has ceased, all thought has become image, because no thought could exist if it were not carried towards its own extinction, amid fear or in contemplation; and every image is separate from every other, for if image
were linked to image, the soul would awake from its immovable trance. All that the being has experienced as thought is visible to its eyes as a whole, and in this way it perceives, not as they are to others, but according to its own perception, all orders of existence. Its own body possesses the greatest possible beauty, being indeed that body which the soul will permanently inhabit, when all its phases have been repeated according to the number allotted: that which we call the clarified or Celestial Body.

Where the being has lived out of phase, seeking to live through antithetical phases as though they had been primary, there is now terror of solitude, its forced, painful and slow acceptance and a life haunted by terrible dreams. Even for the most perfect, there is a time of pain, a passage through a vision, where evil reveals itself in its final meaning. In this passage Christ, it is said, mourned over the length of time and the unworthiness of man's lot to man, whereas his forerunner mourned and his successor will mourn over the shortness of time and the unworthiness of man to his lot; but this cannot yet be understood.

XVIII

Phase Sixteen

Will—The Positive Man.

Mask (from Phase 2). True—Illusion. False—Delusion.

Creative Mind (from Phase 14). True—Vehemence. False—Opinionated Will.

Body of Fate (from Phase 28)—Enforced Delusion.

Examples: William Blake, Rabelais, Aretino, Paracel-sus, some beautiful women.
Phase 16 is in contrast to Phase 14, in spite of their resemblance of extreme subjectivity, in that it has a Body of Fate from the phase of the Fool, a phase of absorption, and its Mask from what might have been called the phase of the Child, a phase of aimless energy, of physical life for its own sake; while Phase 14 had its Body of Fate from the phase of the Child and its Mask from that of the Fool. Fate thrusts an aimless excitement upon Phase 14, while Phase 14 finds within itself an antithetical dream; whereas Phase 16 has a dream thrust upon it and finds within itself an aimless excitement. This excitement, and the dream, are both illusions, so that the Will, which is itself a violent scattering energy, has to use its intellect (Creative Mind) to discriminate between illusions. They are both illusions, because, so small is the primary nature, sense of fact is an impossibility. If it use its intellect, which is the most narrow, the most unflinching, even the most cruel in synthesis, possible to man, to disengage the aimless child (i.e., to find Mask and Image in the child’s toy), it finds the soul’s most radiant expression and surrounds itself with some fairyland, some mythology of wisdom or laughter; its own scattering, its mere rushing out into the disordered and unbounded, after the still trance of Phase 15, has found its antithesis, and therefore self-knowledge and self-mastery. If, however, it subordinate its intellect to the Body of Fate all the cruelty and narrowness of that intellect are displayed in service of preposterous purpose after purpose till there is nothing left but the fixed idea and some hysterical hatred. By these purposes, derived from a phase of absorption, the Body of Fate drives the Will back upon its subjectivity, deforming the Mask until the Will can only see the object of its desire in these purposes. It does not hate because it dreads, as do the phases of increasing antithetical emotion, but hates that which opposes desire. Capable
of nothing but an incapable idealism (for it has no thought but in myth, or in defence of myth), it must because it sees one side is all white, see the other side all black; what but a dragon could dream of thwarting a St. George. In men of the phase there will commonly be both natures for to be true to phase is a ceaseless struggle. At one moment they are full of hate—Blake writes of "Flemish and Venetian demons" and of some picture of his own destroyed "by some vile spell of Stoddart's"—and their hate is always close to madness; and at the next they produce the comedy of Aretino and of Rabelais or the mythology of Blake, and discover symbolism to express the overflowing and bursting of the mind. There is always an element of frenzy, and almost always a delight in certain glowing or shining images of concentrated force; in the smith's forge; in the heart; in the human form in its most vigorous development; in the solar disc; in some symbolical representation of the sexual organs; for the being must brag of its triumph over its own incoherence.

Since Phase 8 the man has more and more judged what is right in relation to time, a right action, or a right motive, has been one that he thought possible or desirable to think or do eternally; his soul would "come into possession of itself for ever in one single moment"; but now he begins once more to judge an action or motive in relation to space. A right action or motive must soon be right for any other man in similar circumstance. Hitherto an action, or motive, has been right precisely because it is exactly right for one person only though for that person always. After the change, the belief in the soul's immortality declines though the decline is slow, and it may only be recovered when Phase 1 is passed.

Among those who are of this phase may be great satirists, great caricaturists, but they pity the beautiful,
for that is their Mask, and hate the ugly, for that is their Body of Fate, and so are unlike those of the primary phases, Rembrandt for instance, who pity the ugly, and sentimentalise the beautiful, or call it insipid, and turn away or secretly despise and hate it. Here too are beautiful women, whose bodies have taken upon themselves the image of the True Mask, and in these there is a radiant intensity, something of "The Burning Babe" of the Elizabethan lyric. They walk like queens, and seem to carry upon their backs a quiver of arrows, but they are gentle only to those whom they have chosen or subdued, or to the dogs that follow at their heels. Boundless in generosity, and in illusion, they will give themselves to a beggar because he resembles a religious picture and be faithful all their lives, or if they take another turn and choose a dozen lovers, die convinced that none but the first or last has ever touched their lips, for they are of those whose "virginity renews itself like the moon." Out of phase they turn termagant, if their lover take a wrong step in a quadrille where all the figures are of their own composition and changed without notice when the fancy takes them. Indeed, perhaps if the body have great perfection, there is always something imperfect in the mind, some rejection of, or inadequacy of Mask: Venus out of phase chose lame Vulcan. Here also are several very ugly persons, their bodies torn and twisted by the violence of the new primary, but where the body has this ugliness great beauty of mind is possible. This is indeed the only antithetical phase where ugliness is possible, it being complementary to Phase 2, the only primary phase where beauty is possible.

From this phase on we meet with those who do violence, instead of those who suffer it; and prepare for those who love some living person, and not an image of the mind, but as yet this love is hardly more than the
"fixed idea" of faithfulness. As the new love grows the sense of beauty will fade.

XIX

PHASE SEVENTEEN

Will—The Daimonic Man.

Mask (from Phase 8). True—Simplification through intensity. False—Dispersal


Body of Fate (from Phase 27)—Loss.

Examples: Dante, Shelley.

He is called the Daimonic man because Unity of Being, and consequent expression of Daimonic thought, is now more easy than at any other phase. As contrasted with Phase 13 and Phase 14, where mental images were separated from one another that they might be subject to knowledge, all now flow, change, flutter, cry out, or mix into something else; but without, as at Phase 16, breaking and bruising one another, for Phase 17, the central phase of its triad, is without frenzy. The Will is falling asunder, but without explosion and noise. The separated fragments seek images rather than ideas, and these the intellect, seated in Phase 13, must synthesise in vain, drawing with its compass point a line that shall but represent the outline of a bursting pod. The being has for its supreme aim, as it had at Phase 16 (and as all subsequent antithetical phases shall have) to hide from itself and others this separation and disorder, and
it conceals them under the emotional *Image* of Phase 3; as Phase 16 concealed its greater violence under that of Phase 2. When true to phase the intellect must turn all its synthetic power to this task. It finds, not the impassioned myth that Phase 16 found, but a *Mask* of simplicity that is also intensity. This *Mask* may represent intellectual, or sexual passion; seem some Ahasuerus or Athanase; be the gaunt Dante of The Divine Comedy; its corresponding *Image* may be Shelley's Venus Urania, Dante's Beatrice, or even the Great Yellow Rose of the Paradiso. The *Will*, when true to phase, assumes, in assuming the *Mask*, an intensity, which is never dramatic but always lyrical and personal, and this intensity, though always a deliberate assumption, is to others but the charm of the being; and yet the *Will* is always aware of the *Body of Fate*, which perpetually destroys this intensity, thereby leaving the *Will* to its own "dispersal." At Phase 3, not as *Mask* but as Phase, there should be perfect physical well-being or balance, though not beauty or emotional intensity, but at Phase 27 are those who turn away from all that Phase 3 represents and seek all those things it is blind to. The *Body of Fate* therefore, derived from a phase of renunciation, is "loss," and works to make impossible "simplification by intensity." The being, through the intellect, selects some object of desire for a representation of the *Mask* as *Image*, some woman perhaps, and the *Body of Fate* snatches away the object. Then the intellect (*Creative Mind*), which in the most antithetical phases were better described as imagination, must substitute some new image of desire; and in the degree of its power and of its attainment of unity, relate that which is lost, that which has snatched it away, to the new image of desire, that which threatens the new image to the being's unity. If its unity be already past, or if unity be still to come, it may for all that be true to phase. It will then use its
intellect merely to isolate Mask and Image, as chosen forms or as conceptions of the mind. If it be out of phase it will avoid the subjective conflict, acquiesce, hope that the Body of Fate may die away; and then the Mask will cling to it and the Image lure it. It will feel itself betrayed, and persecuted till, entangled in primary conflict, it rages against all that destroys Mask and Image. It will be subject to nightmare, for its Creative Mind (deflected from the Image and Mask to the Body of Fate) gives an isolated mythological or abstract form to all that excites its hatred. It may even dream of escaping from ill-luck by possessing the impersonal Body of Fate of its opposite phase and of exchanging passion for desk and ledger. Because of the habit of synthesis, and of the growing complexity of the energy, which gives many interests, and the still faint perception of things in their weight and mass, men of this phase are almost always partisans, propagandists and gregarious; yet because of the Mask of simplification, which holds up before them the solitary life of hunters and of fishermen and “the groves pale passion loves,” they hate parties, crowds, propaganda. Shelley out of phase writes pamphlets, and dreams of converting the world, or of turning man of affairs and upsetting governments, and yet returns again and again to these two images of solitude, a young man whose hair has grown white from the burden of his thoughts, an old man in some shell-strewn cave whom it is possible to call, when speaking to the sultan, “as inaccessible as God or thou.” On the other hand, how subject he is to nightmare! He sees the devil leaning against a tree, is attacked by imaginary assassins and in obedience to what he considers a supernatural voice, creates “The Cenci” that he may give to Beatrice Cenci her incredible father. His political enemies are monstrous, meaningless images. And unlike Byron, who is two phases later, he can never see anything that opposes
him as it really is. Dante, who laments his exile as of all possible things the worst for such as he, and sighs for his lost solitude, and yet could never keep from politics, was such a partisan, says a contemporary, that if a child, or a woman, spoke against his party he would pelt this child or woman with stones. Yet Dante, having attained, as poet, to Unity of Being, as poet saw all things set in order, had an intellect that served the Mask alone, and that compelled even those things that opposed it to serve, was content to see both good and evil. Shelley, upon the other hand, in whom even as poet unity was but in part attained, found compensation for his "loss," for the taking away of his children, for his quarrel with his first wife, for later sexual disappointment, for his exile, for his obloquy—there were but some three or four persons, he said, who did not consider him a monster of iniquity—in his hopes for the future of mankind. He lacked the Vision of Evil, could not conceive of the world as a continual conflict, so, though great poet he certainly was, he was not of the greatest kind. Dante suffering injustice and the loss of Beatrice, found divine justice and the heavenly Beatrice, but the justice of Prometheus Unbound is a vague propagandist emotion and the women that await its coming are but clouds. This is in part because the age in which Shelley lived was in itself so broken that true Unity of Being was almost impossible, but partly because being out of phase so far as his practical reason was concerned, he was subject to an automatonism which he mistook for poetical invention, especially in his longer poems. Antithetical men (Phase 15 once passed) use this automatonism to evade hatred, or rather to hide it from their own eyes; perhaps all at some time or other, in moments of fatigue, give themselves up to fantastic, constructed images, or to an almost mechanical laughter.

Landor has been examined in "Per Amica Silentia
Lunæ.” The most violent of men, he uses his intellect to disengage a visionary image of perfect sanity (Mask at Phase 3) seen always in the most serene and classic art imaginable. He had perhaps as much Unity of Being as his age permitted, and possessed, though not in any full measure, the Vision of Evil.

XX

Phære Eighteen

Will—The Emotional Man.

Mask (from Phase 4). True—Intensity through emotion. False—Curiosity.


Body of Fate (from Phase 26)—Enforced disillusionment.

Examples: Goethe, Matthew Arnold.

The antithetical tincture closes during this phase, the being is losing direct knowledge of its old antithetical life. The conflict between that portion of the life of feeling, which appertains to his unity, with that portion he has in common with others, coming to an end, has begun to destroy that knowledge. “A Lover’s Nocturne” or “An Ode to the West Wind” are probably no more possible, certainly no more characteristic. He can hardly, if action and the intellect that concerns action, are taken from him, recreate his dream life; and when he says “who am I,” he finds it difficult to examine his thoughts in relation to one another, his
emotions in relation to one another, but begins to find it easy to examine them in relation to action. He can examine those actions themselves with a new clearness. Now for the first time since Phase 12, Goethe’s saying is almost true: “Man knows himself by action only, by thought never.” Meanwhile the antithetical Tincture begins to attain, without previous struggle or self-analysis, its active form which is love—love being the union of emotion and instinct—or when out of phase, sentimentality. The Will seeks by some form of emotional philosophy to free a form of emotional beauty (Mask) from a “disillusionment,” differing from the “delusions” of Phase 16, which are continuous, in that it permits intermittent awakening. The Will, with its closing antithetical, is turning away from the life of images to that of ideas, it is vacillating and curious, and it seeks in this Mask from a phase where all the functions can be perfect, what becomes, when considered antithetically, a wisdom of the emotions. At its next phase it will have fallen asunder; already it can only preserve its unity by a deliberate balancing of experiences (Creative Mind at Phase 12, Body of Fate at Phase 26), and so it must desire that phase (though that transformed into the emotional life), where wisdom seems a physical accident. Its object of desire is no longer a single image of passion, for it must relate all to social life; the man seeks to become not a sage, but a wise king, no longer Ahasuerus, and seeks a woman who looks the wise mother of children. Perhaps now, and for the first time, the love of a living woman (“disillusionment” once accepted), as apart from beauty or function, is an admitted aim, though not yet wholly achieved. The Body of Fate is from the phase where the “wisdom of knowledge” has compelled Mask and Image to become not objects of desire but objects of knowledge. Goethe did not, as Beddoes said, marry his cook, but he certainly did not marry the woman he had desired, and his
grief at her death showed that, unlike Phase 16 or Phase 17, which forget their broken toys, he could love what disillusionment gave. When he seeks to live objectively, he will substitute curiosity for emotional wisdom, he will invent objects of desire artificially, he will say perhaps, though this was said by a man who was probably still later in phase, "I was never in love with a serpent-charmer before"; the False Mask will press upon him, pursue him and, refusing conflict, he will fly from the True Mask at each artificial choice. The nightingale will refuse the thorn and so remain among images instead of passing to ideas. He is still disillusioned but he can no longer through philosophy substitute for the desire that life has taken away love for what life has brought. The Will is near the place marked Head upon the great chart, which enables it to choose its Mask even when true to phase almost coldly and always deliberately, whereas the Creative Mind is derived from the phase which is called "the wisdom of heart," and is therefore more impassioned and less subtle and delicate than if Phase 16 or Phase 17 were the place of the Will, though not yet argumentative or heated. The Will at Head uses the heart with perfect mastery and, because of the growing primary, begins to be aware of an audience, though as yet it will not dramatise the Mask deliberately for the sake of effect as will Phase 19.
XX

PHASE NINETEEN

Will—The Assertive Man.

Mask (from Phase 5). True—Conviction. False—Domination.

Creative Mind (from Phase 11). True—Emotional Intellect. False—The Unfaithful.

Body of Fate (from Phase 25)—Enforced failure of Action.

Examples: Gabriele d’Annunzio (perhaps), Oscar Wilde, Byron, a certain actress.

This Phase is the beginning of the artificial, the abstract, the fragmentary, and the dramatic. Unity of Being is no longer possible, for the being is compelled to live in a fragment of itself and to dramatise that fragment. The primary Tincture is closing, direct knowledge of self in relation to action is ceasing to be possible. The being only completely knows that portion of itself which judges fact for the sake of actions. When the man lives according to phase, he is now governed by conviction, instead of by a ruling mood, and is effective only in so far as he can find this conviction. His aim is to use an intellect, which turns easily to declamation, emotional emphasis, so that it saves conviction in a life where effort, just in so far as its object is passionately desired, comes to nothing. He desires to be strong and stable, but as Unity of Being and self-knowledge are both gone, and it is too soon to grasp at another unity through primary mind, he passes from emphasis to emphasis. The strength from conviction,
being derived from a Mask of the first quarter, is not founded upon social duty, though that may seem so to others, but is temperamentally formed to fit some crisis of personal life. His thought is immensely effective and dramatic, arising always from some immediate situation, a situation found or created by himself, and may have great permanent value as the expression of an exciting personality. This thought is always an open attack; or a sudden emphasis, an extravagance, or an impassioned declamation of some general idea, which is a more veiled attack. The Creative Mind being derived from Phase 11, he is doomed to attempt the destruction of all that breaks or encumbers personality, but this personality is conceived of as a fragmentary, momentary intensity. The mastery of images, threatened or lost at Phase 18, may however be completely recovered, but there is less symbol, more fact. Vitality from dreams has died out, and a vitality from fact has begun which has for its ultimate aim the mastery of the real world. The watercourse after an abrupt fall continues upon a lower level; ice turns to water, or water to vapour: there is a new chemical phase.

When lived out of phase there is a hatred or contempt of others, and instead of seeking conviction for its own sake, the man takes up opinions that he may impose himself upon others. He is tyrannical and capricious, and his intellect is called "The Unfaithful," because, being used for victory alone, it will change its ground in a moment and delight in some new emphasis, not caring whether old or new have consistency. The Mask is derived from that phase where perversity begins, where artifice begins, and has its discord from Phase 25, the last phase where the artificial is possible; the Body of Fate is therefore enforced failure of action, and many at this phase desire action above all things as a means of expression. Whether the man be in or out of phase,
there is the desire to escape from Unity of Being or any approximation towards it, for Unity can be but a simulacrum now. And in so far as the soul keeps its memory of that potential Unity there is conscious antithetical weakness. He must now dramatise the Mask through the Will and dreads the Image, deep within, of the old antithetical Tincture at its strongest, and yet this Image may seem infinitely desirable if he could but find the desire. When so torn into two, escape when it comes may be so violent that it brings him under the False Mask and the False Creative Mind. A certain actress is typical, for she surrounds herself with drawings by Burne-Jones in his latest period, and reverse them as they were holy pictures, while her manners are boisterous, dominating and egotistical. They are faces of silent women, and she is never silent for a moment; yet these faces are not, as I once thought, the True Mask but a part of that incoherence the True Mask must conceal. Were she to surrender to their influence she would become insincere in her art and exploit an emotion that is no longer hers. I find in Wilde, too, something pretty, feminine, and insincere, derived from his admiration for writers of the 17th and earlier phases, and much that is violent, arbitrary and insolent, derived from his desire to escape.

The antithetical Mask comes to men of Phase 17 and Phase 18 as a form of strength, and when they are tempted to dramatise it, the dramatisation is fitful, and brings no conviction of strength, for they dislike emphasis; but now the weakness of the antithetical has begun, for though still the stronger it cannot ignore the growing primary. It is no longer an absolute monarch, and it permits power to pass to statesman or demagogue whom however it will constantly change.

Here one finds men and women who love those who rob them or beat them, as though the soul were intoxicated by its discovery of human nature, or found even a
secret delight in the shattering of the image of its desire. It is as though it cried, "I would be possessed by" or "I would possess that which is Human. What do I care if it is good or bad?" There is no "disillusionment," for they have found that which they have sought, but that which they have sought and found is a fragment.

XXI

Phass Twenty

Will—The Concrete Man.


Body of Fate (from Phase 24)—Enforced Success of Action.

Examples: Shakespeare, Balzac, Napoleon.

Like the phase before it, and those that follow it immediately, a phase of the breaking up and subdivision of the being. The energy is always seeking those facts which being separable can be seen more clearly, or expressed more clearly, but when there is truth to phase there is a similitude of the old divinity, or rather a new unity, which is not a Unity of Being but a unity of the creative act. He no longer seeks to unify what is broken through conviction, by imposing those very convictions upon himself and others, but by projecting a dramatisation or many dramatisations. He can create, just in that degree in which he can see these dramatisations as
separate from himself, and yet as an epitome of his whole
nature. His *Mask* is derived from Phase 6, where man
first becomes a generalised form, according to the
*primary Tincture*, as in the poetry of Walt Whitman,
but this *Mask* he must by dramatisation rescue from a
*Body of Fate* derived from Phase 24, where moral domi-
nation dies out before that of the exterior world conceived
as a whole. The *Body of Fate* is called "enforced
success," a success that rolls out and smooths away, that
dissolves through creation, that seems to delight in all
outward flowing, that drenches all with grease and oil;
that turns dramatisation into desecration: "I have made
myself a motley to the view." Owing to the need of
seeing the dramatic image, or images, as individuals, that
is to say as set amongst concrete or fixed surroundings,
he seeks some field of action, some mirror not of his own
creation. Unlike Phase 19 he fails in situations wholly
created by himself, or in works of art where character
or story has gained nothing from history. His phase is
called "The Concrete Man," because the isolation of
parts that began at Phase 19, is overcome at the second
phase of the triad; subordination of parts is achieved by
the discovery of concrete relations. His abstraction too,
affected by these relations, may be no more than an
emotional interest in such generalisations as "God,"
"man," a Napoleon may but point to the starry heavens
and say that they prove the existence of God. There is
a delight in concrete images that, unlike the impassioned
images of Phase 17 and Phase 18, or the declamatory
images of Phase 19, reveal through complex suffering the
general destiny of man. He must, however, to express
this suffering, personify rather than characterise, create
not observe that multitude, which is but his *Mask* as
in a multiplying mirror, for the *primary* is not yet strong
enough to substitute for the lost *Unity of Being* that of
the external world perceived as fact. In a man of action
this multiplicity gives the greatest possible richness of resource where he is not thwarted by his horoscope, great ductability, a gift for adopting any rôle that stirs imagination, a philosophy of impulse and audacity; but in the man of action a part of the nature must be crushed, one main dramatisation or group of images preferred to all others.

Napoleon sees himself as Alexander moving to the conquest of the East, Mask and Image must take an historical and not a mythological or dream form, a form found but not created; he is crowned in the dress of a Roman Emperor. Shakespeare, the other supreme figure of the phase, was—if we may judge by the few biographical facts, and by such adjectives as "sweet" and "gentle" applied to him by his contemporaries—a man whose actual personality seemed faint and passionless. Unlike Ben Jonson he fought no duels; he kept out of quarrels in a quarrelsome age; not even complaining when somebody pirated his sonnets; he dominated no Mermaid Tavern, but—through Mask and Image, reflected in a multiplying mirror—he created the most passionate art that exists. He was the greatest of modern poets, partly because entirely true to phase, creating always from Mask and Creative Mind, never from situation alone, never from Body of Fate alone; and if we knew all we would find that success came to him, as to others of this phase, as something hostile and unforeseen; something that sought to impose an intuition of fate (the condition of Phase 6) as from without and therefore as a form of superstition. Both Shakespeare and Balzac used the False Mask imaginatively, explored it to impose the True, and what *Lake Harris, the half-charlatan American visionary, said of

*I quote from a book circulated privately among his followers. I saw it years ago but seem to remember it, as now vague, now vulgar, and now magnificent in style.
Shakespeare might be said of both: "Often the hair of his head stood up and all life became the echoing chambers of the tomb."

At Phase 19 we create through the externalised Mask an imaginary world, in whose real existence we believe, while remaining separate from it; at Phase 20 we enter that world and become a portion of it; we study it, we amass historical evidence, and, that we may dominate it the more, drive out myth and symbol, and compel it to seem the real world where our lives are lived.

A phase of ambition; in Napoleon the dramatist's own ambition; in Shakespeare that of the persons of his art; and this ambition is not that of the solitary law-giver, that of Phase 10 (where the Creative Mind is placed) which rejects, resists and narrows, but a creative energy.

XXII

Phase Twenty-one

Will. The acquisitive Man.


Body of Fate (from Phase 23)—Triumph of Achievement.

Examples: Lamarck, Mr Bernard Shaw, Mr Wells, Mr George Moore.

The antithetical Tincture has a predominance so slight that the Creative Mind and Body of Fate almost equal
it in control of desire. The Will can scarcely conceive of a Mask separate from or predominant over Creative Mind and Body of Fate, yet because it can do so there is personality not character. It is better, however, to use a different word, and therefore Phases 21, 22 and 23 are described as, like the phases opposite, phases of individuality where the Will is studied less in relation to the Mask than in relation to itself. At Phase 23 the new relation to the Mask, as something to escape from, will have grown clear.

The antithetical Tincture is noble, and, judged by the standards of the primary, evil, whereas the primary is good and banal; and this phase, the last before the antithetical surrenders its control, would be almost wholly good did it not hate its own banality. Personality has almost the rigidity, almost the permanence of character, but it is not character, for it is still always assumed. When we contemplate Napoleon we can see ourselves, perhaps even think of ourselves as Napoleons, but a man of Phase 21 has a personality that seems a creation of his circumstance and his faults, a manner peculiar to himself and impossible to others. We say at once, "How individual he is." In theory whatever one has chosen must be within the choice of others, at some moment or for some purpose, but we find in practice that nobody of this phase has personal imitators, or has given his name to a form of manners. The Will has driven intellectual complexity into its final entanglement, an entanglement created by the continual adaption to new circumstances of a logical sequence; and the aim of the individual, when true to phase, is to realise, by his own complete domination over all circumstance, a self-analysing, self-conscious simplicity. Phase 7 shuddered at its own simplicity, whereas he must shudder at his own complexity. Out of phase, instead of seeking this simplicity through his own dominating constructive
will, he will parade an imaginary naiveté, even blunder in his work, encourage in himself stupidities of spite or sentiment, or commit calculated indiscretions simulating impulse. He is under the False Mask (emotional self-adaption) and the False Creative Mind (distortion: the furious Phase 9 acted upon by "enforced sensuality"). He sees the antithetical as evil, and desires the evil, for he is subject to a sort of possession by the devil, which is in reality but a theatrical scene. Precisely because his adaptability can be turned in any direction, when lived according to the primary, he is driven into all that is freakish or grotesque, mind-created passions, simulated emotions; he adopts all that can suggest the burning heart he longs for in vain; he turns braggart or buffoon. Like somebody in Dostoieffsky's "Idiot," he will invite others to tell their worst deeds that he may himself confess that he stole a half-crown and left a servant-girl to bear the blame. When all turn upon him he will be full of wonder for he knows that the confession is not true, or if true that the deed itself was but a trick, or a pose, and that all the time he is full of a goodness that fills him with shame. Whether he live according to phase and regard life without emotion, or live out of phase, and simulate emotion, his Body of Fate drags him away from intellectual unity; but in so far as he lives out of phase he weakens conflict, refuses to resist, floats upon the stream. In phase he strengthens conflict to the utmost by refusing all activity that is not antithetical: he becomes intellectually dominating, intellectually unique. He apprehends the simplicity of his opposite phase as some vast systematisation, in which the will imposes itself upon the multiplicity of living images, or events, upon all in Shakespeare, in Napoleon even, that delighted in its independent life; for he is a tyrant and must kill his adversary. If he is a novelist, his characters must go his road, and not theirs, and perpetually demon-
strate his thesis; he will love construction better than the flow of life, and as a dramatist he will create without passion, and without liking, character and situation; and yet he is a master of surprise, for one can never be sure where even a charge of shot will fall. Style exists now but as a sign of work well done, a certain energy and precision of movement; in the artistic sense it is no longer possible, for the tension of the will is too great to allow of suggestion. Writers of the phase are great public men and they exist after death as historical monuments, for they are without meaning apart from time and circumstance.

XXIII

PHASE TWENTY-TWO

Will—Balance between Ambition and Contemplation.


Creative Mind (from Phase 8). True—Amalgamation. False—Despair.

Body of Fate (from Phase 22)—The Breaking of Strength.

Examples: Flaubert, Herbert Spenser, Swedenborg, Dostoieffsky.

The aim of the being, until the point of balance has been reached, will be that of Phase 21 except that synthesis will be more complete, and the sense of identity between the individual and his thought, between his desire and his synthesis will be closer; but the character
of the phase is precisely that here balance is reached and
passed, though it is stated that the individual may have
to return to this phase more than once, though not more
than four times, before it is passed. Once balance has
been reached, the aim must be to use the Body of Fate
to deliver the Creative Mind from the Mask, and not to
use the Creative Mind to deliver the Mask from the Body
of Fate. The being does this by so using the intellect
upon the facts of the world that the last vestige of
personality disappears. The Will, engaged in its last
struggle with external fact (Body of Fate), must submit,
until it sees itself as inseparable from nature perceived
as fact, and it must see itself as merged into that nature
through the Mask, either as a conqueror lost in what he
conquers, or dying at the moment of conquest, or as
renouncing conquest, whether it come by might of logic,
or might of drama, or might of hand. The Will
since Phase 8 has more and more seen itself as a Mask,
as a form of personal power, but now it must see that
power broken. From Phase 12 to Phase 18 it was or
should have been a power wielded by the whole nature;
but since Phase 19 it has been wielded by a fragment
only, as something more and more professional, tempera-
mental or technical. It has become abstract, and the
more it has sought the whole of natural fact, the more
abstract it has become. One thinks of some spilt liquid
which grows thinner the wider it spreads till at last it
is but a film. That which at Phase 21 was a longing for
self-conscious simplicity, as an escape from logical com-
pression and subdivision, is now (through the Mask from
Phase 8) a desire for the death of the intellect. At Phase
21 it still sought to change the world, could still be a
Shaw, a Wells, but now it will seek to change nothing, it
needs nothing but what it may call "reality," "truth,"
"God's Will": confused and weary, through trying to
grasp too much, the hand must loosen.
Here takes place an interchange between portions of the mind which corresponds, though to represent it in the diagram of the Wheel would complicate the figure, to the interchange between the old and new primary, the old and new antithetical at Phase 1 and Phase 15. The mind that has shown a predominately emotional character, called that of the Victim, through the antithetical phases, now shows a predominately intellectual character, called that of the Sage (though until Phase 1 has been passed it can but use intellect when true to phase to eliminate intellect); whereas the mind that has been predominately that of the Sage puts on Victimage. An element in the nature is exhausted at the point of balance, and the opposite element controls the mind. One thinks of the gusts of sentimentality that overtake violent men, the gusts of cruelty that overtake the sentimental. At Phase 8 there is a similar interchange, but it does not display its significance at that blinded and throttled phase. A man of Phase 22 will commonly not only systematise, to the exhaustion of his will, but discover this exhaustion of will in all that he studies. If Lamarck, as is probable, was of Phase 21, Darwin was probably a man of Phase 22, for his theory of development by the survival of fortunate accidental varieties seems to express this exhaustion. The man himself is never weak, never vague or fluctuating in his thought, for if he brings all to silence, it is a silence that results from tension, and till the moment of balance, nothing interests him that is not wrought up to the greatest effort of which it is capable. Flaubert is the supreme literary genius of the phase, and his "Temptation of St. Anthony" and his "Bouvard and Pécuchet" are the sacred books of the phase, one describing its effect upon a mind where all is

(1) These terms will be explained later. They are touched on here to draw attention to a change in Swedenborg, Flaubert and Dostoieffsky at the point of balance.
concrete and sensuous, the other upon the more logical, matter-of-fact, curious, modern mind. In both the mind exhausts all knowledge within its reach and sinks exhausted to a conscious futility. But the matter is not more of the phase than is the method. One never doubts for a moment that Flaubert was of the phase; all must be impersonal; he must neither like nor dislike character or event; he is “the mirror dawdling down a road,” of Stendhal, with a clear brightness that is not Stendhal’s; and when we make his mind our own, we seem to have renounced our own ambition under the influence of some strange, far-reaching, impartial gaze.

We feel too that this man who systematised by but linking one emotional association to another has become strangely hard, cold and invulnerable, that this mirror is not brittle but of unbreakable steel. “Systematised” is the only word that comes to mind, but it implies too much deliberation, for association has ranged itself by association as little bits of paper and little chips of wood cling to one another upon the water in a bowl. In Dostoieffsky the “amalgamation” is less intellectual, less orderly, he, one feels, has reached the point of balance through life, and not through the process of his art; and his whole will, and not merely his intellectual will, has been shaken, and his characters, in whom is reflected this broken will, are aware, unlike those of “Bouvard and Pécuchet,” and those of the “Temptation” even, of some ungraspable whole to which they have given the name of God. For a moment that fragment, that relation, which is our very being, is broken; they are at Udan Adan “wailing upon the edge of nonentity, waiting for Jerusalem, with weak voices almost inarticulate”; and yet full submission has not come. Swedenborg passed through his balance after fifty, and a mind incredibly dry and arid, hard and tangible, like the minerals he assayed for the Swedish government, studies
a new branch of science: the economics and the natural history of Heaven, and notes that there nothing but emotion, nothing but the ruling love exists. The desire to dominate has so completely vanished, "amalgamation" has pushed its way so far into the subconscious, into that which is dark, that we call it a vision. Had he been out of phase, had he attempted to arrange his life according to the personal Mask, he would have been pedantic and arrogant, a Bouvard, or a Pécuchet, passing from absurdity to absurdity, hopeless and insatiable. In the world of action such absurdity may become terrible, for men will die and murder for an abstract synthesis, and the more abstract it is the further it carries them from compunction and compromise; and as obstacles to that synthesis increase, the violence of their will increases. It is a phase as tragic as its opposite, and more terrible, for the man of this phase may, before the point of balance has been reached, become a destroyer and persecutor, a figure of tumult and of violence; or as is more probable—for the violence of such a man must be checked by moments of resignation or despair, premonitions of balance—his system will become an instrument of destruction and of persecution in the hands of others.

The seeking of Unity of Fact by a single faculty, instead of Unity of Being by the use of all, has separated a man from his genius. This is symbolised in the Wheel by the gradual separation (as we recede from Phase 15) of Will and Creative Mind, Mask and Body of Fate. During the supernatural incarnation of Phase 15, we were compelled to assume an absolute identity of the Will, or self, with its creative power, of beauty with body; but for some time self and creative power, though separating, have been neighbours and kin. A Landor, or a Morris, however violent, however much of a child he seem, is always a remarkable man; in Phases 19, 20 and 21 genius
grows professional, something taken up when work is taken up, it begins to be possible to record the stupidities of men of genius in a scrapbook; Bouvard and Pécuchet have that refuge for their old age. Someone has said that Balzac at noonday was a very ignorant man, but at midnight over a cup of coffee knew everything in the world. In the man of action, in a Napoleon, let us say, the stupidities lie hidden, for action is a form of abstraction that crushes everything it cannot express. At Phase 22 stupidity is obvious, one finds it in the correspondence of Karl Marx, in his banal abusiveness, while to Goncourt, Flaubert, as man, seemed full of unconsidered thought. Flaubert, says Anatole France, was not intelligent. Dostoieffsky, to those who first acclaimed his genius, seemed when he laid down his pen an hysterical fool. One remembers Herbert Spencer dabbing the grapes upon a lodging-house carpet with an inky cork that he might tint them to his favourite colour, "impure purple." On the other hand, as the Will moves further from the Creative Mind, it approaches the Body of Fate, and with this comes an increasing delight in impersonal energy and in inanimate objects, and as the Mask separates from the Body of Fate and approaches the Creative Mind we delight more and more in all that is artificial, all that is deliberately invented. Symbols may become hateful to us, the ugly and the arbitrary delightful that we may the more quickly kill all memory of Unity of Being. We identify ourselves in our surroundings—in our surroundings perceived as fact—while at the same time the intellect so slips from our grasp as it were, that we contemplate its energies as something we can no longer control, and give to each of those energies an appropriate name as though it were an animate being. Now that Will and Body of Fate are one, Creative Mind and Mask one also, we are no longer four but two, and life, the balance reached, becomes an act of contemplation.
There is no longer a desired object, as distinct from thought itself, no longer a Will, as distinct from the process of nature seen as fact; and so thought itself, seeing that it can neither begin nor end, is stationary. Intellect knows itself as its own object of desire; and the Will knows itself to be the world; there is neither change nor desire of change. For the moment the desire for a form has ceased and an absolute realism becomes possible.

XXIV

PHASE TWENTY-THREE

Will—The Receptive Man.

Mask (from Phase 9). True—Wisdom. False—Self-pity.

Creative Mind (from Phase 7). True—Creation through Pity. False—Self-driven desire.

Body of Fate (from Phase 21)—Success.

Examples: Rembrandt, Synge.

When out of phase, for reasons that will appear later, he is tyrannical, gloomy and self-absorbed. In phase his energy has a character analogous to the longing of Phase 16 to escape from complete subjectivity: it escapes in a condition of explosive joy from systematisation and abstraction. The clock has run down and must be wound up again. The primary Tincture is now greater than the antithetical, and the man must free the intellect from all motives founded upon personal desire, by the help of the external world, now for the first time studied and mastered for its own sake. He must kill all thought
that would systematise the world, by doing a thing, not because he wants to, or because he should, but because he can; that is to say he sees all things from the point of view of his own technique, touches and tastes and investigates technically. He is, however, because of the nature of his energy, violent, anarchic, like all who are of the first phase of a quarter. Because he is without systematisation he is without a master, and only by his technical mastery can he escape from the sense of being thwarted and opposed by other men; and his technical mastery must exist, not for its own sake, though for its own sake it has been done, but for that which it reveals, for its laying bare—to hand and eye, as distinguished from thought and emotion—general humanity. Yet this laying bare is a perpetual surprise, is an unforeseen reward of skill. And unlike antithetical man he must use his Body of Fate (now always his "success") to liberate his intellect from personality, and only when he has done this, only when he escapes the voluntary Mask, does he find his true intellect, is he found by his True Mask. The True Mask is from the frenzied Phase 9 where personal life is made visible for the first time, but from that phase mastered by its Body of Fate, "enforced sensuality," derived from Phase 7 where the instinctive flood is almost above the lips. It is called "wisdom" and this wisdom (personality reflected in a primary mirror), is general humanity experienced as a form of involuntary emotion, and involuntary delight in the "minute particulars" of life. The man wipes his breath from the window pane, and laughs in his delight at all the varied scene. His Creative Mind being at Phase 7—where instinctive life, all but reaching utmost complexity, suffers an external abstract synthesis—his Body of Fate compelling him to intellectual life being at Phase 21; his Will phase that of the revolt from every intellectual summary, from all intellectual abstraction, this
delight is not mere delight, he would construct a whole, but that whole must seem all event, all picture. That whole must not be instinctive, bodily, natural, however, though it may seem so, for in reality he cares only for what is human, individual and moral. To others he may seem to care for the immoral and inhuman only, for he will be hostile, or indifferent to moral as to intellectual summaries; if he is Rembrandt he discovers his Christ through anatomical curiosity, or through curiosity as to light and shade, and if he is Synge he takes a malicious pleasure in the contrast between his hero, whom he discovers through his instinct for comedy, and any hero in men’s minds. Indeed, whether he be Synge or Rembrandt, he is ready to sacrifice every convention, perhaps all that men have agreed to reverence, for a startling theme, or a model one delights in painting; and yet all the while, because of the nature of his Mask, there is another summary working through bone and nerve. He is never the mere technician that he seems, though when you ask his meaning he will have nothing to say, or will say something irrelevant or childish. Artists and writers of Phase 21 and Phase 22 have eliminated all that is personal from their style, seeking cold metal and pure water, but he will delight in colour and idiosyncrasy, though these he must find rather than create. Synge must find rhythm and syntax in the Aran Islands, Rembrandt delight in all accidents of the visible world; yet neither, no matter what his delight in reality, shows it without exaggeration, for both delight in all that is wilful, in all that flouts intellectual coherence, and conceive of the world as if it were an overflowing cauldron. Both will work in toil and in pain, finding what they do not seek, for, after Phase 22, desire creates no longer, will has taken its place; but that which they reveal is joyous. Whereas Shakespeare showed through a style, full of joy, a melancholy vision sought from afar;
a style at play, a mind that served; Synge must fill many notebooks, clap his ear to that hole in the ceiling; and what patience Rembrandt must have spent in the painting of a lace collar though to find his subject he had but to open his eyes. When out of phase, when the man seeks to choose his Mask, the man is gloomy with the gloom of others, and tyrannical with the tyranny of others, because he cannot create. Phase 9 was dominated by desire, was described as having the greatest belief in its own desire possible to man, yet from it Phase 23 receives not desire but pity, and not belief but wisdom. Pity needs wisdom as desire needs belief, for pity is primary, whereas desire is antithetical. When pity is separated from wisdom we have the False Mask, a pity like that of a drunken man, self-pity, whether offered in seeming to another or only to oneself: pity corrupted by desire. Who does not feel the pity in Rembrandt, in Synge, and know that it is inseparable from wisdom. In the works of Synge there is much self-pity, ennobled to a pity for all that lived; and once an actress, playing his Deirdre, put all into a gesture. Concubar, who had murdered Deirdre’s husband and her friends, was in altercation with Fergus who had demanded vengeance; “Move a little further off,” she cried, “with the babbling of fools”; and a moment later, moving like a somnambulist, she touched Concubar upon the arm, a gesture full of gentleness and compassion, as though she had said, “You also live.” In Synge’s early unpublished work, written before he found the dialects of Aran and of Wicklow, there is brooding melancholy and morbid self-pity. He had to undergo an aesthetic transformation, analogous to religious conversion, before he became the audacious joyous ironical man we know. The emotional life in so far as it was deliberate had to be transferred from Phase 9 to Phase 23, from a self-regarding melancholy condition of soul to its direct
opposite. This transformation must have seemed to him a discovery of his true self, of his true moral being; whereas Shelley’s came at the moment when he first created a passionate image which made him forgetful of himself. It came perhaps when he had passed from the litigious rhetoric of Queen Mab to the lonely reveries of Alastor. Primary art values above all things sincerity to the self or Will but to the self active, translating and perceiving.

The quarter of intellect was a quarter of dispersal and generalisation, a play of shuttlecock with the first quarter of animal burgeoning, but the fourth quarter is a quarter of withdrawal and concentration, in which active moral man should receive into himself, and transform into primary sympathy the emotional self-realisation of the second quarter. If he does not so receive and transform he sinks into stupidity and stagnation, perceives nothing but his own interests, or becomes a tool in the hands of others; and at Phase 23, because there must be delight in the unforeseen, he may be brutal and outrageous. He does not, however, hate, like a man of the third quarter, being but ignorant of or indifferent to the feelings of others. Rembrandt pitied ugliness, for what we call ugliness was to him an escape from all that is summarised and known, but had he painted a beautiful face, as antithetical man understands beauty, it would have remained a convention, he would have seen it through a mirage of boredom.

When one compares the work of Rembrandt with that of David, whose phase was Phase 21; or the work of Synge with that of Mr Wells; one sees that in the one the antithetical Tincture is breaking up and dissolving, while in the other it is tightening as for a last resistance, concentrating, levelling, transforming, tabulating. Rembrandt and Synge but look on and clap their hands. There is indeed as much selection among the events
In one case as in the other, but at Phase 23 events seem startling because they elude intellect.

All phases after Phase 15 and before Phase 22 unravel that which is woven by the equivalent phases before Phase 15 and after Phase 8. The man of Phase 23 has in the Mask, at Phase 9, a contrary that seems his very self until he use the discord of that contrary, his Body of Fate at Phase 21, to drive away the Mask and free the intellect and rid pity of desire and turn belief into wisdom. The Creative Mind, a discord to the Will, is from a phase of instinctive dispersal, and must turn the violent objectivity of the self or Will into a delight in all that breathes and moves: "The gay fishes on the wave when the moon sucks up the dew."

XXV

Phase Twenty-four

Will—The End of Ambition.

Mask (from Phase 10). True—Self-reliance. False—Isolation.

Creative Mind (from Phase 6). True—Construction through humanitarianism. False—Authority.

Body of Fate (from Phase 20)—Objective Action.

Examples: Queen Victoria, Galsworthy, a certain friend.

As the Mask now seems the natural self, which he must escape; the man labours to turn all within him that is from Phase 10, into some quality of Phase 24. At
Phase 23, when in what seemed the natural self, the man was full of gloomy self-absorption and its appropriate abstractions, but now the abstractions are those that feed self-righteousness and scorn of others, the nearest the natural self can come to the self-expressing mastery of Phase 10. Morality, grown passive and pompous, dwindles to unmeaning forms and formulae. Under the influence of the Body of Fate, the unweaver and discord of Phase 10, the man frees the intellect from the Mask by unflagging impersonal activity. Instead of burning intellectual abstraction, as did Phase 23, in a technical fire, it grinds moral abstraction in a mill. This mill, created by the freed intellect, is a code of personal conduct, which being formed from social and historical tradition, remains always concrete in the mind. All is sacrificed to this code; moral strength reaches its climax; the rage of Phase 10 to destroy all that trammels the being from without is now all self-surrender. There is great humility—"she died every day she lived"—and pride as great, pride in the code's acceptance, an impersonal pride, as though one were to sign "servant of servants." There is no philosophic capacity, no intellectual curiosity, but there is no dislike for either philosophy or science; they are a part of the world and that world is accepted. There may be great intolerance for all who break or resist the code, and great tolerance for all the evil of the world that is clearly beyond it whether above it or below. The code must rule, and because that code cannot be an intellectual choice, it is always a tradition bound up with family, or office, or trade, always a part of history. It is always seemingly fated, for its sub-conscious purpose is to compel surrender of every personal ambition; and though it is obeyed in pain—can there be mercy in a rigid code?—the man is flooded with the joy of self-surrender; and flooded with mercy—what else can there be in self-surrender?—for
those over whom the code can have no rights, children and the nameless multitude. Unmerciful to those who serve and to himself, merciful in contemplating those who are served, he never wearies of forgiveness.

Men and women of the phase create an art where individuals only exist to express some historical code, or some historical tradition of action and of feeling, things written in what Raftery called the Book of the People, or settled by social or official station, even as set forth in directory or peerage. The judge upon the bench is but a judge, the prisoner in the dock is but the eternal offender, whom we may study in legend or in Blue Book. They despise the Bohemian above all men till he turn gypsy, tinker, convict, or the like, and so find historical sanction, attain as it were to some inherited code or recognised relation to such code. They submit all their actions to the most unflinching examination, and yet are without psychology, or self-knowledge, or self-created standard of any kind, for they but ask without ceasing, "Have I done my duty as well as so-and-so?" "Am I as unflinching as my fathers before me?" and though they can stand utterly alone, indifferent though all the world condemn, it is not that they have found themselves, but that they have been found faithful. The very Bohemians are not wholly individual men in their eyes, and but fulfil the curse, laid upon them before they were born, by God or social necessity.

Out of phase, seeking emotion instead of impersonal action, there is—desire being impossible—self-pity, and therefore discontent with people and with circumstance, and an overwhelming sense of loneliness, of being abandoned. All criticism is resented, and small personal rights and predilections, especially if supported by habit or position, are asserted with violence; there is great indifference to others' rights and predilections; we have
the bureaucrat or the ecclesiastic of satire, a tyrant who is incapable of insight or of hesitation.

Their intellect being from Phase 6, but their energy, or will, or bias, from Phase 24, they must, if in phase, see their code expressed in multiform human life, the mind of Victoria at its best, as distinguished from that of Walt Whitman. Their emotional life is a reversal of Phase 10, as what was autocratic in Victoria reversed the personal autocracy of Parnell. They fly the Mask, that it may become, when enforced, that form of pride and of humility that holds together a professional or social order.

When out of phase they take from Phase 10 isolation, which is good for that phase but destructive to a phase that should live for others and from others; and they take from Phase 6 a bundle of race instincts, and turn them to abstract moral, or social convention, and so contrast with Phase 6, as the mind of Victoria at its worst contrasts with that of Walt Whitman. When in phase they turn these instincts to a concrete code, founded upon dead or living example.

That which characterises all phases of the last quarter, with an increasing intensity, begins now to be plain: persecution of instinct—race is transformed into a moral conception—whereas the intellectual phases, with increasing intensity as they approached Phase 22, persecuted emotion. Morality and intellect persecute instinct and emotion respectively, which seek their protection.
Phase Twenty-five

Will—The Conditional Man.


Creative Mind (from Phase 5). True—Rhetoric. False—Spiritual Arrogance.

Body of Fate (from Phase 19)—Persecution.

Examples: Cardinal Newman, Luther, Calvin, George Herbert, Mr George Russell (A.E.).

Born as it seems to the arrogance of belief, as Phase 24 was born to moral arrogance, the man of the phase must reverse himself, must change from Phase 11 to Phase 25; use the Body of Fate to purify the intellect from the Mask, till this intellect accepts some organized belief: belief rooted in social order: the convictions of Christendom let us say. He must eliminate all that is personal from belief; eliminate the necessity for intellect by the contagion of some common agreement, as did Phase 23 by its technique, Phase 24 by its code. With a Will of subsidence, an intellect of loosening and separating, he must, like Phases 28 or 24, find himself in such a situation that he is compelled to concrete synthesis (Body of Fate at Phase 19 the discord of Phase 11) but this situation compels the Will, if it pursue the False Mask, to the persecution of others, if found by the True Mask, to suffer persecution. Phase 19, phase of the Body of Fate, is a phase of breaking, and when the Will is at Phase 25 of breaking by belief. In this it finds its inspiration and its joy. It is called the Conditional Man,
perhaps because all the man's thought arises out of some particular condition of actual life, or is an attempt to change that condition with a moral object. He is still strong, full of initiative, full of social intellect; absorption has scarce begun; but his object is to limit and bind, to make men better, by making it impossible that they should be otherwise, to so arrange prohibitions and habits that men may be naturally good, as they are naturally black, or white, or yellow. There may be great eloquence, a mastery of all concrete imagery that is not personal expression, because though as yet there is no sinking into the world but much distinctness, clear identity, there is an overflowing social conscience. No man of any other phase can produce the same instant effect upon great crowds; for codes have passed, the universal conscience takes their place. He should not appeal to a personal interest, should make little use of argument which requires a long train of reasons, or many technical terms, for his power rests in certain simplifying convictions which have grown with his character; he needs intellect for their expression, not for proof, and taken away from these convictions is without emotion and momentum. He has but one overwhelming passion, to make all men good, and this good is something at once concrete and impersonal; and though he has hitherto given it the name of some church, or state, he is ready at any moment to give it a new name for, unlike Phase 24, he has no pride to nourish upon the past. Moved by all that is impersonal, he becomes powerful as, in a community tired of elaborate meals, that man might become powerful who had the strongest appetite for bread and water.

When out of phase he may, because Phase 11 is a phase of diffused personality and pantheistic dreaming, grow sentimental and vague, drift into some emotional abstract, his head full of images long separated from
life, and ideas long separated from experience, turn tactless and tasteless, affirm his position with the greatest arrogance possible to man. Even when nearly wholly good he can scarce escape from arrogance; what old friend did Cardinal Newman cut because of some shade of theological difference?

Living in the False Creative Mind produces, in all primary phases, insensitiveness, as living in the False Mask produces emotional conventionality and banality, because that False Creative Mind, having received no influence from the Body of Fate, no mould from individuals and interests, is as it were self-suspended. At Phase 25 this insensitiveness may be that of a judge who orders a man to the torture, that of a statesman who accepts massacre as a historical necessity. One thinks of Luther’s apparent indifference to atrocities committed, now by the peasants, now against them, according to the way his incitements veered.

The genius of Synge and Rembrandt has been described as typical of Phase 23. The first phase of a triad is an expression of unrelated power. They surprised the multitude, they did not seek to master it; while those chosen for examples of Phase 24 turn the multitude into a moral norm. At Phase 25 men seek to master the multitude, not through expressing it, nor through surprising it, but by imposing upon it an intellectual norm. Synge, reborn at Phase 25, might interest himself, not in the primary vigour and tragedy of his Aran Island countrymen but in their beliefs, and through some eccentricity (not of phase but horoscope) not in those they hold in common with fellow Catholics, as Newman would, but of those they share with Japanese peasants, or in their belief as a part of all folk belief considered as religion and philosophy. He would use this religion and philosophy to kill within himself the last trace of individual abstract speculation, yet this religion and this
philosophy, as present before his mind, would be artificial and selected, though always concrete. Subsidence upon, or absorption in, the *spiritual primary* is not yet possible or even conceivable.

Poets of this phase are always stirred to an imaginative intensity by some form of propaganda. George Herbert was doubtless of this phase; and Mr George Russell (A.E.), though the signs are obscured by the influence upon his early years of poets and painters of middle antithetical phases. Neither Mr Russell’s visionary painting, nor his visions of “nature spirits” are, upon this supposition, true to phase. Every poem, where he is moved to write by some form of philosophical propaganda, is precise, delicate and original, while in his visionary painting one discovers the influence of other men, Gustave Moreau, for instance. This painting is like many of his “visions,” an attempt to live in the *Mask*, caused by critical ideas founded upon antithetical art. What dialect was to Synge, his practical work as a co-operative organiser is to him, and he finds precise ideas and sincere emotion in the expression of conviction. He has learned practically, but not theoretically, that he must fly the *Mask*. His work should neither be consciously aesthetic nor consciously speculative but imitative of a central Being—the *Mask* as his pursuer—consciously apprehended as something distinct, as something never imminent though eternally united to the soul.

His False *Mask* has shown him what purport to be “nature spirits” because all phases before Phase 15 are in nature, as distinguished from God, and at Phase 11 that nature becomes intellectually conscious of its relations to all created things. When he desires the *Mask*, instead of flying that it may follow, it gives, instead of the intuition of God, a simulated intuition of nature. That simulated intuition is arrayed in ideal conventional images of sense, instead of in some form of
abstract opinion, because of the character of his horoscope.

XXVII

PHASE TWENTY-SIX

Will—The Multiple Man, also called "The Hunchback."


Creative Mind (from Phase 4). True—Beginning of Supersensual thought. False—Fascination of Sin.

Body of Fate (from Phase 18)—The Hunchback is his own Body of Fate.

The most difficult of the phases, and the first of those phases for which one can find few or no examples from personal experience. I think that in Asia it might not be difficult to discover examples at least of Phases 26, 27 and 28, final phases of a cycle. If such embodiments occur in our present European civilisation they remain obscure, through lacking the instruments for self-expression. One must create the type from its symbols without the help of experience.

All the old abstraction, whether of morality or of belief, has now been exhausted, but in the seemingly natural man, in Phase 26 out of phase, there is an attempt to substitute a new abstraction, a simulacrum of self-expression. Desiring emotion the man becomes the most completely solitary of all possible men, for all emotional communion with his kind, that of a common study, that of an interest in work done, that of a code accepted, that of a belief
shared, has passed; and without personality he is forced to create its artificial semblance. It is perhaps a slander of history that makes us see Nero so, for he lacked the physical deformity which is, we are told, first among this phase's inhibitions of personality. The deformity may be of any kind, great or little, for it is but symbolised in the hump that thwarts what seems the ambition of a Cæsar or of an Achilles. He commits crimes, not because he wants to, or like Phase 23 out of phase, because he can, but because he wants to feel certain that he can; and he is full of malice because, finding no impulse but in his own ambition, he is made jealous by the impulse of others. He is all emphasis, and the greater that emphasis the more does he show himself incapable of emotion, the more does he display his sterility. If he live amid a theologically minded people, his greatest temptation may be to defy God, to become a Judas, who betrays, not for thirty pieces of silver, but that he may call himself creator.

In examining how he becomes true to phase, one is perplexed by the obscure description of the Body of Fate, "the Hunchback is his own Body of Fate." This Body of Fate is derived from Phase 18, and (being reflected in the physical being of Phase 26), can only be such a separation of function—deformity—as breaks the self-regarding False Mask (Phase 18 being the breaking of Phase 12). All phases from Phase 26 to Phase 11 inclusive are gregarious; and from Phase 26 to Phase 28 there is, when the phase is truly lived, contact with supersensual life, or a sinking in of the body upon its supersensual source, or desire for that contact and sinking. At Phase 26 has come a subconscious exhaustion of the moral life, whether in belief or in conduct, and of the life of imitation, the life of judgment and approval. The Will must find a substitute, and as always in the first phase of a triad energy is violent and
fragmentary. The moral abstract being no longer possible, the Will may seek this substitute through the knowledge of the lives of men and beasts, plucked up, as it were, by the roots, lacking in all mutual relations; there may be hatred of solitude, perpetual forced bon-homie; yet that which it seeks is without social morality, something radical and incredible. When Ezekiel lay upon his "right and left side" and ate dung, to raise "other men to a perception of the infinite," he may so have sought, and so did perhaps the Indian sage or saint who coupled with the roe.

If the man of this phase seeks, not life, but knowledge of each separated life in relation to supersensual unity; and above all of each separated physical life, or action,—that alone is entirely concrete—he will, because he can see lives and actions in relation to their source and not in their relations to one another, see their deformities and incapacities with extraordinary acuteness, and we shall *discover, when we come to consider the nature of victimage, that their images beset him in states analogous to hypnogogic vision. His own past actions also he must judge as isolated and each in relation to its source; and this source, experienced not as love but as knowledge, will be present in his mind as a terrible unflinching judgment. Hitherto he could say to primary man, "Am I as good as So-and-So?" and when still antithetical he could say, "After all I have not failed in my good intentions taken as a whole"; he could pardon himself; but how pardon where every action is judged alone and no good action can turn judgment from the evil action by its side. He stands in the presence of a terrible blinding light, and would, were that possible, be born as worm or mole.

*This topic belongs to the psychology of the system, which I have not yet mastered. I have yet to put together and study many obscure scattered passages in the documents.—W.B.Y., July, 1925.
XXVIII

PHASE TWENTY-SEVEN

Will—The Saint.


Creative Mind (from Phase 8). True—Spiritual Receptivity. False—Pride.

Body of Fate (from Phase 17)—None except Impersonal Action.

Examples: Socrates, Pascal.

In his seemingly natural man, derived from Mask, there is an extreme desire for spiritual authority; and thought and action have for their object display of zeal or some claim of authority. Emulation is all the greater because not based on argument but on psychological or physiological difference. At Phase 27, the central phase of the soul, of a triad that is occupied with the relations of the soul, the man asserts when out of phase his claim to faculty or to supersensitive privilege beyond that of other men; he has a secret that makes him better than other men.

True to phase, he substitutes for emulation an emotion of renunciation, and for the old toil of judgment and acknowledgement of sin, a beating upon his breast and an ecstastical crying out that he must do penance, that he is even the worst of men. He does not, like Phase 26, perceive separated lives and actions more clearly than the total life, for the total life has suddenly displayed its source. If he possess intellect he will use it but to serve perception and renunciation. His joy is to be...
nothing, to do nothing, to think nothing; but to permit the total life, expressed in its humanity, to flow in upon him and to express itself through his acts and thoughts. He is not identical with it, he is not absorbed in it, for if he were he would not know that he is nothing, that he no longer even possesses his own body, that he must renounce even his desire for his own salvation, and that this total life is in love with his nothingness.

Before the self passes from Phase 22 it is said to attain what is called the "Emotion of Sanctity," and this emotion is described as a contact with life beyond death. It comes at the instant when synthesis is abandoned, when fate is accepted. At Phases 23, 24 and 25 we are said to use this emotion, but not to pass from Phase 25 till we have intellectually realised the nature of sanctity itself, and sanctity is described as the renunciation of personal salvation. The "Emotion of Sanctity" is the reverse of that realisation of incipient personality at Phase 8, which the Will related to collective action till Phase 11 had passed. After Phase 22 the man becomes aware of something which the intellect cannot grasp and this something is a supersensual environment of the soul. At Phases 23, 24 and 25 he subdues all attempts at its intellectual comprehension, while relating it to his bodily senses and faculties, through technical achievement, through morality, through belief. At Phases 26, 27 and 28 he permits those senses and those faculties to sink in upon their environment. He will, if it be possible, not even touch or taste or see: "Man does not perceive the truth; God perceives the truth in man."
Will—The Fool.

Mask (from Phase 14). True—Oblivion. False—Malignity.

Creative Mind (from Phase 2). True—Physical Activity. False—Cunning.

Body of Fate (from Phase 16)—The Fool is his own Body of Fate.

The natural man, the fool desiring his Mask, grows malignant, not as the Hunchback, who is jealous of those that can still feel, but through terror and out of jealousy of all that can act with intelligence and effect. It is his true business to become his own opposite, to pass from a semblance of Phase 14 to the reality of Phase 28, and this he does under the influence of his own mind and body—he is his own Body of Fate—for having no active intelligence he owns nothing of the exterior world but his mind and body. He is but a straw blown by the wind, with no mind but the wind and no act but a nameless drifting and turning, and is sometimes called "The Child of God." At his worst his hands and feet and eyes, his will and his feelings, obey obscure subconscious fantasies, while at his best he would know all wisdom if he could know anything. The physical world suggests to his mind pictures and events that have no relation to his needs or even to his desires; his thoughts are an aimless reverie; his acts are aimless like his thoughts; and it is in this aimlessness that he finds his joy. His importance will become clear as the system elaborates itself, yet for the moment no more need be
said but that one finds his many shapes on passing from
the village fool to the fool of Shakespeare.

"Out of the pool,
Where love the slain with love the slayer lies,
Bubbles the wan mirth of the mirthless fool."

**Phase One**

Will.

*Mask* (from Phase 15). No description except complete plasticity.

*Creative Mind* (from Phase 1). complete plasticity.

*Body of Fate* (from Phase 15).

This is a supernatural incarnation, like Phase 15, because there is complete objectivity, and human life cannot be completely objective. At Phase 15 mind was completely absorbed by Being, but now body is completely absorbed in its supernatural environment. The images of mind are no longer irrelevant even, for there is no longer anything to which they can be relevant, and acts can no longer be immoral or stupid for there is no one there that can be judged. Thought and inclination, fact and object of desire, are indistinguishable (*Mask* is submerged in *Body of Fate, Will in Creative Mind*), that is to say there is complete passivity, complete plasticity. Mind has become indifferent to good and evil, to truth and falsehood; body has become undifferentiated, dough-like; the more perfect be the soul, the more indifferent the mind, the more dough-like the body; and mind and body take whatever shape, accept whatever image is imprinted upon them, transact whatever purpose is imposed upon them, and are indeed the instruments of supernatural manifestation, being the final link between the living and more powerful beings. There
may be great joy; but it is the joy of a conscious plasticity; and it is this plasticity, this liquefaction, or pounding up, whereby all that has been knowledge becomes instinct and faculty. All plasticities do not obey all masters, and when we have considered cycle and horoscope it will be seen how those that are the instruments of subtle supernatural will differ from the instruments of cruder energy; but all, highest and lowest, are alike in being automatic.

Finished at Thoor, Ballylee, 1922,
in a time of Civil War.
BOOK II

WHAT THE CALIPH REFUSED TO LEARN
1. DESERT GEOMETRY OR THE GIFT
OF HARUN AL-RASCHID

Kusta ben Luka is my name, I write
To Abd Al-Rabban; fellow roysterer once,
Now the good Caliph’s learned Treasurer,
And for no ear but his.

Carry this letter
Through the great gallery of the Treasure House
Where banners of the Caliphs hang, night-coloured
But brilliant as the night’s embroidery,
And wait war’s music; pass the little gallery;
Pass books of learning from Byzantium
Written in gold upon a purple stain,
And pause at last, I was about to say,
At the great book of Sappho’s song; but no!
For should you leave my letter there, a boy’s
Love-lorn, indifferent hands might come upon it
And let it fall unnoticed to the floor.
Pause at the Treatise of Parmenides
And hide it there, for Caliphs to world’s end
Must keep that perfect, as they keep her song,
So great its fame.

When fitting time has passed,
The parchment will disclose to some learned man
A mystery that else had found no chronicler
But the wild Bedouin. Though I approve
Those wanderers that welcomed in their tents
What great Harun Al-Raschid, occupied
With Persian embassy or Grecian war,
Or those who need his bounty or his law,
Must needs neglect; I cannot hide the truth
That wandering in a desert, featureless
As air under a wing, can give bird's wit.
In after time they will speak much of me
And speak but phantasy. Recall the year
When our beloved Caliph put to death
His Vizir Jaffer for an unknown reason.
"If but the shirt upon my body knew it
I'd tear it off and throw it in the fire."
That speech was all that the town knew, but he
Seemed for a while to have grown young again;
Seemed so on purpose, muttered Jaffer's friends,
That none might know that he was conscience struck—
But that's a traitor's thought. Enough for me
That in the early summer of the year
The mightiest of the princes of the world
Came to the least considered of his courtiers;
Sat down upon the fountain's marble edge,
One hand amid the goldfish in the pool:
And thereupon a colloquy took place
That I commend to all the chroniclers
To show how violent great hearts can lose
Their bitterness and find the honeycomb.

"I have brought a slender bride into the house;
You know the saying 'Change the bride with Spring,'
And she and I, being sunk in happiness,
Cannot endure to think you tread these paths
When evening stirs the jasmine, and yet
Are brideless."

"I am falling into years."
"But such as you and I do not seem old
Like men who live by habit. Every day
I ride with falcon to the water's edge
Or carry the ringed mail upon my back,
Or court a woman; neither enemy,
Gamebird, nor woman does the same thing twice;
And so a hunter carries in the eye
A mimicry of youth. Can poet's thought
That springs from body and in body falls
Like this pure jet, now lost amid blue sky,
Now bathing lily leaf and fishes' scale,
Be mimicry?"

"What matter if our souls
Are nearer to the surface of the body
Than souls that start no game and turn no rhyme!
The soul's own youth and not the body's youth
Shows through our lineaments. My candle's bright;
My lantern is too loyal not to show
That it was made in your great father's reign."

"And yet the jasmine season warms our blood."

"Great prince, forgive the freedom of my speech;
You think that love has seasons, and you think
That if the spring bear off what the spring gave
The heart need suffer no defeat; but I
Who have accepted the Byzantine faith
That seems unnatural to Arabian minds,
Think when I choose a bride I choose for ever;
And if her eye should not grow bright for mine,
Or brighten only for some younger eye,
My heart could never turn from daily ruin
Nor find a remedy."

"But what if I
Have lit upon a woman who so shares
Your thirst for those old crabbed mysteries,
So strains to look beyond our life, an eye
That never knew that strain would scarce seem bright;
And yet herself can seem youth's very fountain,
Being all brimmed with life.”

“Were it but true
I would have found the best that life can give,
Companionship in those mysterious things
That make a man's soul or a woman's soul
Itself and not some other soul.”

“That love
Must needs be in this life and in what follows
Unchanging and at peace, and it is right
Every philosopher should praise that love;
But I being none can praise its opposite.
It makes my passion stronger but to think
Like passion stirs the peacock and his mate,
The wild stag and the doe; that mouth to mouth
Is a man's mockery of the changeless soul.”

And thereupon his bounty gave what now
Can shake more blossom from autumnal chill
Than all my bursting springtime knew. A girl
Perched in some window of her mother's house
Had watched my daily passage to and fro;
Had heard impossible history of my past;
Imagined some impossible history
Lived at my side; thought Time's disfiguring touch
Gave but more reason for a woman's care.
Yet was it love of me, or was it love
Of the stark mystery that has dazed my sight,
Perplexed her phantasy and planned her care?
Or did the torchlight of that mystery
Pick out my features in such light and shade
Two contemplating passions chose one theme
Through sheer bewilderment? She had not paced
The garden paths, nor counted up the rooms,
Before she had spread a book upon her knees
And asked about the pictures or the text;
And often those first days I saw her stare
On old dry writing in a learned tongue,
On old dry faggots that could never please
The extravagance of spring; or move a hand
As if that writing or the figured page
Were some dear cheek.

Upon a moonless night
I sat where I could watch her sleeping form,
And wrote by candle-light; but her form moved,
And fearing that my light disturbed her sleep
I rose that I might screen it with a cloth.
I heard her voice "Turn that I may expound
What's bowed your shoulder and made pale your cheek";
And saw her sitting upright on the bed;
Or was it she that spoke or some great Djinn?
I say that a Djinn spoke. A live-long hour
She seemed the learned man and I the child;
Truths without father came, truths that no book
Of all the uncounted books that I have read,
Nor thought out of her mind or mine begot,
Self-born, high-born, and solitary truths,
Those terrible implacable straight lines
Drawn through the wondering vegetative dream,
Even those truths that when my bones are dust
Must drive the Arabian host.

The voice grew still,
And she lay down upon her bed and slept,
But woke at the first gleam of day, rose up
And swept the house and sang about her work
In childish ignorance of all that passed.
A dozen nights of natural sleep, and then
When the full moon swam to its greatest height
She rose, and with her eyes shut fast in sleep
Walked through the house. Unnoticed and unfelt
I wrapped her in a heavy hooded cloak, and she
Half running, dropped at the first ridge of the desert
And there marked out those emblems on the sand
That day by day I study and marvel at,
With her white finger. I led her home asleep
And once again she rose and swept the house
In childish ignorance of all that passed.
Even to-day, after some seven years
When maybe thrice in every moon her mouth
Has murmured wisdom of the desert Djinns,
She keeps that ignorance, nor has she now
That first unnatural interest in my books.
It seems enough that I am there; and yet,
Old fellow student, whose most patient ear
Heard all the anxiety of my passionate youth,
It seems I must buy knowledge with my peace.
What if she lose her ignorance and so
Dream that I love her only for the voice,
That every gift and every word of praise
Is but a payment for that midnight voice
That is to age what milk is to a child!
Were she to lose her love, because she had lost
Her confidence in mine, or even lose
Its first simplicity, love, voice, and all,
All my fine feathers would be plucked away
And I left shivering. The voice has drawn
A quality of wisdom from her love's
Particular quality. The signs and shapes;
All those abstractions that you fancied were
From the great Treatise of Parmenides;
All, all those gyres and cubes and midnight things
Are but a new expression of her body
Drunk with the bitter-sweetness of her youth.
And now my utmost mystery is out:
A woman's beauty is a storm-tossed banner;
Under it wisdom stands, and I alone—
Of all Arabia's lovers I alone—
Nor dazzled by the embroidery, nor lost
In the confusion of its night-dark folds,
Can hear the armed man speak.

1923.
2. THE GEOMETRICAL FOUNDATION OF THE WHEEL

I

THE GYRE

FLAUBERT talked much of writing a story called "La Spirale" and died before he began it, but since his death an editor has collected the scheme from various sources. It would have concerned a man whose dreams during sleep grew in magnificence as his life became more and more unlucky. He dreamt of marriage with a princess when all went wrong with his own love adventure. Swedenborg wrote occasionally of gyrations, especially in his "Spiritual Diary," and in "The Principia" where the physical universe is described as built up by the spiral movement of points, and by vortexes which were combinations of these; but very obscurely except where describing the physical universe, perhaps because he was compelled as he thought to keep silent upon all that concerned Fate. I remember that certain Irish countrymen whom I questioned some twenty years ago had seen Spirits departing from them in an ascending gyre; and there is that gyring "tangle of world lines in a fourth dimensional space" of later discoverers, and of course Descartes and his vortex, Boehme and his gyre, and perhaps, were I learned enough to discover
it, allusions in many writers back to antiquity. Arrived there I am attracted to a passage in Heraclitus which I can, I think, explain more clearly than his English commentators.

II

EXPANDING AND CONTRASTING GYRES

HAVING the concrete mind of the poet, I am unhappy when I find myself among abstract things, and yet I need them to set my experience in order. I must speak of time and space, though as I accept the argument of Berkeley I think of them as abstract creations of the human mind, limits which it has chosen for itself.

A line is the symbol of time and it expresses a movement—without extension in space—and because emotion has no extension in that space, however much connected with objects that have, a line symbolises the emotional subjective mind, the self in its simplest form. A plane cutting the line at right angles constitutes, in combination with the moving line, a space of three or more dimensions, and is the symbol of all that is objective, and so for certain purposes of nature and, because intellect is the understanding of objects in space, of intellect as opposed to emotion. Line and plane are combined in a gyre, and as one tendency or the other must be always the stronger, the gyre is always expanding or contracting. For simplicity of representation the gyre is drawn as a cone. Sometimes this cone represents the individual soul, and that soul’s history—these things are inseparable—sometimes general life. When general life, we give to its narrow end, to its unexpanded gyre, the name of Anima Hominis, and to its broad end, or its expanded gyre, Anima Mundi; but understanding that neither the soul of man nor the soul of nature can be expressed without
conflict or vicissitude we substitute for this cone two cones, one which is the contact of the mind with Fate, and the other the contact of the mind with Destiny. Destiny being understood to mean all external acts and forms created by the Will itself and out of itself, whereas Fate is all those acts or forms imposed upon the Will from without. It is as though the first act of being, after creating limit, was to divide itself into male and female, each dying the other’s life living the other’s death.

These cones are associated with the line and the space wherein it moves respectively, as though the first gyre met with another and opposing gyre which has its greatest expansion, not in space, as we perceive it by the senses, but in a space perceived by the mind only. We can consider the cones as fixed and use disks or lines to represent the opposing gyres. It will be seen presently that these opposing gyres are also beauty and truth, value and fact, particular and universal, quality and quantity, the bundle of separated threads as distinguished from those still in the pattern, abstracted types and forms as distinguished from those that are
still concrete, Man and Daimon, the living and the dead, and all other images of our first parents.

When the life of man is growing more predestined, there is something within the depth of his being that resists, that desires the exact contrary; and if his life is growing more fated it desires the exact contrary of that also. As these contraries become sharper in their contrast, as they pull farther apart, consciousness grows more intense, for consciousness is choice. The energy of the one tendency being in exact mathematical propor-

![Diagram]

portion to that of the other, the wide gyre marked B for instance in the cone of Fate is at exactly the same distance from its widest expanse that the gyre marked C is from its widest expansion. When each gyre has reached the widest expansion, the contradiction in the being will have reached its height. But beside these two expanding gyres there are the two narrowing gyres, marked A D in the figure. As man's intellect, say, expands, the emotional nature contracts in equal degree and vice versa; when, however, a narrowing and a widening gyre reach their limit, the one the utmost contraction the other the utmost expansion, they change places, point to circle, circle to point, for this system conceives the
world as catastrophic, and continue as before, one always narrowing, one always expanding, and yet bound for ever to one another. Of this fourfold—two expanding gyres, in nature opposite to one another and two contracting gyres, opposite to one another—we consider the one we identify with the Will as deciding the nature of the being. If now we consider these opposing gyres or cones as expressing Man and Daimon—those two first portions of being that suffer vicissitude into which Anima Hominis and Anima Mundi resolve—we can explain much in Parmenides and Empedocles, but especially this in Heraclitus: "I shall retrace my steps over the paths of song that I had travelled before, drawing from my saying a new saying. When Strife was fallen to the lowest depth of the vortex." ("Not as might be supposed," Birkett explains, "the centre but the extreme bound.") "and love has reached the centre of the whirl, in it do all things come together so as to be one only; not all at once, but coming together gradually from different quarters; and as they came together Strife retired to the extreme boundary . . . but in proportion as it kept rushing out, a soft immortal stream of blameless love kept running in." So far all is plain, and it may be this very passage that suggested Flaubert's dreaming man whose life goes wrong as his dream comes right. "For of a truth they (Love and Strife) were afore time and shall be, nor ever can (?) boundless time be emptied of the pair, and they prevail in turn as the circle comes round, and pass away before one another and increase in their appointed time."

And had we more than a few fragments of Empedocles and his school it might not be hard to relate the four gyres of our symbol to heat and cold, light and dark, the pairs of opposites, whether in the moral or physical universe, which permeate his thought. The single cone whose extreme limits are described as Anima Hominis,
Anima Mundi, is said in our documents to be formed by the whirling of a sphere which moves onward leaving an empty coil behind it; and the double cones by the separating of two whirling spheres that have been one, and it may be that we have here what suggested to Parmenides thoughts that seemed to forestall certain of our latest mathematical speculations. "Where then it has its furthest boundary it is complete on every side, equally poised from the centre in every direction like the mass of a rounded sphere, for it cannot be greater or smaller in one place than another . . . and there is not, and never shall be any time, other than that which is present, since Fate has chained it so as to be whole and immovable."

III

Blake's Use of the Gyres

BLAKE, in the Mental Traveller, describes a struggle, a struggle perpetually repeated between a man and a woman, and as the one ages, the other grows young. A child is given to an old woman and

Her fingers number every nerve
Just as a miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks and cries
And she grows young as he grows old.
Till he becomes a bleeding youth
And she becomes a virgin bright;
Then he rends up his manacles
And bends her down to his delight.

Then he in his turn becomes "an aged shadow" and is driven from his door, where "From the fire on the hearth a little female babe doth spring." He must wander "until he can a maiden win," and then all is repeated for
"The honey of her infant lips
The bread and wine of her sweet smile
The wild game of her roving eye
Does him to infancy beguile."

Till he becomes a wayward babe
And she a weeping woman old

When Edwin J. Ellis and I had finished our big book on the philosophy of William Blake, I felt that we had no understanding of this poem: we had explained its details, for they occur elsewhere in his verse or his pictures, but not the poem as a whole, not the myth, the perpetual return to the same thing; not that which certainly moved Blake to write it; but when I had understood the double cones, I understood it also. The woman and the man are two competing gyres growing at one another's expense, but with Blake it is not enough to say that one is beauty and one is wisdom, for he conceives this conflict as that in all love—whether between the elements as in Parmenides, "the wanton love" of Aristotle, or between man and woman—which compels each to be slave and tyrant by turn. In our system also it is a cardinal principle that anything separated from its opposite—and victory is separation—"consumes itself away." The existence of the one depends upon the existence of the other.

Blake and his wife signed, in 1789, a document approving the foundation of the Swedenborgian Church, his brother remained a Swedenborgian to the end of his life, his friend Flaxman was a Swedenborgian and a very learned man, and it is possible therefore that he found among fellow-believers a knowledge of gyres and vortexes obtained from Swedenborg himself, though at that time inaccessible in print. Or, upon the other hand, those beings which gave that knowledge as it is in "The Spiritual Diary" may have given it to Blake also.
THE PAIRS OF OPPOSITES AND THE DANCE OF THE FOUR ROYAL PERSONS

ONE must fix the character of the pairs of opposites, Blake’s tyrant and slave, or, to follow Empedocles to the end, “Fire and Water, Earth and the mighty height of Air.” Our documents arrange them as in diagram.

The cone of Fate and Mind is shaded, and all that is external to the Will is assumed to be dark, for the light that makes all things visible to the mind comes from the Will itself, our perception of objects, being, as Plotinus insisted, not a passive reception but a state of activity. Destiny is here the utmost range possible to the Will if left in freedom, and its other name is beauty, whereas Fate is the utmost range of the mind when left in its freedom and its other name is truth. But we are no longer dealing with the simple elements but with mixtures, and so we impose these cones, or gyres, upon certain other cones or gyres, which remain fixed and are their containing sphere, and which for simplicity of representation we may place end to end though they are in reality one within the other,—as in the first figure in Sec. II.

By moving the two dotted cones in and out, we can express to the eye the unalterable relation between A
which is the energy, and B which is its *Destiny* or beauty, and that between C, which is mind, and D which is its *Fate* or Truth. As BB approaches the wide end of the right hand cone, A approaches the narrow end of its cone, and when this movement is reversed, and BB recedes from the wide end, A recedes from the narrow end of its cone. That is to say when B is three quarter *primary* and one quarter *antithetical* A is three quarter *antithetical* and one quarter *primary*, and so on; and

The movements of DD and C coincide exactly with these movements. That is to say each gyre, for the extremities of the moving cones are gyres in the fixed cones, preserves its relation to its own opposite unbroken, though the nature of each perpetually changes. In the documents the fixed cones are left out and the relation between the opposites symbolised by the various relations of the approaching and separating cones; or the approaching and separating cones are left out and the opposites represented by lines cutting the fixed cones.

It is, however, cumbersome to use four gyres if two will serve, as they do if we combine two sets of cones so that one line includes BB, CC, and another DD,
A A, and so that the same movement causes one line to contract as the other expands.

We reach the same end if we consider both sides of the fixed cones as having different meanings, and these fixed cones as placed one within the other. We now obtain our pairs of opposites by considering the four points touched by the two gyres.

The pairs A B and C D are now so placed that opposites confront one another from opposite sides of the figure,
and if we study their movements we have those of the Great Wheel or the Dance of the Four Royal Persons.

*Will is Will, Mind is Creative Mind, Destiny is Mask, Fate is Body of Fate.* They are the *Four Faculties*, and I must leave the definition of their function, given in the section describing the Great Wheel, to explain itself as the system grows familiar, that I may not write at too great length. The figure in the two diagrams just given is that of a person at Phase 12, and as each gyre is now considered as a whirling disc, passing through both inner and outer cones it shows the exact proportion of *antithetical* and *primary* in each of the *Four Faculties*. This proportion is represented in the Great Wheel by the size of the illuminated portion of the Lunar disc at each particular phase. At Phase 12 the Moon is approaching the full in the exact measure as that in which the gyre A C is approaching its greatest expansion. When the greatest expansion of the gyre is reached the phase is Full Moon and so on, and *Will* and *Creative Mind* pass each other at its greatest expansion exactly as in the Great Wheel. When we make a symbol combining Sun and Moon, we express the same
thing more completely, for as we have already seen the primary may be called Solar, the antithetical Lunar. The converse is not always true, for the Tinctoria belong to a man's life while in the body, and Solar and Lunar may transcend that body. The Great Wheel is not, however, an arbitrary symbol for it is a single gyre of a great cone containing, as we shall see presently, twelve cycles of embodiment. Every gyre of every cone is in the same way equal to an entire cone revolving through twenty-eight phases or their equivalent.

V

Blake and the Great Wheel

WE interpret the symbol differently from Blake because his tyrant and slave, slave and tyrant are man and woman out of phase, and their youth occurs at Phases 8 and 22 of our symbol because there is the greatest passion, whereas their old age is at Phase 1 and Phase 15 respectively because at those phases the Primary Tinctoria and the Antithetical Tinctoria conquer completely and passion ceases. With us these are the moments of the greatest Beauty and Wisdom respectively because we have mainly studied men true to phase, and when man is true to phase he attains at Phase 1 and Phase 15 relation with his opposite not through conflict but, in so far as one Faculty or group of Faculties is concerned, through harmony, and is in a Sphere and not a cone. Had I studied men out of phase mainly, I would have had constantly to use Blake's interpretation, as indeed Homer did when he put into the same poem Helen and the Siege of Troy, and as Avicenna did when he wrote "All life proceeds out of corruption." As it is, the system constantly compels us to consider beauty an accompaniment of war, and wisdom of decay.
VI

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE SUN'S PRECESSION AND ANNUAL MOVEMENTS

HITHERTO I have considered the Wheel in relation to the symbolic days of the months, but there are also the twelve symbolic months of the Lunar and Solar year, and

![Diagram showing Solar and Lunar circles with cardinal directions]

the Solar day. All circles are but a single archetypal circle seen according to different measures of time, and Solar East, West, the spring and autumn equinoxes, and sunrise and sunset, the critical points between the two Solar extremes, are held to fall upon Phases 15 and 1 respectively of the Lunar circle; and for simplicity we sometimes call Phase 22 Lunar East because of the Moonrise, Phase 8 Lunar West, Phase 15 Lunar South, and Phase 1 Lunar North. The fullness of antithetical life at Phase 15, and of primary life at Phase 1, fall at moments of extreme strain and shock in all that the Solar circle symbolises. We may represent the two
qualities of life by two circles one within the other which move in opposite directions, the Lunar from West to East according to the Moon's zodiacal movements, the Solar from East to West according to the Sun's daily movement, or as we shall presently see, according to his precessional movement.

The Solar circle represents all that comes from outside the man and is therefore the Bride, the Enemy, the Spiritual Life, the Physical World, though it is only through the Faculties, separated form, that he apprehends it. Because there is between the Lunar or natural world and the Solar or spiritual world conflict, the creation of philosophy "from experience" is said "to burn" ("to consume itself away") whereas that from revelation gives life. For the same reason spiritual beings are said "to deceive us if they can." The condition of truth is that neither world separate from the other and become "abstract."

VII

The Gyres and Lunar Months of the Great Year

When we come to number gyres and Lunar months in relation to the signs we consider the first gyre as coinciding with the first Lunar phase and as beginning at the centre of a zodiacal sign. We mean by the zodiacal signs not the constellations but mathematical divisions which we shall presently consider.

I. Phase One (Mid Autumn, Lunar North, Cancer, Solar West, Libra).
II. Phases Two, Three and Four.
III. Phases Five, Six and Seven.
IV. Phase Eight (Mid Winter).
V. Phases Nine, Ten and Eleven.
VI. Phases Twelve, Thirteen and Fourteen.
VII. Phase Fifteen (Mid Spring, Solar East, Aries, Lunar South, Capricorn).
VIII. Phases Sixteen, Seventeen and Eighteen (First Lunar Month of Great Year).

IX. Phases Nineteen, Twenty and Twenty-one.

X. Phase Twenty-two (Mid Summer).

XI. Phases Twenty-three, Twenty-four and Twenty-five.

XII. Phases Twenty-six, Twenty-seven and Twenty-eight.

The Solar Months coincide with the signs.

Such a figure as that on page 140 is, however, without movement, for it is without error, it is but the frame, the circle which encloses all, and to show reality we create another figure in the midst consisting of two more circles, the one Solar and the other Lunar, reflections as it were of the Fixed Circles. But for convenience sake I substitute cones for these two inner circles, and when the equinoctial point has just entered Aries—is at Aries 80 that is—superimpose them one upon another and assume that the Solar or Diamond shaped cone has a movement from East to West, and that like an Hour-Glass from West to East.
I use two cones with their narrow ends meeting for Mask and Will, which I will call the Lunar cones, and two with their broad ends meeting for the Creative Mind and Body of Fate which I will call the Solar cones. At the present moment as the equinox is in Pisces, the Creative Mind, which is always identified with the East and so with the equinoctial point, has moved from the historical starting point in Aries to through somewhat more than one twelfth of the entire circle.

When the Sun at the vernal equinox passed from Taurus into Aries, Eternal Man had his Will and Mask at Phase 15 and Phase 1 respectively, and so at Lunar South and North, and his Creative Mind and his Body of Fate at Solar East and West. During the passage of Creative Mind through one sign, starting from solar
East, the interior gyre of these Solar and Lunar cones will have made one rotation out of the twelve that complete their circles, and in the Lunar cones that has been a passage from South to North and from North to South again.

It is necessary to notice that as Aries 30, let us say, is the extreme end or East of the Solar cone, and Capricorn 30 the extreme end of the Lunar cone, the 15th Lunar Phase does not begin at Solar East, but that its central moment corresponds to East and so to Aries 30. This means that each of the twelve Lunar divisions begins in the middle of one of the twelve Solar divisions. Starting at East and South we say that the gyre or division corresponding to Phase 15 ends and that corresponding to Phases 16, 17 and 18 begins in the middle of the Solar division that corresponds to Aries, or, if we turn it all into astronomical symbolism, that the first new Moon occurs one half of a Solar month after the Sun has entered Aries. Our figure is based on the Great Year of some twenty-six thousand years, and therefore the Sun enters Aries at the 30th degree and not at 0 as in the annual movement. But the new Moon is always North for it is at the beginning of the twenty-eight phases, and so we get the symbolism of the Cardinal Points once more, for each Solar division begins at East and has West for its central point. The Will of Eternal Man during the civilisation that climaxed in Athens and in Rome was passing through a gyre which corresponded to Phase 15 of the Lunar cone and had therefore the greatest possible artistic capacity, and at the foundation of Christianity entered upon the gyre of Phases 16, 17 and 18, while His Creative Mind entered upon that of Phases 14, 13 and 12; and at the foundation of the next civilisation His Will will have entered the gyre of Phases 19, 20 and 21, while His Creative Mind at the moment when the Solar equinox touches the central point of Pisces will have entered that of Phases 11, 10 and 9. As
the Great Year begins at its vernal equinox—Aries 80 not Aries 0—the next civilisation will correspond to its second lunar month. These revolving cones, however, as we shall see presently, belong to all periods, whether of history or of individual life, which involve the interaction of primary and antithetical.

When the Lunar and Solar cones are considered together, there are two gyres in the Lunar for Mask and Will respectively, and two in the Solar for Creative Mind and Body of Fate, and they complete their revolutions once in the course of the Great Year. The Creative Mind and the Body of Fate are only present in the Lunar cones as an outward limit or obstruction—we shall return to them presently—as they should act through Will and Mask; and the Will and Mask are present in the same way in the Solar cones as they should act through Creative Mind and Body of Fate. During the antithetical half of the circle, the mind of the man, as we shall see presently, is in the Lunar cones, and during the primary half in the Solar. When they are considered separately, each can move at its own will for it is a complete being, but we can still keep the same two cones, putting four gyres into each, and in this case the Faculties are not defined by the points where the gyres touch but by the gyres themselves, or we may use a double set of cones in each case with two gyres in each.

And now the essential movement is that when Will and Mask in the Hour-glass, moving from North to South respectively, reach "the centre of the whirl" or East and West respectively, the gyres of Creative Mind and Body of Fate start from the extreme ends of the Diamond, each that is "from the lowest depths of the vortex." Sometimes man is said to have only one gyre in the Solar cones and this is because that of the Body of Fate lies outside his mind, whereas both Mask and Will are within the mind of antithetical man. The Body
of Fate is of course the Creative Mind of the Daimon, whereas the man's Creative Mind is the Daimon's Body of Fate, and so outside the being of the Daimon. When the Lunar and Solar cones are considered separately, we call the first the cone of the Faculties and the second the cone of the Principles; and we divide that of the Faculties into two cones, the one Solar and the other Lunar; and divide the cone of the Principles in the same way. The Four Principles are Spirit, Celestial Body, Husk and Passionate Body—we shall describe each presently—and they correspond to Creative Mind, Body of Fate, Will and Mask respectively. In the cone of the Faculties we place Will and Mask in the Lunar cone or the Hour-glass, Creative Mind and Body of Fate in the Diamond or Solar cone; and in the cone of the Principles, Husk and Passionate Body in the Hour-glass, Spirit and Celestial Body in the Diamond. In each set the revolutions of Diamond and Hour-glass round one another create the months, the Solar month being in the cone of the Principles which is superimposed.

Upon the diagram of the Great Wheel the words Head,
Heart, Loins and Fall are written, and they correspond to Spirit, Passionate Body, Husk and Celestial Body at the opening of the next civilisation, which will be reached when the Will of the Great Year is between phase 18 and phase 19. These points have, however, no direct connection with the Great Wheel itself and imply another figure obtained by reducing two pairs of cones to one cone each and crossing them at right angles.

This arrangement is not used by me and is only described here because if superimposed upon the Great Wheel it explains the position upon it by Head, Heart, Loins and Fall. They are very confusing unless one remembers that they are made necessary if a single Zodiac with Cancer and Capricorn at North and South respectively is made to represent an entire Wheel.

The Diamond in this figure represents a form of existence which lasts through the entire period of twenty-six thousand years, and the Hour-glass—really Hourglass and Diamond—the Great Wheel or period of
twenty-eight embodiments, say 2200 years, a single gyre made by the whirling of the two parts of the Diamond or cone of 26,000 years. The Faculties and Principles marked upon the figure keep their position almost unchanged through the Wheel’s domination.

IX

THE MONTHS ALTERNATELY PRIMARY AND ANTITHETICAL

BUT each month in addition to its separate passage through the phases from 1 to 28 is part of a period of two months which is itself an entire cone or wheel, and therefore the months are alternately antithetical and primary, the lunar months corresponding to 16, 17 and 18, and so to our civilisation, being for instance primary. The Principles are properly speaking beyond the Tinctures, which are physical, but they have a corresponding change, and so it follows that we may say that Christ gave a primary revelation at the climax of an antithetical civilisation and will be followed by His contrary. Measured by the single month, considered as the Divine influx of that month alone, He is always the Eternal Sage—Libra—but measured on the wheel or cone of the double months He is now Victim and now Sage, at East always Victim, the sacrificial ram, He who offers himself in sacrifice to the pitiless antithetical mind, for in this the life of the Principle resembles that of the Faculty and at East strength is renounced. But each quarter of the Great Year is also a cone, and so we say that the months are in sets of three; and measured by this measure He is first Victim and then Sage, and then once more Victim, and so we say that He is Three Fountains, the first born of Aries and Taurus, the second of Libra and Scorpio, and the third
of Aries and Taurus once more; and the greater circle is always primary in relation to that which turns more quickly and within.

I see the Lunar and Solar cones first, before they start their whirling movement, as two worlds lying one within another—nothing exterior, nothing interior, Sun in Moon and Moon in Sun—a single being like man and woman in Plato’s Myth, and then a separation and a whirling for countless ages, and I see man and woman as reflecting the greater movement, each with zodiac, precession, and separate measure of time, and all whirling perpetually. But this whirling, though it is creative, is not evil, for evil is from the disturbance of the harmony, so that those that should come in their season come all at once or straggle here and there, the gyres thrown together in confusion, and hatred takes possession of all.

X

THE GREAT YEAR IN CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY

BEFORE further explaining these cones which the reader must have found very troublesome, I would discover if Antiquity had similar measures. Remembering that elaborate geometry of the Timaeus and certain numerical calculations in the Republic of which modern scholars have seventeen incompatible explanations, we may be certain that a Platonist would have found our measures naive in their simplicity.

Milton was the first English writer who made philosophical use of the obliquity of the ecliptic, but it was the Sun’s annual and not his precessional movement that enabled Milton in the tenth book of Paradise Lost to explain the sudden ruin of the climate when Adam was
driven out of Eden. Yet he must have known of the precession for he had in his library the Byzantine historian Georgius Syncellus who comments upon it and upon the Great Year that it defines. It is only now when we realise the antiquity of man that we can know how vast and how important was the conception of that Year.

Certain English and German scholars associate the changes of ancient mythology with the retreat of the Sun through the Zodiacal Signs, and attribute to his passage at the Vernal Equinox through Gemini such double Gods and Worthies as Castor and Pollux, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel; and all Ox-like Deities to his passage through Taurus and so on, and discover in the Zodiac a history of the human soul through life and death, sin and salvation, and consider that Babylonian and other Antiquity meant the Constellations when it spoke of the Book of Life, the zodiacal constituting the text and those to North and South the commentary. There are indeed later scholars—I think of M. Cumont especially—who write about this view as if they were Protestant theologians denouncing the errors of Rome, and insist that nobody knew anything about the equinoctial precession until Hipparchus discovered it a hundred and fifty years before Christ. Dr Alfred Jeremias and Dr Fritz Homell, however, writing, the one upon the Babylonian Calendar, the other upon the Babylonian Ages of the world, in “The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics,” proffer recent evidence and declare that the older view is proved. Dr Homell fixes the date of the first Vernal rising of the various signs as Cancer 7000 B.C., Gemini 5000 B.C., Taurus 8000 B.C., and Aries 1000 B.C. He evidently prefers these round numbers to the actual periods of a little under 2200 years because we do not know precisely where the ancient mathematical divisions of the Zodiac, if such there were, began and ended; or even where the ancient
constellations began and ended; and the symbolism expounded in this book is based upon the same dates and round numbers. **He** defines a mathematical division or sign for the opening month of the Great Year which does not correspond with any possible month of the ordinary year, for the first month of the ordinary year, as we shall presently see, has its symbolical starting point—its 0 of Aries—at his 15th or central degree, if anything so vague as his division can have degrees.

Our authorities for the Greek and Roman use of the Great Year which was, Dr Alfred Jeremias and Dr Fritz Homell think, founded like the Babylonian upon the precessional movement through the signs, are passages in the Timaeus—39.D.ff.—in the Republic—545.C.ff.—in Cicero’s Dream of Scipio, and, for its relation to another smaller cycle, in the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil, and in various commentators upon them. The Babylonian Great Year began when Aries rose at the Vernal Equinox, and Syncellus says that this was the doctrine of the “Greeks and Egyptians . . . as stated in the Genica of Hermes, and in the Cyrannid Books,” but words put by Cicero into the mouth of a shade give no especial significance to any particular sign: “By common custom men measure the year merely by the return of the Sun, or in other words by the revolutions of one star. But when the whole of the constellations shall return to the positions from which they once set forth, thus after a long interval re-making that first map of the Heavens, that may indeed be called the Great Year wherein I scarce dare say how many are the generations of men. As when in old days, at the coming of Romulus into this sacred house, the Sun seemed to fail and to be extinguished, so shall the Sun at the same time and position fail once more and the signs of the Zodiac all return to their first position and the stars be recalled, and then shall the cycle of the Great Year be full, and of that vast
cycle know that not one twentieth part has passed away." Macrobius translated Cicero's Greek into Latin at the end of the fifth century and said in his commentary that Cicero considered that the Great Year began with an eclipse that coincided with the death of Romulus. "The World Year" or "Revolution of the Universe," as he names it also, "developed only in a profusion of centuries and the idea of it is as follows. All the luminaries and stars that seem fixed in Heaven and whose individual motion human wisdom is unable to perceive or detect are moved for all that. . . . The end of the Great Year is then when all the luminaries and other fixed stars have returned to some one definite position." Thereupon he adds,—and Plato has the same thought which five minutes' arithmetic would have refuted—"The luminaries and the five planets must be in the same position that they were at the beginning of the world year." And this will come about, he thinks, in fifteen thousand years. Twelve thousand, nine hundred and fifty-four, however, is the number Tacitus gives, quoting from a lost work of Cicero's, but to-day we know that the true number is some twenty-six thousand years.

The Fourth Eclogue seems at first sight contradictory for it announces not that the Year has but lately begun but that it is coming to an end. "The latest age of Cumean Song is at hand; the cycles in their vast array begin anew; Virgin Astrea comes, the reign of Saturn comes, and from the heights of Heaven a new generation of mankind descends . . . Apollo now is King and in your consulship, in yours, Pollio, the age of glory shall commence and the mighty months begin to run their course."

Virgil had in his mind not the Great Year as it seems but a period of Ten Ages of upon an average a hundred years apiece, and if we call them a Year, or as I prefer

1. The Greek or Roman Great Year if derived from Hipparchus would surely have been founded upon that 36\(^{11}/\) which he thought the least possible annual movement.
half a Year, it can but be because as Macrobius says "a month is the Moon's Year." This period which was as Mr Kirby Flower Smith says "divided according to the ancient solar year" probably began, when a Roman period, at the Foundation of Rome or at the death of Romulus; and among the Etruscans according to tradition at 966 B.C., the date of their coming into Italy perhaps. May I not consider it as stretching from the beginning of the Great Year according to the dates selected for that event by Etruscan and Roman respectively, to the moment when the equinox reaches the centre of Homell's Aries? Macrobius may have named fifteen thousand years for its length because the time from the Foundation of Rome to what may have seemed to him the end of the Tenth Age—4 B.C.1—was exactly one-twentieth of the whole, that is to say one half of a Solar month if he divided the Great Year by ten. Popular thought may have seen in the Ten Ages the life period of the Etruscan polity alone, for it is known that the Etruscans divided a man's life into ten ages and considered that the tenth began with his seventieth year when, even though he lived to be ninety, soul and body parted, but I assume that in the Temples, or among those that spoke through the Sibyl's mouth, the larger measures of time were known. One might consider that the Great Year and the lesser period had but an accidental connection were it not that Virgil announced for the dawn of the Tenth Age an event too great to be expected once in a thousand years, and certainly expected elsewhere as the supreme event of the world. Plutarch records a trumpet shrilling from the sky to announce the Ninth Age, Sulla's rise, the long misery of the Roman Civil War, and Servius, a contemporary of Macrobius, quotes from the Memoirs of Augustus to prove that the Tenth or

1. Some one gave this date for close of Tenth Age, perhaps some Etruscan, but I am correcting these pages at Thoor Ballylee and there is not a reference book in the house.—July 1925.
Solar Age and a comet came together in 44 B.C., a little before Virgil wrote his Eclogue; while a scholar of the third century remembers that Etruscan soothsayers foretold that the Tenth Age would bring the Etruscan State to an end. That age brought to the one state death, and to the other re-birth as Empire and three hundred years of peace. So considered Virgil’s prophecy ceases to be an act of individual genius and is united to something more profound and mysterious, to an apprehension of a mathematical world order. Salomon Reinach upon discovering therein thoughts from some Dionysian mystery of Magna Grecia refused to consider it a poem of compliment upon the expected birth of Cæsar, but I am ready to believe that Virgil to find familiar form for strange and perhaps hitherto unknown emotions summoned up in the same instant the Spiritual and the Physical Primary. Upon the other hand I see no reason to explain away a prophecy which only differs from many others by its connection with an ancient sideral faith. Kepler foretold the rise of Gustavus Adolphus and even the exact year in which he would die, and Savonarola the Sack of Rome and in what Pope’s reign it would be, and many obscure people foresee in the night’s dream or the day’s premonition events great or trivial.

Cicero’s belief that the Sun must be eclipsed upon the same place once more, and that of Macrobius that after fifteen thousand years the planets must return to the same position, and that of somebody else that a line drawn from the centre of the earth must thenceon pass through them all, suggests that the doctrine of the Great Year was accepted without examination because of its antiquity. Greek and Chaldean astronomers had known for centuries the periods which bring the planets back to the same point, and Macrobius enumerates them—Mars returns in “two of our years,” Jupiter in twelve years, and Saturn in thirty, and so on; and that no
one, not even Plato with all his mathematical calculations, calculated the periods back through the World Year implies an acceptance or half acceptance of that Year, not for its astronomical but for its moral value. Our interest in Plato's comment is precisely that he does use it as we use the lunar phases, as if it were the moving hands upon a vast clock, or a picturesque symbolism that helped him to make more vivid, and perhaps date, developments of the human mind that can be proved dialectically. In the Republic he identifies the passage of his typical community through Timocracy, Oligarchy, Democracy, Tyranny, and so back to Aristocracy again, as a passage through Ages of Gold, Silver, etc., that may have seemed to the eyes of the Sibyl and perhaps to the eyes of Virgil identical with some classification of the Ten Ages: he saw what had seemed Fate as Destiny. In another passage he makes his typical community bring its different periods to an end by carrying some character to excess, and attributes the changes of the year to a like cause.

Macchiavelli may but have spoken as Plato's disciple when he contended that all States must decay, and that all the reformer can do to check decay is bring them back to an earlier condition, his thought being too summary to show him that to push the State backward could but leave it out of phase and so in illusion.

Though I have assumed that the Birth of Christ took place at the symbolic centre of the first Solar month of the Great Year, I do not think it likely that He was born at its exact centre. Indeed the documents from which I have worked say two or three times that the age which preceded the Birth of Christ was longer than that which followed, but as I am unable to find an explanation of this statement—they insist that there is a mathematical explanation—I have ignored it. We have considered that every Divine Birth occurs at a symbolical New Moon, and
as that of Christ occurred at or near the middle of the first Solar Month we may describe it as marking the First Day of the Lunar Great Year. A departure from symmetry, a separation between the Full Moon and the first day of the Solar Month, and of the New Moon from its Fifteenth Day, would according to our system accompany the discord of life. What we have called the First Day of the Lunar Great Year falls at a remarkable place among the Constellations. The Constellations being of varying lengths and sometimes overlapping have but a vague connection either with the Twelve Divisions of the Solar Great Year, or with the Twelve Divisions of the ordinary year, but they must have dominated the ancient imagination much more than any abstract division of the ecliptic. When I find the position of the vernal equinox at the birth of Christ upon the only star map within my reach which has the ancient mythological Zodiacal creatures—Plate 3 in E. M. Plunkett's "Ancient Calendars"—it falls exactly upon the line dividing the Horn of the Ram from the Side of the Fish. Probably the Zodiacal creatures were never drawn precisely alike on any two maps but the difference was not great, the stars of Ram and Fish are packed particularly close to one another, and neither Virgil nor his Sibyl, if they knew anything of the Great Year, could have failed to find the position of the precessional Sun significant. Three hundred years, two degrees of the Great Year, would but correspond to two days of the Sun's annual journey, and his transition from Pisces to Aries had for generations been associated with the ceremonial death and resurrection of Dionysus. Near that transition the women wailed him, and night showed the full moon separating from the constellation Virgo, with the star in the wheatsheaf, or in the child, for in the old maps she is represented carrying now one now the other. It may be that instead of a vague line, the Sibyl knew some star that
fixed the exact moment of transition. I find but four explanations compatible with man's agency, and all four incredible, for Christ being born at or near the moment of transition: that it came of pure chance—that prophecy founded upon observation of the stars created a so general expectation that prophecy brought its own fulfilment—that there has been from time immemorial so exact and unvarying correspondence between the history of mankind and the passage of the constellations men could date at some remote millenium, perhaps when the first month was first described as the month of the Sacrifice of Righteousness, and given the sacrificial Ram as its symbol, the rise and fall of civilisations as the manager of an office can tell what his clerks will be doing after lunch by a morning consideration of the clock,—that Christianity, like the religion of Serapis at the time of Ptolemy Soter, was deliberately created by unknown men out of what they found.

To show a Redeemer was expected for the middle of a period—in our system the first solar month of an Age, and I suggest in that of Rome—we have not only the Stoical argument that improvement in the arts and sciences was at the expense of the individual soul, and that therefore the moment of maturity was the moment of the soul's need, but the early Christian doctrine that Christ was born in the middle of the sixth period from Adam, and the Persian that Zarathustra was born in the middle of a period of six thousand years "as the heart in the middle of the body." One remembers too, "Times and times and half a time." The Persian and Christian doctrines were identical in essentials, for the Age is a microcosm of the whole. However I but suggest and wait judgment, being no scholar; and it may be, but seek a background for my thought, a painted scene.

The alternation of antithetical and primary months is certainly Platonie, for his Golden Age men are born
old and grow young, whereas in that which follows they are born young and grow old. He, however, made Gold antithetical; upon the other hand the Babylonians had the same alternation but began we are told with Silver and the Moon.

XI

THE DEAD AND THE FIXED STARS

BECAUSE the visible world is the sum of the Bodies of Fate of all living things, or the sum of the Creative Minds of all Daimons whether of the living or the dead, what we call Fate is, as much as our most voluntary acts, a part of a single logical stream; and the Fixed Stars being the least changing things are the acts of whatever in that stream changes least, and therefore of all souls that have found an almost changeless rest. Berkeley thought if his study table remained when he closed his eyes it could only be because it was the thought of a more powerful spirit which he named God, but the mathematician Poincaré considers time and space the work of our ancestors. With the system in my bones I must declare that those ancestors still live and that time and space would vanish if they closed their eyes.

XII

THE CONES OF INDIVIDUAL LIFE

WHEN we consider the Lunar and Solar cones in relation to individual life, the lower half of one or other, according to whether that life be primary or antithetical, is the individual phase, and the opposite half the Mask or the Body of Fate as the case may be, and during the waking
life while in the body, the man may not pass beyond the central point. The opposite state of his being, that which is the activity of his *Daimon*, meets him at the centre, and contact with it is now death and now creation. After death, or in a trance or in ordinary sleep, he enters into that state, as man is always antithetical in relation to his *Daimon* whatever his own phase may be, or whatever that of his *Daimon*, and to die or to sleep is to pass from the Lunar to the Solar cones.

When we translate this into the life of the *Faculties* we mean that in the cones of the *Faculties, Will* starting at lunar South, physical maturity, reaches lunar East (Phase 22) at death, and that then life passes into the *Creative Mind* which is in the solar cones—the Diamond—and that, instead of *Will* and *Mask* dominating the being, *Creative Mind* and *Body of Fate* are dominant until the *Will* reaches lunar West (Phase 8) birth. If we translate it into the life of the *Principles*, which are those of spiritual life and, while Natural life continues, of subconscious life, life remains in the *Husk* until East is reached and then passes into *Spirit* which is in the Solar cones at Capricorn. Then the *Spirit* together with the *Celestial Body* which is at Cancer, dominate instead of *Passionate Body* and *Husk*, and continue to do so, moving as we have already described until the *Husk* reaches lunar West.

The *Principles* and the *Faculties* change quality and operation according to the side of the cone upon which they travel, for the sides of the Lunar cone where Aries is are associated with *Spirit* or *Creative Mind*, and those where Libra is with *Celestial Body* or *Body of Fate*; whereas in the Solar cones the sides where Capricorn is are associated with *Husk* or *Will*, and those where Cancer is with *Passionate Body* or *Mask*. This change of quality or operation chiefly concerns us in the part of the cones where the mind is, and, as we shall presently see, *Spirit*
during all the first part of the life after death struggles
to separate itself from the Passionate Body upon whose
side of the cone it travels, whereas in the second part
of that life it re-unites itself with Husk; and during later
natural life the Mask travels upon the side of its cone
influenced by the Celestial Body, whereas in the earlier
part upon that side influenced by the Husk.

It is sometimes said that there is only one gyre in the
Diamond, but that means that man can know but one
gyre, that of Spirit or of Creative Mind as the case may
be, and sees the Celestial Body or Body of Fate as beyond
himself; whereas a man during natural life is in both
Will and Mask, and after death—if Husk and Passionate
Body be sublimated and transformed—he may enter
through Spirit and Celestial Body into the nature of both,
and that is why antithetical man after death is in good
and evil, or in light and dark, whereas primary man is
in good or evil, light or dark.

XIII

THE Four Principles

THE Husk is sensuous and instinctive, almost the
physical body during life, and after death its record.

The Passionate Body is passion, but unlike the Mask—
which if permitted to govern the mind is isolating passion,
—is without solitude.

The Celestial Body is the portion of Eternal Life
which can be separated away.

The Spirit is almost abstract mind, for it has neither
substance nor life unless united to the Passionate Body
or Celestial Body.

Unlike the Faculties they do not create separated or
abstracted form.
LIFE AFTER DEATH

AFTER death the consciousness or choice passes into the Spirit and that should turn wholly to the Celestial Body and submit to it; not to the Passionate Body which is now inseparable from the Body of Fate and inaugurates what is called the Dreaming Back. If for the sake of simplicity I count the life before death and the life after as the two halves of a single Wheel and measure it upon that, this state probably lasts till that part which corresponds to Phase 25 is over. It is succeeded by a state called the Shiftings which lasts until the Spirit escapes from the Passionate Body, and the Celestial Body from the Husk and they face one another in contemplation and in rest. Then comes a brief state called Beatitude corresponding perhaps to that moment of contemplation and to Phase 1. This is followed by the Going Forth and the Foreknowing during which the Spirit is reunited to the Husk, and Celestial Body to Passionate Body—now love, not passion—and after Phase 4 the Soul is dominated by the thought of the coming life. While the Soul was passing first through the lower half and then through the upper half of the cone, the cone itself moved so that the Soul is born a phase further on than that of its previous embodiment. I have touched upon these things to set them in their place in the system and touched upon them only, for I shall describe them in detail later on.

THE SUN'S ANNUAL JOURNEY AND THE CHRISTIAN YEAR

WHEN we adopt, as in the Christian Calendar, the Sun's annual journey as the symbol, we identify the Celestial Body with the Sun, because it moves from Aries to
Pisces and not in reverse order like the *Spirit* and the *Creative Mind*; and we attribute the Birth of Christ to the winter solstice when the *Husk* is at Phase 8, and His Conception and also His Crucifixion—He is “slain on the stems of generations”—to the moment when, at the vernal equinox, the *Husk* is at Phase 15. At least that is the way we put it in our symmetrical system, but to the early Christian the problem was more difficult, for he, or those from whom he learnt, was perplexed by the different beginning and end of the lunar and solar Years. They tried to settle the matter by a tradition that the world, and one may conclude the Sun, was created at the vernal equinox, and the Moon created at the full two days later, and that as Christ’s life must copy the Great Year so begun, His Crucifixion and His Conception took place two days after the vernal equinox. They did not, however, celebrate the anniversaries of these events upon a fixed date but, as if to draw attention to the annual symbolism and so to the events as always present and recurrent, they selected for their Easter Ceremonies the first full Moon after the Vernal equinox no matter what the day of the month, or the Sunday nearest to that moon. One notices with surprise, however, that though the date of Conception changed from year to year the Date of Christ’s Birth did not. For the first four hundred years of our era January the 6th was kept Holy as the day of His Birth. The Christian explanation of the date was an arbitrary and fantastic calculation, or some childish allegory. Sometimes they calculated the age of the world, and so Christ’s relation to the Great Year, by putting together the lives of Patriarchs, and sometimes pointed out that January 6th, being twelve days after the winter solstice, glorified the Twelve Apostles. They had plainly received the date, as I think Macrobius and Cicero had the doctrine of the Great Year, from the learned men of an older civilisation, from Greeks and Chaldeans perhaps, perhaps
even from those worshippers of Kore at Alexandria who upon that day carried up from a Temple Crypt a wooden figure marked upon head and hands and knees with a Cross and a Star, crying out "The Virgin has given Birth to the God." If, however, one counts nine lunar months, allowing as the Greeks did twenty-nine and thirty days for each alternately, from the first new Moon after the Annunciation, one finds that the night of the 6th of January is the first upon which the faint Crescent of the Tenth Moon could have shown. The nine and a half months of gestation had passed by, and the Divine Life had been identified with that of the Seasons.

"The White hand of Moses from the bough
Puts forth, and Jesu from the ground suspires."

The choice of the date, the hesitation which after four centuries chose the winter solstice itself for the birth of Christ, seem much the same choice and hesitation that we ourselves would have gone through, if compelled to decide between Phase 8, where the need for personality first arises, and Phase 9 where personality displays itself. When I was a boy it was customary to consider that the association of events in the Life of Christ with one or other of the four solstices, was the result of competition with Pagan Festivals, but we know now that the association came before competition and that Christianity itself is part of the Sidereal Faith.

Did the great victims of Antiquity, Christ, Cæsar, Socrates—Love, Justice, Truth—die under the first full Moon after the vernal equinox? Christ did, as the date of Easter shows; Cæsar did,—Beware the Ides of March—and the sentence upon Socrates was pronounced when the Sacred Ship sailed for what recent research considers a March Festival at Delos, the renewal of Apollo and the Earth. Did that Festival begin at the new Moon, and the Moon show all but full on the Piræus when the Ship
put in to port, and was it full when Socrates drank the Hemlock? When I write these words, and recall the place of the precessional Sun, should there not be a stirring in the roots of my hair? What did ancient Thaumaturgy guard in silence?

According to St. Chrysostom, John the Baptist was conceived at the Autumnal and Christ at the Spring Equinox, which makes them respectively primary and antithetical when considered in relation to one another, a mid-summer and a mid-winter child. Did Da Vinci, when he painted a St. John that seemed a Dionysus, know that St. John’s father begot him when the grape was ripe, and that his mother bore him at the Mediterranean ripening of the corn?

XVI

THE OPENING AND CLOSING OF THE TINCTURES

The closing of the Tinctures as described in the section about the Great Wheel is caused by the preoccupation with one another of the Celestial Body and the Spirit, of the Creative Mind and the Body of Fate, when the Will is between Phase 26 and Phase 4, where Unity with God is possible; whereas their opening between Phases 12 and 18 is caused by the fact that the Faculties can be apprehended in their separation within the united being. The fact that one Tincture opens or closes before the other is no doubt the effect of the gyres mounting a little higher upon one side of the cone than upon the other.

XVII

THE GYRES OF THE GREAT MYTHOLOGIES

A RELIGION or a civilisation belongs also to the lower half of the double cone, and the religion which is the
originating cause of the civilisation is begotten and dies at the centre. When the lower half of the double cone is separated off and becomes itself a double cone, what was the centre is now its North. When it reaches South of this cone, which I shall now call the History Cone, it finds its doctrinal unity and vigour, its form of Unity of Being. When later on I study this movement in detail I will divide this history cone yet once more so that there is one cone from North to South and yet another from South to North again. Whereas when I examine the life after death and compare it with this life I shall symbolize each state as one half of a double cone for I have neither the knowledge nor the talent for an analysis which would approach the Divine Comedy in complexity.

These are the historical cones in their simplest form, the ordinary double cone of the phases.

Will leaves North at the birth of Christ, and the Body of Fate leaves South, and then when Will reaches South and Body of Fate North they change sides and return: at, say 1200 A.D., they show the position in the figure. But we can also arrange them thus for the same date.
Will starting at A.D. 1 travels along the lower side of the shaded cone, reaches 1000 A.D. or South and then moves upon the upper side. The Creative Mind starting at 1 A.D. moves along the upper side of the cone till it reaches 1000 A.D. at South and then travels down the lower side. The Mask and the Body of Fate start also from the North, but whereas the other two Faculties had started from the wide ends of the shaded cone, they travel from the narrow end of the unshaded cone. They also travel to South and there change sides and return towards the North. A single line is in this way made to show the position of all the Four Faculties as those Faculties are placed on the cone of the entire Era of two thousand years, for if this line be itself divided into 28 divisions the 15th in the centre and the 1st at the point nearest the starting point of the Will at A.D. 1, it will be found that the points where the sides of cones intersect will show the place of the Four Faculties on this greater cone. When the Will is so placed that any of the other Faculties, if placed upon the line, would lie in the future the corresponding date in a previous Millenium.
is taken. When the two thousand years are divided into cones of a millenium each this line has the same office as Head, Heart, Loins and Fall upon the Great Wheel, it shows the relation of the lesser to the greater division.

We show the antithetical or primary nature of a Faculty at a particular period of time by the converging or diverging nature of the line where it is, without forgetting that each cone has its general primary or antithetical character. If we consider this figure with a similar figure, which represents the upper half of the cone, there will be two lines parallel, each marking the place of the Four Faculties of its half, and we shall get the third diagram in Sec. IV.

Our figure is the ground work of the historical diagram facing page 180 and was probably chosen for it, because it shows at a glance what epochs are affected by what Faculties, and there, as it covers two thousand years and shows a movement from North to North (or if you count it upon the whole Wheel from centre to centre) it is divided into two portions of twenty-eight phases. It is upon this figure that the documents I work from place historical events with "approximate accuracy."

The movement to South of the entire era is a sinking wave of civilisation, a mounting physical or religious wave; the movement to North the converse. At South of each millennium is a period of artistic creation, that of the first millennium of mainly religious art, that of the other of mainly secular. And as North of the era is solar West, the South solar East, in the first thought is growing more Eastern, and in the second more Western. In the similar period before Christ, that of the Fifth Century B.C., thought was growing Western. Epoch, however, influences epoch as part of the cone of the entire era, by supersensual or ghostly interaction. The diagram facing page 180 is drawn for our epoch and the place of Will is affected through its Creative Mind by the Age of
Constantine, and when I was at Oxford a few years ago, a distinguished scholar, now dead, showed me much elaborate written evidence to prove that an apparition seen by herself and a friend in the Louvre was the Emperor Constantine. This influence of age upon age is said to be through the agency of certain *spirits who have come to possess what is called a simulacrum, or permanent illusionary body, created from the representation of themselves most present to the imagination of their time.

But this figure differs in form from that which preceded it and symbolised the preceding period of two thousand years, and will differ in form from any figure drawn to record the influence of a Second Fountain. This difference is caused by a movement analogous to the exchange of the Tinctures but instead of the words primary and antithetical we substitute Solar and Lunar. At each Fountain the civilisation gyres, those of Creative Mind and Will which in this connection we call Lunar, and the gyres of Mask and Body of Fate which we call Solar, change cones. Before the birth of Christ, for instance the Lunar gyres came to the narrow end of their cone, and at His birth passed into the broad end of the other cone and so continued to converge. The Solar gyre upon the other hand passed from broad to narrow. The Solar is religious and physical and the Lunar emotional and intellectual. This means that as the civil life grew more and more antithetical in nature the religious grew more and more primary till the instant of creation was reached. At

*I once heard Sir William Crookes tell how he was informed through an automatic writer that if he would make a certain incense "The Magi would be present," and that there followed words in an unknown tongue which turned out to be ancient Persian. When read with great difficulty they proved to be a list of herbs, but no one living seemed to know to what herbs the names applied. I suspect that the link between periods arising from their place among the gyres is never broken, no matter how great the passage of time.
South, however, there is no interchange, but a return, a change of direction, the gyres which diverged now converge and vice versa, and this change is called reflex to distinguish it from that of the North which is active.

XVIII

The Three Fountains and the Cycles of Embodiment

The Fountains fall into four sets of three, three in each quarter of Wheel, first of each set beginning at centre of Phases 1, 8, 15, 22 respectively, second at centre of next three, third at centre of last three Phases of each quarter. They may correspond to gold, silver, copper ages adopted by the Greek poet Aratus instead of Hesiod’s four. But what is most clear is that they are alternately Victim and Sage, the Victim being called the strong soul because he attains the greatest strength and renounces it, and the Sage the frail soul because his strength is in that which surrounds him, in his doctrine let us say. Christ, though Sage—discovery of strength, the frail soul—when measured upon the Great Wheel, when placed as one of the Three Fountains of His quarter, is Victim, Aries, surrenders strength, and He that is to come will be the frail soul, and as Christ was the primary revelation to an antithetical age, He that is to come will be the antithetical revelation to a primary age. The cycles of human rebirth, unlike those of the Eternal Man, are measured upon the Lunar cone, and the first is at Lunar North, and these months or cycles had at first their symmetrical relation to the Solar months of the Great Year, each Lunar cycle starting in the middle of Solar, but a wheel does not cease to turn when its first revolution is over, and so it comes about at
last that all the months Solar and Lunar, as it were fell together and were confused one with the other, and yet as if by a kind of crystallisation these months so arranged themselves that all the twelve Lunar months had their beginning in a certain order within each era. So we say that the first cycle sent its first soul into the world at the birth of Christ, and that the twelfth will send its last soul immediately before the birth of the New Fountain. Then there will come the first of a new series, the Thirteenth Cycle, which is a Sphere and not a cone. And yet when I say the first and last souls of a cycle, I do not mean that that cycle comes to an end for it is always beginning and always ending. When we arrange these beginnings within the two thousand years of an era we find that three cycles have their approximate beginning in each five hundred years, and so give that time their character.

There is much else that I must leave to my student, if such there be, to discover as he compares symbol with symbol. His task will be easier than mine, for I had to discover all from unconnected psychological notes and from a few inadequate diagrams. These few pages have taken me many months of exhausting labour, but never once have note and diagram failed to support each other. In judging a man one should not only know his phase but his cycle, for every cycle has a different character, but into these characters I cannot go at present, for I lack information. We retain the same sex for a cycle, and then change it for another cycle, and there are said to be certain cycles between which love is more fortunate than between others, and some where physical beauty is greater and some where mental. The general law is that they follow the same development as the phases.
WE have to remember that among the solar and lunar cones that revolve in the circle of the great year are the cones of each separate nation and of every school of thought and action. We give to these cones the name of Covens. The Covens depend exactly as individuals do upon contact for their intensity, and separated from their opposites "Consume themselves away." Four Covens, constituting four Faculties, may for instance move round the wheel and pass through their phases as do individual men and women. When a movement of thought, the philosophy of religious spiritualism for instance, becomes vague and sentimental, that may be because contact through the physical or spiritual primary with some school of psychological investigation at the place, say, of the Creative Mind has come to an end. The Covens are formed by their Daimons out of groups of men and women who become the bodies of the Daimons and the Daimon of each Coven seeks to impress his will upon the three associated Covens. When a Coven has carried its creative life as far as phase and historical epoch permit, there is a re-birth, or a movement to the next phase.

I myself chose the name Coven, that being the name of the groups of Scotch Witches described in the witch trials, for I imagine the Nations and Philosophies as having each, as it were, a witches' cauldron of medicinal or devil's broth in the midst. That which we must deduce from the doctrine is that there can be no philosophy, nation, or movement that is not a being or congeries of beings, and that which we call the proof of some philosophy is but that which enables it to be born. The world is
a drama where person follows person, and though the
dialogue prepares for all the entrances, that preparation
is not the person’s proof, nor is Polonius disproved when
Hamlet seems to kill him. Once the philosophy, nation
or movement has clearly shown its face, we know that
its chief characteristic has not arisen out of any proof,
or even out of all the past, or out of the present tension
of the drama, or out of any visible cause whatever, but is
unique, life in itself. There can be neither cause nor
effect when all things are co-eternal.

XX

THE CONES OF SEXUAL LOVE

I CAN but touch upon the symbolism of sexual love as
it needs more detailed consideration than I can give it
in this book. In all pairs of lovers each is to himself
or herself, Will, and the other Body of Fate. The cones
of their passion are constituted, as the solar and lunar
cones are, out of the first fixed circles, and its progress
should mirror the cones containing the three Fountains
or if we consider the matter differently and take a smaller
Wheel, those from Fountain to Fountain. Love which
in this way mirrors the fated and predestined, has three
forms of crisis, each at the end of a constituent
cone, called the first and second Critical Moments and
the Beatific Vision. Such love has a relation with the
dead similar to that of the Fountains and comes at each
crisis under the sway of the thirteenth cone. That
is to say there is harmonization or the substitution of
the sphere for the cone. The Four Faculties of passion,
before harmonization, are Desire, which is Creative Mind,
Cruelty, which is Body of Fate, Service, which is Will,
and Domination, which is Mask. After harmonization the Creative Mind becomes Wisdom, Body of Fate Truth, Will Love, and Mask Beauty. There are also Initiatory Moments which create the domination of the symbol, as Critical Moments destroy that domination, and these fall where the gyres touch the sides of cones—North and South—and are of an indefinite number. All antithetical life, for primary life has but a single movement, is seen as if it were a form of sexual life. It becomes vital through conflict and happy through harmonization, and without either is self-consumed. Harmonization is made possible by the recognition of fate—the Lunar cone's recognition of the Solar—but as each is Solar to the other, the destiny of the one is the fate of the other. It is the recognition by Lunar man of the Solar spiritual opposite that is called faith, and it inaugurates religious emotional and philosophical experience.

XXI

COMPLEMENTARY DREAMS

I USE in the section about the state of man after death the term complementary dream. When two people meditate upon the one theme, who have established a supersensual link, they will invariably in my experience, no matter how many miles apart, see pass before the mind's eye complementary images, images that complete one another. One for instance may see a boat upon a still sea full of tumultuous people, and the other a boat full of motionless people upon a tumultuous sea. Even when the link is momentary and superficial this takes place, and sometimes includes within its range a considerable number of people. One, for instance, will receive from
a dream figure a ripe apple, another an unripe; one a lighted and one an unlighted candle, and so on.

On the same night a mother will dream that her child is dead or dying, the child that her mother is dead, while the father will wake in the night with a sudden inexplicable anxiety for some material treasure. I put an experience of the kind into the poem that begins—

Was it the double of my dream,
The woman that by me lay
Dreamed, or did we halve a dream
Under the first cold gleam of day.

A whole age may be bound in a single dream, or wheel, so that its creations have all the same character though there is no visible influence.

XXII

THE whole world is regarded as a single being with a relation between East and West like that between complementary dreams, Europe being antithetical and Asia primary. The cardinal points in the Solar and Lunar cones are not merely symbols of the Sun and Moon's path, but are held to refer to the actual geographical points. Probably those in the Solar cones refer to the movement of ideas, and their places of origin, and I shall so consider them, and those in the Lunar cones to the origin of the races themselves in so far as they keep the impression of their first surroundings.

When Joseph Strzygowski says "the inhabitants of the South from the very beginning applied pictorial art to the representation of living creatures" he describes the antithetical nature of the South, and he defines the primary North when he attributes to it geometrical form and various "non-representational" decorations derived
from handicrafts, and he certainly describes the symbolic East when he attributes to his eastern nations conceptions that dazzle and astonish by an impression of power whether in Priest or King. Perhaps too in his description of the West as that which absorbs and uses, and is a kind of matrix, he describes our symbolic West also.

XXIII

THE CONES—HIGHER DIMENSIONS

ONE of the notes upon which I have based this book says that all existence within a cone has a larger number of dimensions than are known to us, and another identifies Creative Mind, Will and Mask with our three dimensions, but Body of Fate with the unknown fourth, time externally perceived. When I saw this I tried to understand a little of modern research into this matter but found that I lacked the necessary training. I have therefore ignored it hitherto in writing this book. The difference between a higher and a lower dimension explains, however, the continual breaking up of cones and wheels into smaller cones and wheels without changing the main movement better than Swedenborg's vortex, his gyre made up of many gyres. Every dimension is at right angles to all dimensions below it in the scale. If the Great Wheel, say, be a rotating plane, and the movement of any constituent cone a rotation at right angles to that plane the second movement cannot affect the first in any way. In the same way the rotation of the sphere will be a movement at right angles to a circumference which includes all movements known to us. We can only imagine a perpetual turning in and out of that sphere, hence the sentence quoted by Aherne about the great eggs which turn inside out without breaking the shell.
It seems that ancient men except the Persian and the Jew who looked to an upward progression, held Nietzsche's doctrine of the eternal return, but if religion and mathematics are right, and time an illusion, it makes no difference except in the moral effect.

XXIV

THE FOUR PRINCIPLES AND NEO-PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY

I HAVE not considered the ultimate origin of things, nor have my documents thrown a direct light upon it. The word *Anima Mundi* frequently occurs and is used very much as in the philosophy of Plotinus. I am inclined to discover in the *Celestial Body*, the *Spirit*, the *Passionate Body*, and the *Husk*, emanations from or reflections from his One, his Intellectual Principle, his Soul of the World, and his Nature respectively. The *Passionate Body* is described as that which links one being to another, and that which rescues the *Celestial Body* from solitude, and this is part of the office of the Soul of the World in Plotinus. As actually used in the documents *Anima Mundi* is the receptacle of emotional images when purified from whatever unites them to one man rather than to another. The 13th, 14th and 15th cycles are described as Spheres, and are certainly emanations from the Soul of the World, the Intellectual Principle and the One respectively, but there is a fundamental difference, though perhaps only of expression, between the system and that of Plotinus. In Plotinus the One is the Good, whereas in the system Good and Evil are eliminated before the Soul can be united to Reality, being that stream of phenomena that drowns us.
BOOK III

DOVE OR SWAN
THE HISTORICAL CONES.

The numbers in brackets refer to phases, and the other numbers to dates A.D. The line cutting the cones a little below 250, 900, 1180 and 1927 shows four historical Faculties related to the present moment.
I. LEDA.

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs,
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies;
A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?
2. THE GREAT WHEEL AND HISTORY.

Stray Thoughts

ONE must bear in mind that the Christian Era, like the two thousand years, let us say, that went before it, is an entire wheel, and each half of it an entire wheel, that each half when it comes to its 28th Phase reaches the 15th Phase of the entire era. It follows therefore that the 15th Phase of each millennium, to keep the symbolic measure of time, is Phase 8 or Phase 22 of the entire era, that Aphrodite rises from a stormy sea, that Helen could not be Helen but for beleaguered Troy. The era itself is but half of a greater era and its Phase 15 comes also at a period of war or trouble. The greater number is always more primary than the lesser and precisely because it contains it. A millennium is the symbolic measure of a being that attains its flexible maturity and then sinks into rigid age.

A civilisation is a struggle to keep self-control, and in this it is like some great tragic person, some Niobe who must display an almost superhuman will or the cry will not touch our sympathy. The loss of control over thought comes towards the end; first a sinking in upon the moral being, then the last surrender, the irrational cry, revelation—the scream of Juno’s peacock.
I IMAGINE the annunciation that founded Greece as made to Leda, remembering that they showed in a Spartan Temple, strung up to the roof as a holy relic, an unhatched egg of hers; and that from one of her eggs came Love and from the other War. But all things are from antithesis, and when in my ignorance I try to imagine what older civilisation she refuted I can but see bird and woman blotting out some corner of the Babylonian mathematical starlight.

Did the older civilisation like the Jewish think a long life a proof of Heavenly favour that the Greek races should affirm so clearly that those whom the Gods love die young, hurling upon some age of crowded comedy their tragic sense? Certainly their tribes, after a first multitudinous revelation—dominated each by its Daimon and oracle-driven—broke up a great Empire and established in its stead an intellectual anarchy. At some 1000 years before Christ I imagine their religious system complete and they themselves grown barbaric and Asiatic. Then came Homer, civil life, a desire for civil order dependent doubtless on some oracle, and then (Phase 10 of second Greek millennium) for independent civil life and thought. At, let me say, the sixth century B.C. (Phase 12) personality begins, but there is as yet no intellectual solitude. A man may rule his tribe or town but he cannot separate himself from the general mass. With the first discovery of solitude (Phases 13 and 14) comes, as I think, the visible art that interests us most to-day, for Phidian art, like the art of Raphael, has for the moment exhausted our attention. I recall a Nike at the Ashmolean Museum with a natural unsystematised
beauty like that before Raphael, and above all certain pots with strange half supernatural horses dark on a light ground. Self-realisation attained will bring desire of power—systematisation for its instrument—but as yet clarity, meaning, elegance, all things separated from one another in luminous space, seem to exceed all other virtues. One compares this art with the thought of Greek Philosophers before Anaxagoras, where one discovers the same phases, always more concerned with the truth than with its moral or political effects. One longs for the lost dramatists, the plays that were enacted before Aeschylus and Sophocles arose, both Phidian men. But one must consider not the movement only from the beginning to the end of the historical cone, but the gyres that touch its sides, the horizontal movement. There is that continual oscillation which I have symbolised elsewhere as a King and Queen, who are Sun and Moon also, and whirl round and round as they mount up through a Round Tower.

Side by side with Ionic elegance there comes after the Persian wars a Doric vigour, and the light-limbed dandy of the potters, the Parisian-looking young woman of the sculptors, her hair elaborately curled, give place to the athlete. One suspects a deliberate turning away from all that is Eastern, or a moral propaganda like that which turned the poets out of Plato's Republic, and yet it may be that the preparation for the final systematisation had for its apparent cause the destruction, let us say, of Ionic studios by the Persian invaders, and that all came from the resistance of the Body of Fate to the growing solitude of the soul. Then in Phidias Ionic and Doric influence unite—one remembers Titian—and all is transformed by the full moon, and all abounds and flows. With Callimachus pure Ionic revives again, as Furtwängler has proved, and upon the only example of his work known to us, a marble chair, a Persian is represented, and may one
not discover a Persian symbol in that bronze lamp, shaped like a palm, known to us by a description in Pausanias? but he was an archaistic workman, and those who set him to work brought back public life to an older form. One may see in masters and man a momentary dip into ebbing Asia.

Each age unwinds the thread another age had wound, and it amuses one to remember that before Phidias, and his westward moving art, Persia fell, and that when full moon came round again, amid eastward moving thought, and brought Byzantine glory; Rome fell; and that at the outset of our westward moving Renaissance Byzantium fell; all things dying each other's life, living each other's death.

After Phidias the life of Greece, which being antithetical had moved slowly and richly through the antithetical phases, comes rapidly to an end. Some Greek or Roman writer whose name I forget will soon speak of the declining comeliness of the people, and in the arts all is systematised more and more, and the antagonist recedes. Aristophanes' passion-clouded eye falls before what one must believe, from Roman stage copies, an idler glance. (Phases 19, 20, 21). Aristotle and Plato end creative system—to die into the truth is still to die—and formula begins. Yet even the truth into which Plato dies is a form of death, for when he separates the Eternal Ideas from Nature and shows them self-sustained he prepares the Christian desert and the Stoic suicide.

I identify the conquest of Alexander and the break-up of his kingdom, when Greek civilisation, formalised and codified, loses itself in Asia, with the beginning and end of the 22nd Phase, and his intention recorded by some historian to turn his arms westward shows that he is but a part of the impulse that creates Hellenised Rome and Asia. There are everywhere statues where every muscle has been measured, every position debated, and these
statues represent man with nothing more to achieve, physical man finished and complacent, the women slightly tinted, but the men, it may be, who exercise naked in the open air, the colour of mahogany. Every discovery after the epoch of victory and defeat (Phase 22) which substitutes mechanics for power, is an elimination of intellect by delight in technical skill (Phase 23), by a sense of the past (Phase 24) by some dominant belief (Phase 25). After Plato and Aristotle, the mind is as exhausted as were the armies of Alexander at his death, but the Stoics can discover morals and turn philosophy into a rule of life. Among them doubtless—the first beneficiaries of Plato's hatred of imitation—we may discover the first benefactors of our modern individuality, sincerity of the trivial face, the mask torn away. Then in the last three phases of the wheel, a Greece that Rome has conquered, and a Rome conquered by Greece, must adore, desire being dead, physical or spiritual force. This adoration which begins in the second century before Christ creates a world-wide religious movement as the world was then known, which, being swallowed up in what came after, has left no adequate record. One knows not into how great extravagance Asia, accustomed to abase itself, may have carried what soon sent Greeks and Romans to stand naked in a Mithraic pit, moving their bodies as under a shower-bath that those bodies might receive the blood of the bull even to the last drop. The adored image took everywhere the only form possible as the antithetical age died into its last violence—a human or animal form. Even before Plato that collective image of man dear to Stoic and Epicurean alike, the moral double of bronze or marble athlete, had been invoked by Anaxagoras when he declared that thought and not the warring opposites created the world. At that sentence the heroic life, passionate fragmentary man, all that had been imagined by great poets and sculptors began to
pass away, and instead of seeking noble antagonists, imagination moved towards divine man and the ridic­ulous devil. And now sages lure men away from the arms of women because in those arms man becomes a frag­ment; and all is ready for revelation. When revelation comes athlete and sage are merged; the earliest sculpt­ured image of Christ is copied from that of the Apotheosis of Alexander the Great; the tradition is founded which declares even to our own day that Christ alone is exactly six feet high, perfect physical man. Yet as perfect physical man He must die, for only so can primary power reach antithetical mankind shut within the circle of its senses, touching outward things alone in that which seems most personal and physical. When I think of the moment before revelation I think of Salome—she too, delicately tinted or maybe mahogany dark—dancing before Herod and receiving the Prophet's head in her indifferent hands, and wonder if what seems to us decadence was not in reality the exultation of the muscular flesh and of civilisation perfectly achieved. Seeking images, I see her anoint her bare limbs accord­ing to a medical prescription of that time, with lion's fat, for lack of the sun's ray, that she may gain the favour of a king, and remember that the same impulse will create the Galilean revelation and deify Roman Emperors whose sculptured heads will be surrounded by the solar disk. Upon the throne and upon the cross alike the myth becomes a biography.

III

A.D. 1 to A.D. 1050

GOD is now conceived of as something outside man and man's handiwork, and it follows that it must be idolatry to worship that which Phidias and Scopas made, and
seeing that He is a Father in Heaven that Heaven will be found presently in the Thebaid, where the world is changed into featureless clay and can be run through the fingers; and these things are testified to from books that are outside human genius, being miraculous, and by a miraculous church, and this church, as the gyre sweeps wider, will make man also featureless as clay or sand. Night will fall upon man’s wisdom now that man has been taught that he is nothing. He had discovered, or half-discovered, that the world is round and one of many like it, but now he must believe that the sky is but a tent spread above a level floor, and—that he may be stirred into a frenzy of anxiety and so to moral transformation—blot out the knowledge or half-knowledge that he has lived many times, and think that all eternity depends upon a moment’s decision, and Heaven itself—transformation finished—must appear so vague and motionless that it seems but a concession to human weakness. It is even essential to this faith to declare that God’s messengers, those beings who show His will in dreams or announce it in visionary speech were never men. The Greeks thought them often great men of the past but now that concession to mankind is forbidden. All must be narrowed into the sun’s image cast out of a burning-glass and man be ignorant of all but the image.

The mind that brought the change, if considered as man only, is a climax of whatever Greek and Roman thought was most a contradiction to its age; but considered as more than man He controlled what Neo- Pythagorean and Stoic could not—irrational force. He could announce the new age, all that had not been thought of or touched or seen, because He could substitute for reason, miracle.

The sacrifice of the 22nd Phase is voluntary and so we say of Him that He was love itself, and yet that part of Him which made Christendom was not love but pity, and
not pity for intellectual despair, though the man in Him, being antithetical like His age, knew it in the Garden, but primary pity, that for the common lot, man’s death seeing that He raised Lazarus, sickness seeing that He healed many, sin seeing that He died.

Love is created and preserved by intellectual analysis, for we love only that which is unique, and it belongs to contemplation not to action, for we would not change that which we love. A lover will admit a greater beauty than that of his mistress but not its like, and surrenders his days to a delighted laborious study of all her ways and looks, and he pities only if something threatens that which has never been before and can never be again. Fragment delights in fragment and seeks possession, not service; whereas the Good Samaritan discovers himself in the likeness of another, covered with sores and abandoned by thieves upon the roadside, and in that other serves himself. The opposites are gone; he does not need his Lazarus; they do not each die the other’s life, live the other’s death.

It is of course impossible to do more than select a more or less arbitrary general date for the beginning of Roman decay (Phases 2 to 7, A.D. 1 to A.D. 250). Roman sculpture—sculpture made under Roman influence whatever the sculptor’s blood—did not for instance reach its full vigour, if we consider what it had of Roman as distinct from Greek, until the Christian Era. It even made a discovery which affected all sculpture to come. The Greeks painted the eyes of marble statues and made out of enamel or glass or precious stones those of their bronze statues, but the Roman was the first to drill a round hole to represent the pupil, and because, as I think, of a preoccupation with the glance characteristic of a civilisation in its final phase. The colours must have already faded from the marbles of the great period, and a shadow and a spot of light, especially where there is
much sunlight, are more vivid than paint, enamel, coloured glass or precious stone. They could now express in stone a perfect composure, the administrative mind, alert attention where all had been rhythm, an exaltation of the body, uncommitted energy. May it not have been precisely a talent for this alert attention that had enabled Rome and not Greece to express those final primary phases? One sees on the pediments troops of marble Senators, officials serene and watchful as befits men who know that all the power of the world moves before their eyes, and needs, that it may not dash itself to pieces, their unhurried unanxious never-ceasing care. Those riders upon the Parthenon had all the world’s power in their moving bodies, and in a movement that seemed, so were the hearts of man and beast set upon it, that of a dance; but presently all would change and measurement succeed to pleasure, the dancing-master outlive the dance. What need had those young lads for careful eyes? But in Rome of the first and second centuries where the dancing-master himself has died, the delineation of character as shown in face and head, as with us of recent years, is all in all, and sculptors seeking the custom of occupied officials stock in their workshops toga’d marble bodies upon which can be screwed with the least possible delay heads modelled from the sitters with the most scrupulous realism. When I think of Rome I see always those heads with their world-considering eyes, and those bodies as conventional as the metaphors in a leading article, and compare in my imagination vague Grecian eyes gazing at nothing, Byzantine eyes of drilled ivory staring upon a vision, and those eyelids of China and of India, those veiled or half-veiled eyes weary of world and vision alike.

Meanwhile the irrational force that would create confusion and uproar as with the cry "The Babe, the Babe, is born"—the women speaking unknown tongues, the
barbers and weavers expounding Divine revelation with all the vulgarity of their servitude, the tables that move or resound with raps—still but creates a negligible sect. All about it is an antithetical aristocratic civilisation in its completed form, every detail of life hierarchical, every great man’s door crowded at dawn by petitioners, great wealth everywhere in few men’s hands, all depend­ent upon a few, up to the Emperor himself who is a God dependent upon a greater God, and everywhere in court, in the family, an inequality made law, and floating over all the Romanised Gods of Greece in their physical superiority. All is rigid and stationary, men fight for centuries with the same sword and spear, and though in naval warfare there is some change of tactics to avoid those single combats of ship with ship that needed the seamanship of a more skilful age, the speed of a sailing ship remains unchanged from the time of Pericles to that of Constantine. Though sculpture grows more and more realistic and so renews its vigour, this realism is without curiosity. The athlete becomes the boxer that he may show lips and nose beaten out of shape, the individual hairs show at the navel of the bronze centaur, but the theme has not changed. Philosophy alone, where in contact with irrational force—holding to Egyptian thaumaturgy and the Judean miracle but at arms length—can startle and create. Yet Plotinus is as primary, as much a contradiction of all that created Roman civilisation as St. Peter, and his thought has its roots almost as deep among the primary masses. The founder of his school was Ammonius Sacca, an Alexandrine porter. His thought and that of Origen, which I skimmed in my youth, seem to me to express the abstract synthesis of a quality like that of race, and so to display a character which must always precede Phase 8. Origen, because the Judean miracle has a stronger hold upon the masses than Alexandrian thaumaturgy, triumphs when Constantine
(Phase 8) puts the Cross upon the shields of his soldiers and makes the bit of his war-horse from a nail of the True Cross, an act equivalent to man’s cry for strength amid the animal chaos at the close of the first lunar quarter. Seeing that Constantine was not converted till upon his deathbed I see him as half statesman, half thaumaturgist, accepting in blind obedience to a dream the new fashionable talisman, two sticks nailed together. The Christians were but six millions of the sixty or seventy of the Roman Empire but, spending nothing upon pleasure, exceedingly rich like some Nonconformist sect of the eighteenth century; and the world became Christian and “that fabulous formless darkness” as it seemed to a philosopher of the fourth century, blotted out “every beautiful thing,” not through the conversion of crowds or general change of opinion, or through any pressure from below, for civilization was antithetical still, but by an act of power.

I have not the knowledge (it may be that no man has the knowledge) to trace the rise of the Byzantine state through Phases 9, 10 and 11. My diagram tells me that a hundred and sixty years brought that state to its 15th Phase, but I that know nothing but the arts and of these little, cannot revise the series of dates “approximately correct” but given it may be for suggestion only. With a desire for simplicity of statement I would have preferred to find in the middle, not at the end, of the fifth century Phase 12, for that was, so far as the known evidence carries us, the moment when Byzantium became Byzantine and substituted for formal Roman magnificence, with its glorification of physical power, an architecture that suggests the Sacred City in the Apocalypse of St. John. I think if I could be given a month of Antiquity and leave to spend it where I chose, I would spend it in Byzantium a little before Justinian opened St. Sophia and closed the Academy of Plato. I think I
could find in some little wine shop some philosophical worker in mosaic who could answer all my questions, the supernatural descending nearer to him than to Plotinus even, for the pride of his delicate skill would make what was an instrument of power to Princes and Clerics and a murderous madness in the mob, show as a lovely flexible presence like that of a perfect human body.

I think that in early Byzantium, and maybe never before or since in recorded history, religious, aesthetic and practical life were one, and that architect and artificers—though not, it may be, poets, for language had been the instrument of controversy and must have grown abstract—spoke to the multitude and the few alike. The painter and the mosaic worker, the worker in gold and silver, the illuminator of Sacred Books were almost impersonal, almost perhaps without the consciousness of individual design, absorbed in their subject matter and that the vision of a whole people. They could copy out of old Gospel books those pictures that seemed as sacred as the text, and yet weave all into a vast design, the work of many that seemed the work of one, that made building, picture, pattern, metal work of rail and lamp, seem but a single image; and this vision, this proclamation of their invisible master had the Greek nobility, Satan always the still half divine Serpent, never the horned scarecrow of the didactic Middle Ages.

The ascetic, called in Alexandria "God's Athlete," has taken the place of those Greek athletes whose statues have been melted or broken up or stand deserted in the midst of cornfields, but all about him is an incredible splendour like that which we see pass under our closed eyelids as we lie between sleep and waking, no representation of a living world but the dream of a somnambulist. Even the drilled pupil of the eye, when the drill is in the hand of some Byzantine worker in ivory, undergoes a somnambulistic change for its deep shadow among the
faint lines of the tablet, its mechanical circle, where all else is rhythmical and flowing, give to Saint or Angel a look of some great bird staring at miracle. Could any visionary of those days, passing through the Church named with so un-theological a grace "The Holy Wisdom," can even a visionary of to-day wandering among the mosaics of Rome and Sicily, fail to recognise some one image seen under his closed eyelids? To me it seems that He, who among the first Christian communities was little but a ghostly exorcist, had in His assent to a full Divinity made possible this sinking in upon a supernatural splendour, these walls with their little glimmering cubes of blue and green and gold.

I think that I might discover an oscillation, a revolution of the horizontal gyre like that between Doric and Ionic art, between the two principal characters of Byzantine art. Recent criticism distinguishes between the figures which come from Greece and Rome, their stern faces suggesting Greek wall-painting at Palmyra, Greco-Egyptian painting upon the cases of mummies, where characteristic lines are exaggerated as in much work of our time, and that decoration which seems to undermine our self-control, and is it seems of Persian origin, and has for its appropriate symbol a vine whose tendrils climb everywhere and display among their leaves all those strange images of bird and beast, those forms that represent no creature eye has ever seen, yet are begotten one upon the other as if they were themselves living creatures. May I consider the domination of the first late antithetical and that of the second primary, and see in their alternation the work of the horizontal gyre? Strzygowski thinks that the church decorations where there are visible representations of holy persons were especially dear to those who believed in Christ's double nature and that wherever Christ is represented by a bare Cross and all the rest is bird and beast and tree, we may
discover an Asiatic art dear to those who thought Christ contained nothing human.

If I were left to myself I would make Phase 15 coincide with Justinian's reign, that great age of building in which one may conclude Byzantine art was perfected; but the meaning of the diagram may be that a building like St. Sophia where all, to judge by the contemporary description, pictured ecstasy, must unlike the declamatory St. Peter's precede the moment of climax. Of the moment of climax itself I can say nothing and of what followed from Phase 17 to Phase 21 almost nothing, for I have no knowledge of the time; and no analogy from the age after Phidias, or after our own Renaissance can help. We and the Greeks moved towards intellect but Byzantium and the western Europe of that day moved from it. If Strzygowski is right we may see in the destruction of images but a destruction of what was Greek in decoration accompanied perhaps by a renewed splendour in all that came down from the ancient Persian Paradise, an episode in some attempt to make theology more ascetic, spiritual and abstract. Destruction was apparently suggested to the first iconoclastic Emperor by followers of a Monophysite Bishop, Xenaias, who had his See in that part of the Empire where Persian influence had been strongest. The return of the images must, as I see things, have been the failure of synthesis (Phase 22) and the first sinking in and dying down of Christendom into the heterogeneous loam. Europe grew animal and literal; the strength of the victorious party came from zealots who were as ready as their opponents to destroy an image if permitted to grind it into powder, mix it with some liquid and swallow it as a medicine. Mankind for a season would do, not what it would, or should, but what it could, and accept the past and the current belief because they prevented thought. In western Europe I think I may see in Johannes Scotus Erigena the last
intellectual synthesis before the death of philosophy, but I know little of him except that he is founded upon a Greek book of the sixth century, put into circulation by a last iconoclastic Emperor, though its Angelic Orders might have given, and perhaps did give a theme to the image makers. I notice too that my diagram makes Phase 22 coincide with the break up of Charlemagne’s Empire and so clearly likens him to Alexander, but I do not want to concern myself, except where I must, with political events.

Then follows, as always must in the last quarter, heterogeneous art; hesitation amid architectural forms, some book tells me; an interest in Greek and Roman literature; much copying out and gathering together; yet outside a few courts and monasteries I seem to discover an Asiatic and anarchic Europe. The intellectual cone has so narrowed that secular intellect has gone, and the strong man rules with the aid of local custom that needs none, and everywhere the supernatural is sudden, violent, and as dark to the intellect as a stroke or St. Vitus’ dance. Men under the Caesars, my documents tell me, were physically one but intellectually many, but that is now reversed, for there is one common thought or doctrine and town is shut off from town, village from village, clan from clan. The spiritual life is alone overflowing, its cone expanded, and yet this life—secular intellect extinguished—has little effect upon men’s conduct, is perhaps a dream which passes beyond the reach of conscious mind but for some rare miracle or vision. I think of it as like that profound reverie of the somnambulist which may be accompanied by a sensuous dream—a romanesque stream perhaps of bird and beast images—and yet neither affect the dream nor be affected by it. It is indeed precisely because this double mind is created at the South that the antithetical phases are but, at the best, phases of a momentary illumination like that of a
lightning flash. But the South that now concerns us, is not only Phase 15 of its greater era, but the final phase, Phase 28, of its millennium and, in its physical form, human life grown once more automatic. I knew a man once who, seeking for an image of the absolute, saw one persistent image, a slug, as though it were suggested to him that Being which is beyond human comprehension is mirrored in the least organised forms of life. Intellectual creation has ceased but men have come to terms with the supernatural and are agreed that, if you make the usual offerings, it will remember to live and let live; even Saint or Angel does not seem very different from themselves, a man thinks his guardian Angel jealous of his mistress; a King, dragging some Saint's body to a new Church, meets some difficulty upon the road, assumes a miracle, and denounces the Saint as a churl. Three Roman Courtesans who have one after another got their favourite lovers chosen Pope have, it pleases one's mockery to think, confessed their sins, with full belief in the supernatural efficacy of the act, to ears that have heard their cries of love, or received the Body of God from hands that have played with their own bodies. Interest has narrowed to what is near and personal and, seeing that all abstract secular thought has faded, those interests have taken the most physical forms. In monasteries and in hermit cells men freed from the intellect at last can seek their God upon all fours like beasts or children. Ecclesiastical Law, in so far as that law is concerned not with government, Church or State, but with the individual soul, is complete; all that is necessary to salvation is known, but as I conceive the age there is much apathy. Man awaits death and judgment with nothing to occupy the worldly faculties and is helpless before the world's disorder, and this may have dragged up out of the subconscious the conviction that the world was about to end. Hidden, except at rare
moments of excitement or revelation, and even then shown but in symbol, the stream of *recurrence,* set in motion by the Galilean Symbol, has filled its basin, and seems motionless for an instant before it falls over the rim, and in the midst of the basin I imagine in motionless contemplation, blood that is not His blood upon His Hands and Feet, One that feels but for the common lot, and mourns over the length of years and the inadequacy of man's fate to man. Two thousand years before, His predecessor, careful of heroic men alone, had so stood and mourned over the shortness of time, and man's inadequacy to his fate.

Full moon over, that last Embodiment shall grow more like ourselves, putting off that stern majesty, borrowed it may be from the Phidean Zeus—if we can trust Cefalu and Monreale—and His Mother—putting off her harsh Byzantine image—stand at His side.

IV

A.D. 1050 TO THE PRESENT DAY

WHEN the tide changed and God no longer sufficed, something must have happened in the courts and castles of which history has perhaps no record, for with the first vague dawn of the ultimate *antithetical* revelation man, under the eyes of the Virgin, or upon the breast of his mistress, became but a fragment. Instead of that old alternation, brute or ascetic, came something obscure

*The documents distinguish between *recurrence* which is an impulse that begins strongly and dies out by degrees, and *sequence* where every part of the impulse is related to every other. Every phase is a *recurrence,* and *sequence* is related to Unity of Being. If I understand rightly Plato's perfect and imperfect numbers they have much the same meaning. The documents distinguish both *recurrence* and *sequence* from an *allusion,* or unrelated fact. A spirit at Phase 1 sees *allusion* only.*
or uncertain that could not find its full explanation for a thousand years. A certain Byzantine Bishop had said upon seeing a singer of Antioch, "I looked long upon her beauty, knowing that I would behold it upon the day of judgment, and I wept to remember that I had taken less care of my soul than she of her body," but when in the Arabian Nights Harun Al-Raschid looked at the singer Heart's Miracle, and on the instant loved her, he covered her head with a little silk veil to show that her beauty "had already retreated into the mystery of our faith." The Bishop saw a beauty that would be sanctified but the Caliph that which was its own sanctity, and it was this latter sanctity, come back from the first Crusade or up from Arabian Spain or half Asiatic Provence and Sicily, that created romance. What forgotten reverie, what initiation it may be, separated wisdom from the monastery and, creating Merlin, joined it to passion. When Merlin in Cretien de Troyes loved Ninian he showed her a cavern adorned with gold mosaics and made by a prince for his beloved, and told her that those lovers died upon the same day and were laid "in the chamber where they found delight." He thereupon lifted a slab of red marble that his art alone could lift and showed them wrapped in winding sheets of white samite. The tomb remained open, for Ninian asked that she and Merlin might return to the cavern and spend their night near those dead lovers, but before night came Merlin grew sad and fell asleep, and she and her attendants took him "by head and foot" and laid him "in the tomb and replaced the stone," for Merlin had taught her the magic words, and "from that hour none beheld Merlin dead or alive." Throughout the German "Parsifal" there is no ceremony of the Church, neither Marriage nor Mass nor Baptism, but instead we discover that strangest creation of romance or of life, "the love trance." Parsifal in such a trance, seeing nothing before his eyes but the
image of his absent love, overcame knight after knight, and awakening at last looked amazed upon his dinted sword and shield; and it is to his lady and not to God or the Virgin that Parsifal prayed upon the day of battle, and it was his lady's soul, separated from her entranced or sleeping body, that went beside him and gave him victory.

The period from 1005 to 1180 is attributed in the diagram to the first two gyres of our millenium, and what interests me in this period, which corresponds to the Homeric period some two thousand years before, is the creation of the Arthurian Tales and Romanesque architecture. I see in Romanesque the first movement to a secular Europe, but a movement so instinctive that as yet there is no antagonism to the old condition. Every architect, every man who lifts a chisel, may be a cleric of some kind, yet in the overflowing ornament where the human form has all but disappeared and where no bird or beast is copied from nature, where all is more Asiatic than Byzantium itself, one discovers the same impulse that created Merlin and his jugglery. I do not see in Gothic architecture, which is a character of the next gyre, that of Phases 5, 6 and 7, as did the nineteenth century historians ever looking for the image of their own age, the creation of a new communal freedom but a creation of authority, a suppression of that freedom though with its consent, and certainly St. Bernard when he denounced the extravagance of Romanesque saw it in that light. I think of that curious sketchbook of Villars de Honecourt with its insistence upon mathematical form, and I see that form in Mont St. Michel—Church, Abbey, Fort and town, all that dark geometry that makes Byzantium seem a sunlit cloud—and it seems to me that the Church grows secular that it may fight a new-born secular world. Its avowed appeal is to religion alone: nobles and great ladies join the crowds that drag the Cathedral
stones, not out of love for beauty but because the stones as they are trundled down the road cure the halt and the blind; yet the stones once set up traffic with the enemy. The mosaic pictures grown transparent fill the windows, and draw all eyes and quarrel one with the other as if they were pretty women, and upon the faces of the statues flits once more the smile that disappeared with archaic Greece. That smile is physical, primary joy, the escape from supernatural terror, a moment of irresponsible common life before antithetical sadness begins. It is as though the pretty worshippers, while the Dominican was preaching with a new and perhaps incredible sternness, let their imaginations stray and the observant sculptor, or worker in ivory, in modelling his Holy Women has remembered their smiling lips.

Are not the Cathedrals and the Philosophy of St. Thomas the product of the abstraction that comes a little before the Phases 8 and 22, and of the moral synthesis that at the end of the first quarter seeks to control the general anarchy? That anarchy must have been exceedingly great, or man must have found a hitherto unknown sensitiveness, for it was the shock that created modern civilisation. The diagram makes the period from 1250 to 1300 correspond to Phase 8, certainly because in or near that period, chivalry and Christendom having proved insufficient, the King mastered the one, the Church the other, reversing the achievement of Constantine, for it was now the mitre and the crown that protected the Cross. I prefer, however, to find my example of the first victory of personality where I have more knowledge. Dante in the "Convito" mourns for solitude, lost through poverty, and writes the first sentence of modern autobiography, and in the Divine Comedy imposes his own personality upon a system and a phantasmagoria hitherto impersonal; the King everywhere has found his kingdom.
The period from 1300 to 1380 is attributed to the fourth gyre, that of Phases 9, 10 and 11, which finds its character in painting from Giotto to Fra Angelico, in the chronicles of Froissart and in the elaborate canopy upon the stained glass of the windows. Every old tale is alive, Christendom still unbroken; painter and poet alike find new ornament for the tale, they feel the charm of everything but the more poignantly because that charm is archaistic; they smell a pot of dried roses. The practical men, face to face with rebellion and heresy, are violent as they have not been for generations, but the artists separated from life by the tradition of Byzantium can even exaggerate their gentleness, and gentleness and violence alike express the gyre’s hesitation. The public certainty that sufficed for Dante and St. Thomas has disappeared, and there is yet no private certainty. Is it that the human mind now longs for solitude, for escape from all that hereditary splendour, and does not know what ails it; or is it that the Image itself encouraged by the new technical method, the flexible brush-stroke instead of the unchanging cube of glass, and wearied of its part in a crowded ghostly dance longs for a solitary human body? That body comes in the period from 1380 to 1450 and is discovered by Masaccio, and by Chaucer who is partly of the old gyre, and by Villon who is wholly of the new. Masaccio, a precocious and abundant man, dying like Aubrey Beardsley in his six-and-twentieth year, cannot move us, as he did his immediate successors, for he discovered a naturalism that begins to weary us a little, making the naked young man awaiting baptism shiver with the cold, and St. Peter grow red with exertion as he drags the money out of the miraculous fish’s mouth, and Adam and Eve, flying before the sword of the Angel, show faces disfigured by their suffering. It is very likely because I am a poet and not a painter that I feel so much more keenly that suffering of Villon—of the 13th Phase
as man, and of it or near it in epoch—in whom the human soul for the first time stands alone before a death ever present to imagination, without help from a Church that is fading away, or is it that I remember Aubrey Beardsley, a man of like phase though so different epoch, and so read into Villon’s suffering our modern conscience which gathers intensity as we approach the close of an era? Intensity that has seemed to me pitiless self-judgment may have been but heroic gaiety. With the approach of solitude bringing with it an ever increasing struggle with that which opposes solitude—sensuality, greed, ambition, physical curiosity in all its species—philosophy has returned driving dogma out. Even amongst the most pious the worshipper is preoccupied with himself, and when I look for the drilled eyeball, which reveals so much, I notice that its edge is no longer so mechanically perfect, nor, if I can judge by casts at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is the hollow so deep. Angel and Florentine noble must look upward with an eye that seems dim and abashed as though to recognise duties to Heaven, an example to be set before men, and finding both difficult seem a little giddy. There are no miracles to stare at, for man descends the hill he once climbed with so great toil, and all grows but natural again.

As we approach the 15th Phase, as the general movement grows more and more westward in character, we notice the oscillation of the horizontal gyres, as though what no unity of being, yet possible, can completely fuse displays itself in triumph.

Donatello, as later Michaelangelo, reflects the hardness and astringency of Myron, and foretells what must follow the Renaissance; while Jacopo della Guercia, and most of the painters seem by contrast, as Raphael later on, Ionic and Asiatic. The period from 1450 to 1550 is allotted to the gyre of Phase 15, and these dates are no doubt intended to mark somewhat vaguely a period that
begins in one country earlier and in another later. I do not myself find it possible to make more than the first half coincide with the central moment, Phase 15 of the Italian Renaissance—Phase 22 of the cone of the entire era—the breaking of the Christian synthesis as the corresponding period before Christ, the age of Phidias, was the breaking of great traditional faith. The first half covers the principal activity of the Academy of Florence which formulated the reconciliation of Paganism and Christianity. This reconciliation which to Pope Julius meant that Greek and Roman Antiquity were as sacred as that of Judea, and like it "a vestibule of Christianity," became in the theoretic exploration of Dürer who had visited Venice within the movement of the gyre, that the human norm, discovered from the measurement of ancient statues, was God's first handiwork, that "perfectly proportioned human body" which had seemed to Dante unity of being symbolised. The ascetic, who had a thousand years before attained his transfiguration upon the golden ground of Byzantine mosaic, had not turned athlete but into that unlabouring form the athlete dreamed of: the second Adam had become the first. Because the 15th Phase can never find direct human expression, being a supernatural incarnation, it impressed upon work and thought an element of strain and artifice, a desire to combine elements which may be incompatible, or which suggest by their combination something supernatural. Had some Florentine Platonist read to Botticelli Porphyry upon the Cave of the Nymphs? for I seem to recognise it in that curious cave, with a thatched roof over the nearer entrance to make it resemble the conventional manger, in his "Nativity" in the National

* There is a Greek inscription at the top of the picture which says that Botticelli's world is in the "second woe" of the Apocalypse, and that after certain other Apocalyptic events the Christ of the picture will appear. He had probably found in some utterance of Savonarola's promise of an ultimate Marriage
Gallery. Certainly the glimpse of forest trees, dim in the evening light, through the far entrance, and the deliberate strangeness everywhere, gives one an emotion of mystery which is new to painting.

Botticelli, Crivelli, Mantegna, Da Vinci, who fall within the period, make Masaccio and his school seem heavy and common by something we may call intellectual beauty or compare perhaps to that kind of bodily beauty which Castiglione called "the spoil or monument of the victory of the soul." Intellect and emotion, primary curiosity and the antithetical dream, are for the moment one. Since the rebirth of the secular intellect in the eleventh century, faculty has been separating from faculty, poetry from music, the worshipper from the worshipped, but all have remained within a common fading circle—Christendom—and so within the human soul image has been separated from image but always as an exploration of the soul itself; forms have been displayed in an always clear light, have been perfected by separation from one another till their link with one another and with common associations has been broken; but, Phase 15 past, these forms begin to jostle and fall into confusion, there is as it were a sudden rush and storm. In the mind of the artist a desire for power succeeds to that for knowledge, and this desire is communicated to the forms and to the onlooker. The eighth gyre, which corresponds to Phases 16, 17 and 18 and completes itself say between 1550 and 1650, begins with Raphael, Michaelangelo and Titian,
and the forms, as in Titian, awaken sexual desire—we had not desired to touch the forms of Botticelli or even of Da Vinci—or they threaten us like those of Michaelangelo, and the painter himself handles his brush with a conscious facility or exultation. The subject matter may arise out of some propaganda as when Raphael in the Camera della Segnatura, and Michaelangelo in the Sistine Chapel put, by direction of the Pope, Greek Sages and Doctors of the Church, Roman Sibyls and Hebrew Prophets, opposite one another in apparent equality. From this on, all is changed and where the Mother of God sat enthroned, now that the Soul's unity has been found and lost, Nature seats herself, and the painter can paint what he desires in the flesh alone, and soon, asking less and less for himself, will make it a matter of pride to paint what he does not at all desire. I think Raphael almost of the earlier gyre—perhaps a transitional figure—but Michaelangelo, Rabelais, Aretino, Shakespeare, Titian—Titian is so markedly of the 14th Phase as a man that he seems less characteristic—I associate with the mythopœic and ungovernable beginning of the eighth gyre. I see in Shakespeare a man in whom human personality, hitherto restrained by its dependence upon Christendom or by its own need for self-control, burst like a shell. Perhaps secular intellect, setting itself free after five hundred years of struggle has made him the greatest of dramatists, and yet because an antithetical art could create a hundred plays which preserved—whether made by a hundred hands or by one—the unity of a painting or of a Temple pediment, we might, had the total works of Sophocles survived—they too born of a like struggle though with a different enemy—not think him greatest. Do we not feel an unrest like that of travel itself when we watch those personages, who are so much more living than ourselves, amidst so much irrelevant and heterogeneous, amid so much primary
curiosity, and are carried from Rome to Venice, from Egypt to Saxon England, or in the one play from Roman to Christian mythology.

Were he not himself of a later phase, were he of the 16th phase like his age and so drunk with his own wine he had not written plays at all, but as it is he finds his opportunity among a crowd of men and women who are still shaken by thought that passes from man to man in psychological contagion. I see in Milton who is characteristic of the moment when the first violence of the gyre has begun to sink, an attempted return to the synthesis of the Camera Segnatura and the Sistine Chapel. It is this attempt made too late that, amid all the music and magnificence of the still violent gyre, gives him his unreality and his cold rhetoric. The two elements have fallen apart in the hymn "On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity,” the one is called sacred, the other profane, and his classical mythology has become an artificial ornament, whereas no great Italian artist from 1450 to the sack of Rome saw any difference between them, and when difference came, as it did with Titian, it was God and the Angels that seemed artificial.

The gyre ebbs out in order and reason, the Jacobean poets succeed the Elizabethan, Cowley and Dryden the Jacobean as belief dies out. Elsewhere Christendom keeps a kind of spectral unity for a while, now with one, now with the other element of the synthesis dominant; declamatory statues deface old Churches, innumerable Tritons and Neptunes pour water from their mouths. What had been a beauty like the burning sun fades out in Vandyke’s noble ineffectual faces, and the Low Countries, which have reached the new gyre long before the rest of Europe, convert the world to a still limited curiosity, to certain recognised forms of the picturesque constantly repeated, chance travellers at an inn door, men about a fire, men skating, the same pose or grouping,
where the subject is different, passing from picture to picture. The world begins to long for the arbitrary and accidental, for the grotesque, the repulsive and the terrible, that it may be cured of desire, and the moment has come for the ninth gyre, Phases 19, 20 and 21, and for the period that begins for the greater part of Europe with 1650 and lasts it may be to 1875.

The beginning of the gyre like that of its forerunner is violent, a breaking of the soul and world into fragments, and has for a chief character the materialistic movement at the end of the seventeenth century, all that comes out of Bacon perhaps, the foundation of our modern inductive reasoning, the declamatory religious sects and controversies that first in England and then in France destroy the sense of form, all that has its very image and idol in Bernini's big Altar in St. Peter's with its figures contorted and convulsed by religion as though by the devil. Men change rapidly from deduction to deduction, opinion to opinion, have but one impression at a time and utter it always, no matter how often they change, with the same emphasis. Then the gyre develops a new coherence in the external scene; and violent men, each master of some generalisation, arise one after another: Napoleon, a man of the 20th Phase in the historical 21st—personality in its hard final generalisation—typical of all. The artistic life, where most characteristic of the general movement, shows the effect of the closing of the Tinctures. It is external, sentimental and logical,—the poetry of Pope and Gray, the philosophy of Johnson and of Rousseau—equally simple in emotion or in thought, the old oscillation in a new form. Personality is everywhere spreading out its fingers in vain, or grasping with an always more convulsive grasp a world where the predominance of physical science, of finance and economics in all their forms, of democratic politics, of vast populations, of architecture where styles jostle
one another, of newspapers where all is heterogenous, show that mechanical force will in a moment become supreme.

That art discovered by Dante of marshalling into a vast antithetical structure antithetical material became through Milton Latinised and artificial—the Shades, as Sir Thomas Browne said, "steal or contrive a body"—and now it changes that it may marshal into a still Antithetical structure Primary material, and the modern novel is created, but even before the gyre is drawn to its end, the happy ending, the admired hero, the preoccupation with desirable things, all that is undisguisedly Antithetical disappears.

All the art of the gyre that is not derived from the external scene, is a Renaissance echo growing always more conventional or more shadowy, but since the Renaissance—Phase 22 of the cone of the era—the "Emotion of Sanctity," that first relation to the Spiritual Primary has been possible in those things that are most intimate and personal, but not until Phase 22 of the millennium cone will general thought be ready for its expression. A mysterious contact is perceptible first in painting and then in poetry and last in prose. In painting it comes where the influence of the Low Countries and that of Italy mingle, but always rarely and faintly. I do not find it in Watteau but there is a preparation for it, a sense of exhaustion of old interests—"they do not believe even in their own happiness," Verlaine said—and then suddenly it is present in the faces of Gainsborough's women as it has been in no face since the Egyptian sculptor buried in a tomb that image of a princess carved in wood. Reynolds had nothing of it, an ostentatious fashionable man fresh from Rome, he stayed content with fading Renaissance emotion and modern curiosity. In frail women's faces—Lady Bessborough's rises before me—the soul awakes—all its prepossession, the accumu-
lated learning of centuries swept away—and looks out upon us wise and foolish like the dawn. Then it is everywhere, it finds the village providence of the eighteenth century and turns him into Goethe, who for all that comes to no conclusion, his Faust after his hundred years but reclaiming land like some Sir Charles Grandison or Voltaire in his old age. It makes the heroines of Jane Austen seek, not as their grandfathers and grandmothers would have done, theological or political truth, but simply good breeding, as though to increase it were more than any practical accomplishment. In poetry alone it finds its full expression for it is a quality of the emotional nature (Celestial Body acting through Mask); and creates all that is most beautiful in modern English poetry from Blake to Arnold, all that is not a fading echo, and one discovers it in those symbolist writers like Verhaeren who substitute an entirely personal wisdom for the physical beauty or passionate emotion of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In painting it shows most often where the aim has been archaistic, as though it were an accompaniment of what the popular writers call decadence, as though old emotions had first to be exhausted. I think of the French portrait painter Ricard to whom it was more a vision of the mind than a research, for he would say to his sitter "you are so fortunate as to resemble your picture," and of Mr Charles Ricketts, my education in so many things. How often his imagination moves stiffly as though in fancy dress, and then there is something,—Sphinx, Danaides—that makes me remember Callimachus' return to Ionic elaboration and shudder as though I stared into an abyss full of eagles. Everywhere this vision or rather this contact is faint or intermittent and it is always fragile; Dickens was able with a single book, Pickwick, to substitute for Jane Austen's privileged and perilous research the camaraderie of the inn parlour, qualities
that every man might hope to possess, and it did not return till Henry James began to write.

Certain men have sought to express the new emotion through the Creative Mind, though fit instruments of expression do not yet exist, and so to establish, in the midst of our ever more abundant primary information, antithetical wisdom; but such men, Blake, Coventry Patmore at moments, Nietzsche, unlike those who, from Richardson to Tolstoi, from Hobbes to Mill and Spencer, have grown in number and serenity, are full of morbid excitement and few in number. They were begotten in the Sistine Chapel and still dream that all can be transformed if they be but emphatic; yet Nietzsche, when the doctrine of the Eternal Recurrence drifts before his eyes, knows for an instant that nothing can be and is almost of the next gyre.

The period from 1875 to 1927 (Phase 22)—in some countries and in some forms of thought it is from 1815 to 1927—is like that from 1250 to 1300 (Phase 8) a period of abstraction, and like it also in that it is preceded and followed by abstraction. Phase 8 was preceded by the Schoolmen and followed by legalists and inquisitors and Phase 22 was preceded by the great popularisers of physical science and economic science, and will be followed by social movements and applied science. Abstraction which began at Phase 19 will end at Phase 25 for these movements and this science will have for their object or result the elimination of intellect. Our generation has stood at the climax, at what I call in "The Trembling of the Veil" Hodos Chameliontos, or has witnessed a first weariness, and when the climax passes will recognise that there common secular thought began to break and disperse. Tolstoi in "War and Peace" had still preference, could argue about this thing or that other, had a belief in Providence and a disbelief in Napoleon, but Flaubert in his
St. Anthony had neither belief, nor preference, and so it is that, even before the general surrender of the will, there came synthesis for its own sake, organisation where there is no masterful director, books where the author has disappeared, painting where some accomplished brush paints with an equal pleasure, or with a bored impartiality, the human form or an old bottle, dirty weather and clean sunshine. I too think of famous works where synthesis has been carried to the utmost limit possible, where there are elements of inconsequence or discovery of hitherto ignored ugliness, and I notice that when the limit is approached or past, when the moment of surrender is reached, when the new gyre begins to stir, I am filled with excitement. I think of recent mathematical research, and even my ignorance can compare it with that of Newton—so plainly of the 19th Phase—with its objective world intelligible to intellect; and I recognise that the limit itself has become a new dimension, and that this ever hidden thing which makes us fold our hands has begun to press down upon multitudes. Having bruised their hands upon that limit men, for the first time since the seventeenth century, see the world as an object of contemplation, not as something to be remade, and some few, meeting the limit in their special study, even doubt if there is any common experience, that is to say doubt the possibility of science.

It is said that at Phase 8 there is always civil war, and at Phase 22 always war, and as this war is always a defeat for those who have conquered, we have repeated the wars of Alexander.

I discover already the first phase—Phase 23—of the last quarter in certain friends of mine, and in writers, poets and sculptors admired by these friends, who have a form of strong love and hate hitherto unknown in the arts. It is with them a matter of conscience to live in their own exact instant of time, and they defend their
conscience like theologians. They are all absorbed in some technical research to the entire exclusion of the personal dream. It is as though the forms in the stone or in their reverie began to move with an energy which is not that of the human mind. Very often these forms are mechanical, are as it were the mathematical forms that sustain the physical primary—I think of the work of Mr Wyndham Lewis, his powerful "cacophony of sardine tins," and of those marble eggs, or objects of burnished steel too drawn up or tapered out to be called eggs, of M. Brancussi, who has gone further than Mr Wyndham Lewis from recognisable subject matter and so from personality; of sculptors who would certainly be rejected as impure by a true sectary of this moment, the Scandinavian Milles, Meštrović perhaps, masters of a geometrical pattern or rhythm which seems to impose itself wholly from beyond the mind, the artist "standing outside himself." I compare them to sculpture or painting where now the artist now the model imposes his personality. I think especially of the art of the 21st Phase which was at times so anarchic, Rodin creating his powerful art out of the fragments of those Gates of Hell that he had found himself unable to hold together—images out of a personal dream, "the hell of Baudelaire not of Dante," he had said to Symons. I find at this 23rd Phase which is it is said the first where there is hatred of the abstract, where the intellect turns upon itself, Mr Ezra Pound, Mr Eliot, Mr Joyce, Signor Pirandello, who either eliminate from metaphor the poet's phantasy and substitute a strangeness discovered by historical or contemporary research or who break up the logical processes of thought by flooding them with associated ideas or words that seem to drift into the mind by chance; or who set side by side as in "Henry IV," "The Waste Land," "Ulysses," the physical primary—a lunatic among his keepers, a man fishing behind a gas works, the vulgarity of a single
Dublin day prolonged through 700 pages—and the spiritual primary, delirium, the Fisher King, Ulysses’ wandering. It is as though myth and fact, united until the exhaustion of the Renaissance, have now fallen so far apart that man understands for the first time the rigidity of fact, and calls up, by that very recognition, myth—the Mask—which now but gropes its way out of the mind’s dark but will shortly pursue and terrify. In practical life one expects the same technical inspiration, the doing of this or that not because one would, or should, but because one can, consequent licence, and with those “out of phase” anarchic violence with no sanction in general principles. If there is violent revolution, and it is the last phase where political revolution is possible, the dish will be made from what is found in the pantry and the cook will not open her book. There may be greater ability than hitherto for men will be set free from old restraints, but the old intellectual hierarchy gone they will thwart and jostle one another.

One tries to discover the nature of the 24th Phase which will offer peace—perhaps by some generally accepted political or religious action, perhaps by some more profound generalisation—calling up before the mind those who speak its thoughts in the language of our earlier time. Peguy in his Joan of Arc trilogy displays the national and religious tradition of the French poor, as he, a man perhaps of the 24th phase, would have it, and Claudel in his “L’Otage” the religious and secular hierarchies perceived as history. I foresee a time when the majority of men will so accept an historical tradition that they will quarrel, not as to who can impose his personality upon others but as to who can best embody the common aim, when all personality will seem an impurity—“sentimentality,” “sullenness,” “egotism”—something that revolts not morals alone but good taste. There will be no longer great intellect for a ceaseless
activity will be required of all; and where rights are swallowed up in duties, and solitude is difficult, creation except among avowedly archaistic and unpopular groups will grow impossible. Phase 25 may arise, as the code wears out from repetition, to give new motives for obedience, or out of some scientific discovery which seems to contrast, a merely historical acquiescence, with an enthusiastic acceptance of the general will conceived of as a present energy—"Sibyll what would you?" "I would die." Then with the last gyre must come a desire to be ruled or rather, seeing that desire is all but dead, an adoration of force spiritual or physical, and society as mechanical force be complete at last.

Constrained, arraigned, baffled, bent and unbent
   By those wire-jointed jaws and limbs of wood
Themselves obedient,
   Knowing not evil or good.

A decadence will descend, by perpetual moral improvement, upon a community which may seem like some woman of New York or Paris who has renounced her rouge pot to lose her figure and grow coarse of skin and dull of brain, feeding her calves and babies somewhere upon the edge of the wilderness. The decadence of the Greco-Roman world with its violent soldiers and its mahogany dark young athletes was as great, but that suggested the bubbles of life turned into marbles, whereas what awaits us, being democratic and primary, may suggest bubbles in a frozen pond—mathematical Babylonian starlight.

When the new era comes bringing its stream of irrational force it will, as did Christianity, find its philosophy already impressed upon the minority who have, true to phase, turned away at the last gyre from the Physical Primary. And it must awake into life, not Dürer's, nor Blake's, nor Milton's human form divine—nor yet
Nietzsche's superman, nor Patmore's catholic, boasting "a tongue that's dead"—the brood of the Sistine Chapel—but organic groups, covens of physical or intellectual kin melted out of the frozen mass. I imagine new races, as it were, seeking domination, a world resembling but for its immensity that of the Greek tribes—each with its own Daimon or ancestral hero—the brood of Leda, War and Love; history grown symbolic, the biography changed into a myth. Above all I imagine everywhere the opposites, no mere alternation between nothing and something like the Christian brute and ascetic, but true opposites, each living the other's death, dying the other's life.

It is said that the primary impulse "creates the event" but that the antithetical "follows it" and by this I understand that the Second Fountain will arise after a long preparation and as it were out of the very heart of human knowledge, and seem when it comes no interruption but a climax. It is possible that the ever increasing separation from the community as a whole of the cultivated classes, their increasing certainty, and that falling in two of the human mind which I have seen in certain works of art is preparation. During the period said to commence in 1927, with the 11th gyre, must arise a form of philosophy, which will become religious and ethical in the 12th gyre and be in all things opposite of that vast plaster Herculean image, final primary thought. It will be concrete in expression, establish itself by immediate experience, seek no general agreement, make little of God or any exterior unity, and it will call that good which a man can contemplate himself as doing always and no other doing at all. It will make a cardinal truth of man's immortality that its virtue may not lack sanction, and of the soul's re-embodiment that it may restore to virtue that long preparation none can give and hold death an interruption.
The supreme experience, Plotinus' ecstasy, ecstasy of the Saint, will recede, for men—finding it difficult—substituted dogma and idol, abstractions of all sorts, things beyond experience; and men may be long content with those more trivial supernatural benedictions as when Athena took Achilles by his yellow hair. Men will no longer separate the idea of God from that of human genius, human productivity in all its forms.

Unlike Christianity which had for its first Roman teachers cobblers and weavers, this thought must find expression among those that are most subtle, most rich in memory; that Gainsborough face floats up; among the learned—every sort of learning—among the rich—every sort of riches—among men of rank—every sort of rank—and the best of those that express it will be given power, less because of that they promise than of that they seem and are. This much can be thought because it is the reversal of what we know, but those kindreds once formed must obey irrational force and so create hitherto unknown experience, or that which is incredible.

Though it cannot interrupt the intellectual stream—being born from it and moving within it—it may grow a fanaticism and a terror, and at its first outsetting oppress the ignorant—even the innocent—as Christianity oppressed the wise, seeing that the day is far off when the two halves of man can define each its own unity in the other as in a mirror, Sun in Moon, Moon in Sun, and so escape out of the Wheel.

Finished at Capri, February, 1925.
The document contains text that is not legible due to the quality of the image. It appears to be a page from a book or a document, but the text is not clear enough to transcribe accurately.
BOOK IV

THE GATES OF PLUTO
1. THE FOOL BY THE ROADSIDE

When my days that have
From cradle run to grave
From grave to cradle run instead;
When thoughts that a fool
Has wound upon a spool
Are but loose thread, are but loose thread;

When cradle and spool are past
And I mere shade at last
Coagulate of stuff
Transparent like the wind,
I think that I may find
A faithful love, a faithful love.
2. THE GREAT WHEEL AND FROM DEATH TO BIRTH

I

STRAY THOUGHTS

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA in "De Occulta Philosophia" quotes from "Orpheus"—"The Gates of Pluto cannot be unlocked, within is a people of dreams," and from that sentence I take the name of this fourth book, in which I must consider the condition from death to birth.

I must speak much of the Daimon, and yet we can know nothing of the Daimon except by the Complementary Dream. She is not phasal and yet we must speak as if she were because she affects human life, now through one Faculty and now through another, and if we are to strengthen her influence or to moderate it we must know what these Faculties are. She is that being united to man which knows neither good nor evil, and shapes the body in the womb, and impresses upon the mind its form. She is revealed to man in moments of prevision and illumination and in much that we call good and evil fortune, and yet, seeing that she remains always in the Thirteenth Cycle, cannot accompany man in his wanderings, nor can her tutelage of man be eternal, seeing that after many cycles man also inhabits the Thirteenth Cycle and has in a certain way a greater
power than hers. When both are as it were side by side in the same cycle, she like a spirit of the 15th Phase, can communicate with one living man, chosen still doubtless from a cycle beneath her own, whereas the man can communicate with an indefinite number of other men. We can but fall back on image and say that they are united for twelve cycles, and are then set free from one another, she being Full Moon and he Full Sun; though when we consider all with the eyes of living man he is Moon and she the Sun.

Presently I must speak of the Ghostly Self by which the creators of this system mean the permanent self, that which in the individual may correspond to the fixed circle of the figure, neither Man nor Daimon, before the whirling of the Solar and Lunar cones. It is the source of that which is unique in every man, understanding by unique that which is one and so cannot be analysed into anything else.

I do not think of death as separation from body but from the exclusive association with one body for in no experience possible to the human spirit, as it is known to me, does the human spirit cease to use directly or through the Record the senses of living men. Upon the other hand, eye and ear and touch have not always the same range for the living and the dead, nor has the brain of the living, when the dead and the living use it, the same capacity, for the dead are the wisdom of the living. Seeing that the body is a portion of the Daimon's Body of Fate it may be said that the Daimon, and therefore all associated Daimons or Spirits, are nearer to the body than to the intellect. Nor must the dead be thought of as living an abstract life for it is the living who create abstraction which "consumes itself away."
II

The Vision of the Blood Kindred

At death the man passes into what seems to him afterwards a state of darkness and sleep; there is a sinking in upon fate analogous to that of the individual cones at Phase 22. During the darkness he is surrounded by his kindred, present in their simulacrae, or in their Spirits when they are between lives, the more recent dead the more visible. Because of their presence it is called the Vision of the Blood Kindred.

III

The Separation of the Four Principles

The Spirit first floats horizontally within the man’s dead body, but then rises until it stands at his head. The Celestial Body is also horizontal at first but lies in the opposite position, its feet where the Spirit’s head is, and then rising, as does the Spirit, stands up at last at the feet of the man’s body. The Passionate Body rises straight up from the genitals and stands in the centre. The Husk remains in the body until the time for it to be separated and lost in Anima Mundi. The separation of the Principles from the body is caused by the Daimon’s gathering into the Passionate Body memory of the past life—perhaps but a single image or thought—which is always taken from the unconscious memories of the living, from the Record of all those things which have been seen but have not been noticed or accepted by the intellect, and the Record is always truthful.
IV

THE AWAKENING OF THE SPIRITS

THE Spirit meanwhile has passed from the Vision of the Blood Kindred into meditation, but of this meditation we are told little except that it is upon the coming "dissolution of the Passionate Body" and that, though in certain cycles it may be prolonged for a very great period, with us it ends with burial. The Spirit may appear to the living during this meditation, but if it does so it will show in the likeness of the body as that body was shortly before death. The meditation may be moved and shaped by the Burial Ritual, for the body has become a symbol, and as the Spirit has entered upon a condition that is a dream, thoughts inspired among the living by that Ritual can influence its life. Now in its turn the Spirit gradually awakens, and it is said that the awakening may begin with the sight of a flower upon the grave where it appears shining amidst the general darkness. In the world where it is now the human soul is seen to give forth light which is transmitted to objects and the thought of some mourner will illuminate the flower. The Spirit is somewhere said to appear as a colourless outline until at this awakening it gradually takes upon itself something of the hues of the living man. Its coming to self-knowledge may be long and painful. If death has been violent or tragic, Spirit and Passionate Body may dream that death again and again with intervals of awakening, and in some few cases so dream for a century or more. A gambler killed in a gambling brawl will demand his money, and a man, who has believed that nothing will remain but the decaying body may haunt the house where he has lived as an odour of decay; nor is there any reason why a man may not see reflected
in a mirror some beloved ghost who, thinking herself unobserved, will powder her face as in Mr Davies' verse.

The first night she was in her grave,
As I looked in the glass
I saw her sit upright in bed;
Without a sound it was;
I saw her hand feel in the cloth
To fetch a box of powder forth.

She sat and watched me all the while
For fear I looked her way,
I saw her powder cheek and chin
Her fast corrupting clay.
Then down my lady lay and smiled,
She thought her beauty saved, poor child.

V

THE Return

THE Spirit should separate itself from all such dreams of the Passionate Body and seek the Celestial Body, and only when so separate does it cease to dream and know that it is dead. There are therefore, in what is known as the Return, a *Waking State and a Sleeping State which alternate, and these states resemble each other in that in both are sensible images or some impression of sense, but differ in that during the Waking State these images and impressions of sense are imposed by other beings, who are bound to the dead man by the events of some past life, and in that during the Sleeping State they are recovered from the Record, by the man's Spirit or Passionate Body, and in that during the Waking State

* These states seem analogous to Sage (or teacher) and Victim respectively. During the Waking State the gyre moves but during the Sleeping State it is stationary.—Sept. 28.
alone does he know that he is no longer living. During this state which is commonly called the Teaching he is brought into the presence, as far as possible, of all sources of the action he must presently, till he has explored every consequence, dream through. This passion for the source is brought to him from his own Celestial Body which perpetually, being of the nature of Fate, dreams the events of his life backward through time. If the thought of the past life permit, he will now perceive all those persons as they now live or as they have lived, who have influenced him, or whom he has influenced, and so caused the action, but if he has belonged to some faith that has not known rebirth he may explore sources that require symbolical expression. As he cannot escape the symbols of his life, whatever his belief, he may now see himself surrounded by flames and persecuted by devils. One remembers the girl in the Japanese play whose Ghost tells a Priest of a slight sin which seems a great sin because of its unforeseen and unforeseeable consequences, and that she is persecuted by flames. If she but touch a pillar, she says, it bursts into flames, and the Priest who knows that these flames are but her own conscience made visible, tells her that if she cease to believe in them they must cease to exist. She thanks him, but the flames return, for she cannot cease to believe, and the play ends with a dance which is the expression of her agony.

The Teaching Spirits, as the Waking State returns and the first passion declines, may offer him a guidance which seems like that of some familiar institution, hospital, or school, for they are still the human mind and keep old habits of thought, but it differs from that of an institution because these spirits have been a part of his life for perhaps many centuries. The object of the Return is to exhaust pleasure and pain by the display of all the good
and evil of his past life, but it is always the old, never new pleasure or pain. He may sometimes visit the living, suggest thoughts or emotions that may amend the consequence of his acts, but cannot, unless through the eyes and ears of some spirit from a later condition, see any that were not a part of his own life. When in the Meditation he could but appear to the living in the form he last wore alive, but now he may be seen as of that age at which the event he is about to dream occurred. Most of the spirits at séances are said to belong to this condition.

When the Spirit has been for the moment exhausted by the phantasmagoria as it is sometimes called, the Passionate Body attracts it to itself, and the Sleeping State begins. The Passionate Body like the Celestial Body never ceases to dream, moving through events, however, not in the order of their occurrence but in that of their intensity, and when the Spirit returns to it the Spirit is compelled to imitate this dream, having no life except from one or other of the bodies. The man is now in what is called the Dreaming Back, and it is now that, according to ancient and modern tradition, the murderer may be seen committing his murder night after night, or perhaps upon the anniversary of its first committal; or it may be that the dream is happy and that the seer but meets the old huntsman hunting once more amid a multitude of his friends and all his hounds, or half tragic and half happy as when the mother, as the folklore of all nations and spiritualistic annals recall, comes to her orphan children. "The Divine returns to the Divinity" through the Celestial Body, and to invert Plotinus "the Lonely returns to the Lonely" in the dream of the Passionate Body, for mother, murderer and huntsman are alone. If the dreamed event was once shared by many, now dead, those many may indeed be present, and yet as each but dreams again without change what
happened when they were alive, each dreamer is alone. Should they exchange the thought of the moment, one with another, there would be contrast, conflict, and therefore creation, and the dream would not fade. The dream may be dreamed through by the *Spirit* once, or many times with short or long periods of awakening, but the man must dream the event to its consequence as far as his intensity permit; not that consequence only which occurred while he lived, and was known to him, but those that were unknown, or have occurred after his death. The more complete the exploration, the more fortunate will be his future life, but he is concerned with events only, and with the emotions that accompanied events. Every event so dreamed is the expression of some knot, some concentration of feeling separating off a period of time, or portion of the being, from the being as a whole and the life as a whole, and the dream is as it were a smoothing out or an unwinding. Yet it is said that if his nature had great intensity, and the consequences of the event affected multitudes, he may dream with slowly lessening pain and joy for centuries.

As all the consequences of the event are discovered from the *Record* made by the living—the *Spirit* finding there names, dates, and language to complete the drama, and the *Passionate Body* finding the concrete events—we may say that the dead remain a portion of the living. It is indeed said that where murderer and victim die unknown, and the crime remains unknown, the *Spirit* can find certain facts in its own *Passionate Body*, or from the *Passionate Body* of its victim, but with difficulty, and such a *Dreaming Back* is imperfect. A *Dreaming Back* may be so imperfect or so prolonged that it obsesses the next life and causes rebirth into almost the same circumstances as those already lived through, and generally into the same family. *Teaching Spirits* may assist the dreamer, and many hauntings, many
inexplicable sights and sounds, are to cause, among the living, inquiries that passing into the unconscious mind of the enquirer enable the Passionate Body or Spirit of the dreamer to perfect its knowledge.

The Spirit can even consult books, records, of all kinds, once they be brought before the eyes or even perhaps to the attention of the living, but it can see nothing there that does not concern the dream. The Spirit so dreaming, if it see the living thinks they are a portion of its dream, and is without reflection or the knowledge that it is dead. When the dream ends the Spirit withdraws from the Passionate Body which continues its purely animal dream. There is, however, the rare event, which may affect either the dreaming back or the waking state, of renewed contact of Spirit and Passionate Body with the Husk. This constitutes the true ghost as distinguished from the dream of the Spirit and Passionate Body. In this state a spirit may experience for a moment once more pleasure and pain that are not a fading memory. It is said to be dangerous to the living and a hindrance to the dead, and to include incubi and succubi, and perhaps most of those beings the Cambridge Platonist described, when he called the Devil "A Body Politick," and with whom witches made compacts to keep them, by a periodical offering of their blood, from fading out. Seeing that there is no punishment but the prolongation of the Dreaming back, and the consequent exclusion of other states, it is among Spirits so united to their Husk that we discover tempting or evil spirits.

VI

THE RETURN IN RELATION TO THE COVENS

THERE are beings which have personality, though their bodies consist of a number of minds held together by
a stream of thought or an event, and these beings, called Covens, have their own Dreaming Back, Record Teachings, and so on, and hold those, who constitute their bodies, even after death and perhaps for many lives. During his individual Teaching or Dreaming Back, an individual man is among the forms of his Coven, the Heaven and Hell of Christianity, the Spheres of Spiritualism, the Faery Hostings of Irish folk-lore, and where there is little change in civilisation and belief these forms may persist for centuries, and it is through these forms that the beings of the 13th Cycle unite the individual destiny to that of a race, or a religion, and make the individual knot coincide with that of the nation and make the untying of one the untying of both.

VII

THE SHIFTINGS

At the end of the Return which corresponds upon the diagram to the gyre associated with phases 23, 24 and 25, the Spirit is freed from pleasure and pain and is ready to enter the Shiftings where it is freed from Good and Evil, and in this state which is a state of intellect, it lives through a life which is said to be in all things opposite to that lived through in the world, and dreamed through in the Return. As the documents are here more than usually obscure and strange and as I am afraid of unconsciously perverting their meaning, I will quote certain passages. If the surroundings of a past life were "good" they are now "evil" and where "evil" "good," and if a man has had good motives "they are now evil, and if evil good . . . . because it is not virtue to be good knowing no evil, nor is it sin to be evil knowing
no good . . . Good is not good if it is not a conquest of evil, and evil is not evil unless a conquest of good." And this is amplified later on with the statement that if one has been in any matter good, knowing evil, or evil, knowing good, one suffers in that matter no transformation. Yet seeing that one is generally good or evil in ignorance, the state is for most men "the best possible life in the worst possible surroundings" or the direct contrary, and this is brought about by no external law but by a craving in the Principles to know what life has hidden, that the Daimon who knows intellect but not good and evil, may be satisfied. Yet there is no suffering "for in a state of equilibrium there is neither emotion nor sensation"; and seeing that for all, "in the limits of the good and evil of the previous life, . . . the soul is brought to a comprehension of good and evil, neither the utmost evil nor the utmost good can force sensation or emotion." Evil is that which opposes Unity of Being and seeing that man seeks his primary in woman, and woman her antithetical in man, a relationship of sex displays good and evil in their most subtle and overpowering form. Therefore it is said that in the Shiftings men and women relive their loves, and not as in the Dreaming Back to exhaust pleasure and pain, but that they may separate that which belongs to their true primary or true antithetical from that which seems to, and therefore exhaust good and evil themselves. The man would know the woman utterly and so he must relive his love in all things whereof he was ignorant, turning good fortune into complete tragedy, or tragedy into good fortune, that he may test his love in every fire; and if the woman be dead and in like condition she will be present in reality, but if not, in similitude alone. Yet whether she be there or not there, the dream will be but the same, for he can see nothing but his dream. Light loves, loves without mutual recognition, may not
long delay him, for their circumstance and consequence have been exhausted in the *Dreaming Back*, and their effect upon himself has been but little, but strong love given in ignorance may be relived again and again, though not with suffering, for all now is intellect and he is all *Daimon*, and tragic and happy circumstance alike offer an intellectual ecstasy at the revelation of truth, and the most horrible tragedy in the end can but seem a figure in a dance. Yet his dream, like that of the *Dreaming Back*, is not like dreams in sleep, for though it seems to him reality, he sees beside it the love that he actually did live, a reality that seems a dream, for without that he could not bring his soul to quiescence.

In the *Waking State* of *The Shiftings* there is no reliving of the past, and though the soul is taught, there is no teaching, and there is no *Teacher* but the *Celestial Body*, for it is a form of life; the soul is as it were folding up into itself. We can say of it that it is no longer in space, but, in the measure of its truth to phase, in time alone, past and present being within equal reach—for so it is the documents put it—and yet it is more intelligible to say that it has now received from the *Celestial Body* the *Record* of its past existence. It has no memory of its own, apart from this *Record*, having no acquired faculties, and thinks not as man thinks but as *Daimon* thinks. Abstraction has gone, no thread of the cloth can be separated from any other thread, and the whole cloth is unwound. It is now, as the *Shiftings* close, brought by the *Celestial Body* into the presence, not of the source of its good and evil, for it must transcend good and evil, but into that of all typical qualities of its being, and all the associates of its past lives in the order of their phase that it may see their loves and its own as one single wheel; and where the *Celestial Body* is in contact with the beings of the Thirteenth Cycle it may carry to the living messages concerned with
purposes that transcend individual life, or upon the other hand it may carry from its own Celestial Body messages that concern individual life alone. But when it goes upon these messages—remembering that it can hear but cannot see, being in time only—it must act through the intermediary of those in the Waking State of the Return, and of Spirits at Phase 1; and should it desire to appear it must by such intermediary mould into a living image the most vivid memory of itself found in the unconscious minds of the living, and this image is always that most generally known, for it is still “suggestible.” Sometimes these messengers make their presence known by some scent or sound or sight associated with them, and it is through this scent or sound or sight that they draw upon the physical vitality of a man, or upon the knowledge of the Daimon of this man to whom they are sent, or of that other who may help the delivery of the message. When through intermediaries they make use of our eyes, they can unlike those in the Return understand records which have no relation to their own past. They are most commonly sent to those with whom they have lived in some near or distant past, and they always “take upon themselves the exact mental condition of the person they communicate with; if with some person they have injured, they take on the sense of that injury . . . sorrow, suspicion, self-doubt.”

VIII

Expiation for Those in the Shiftings and in the Return

Seeing that persons are born again and again in association, mother and son at first it may be, then wife and husband, brother and sister, and that our loves and
friendships are many, each person is a part of a community of spirits and our re-embodiments are governed and caused by passions that we must exhaust in all their forms. As all strong passions are said to contain "cruelty and deceit" and so to require expiation, one deceived as to motive cannot pass out of the Shiftings if unable to complete the transposition of life and surroundings, and some other who has sinned in act may be compelled to relive his phase again and again till he has completed the expiation which frees both souls. "An Act" or motive that created action is "expiated in physical life" but an intellectual defect in "spiritual life." So that a man who has been deceived but has not retaliated expiates in the Shiftings what, must have found, had he retaliated, an expiation during physical life. Expiation during physical life is caused by the craving to experience that which we have done to another, to reverse in action what the disembodied soul reverses in thought, and we owe it not to that other but to our own Daimon which, but for "cruelty or deceit," had found the Daimon of that other. The expiation is followed by a prolonged or short mingling of the Daimons. Expiation is a harmonisation of being, and we seek out the image, reflected in some living man or woman, of that other being, that we may achieve it in action. It affects that other who must achieve it in thought by Complementary Dream for the expiations are simultaneous.

Until an act has been expiated the same circumstance occurs again and again, as though the Dreaming Back flowed over into the life that followed. One woman has endured a drunken husband because of a wrong done to a husband in another life, while another expiates, by a life of devotion to an un-loved man, a suicide whereby under some misunderstanding she had deserted a man she loved. During these acts of expiation the life may
be embittered "by an inhibition of the active qualities" and a suffering which is a "physical emotional and spiritual, and not moral purgation." And there is always a sense of being fated. This inhibition, this sense of being fated is not always an unhappiness. A life of voluntary surrender to another may create an unconscious craving for its opposite, and this craving may produce a prosperous self-appeasing life which is fated and so expiatory. A Knot is first in the being, and is called a Knot of Destiny, but in the life that follows, may be in the events themselves, and uncontrollable by the being, and is then a Knot of Fate. That the expiatory suffering, or pleasure, may affect a particular disembodied soul, the Celestial Body of that soul is through its Spirit imposed, while in the Waking State of the Shiftings, as an image upon some living man or woman, and that man or woman is then loved, not for his or her own sake but for that of the dead. Yet this image, not being imposed upon the desires but upon the unconscious mind, does not create new deception and expiation. There is indeed a condition of the soul when an image, unexhausted in the Dreaming Back, does impose a physical image upon the desire of the living, but this is not expiation though it may—if the same person be dominated by both images—be as it were mixed into expiation. A purgation completed brings good fortune and happiness, a consciousness of luck.

A race may at times become dominated like an individual by a subconscious desire for suffering or for ease, as an expiation for acts done centuries before to some race whose Coven has passed into Daimonic life.

There are other forms of expiation with which I shall not concern myself in this book, but there is one on which I must touch later, for it is that whereby supernatural forms of the more powerful kind are created.
IX

BEATITUDE

AFTER the Shiftings the Spirit is for a short time "out of space and time," and every other abstraction, and is said not to move in a gyre but in a sphere, being as it were present everywhere at once. Beatitude is the result of the expiations of living man and disembodied soul, and the final harmony so established, and it is said that while still living we receive joy from those we have served—choosing tragedy they abandon to us this cast-off joy?—whereas we receive from those we have wronged, ecstasy, described as the only perfected love and as emotion born when we love that which we hate knowing that it is fated.

In life, seeing that the Four Faculties and the Husk and Passionate Body constrain all, we are in accident and passion; but now Spirit and Celestial Body constrain all, the one calling up all concrete universal quality and idea, and the other closing it in the unique image. Nor can I consider the Beatitude as any state beyond man's comprehension, but as the presence before the soul in some settled order, which has arisen out of the soul's past, of all those events or works of men which have expressed some quality of wisdom or of beauty or of power within the compass of that soul, and as more completely human and actual than any life lived in a particular body. It is the momentary union of the Spirit and the Celestial Body with the Ghostly Self and fades into or is preceded by what is called the Vision of the Clarified Body, which is indeed a Vision of our own Celestial Body as that body will be when all cycles end.

(Mr Yeats, indulgent to Christian or primary prejudice, permits me to say that in the Robartes Papers I find
this passage—"The Celestial Body is the Divine Cloak lent to all; at the Consummation the Cloak falls for the Christ is revealed." A passage that reminds me of Bardesan's "Hymn of the Soul" where a king's son asleep in Egypt is sent a cloak which is also an image of the body of him to whom it is sent—the Celestial Body acting through the Mask—and the king's son sets out to his father's kingdom clad in the cloak. I find also that the Ghostly Self is so named, not as it might seem because it is shadowy but because the Beatitude and the two states that follow correspond to the 13th, 14th and 15th Cycles which correspond in their turn to Holy Ghost, Son and Father.—Owen Aherne.)

X

*The States before Birth, called The Going Forth and the Foreknowing

WERE the Spirit strong enough, or were its human cycles finished, it would remain, as in the Beatitude, permanently united to its Ghostly Self, or would, after two more states, be reborn into a spiritual cycle where the movement of the gyre is opposite to that in our cycles, and incomprehensible to us, but it will almost certainly pass to human rebirth because of its terror of what seems to be the loss of its own being. Whether it pass to a spiritual or to a human rebirth it must receive in the Beatitude—in Cancer—the Cup of Lethe. There all thoughts or images drawn from the Faculties during the Shiftings or the Dreaming Back, or that have remained

* The Documents where they describe existence between the Beatitude and birth are exceedingly confused and what I have written on the subject is less founded upon what they say than upon my knowledge of the system as a whole.—Sept. 26.
in the Faculties, must be passed into the Ghostly Self and so be forgotten by the Spirit. It has now no fixed form, or rather one should say, cannot impose a fixed form upon its intermediaries, or be represented by a fixed correspondence, for it is not in space, nor is it "suggestible" like an inhabitant of the Shiftings though like this inhabitant it lives in what is to us darkness. It has, through its intermediaries and our senses and its own darkness, an almost limitless vision of concrete reality, and is in the presence of all those activities whose Complementary Dream is in our art, or music or literature, and of those men and women who have finished all their cycles and are called "Those who wait." We may even while we live hear their voices when in a state of trance, but speaking detached and broken sentences, and that which they say is always the greatest wisdom attainable by our soul. It is now, however, that there comes, seeing that it must recover or find its new Husk, a craving for deception, for pleasure and for pain, and it passes into the state called the Foreknowing and into space among abstracted types and forms; and there, in a reversal of the Dreaming Back, it sees events and people that shall influence its coming life upon earth, and as it can see that influence, as can no living man, it is possessed with violent love and hate, a wilful passion comparable to the fated passion of the Dreaming Back. Such souls if drunk with prevision may become what are called Frustrators and through their power over human emotion, or if helped by more powerful beings over the Body of Fate of some living man, prevent, or try to prevent, the beginnings of those things that they fear.

(Robartes told me that while in Arabia his work was constantly interfered with by illness, his own or somebody else's, and that he came to know the presence of Frustrators by animal odours like that of the excrement
of some beast, or by the smell of a guttering candle. He said that these odours were objective, for anybody who came into the tent smelt them. He blamed the Frustrators for the inadequacy and confusion of all his own notes which deal with the life between death and birth, and insisted that the original revelation to Kusta Ben Luka had been, so far as this subject is concerned, left unfinished for the same reason. A curious point of his was that souls immediately before birth frequently thought of themselves as becoming small, and that this called up an imagination of small beasts, birds and flies. He had known, he said, two Arab women who found, one a mouse in her shoe, the other in her bed, the night before their first children were born. He thought that mice, constrained by the imagination of the unborn, were perhaps really there.—Owen Aherne.)

In certain cycles the soul is able within limits to choose into what body it shall be born, but in most it must accept the choice of others. Then comes the sleep in the womb and it must be in this sleep I think that there comes what is called the Vision of the Friends to distinguish it from that of the Blood Kindred.

In the Beatitude and in the states that immediately follow, the man is subject to his Daimon only, and there is no alternation of sleep and waking. In the Beatitude communication with the living is through that state of soul, where an extreme activity is indistinguishable from an equal passivity.

"Mind moved but seemed to stop
As 'twere a spinning top,"

and in the Going Forth through those actions and emotions, which are at once conscious and automatic like sudden rage and bodily desire, and nobler emotions cut from the same piece. And yet, through inter-
mediaries, souls in the *Going Forth* can use all forms of communication not peculiar to the *Beatitude*.

The *Going Forth* lasts longer than any state except the *Return*, which may last for generations.

**XI**

**Funeral Images, Works of Art, and the Dead**

In the other life, as we have described it, there is no creation of separated form, that being the work of the living, and until the *Beatitude* there is no deliberate selection of form. All antiquity seems to have thought the newly dead "suggestible," compelled even to go where living men commanded. I have a story of a Sligo stable boy who was dismissed by his employer because he had sent her late husband’s ghost to haunt a weather-beaten lighthouse, far out in the bay. A dying Mahommedan is sometimes guarded by relatives that he may look upon no ugly woman and so compel the ghostly women he will shortly meet to take her form. A Brahmin once told Florence Farr that he disliked acting because if a man died playing Hamlet he would be Hamlet in the life to come. A Galway woman told a friend of mine she had met this friend’s dead husband in an old torn coat, but that if my friend gave a new coat, made to his measure, to some poor man, he would have the use of it. I heard a like story in Munster but there the ghost returned to thank the giver dressed in the new clothes. A king in Heroditus burned the best clothes of the ladies in his neighbourhood that his dead wife might make her choice. A man once told in my hearing a long story of a ghost who appeared at his bedside in a suit of clothes that had, as he proved, by some
argument I forget, been copied from a portrait. One thinks of the burial customs of antiquity, all that they hid away in tombs—boats, chairs, oars, and weapons, the realistic statue of the dead man, or the golden mask upon his face—and one may well conclude that all were there to help the Dreaming Back of the Spirit or its Waking State in the Return. At some moment of the past it was discovered by some living man, or more likely taught by some dead man, that all being but "suggestion" the clay or wooden image would serve as well as the real boat or the real slave, or even that a painting upon the wall sufficed, for that which made the image serviceable was not its magnitude or its reality but the fervour and precision of the ceremony of dedication, that is to say the might of the "suggestion." The first portraits were statues buried in tombs and buried there, as we believe, to assist the Spirit in its Dreaming Back, and Strzygowski thinks that the first landscape—a landscape painted or worked in mosaic within the dome of some Mazdian Temple—was "connected with the cult of the dead, the might and majesty of departed spirits." The Christmas before last the spiritualistic paper "Light" described how some woman had been directed by spirits to make a Christmas tree for the pleasure of spirit children. After the toys had served that turn they were to be given to some children's hospital. She and a medium sat beside the tree on Christmas night and she heard the spirit children asking for this or that toy, and older spirits—Teaching Spirits doubtless—answering. They seemed to unloose the toy which remained, however, in its place upon the bough.* One recognises in those "synthetic cigars" in "Raymond," a venerable tradition; but may

*The ceremony was repeated last Christmas, and this time the name of the child for whom each toy was intended was by direction of the Spirits written near it. This made the dedication precise with the precision of antiquity.—W. B. Y.
be permitted to consider the scientific language and explanation as borrowed from the subconsciousness of the questioner, or from that of some associated person.

XII

*THE SPIRITS AT FIFTEEN AND AT ONE*

It is said of the Spirits at Phases 15 and 1 that the first need help and the second give it. The second give it because they are the instrument of communication between men and all orders of Spirits, where the communication shows an automatic element, and they are also said to give the "Kiss of Life" while the first give what is called the "Kiss of Death." The Spirits at 15 need help that, before entering upon their embodied state, they may rid themselves of all traces of the primary Tincture, and this they gain by imposing upon a man or woman's mind an antithetical image which requires primary expression. It is this expression, which may be an action or a work of art, which sets them free, and the image imposed is an ideal form, an image of themselves, a type of emotion which expresses them, and this they can do but upon one man or woman's mind; their coming life depending upon their choice of that mind. They suffer from the terror of solitude, and can only free themselves from terror by becoming entirely antithetical and so self-sufficing, and till that moment comes each must, if a woman, give some one man her love, and though he cannot, unless out of phase and obsessed to

*Much in this chapter belongs to a part of the system that requires a more detailed study than I can at present give. I may be mistaken and only include it because the Documents insist upon the importance of the form of expiation described. It is connected with those critical and initiatory moments touched on in Book II Sec. XIV.*
the creation of a succuba know that his muse exists, he returns this love through the intermediary of an idol. This idol he creates out of an image imposed upon his imagination by the Spirit. This Spirit is said to give the "Kiss of Death" because though she that gives it may persecute other idols, being jealous, the idol has not come out of the man's desire. Its expression is a harmonisation which frees the Spirit from terror and the man from desire, and that which is born from the man, and from an all but completed solitude, is called an antithetical Arcon. Such Arcons deal with form not wisdom. It is of that Kiss I thought when I made Emer say:

"They find our men asleep, weary with war,
   Or weary with the chase, and kiss their lips
   And drop their hair upon them; from that hour
   Our men, who yet know nothing of it all,
   Are lonely, and when at fall of night we press
   Their hearts upon our hearts, their hearts are cold."

If the Spirit at 15 be a man he must give the "Kiss of Death" to some woman.

There is yet another expiation that follows denial of experience, the wilful refusal of expression. Because of this denial the Ghostly Self is famished and so in the succeeding life there comes upon the man a craving to inflict upon himself that which he has inflicted, to make what is called the expiation for the Ghostly Self. He will offer his love to some woman who will refuse it, or to some cause that cannot prosper, or he will seek money and find but penury, or knowledge and find but ignorance, he is full of an insatiable desire and yet that desire is unsatisfied because of the curse that is upon him and his secret craving. The Ghostly Self is as it were shut up in its own marmorean time-less infinity. That this penury and this fullness may meet in Comple-
mentary Dream as in marriage, other spiritual beings must intervene, using as their instruments still other spirits, evil perhaps, instruments of the Ghostly Self; the man must receive a violent shock from some crisis created by supernatural dramatisation. Did Dante acquire in the Thebaid the frenzy that he offered to Beatrice? In antithetical man this form of Victimage is superimposed upon Victimage for the Dead that the harmony of human emotions that creates may be followed or accompanied by acceptance of a supernatural aim. A man feels suddenly for a woman, or a woman for a man, or—if there has been in both expiation for the dead and for the Ghostly Self,—each feels for the other an emotion which has become a supernatural contemplation. I so picture my own Deirdre and Naisi when at the spectacle of triumphant evil and the approach of death they sit and play at chess, and I wrote my "Hour Glass" to describe such contemplation, but there the man being primary makes no expiation for the dead. In the one case natural love is brought to the greatest height, and in the other intellectual search, and both reduced to nothing that the soul may love what it hates, accepting at the same moment what must happen and its own being, for the Ghostly Self is that which is unique in man and in his fate. This is the moment of the greatest genius possible to that man or woman, and in it a primary or antithetical Arcon of wisdom is begotten by the Ghostly Self upon the soul. The beings who at the bidding of the Ghostly Self produce these dramatisations of evil are the corrective Spirits of Strindberg’s Swedenborgian play, called in its English translation “There are crimes and crimes.” These beings are themselves Arcons born through previous dramatisations. The Ghostly Self comes to the man by symbol and as when that symbol or vesture is not a spirit at 15 it is a spirit from Phase 1, we may speak
of the primary Arcon as born from and receiving its body from a spirit at Phase 1. Its soul may be that of any selected spirit. Once born it creates a stream of impersonal expression or search. In every supernatural communication or influence which has a public object there is such an Arcon that its supernatural body may give stability and continuity. These beings begotten in tragedy may be brought forth in joy; and all works which are new creation, and so not from desire which can but repeat that which is already known, are brought forth under their influence or under that of beings, born from men and from the spirits at Phase 15. Was it at the Crucifixion or in the Agony in the Garden that the being was begotten whose history imaged itself in that of Christendom?

There are also Arcons born from the marriage of a spirit at Phase 1 and a spirit at Phase 15, but these Arcons have for their body neither expression nor search but the work of art, the philosophy, or action itself. They are the organic unity of thought.

XIII

COMMUNICATIONS WITH SPIRITS AND THE NATURE OF SLEEP

NO concrete image that comes before the mind in sleep is ever from the memory; for in sleep we enter upon the same life as that we enter between death and birth. Hence we may dream all night of a sweetheart or a friend or a father or a mother and speak to them, and be aware of affection or enmity, and yet if we examine our dream immediately upon waking and before our waking thought has had time to alter the dream, we find that another image has been *substituted, perhaps

*I cannot account for the fact that these substituted images often seem not only familiar but that their very form seems to recall the person for whom they are substituted.
very like but more probably quite unlike, perhaps even a table or a chair, and we may discover the nature of our emotion if we study the substitution which is itself a language. The concrete images that have come before us are from one or other of the states before our birth, changed by the mind's automatic phantasy, or from those images of *Anima Mundi* which have some personal link with ourselves, or images from our present life that have evaded the memory and entered the *Record* alone. All these concrete images are associated with the *Passionate Body*; but the abstract intellectual memory of the *Spirit*, that for names and qualities, continues to serve in our sleep, though we cannot connect its contents with recognisable facts. *Spirit* and *Passionate Body* are separating, for it was the waking mind that held them together; and when coherence is attained, as it is at rare moments, it is in some philosophical or symbolical dream where a new centre of coherence is discovered in the *Celestial Body*.

(Robartes told me that at Bagdad he came across an old Judwali doctor who had taken a medical degree in France, and made under his direction certain experiments upon an Arab boy. This boy was a patient of the doctor's for some physical ailment which had no connection with the fact that he talked in his sleep and would answer questions. Sometimes Robartes carried on conversations upon the most profound problems of the soul with an automatic personality which seemed sometimes the boy's own spirit and sometimes an extraneous being. He discovered that the boy's *Passionate Body* continued to dream during these conversations, but he only became aware of this dream when some physical action arising out of it interfered with articulation. Once the sleeper lapped like a cat under the influence of some chance word spoken in his hearing before he fell asleep; upon another occasion he dreamt that his
mouth was full of feathers; and so on. If afterwards
Robartes asked the boy what he had dreamt it was the
dream of the Passionate Body and that alone he remem-
bered. Upon one occasion when the boy was lapping
Robartes imitated the barking of a dog as he might for
a child. The boy’s terror was great, the beating of his
heart violent and yet Robartes had scarcely made any
attempt at mimicry. Some part of the boy’s mind must
have accepted the suggestion deliberately; the dream
must have been a self-created terror. Robartes told me
that the dream of the Passionate Body after death was
so created and that the Spirit while it shared the dream
could be sufficiently apart from it to see men, scenes,
other spirits, though it could not act or speak outside
the dream.—O. Aherne.)

In our dreams we communicate with the dead in their
Waking State, and these dreams never come to an end
though they are only known to us while we sleep. They
are part of the Automatic Faculty, which with that
plastic substance sometimes visible at séances is an
element of personality which corresponds to, without
being identical with, the Spirits at Phase 1. This
Automatic Faculty prolongs, when we walk or breathe,
an act which was in the first instance voluntary, and it
may create, under an impulse from a spirit an automatic
personality which resembles that spirit, more or less
accurately, according to the intensity of the impulse and
the freedom of the Automatic Faculty from contrary
impressions.

(During the sleep of the boy I described in a previous
note, Robartes once arranged a code with the automatic
personality. When the boy, who knew nothing of all
this was wide awake, perhaps eating or at some work,
the dream created being would comment upon Robartes’
conversation or action by tapping with the boy’s foot
or with his fork or in some similar way. Sometimes he
would speak through the boy’s lips and at such moments the boy heard nothing, though the voice was loud and clear, and though he heard everything that Robartes said and every sound in the room and everything that he himself said except those words. Gradually as the automatic personality increased in power it made visible or other signs outside the body of the boy, a sudden light, a sudden heat or cold or some strong fragrance, that of a flower frequently, and this fragrance was generally perceptible to anybody who came into the room. Once Robartes listened to the sleeping boy talking to a number of spirits, and pausing for their answers. The boy spoke to them as though he knew who they were, their capacities, and when they lived. There was something they wanted to tell him that he might know what to do in a certain difficult matter, and that they might be able to impress it on his mind they were evidently insisting that he should go away by himself at a certain hour the next day. He reluctantly consented, being a very sociable person. Next morning he knew nothing of his dream, but when the hour came round said he wanted to be alone and strayed away into the fields. On his return, he said that he had made up his mind what to do in that difficult matter. Robartes’ comment was that he had obeyed an order received in sleep without knowing that he did so and received a thought without knowing that it was not his own, and that this showed how strong is the control of the Daimons over human life.—Owen Aherne.

The automatic personality is never perhaps a puppet in the hand of the spirit that created it, but has always not only its own automatic life but that reflected from the man himself. When, however, the creator’s control is continuous, the thought and its expression may reveal a mind with powers of co-ordination greater and swifter than those of the embodied mind. One can most easily
study these powers in their physical expression, and it has long been known that the hand of the medium can under such influences trace perfect circles or make patterns of sweeping lines with a rapidity and precision no voluntary movement can achieve. A poltergeist has been known to hurl small flat stones through narrow slits in a shutter from a considerable distance, though no living man could have done it from but a few feet off. One notices there and elsewhere that mathematical clarity one would expect from Daimonic domination. It is possible even that the first jugglers did not so much imitate the effect of magic as display a sleight of hand, the result of their obsession by an automatic personality.

Primary man in certain periods of thought, Shelley's Ahasuerus, let us say, is able "By dreadful abstinence and conquering penance of the mutinous flesh" to keep his Automatic Faculty from desire and fear—hence the symbolic value given to chastity by primary philosophers—and so be both vehicle and questioner. His mind has but a single direct movement which may be wholly dominated, whereas an antithetical inspiration may demand a separation of vehicle and questioner, a relation like that between Priest and Sybil, Socrates and Diotime, wandering magician and his scryer. This relation, in its highest form, implies a constant interchange of office and such relations may so cross and re-cross that a community may grow clairvoyant. Lover and beloved, friend and friend, son and daughter, or an entire family and coven, are brought by the dramatisation of the Arcons into such a crisis that the primary oppositions and harmonies of the world are exposed in their minds and fates. There must arise in the mind of one, where the bond is between two, a need for some form of truth so intense that the Automatic Faculty of the other grows as it were hollow to receive that truth. Should the desire but be to impose a particular form of belief upon others
or upon himself the automatic personalities may exercise their control of thought or of mechanical movement for deception; but if the man desires truth itself that which comes will be the most profound truth possible to his fate. I have, however, but spoken of the communication of truth by intelligible word and there is a continual influence of Waking Spirits upon man's destiny by their control of his automatic movements during ordinary life. William Morris sometimes attributes to his heroes lucky eyes and foretells of one that all that he does unwitting shall be well done.

There is, however, communication of waking man and Sleeping Spirit, the communication during expiation and during the creation of a work of art, let us say. Self-exhaustion of a man's creative power can make his Automatic Faculty plastic to the Waking Spirits but it can only be roused into that extremity of creation and so of exhaustion, by conflict. Exhaustion and creation should follow one another like day and night, his creation bringing contact with one form of the spiritual primary, his exhaustion with another, and this can only come from a choice forced by conflict with the physical primary. When the conflict is sexual and the man and woman each Victim for the Dead and for the Ghostly Self—each miracle working idol and an object of desire, they give one another a treble love, that for the dead, that for the living, that for the never living. And if those two for whom the victimage had been undertaken be born of the man and of the woman then there is created, both before and after the birth, the position known as that of the Four Daimons, and each of the four has been set free from fate.
I find a statement that for the supreme magical work no word or symbol can be used that is still a part of living tradition, whether that tradition is known to the questioner or to the vehicle or not. Certainly when sleep is interrupted by vision the seer goes back to remote times, and the seer amidst brilliant light discovers myths and symbols that can only be verified by prolonged research. He has escaped from the individual Record to that of the race. In even a comparatively superficial communication, in so far as the actual mind of the spirit is present, words and symbols are from the individual Record and not from the individual memory. Those things which have no intellectual element, sound of wind and sea for instance, as distinguished, let us say, from speech—constantly pass into the Record without passing through the memory, and therefore come most easily to the communicators, hence frequent symbolism even where direct statement is possible. However all images, languages, forms of every kind used in communications from spirits, have passed through living minds whether in the past or in the present. All forms are from the Record, and almost always from that made by those who are still living, rarely from that made by the spirit itself while living. Sometimes, however, a spirit may come into contact with his own Husk, and through that with his own personal Record, or with the Husk of another if that other has completely separated himself from it. It may mistake that Husk for its own for it finds it difficult to distinguish between Husk and Husk. The recovery, let us say, of a language from such a Husk except in the form of whole
sentences imprinted upon the Record with their associated meaning is difficult, and a spirit with knowledge so acquired may write or speak accurately sentences in Greek or Latin because the Husk when living read or wrote or spoke such sentences, but will seldom be able to form the simplest Greek or Latin sentence for itself. It is easier to recover the concrete image than an abstraction.

XV

THE HERRING FISHERS

MUCH of this book is abstract, because it has not yet been lived, for no man can dip into life more than a moiety of any system. When a child, I went out with herring fishers one dark night, and the dropping of their nets into the luminous sea and the drawing of them up has remained with me as a dominant image. Have I found a good net for a herring fisher?

XVI

MYTHOLOGY

A BOOK of modern philosophy may prove to our logical capacity that there is a transcendental portion of our being that is timeless and spaceless, and therefore immortal, and yet our imagination remain subjected to nature as before. The great books—Berkeley's "Principles of Human Knowledge" let us say—beget new books, whole generations of books, but life goes on unchanged. It was not so with ancient philosophy
because the ancient philosopher had something to reinforce his thought,—the Gods, the Sacred Dead, Egyptian Theurgy, the Priestess Diotime. He could assume, perhaps even prove, that every condition of mind discovered by analysis, even that which is timeless, spaceless, is present vivid experience to some being, and that we could in some degree communicate with this being while still alive, and after our death share in the experience. We can believe that every school child possesses in some degree all natural faculty displayed by even the greatest man, for every such child can, if it will, understand some few lines of Milton or Shakespeare. That we may believe that all men possess the supernatural faculties I would restore to the philosopher his mythology.

Finished at Syracuse, January, 1925.
3. ALL SOULS' NIGHT

Midnight has come and the great Christ Church bell,
And many a lesser bell, sound through the room;
And it is All Souls' Night
And two long glasses brimmed with muscatel
Bubble upon the table. A ghost may come;
For it is a ghost's right,
His element is so fine
Being sharpened by his death,
To drink from the wine-breath
While our gross palates drink from the whole wine.

I need some mind that, if the cannon sound
From every quarter of the world, can stay
Wound in mind's pondering,
As mummies in the mummy-cloth are wound;
Because I have a marvellous thing to say,
A certain marvellous thing
None but the living mock;
Though not for sober ear;
It may be all that hear
Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock.

X—'s the first I call. He loved strange thought
And knew that sweet extremity of pride
That's called platonic love,
And that to such a pitch of passion wrought
Nothing could bring him, when his lady died,
Anodyne for his love.
Words were but wasted breath;
One dear hope had he:
The inclemency
Of that or the next winter would be death.

Two thoughts were so mixed up I could not tell
Whether of her or God he thought the most,
But think that his mind’s eye,
When upward turned, on one sole image fell;
And that a slight companionable ghost
Wild with divinity,
Had so lit up the whole
Immense miraculous house,
The Bible promised us,
It seemed a gold-fish swimming in a bowl.

On Florence Emery I call the next,
Who finding the first wrinkles on a face
Admired and beautiful,
And knowing that the future would be vexed
With 'minished beauty, multiplied commonplace,
Preferred to teach a school
Away from neighbour or friend
Among dark skins, and there
Permit foul years to wear,
Hidden from eyesight, to the unnoticed end.

Before that end much had she ravelled out
From a discourse in figurative speech
By some learned Indian
On the soul’s journey. How it is whirled about
Wherever the orbit of the moon can reach,
Until it plunge into the sun,
And there—free and yet fast,
Being both Chance and Choice—
Forget its broken toys
And sink into its own delight at last.
And I call up MacGregor from the grave,
For in my first hard spring-time we were friends,
Although of late estranged.
I thought him half a lunatic, half knave,
And told him so; but friendship never ends,
And what if mind seem changed,
And it seemed changed with the mind,
When thoughts rise up unbid
On generous things that he did
And I grow half contented to be blind.

He had much industry at setting out,
Much boisterous courage, before loneliness
Had driven him crazed;
For meditations upon unknown thought
Make human intercourse grow less and less;
They are neither paid nor praised.
But he'd object to the host,
The glass because my glass;
A ghost-lover he was
And may have grown more arrogant being a ghost.

But names are nothing. What matter who it be,
So that his elements have grown so fine
The fume of muscatel
Can give his sharpened palate ecstasy
No living man can drink from the whole wine.
I have mummy truths to tell
Whereat the living mock;
Though not for sober ear
For maybe all that hear
Should weep and laugh an hour upon the clock.

Such thought—such thought have I that hold it tight
Till meditation master all its parts,
Nothing can stay my glance
Until that glance run in the world’s despite
To where the damned have howled away their hearts,
And where the blessed dance;
Such thought, that in it bound
I need no other thing,
Wound in mind’s wandering,
As mummies in the mummy-cloth are wound.