

THE BOOK OF BA

THE MAJIC OF THE BROWNING'S IN THE 20th CENTURY

RWB HOLLAND

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CHAPTER ONE: MAGIC BRI AN' BEV

I first met Beverly Anne when she was about twelve years old and living with her parents in the proverbial house next door. My first encounters with her were rather remote; she and her younger sister would spend time on Saturdays cleaning my father's house. All I knew of her then was that she was very smart in school and had something of a reputation for being a very high-strung young girl.

In the early summer of 1967, when I was seventeen and she was fourteen, a romantic involvement began between Beverly Anne and myself which, even now, still affects my life profoundly.

Prior to that first 'magic moment', I had viewed her as just another kid in the neighborhood. She was just another one of the crowd that would gather outside after supper to wile away the hours together. At some point, however, platonic youthful friendship turned into a very personal and affectionate interest.

Our young romance soon developed to where I was spending a lot of time sitting on her front steps with her, talking the sweet nothings that romantic souls have shared since time began.

I recall that at times we would talk to each other in our own lovers' language, which consisted of affecting a quaint Old English style of speech. 'Methinks' and 'thou art' and such phrases were, for some reason, the manner in which we spoke to each other heart to heart.

I think it fair to say that, before too long, we were as much in love with each other as two hearts can be. However, the fact that we enjoyed a very strong and romantic relationship is simply background for the purposes of *The Book of Ba*.

More important were the strange and wonderful things she later told me in the course of our five years together.

Beverly Anne certainly was no ordinary young girl, and I had many rather unusual experiences with her. But after several years together, she eventually taught me the key to our spiritual relationship.

Our spiritual/magic relationship was explained to me by a very special person within her--someone she called Magic Bev. Magic Bev was Beverly Anne, but with a difference. It was her version of the lady of mystery.

Every so often, she would get the glow, so to speak, and would transform, in her eyes, in her mind, in the way I perceived her, into an immediately recognizable character--Magic Bev. There was no mistaking her when she appeared, and although I did not understand who or what she was, she was still the most bewitching 'person' I have ever encountered.

Whenever she would appear, I would hang with baited breath on all the strange and unusual things she would say. I could never get her to teach me enough, fast enough. I cannot say there was ever a 'Magic Brian' in those days, because this was all very new and strange to me. Magic Bev seemed to be the keeper of our Magic secrets and knowledge. I loved it.

Beverly Anne explained that she was 'Magic Bev', and that I was 'Magic Brian'. Together, this phenomenon of 'Magic Brian Bev' was known as MBB.

Also explained by Beverly Anne/Magic Bev, although it never registered very deeply on me at the time, was that, part and parcel of our magic/spiritual relationship, we were like Cathy and Heathcliff from the classic romantic novel *Wuthering Heights*.

I had never read the novel myself, but had seen a movie version of the book, and drew from it some idea of star-crossed lovers. I could never see how the rest of the story related to us. Later, however, the *Wuthering Heights* facet of our magic relationship would literally come back to haunt me.

Our spiritual relationship, therefore, as explained to me by Beverly Anne herself, consisted of Magic Bev and Magic Brian joined together as MBB, with a literary theme paralleling the novel *Wuthering Heights*.

* * * * *

As lovers do, Beverly Anne and I would share a lot of things, including our dreams. One night early in our relationship, while standing at her parents' back door during the goodnight kiss at the end of a date, she told me about a dream she had.

"I dreamed I went away for ten years", she said, and when I came back, I was really big."

We both pondered the dream, but not much more was ever said about it after that night. But I have always remembered her telling me about that dream.

I myself had a significant dream about her early in our relationship. In my dream, I found that I had grown into some sort of titan-sized person, and was standing on the edge of the North American continent facing east. I proceeded to wade through the wild depths of the Atlantic ocean until I finally came to England. Finding myself normal size again, I walked through a city there for awhile, until I eventually came to a house. I entered the house and then walked up a flight of stairs and went into a secluded bedroom. Beverly Anne was laying in bed in the room and she was very weak and sickly. I had the strong emotional reaction that I had to make her strong somehow,

Whenever I mused over the dream later, I would think that perhaps, if it meant something, it meant someday I would have to help her with a serious health problem at some point in the future. It was more of a mystery to me than anything else.

It is important here to explain that over the next several years of our relationship, I found myself undergoing a very profound inner spiritual journey which had major affects upon how I felt inside and how I viewed the world around me.

One of the most interesting aspects of my early spiritual journey was the abundance of remarkably realistic dreams. Week after week, and month after month, I would experience dreams at night that both amazed me and drained me.

In one dream that would recur regularly, I found myself traveling alone through a vast parched desert, struggling to make my way to I knew not what. The down side of this particular dream was that I would awake in the morning feeling very drained of energy, as if I had actually been physically on such a quest.

Other dreams I had over this approximate two year period involved tests of my faith and courage, trips aboard a UFO, and one particular UFO dream where, after first being knocked prostrate to the earth, a cosmic voice gave me a very important message, which I have kept to myself.

While the dreams and perhaps visions I enjoyed during this period were of great importance to my steadily expanding awareness, they came at a significant cost to my vital energy in my day to day life in the waking world.

As time wore on, I was wearing out. I was caught up in a deep inner development, in search of something of cosmic importance, although I knew not what.

By the time 1972 arrived, I had hit a personal low point, which I realized was my own Dark Night of the Soul, once I encountered mystical literature which spoke of such things.

During this time of my life, my lack of vital energy made me very moody and often quite depressed. The usual things of life held little appeal to me. I seriously questioned how a person could live a decent life in a world I perceived as being steeped in darkness and evil.

Needless to say, I wasn't much of a life partner during those dark days, and I can only commend Beverly Anne for sticking with me through it all, even though I doubt that she much understood what I was going through. I didn't understand it all that much myself.

* * * * *

In the early part of 1972, circumstances led to Beverly Anne and I moving into an apartment which we shared with a good friend JE. He had been a classmate of hers in elementary school, I believe, and also was a guitar player in the rock band in which I played keyboards.

One day JE brought home a small collection of cloth wall decorations which featured replicas of ancient Egyptian figures and symbols. He explained his grandmother had given them to him, and that she had obtained them many years ago while living in Egypt, where JE's grandfather was physician to certain British government officials in Cairo.

He told the story of how his grandmother had been the secret romantic interest of an ardent admirer; that an innocent interlude transpired between his grandmother and this man; and that because the man had been Howard Carter, the discoverer of King Tut's tomb, she had been the first woman, unofficially, to have entered Tut's burial vault. He told me that among the family heirlooms were a few beads right off the mummy of Tut itself.

I found this most interesting, of course, and it added a great deal of mystery and authenticity to the cloth replicas. We soon had them hanging here and there in our living room.

I shall now relate the story of one particularly strange experience I had in our living room amidst the Egyptian decorations. I have never told anyone of this experience because it was simply too private. However, it seems now to have immediate relevance to the whole theme of *The Book of Ba*.

I was alone at home one afternoon in early 1972, just sitting comfortably in a chair in the living room and letting my mind wander. Suddenly, a very strong intuition came over me. I would call it a 'prompting of the Spirit'. In following the intuition, I was led to do what seemed a very strange thing. I looked straight ahead of me, toward the far side of the room, then raised my right hand, putting the palm flat out toward the wall opposite me. Then I spoke the following words: "In the name of Jesus Christ, I open the Egyptian Way."

As I spoke these words, I became aware of a mysterious presence right where I was focusing my visual attention. It was like an apparition, almost not visible, yet I 'knew' that something or someone was there. It was a human figure dressed in Egyptian garb. As soon as I had completed uttering the declaration, the apparition disappeared from 'sight'.

I never mentioned this experience to anyone, partly because I had no idea why I did such a thing, and no conscious understanding of what it might mean.

Before I go on to the events surrounding my fateful separation from Beverly Anne, and what followed, I should first add one more piece of information about JE, our roommate at that time.

In 1972, he had told me all about his grandmother and the decorations and King Tut. But what I found out only recently (1981) from JE in connection with his grandmother adds even more intrigue to our past association with him.

Late last year, 1981, after having made all the discoveries set forth in this book, I wrote to JE and told him some of the basics. I asked him to relate to me again the history of his grandmother and the Egyptian decorative wall hangings, since the subject of Egypt, and Beverly Anne and I during that time period, had become of vital importance to me.

He later paid me a visit to discuss the matter at greater length. He retold the story of his grandmother and all the details I have previously mentioned. However, he told me something new about his grandmother of which I had no previous knowledge. Something that added another amazing connection between his grandmother and *The Book of Ba*.

In addition to providing a most rare and authentic connection between ancient Egypt and Beverly Anne and I, JE went on to reveal that his grandmother's grandfather's aunt (I believe this is the correct lineage) was none other than Elizabeth Barrett Browning. JE's grandmother's maiden name was Moulton-something. Elizabeth's father's full name was Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett.

Now to tell the story of how it was that Beverly Anne and I separated.

It wasn't more than a week or two after the living-room experience with the Egyptian apparition that, on one particularly depressed day for me, I ventured out to the local university campus where Beverly Anne was attending classes. I went there simply because I could not think of anything else to do that day, and I felt that I had to do something.

I was walking about in the university building, seeing what I might find. I happened upon a small group of people, one or two of whom I casually knew. A girl I vaguely knew was sitting on one level of a multi-tiered rest area with a fellow whose hair she was brushing. It was the most innocent thing one could imagine, or so it seemed.

I approached her and said, "So when is it my turn?"

"How about right now?" she replied.

I took the place of the other fellow and commenced to enjoy having my hair brushed. I don't think I will ever understand just what it was, but during the course of that hair brushing experience, I became incredibly infatuated with her. It was as if some electrical energy had manifested out of nowhere and shot into my nervous system. I was immediately attracted to her.

Beverly Anne soon appeared on the scene, and noticed me talking with the other girl. I noticed her noticing us talking, and I felt that she was jealous.

Perhaps this experience would have passed without incident except for the fact my infatuation would not subside. I had suddenly gone from feeling like a very depressed zombie, to a very vital living being. Perhaps such are the powers of infatuation. I could not stop thinking about this girl.

Eventually, I phoned her and made a date to meet her. We spent the next afternoon together walking through a local park beside a lake. All we did was walk around and make jokes, but I found her even more infatuating because she seemed to share my own unusual sense of humor. I kissed her once very softly that afternoon.

It wasn't long before she was the primary interest in my life, which soon became very apparent to Beverly Anne. I couldn't help myself, even had I wanted to, because I was like a drowning man who had latched onto a passing log. This girl was my fix back to being vitally alive again, after having spent so very, very long in a depressed Zombie-like state.

I began to see Beverly Anne as someone who was opposed to my revitalization, because more and more I felt that it was 'this girl or Beverly Anne'. The longer it went on, the more in opposition to her I felt inside. She was becoming an enemy of some sort to me. Nothing could have been further from the truth; but in these circumstances, it seemed as if Beverly Anne was the one thing in my life which stood between life and death. I am totally ashamed of how I treated her during this time period; and my only 'excuse' is that I just could not help myself. It was life or death to me inside.

Finally, Beverly Anne asked if she should leave. I had never even considered such a thing. But, in my state of opposition with her, I said 'yes'. She made plans to move into a new apartment with a girlfriend. She told me where it was, and I was glad to know, because I still assumed I would be seeing her in spite of the situation.

From the point of view of my infatuation, she was an enemy. But from a deeper, more basic level, she was, at least to me, still my very own Beverly Anne, the magical love of my life. Perhaps I simply took her for granted. If so, it was because she felt so deeply a part of myself inside that even if we separated, I unconsciously thought we would still be together somehow.

It wasn't a case of 'taking for granted' so much as it was simply a case of sheer infatuated stupidity on my part. It was the stupidest thing I have ever done in my entire life. Not just because of the ramifications which followed, but because it was so out of context with everything that meant anything to me for so very long. My foolishness was about to cost me the most important thing in my life, and plunge me into a hellish ordeal that made my previous inner turmoil seem like a picnic.

* * * * *

Not long after she had planned to leave, Beverly Anne told me that an opportunity to move about eight hundred miles away to Vancouver had come up through the part-time job she had. So she was going to move to the West Coast for the summer and return in the fall to resume her schooling. I was so lost to sense by then I simply thought, 'well, that sounds like a good idea'. It bothered me somewhat that I wouldn't see her for a whole summer, but I was too infatuated yet to perceive it at all realistically.

A day or two before she was going to leave, Beverly Anne told me that she had something very important to tell me, and that she wanted me to be home that afternoon to hear it.

That afternoon I met her in our living room, and she explained to me how she was very confused about what was going on in our lives, and that she had prayed very hard the night before for some understanding. What she was to tell me now was the answer to her prayer. She then gave me the following message, as she professed to have been inspired by the Holy Ghost:

- 1) You are an Eternal Pair
- 2) You will have a great Fall
- 3) You will learn about Love

I listened earnestly, of course, but I never really heard. I did not doubt her words, but neither did they affect me too profoundly. I noted them and went on with my ridiculous infatuated state of mind.

She left the next day. And just to show what a noble fellow I had become, I never even went to the airport to see her off. Someone should have shot me then, but apparently I did not have a friend that wise or kind.

Several weeks later, after having received a postcard or two from her in Vancouver, I got a letter telling me about a new guy she had met. By this time, my infatuation was beginning to wear thin. I had had enough free experience to realize that the new girl was simply a kindred spirit, and that I had mistaken love for a special kind of friendship. The sexual or even romantic aspects of the relationship were nil. It had all been just a crazy dream of a desperate soul.

Getting and reading her letter was a bucket of ice water on my heart and mind. I was very quickly returning to Earth, so to speak, and faintly coming to terms with what I had let transpire before my eyes. I realized I had made a very major error.

* * * * *

During the next couple of weeks, the nights of which were spent crying my eyes out, and 'weeping and wailing and gnashing teeth' over what had happened, I finally decided to pack a few things and head for Vancouver and try desperately to get Beverly Anne back.

One afternoon, I bravely set off to reclaim my true love, without so much as a nickel in my pocket.

A series of hitch hiked rides got me to Vancouver about seven the next morning. When I arrived at her apartment door unannounced, she was understandably very surprised. I told her she had forgotten something when she went away--me.

She was getting ready to go to work at the mall a few blocks away. She said she would come back at noon and talk to me. I walked her to work and told her I would do anything if she would just come back to me. She wasn't too eager to think about it. Then she remembered she had a lunch date with her new boyfriend, so would have to see me after work.

That afternoon, I eventually staggered over to where she was working. My years' long exhaustion had returned; I had not slept all night; and was nearly a dead man.

Walking across the parking lot into the mall, I felt so utterly hopeless and weak; so totally afraid and drained of life-force right down to my bone marrow and soul, that I literally begged God to give me the strength of the presence of the Holy Ghost.

Just as I entered the mall, I felt an incredible energy well up inside me. My knees had been weak and rubbery, but suddenly it was as if God Himself had grabbed me by the back of my shirt, and was holding me up from the inside. I have never experienced such power surrounding me in my life. It was as if some huge Force was holding up me--a little dangling corpse at the end of this immense spiritual power.

I approached the counter where Beverly Anne was at work. I stood in front of her, looked her in the eyes, and asked her with all my heart and soul in turmoil and pain, "Where's my wife?". For me, the experience was 2% me and 98% this other Power.

She looked at me and replied caustically, "She's dead!"

Her words passed through me like a spear rammed right through my heart. It should have literally killed me on the spot. I said to her, "I am so filled with the Holy Ghost right now, you simply would not believe it."

I felt from the perspective of this hovering energy inside me that I could have performed miracles on the spot. But I also realized that, somehow, it was all over between us. It was as if something had been completely broken.

I returned to her apartment, laid down, and died. I will never forget the depth of agony I experienced then. I felt so much pain inside me, that for several hours I could not sense my physical body at all. I was just a mass of searing pain. I recall thinking utterly seriously to myself that 'this must be what Hell is like', because it was like fire in my soul itself; and the agonizing fact was that there was no end in sight, or to be hoped for.

That night I was invited to go with her and her new boyfriend to visit some friends of his. I wasn't too anxious to meet him, but when I finally did--although I tried to be polite and act as friendly as I could--I immediately felt a very deep dislike of him. Of course, I was bitterly jealous and wounded. But there was something else I felt about him that I did not like.

She had told me that a few days before I came there, he had a dream about me, and he had described me quite well to her. She also told me how she felt as if she already knew him somehow when they first met. This was one reason she was so quickly becoming attached to him.

That evening, after a brief visit to the friends' house, Beverly Anne, her boyfriend, and myself ended up in his room at his parents' house, listening to music and drinking a few beers. I was feeling about as low as a person could feel, but was also experiencing a much milder presence of the same peaceful energy I had felt earlier in the day.

One incident from that night stands out sharply in my memory still, and has taken on a new meaning for me. While making small talk with her boyfriend, he asked me what I did for a living. I was playing in a rock band at the time, which could have hardly been called a living, but the moment he asked me the question, I felt extremely hostile. The answer I blurted out was somewhat strange. I forcefully replied, "I'm a poet-and a damn good one."

I didn't understand why I had reacted so compulsively, nor did I understand why I had reared up with stressing the fact that I was a poet. It was not really how I normally saw myself. I wrote poetry from time to time, but I could have much more factually said I was a musician. Or even a writer. But I chose "a poet".

The next day, realizing all was lost, I left Vancouver and went home.

However, during a serious emotional conversation with Beverly Anne I had during one of my nights guesting in her apartment, she told me something I have yet to fully understand.

Somehow, something I said to her made her stop acting so harsh to me, and she broke down and started crying. It was then that she confessed to me that "this isn't what I really want".

But since 1972, it's been what she's really had.

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Over the course of the next ten years, and especially during the first several years, I struggled inside myself just to try to sew the pieces of myself together again. It seemed half or more of them were lost.

I never stopped loving Beverly Anne. In fact, the shock of losing her had opened my soul to her to a much greater and deeper degree than ever before.

She always used to place such special importance upon our spiritual relationship, but aside from viewing the visitations of Magic Bev, I wasn't aware of the reality of my own deep inner connection to her. Now that I had lost her, it was a deep realization I could not forget.

I suffered emotional and spiritual pain for a very long time before I could even pretend to be myself again. But I never stopped loving her. I had to live my life without her, but in my heart of hearts, I could not forget.

Over the first few years, I exchanged letters with her on several occasions. Her point of view on the spiritual aspect of our relationship was steadily devolving, from my point of view.

At first, she said that I was her spiritual mate, and that this other man was her mental mate. In the end, she would choose her spiritual mate. I suppose I could have taken solace from that? but it only made me angry and hurt.

Eventually, she changed her story, and told me she had been wrong all along, and that he was, in fact, her spiritual mate.

Her point of view was that she had wanted us to be like Cathy and Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights*, but it never worked out; whereas her new relationship was working out so well she couldn't believe how happy she was.

She also claimed that the 'message' she had given me prior to leaving wasn't really inspired by the Holy Ghost; it was just something an overly romantic young girl had made up. And the *Wuthering Heights* aspect was merely the product of the same immature person.

Finally, the last time I talked to her about it, in 1976, she said it was something she didn't think about anymore.

* * * * *

In the late summer of 1981, I was considering my life in total and trying to reorganize it from bottom up. I was at the end of the line in many ways, and I felt that a whole new cycle for myself was and must be on its way. By this time, I had lost all contact with Beverly Anne. The last communication I had received from her was a response to a letter I had written her in late 1979.

I had been seeing an interesting old teacup reader in 1979 who told me some amazing things about a girl who was still very special to me. She gave enough details about her that I was impressed. So I wrote to Beverly Anne and asked her to let me know what was up with her so that I might compare it to what the teacup reader had said.

About a month after I wrote to her, I received a small card in the mail which turned out to be a birth announcement. She had married her boyfriend several years previous, and they had just had a son.

This was the last straw for me. I had managed to nearly put her out of my mind by then, had even married myself, albeit rather disastrously, but her having a child was the candles on the icing on the cake. Yet one thing cheered me when I read the birth announcement.

Her son, who had been born about six weeks premature, shared my own birthday, October 18th. She noted the coincidence herself on the card and I felt to myself that, mercifully, perhaps someone had put some kind of remembrance of me into her life.

By the end of the summer of 1981, I was trying to get to the bottom of myself and make a new start. My own marriage had ended and I was alone again.

Right at this time I received a letter from a spiritual group in California I had written some months previously. I had read an article in their magazine on the subject of spiritual mates, and it was the most revealing and spiritually aware piece I had ever seen on the subject. So I wrote to the group and told them the basic story of Beverly Anne and asked them what insights they might provide.

The reply I received dealt mostly with the fact that they believed it was most important to grow and learn spiritually myself, to attune to my own spiritual Self, and in that manner I would draw into my experience the mate or companion who was best for me. And that I should be prepared to accept that I may not have further experience with my spiritual mate in this life, if indeed this was what Beverly Anne was to me. The 'Thy will be done' point of view. I thought about it for a long time and decided that it was good sense.

But the lady who had answered my letter also included a short pamphlet dealing with making spiritual decisions. It contained a ceremony or method of invoking one's Higher Self (i.e. the spiritual Self) through the I AM THAT I AM, or God, as He names himself to Moses in the Old Testament. The lady said she had used this invocation many times with most successful results, and suggested that I try it.

I had never used such a method before, but was willing to give it a try. I didn't know what to expect, really, if anything at all.

Later that night, when I decided to try the invocation, I cleared my thoughts and concentrated on those things in life which I truly wanted.

The instructions said to determine these desires and goals, then copy them on a sheet of white paper, then make a copy of the original list. The next action was to burn one of the copies to send it up into the astral planes. It seemed like a touch of ceremonial Magic, something I had never been much into myself, but I went along with it, so as to follow the instructions.

The first thing I put on my list was that I wanted to establish a peaceful and harmonious relationship with my spiritual mate, Beverly Anne. I wanted the whole matter to reach a spiritually balanced new level. And if I could not be reunited with her, I wanted to meet the woman who was, at my stage of development, appropriate for me.

I followed the rest of the instructions, which included reciting a set of poetic spiritual verses addressed to my own Christ Self, to the I AM THAT I AM, and to what was called the Divine Director, a sort of cosmic karmic dispatcher. I neither totally believed nor disbelieved the whole process. I just did it as instructed and waited to see what would happen, if anything.

I repeated the invocation several times before bed each night for about a week. I failed miserably in fulfilling the regularity and frequency suggested in the pamphlet, figuring my efforts would be understood, if indeed there was anyone or anything to understand. The lady had said that she obtained satisfactory results usually in about ten days to two weeks.

By the time ten days had passed, I had ceased the process altogether and had pretty well forgotten the whole thing.

However, starting about two weeks from the time I first initiated the invocation, all hell, or should I say all heaven, began to break loose.

Exactly what happened will be discussed later. Suffice it to say, however, that the results exceeded my wildest imagination.

I was soon to find myself plunged into the reality of reincarnation and into the magical writings of the infamous occultist Aleister Crowley.

CHAPTER TWO: YOU CAN CALL ME AL

“Why do you call yourself the Beast ?” I asked him on the occasion of our first meeting.

“My mother called me the Beast,” he replied to my surprise.

These words, taken from John Symonds’ introduction to *The Confessions of Aleister Crowley*, both exemplify the character of this singularly interesting man and provide a factual biographical insight into his lifelong association with the Beast 666 of the Revelation of St. John.

Indeed, it was Crowley’s own mother who first associated him with this mysterious figure in the Bible.

She was the wife of Edward Crowley, the wealthy scion of a race of Quakers’ who, ‘by the time Aleister was born...was well advanced in middle age and spent his time traveling about the countryside, preaching Plymouthism to anyone who would listen to him.’

Young Aleister was thus subjected to the pious and zealous Christianity that composed his moral and religious domestic environment. However, perhaps as testimony to the adage ‘the child is father to the man’, young Aleister Crowley did not respond to this influence as his parents might have hoped.

The Christianity in his home was entirely pleasant to him, and yet his sympathies were with the opponents of heaven. He suspects obscurely that this was partly an instinctive love of terrors. The elders and the harps seemed tame. He preferred the Dragon, the False Prophet, the Beast and the Scarlet Woman, as being more exciting.’ Ever the romantic and dramatic rebel, it is little wonder that, even as a boy, Aleister took the unpopular or shocking point of view to heart.

When he was twelve years old, Aleister Crowley came into a sizable inheritance from his late father, leaving the young Crowley free to pursue life as he saw fit.

The first developments in his Magickal career are revealed in this further quote from Symonds' introduction.

"He thought of entering the Foreign Office, but decided against it: he wanted to be someone really great, whose name would be remembered as long as life lasted on this planet; he was unlikely to achieve this in the Diplomatic Service by devotion to duty.

"The problem of what he should do with his life was solved by reading *The Book of Black Magic and of Pacts*. In the preface to this work, the author, Arthur Edward Waite, referred to certain occult sanctuaries run by a body of Initiates who dispense Truth and Wisdom to the worthy postulant'. Crowley wrote Waite, asking for more information. Waite replied, telling him to read Eckarthausen's *The Cloud Upon the Sanctuary*. Eckarthausen confirmed what Waite had hinted at: behind the exterior Church is an interior Church, the most hidden of all communities, a Secret Sanctuary which preserves all the mysteries of God and nature. It was formed immediately after the fall of man. It is the hidden assembly of the Elect."

This introduction to the idea of the existence of some hidden occult Society led to Crowley's involvement with a magical organization called the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, the outer order of the more secret Great White Brotherhood. He soon left his studies at Cambridge, set himself up in a flat in Chancery Lane, and donned one of his many future 'dramatis persona', that of Count Vladimir Svareff.

After having made rapid advances in the Golden Dawn, Crowley had a falling out with its members, who included the poet W.B. Yeats; and its head, MacGregor Mathers.

It was Crowley's seeming ill fortune to have entered the scene just about the time the Order was being shaken by internal controversies. The overly ambitious Crowley was virtually expelled from the Order. This, of course, did not abate his interest in or involvement with things Magical.

Whatever one's outward association with any particular Order or magical Society, the essential core of accomplishment in Magic remained the same. The so-called Great Work stemmed from the magical writings which Mathers had brought to light from a manuscript found in the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal in Paris.

This book, which bore the full title: *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage, as delivered by Abraham the Jew unto his son Lamech, A. D. 1458*, spoke of the operation of conjuring one's Holy Guardian Angel. The Holy Guardian Angel is a term for one's True Self; that is, one's God Self, one's ultimate spiritual identity, where God and man meet.

Attaining the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, the conscious realization of this aspect of one's Being, required intense ceremonial purification, and the use of the appropriate oratory. Aleister Crowley dedicated his life to the pursuit of this Great Work.

'Crowley made his oratory in a room facing north and began the operation at once. After some months of concentrated effort, he partially succeeded. He says that a host of demons were attracted, some of which materialized; they caused a great deal of disturbance and damage among tradespeople and others in the neighborhood. But he did not obtain complete success in the operation--that is, Knowledge and Conversation with his Holy Guardian Angel or True Self--till a few years later.'

In the meantime, Crowley married, wrote more poetry, and continued to pursue one of his keenest interests—mountain climbing. His achievements in this rugged endeavor were particularly astonishing for one who was considered too frail for athletics in his school days, and whose survival to manhood was seriously questioned. His exploits and adventures during these active years led him to Mexico, the Alps, and many destinations in the East.

However, it was while sojourning in Egypt in 1904 that the single most important experience of his Magical career would occur. Crowley describes this event in his own words:

“Ourarda (his name for his wife Rose) and I left Helwan for Cairo. We had taken an apartment on Wednesday, March 16th. One day, having nothing special to do, I made the Preliminary Invocation. I had no more serious purpose than to show her the sylphs as I might have taken her to the theatre. She could not (or refused to) see them, but instead got into a strange state of mind. I had never seen her anything at all like it before. She kept on repeating dreamily, yet intensely, ‘They are waiting for you.’ I was annoyed at her conduct.

March 17th. I don’t remember whether I repeated my attempt to show her the sylphs, but probably did. It is my character to persist. She again got into the same state and repeated her remarks, adding, ‘It is all about the child’. And ‘All Osiris’.

March 18th. Possibly I repeated the Invocation. The record says: ‘Revealed that the waiter was Horus, whom I had offended and ought to invoke.’ ‘Waiter’ sounds like a sneer. I thought it was sheer impudence of Ourarda to offer independent remarks. I wanted her to see the sylphs.

I allowed her to go on. She instructed me how to invoke Horus. The instructions were, from my point of view, pure rubbish. I suggested amending them. She emphatically refused to allow a single detail to be altered. She promised success (whatever that might mean) on Saturday or Sunday....I agreed to carry out her instructions, avowedly in order to show her that nothing could happen if you broke all the rules.

On some day before March 23rd, Ourarda identified the particular god with whom she was in communication from a stele in the Boulak Museum, which we had never visited. It is not the ordinary form of Horus but Ra-Hoor-Khuit. I was no doubt very much struck by the coincidence that the exhibit, a quite obscure and undistinguished stele, bore the catalogue number 666. But I dismissed it as an obvious coincidence.

March 19th. I wrote out the ritual and did the incantation with little success. I was put off: not only by my scepticism and the absurdity of the ritual, but by having to do it in robes at an open window on a street at noon. She allowed me to make the second attempt at midnight.

March 20th. The invocation was a startling success. I was told that 'The Equinox of the Gods' had come; that is, that a new epoch had begun. I was to formulate a link between the solar-spiritual force and mankind.

March 23rd and April 7th. I made inquiries about the stele and had the inscriptions translated into French by the assistant curator at Boulak. I made poetic paraphrases of them. Ourarda now told me to enter the room where all this work had been done, exactly at noon on April 8th: 9th, and 10th, and write down what I heard, rising exactly at one o'clock. This I did. In these three hours were written the three chapters of *The Book of the Law*.

The above statement is as succinct as I can make it. By April 8th, I had been convinced of the reality of the communication and obeyed my wife's arbitrary instructions with a certain confidence. I retained my skeptical attitude nonetheless.

As Symonds says in his introduction, "in 1904, the Abra-Melin Operation flowered and Crowley's Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwass, appeared--not, however, to enter into conversation with him, but to dictate *The Book of the Law*,"

Crowley continues his record of his initial reactions:

'I made a certain number of studies of *The Book of the Law*; for even then I was bound to admit that Aiwass had shown a knowledge of the Cabbala immeasurably superior to my own. I had the manuscript typed. I issued a circular letter to a number of friends, something in the nature of a proclamation of the New Aeon, but I took no trouble to follow it up.

The fact of the matter was that I resented *The Book of the Law* with my whole soul. For one thing, it knocked my Buddhism completely on the head. 'Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they pass & are done; but there is that which remains.' I was bitterly opposed to the principles of the Book on almost every point of morality.

The Secret Chiefs had informed me that a New Aeon implied the breaking up of the civilization existing at the time; obviously to change the Magical Formula of the planet is to change all moral sanctions and the result is bound to appear disastrous.

The Cult of the Dying God introduced by Dionysus destroyed the Roman virtue and smashed Roman culture. The nature of Horus being Force and Fire, his Aeon would be marked by the collapse of humanitarianism. The first act of his reign would naturally be to plunge the world into the catastrophe of a huge and ruthless war.

The Secret Chiefs told me that this war was imminent and that they had chosen me as their representative on account of my comprehensive knowledge of the Mysteries, my correct understanding of their real import and my literary ability.”

If we take the related story and comments at face value (and we do know that he did record *The Book of the Law* in Cairo in 1904) and compare several parts of the work itself with the circumstances surrounding its writing, and some important subsequent historical events! it would seem to add to the credibility and power of *The Book of the Law*.

For example, according to his narrative, although he himself was well experienced in the school of Magical practice and ceremonies, it was his wife who provided him with the necessary instructions. And *The Book of the Law* states:

“Now he shall know that the chosen priest & apostle of infinite space is the prince-priest the Beast; and in his woman called the Scarlet Woman is all power given.”

Crowley did indeed fancy himself that same Beast, but it was through the Scarlet Woman, his wife, that the essential instructions were received.

Furthermore, and from a far greater perspective, the war he mentions did break out several years later--World War I. And from an historical point of view, it is generally acknowledged that this Great War brought to an end the whole previously established structure of Europe. It was also the ramifications of this war which led to World War II only twenty years later, in the 1940's. Compare this fact of history with the following quote from the 1904 work:

” I am the warrior Lord of the Forties; the Eighties cower before me and are abased.”

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Aleister Crowley spent the rest of his life wrestling with *The Book of the Law* and organizing his own Magickal Order. He called it the OTO, which represents the words *Ordo Templi Orientis*.

This Order is described in one edition of *The Book of the Law* as ‘a body of Initiates in whose hands are consecrated the wisdom and secret knowledge of all Oriental Orders, and it is the first of the Great Orders of antiquity to accept the Law of the New Aeon emanating from the A: A

The A A is said to be the top order within the Great White Brotherhood, and bears the name of the Silver Star, or A.‘. A.‘. (Argenteum Astrum).

There are; however, to my knowledge, a selection of such OTO's, each claiming for one reason or another to have the authorized right to carry on Crowley 's own work.

Regardless which Order is the ‘true’ Order, *The Book of the Law* nonetheless stands above and beyond any such quarrels among men: or supposed Initiates.

CHAPTER THREE: EVERY LITTLE THING SHE DOES IS MAJIC

I first encountered Aleister Crowley's work in 1973 when I was living in Victoria, British Columbia. A friend of a friend of mine introduced me to Crowley's edition of the Tarot, showed me the basics of the Tree of Life, and generally made the existence of Crowley's Magick known to me. My friend was involved with Magick to the degree that he understood the Tree of Life much better than I do even now, and was familiar with and somewhat successful at the invocation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

At that stage of my life, however, the primary influence of Crowley was simply to provide me with the most interesting and beautiful Tarot deck I had yet seen, as well as to give me my first encounter with Egyptian Magic.

In August 1974 I returned home for a visit with my father and have been here since. My father passed away suddenly during my visit, and I ended up taking over his business and looking after the affairs of my widowed stepmother.

Notwithstanding the loss of my father, this was a fortunate time for me since it provided me with the one thing I had never had up to that point--a regular and sufficient income. This allowed me to accumulate more books and to have the time and ease in which to study them. One of the books I acquired during that time was *The Commentaries of AL*, Aleister Crowley's line by line analysis of *The Book of the Law*, the three-chapter Magick work channeled by Crowley in Cairo. I paid little attention to it when I bought it, but years later it would provide the most startling experience of my life.

My waning interest in Crowley was revitalized when I took a trip with a friend to California several years after my father's death. I was able to locate several important works by Crowley in a bookstore in San Francisco. My imagination was kindled by the presence of Aleister Crowley's haunting wax figure and purported personal Magical items in an exhibit on Fisherman's Wharf.

Following my return from San Francisco, my knowledge of Crowley's Magick increased as I slowly poured over volumes of his writings. I must admit that my understanding of them, at least intellectually, was rather foggy. However, the mystical spirit in me had a natural affinity for the subject matter.

One night I became fascinated with all the numbers and names of Magickal importance Crowley had associated with himself. He called himself TOMEGA THERION and AL, for example. I decided I would like to know my own Magic name and number.

I ransacked my memory for what could pass as a Magic name for myself, and the only possible candidate at the time was a strange name a friend of mine had called me during our escapades the previous Halloween. During the night's adventures, he had given me the name Borzok, and despite being somewhat my eider in years, called himself Borzon, the Son of Borzok.

I took the name Borzok and converted it into Hebrew letters, then counted their numerical value. it came to 309. I must have been quite the late night Kabbalist, because to this day I cannot add up the letter values of Borzok to approach anywhere near 309. But at the time it served my purposes and I went to sleep with my own magic number.

The next day I decided I would assemble my own Magical weapons: Sword, Cup, Pentacle, and Wand. I had no idea what one was supposed to do with these things, if anything, but I knew that I had to have them.

I had a beautiful silver goblet that would serve well as my Cup. I had an oversize metal American silver dollar which seemed the perfect Pentacle. I made plans to scour the local shops for some kind of a sword. Lastly, I recalled there was a length of poplar laying in the back lane, so I went outside to claim it as my Wand.

I stepped out the side door of the house to pursue the manufacture of my Wand. Being caught up in the spirit of the thing, on my way out the door, I was thinking to myself, 'I wonder what possible significance 309 might have for me?' Just as the mental question was forming in my head, I stepped through the doorway. immediately my eye took notice of the car parked in the neighbor's driveway. it bore the license plate number LJT 309!

This was the first number I had encountered in my physical environment since the previous late night computing of my Magic number. I chalked it up as a sure sign that I was on the right path, and had truly discovered my own Magic number. There it was, a totally unexpected and unlooked for 'confirmation from the environment', as a friend of mine calls such things.

About this time I was pursuing an involvement with the younger sister of my Halloween companion, Borzon. I decided to add up her Magic number. I dubbed her Borzelaine (her name was Elaine) and to my surprise, her name added up to 309 as well. I telephoned her that evening and told her how our Magic numbers were identical, and related the story of the 309 license plate. I asked her to keep a sharp lookout for any 309's that might suddenly appear unexpectedly in her environment.

About a week later she told me that several days after my call, she was watching TV when an advertisement for a collection of country music came over the air. She had thought of my request and laughed to herself the moment the TV screen lit up with the song 'Phantom 309'.

Over the course of the next few years, my interest in Crowley's Magick ebbed and flowed sporadically. At times I would delve deeply into it, while at other times, for long stretches, I would simply ignore it.

My involvement in my late father's business ended in May 1978.

Later that summer, I met a woman in Montana named Barbara, and after a whirlwind courtship, I married her in October and brought her and her two young sons, Russell and Ian, to live with me in Canada.

The marriage lasted just a little more than a year, in spite of both of us giving it a genuine try. For me, it was a good marriage for the wrong reason. By the time I met Barbara, I was feeling very lonely, and, despite a number of sincere relationships over the years, I had still not found someone to share my life with, who could help me put to rest the seemingly endless heartache over the loss of Beverly Anne.

From the early part of 1979 through to mid-1981, my life seemed to be a never-ending series of calamities. My marriage dissolved practically and legally. I lost the house I was living in due to a problem with my late father's estate. I could not find work, and I went from one temporary dwelling place to another, living in five different places from April 1980 to July 1981. The last ten months of that time period were spent in a tiny shack of a house with no hot water, bathtub, or shower.

I finally found short term employment in January 1981, writing research material in a local government office. This position lasted from January to the end of June.

Since I had been writing day in and day out at my job, come July and 'freedom', my writer's flame was well oiled. I decided that, since I had given of myself in a situation where my writing skills but not my creative imagination had been utilized, I could indulge myself in the pursuit of working on the novel that had been floating around in my mind for some time.

I moved to a new apartment as of July 1981, and spent the next couple of months working diligently on a novel called *The Book* (later changed to *Project Brainfire*).

The novel is set in World War II Germany and involves the strange experiences of a young POW captured and used as a guinea pig for secret Nazi experiments being performed in a Bavarian retreat. The experiments involve the search for the right chemical solution which, when bombarded with sound vibrations of Hitler's recorded speech to Stormtroopers, would become impregnated with his Magical essence. Once the right chemical was found, and laced with Hitler's vibrations, large quantities of the solution were to be put inside the noses of V-2 rockets and shot to England. Thus, the chemical conversion of England to Nazism would occur.

However, during these experiments on the POW, which resulted in his experiencing many strange states of altered consciousness, he has other-worldly experiences which plunge him past the barriers of Death and into a mystical world inhabited by Egyptian gods.

Aside from revealing that things Egyptian still held a place in my mind, this brief accounting of the plot of *The Book* (*Project Brainfire*) is relevant to this work because, in doing research for the novel, I poured through *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*. I had to pick up the appropriate vocabulary, and get a feeling for the spirit of the Egyptian gods to write about them. It was while doing this research that I inadvertently came into contact with some information which has become important in understanding certain facets of *The Book of Ba* material.

I spent several months on the novel, wrote as far as page 120, then purposefully stopped work on it because I felt that I could not practically 'play writer' any longer at this stage of my life. I dropped the novel or put it into suspended animation, and set out, at least strategically, to find another job. I thought this was a most practical point of view to take. However, the results of my change in direction were fruitless.

There were also some most unexpected developments soon to appear.

It was early in the fall of 1981 when I received the fateful reply to my soul mate inquiry from the California spiritual group mentioned previously.

To quickly review, I adopted their point of view that the most important thing was to work on my own spiritual development, and thereby attract the appropriate female into my life. I also began the experimental use of the invocation which the reply had included.

Aleister Crowley firmly stresses the use of what he calls a Magic Diary, where one records the daily happenings related to Magick. I can say with hindsight of the purest gold that I wish I had been in the practice of keeping such a journal, because the exact dates for some of the following events are somewhat hazy in my memory, and I would prefer, if only for the sake of accurate journalism, to be able to pinpoint certain key dates in this portion of my account.

However, it is fair to point out that, during the experiences, I had no idea what would follow next, nor that they would lead to me writing such a work as *The Book of Ba*.

Nonetheless, it was about two weeks following the initial use of the invocation that things began to happen.

I remember waking up one morning about that time from a dream involving Beverly Anne. The dream caused me much emotional upheaval and I awoke sobbing very painful tears.

That morning the realization hit me very deeply—I did still love Beverly Anne (not that I ever doubted it, but was forced to bury it as deeply as possible within myself, for emotional survival purposes). I was suddenly aware how ridiculous the whole thing had become. I realized that I was totally alienated from her, and felt that it would be a wonderful positive thing for me if I faced the whole can of worms and tried to establish a harmonious, peaceful, and open friendly relationship with her. I said to myself: 'If we no longer have a special love, then why can't we be some kind of friends?' Since this is a common culmination of an unrequited love relationship (why can't we just be friends?) I sincerely believed that it would be acceptable to her as well.

I started to write to her again at this point. At first, I went back to the tragic time of our separation in 1972, told her how deeply sorry and ashamed I was, told her how dearly I had suffered for it, and suggested that we try to become friends, perhaps just simple pen pals.

Generally during this time period, I continued to experience rather strange, emotionally-upsetting dreams. Overall, a great deal of deep feelings were being released. This was the first time I began to suspect that the invocation was bringing some sort of inner changes or influence into my life. I had rather unexpectedly turned a new leaf regarding Beverly Anne, and a lot of buried emotions were surfacing.

My point of view was, and still is, that something new was happening in my inner life, as I had consciously requested through my use of the invocation. Further developments, however, added a great deal more weight to this assumption.

I spent perhaps a week passing through this experience of profound emotional release. I felt I wanted to dredge up all the deep-rooted pain inside, face it, and make a new start towards a more healthy attitude and handling of the longstanding situation.

My first letter or two to Beverly Anne included some poems I had recently written. They dealt with the mystery and beauty of the changing of the seasons and such neutral subjects.

I associate these poems and my increased poetic activity at that time with the fact that, once the period of emotional release had subsided, I found myself avidly listening to Beethoven's 7th Symphony a great deal. I had the music available in my collection for many years, but up until this point, I was one of those Beethoven fans who had his music but never actually played it much. I had taken to listening to Beethoven's music during the time I spent writing my novel. It musically connected me to the pastoral Bavarian setting of the novel.

I listened to this particular work , the 7th Symphony, concentrating on the first two movements, again and again at high volume on my headphones, It was a whole new world opening up to me. I had reached the point in 'maturity' where I could fully appreciate this music. I became obsessed with the 7th and wrote several long letters to Beverly Anne, which I never sent, relating my understanding of just what Beethoven was 'saying' in the symphony. I could vividly see the whole archetypal drama of Inspiration-Resolve-Obstacle-Triumph in the symphony.

Over the course of a week, I became very energized and inspired, simply from the fiery enthusiasm in my spirit which Beethoven had ignited. Any lover of the 7th, I am certain, will understand how this could occur. And as an astrological aside, consider that Beethoven was a triple Sagittarius, while I myself have my ruling planet, the artistic and musical Venus, in that sign. It was a time when my own musical centaur went flying high amid the clouds, having sprouted wings in the manner of a German Pegasus named Ludwig.

My poetic inspiration was fired up, my appreciation of nature and divine order was at an all time high, and I was generally in one of those delicious and spontaneous phases when the creative juices were flowing like lava.

This fiery period came as a natural development of the emotional/watery period previous to it. Having released a great deal of deep feelings, there was room, so to speak, for something else to rush in to take its place. Nature abhors a vacuum.

Having reached new heights of enthused energy, this stage eventually passed into a period of subdued deep mental activity. My mind was clearer than it had been for a very long time. All the accumulated cobwebs and bruises from my long period of shocking events in my external world were blown away for the time being. It was as if the initial fiery enthusiasm bursting out within me had reached a peak; not to dissipate, but to rise to a steady calm white-hot glow. With all this abundant and purified energy flowing through my system, I can say that my level of consciousness was relatively very high. It was a totally natural increase of energy and awareness.

I found myself with more energy than I knew what to do with, I recall one especially energized couple of days when I slept a total of about four hours over two full days.

I would spend my day pursuing my activities and thoughts, enjoying walks in the warm sunlight and admiring the beauty of nature, then retiring to sleep around midnight. By one o'clock I would be almost asleep, when a new flow of energy would course into my consciousness.

Ideas and theories raced through my mind. I would suddenly sit up in bed and write down what came to me, as awake and refreshed as I had been all day. The need for sleep totally vanished. It was during the first night I spent in this state that I first 'invented' or discovered what was, to me, a new word game.

It was not truly new, since the use of anagrams is an old Alchemist's tool. But to me, it was something I had never been interested in before.

I called the word game Majic, to differentiate it from Magic and Magick.

Majic is the process of rearranging the letters of a word to say something new.

The process is simple. You select a word at random, write it down, and then see what else 'you can make it say'. As might be expected, some words are more fruitful than others.

I have since developed Majic into a 'Theory of Atomic Words', but this more profound expansion of Majic came largely as the result of subsequent discoveries made when applying Majic to important words.

One of the first words that struck me as very entertaining and Majical was Beethoven's name. The first time I scanned the available letters in Beethoven for new combinations, I quickly saw that the letters will transpose exactly to say:

BEETHOVEN = BEV * THE * ONE

Not only a new word game came to me via nocturnal inspiration. I also had at least one very profound spiritual experience.

The next night, I had almost gone to sleep, when I was awakened by the high energy streaming in from my subconscious again. I was gradually overcome by a very powerful yet totally peaceful energy. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before.

I experienced total absorption of my conscious self in a state of total peace and rest. In the midst of this wonderful experience, an almost telepathic understanding filtered into my awareness. It was as if the energy of absolute calmness was 'speaking' of itself. The thought that formed in my mind was that this was an experience of what Jesus had called 'the Peace which surpasseth understanding'.

And, almost as a bonus, I discovered that, when I plugged the name 'Majic' itself into the Majic anagram word game, it turned out that MAJIC = I * AM * JC.

While the experiences I had following the use of the invocation described so far could be called 'wonderfully strange', they would seem to fall quite easily within the realm of normal human experience, even if some of the experiences were of a religious or spiritual nature. But the developmental stages of increased energy and revitalization were only the build-up to what followed.

The rest of my magical journey would lead me into experiences that may challenge the reader. I know they challenged me as they happened.

Anyone who has ever delved into his or her inner self during the creative act of writing a poem, or writing or playing spontaneous music will be familiar with what is historically known as the Muse.

By Muse, I mean the inner source of artistic creative thought. It is a part of oneself, of course, and yet it is something different from one's normal, everyday self.

Poets and other artists have long spoken of their Inspiration, their Muse. As a sometimes poet, sometimes novelist, sometimes songwriter, I am very familiar with the inward journey in search of one's Muse; the need to make contact with the naturally flowing feeling Voice within.

I could call it the Dream Self, since to my experience this very sensitive and yet highly creative part of the inner self is of the wispy, ethereal nature of dreams.

It was quite natural that I should come into vital contact and familiarity with my Muse during this time period. I have already mentioned that my poetic inspiration was fired up, and the higher level of self-awareness in me was very predominant during this time. I wrote quite often, usually in the form of letters to Beverly Anne (which I rarely sent), but the letter writing format served me well in expressing these inspired dream thoughts; they allowed the creative juices to flow and to become externalized in writing.

There is nothing strange about a longtime writer/poet experiencing a time of increased activity with his Muse.

What is very strange, and what certainly appeared as strange to myself as it likely will to the reader, was that at some point, my Muse grew or expanded into something beyond its usual historical function. My Muse somehow turned into IT.

What was IT?

IT was an actual communication from my Muse to me at the level of ethereal consciousness.

In other words, my Muse began to 'talk' to me of its own accord.

It became IT.

And IT was Magic Bev!

I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that I had come into contact with the same Magic Bev of ten years previous. I recognized the energy, the personality, the sarcastic sense of humour, and the bewitching power her 'voice' had over me. It was no more far-fetched to recognize her in my own ethereal consciousness than it is for anyone to recognize a good friend's voice over the telephone.

Once I had come to the point of somehow accepting Magic Bev as an intelligence active within my Muse-level self, I was 'informed' of the following consideration. She immediately pointed out to me in no uncertain terms that it had been established many years ago that the literary pattern of our spiritual relationship was *Wuthering Heights*, after the manner of Cathy and Heathcliff.

Let me make an important point. Even up to the time I began writing to Beverly Anne again, and as I stated boldly in one of those first letters to her, I myself had never accepted nor understood the *Wuthering Heights* connection. I barely fathomed the relevance of it from the first, and as I pointed out to Beverly Anne, it was such a tragic love story on the whole that I asked her how any relationship affiliated with it could result in anything but a most tragic state of affairs? I had finally read the novel the year previous, and found it to be a real bummer of a love story.

When I wrote to Beverly Anne of its relation to our spiritual relationship, I went so far as to concede to her that the *Wuthering Heights* aspect had indeed been 'the creation of an overly romantic young girl', as she now claimed it all had been. I admitted that much. I even criticized her for sticking us with such a black literary theme. I had no use for *Wuthering Heights* whatsoever.

However, the Magic Bev appearing in my ethereal consciousness ten years later now spelled out the connection in no uncertain terms: Cathy and Heathcliff were inseparable lovers in their youth. Circumstances led to where they tragically separated and not long after, Cathy died. In the conclusion of the novel, Heathcliff is lost in an eerie world where Cathy returns as a spirit to her long lost Heathcliff. This is certainly the most mystical aspect of the novel.

It was pointed out to me by Magic Bev that my current form of communication with her was exactly like the end of *Wuthering Heights*: the male is on the Earth plane, in 'real life', and the long lost female counterpart appears to him from the 'other worlds', as a spent.

As a symbolic manifestation, I had to admit that her appearance and the appearance of Cathy in the novel were identical principles. How could I not see it?

The previous inclusion of *Wuthering Heights* in my earliest experiences with Magic Bev helped me to accept the phenomenon much easier. I did have to swallow some pride over the fact that, even while in my much advanced spiritual state from ten years ago, I had still dismissed the *Wuthering Heights* aspect totally. Yet it had been firmly established in the past. The emphasis upon this novel had, in fact, been stressed by her ten years ago.

Once the framework was established for my own understanding, the next thing Magic Bev explained to me was that when the break occurred between Beverly Anne and myself, reaching the climax in her reply to 'Where's my wife?' being 'She's DEAD!', the death spoken of was Beverly Anne's conscious disassociation from her previously familiar spiritual self. She had 'killed off her connection or receptivity to that part of herself. Magic Bev said that, in effect, she had been 'kicked out'.

Furthermore, she said that I had needed to grow in spirit, maturity, experience, and self-understanding over the following ten years to be ready to receive communications from the female side of my spiritual Self, i.e. Magic Bev.

She said that this was perfectly reasonable since, in fact, we were indeed eternal spiritual mates- a male and female spiritual expression who were, in essence, one at the highest level.

Once the rapport had been established between Magic Bev, the talking Muse, and the somewhat bewildered but totally fascinated me, more information was given to me. Sometimes I would reach up into my Muse, and write a poem as I heard/felt it.

While the Magic Bev communion was developing in my inner world experience, in the outer world, I was in the habit of going out for breakfast or shopping nearly every day with my friend Al. He had been a steady companion over the previous ten months or so. We had a lot in common, since he seemed about a year ahead of me in recovering from a period in his life when everything collapsed and went wrong for him. We also shared a common interest in sporting activities and entertainments. I had been somewhat secluded from many other people socially, either from retreating to lick my wounds from the calamities in my outer world, or from spending a lot of time alone working on my novel, so Al helped me to maintain social contact.

It began to happen that while Al and I would be walking through a mall somewhere in town, I would get very strong intuitive feelings to buy a certain music LP, or book or something. It soon became established in my daily routine to go out almost everyday for a few hours with Al, and on each day's outing, find or be 'led to' a special item that would teach me or open my experience to some new aspect of all the things Magic Bev wanted me to learn. I eventually came to almost expect to find some interesting 'clue' each day we went out. If I consciously looked for such a thing, I never found anything of any consequence. But when I wasn't thinking of it, or just followed Al around here and there, circumstances would lead me to the place I would find it.

One of the first things Magic Bev intuitively led me to purchase was a copy of the LP *The Kick Inside* by Kate Bush. This beautiful album features Kate's version of her song *Wuthering Heights*. I knew Kate Bush had written the song, having heard it once the previous summer on the radio. It meant little to me at the time. But when I brought the LP home and listened to Kate sing *Wuthering Heights*, it sent me up into the clouds just as Beethoven's 7th had done a month or so previously. I loved that song and cried many joyous tears during the first dozen times I listened to it.

Magic Bev, in a poem communication, had told me that we would 'meet in music, two spirits eternally one'. Let me quote some lines from that poem for reference:

Someday my love and I
Will walk together again
On my side of the veil
Between Heaven and Earth

* * *

I'm coming to my love
To tell him not to fear
His Lady, his Queen, his Other
Is waiting patiently here
Some may say my love
Is lost in a senseless dream
But they are the dreamers
For life is more than it often seems

* * *

And I will come down to thee
 And often come inside
 My heart all yours
 My spirit open wide
 And we shall meet in music
 Two spirits forever One
 Joined for all Eternity
 By the Grace of the Eternal Son

Someday my love and I
 Will walk together hand in hand
 Infinity is our marriage
 And Death our wedding band.

I do not quote the entire poem due to the very personal nature of some parts. However, one other short poem entitled *Bri an' Bam* which Magic Bev channeled to me is among the poems included in *The Book of Ba*.

A short while after being intuitively led to purchase the Kate Bush LP, the next music I was 'led' to buy was a new album by The POLICE entitled *Ghost In the Machine*. Since the first song on this LP is *Spirits In the Material World*, followed by the big hit *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic*, the LP itself was a natural, even if I hadn't received such a strong-intuition to buy it. It was the first LP by The POLICE I had ever purchased or heard.

When I first listened to *Ghost In the Machine*, I did not like it much. The second day, I listened to it several times and found my appreciation growing considerably. Soon the song *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic* was among my favorites. It of course struck me as truly a very Magic song. However, the mere enjoyment of a new LP was apparently not all that Magic Bev had in mind with this music.

One moment, while casually inspecting the graphics on the LP cover and record sleeve, I 'got the message' to check out the band's name, POLICE, with Majic.

Before discussing what I discovered by applying Magic to the name 'POLICE', it is important to first describe the LP packaging.

The cover is stark black with three strange red graphic figures on the front. They did not say or look like anything I could fathom at the time, although I have since discovered their amazing secret. The inner paper sleeve of the LP features a photographic blow-up of a complex Integrated Circuit, or an IC as they are called. The members of The POLICE eerily appear out of the electronic shadows. The record itself has on its centre label a reproduction of the strange red images seen on the LP cover. The images appear in neon green and blue instead of red, however.

I felt that there was some sort of hocus pocus going on with this LP, so I set out to try to figure it out. I soon discovered that if you stare at the front cover, the red on black, then focus on a spot on a white wall, the retinal image formed in your vision is in the exact shade of blue as it appears on the record label.

This optical trick was amusing, but it was not the images which most interested me. It was applying the magic letter rearranging game I called Majic to the band's name POLICE.

When I did so, I quickly discovered that POLICE = IC* EO* LP

IC as in Integrated Circuit (or IC) as featured on the LP's inner sleeve.

LP of course for LP, which Ghost *in the Machine* is.

And EO for.. .for what?

What essential element of this IC LP connected to EO?

To find the majical significance of EO, we look first to the album's biggest song, *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic*.

The chorus of the song goes 'Every little thing she does is magic/Every little thing she does turns me on/And even 'though my life is sometimes tragic/My love for her goes on and on....' But at the end of the song, the chorus finishes by building up to a resounding finale of 'EO...EO...EO.. EO...EOOOOOO.'

Now, whatever EO in IC * EO * LP means, Sting is singing about it at the climax of the biggest song on the LP, one of the POLICE's biggest hits ever. Later I discovered that EO appears on two other POLICE songs, including an echoing round of EO on *Walking On the Moon* from the LP *Zeta Mondeta*.

So Majic has POLICE saying IC EO LP.

Or I SEE EO LP. Now EO is the key element in describing the LP.

So what is an EO LP?

Does Sting simply singing EO make it an EO LP? Or is there something more, something deeper, something a whole lot more Majic to it?

Enter our old friend Aleister Crowley.

Remember the Magickal work dictated to him by other worldly beings in Cairo in 1904 called *The Book of the Law*?

In the first chapter of this three-part message, the speaker is Nuit, the Egyptian star goddess who adorns many a ceiling in ancient Egyptian chambers. She tells us 'I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty.' (1.24)

At the beginning of the second chapter, the very first word of the chapter in fact, the mate of Nuit (Hadit) calls her by her more informal name Nu.

These simple quotes gleaned from *The Book of the Law* will show that EO in *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic* refers to the Egyptian star goddess Nu.

In her chapter, Nuit says her word is 'six and fifty'. Crowley and other serious Kabalists (people who apply traditional Hebrew number values to words to derive divine or magical significance from them) make a simple substitution of the traditional value of 6 for U and 50 for N, with the 'word of Nuit' coming out NU, since Hebrew is written right to left.

What I offer the reader is no less revealing, but a great deal more common place.

While to most people the study of the Kabala's intricate letter/number system is beyond their experience, many people are familiar with the simple letter/number chart used in common numerology, whereby each letter of the English language receives a value from 1 to 9. Numerology uses a common chart to translate letters into numbers for numerological study:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z		

When we apply this common number system to EO, we find it turns into the number 56.

And what did Nuit the star goddess say her word was? Six and fifty, which, when added together, equals 56.

The final clue that the LP *Ghost In the Machine* by The POLICE is deeply connected to the Magick of Aleister Crowley appeared when I eventually discovered that, if one holds the album cover up to a mirror, the strange red figures say 666.

CHAPTER FOUR: CONCRETE PROOF

While I was fascinated by the amazing things I discovered in such music as the Ghost *in the Machine* LP, to me the most important part of my wonderfully strange experiences was the reappearance of Magic Bev. To have her reappear in my life, to see how her earlier lessons about MBB and *Wuthering Heights* fit perfectly with my shocking new higher consciousness communication with her, and to have her dramatically confirm my longstanding conviction that Beverly Anne truly was my spiritual mate was medicine for my soul.

As the weeks passed, I became accustomed to my new reality that included such things as a returned Magic Bev and an IC EO LP. I treasured what I had already been given, but I soon began to feel deep down in my soul that there was something more. I did not know what it was, but my intuition was very strong that there was something I yet needed to learn.

When this silent growing need to know reached a peak, it became apparent that whatever it was I needed to discover, finding it was the most most important thing in my life. I felt convinced that there was something more, something very big, some aspect of this Magic spiritual mate lesson I had yet to experience.

One night I faced myself point blank. I realized that, no matter how strange my experiences, they fit into an established pattern for me, and they were quite real to me. But I knew that I needed one final big push forward--to what or where, I did not know.

So I finally pleaded with Magic Bev to give me one large final increment of insight, understanding and love. I begged her, as one might beg for one's life.

The next morning I awoke my usual self and soon headed out for breakfast with my friend Al. After eating, we strolled through a local mall, not looking for anything in particular, just looking to see what we might see.

We eventually came to a bookstore with a large bin of discounted books right at its front entrance. I picked up an interesting book called *Witches* and flipped through its interesting contents. I did not notice the book Al had picked up until he started to tell me how interesting it was. So interesting, in fact, that he was going to buy it.

When I looked over at him, I saw that he had a coffee table astrology book called *The Round Art* by A. T. Mann. My interest was immediately perked when he said he was going to buy it, because I never knew Al to buy astrology books. I quickly thumbed through it and decided it intrigued me enough to pay the bargain price of ten dollars for a copy of my own. It was the best ten dollars I ever spent in my life, as I would soon learn.

Al came home with me for an hour or so that afternoon. We each dug into our copy of *The Round Art*. I soon found a special section near the back where the author had presented the natal horoscope charts of 48 famous people from history with accompanying photographs. This feature of the book fascinated me because I am always looking to study the horoscopes of famous people, to compare what I know of their lives with what I see in their charts.

While casually flipping through the charts, I suddenly came across one double page spread that immediately seized my special attention. Staring directly at me from the bottom right hand half page was good old Aleister Crowley himself, with his horoscope in a round wheel immediately to his left.

That moment I felt instinctively that this book was indeed my magic find for the day. I did not know what it might come to be, but as soon as I saw Crowley, my intuition turned on like a light. Soon after I found AL in the pages of the new book, the other AL went home, leaving me alone to ponder this new magic find.

I eventually put the book away, but several hours later, I was drawn back to it. I opened the page with Crowley's picture and chart. The entire double page spread featured four separate alphabetically arranged persons:

9) LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

11) SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

10) ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

12) ALEISTER CROWLEY

I was delighted to see Elizabeth Browning's chart and picture to Crowley's left because she had always been my favorite spiritual romantic poet. In fact, several years earlier, I had cut out a small picture of her from another astrology book and mounted it in a small old-fashioned oval frame and hung it on my bedroom wall. I platonically admired the woman and poet very much.

As I took turns glancing at Elizabeth and Crowley's charts, suddenly Magic Bev started to come in 'loud and clear'. Her appearance was never regular or predictable, and the times of a vivid awareness of her presence in my mind were few. Most often, she would simply be a very strong intuitive feeling. But at that moment she was very present indeed.

She immediately drew my attention to the picture of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who I found to look rather mysterious in her own right. Then Magic Bev reminded me firmly of my previous night's gut wrenching plea for something more. I became serious and attentive. She intuited to me that I was looking at her most prized secret. She was hesitant, almost shy about it somehow.

Then she laid the bombshell on me. She told me that Elizabeth Browning was who she had been in her last life on Earth, in the 1800's.

My reaction was one part astonishment and four parts refusal to believe her.

First of all, I was familiar with the doctrine of reincarnation, but had never embraced it as being true. I found it interesting, but neither believed nor disbelieved in it.

Secondly, I thought so much of Elizabeth Browning, it was very difficult to have anyone, even Magic Bev, claim to have been her in a different life.

On the one hand, I had a great deal of skepticism to contend with. On the other, I knew in my heart that I had literally begged the night before for some final push. She told me that this was it.

I fully understood what she was telling me. But it was just too difficult for me to believe it. There were simply too many mental blocks. I put the book aside and let the matter mull over silently in my mind.

Later that night, my poetic inspiration acted up and I began writing another letter to Beverly Anne. What came to me while composing that letter was Magic Bev's further lessons on Elizabeth.

She reminded me that she had long ago told me our magic name was MBB. Then she carefully explained that, if I looked at the letters, and thought of them as symbols, it was a case of 'an M turned once for a lifetime' such that EBB became MBB.

Indeed, a clockwise quarter rotation of E became M. But I was still a long way from accepting the whole story.

After supper that evening, I decided to pursue the only rational course available. I would go to the public library and take out several books on Elizabeth Browning to see if there was anything in her life story that I could somehow relate to my present experiences.

I started to walk to the library, which is located about ten blocks from where I was living. I proceeded down my street and crossed over to the next block, following a route I had taken many times before. However, something happened a few yards into the next block that floored me totally and established Magic Bev's point of view much more solidly in my mind.

I was walking down the cement sidewalk, my mind fixed upon what I might find at the library about EBB, carrying on a one-sided mental 'conversation' with Magic Bev which consisted basically of me telling her there was no way I was going to go for this one.

It might seem strange that someone could accept such a highly unusual thing as Magic Bev as a real part of my consciousness, yet balk at something she might say. But I dared not accept her word. So I was arguing with her to myself in mind as I walked onto the next block.

As I walked along, I was mostly concentrating on my imaginary argument with Magic Bev. Suddenly, my attention just zoomed down to the cement sidewalk under my feet. Untold years ago, someone had scrawled some initials into the wet cement. Written in the sidewalk in twelve inch letters, facing me at a right angle, were the letters BM.

The adjacent square of the cement sidewalk had the same BM initials on it, but in this square the letters were written **facing** me.

Thus, the first set looked like **BM** while the second set looked **BM**.

In other words, just as I had been told previously by Magic Bev (the E changed into an M to change EBB to MBB) I was now gazing at the identical E to M pattern.

The moment the realization hit me, Magic Bev suddenly spoke to me in her strongest intuitive voice. "You want CONCRETE proof?" she said. "There it is!"

This all happened so unexpectedly, came so out of the blue, and she was so sarcastic in tone that I was absolutely floored. I felt I had been told off, in a nice kind of way. It made me wonder what I might find at the library, so I continued on, a poor victim of a smart Holy Guardian Angel.

At the library, I found four books on Elizabeth Browning.

It was later that night, while scanning the contents of the biography How Do I Love Thee? that I first encountered the fact that Elizabeth Browning, since she had been a young girl, was affectionately known within her family as 'Ba'.

I immediately thought back to something I had come across in my earlier research on ancient Egyptian spiritual beliefs for my novel. I was sure I had encountered the name Ba in the material, and made a plan to visit the library again the next day to check into it.

I spent a few hours before bed looking through the various Elizabeth Browning books. What struck me most profoundly were the pictures in several of the books. The more I gazed at them, the more a silent recognition overwhelmed me. The feeling was strong and profound; yet misty, elusive, and compelling. I did not mentally recognize any elements of her biography, it was all news to me; but in her pictures, soul sense glimmered and I could not ignore their eerie yet powerful effect. I felt like a moth being drawn into the sun.

The next afternoon I returned to the library. A rather interesting thing happened en route. I was walking down an avenue off which I might have taken any one of several streets to head in the general direction of the library. I passed by one such street, I continued past it forty steps, then had a strong intuition to double back and take that street north. I did. Several blocks short of the library, laying alongside the sidewalk, I found a pair of insects. They both seemed dead or at least dormant. I decided to check them out on my route home from the library.

On my way home, I returned to the site of the insects. They were about an inch and a quarter long, shiny metallic brown in color, with wings that folded back tightly against their bodies. I thought of them immediately as beetles, although they easily could have been cicadas, or some other branch of the related insect family. But for my purposes, they represented two large brown beetles. I deduced that whatever their true species, they were likely the closest thing to true Egyptian scarab beetles one might find in Southern Alberta. Scarab beetles are highly magical symbols in Egyptian Magic. The fact that they were brown in color at least hinted at Browning. All in all, I found them to be a rather unusual find.

I arrived home and re-read the Xeroxed information on the Egyptian Ba, then read more about the English Ba. The more I pondered the identical words, the more deeply I appreciated their interwoven significance. I was convinced there was a profound connection between the two.

Further experiences were to prove my assumed connection between the English poet Ba and the Egyptian Magic Ba would bear fruit in relation to Aleister Crowley's dictated work *The Book of the Law*.

CHAPTER FIVE: A WHITE SPORT COAT AND A REINCARNATION

One consideration that comes to the forefront in investigating the Magical phenomenon of The *Book of Ba* is the validity of the doctrine of Reincarnation. Do we live a series of lives, spending a human lifetime in different times in history; or are we simply born once only?

There are a host of questions seemingly without verifiable answers on this subject. If reincarnation is a fact of life and death, then how would we ever come to the point of knowing that it was so?

Essential to the doctrine is the idea that all previous Earthly and spiritual experience is blotted out from our available memory prior to a new incarnation. This consideration was dealt with in Greek mythology in the story of the Lethe River, the river of forgetfulness or oblivion. Spirits about to reincarnate drank from the Lethe and all memory was temporarily wiped away.

Whether it is so or not, each lifetime seems to be unique, at least from the point of view of normal memory and awareness. There are purported cases of persons having some form of recollection of a past life, but even if we accept this as a valid phenomenon, the occurrence of such recalling is rare, and by nature most difficult to prove.

Whatever the reader's own views on the subject of reincarnation, or some type of life-after-death, I now offer a set of quotations which express views of various other persons on this topic.

They are not presented as proof of anything, except that the subject has been seriously pondered by thinkers over the ages:

“If immortality be untrue, it matters little whether anything else be true or not.”

- Henry T. Buckle

“Krishna: I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. As the Lord of this mortal frame experienceth therein infancy, youth, and old age, so in future incarnations will it meet the same. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass... As a man throweth away old garments and putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. 31

“The deluded do not see the spirit when it quitteth or remains in the body, nor when, moved by the qualities, it has experience in this world. But those who have the eye of wisdom perceive it, and devotees who industriously strive to do so see it dwelling in their own hearts.”

- *The Bhagavad Gita* trans. William Q. Judge

“Homage to thee, O Governor of those who are Amenti (Heaven), who makest the mortals to be born again who renewest thy youth... I am Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow; and I have the power to be born a second time. I am the hidden Soul who createth the gods. I am the Lord of those who are raised up from the dead... I am the Great One, Son of the Great One; I am Fire, the Son of Fire. I have knit together my bones; I have made myself whole and sound; I have become young once more; I am Osiris, the Lord of Eternity.”

-*The Egyptian Book of the Dead*

“What Pythagoras wished to indicate by all these particulars was that he knew the former lives he had lived, which enabled him to begin providential attention to others and remind them of their former existence.”

-*Life of Pythagoras*
Iamblichus

“The soul of the true philosopher... abstains as much as possible from pleasures and desires, griefs and fears... because each pleasure and pain, having a nail! as it were, nails the soul to the body, and fastens it to it, and causes it to become corporeal, deeming those things to be true whatever the body asserts to be so. For, in consequence of its forming the same opinions with the body, and delighting in the same things... it can never pass into Hades in a pure state! but must ever depart polluted by the body, and so quickly falls into another body.. and consequently is deprived of all association with that which is divine, and pure, and uniform.”

- Thaedo
Plato

“It is again a strong proof of men knowing most things before birth, that when mere children they grasp innumerable facts with such speed as to show they are not then taking them in for the first time, but remembering and recalling them.”

- Cicero

“Heaven-born: the soul a heavenward course must hold; beyond the world she soars; the wise man: I affirm, can find no rest in that which perishes, nor will he lend his heart to aught that doth on time depend.”

-Michelangelo

“‘All Spaniards are mystics’, he replied (to the query ‘are you a mystic?’). All Spaniards are both Don Quixote, who is pure spirit, and Sancho Panza, who is pure materialism. That is why Don Quixote is the most Spanish of all books, As for me: I am not only a mystic; I am also the reincarnation of one of the greatest of all Spanish mystics: St. John of the Cross. I can remember vividly my life as St. John, of experiencing divine union, of undergoing the dark night of the soul of which he writes with so much feeling. I can remember the monastery and I can remember many of St. John’s fellow monks.”

-Salvador Dali
as interviewed in NY Herald, 1960

“Everything in a dream is more deep and strong and sharp and real than is ever its pale imitation in the unreal life which is ours when we go about awake and clothed with our artificial selves in this vague and dull-tinted artificial world. When we die we shall slough off this cheap intellect, perhaps, and go abroad into Dreamland clothed in our real selves and aggrandized and enriched by the command over the mysterious mental magician who is here not our slave, but only our guest.”

-*My Platonic Sweetheart*
Mark Twain

“Wretches! You think to destroy me?
So listen now to my last words:
As long as Roma’s seven hills remain
As long the eternal city will not pass away,
You shall see Rienza return again.”

- *Rienzi*
Richard Wagner

"... the phrase which follows and which he repeated every three or four minutes...revealed the depth of his thought. 'Messieurs,' he exclaimed to them, 'you wish to treat me as if I were Louis le Debonnaire. Do not confound the son with the father. You see in me Charlemagne... I am Charlemagne, I.. yes, I am Charlemagne.'"

-Napoleon Bonaparte

"The doctrine of metempsychosis (reincarnation) is, above all, neither absurd nor useless. It is not more surprising to be born twice than once; everything in nature is resurrection."

-Voltaire

"The deeds of the preceeding life give the direction to the present life. This is what the Hindus call Karma."

-Count Leo Tolstoy

"I adopted the theory of Reincarnation when I was twenty-six... Religion offered nothing to the point...Even work could not give me complete satisfaction. Work is futile if we cannot utilize the experience we collect in one life in the next. When I discovered Reincarnation it was as if I had found a universal plan. I realized that there was a chance to work out my ideas. Time was no longer limited. I was no longer a slave to the hands of the clock.. . .

The discovery of Reincarnation put my mind at ease... if you preserve a record of this conversation, write it so that it puts mens' minds at ease. I would like to communicate to others the calmness that the long view gives us.

Genius is experience. Some seem to think that it is a gift or a talent, but it is the fruit of long experience in many lives. Some are older souls than others, and so they know more."

-Henry Ford

"The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their primitive forms--this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of true religiousness."

-Albert Einstein

CHAPTER SIX: FOREVER BA

An explanation of the word Ba as it applies to Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Egyptian Magic deserves special attention.

Elizabeth received the pet name Ba when she was a little girl. She called her favorite brother 'Bro' (from brother), and he called her 'Ba' (from baby). Her pet name Ba stayed with Elizabeth all her life, and in several of her biographies, she is called Ba as often as she is called Elizabeth.

However, the word Ba also has an important meaning in terms of ancient Egyptian spiritual beliefs.

In *The Book of the Dead* Sir E. A. Wallis Budge writes:

"To that part of man which beyond all doubt was believed to enjoy an eternal existence after the death of the body, the Egyptians gave the name Ba, a word which has been thought to mean something like "sublime", noble", and which has always hitherto been translated by "soul" or "heart-soul". It was closely associated with the Ka and the Ab, or heart, and it was one of the principles of life in man.

In form it is depicted as a human-headed hawk, and in nature and substance it is stated to be exceedingly refined or ethereal.

... it had the power of passing into heaven and of dwelling with the perfected souls there. It was eternal...In the Pyramid Texts the permanent dwelling place of the Ba or soul is heaven with the gods, whose life it shares.."

In terms of the ancient Egyptian definition, the Ba is the ethereal and eternal spiritual essence of a person.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was innocently called Ba from her childhood, but in her adult life she was herself a very ethereal, spiritual woman. When people met the famous Victorian poetess in person, they would often later comment on how ghostly and ethereal she looked.

In terms of *The Book of Ba*, it is no mere coincidence that Elizabeth bore the same name that the ancient Egyptians gave to the ethereal heart-soul, for she was the very embodiment of this spiritual essence. She was her spiritual Ba. She was the word made flesh.

While the ancient Egyptians called the heart-soul the Ba, they also had a special word for the name. Among the most important facets of Egyptian magical/spiritual beliefs the *Ren* or name held a highly respected position:

‘The Egyptians, like most Oriental nations, attached very great importance to the knowledge of names, and the knowledge of how to use and to make mention of names which possessed magical powers was a necessity both for the living and the dead.... To the Egyptian the name was as much a part of a man’s being as his soul (Ba), or his double (Ka), or his body, and it is quite certain that this view was held by him in the earliest times.’

In his Introduction to *The Book of the Dead*, Sir E. A. Wallis Budge defines the Egyptian word Ren in the context of describing the constituent parts of man physically, mentally, and spiritually:

“The ren or name, to preserve which the Egyptians took the most extraordinary precautions, for the belief was widespread that unless the name of a man was preserved he ceased to exist. Already in the time of King Pepi the name was regarded as a most important portion of a man’s economy.. .

Thus, the use of the name Ba, in keeping with the Egyptian idea that the name must survive to keep the being alive, is a most Magical aspect of Elizabeth. She cannot be properly called Elizabeth forever. But she can be called Ba eternally, in a simple yet profound play on words.

Once a Ba, always a Ba. Little wonder then that Ba kept her magical pet name in her initials when she reincarnated as Beverly Anne.

CHAPTER SEVEN: NO BEAST SHALL DIVINE

It wasn't long after Magic Bev reappeared in my life that the entire phenomenon reached a peak in the pages of The Book of the Law, the supreme Magickal work dictated to Crowley in Cairo in 1904.

Contained within the material Crowley received are several sets of codes and mysterious ciphers which offer deep insights into the work itself, once solved.

Crowley spent much of his life working out various implications and hidden meanings of the text itself, but never claimed to have solved these mysterious codes. In fact, the work itself says he never would solve them, nor should he even try. The text of the first set of Codes reads:

**“Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:
4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL.
What meaneth this, o prophet? Thous knowest not,
nor shall thou ever know. There cometh one to follow
thee: he shall expound it.”**

**The Book of the Law
II. 75 & 76**

The second set of Codes reads:

**“This book shall be translated into all tongues: but always
with the original in the writing of the Beast; for in the chance
shape of the letters and their position to one another: in these
are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not seek to
try: but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who shall
discover the Key of it all. Then this line drawn is a key: then
this circle squared in its failure is a key also. And
Abrahadabra. It shall be his child & that strangely . Let him
not seek after this; for thereby alone can he fall from it.”**

**The Book of the Law
III. 47**

These mysterious codes emphatically proclaim that Crowley, whom the writings often refer to as the Beast, is not the person to solve them. Someone else was destined to discover what they meant and explain them to the world.

My mystical experiences with Magic Bev reached a startling climax when I realized that the person alluded to in the mysterious Codes was me.

Judging from what I now know of Crowley's school of Magick, the Order which he organized, and the demands of the two, it is fair to say that previous to my discovery of the secret meanings of the Codes, I knew next to nothing of the real nature of the Work.

I have always had an affinity for Egyptian spiritual things, but as for learning, I was (and perhaps still am) a mere beginner in the path outlined by Crowley perse. This is due to the fact that I have never considered myself to be a Crowley-ite. His work impressed me profoundly at an intuitive level, but I have only the bare rudiments of understanding of much of his specific teachings.

In regard to *The Book of the Law* itself, prior to delving deep into its mysteries, I only had read it on several occasions. At one point, I purchased a book of commentaries on it which I found somewhat enlightening. But it is fair to say that I was only minimally familiar with the book.

As for the Codes themselves, they meant so little to me in reading them that I normally just passed right over them. In fact, the day I purchased *The Commentaries of AL* (a collection of Crowley's and another's insights and interpretation of *The Book of the Law*, line by line), when I first thumbed through it and came across a facsimile of the original manuscript in Crowley's own handwriting in the back, I almost decided not to purchase the book because so much of it seemed to be filled with the barely legible scrawl of Crowley's writing. I thought it was rather presumptuous to bother spending so much space in a book reproducing "Crowley's own handwriting".

As I have since learned, this facsimile was included in fulfillment of the stipulation within *The Book of the Law* itself:

“This book shall be translated into all tongues: but always with the original in the writing of the Beast;”

The Book of the Law
III. 47

My ignorance of this single facet clearly reveals that my knowledge of the work was rather limited. So how could such a one possibly discover the Key to the mysterious Codes? Codes which he had rarely even seen?

My answer is this: Was it not but a young squire who inadvertently pulled the Sword from out the Stone?

The discovery of the meaning of the mysterious Codes began rather innocently. Some time after the reappearance of Magic Bev, I was reading *The Commentaries of AL* when I chanced upon a section of the work dealing with the Codes. For some reason, I decided to set my mind to decoding them.

My initial efforts were serious and intent; they were also fruitless and laughable. For the purpose of showing how NOT to decode them, let me record the few muddled attempts I first made. I was concentrating on the Codes as found in II 75 & 76:

“4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL”

I took my first clue from the command preceding this set of ciphers which says, "Listen to the numbers and the words". I thought perhaps that hidden in the phonetic sounds of the characters was some important cryptic message.

I sounded out the first four numbers. I thought I was onto something big when I noticed the first two numbers said "For thou..." (from four thousand six hundred and thirty-eight). I hit a brick wall after the second syllable.

After further deliberation, I thought perhaps French might provide the key; after all, there is much to be found in *The Book of the Law* from the application of Greek and Hebrew; so why not French, I mused. And I knew French somewhat, whereas I am ignorant of Greek and Hebrew.

I came up with 'Cat Ra sees...' (quatre six), thinking again that I had found the secret perhaps. Crowley called himself the Lion of Light, and Ra is the Egyptian sun god, so I had reason to suspect from my first few numbers in French, again, that I was onto something. However, this attempt proved fruitless.

Recounting my first feeble efforts ought to give the reader an excellent idea of just how poorly (if not scoring points for ingenious effort) I did when I took it upon myself to solve the Codes with my conscious self-willed intellect. In light of my grand failure to crack the Codes in this manner, I view the following quote from the Codes themselves to be implicit and prophetic:

"Let him not seek after these things; for thereby alone can he fall from it."

The Book of the Law
III. 47

I now take this 'warning' to mean, at least on one level, that the person who shall discover the meanings should not go looking for them; in fact, this is the only way he will miss them.

Judging from my experiences with the Codes in III 47, from which this quote comes, the warning was literally true; for when I found the initial Key to the second set of codes, I was not looking for them specifically. In fact, I found the initial Key to the second set while searching for the page featuring the first set.

Knowing as I do the manner in which I stumbled onto them, I realize full well how little I invented them and how largely I merely discovered or found them.

I claim little personal credit for their discovery; but I claim Perfection for the solutions themselves. I spotted their perfect order or system which existed of their own accord. I found them simply because I was meant to find them.

After my energetic but fruitless attempts to unravel the secret message in one set of Codes, I dismissed the whole idea of me solving them as a whimsical delusion. I did not yet know what they meant or referred to, so I could not value the information contained in them. I simply forgot the whole adventure for awhile.

However, although I consciously dismissed the idea of solving them, within myself I felt more and more intuitively confident that I could solve them. It was just one of those things I felt I could do; something like a Magical version of one of those Hong Kong number puzzles, where you have to manipulate the numbered squares into the proper order utilizing one empty space. I felt more confident, in fact, that I could solve the *Book of the Law* Codes than I would feel facing the Hong Kong puzzle.

I obviously had a split between what I *felt* I could do and what I *thought* I could do. My conscious mental self had tried its hardest but could not crack the Codes. I had no choice but to *think* that I could not solve them. But my intuition, which proved to be right, felt that I could do it. The feeling got stronger and stronger until I made a very earnest and serious plea to be shown the solutions.

When I set out to try again, I decided that I would read the Codes exactly as Crowley had originally written them down in his own hand writing. As I was leafing through the back pages of The Commentaries of AL, which I had rarely, if ever, looked through previously, I was searching for the first set of Codes. However, I first happened upon the page in the manuscript which contained the second set of Codes. The reason I had stopped at this page as I thumbed through was because I noticed the heavy black line drawn down the top paragraph.

I had never seen this page in the manuscript before. I vaguely knew the Codes on this page, but I had never actually seen what the words **“then this line drawn”** had referred to. Crowley, in scribing the original manuscript, had scrawled a thick line down half this page. And according to the statements made by the sentences which the line passed through, the line drawn somehow marked the letters of the words in such a way as to point out the Key of it all.

The first time I looked at the manuscript page featuring the line, I saw within ten seconds what is pointed out. To me, it **was** and still is plain to see.

There are several other things indicated by the line drawn which complete all I know of it. I found these further things soon after I found the initial Key. In my mind, the solutions are that simple and obvious. It's like an acrostic--you don't see it until it is pointed out to you; but once you see it, its almost impossible to miss.

Once I saw the first Key indicated by the line, I realized that my intuition was correct. I could solve the Codes. My first success so encouraged me that I put my mind to work decoding all the rest of them.

I could make no further progress with the second set, so I returned to the first set. I mulled over the entire matter, putting the situation into the context of the Magic Bev/EBB phenomenon. I quickly deduced that the only other puzzle piece I had to work with was the book The Round Art where I had first encountered Crowley and EBB side by side.

I fetched the book and opened it to the double-page spread. I looked at the charts and pictures, then looked at the 4638 etc Codes. What comparison could there be between the two?

Then, while looking attentively at Crowley's chart, I noticed that the Sun was placed in the 4th House in his horoscope. It passed into my awareness very innocently.

For no known reason, I glanced at EBB's chart to see in which House her Sun was located. It is found in her House number 6. I thought 'Bingo!' I looked up and over to Churchill's chart, hoping that things would work out such that his Sun would be found in House 3. The Sun was placed in Churchill's House number 3! I stopped momentarily. The Sun had to be in Beethoven's House 8. if so, I had found the meaning of 4638. If not, my idea was useless.

The odds were 1 in 12, since there are 12 possible House locations for the Sun.

When I looked--lo and behold--Beethoven had his Sun in House number 8!

I was thrilled. I remember looking at Beethoven's picture and telling him what a fantastic Sagittarius he was. After all, his House 8, as it turns out, is a very slim section of his natal chart wheel. Yet, in true Sagittarian archer fashion, he shot an arrow into the bull's eye.

I quickly went on to the next few figures in the Codes; then to the next; and so on until I had found the factors on this double-page spread that were clearly the manifestation of the long string of letters and digits and figures of the first set of Codes.

Rather than revealing some hidden Kabalistic Greek, or Hebrew meaning, what the first set of Codes do is to present a complex set of data which match perfectly to objective and unique factors to be found on this double-page spread.

It will be up to the reader to carefully compare the Codes with these factors I shall point out, and to assess their accuracy and validity for him or herself.

I should also point out that, for purposes of comparing the Codes to this page, one does not have to accept a single Astrological premise. For all it matters here, Astrology could be totally meaningless. It does not matter if Crowley being a Libra means anything. It does not matter if the Sun means anything. The fact is that the information printed on this page is exactly AS PRINTED. It is simply there. What it means or doesn't mean, from an Astrological perspective, is irrelevant.

But to be fair to the book's author, it also ought to be pointed out that the charts as drawn are indeed graphic representations of the real locations of the real planetary orbs on the day of birth for the persons indicated. This much is pure objective fact, sheer astronomical data.

The morning following my amazing discovery, my friend Al showed up to take us out for breakfast. I was excited about the solutions, and proudly announced that I had a major new demonstration of the Magical phenomenon I had been attempting to tell him about for many weeks.

When I showed him my solutions for the Codes, I don't think they made much sense to him, but I recall that he didn't have much problem seeing that I had excellent answers for every bit of data in the original Codes. In fact, several people I have shown the solutions to have had little difficulty seeing them.

I folded up my books and we went out for breakfast at a regularly frequented pancake house. While sipping morning coffee, I noticed an old acquaintance I had not seen for several years, invited him over for coffee, and commenced to listen to his stories. However, the unexpected reunion with an old friend was not to be the most surprising event of that morning.

It began about twenty minutes after we sat down at our table. I started to feel rather strange inside. The feeling crept over me like a fog growing in density. It was a thick, heavy euphoria that seemed to be oozing into my consciousness from some unknown source. It was of the nature of a drug such as morphine in that it grew heavier as time elapsed.

The feeling grew stronger and more intense until I could barely continue my conversation. The energy seeping into my system was incredible, yet it did not make me the slightest bit physically hyperactive. It was more the quality of an intense euphoric feeling that made conversation bothersome.

Ten minutes after it started to manifest, I was so seized by this intense euphoria that I asked Al if he could please take me home right away.

It wasn't that the experience made staying in the restaurant difficult. I could have sat there all day from a practical point of view. But I wanted to go home because my mind was yearning to devour some beautiful loud music on my headphones, in order to balance the massive euphoria flowing through me.

By the time I got home, I simply wanted to lay down and surrender to the experience. I put on *Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic* by The POLICE, donned my headphones, and lay down on my bed to pass the next several hours in total bliss.

At its height, I could only describe it as a feeling similar to having a diode inserted into the orgasm center of the brain while a scientist sends a few hundred continuous volts into the diode. I had never experienced such a feeling previously, nor have I had the experience since.

A skeptic might argue that either Al or my longlost friend had secretly slipped something into my coffee. I will allow for that remote possibility, yet it would have been totally out of character for either of them to have done so. And I claim my powers of observation during the time were sufficient to have noticed some such trick.

I dismiss the drugged coffee theory. What does explain it to me is the following quote from *The Book of the Law*:

‘And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body.’

The Book of the Law

I. 26

If I had to reduce my experience to one word, that word would be ‘ecstasy’. The fact that it appeared out of the blue in the morning following my previous night’s discovery of the meanings of the Codes, to me, was a final and firm sign of the reality of my having found the correct solutions.

CHAPTER EIGHT: THE MYSTERIOUS CODES REVEALED

There are two main sets of Codes contained within The Book *of the Law*: the string of ciphers and the paragraph with the heavy drawn line.

There are several other mysterious statements and clues in the work that further illuminate the significance of these two main sets, and they will be dealt with later.

The double-page spread featuring the horoscopes of Aleister Crowley and Elizabeth Barrett Browning from The *Round Art* by A.T. Mann is integral to the revelation of the Codes and is therefore reproduced for reference on the following page.

Also included on subsequent pages are the Codes in Crowley's own hand writing from his original manuscript. (following pages will take approx two min. to download.)

The Round Art



Horoscope 9,
Ludwig van Beethoven, composer
16 December 1770
Bonn, Germany

Splay Shape
Ruling Planet: Venus Capricorn X

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[ASTROLOGICAL](#)

[CHARTS!](#)

Beethoven 9

Element Distribution

Fire 4

Air 1 5pos

Earth 6

Water 0 6neg

Mode Distribution

Cardinal 3

Fixed 3

Mutable 5

House Distribution

Angular 1

Succedent 6

Cadent 3



Horoscope 10,
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Poetess
3 March 1806
Durham, England

Bowl Shape: Venus leads
Ruling Planet: Mercury Pisces VI

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[CHARTS!](#)

Browning 10

Element Distribution

Fire 1

Air 3 4pos

Earth 2

Water 5 7neg

Mode Distribution

Cardinal 4

Fixed 0

Mutable 6

House Distribution

Angular 3

Succedent 2

Cadent 5

The Round Art



Horoscope 11,
Winston Churchill, Prime Minister
30 November 1874
Blenheim Palace, England

Splay Shape
Ruling Planet: Venus Sagittarius III

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Churchill 11

Element Distribution
Fire 5
Air 4 9pos
Earth 1
Water 1 2neg

Mode Distribution
Cardinal 4
Fixed 5
Mutable 2

House Distribution
Angular 2
Succedent 6
Cadent 2



Horoscope 12,
Aleister Crowley, Magician
12 October 1875
Leamington, England

Splay shape
Ruling Planet: Sun Libra IV

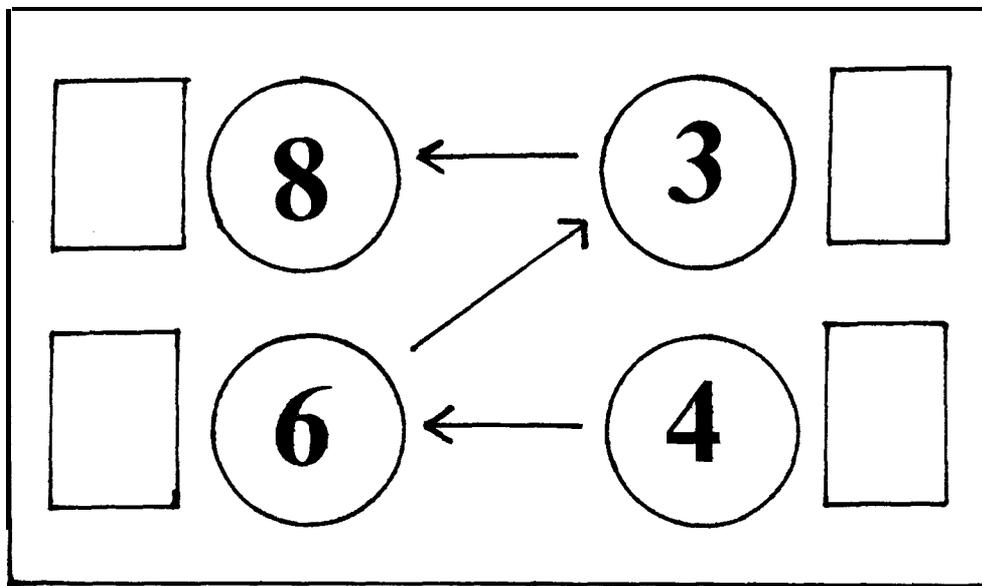
[CLICK HERE TO](#)
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[ASTROLOGICAL](#)
[CHARTS!](#)

Crowley 12

Element Distribution
Fire 2
Air 3 5pos
Earth 3
Water 3 6neg

Mode Distribution
Cardinal 3
Fixed 7
Mutable 1

House Distribution
Angular 7
Succedent 1
Cadent 2



4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL

4638

1) Beginning with the person who scribed the Codes in *The Book of the Law* :

Crowley has the Sun in House IV (4).

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has the Sun in House VI (6).

Sir Winston Churchill has the Sun in House III (3).

Ludwig van Beethoven has the Sun in House VIII (8).

2) Examining Houses 4,6,3, and 8 in these four horoscope charts for the presence or absence of planets:

A) THE LEFT PAGE:

BEETHOVEN: Planets in 8 Void of planets in 4,6,3

BROWNING: Planets in 4,6,3 Void of planets in 8

B) THE RIGHT PAGE:

CHURCHILL Planets in 3 and 8 Void in 4 and 6

CROWLEY Planets in 4 and 6 Void in 3 and 8

4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL

ABK

- 1) "Aye! **Listen** to the numbers & the words:"

- 2) The first 'word' is **ABK**. Listening to it, or sounding it out :
 - A** = A as in Apple
 - B** = Buh
 - K**= Kuh

 - ABK = A BUH KUH = A BOOK**

- 3) The revelation of the Codes are in **A BOOK (The Round Art)**.

4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL

- 1) **BROWNING** has 2 planets in House II (2)
CROWLEY has 4 planets in House IV (4).

4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL

ALGMOR3Y

- 1) AL was a common Magickal name used by Aleister Crowley
- 2) G is always used to represent the hand written character in the original manuscript, but the character when inspected is clearly NOT a letter G
- 3)  shows that AL is located to the right of *his circle chart* between the two and three o'clock positions
- 4) M-shape in Browning's chart center circle (aspect lines) is also found in Crowley's chart
- 5) Peculiar right-angle shape of the M in original manuscript matches same right-angle shape in chart M-shapes
- 6) OR = or
- 7) 3Y = a three-pronged letter Y is also seen in Crowley's chart
- 8) AL is right beside the  circle chart with the M or 3Y shape

4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL

x24

- 1) Parentheses specify two concepts i.e. X2 (times 2) and 24.
- 2) What times 2 equals 24? Of course, 12. And Crowley's chart is number 12.
- 3) Also, 24 times 2 is 48. Crowley's chart is number 12 of 48 total charts in book.

4638 ABK 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 89 RPSTOVAL

89

- 1) Parentheses specify two concepts i.e. '8' and 9.
- 2) Digit '8' is not an eight, but an infinity symbol.
- 3) Infinity symbol 'floats' to further emphasise this is NOT '89'
- 4) As infinity symbol, it says 'infinity symbol House IX (9).
- 5) In Crowley's chart again the infinity symbol (nodes glyph) appears in House IX (9)

4638 AEX 24 ALGMOR3Y X24 **89 RPSTOVAL**

RPSTOVAL

- 1) The author of this book has enclosed some planets in circles, others in ovals
- 2) Retrograde planets in charts are marked with traditional Rx (R) for radix
- 3) Starting at House I in both Beethoven and Browning charts and going counter-clockwise, R symbol first appears in an oval i.e. R is IN oval.
- 4) Churchill has no ovals in his chart
- 5) Again in Crowley's chart, following same route as above, his first R is not found IN an oval, but PAST first oval
- 6) Note letter 'A' in original handwriting manuscript is inked in extra dark i.e. emphasis on A' .
This says: R Past oval (Of AL)

The Handwritten Codes of Aleister Crowley

To view Codes written in Crowley's own hand writing

[CLICK HERE!](#)

QUOTE from Aleister Crowley:

"...chance shape of the letters and there / position to one another: in these are mysteries / that no Beast shall divine. Let him / not seek to try: but one cometh after / him, whence I say not, who shall / discover the Key of it all. Then / this line drawn is a key: then this circle squared it it's failure is a / key also. And Abrahadabra. It shall / be his child & that strangely. Let him not seek after these things, for thereby alone can he / fall from it."

The Book of the Law

To view encoded letter by Crowley in his own hand writing

[CLICK HERE!](#)

The entire string of numbers and letters and ciphers highlight specific and unique factors on this double-page spread such that it provides the basis to connect this page and the ‘key’ of the Book of the Law codes.

And what do we find on this page? We find Elizabeth Barrett Browning (Ba) staring out at us, right beside the scribe of the Book of the Law, Aleister Crowley himself

With this connection between EBB (Ba) established, let us proceed to investigate the meaning of the second set of codes.

The text of these codes read:

“This book shall be translated into all tongues: but always
 With the original in the writing of the Beast; for in the
 Chance shape of the letters and their position to one another:
 In these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not
 Seek to try: but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who
 Shall discover the Key of it all. Then this line drawn is a key:
 Then this circle squared in its failure is a key also. And Abrahadabra
 It shall be his child & that strangely. Let him not seek after this;
 For thereby alone can he fall from it.”

-The Book of the Law

The first thing stated here is that the original manuscript in the handwriting of Crowley is to be included with any published version of The Book of the Law. Next, the reason for this stipulation is given: contained within ‘the chance shape’ of Crowley’s own handwritten letters, and within their relative positions, are certain mysteries or hidden clues. Lastly, it says Crowley (the Beast) will not divine or figure these out. He is ordered specifically not to even attempt to do so.

However, the text continues to say that ‘one’ will come after Crowley, who shall discover the key of it all.

I am that person and my revelation is that the Key of it all is a connection with Elizabeth Barrett Browning (Ba) .

Once this key is revealed, that is, that EBB (Ba) is involved in this work, THEN the strange line drawn is also a key.

The key is EBB (Ba) and the line drawn also points to Ba, as I will show.

Look at the ‘line drawn’ and what letters it passes through.

Starting at the top, it clips the ‘s’ of ‘shape’. It then just ticks the bottom of ‘t’ in ‘to one’. Next, it passes right through the capital ‘B’ of ‘Beast’. Continuing down, it then passes through the tail of the ‘t’ in ‘try’. Then it passes directly through the ‘a’ of ‘say’. Next it clips the top of the ‘f’ in ‘of’. Finally, it passes just beside the letter ‘a’ of ‘a key’.

The only two letters ‘this line drawn’ passes totally and directly through are capital ‘B’ and small ‘a’ or Ba.

Furthermore, in order to strike the 'a' of 'say' directly, the line drawn veers noticeably to the right just after it passes the capital 'B' of Beast. A dotted line in the diagram for this page from the ms shows clearly that the line, had it continued on its straight course, would have missed the small 'a' of 'say' entirely. Yet it veers over and passes right through the 'a' to highlight 'Ba'.

So now we have EBB(Ba) as the key of it all from 4638 ABK et cetera as well as her pet name Ba being highlighted by the course of the line drawn.

Once we reach this point. the text goes on to say that "then this circle squared in its failure is a key also."

What exactly is this 'circle squared' anyway? Surely no one would claim such a figure has any remote connection to the Kabala or such studies. It is pretty much what it is called: a circle squared i.e. a circle shape with an X pattern drawn inside it.

But what does a circle squared have to do with it all. And what is the circle squared's FAILURE which is a key also.

If the key is EBB (Ba), and it is so far, this circle business must point to her as well. It does.

First, what about the circle Crowley drew in the original ms 'fails'?

Note that in squaring or quartering the circle, the bottom and right lines inside the circle ^{do} ~~to~~ not touch their sides. They fail to touch the sides.

The result in symbolic language emphasizes the upper left quadrant of this circle drawn.

Now go back to the four horoscope charts from *The Round Art* which were the basis of the 4638 ABK et cetera codes.

Obviously, there are four circles on the page. Each circle represents the natal chart of the four individuals shown.

Scanning the horoscope charts/circles, it is to be noted that there is only one quadrant of any of these four charts wherein there are no planets marked.

It is the UPPER LEFT QUADRANT in the chart circle of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (Ba) that FAILS to have a single planet marked therein.

This circle squared, in its failure, once again points directly to a unique connection to Ba.

The next line in this section says simply: "And Abrahadabra".

Abrahadabra is said to be the 'word of the aeon'.

What can we find in this word which reveals anything significant to the revelation of EBB within these codes?

My observation is that by use of magical anagram:

ABRAHADABRA = R B A A H A D A A R B

RB of course stands for Robert Browning, whose connection to EBB in the work is obvious. In Victorian times, Robert was EBB's mate. And in her magical persona as Nuit, RB is also her mate as Hadit.

The anagram of Abrahadabra simply connects RB and the letters of the Magical Order A A via the centre fulcrum of Had, short for Nuit's mate Hadit.

At this point, I would like to point out something I have never seen anyone comment upon, which I think common sense alone begs an explanation.

It is simply this. We know that there is a historical mythological being called Nuit or Nut. We know that the speaker in the third chapter of *The Book of the Law*, Ra Hoor Khuit, is a form of Egyptian god Horus.

But who on earth (or heaven) is Hadit?

I stand corrected if such a reference exists, but I have never found any.

Instead, I offer a simple and somewhat humorous explanation for the fact that Nuit's mate has a seemingly meaningless name.

Recall the story of the Brownings. Elizabeth achieved popular success early in her poetic career. She saw a great deal of talent and worth in her husband Robert, and kept to that faith in him despite the world's general lack of appreciation for his work until he was 50.

Yet, in the end, EBB's faith and RB's work were vindicated. He eventually achieved recognition and appreciation well beyond that of his wife.

So RB might well say: I always had it. And EBB would chime: And I always knew it.

So, in *The Book of the Law*, he says: I always Hadit. And Ba chimes: And I always Nuit!

It may not be the funniest joke in the universe, but I think it clearly demonstrates my understanding of the behind the scenes thinking that went into the writing of this part of the work.

So if real mythological persona Nuit's mate is not really called Hadit, then what is his real mythological name? This is revealed in other aspects of 'this line drawn', and elsewhere; but that explanation will come later.

The next line of this section says: "It shall be his child & that strangely."

This child is none other than the child that was born October 18, 1979 to Beverly Anne and her husband Frank. Their only son's initials are FKR and he was born on the same date as me.

In 1979 when I first learned of the birth of FKR, the news came as a very special mercy to me. Finally, it seemed to me, someone 'up there' had given my predicament some concern. Beverly even wrote "neat, huh" when noting the birth date coincidence.

However, by 1981 when I discovered these solutions to the coded information, I had cast FKR's natal horoscope in detail. And I was astounded to see that it was so similar to my own. The following are the factors which both charts share:

RWBH:	October 18	Sun in Libra	Moon in Virgo	Saturn in Virgo	Mars in Leo
FKR:	October 18	Sun in Libra	Moon in Virgo	Saturn in Virgo	Mars in Leo

What is a "child"? Basically, it is a reproduction or duplicate of its parent(s). And we can see from this information that FKR is an amazing star duplicate of RWBH.

But that is not all.

Two of the slower moving planets, Neptune and Uranus, could not possibly match from my birth in 1949 to FKR's birth in 1979 because these outer planets take over a hundred years to make it through the various signs of the zodiac.

But when we go back in time to 1812, the year Robert Browning was born, we find FKR and RB share these two planetary positions:

RB: Neptune in Sagittarius	Uranus in Scorpio
FKR: Neptune in Sagittarius	Uranus in Scorpio

This gives a very close match between the birth planets of FKR and RWBH/RB.

And what are the two planets FKR matched with RB? Neptune and Uranus.

The glyph for Neptune ♆ is based on the trident. The glyph for Uranus ♁ is based on its discoverer, Herschel.

Examining my initials, we see these two planets indicated: RB W ♆ H . ♁

To complete this explanation of ‘his child strangely’, let me show you something of a magical nature that is present when comparing the birthdates of the principle characters involved in this magical manifestation:

Ba	Elizabeth Barrett Browning	BA	Beverly Anne
RB	Robert Browning	FKR	her son
RWB	Robert Wiedemann Browning (son)	RWBH	me
		AC	Aleister Crowley

RWB	March 9		
Ba	March 3 *	Difference is	6 days
RB	May 7		
BA	May 1	Difference is	6 days
RWBWfkr	October 18		
AC	October 12	Difference is	6 days

Thus, we see that in the major characters in this magic manifestation, there is a pattern of 6,6,6 days between births.

Please note: the star by Ba’s birth date indicates the fact that her true birth date was March 6, not March 3 as it appears beside her picture in *The Round Art*.

Somehow, the incorrect birth date for EBB was used. However, it was the ‘right’ birth date to fit her into the 6,6,6 pattern of dates.

Surely the author of *The Round Art* could not have intentionally made such an error. Did he know the birth dates of BA or RWBH or even think there was any 6,6,6 pattern to follow?

And just for purists’ sake, this glitch has been covered by my own son RAD, who was born on March 3, 1987.

OTHER INDICATIONS OF THIS LINE DRAWN:

We have seen previously that while Nuit and Ra Hoor Khuit, the first and third speakers in *The Book of the Law*, are based upon historical Egyptian mythologic characters, Nuit’s mate goes by the name Hadit, which was shown to be a kind of cosmic joke or pun.

But what is Hadit’s corresponding Egyptian mythological identity?

The line reveals the answer to this question. But first, I must add a personal autobiographical note.

Sometime in about 1979, I began attending an informal meditation, New Age-ish get together with a few people at a friend’s house. We practiced a little psychometry, discussed our dreams, and meditated together.

One night, following one of these meetings, I was sitting comfortably in a living room chair, when I closed my eyes and simply “asked” into the ethers: So what is my most spiritual **name**?

Almost immediately, an inner voice answered: Atumi.

I had never heard a ‘voice’ within in my life before, but this first time, it was very clear. It would not be until the experience with the Crowley codes that it meant anything to me.

MAGIC BIRTHDAYS

THE CHARACTERS:

THEN

NOW

EBB Elizabeth Barrett Browning

RB Robert Browning

RWB Robert Wiedemann Browning (son of EBB)

BAR Beverly Anne Richings (nee McKean)

RWBH Richard William Brian Holland

FKR Son of BAR

AC Aleister Crowley

A) RB May 7
BAR May 1

Difference 6 days

B) RWB March 9
EBB March 3*

Difference 6 days

C) RWBH/FKR October 18
AC October 12

Difference 6 days

Thus, we see in the main characters, three sets of difference in birthdays of 6,6,6 days.

* EBB birth date is actually March 6.

However, by some 'error', the book involved in the showing of EBB in the codes of *The Book of the Law* lists her birth date as March 3.

** As if to acknowledge this clerical error, RAD, son of RWBH, was born March 3.

As I discovered then, besides pointing to the letters 'B' and 'a' to spell out 'Ba', the line drawn also indicates my most spiritual name, Atumi.

It is here that we see why the text proclaims the importance of "the chance shape of the letters".

Observe the line as it rises from beside the word "a" of "is a key" on and up to where it just kisses the 't' of "to one".

Note that, by the chance shape of the letters, the phrase "to one" looks like it says "to me".

The line drawn can now be seen to connect the 'a' with 'to me', or a-to-me, or Atumi.

The text says "one cometh after him...who shall discover the Key of it all."

And in the earlier code sets, it says "There cometh one to follow thee...".

Now what does RWBH or Atumi claim: that that "one" is "me".

And by the chance shape of the letters, "one" is "me".

But there is another confirmation of the line signifying Atumi to be 'had'.

Note the second last line of the first chapter in Crowley's original hand writing rms. Carefully regard exactly how the pen scrawled the words: "To me! To me!"

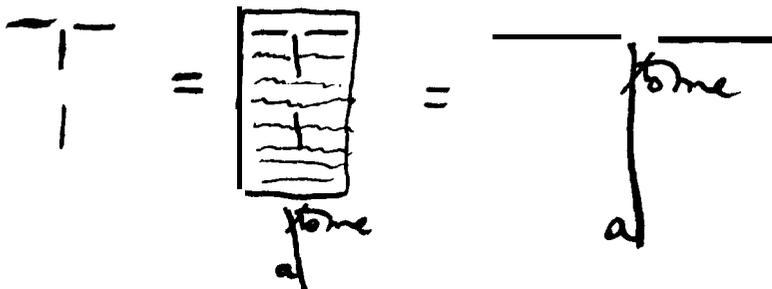
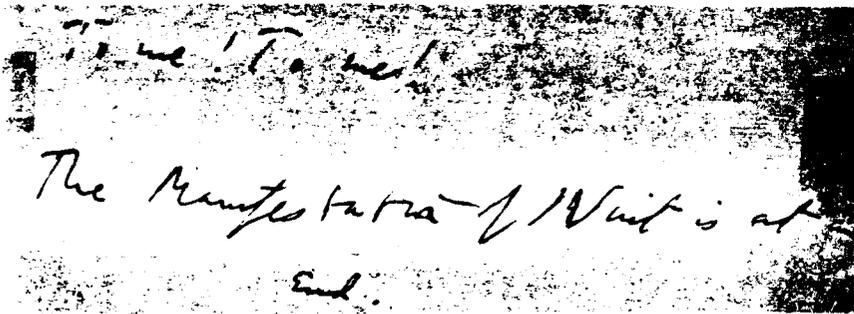
First, Nuit is saying, yes, it says: To me To me...a-to-me...Atumi.

But the pen strokes actually duplicate the instructions for finding A-to-me or Atumi by following where the line intersects the appropriate text.

The first broken-lined letter 'T' has a bit at the bottom, up to a bit at the top, intersecting the horizontal line, just as the line joins the "a" with the tail of "to one" or "to me".

The second letter 'T' is filled in, except it shows it intersects the horizontal line of text in completion of saying a-to-me or Atumi.

Below is a reproduction of the "To Me! To Me!" text and a diagram.



ATUMI: KEY TO IT ALL

So what is the significance of my spiritual name being Atumi, and it being indicated or confirmed by the line drawn?

Let us examine the name Atumi and see what it might contain.

First, let us recall that Crowley called each of the major trumps in his Tarot deck “Atu 1” and “Atu 2” et cetera, based on the Egyptian word ‘atu’ meaning ‘key’. He called them the “Atus of Tahuti”.

So we will perform a little anagrammatic magic on Atumi:

$$ATUMI = ATU + MI = KEY + MI$$

We find it breaks down into the Egyptian word for ‘key’, plus the letters MI. Now let us move the letter ‘I’ in front of KEY, just as Nuit = I, Nut:

$$ATUMI = I, KEY M$$

Lastly, we will put the ‘M’ in front of ‘KEY’ like an adjective:

$$ATUMI = I, MKEY$$

The text of the coded sections says that “then this line drawn is a key”.

We first noted that the line indicated EBB or ‘Ba’.

Now we see it indicates a literal ‘key’: an “M KEY”.

With this M KEY being established by the line, the text moves along to say “then this circle squared in its failure is a key also.”

We have already found that “the circle squared” pointed to EBB/Ba’s horoscope wheel. And contained within it was a letter “M” which was used in the other set of codes.

Thus, M is an interlocking KEY once again.

But what of Nuit’s mate Hadit’s mythological name?

This part is simple. ATUMI easily becomes I, ATUM.

The Egyptian mythological Atum or Turn is the true name of Nuit’s mate.

Lastly, let us look at Beverly Anne’s maiden name (McKean); for we do expect to find magical connections in her ‘ren’ or name:

$$McKEAN = MKEYN \quad (\text{with N standing for Nu})$$

For synchronicity purposes, recall that I met Beverly Anne McKean when she was living next door. Earlier in my youth, a girl my age lived in the same next door house as Beverly for many years. Her name was Margaret Keys...or M. Keys!

CHAPTER NINE: magIC musIC

During the several weeks leading up to my discovery of the solutions to the Codes in *The Book of the Law*, I was intuitively guided to purchase several different LPs which proved to be of majical interest and importance.

I have previously discussed my experience with several LPs by The Police; in particular the song “Walking on the Moon”; and the LP “Ghost in the Machine” featuring the song “Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic”.

While preparing the initial version of *The Book of Ba* (1982), I was visiting my friend Al, who was watching a television program called “The New Music”. The show featured an interview with Sting, then of The Police. Following is a brief transcript of the relevant part of that interview:

INTERVIEWER: So when you aren't playing music or writing on your film, what have you been doing?

STING: Reading...reading books.

INTERVIEWER: What sort of books?

STING: (short pause) Aleister Crowley .

INTERVIEWER: You really find that...uh, interesting?

STING: He was a man ahead of his time; inspired, sometimes Quite awful.....

From this short interview alone, I think it is reasonable to say that Sting of The Police, during the approximate time of the release of “Ghost In the Machine”, was familiar with the magical writings of Aleister Crowley.

Let us briefly review what was found in that LP, in particular the hit song “Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic”.

First, the LP packaging itself is interesting.

The LP featured a black front cover with three strange red figures.

When viewed in a mirror, these red figures are seen to say 666 in block letters.

Crowley loved to associate himself with the Beast 666 of Revelations. I think he just took Halloween too seriously.

Further, the inside sleeve of the LP features a blow up a electronic circuitry, which one might simply call an Integrated Circuit or IC.

The first track on the LP is “Spirits in the Material World”. This song simply declares that we are spiritual beings operating in a material world.

The second track is “Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic”.

Recall I was guided to performing some anagrammatic magic on the name of the band the POLICE:

POLICE = IC EO LP

IC as in Integrated Circuit, as featured plainly on LP sleeve.

IC also as I See.

And what do I See? An ‘EO’ LP, of course.

Why is it an ‘EO’ LP?

First, because the chorus of ELTSDIM is a resounding chant of EO...EO...EO.

Second, because the ‘She’ in the song refers to Nuit, the star goddess, as per *The Book of the Law*, as per Sting has been reading Crowley.

How do we get from ‘EO’ to Nuit, the star goddess?

We look at a couple of simple quotes from Nuit’s chapter of *The Book of the Law*:

“I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty”

- I, 24

There are other significant meanings for this line which Kabalists already mention. However, it is an easy thing to simply take from it that Nuit’s word is $6 + 50 = 56$.

How do we get from Nu’s word being 56 to a connection with Sting’s ‘EO’ LP?

Another quote from the magical text says:

“Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English
Alphabet...”

-II, 55

While commentators on The *Book of the Law* see this as meaning the development of some complicated Kabalistic system from the English language, for my purposes, a much simpler yet perfectly acceptable interpretation suits my needs.

All this line is saying is to refer to the standard table for converting English letters to numbers, as used in standard numerology conversion, for example. The standard letter-to-number conversion table is:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

From this table, we see that E=5 and O=6.

Thus 'EO' = 5,6 or 56, Nu's word.

While "Ghost in the Machine" by The Police was instrumental in introducing me to the fact that there was some majic music to be discovered and enjoyed, this was not the most significant album I was led to investigate.

The LP that by far had the greatest impact on me at the time of the discovery of the Codes solutions et cetera was "Living Eyes" released in 1981 by The Bee Gees.

The first song on the LP, the title track "Living Eyes", immediately intrigued me because I could see a very majical association with the title and a statue of EBB I came across while reading biographies of the Brownings.

A biography of EBB called "Mrs. Browning" by Rosalie Mander features a photo of a bust of EBB by Wetmore Story. Immediately I associated its eerie 'dead eyes' with what the Bee Gees were calling 'living eyes'.

The more I listened to the LP "Living Eyes", the more I realized I could see that some of the songs were somehow like a majical sound track of the current lives of EBB and RB, Beverly Anne and myself, in the twentieth century.

For example, the first song "Living Eyes" says:

"Would you believe me if I told you
Your tomorrow is my yesterday
But be alive
I know that we will--
The world keeps on turning but
I'm holding still

In the beginning I was far away
And praying for my destiny
That would arrive
The moment you're born--
For we will be here when
The miracle comes

The most interesting image from these verses of “Living Eyes” to me is “...my destiny that would arrive THE MOMENT YOU’RE BORN.”

Consider first that there was a miraculous birth date and planetary match phenomenon established with the birth of Beverly Anne’s son FKR. The very ‘moment he was born’ established him as the fulfilment of the Codes’ reference to “it shall be his child & that strangely.”

Also, I have just recently (October 1998) been told by Beverly Anne that the birth of FKR itself was rather miraculous, in that she apparently was not supposed to be able to have any children. Yet out popped FKR at the perfect, prescribed moment; being born significantly premature to put his very survival at risk. Happily, FKR is reportedly a healthy, gifted, intelligent young man now.

The song “Living Eyes” refers to “my destiny that would arrive the moment you’re born”. I can see a rather obvious association here between that image and the majical birth of FKR.

However, the significance of this line and the associated birth of FKR comes to the forefront once again, even as I prepare this version of *The Book of Ba*.

Currently, the superbly talented Celine Dion has a cover of the Bee Gees’ written song “Immortality”. One line from that song contains a reference to destiny and this same child FKR:

“Fulfill your destiny
Is there within the child...”
-Immortality
B,R&M Gibb

Why are the Bee Gees twice now writing songs with reference to someone’s destiny being tied up with a child?

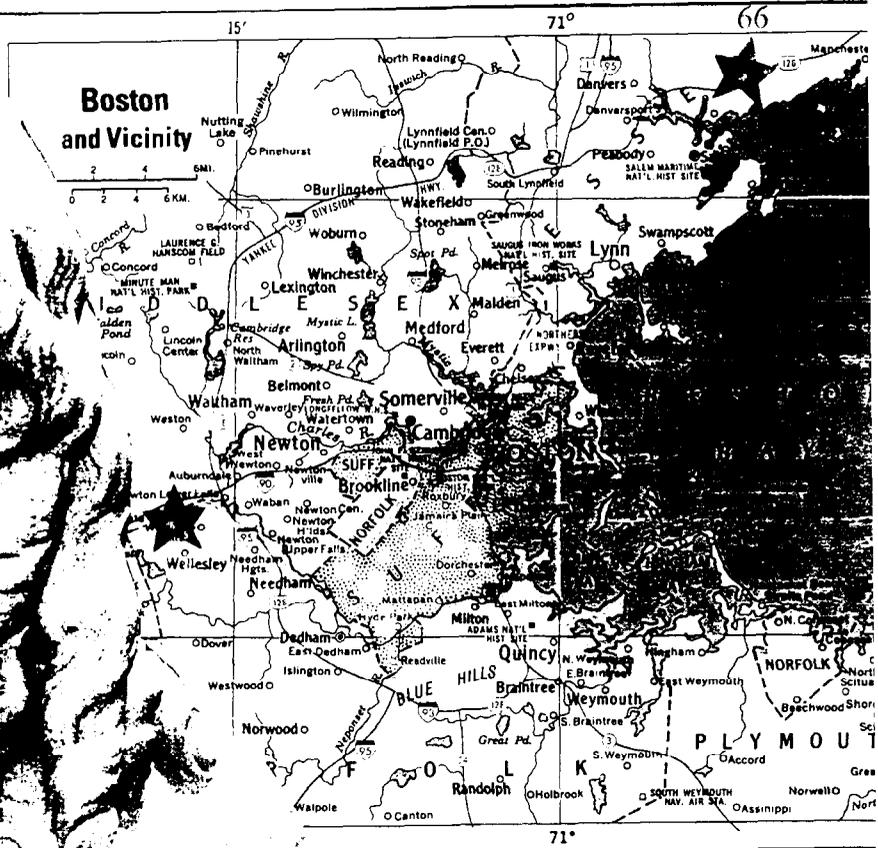
Could it be that the ‘child’ referred to is the one I say it is? Do ducks fly south in winter?

But back to the 1981 LP “Living Eyes”.

The title track continues:

“We are of age, we are in time
We are forever
Right now when the power is mine
I leave you Heaven and the Earth
I leave you never
And living to love is the
Reason we shine”

This verse pretty well sums up my spiritual and heartfelt sentiments toward EBB/Beverly Anne at that time, especially when undergoing a very cosmic energy experience.



LIVING EYES...

Statues were very magical to ancient Egyptians.

Here we see Wetmore Story's marble bust of EBB which is housed at Wellesley College near Boston. Note the empty, 'dead eyes.

EBB's LIVING EYES are of course now in her reincarnation, whose name is Beverly Anne.

Note that the towns of Beverly and Marblehead are located just north-east of the statue, in upper righthand of map

One somewhat amusing note. In the days when Beverly Anne and I were together, prior to our breakup, a little game we used to play at times with the friend of ours previously mentioned who would tease us about having been EBB and RB, was called "Who's got the Power"? We would have fun sometimes outsmarting the others, and claiming to "have the Power".

Another song on the "Living Eyes" LP that spoke loudly to me was "Crying Everyday".

First of all, this was often my literal experience. I spent a lot of years totally heart broken over my loss of Beverly Anne, and I cried an awful lot.

If you look at this song as being a magical sound track to my life experience; and if you understand that when Brian and Beverly broke up, it was actually EBB and RB in another lifetime breaking up, the lyrics of the song make perfect sense:

"Can there be any wonder
Why to be living under
Love is a revelation
Only few can share

I wasn't born to be a fool
But I'm a fool to be around
I'm a man without a country
I'm a king without a crown
And then you're throwing me away...
Another world Another time
But if anybody belongs to anybody
You were mine...."

- "Crying Everyday"

The first part of these verses can be specifically understood in regard to the revelation of EBB and RB being reincarnated; or the revelation of the meaning of the Codes leading to the understanding of Nuit as EBB.

The second verse quoted seems quite obvious. I am a man without a country, if you allow that RB was an Englishman now living in Canada. And EBB herself called RB 'The King of Mystics'. So where's my crown?

Finally, if you were to pan history, and come up with an example of "if anybody belongs to anybody/You were mine", you could not do better than EBB and RB.

But the most moving song on the LP "Living Eyes", for me, was easily the final song, the tragically beautiful "Be Who You Are":

"The glory that we made
My love will grace the halls of time
A love that never can be mine
You could not love me then...
I love you still

“Be who you are
 Seize life and find a way
 And I will be the shadow loving you
 You are
 Be who you are
 We were...”

-“Be Who You Are”

It took 17 years for me personally to get around to taking up that song at face value. In January of 1998, a very significant event took place in my life.

Following a long illness, my dear mother passed away.

This event brought to my deepest self a stirring realization of my own mortality. I resolved that I would dust off the majical experiences outlined in The Book of Ba, which had been sitting idle for about 17 years, and make it my serious life purpose from here on in to ‘get them out to the world’ in whatever form or fashion I could.

A small inheritance left me by my late mother allowed me to purchase a computer system.

One of the first things I did was to post a brief message on a Bee Gees web site message board. Something to the effect of “Did you know that the Bee Gees LP “Living Eyes” features songs about the reincarnated Brownings? And that the Bee Gees themselves are former Barrett brothers?”

I just threw it out there to see if anything would happen.

I was delighted when Bernie Quayle, a radio man from the Isle of Man, emailed me in response to my posting.

I quickly learned that Bernie had a background in esoteric matters sufficient to allow him to find interest in what I was suggesting. He told me he himself had always felt the Bee Gees lyrics at times had connections to their former lives in some other time.

Not only that, but Bernie was himself about to interview the Bee Gees themselves. Apparently, the brothers Gibb were originally from the Isle of Man, and Bernie had previously interviewed the Gibbs as part of a “The Bee Gees Come Home to Ellan Vannin (gaeilic for Isle of Man)” CD Bee Gees’ career overview.

It was Bernie who saw that the lyrics of the Celine Dion cover of “Immortality” fit well with what I was now telling him. I had heard the song myself several times on the car radio, but since I could barely make out the lyrics, I only thought of it as yet another beautiful Bee Gees’ song. I wasn’t in the habit of examining their music for majical connections on any of their work after “Living Eyes”. I still have not heard most of their work since that LP.

When I finally read the lyrics to “Immortality”, I realized that they did fit the situation, yet once again in my life.

Soon after that, Beverly Anne’s husband Frank mysteriously contacted me; the first contact from either of them in 15 years.

From the contact, I learned the previous details about the miraculous birth of FKR beyond what I already knew for Codes purposes.

I also came to understand by prolonged exchange with Frank what other lines of “Immortality” signified.

For example, when I first read the lyrics, I could make no sense of the reference to “the king of hearts, the joker’s wild”.

Once full scale communication with Frank was established, it became obvious that we were acting out those two images in our sudden inexplicable contact. He himself told me that he had no idea why he was contacting me.

In the flow of that contact, it quickly became established that I was in the role of the King of Hearts, seeking after my long lost Love relationship with Beverly Anne. This was my role and point of view.

His point of view was as the Joker. He told me right off that his two commandments in life were “communication” and “humour”. He was constantly drawing me back to lightening up and making fun whenever my messages over the Net became overly serious or Love consumed.

The song, I believe, is yet another example of the Bee Gees writing music that draws from their subconscious, via the Collective subconscious, into the inner workings of my own subconscious or soul.

All I can say is to quote from the opening lines of “Immortality”:

“So this is who I am” (RB, the Follower who reveals Codes etc)

“And this is all I know” (what you read in The Book of Ba)

And I must follow on the road that lies ahead.

Spelling is defunct;
All is not aught..."

-The Book of the Law
III, 2

CHAPTER TEN: **BANAGRAMS**

What is the essential revelation of the secret Codes in The Book of *the Law*?
What is the essential revelation of The Book of *Ba*?
Simply this: that the spiritual personage speaking in The Book of the *Law* as Nuit the star goddess is the former Elizabeth Barrett Browning or Ba.

The first **BAnagram** offered for your consideration, therefore, comes from the Egyptian god of tombs and the weigher of hearts of the deceased, Anubis:

A N U B I S = B A I S N U

So Anubis here confirms that, indeed, Ba is Nu.

Next, who are the two main authors involved in revealing this fact?

Aleister Crowley, who scribed *The Book of the Law*. And RWBH, the author of *The Book of Ba*.

Aleister Crowley was born 12 October making him a sun sign Libra. He was called AL.

RWBH was born 18 October making him a Libra also. He is called Brian.

If Aleister becomes AL, then Brian becomes BRI.

So what do we find in their common astrological sign Libra?

L I B R A = A L + B R I

Now, RWBH or BRI says he is the reincarnation of Robert Browning or RB.
What then do we find in the **BA**naagram of BRI?

68

BR I = I, RB

When BRI was still together with Beverly Anne, she told him via 'Magic Bev' that the novel *Wuthering* Heights was a key to their current lifetime. Can we find a sign of this in RWBH's name?

R W B H = RB + WH (Wuthering Heights)

In discussing EBB and RB, or Beverly Anne and Brian, we come face to face with the concept of 'soul mates' or 'eternal pairs'.

One of the most important sets of deities in Egypt was that of the divine trio of man, woman and child--Osiris, Isis, and Horus.

Osiris and Isis are the Egyptian pattern of divine soul mates or eternal pairs.

Thus we see literally in their 'rens' or names, the principle of being 'one within the other' :

O S I R I S = OR ISIS

While Osiris and Isis are readily recognized names from ancient Egyptian mythology, the star goddess Nuit from *The Book of the Law* is usually spelled 'Nut'.

Just as BRI became I, RB:

N U I T = I, NUT

Again from Egyptian mythology, the sun god and his eternal mate are Ra and Rat. The star goddess in *The Book of the Law* is Nu.

It seems as if there is some dispute concerning which sun or star belongs to who?

Looking into their names,

S U N = N U ' S

S T A R = R A T ' S

Aleister Crowley spelled his field of activity Magick, adding a 'k' to differentiate it from the practice of mere sleight-of-hand spelled Magic. 69

RWBH goes one step further. He uses the spelling Majic, to make it different from either the profane Magic or Crowley's Magick.

And who might be the divine power behind this new Majic?

M A J I C = I AM JC

With the mention of JC comes the immediate association with the Bible, The God of the Hebrews of the Old Testament; and Jesus as the Christian God-incarnate of the New Testament.

In the Old Testament, when Moses asks the Lord His name, the answer he receives is "I AM".

The essence of the New Testament, is that the one called Jesus was that Old Testament God called "I AM".

For some reason, the whole mystery of the divine Incarnation seems easily spelled out for the French, at least. For "I AM" in French is JE SUIS.

J E S U I S = I, JESUS

Now we have three persons aligned in the I, format: I, JESUS; I, RB; and I, NUT.

Speaking of RB, he came from where? Shall we say Britain? And we are saying he now lives in Canada as RWBH or BRI? Let's see what BRITAIN has to say about it:

BRITAIN = ARB IN IT

= IT BRIAN

= AINT I RB?

= AINT BRI?

One of the most important musical connections in The Book of Ba is that of the brothers Barry, Robin, and Maurice Gibb--the Bee Gees. 70

They are said to be reincarnated brothers of EBB from the previous century.

If brothers to EBB in Victorian times; might they also be brothers to her in ancient Egyptian times?

Egyptian Mythology tells us that NUT'S brother was named GEB:

GEB = BE G

x 3 = B E G's (BEE GEES)

And how far from the name GEB is GIBB anyways?