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# QABALISTIC THYMES

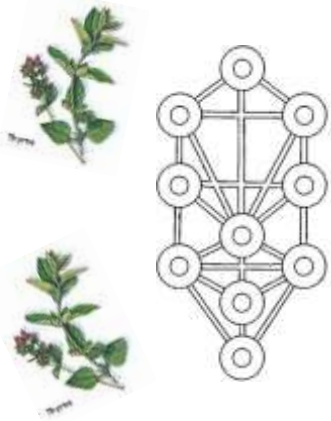
E-NEWS FOR THE OAW QABALA STUDY GROUP

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Romeo and Juliet



## THE BEST (and worst) OF NETZACH

### MORE CORRESPONDENCES:

#### PLANT/HERB:

MUSK  
ROSE

SCENT: MUSK

#### GEMS:

MALACHITE  
EMERALD

#### DEITY:

HATHOR  
VENUS  
APHRODITE



EGON LEO ADOLF  
SCHIELE

## SEX REALLY DOES PAY

### *Musically Inclined:*

*Tristan and Isolde* by Richard Wagner  
and  
*Rachmaninoff Piano Concertos*

QABALISTIC THYMES

*! ever learn Is to love and be loved in return. ....*





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## *From the Book..*

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ANNABELLE LEE by Edgar Allan Poe

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love -  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.  
And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;  
So that her highborn kinsman came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulcher  
In this kingdom by the sea.  
The angels, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me  
Yes! that was the reason  
(as all men know, In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we  
Of many far wiser than we  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,  
In the sepulcher there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

### *Another Leaf on the Vine*

Netzach Movie Night

Now Playing - Double Feature

*The Notebook*

and

*A Clockwork Orange*

*excerpt from.. The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde*

. . . .But this murder--was it to dog him all his life? Was he always to be  
burdened by his past? Was he really to confess? Never. There was  
only one bit of evidence left against him. The picture itself--  
that was evidence. He would destroy it. Why had he kept it so long?  
Once it had given him pleasure to watch it changing and growing old.  
Of late he had felt no such pleasure. It had kept him awake at night.  
When he had been away, he had been filled with terror lest other eyes  
should look upon it. It had brought melancholy across his passions.  
Its mere memory had marred many moments of joy. It had been  
like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience. He would  
destroy it.  
He looked round and saw the knife that had stabbed Basil Hallward.  
He had cleaned it many times, till there was no stain left upon it.  
It was bright, and glistened. As it had killed the painter,  
so it would kill the painter's work, and all that that meant.  
It would kill the past, and when that was dead, he would be free.  
It would kill this monstrous soul-life, and without its hideous warnings,  
he would be at peace. He seized the thing, and stabbed the picture  
with it.  
There was a cry heard, and a crash. The cry was so horrible  
in its agony that the frightened servants woke and  
Crept out of their rooms. . . .  
When they entered, they found hanging upon the  
wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had  
last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth  
and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in  
evening dress, with a knife in his heart.  
He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage.  
It was not till they had examined the rings that they  
recognized who it was.

### How Do I Love Thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with a passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, --- I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! --- and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.