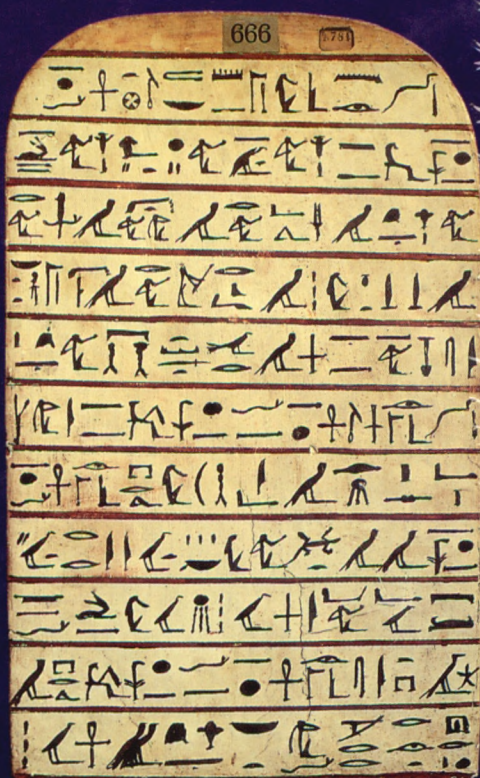
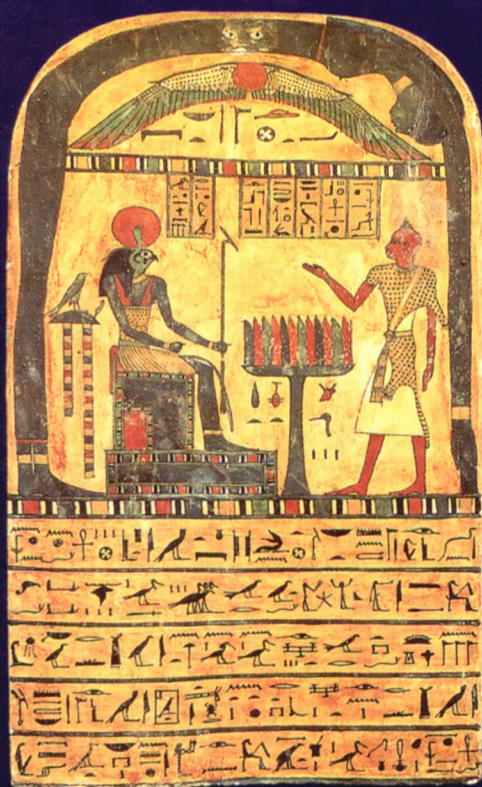


ALEISTER CROWLEY

The Law is for All



*The Authorized Popular Commentary to
The Book of the Law*

Edited by

LOUIS WILKINSON AND HYMENAEUS BETA

**Aleister
Crowley**

The **LAW**
is for **ALL**

The Authorized Popular Commentary on
Liber AL vel Legis sub figura CCXX
The Book of the Law

edited by

Louis Wilkinson

and

Hymenaeus Beta



NEW FALCON PUBLICATIONS

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International Headquarters
P.O. Box 684098
Austin TX 78768, U.S.A.

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International Standard Book Number: 1-56184-090-4
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 96-68645

First Edition 1996
Second Printing 1998

Published in cloth by 93 Publishing, a division of Spirit Vision, Inc.,
P.O. Box 140011, Austin TX 78714, U.S.A.

Design by Spirit Vision, Inc.

Cover Illustration: The Stèle of Revealing (front and back), courtesy of the
Egyptian Museum, Cairo.

Typeset in 11 point Adobe Sabon with Monotype Fairfield display

The paper used in this publication meets the minimum requirements of the
American National Standard for Permanence of Paper for Printed Library
Materials Z39.48-1984

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Foreword

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The Book of the Law was the foundation of Aleister Crowley's life's work, and its commentaries a problem that vexed him for most of his adult life, almost since the book's reception in 1904 E.V. His basic difficulty with producing a commentary was a lack of objectivity. He was too close to *The Book of the Law*, on too many levels, to be able to easily write about it, let alone judge what other people might find helpful by way of commentary. He made numerous attempts over the years, only the first of which was published in his lifetime.¹ The rest, including the "new" or "long" commentary that comprises the present book — remained unedited in typescript. He produced the first draft of the "new commentary" in 1919 E.V. and more than doubled its length during 1921–22; he later added the occasional note.

Crowley entrusted the task of editing the commentaries to his closest friend (and later literary executor) Louis Umfraville Wilkinson (1881–1966). Wilkinson wrote under the pen-name Louis Marlow, and like Crowley, was a member of the small English expatriate community in New York during the First World War. Wilkinson was an English man of letters in the best sense; he not only wrote, and wrote well, but lived a literary life

¹ A historical survey of the writing of the various commentaries to *The Book of the Law* may be found in the Editor's Introduction to Crowley's *Magick* (Book 4, Parts I–IV), rev. ed.; see Works Cited.

on both sides of the Atlantic that is of enduring interest in itself.¹ He was a member of the Powys circle — virtually a member of the family — and his wife Frances Gregg was a member of the Philadelphia Imagist group of poets that included Hilda Doolittle (H.D.) and Ezra Pound.

By Wilkinson's own account, he and Crowley rarely discussed Magick, but they shared a deep-seated impatience with sexual hypocrisy, and a willingness to openly defy society's strictures. Wilkinson's own views are lucidly set out in his introduction to this edition, and they help explain why Crowley made him a member of the 1x° of Ordo Templi Orientis, the degree synonymous with sexual magick; honorary or not, it was fully deserved.

Wilkinson was a fair and perceptive critic of his friend's work. The following assessment shows at once why Crowley chose Wilkinson as his editor, and explains the problems encountered in editing the present book:

He has no "vulgar sense"; having written for so long out of the ken of the general reader, he has forgotten that the general reader is not a specialist. The result is that, even in his lighter work, there are often certain references and words which the general reader would find unintelligible and therefore disconcerting; references and words that might irritate him and "put his back up" because they would make him feel ignorant, exciting that famous "inferiority complex." "Oh!" says Crowley, "but he can always look it out in a dictionary." What a revealing remark! If you write only for people who habitually use dictionaries, your sales can never be very large. But Crowley does not seem to realize this. He has the scholar's mind; and can no more imagine a reader without a dictionary at his elbow than he can imagine him without a shirt to his back.² In planning a popular edition of a very important, but, as it stands, very difficult philosophical book

¹ For his memoirs see Louis Marlow, *Seven Friends* (London: Richards, 1953; republished Thame: Mandrake, 1994). See also Oliver Wilkinson and Christopher Wilkinson, eds., *The Love Letters of John Cowper Powys to Frances Gregg*, vol. 1 (London: Cecil Woolf, 1994).

² Although many of the more obscure name references have been annotated by the present editor, and translations generally given of foreign language phrases, a reader's guide and a small classical dictionary will be useful references for some readers.

of his, he can actually suggest that commentaries on the text from two different hands should be included.¹ Again, the scholar's point of view. Why not, for example, in a classical book, include commentary by Bentley and by Porson, or by half a dozen others, for that matter? Indeed, the scholar would be delighted; but no-one else would be. Another thing that Crowley has never realised is that readers are not, as a general rule, men and women of leisure and that they want things made reasonably quick and easy for them. He never troubles to condense for their benefit, he never does anything to save them time. In fact, he has never troubled to cultivate a single one of the practical, cunning tricks of the literary trade, and he never had any *flair* whatever for "what puts a reader off." His innocence in this respect is one of the most singular of his many singularities.²

Crowley arranged for John W. (Jack) Parsons of the American O.T.O. to commission the editorial work on the commentaries, on behalf of the Order. This accomplished, he then introduced Wilkinson to Eliza M. Butler of Newnham College, Cambridge, an academic acquaintance.³ His letter of introduction, though half-joking, reveals his attitude to the work:

Some 25 years ago I wrote a Commentary on *The Book of the Law* — over a quarter of a million words of the most turgid and incomprehensible hogwash ever penned. Certain adventurous spirits, however, have claimed to have found specks of gold in the silt. (I have never been able to face the ms. since it was typed — not even to correct "literals.") One of them, Dr. Louis Umfraville Wilkinson is now at work trying to extract some coherence.⁴

¹ Wilkinson is referring to this book. It was Wilkinson himself that was asked to contribute this second commentary to *The Book of the Law*, remarkable in view of the "Short Comment" of 1925 that — as Crowley knew quite well — sternly forbids commentary by persons other than the Prophet. The "Short Comment" (p. 284 below) was classed as a "received" text, i.e., from an independent intelligence, like *Liber Legis* itself. Crowley's suggestion to Wilkinson tends to confirm that it was at variance with his conscious mind.

² The quotation given above, from Wilkinson's typescript draft, differs from the published version in *Seven Friends*, pp. 56–57.

³ Her books on the western magical tradition, *The Myth of the Magus* (1948) and *Ritual Magic* (1949), were both issued by Cambridge.

⁴ Crowley, letter to E. M. Butler, April 1, 1946, unpublished.

It is not known what assistance, if any, Professor Butler gave to Wilkinson, but he quickly produced a first draft in 1946 E.V. It is reasonable to assume that Crowley reviewed the result, as a copy was found among his papers. Wilkinson made heavy cuts, but his selection brought the work into better balance and focus.¹

Crowley's death in December of 1947 suspended any publishing plans, and Wilkinson did no further editorial work on the book, although he did believe it to be in circulation among the O.T.O.² He was in any event preoccupied with settling Crowley's affairs, as Crowley's had named him an executor of his will.³

The very existence of this popular abridged edition was one of Crowley's better-kept secrets. Neither Karl Germer in New York, (his successor as head of the O.T.O.) nor the archivist Gerald Yorke in England knew of the project until after Crowley's death. Wilkinson sent his copy to Yorke in 1949; it is now at the Warburg Institute, University of London. Germer received Crowley's copy from the executors in 1950; this copy is now lost. Wilkinson sent a third typescript (minus his introduction) to Jack Parsons of the O.T.O. in California. Thanks to the Parsons estate, this is now in the O.T.O. Archives; the original typescript of Wilkinson's introduction was acquired by O.T.O. in a collection of his Crowley estate papers. Wilkinson's co-executor John Symonds remained unaware of the existence of this edition until 1986.⁴

John Symonds and his colleague Kenneth Grant produced the first edition of the commentaries in 1974, relying on an unedited typescript that was much longer than this popular edition.⁵

¹ Based on the pagination of the present edition, Chapter I was cut from 114 to 64 pages, Chapter II from 79 to 67 pages, and Chapter III from 49 to 35 pages.

² It was however uncirculated. See John Cowper Powys, *Letters to Louis Wilkinson* (London: Village Press, 1974), p. 192n.

³ An exemplary executor, Wilkinson managed the English side of Crowley's complex affairs virtually singlehandedly; his co-executor, John Symonds, was preoccupied with writing his hostile biography, *The Great Beast* (1951).

⁴ John Symonds, letter to Gerald Pollinger, April 2, 1986.

⁵ *Magical and Philosophical Commentaries on the Book of the Law* (Montréal: 93 Publishing, 1974). Although the most complete edition to date, even this edition made substantial cuts.

Dr. Francis Israel Regardie produced a competing edition the following year that relied on a 1926 typescript entitled "An Extenuation to the Book of the Law"; he was quietly assisted by Gerald Yorke in his work.¹ Each edition had its merits, but neither addressed the many editorial inconsistencies that had accumulated in such a complex and technical work, written over many years, especially one that had been shunned by its author.

Regardie's title *The Law is for All* has been retained, not only for the practical reason that this new edition replaces his, but because this title — a line from *The Book of the Law* — is appropriate for a popular edition.

Had this edition gone to press as intended, Louis Wilkinson would no doubt have performed another round of editing to resolve remaining problems. I have addressed these by provided annotations to the text for the more obscure references, indicating crossreferences, and adding a list of works cited and two indexes. In order to sidestep interpretive issues, in the text of *The Book of the Law* itself only proper names have been indexed. Stray crossreferences to material omitted by Wilkinson have been removed; a few parenthetical references to published works were dropped to footnotes; a few numbered sections were reformatted; and passages introducing quotations from *Liber Aleph* required editing.

A complete edition of all of Crowley's commentaries, intended for scholars and magical students, is in preparation, and will be issued a few years hence by New Falcon Publications.

A few additions have been made to the content of this edition. *The Book of the Law* is given again, without commentary, for convenience. Quotations in the commentaries have been conformed to that standard, and cited in the margins. A special index lists citations and quotations of *Liber AL* in the commentaries. These features are intended to help readers follow Crowley's discussion in context. Other additions are a facsimile of the manuscript (taken from modern photography of the original ms. in the O.T.O. Archives, at 60% of original size), color plates of the Stèle of Revealing, and the text of Crowley's paraphrase. Finally, the

¹ *The Law is for All* (St. Paul: Llewellyn Publications, 1975); reprinted by New Falcon Publications.

one-page "Class A" inspired Comment, received by Crowley in 1925, has been added.

I wish to thank my friend Oliver Marlow Wilkinson, Louis Wilkinson's son, for his encouragement and support in seeing his father's work completed. Thanks are also due to Jack Parsons' widow, the late Cameron, and Scott Hobbs, executor for Cameron and the Parsons estate, for the generous gift of the Wilkinson typescript. Thanks are due to Richard W. Gernon IX^o O.T.O., who bequeathed a typescript of the commentaries to the Order on his death. Dr. W. F. Ryan of the Warburg Institute, University of London, kindly made available early typescripts in the Yorke Collection that clarified many corrupted readings. I am very grateful to Andrea Hoehn for facilitating our research in England, and to Clive Harper for making available a copy of the 1926 "Extenuation" typescript. The Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin made available another typescript. Martin P. Starr, J. Daniel Gunther, Richard Kaczynski and Adam Kessler addressed editorial questions, as did the project's proofreaders Kevin Ascherfeld, Randall Bowyer, and Robin Mathews. Diana Molinari and William E. Heidrick performed the data entry. Samuel Weiser, Inc. kindly provided films of the new photography of the Stèle of Revealing and the ms. of *The Book of the Law* from the Weiser edition of Crowley's *Magick (Book 4, Parts I-IV)*. Christopher Hyatt and Nicholas Tharcher of New Falcon Publications deserve thanks for honoring Crowley's wishes by issuing this edition. For his inspiration I would like to thank Frater Altzba, the founder of 93 Publishing, who first published Crowley's commentaries over twenty years ago.

This popular edition was dear to Crowley's heart. A full fifty years have passed since it was first prepared for publication. In the intervening years the commentaries have retained all of their philosophical depth, and gained increasing relevance as they anticipated so many of the burning social issues of our times.

Love is the law, love under will.

HYMENAËUS BETA
Frater Superior, O.T.O.

Introduction

IN THIS *Commentary on the Book of the Law* it is told how the Book came to be written; or, rather, communicated to the man who wrote it down.

There is a Being called Aiwaz, an intelligence discarnate, who wrote this *Book of the Law*, using my ears and hand. His mind is certainly superior to my own in knowledge and in power, for He has dominated me and taught me ever since.¹

But the writer from this dictation was not, at the time, in sympathy with this “intelligence.” Aiwaz, in fact, was dictating to a hostile scribe; to one who was forced to write against his will. “I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger.”² To the scribe this experience is the surest and the most significant reality in his life.

II:11

I am myself persuaded that there are intelligences and powers not normally accessible to any of the senses, and that in the last hundred years such forms of energy have been discovered, or re-discovered. Study of the text of this Book has confirmed my belief that in certain rare circumstances communication between such intelligences and human beings is possible. The same study may well lead others to the same conclusion. I would direct the

¹ [Crowley, *Commentary to AL III:19*, p. 161 below.]

² [Quotations from *Liber Legis* are cited by chapter and verse in the margins throughout this edition, except when occurring in that section of the *Commentary* where the verse quoted is the subject.]

reader's attention to one of the most striking indications of the validity of these communications: the Commentary on verse nineteen of the third Chapter.¹

One of the first and most important points to be noted is that the whole *Book of the Law* rests upon a mathematical basis. It makes no partial appeal; it does not depend upon religious theory or racial tradition. One who knows far more than I do both of mathematics and of mysticism has thrown a clearer light than I could upon the evidence of the preternatural character of this Book. He writes:

The Qabalists conceal the value of π in the name of ALHIM, which is God considered as the cooperative forces of Nature, and by taking the significant figure in the conventional value of these letters you obtain the number 3.1415. But this is incorrect. In *The Book of the Law* (ch. 3, v. 47) "this circle squared in its failure is a key also." By "in its failure" is implied, as Aiwaz knew, that the figures were not fully correct. But in the concealed collocation of letters on that page is found the figure 3.141593, which is the correct value of π to six places of decimals. (This figure is obtained by taking the Hebrew values of the letters crossed by a line slashed diagonally across the page in the original manuscript.)

It will be noted that this figure begins with 31—the secret "Key of it all"—and ends with 93, the esoteric key of the whole Book.² The squaring of the circle is an age-long traditional symbol of the accomplishment of the Great Work.

It may be added that from this starting-point many other Qabalistic mysteries are to be found—so numerous and so significant that no human mind such as we know could possibly have woven the whole series into this Book, which was dictated and scribbled at lightning speed.

¹ [See pp. 157–161 below.]

² [Crowley considered the number 31 to yield three keys to *Liber Legis*: the word AL (A = 1, L = 30; Heb. לֵא, "god"), LA (Heb. לֹא, "not"), and a third key involving the formula shT = ©. 93 is the numeration of *thelema* (Grk. θέλημα, "will") and *agapé* (Grk. ἀγάπη, "love"), as well as the name Aiwaz in Hebrew (אִיזָא). See Crowley, *Book 4, Parts I–IV*, rev. ed., passim.]

There is doubtless a further key to be found which will in the end elucidate the whole Book and make manifest the extremely elaborate nature of its pattern.¹

The Book of the Law, however, is not only for mathematicians and mystics. In some one phrase or other of the Book there is a direct message for every human being. The best way for the layman to approach this Book is to regard it as a letter written directly to himself. Even though he may not be able to understand some parts of the letter, he is sure to find other parts that are unmistakably addressed, in an intimately personal sense, to him.

It is because the thought expressed in this *Book of the Law* was sometimes not easily intelligible to the transmitter that he wrote a Commentary upon it.² He wished to explain, so far as he could, the messages that he had received. After some lapse of time he wrote a second Commentary,³ which superseded the first; so I have not included the first in this volume. And there is a good deal of the second Commentary that I have not included. Sometimes the understanding of the Commentary involves mathematical or philosophical or scientific or magical knowledge such as the general reader cannot be assumed to possess; and this edition of the *Commentary on the Book of the Law* is for the general reader. It is intended as a Primer; it is for the layman. I am a layman myself, as regards special knowledge of the kind that I have just indicated, so in one way my task has been simplified. I have gone on the principle of omitting from the Commentary anything that I cannot myself understand. I have not, however, left out a single word of *The Book of the Law* itself; following the strict and, without doubt, the right injunction that this should not be done.

My scribe [...] shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon [...]

I:36

The Law itself must, therefore, stand wholly as it was transmitted; every sentence of it is integrated with every other;

¹ [The source and authorship of this quotation is unknown.]

² [Later termed the "Old Commentary"; published in *The Equinox* I(7) (1912), pp. 387-400a.]

³ [Described by Crowley as the "New Commentary."]

any omission might falsify or weaken the whole, however little aware the editor might be of the effect of his editing. In this volume I have allowed certain passages from *The Book of the Law* to stand by themselves without any comment; for it has sometimes seemed better to leave the reader to make what interpretation he can of his own than to risk confusing and delaying his apprehension of the message of the Book as a whole.

The Book of the Law has already been published without a Commentary;¹ but, if it is to reach and influence a wider public, a Commentary, which must often be detailed, is indispensable. The values of the Book, its application to our lives, to the questions of our time, must be explained. I believe that those values are great; and that the more widely the principles of *The Book of the Law* are adopted, the better chance there will be for our escape from a renewal, on a more disastrous scale, of the calamities of the past quarter of a century. If those principles come to be generally adopted, I believe that mankind will issue triumphantly from the evils of its past. A veritable "New Order" will be set up, bringing with it a general realization of what the "Good Life" means, and operating with a veritably "revolutionizing" effect beyond the most sanguine dreams of any one of those very heterogeneous groups of modern revolutionaries and reformers. This may not happen soon; the sceptic will say that, if it ever happens, it will be in the far future.

Possibly; but a beginning can, and indeed must, be made now. The more closely we look at the present state of the world, (few of us, today, can help looking at it, however little we may enjoy doing so) the more necessary it will surely appear that a beginning should be made. Consider present discontents, present deprivations, physical, moral and spiritual; consider present urgent and vital needs. These are too palpable and too widely recognized to need specification. Well, then, is it foolishly sanguine to anticipate that a new way of thought, a new religion and a new morality, will be rapidly succeeded by rapid growth? This growth may be as

¹ [Wilkinson refers to *Liber AL vel Legis sub figura CCXX* (London: O.T.O., 1938; 2nd rev. ed. Pasadena: Church of Thelema [1942]).]

phenomenally swift and operative in its creative force as the evil growths of the present century have been phenomenally swift and operative in their force of destruction.

We today need *The Book of the Law* for our guidance, for our strength, for our happiness and fulfilment. It is because I am convinced that we need it, and need it very badly, that I have made this attempt to abridge the Commentary upon it by removing passages likely to present obstructive difficulties to the general reader, to the layman like myself. I have aimed at making an abridgement that the general reader of intelligence and good will can assimilate, and by which he will powerfully gain. But I do not pretend that he will understand this Book and make it his own without any difficulty at all; it is only charlatan works that can be so quickly and easily grasped as that. It is impossible to write rewardingly on such matters as religion, death, sex, the conduct of life, and at the same time to make no more than slight and simple demands on the reader's brain. Unless he makes the effort not only to attend but to cooperate, no one can gain anything of importance from any book.

The gain that the reader will get from this book will be primarily religious. For the "Law" is in its essence a religious Law; its sanctions, its injunctions, and its prohibitions are religious. At the same time it is not a dogmatic religion in the sense in which most religions are dogmatic; it is a Faith for the individualist, as is clearly shown by its central text, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." "Discover your own true will," is the meaning of this; "and then act in harmony with it to the utmost of your powers." The aim of the *Commentary on the Book of the Law* is to guide the reader along the path of the discovery of his own true will, in accordance with which, and only in accordance with which, he can rightly think and act. This is why "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." Only by so doing will you be shown your own true thought and life.

"Every man and every woman is a star." A separate star; and indeed, in a sense which is explained in this book, a separate god. The herd-instinct defiles and destroys the godhead in man. "Democracy," at least in some of its contemporary influences,

1:40

1:3

blasphemes against this godhead. In certain aspects, it has shown itself to be an arch-enemy of the soul of man. Long ago Henrik Ibsen declared that "mere democracy cannot solve the social question." He might have added that there are many other questions that it cannot solve. But he implied this when he said that

an element of aristocracy must be introduced into our life. Of course I do not mean the aristocracy of birth or of the purse, or even the aristocracy of intellect. I mean the aristocracy of character, of will, of mind. That only can free us.

It is the full achievement of real freedom, by such means, that will be compassed by the adoption of the religion of *The Book of the Law*.

Further, this Book gives a new illumination of death, of the meaning of death. With death all religions have of course been much concerned; but the extent to which the various Christian sects have succeeded in dispelling the fear of death can be judged by the prevailing attitude towards death of the great majority of professing Christian persons. When they are not refusing to think about it, they are terrified of it. They speak of one who has died as "poor," which must mean that they regard him as having suffered a calamity. The old Christian conceptions of life after death as either eternal combustion or eternal harp-strumming are no longer at all generally believed; indeed, it may be questioned whether they ever were seriously believed, except by a fanatical minority. Christianity—popular Christianity, at least—has never had anything better to offer than this everlasting torture for the damned and everlasting boredom for the saved. Or—but somewhat heretically—"rest." Well, rest is better than torment or ennui; and "May he rest in peace" is, it would seem, the best that Christianity can do by way of hope for the "departed." "Rest"; not activity of any valid kind on some further plane of being.

This Book will also illuminate that extremely important human concern of what is now usually known as "Sex," a concern which Christianity has always, to put it very mildly, rather obscured than illuminated. Christian "morality" is in its essence anti-sexual or "sexophobic"; here, most evidently, "the praxis of

the Church is inimical to Life." The great majority of men and women do not now believe in "Christian morality"; do not believe in the flagrant absurdity that the impulse by which alone life is continued on our planet is sinful, and that its sinfulness can be expunged only if it is directed by a husband towards his wife and by a wife towards her husband. The creation of this artificial "sin of sex," the attachment of a sense of guilt to a basic natural function, has brought about a disastrous perversion of sane moral feeling. It has destroyed or numbed our awareness of what is the only real sin, of what alone should cause a sense of guilt in us; that is, obstruction or denial of our true will, or of the true will of another. The acceptance of, or the deference to these malignant sex-tabus, has done incalculable harm and is still doing it. A sane, a natural and creative view of sex is of the first importance; for a destructive and distorted view, a Christian view, generates an evil pus which overflows upon the whole field of human thought and human activity, infecting with one malady after another. Sex-repression, sex-frustration, as Freud has truly told us, breed war-makers and war. They and their cousins german, malevolent interference with individual freedom of thought and man's natural right to all the pleasures of life, breed also social discontents and social ills. In the strictest sense, such persecuting manias are anti-social. The true will of humanity is against them and against their offspring. That will is not for wars, it is not for the "moral" filth of sexual frustration or for the frustration of anything that is needed for the creative fulfilment of individual life.

Until the old twilight tabus have been killed, there is no certain hope for the future. *The Book of the Law* deals them and their issue a mortal blow. It sets in their place a gospel which, it is true, makes high demands, but which is valid for the achievement of the heart's desire; for the satisfaction of our dolorous and aching needs; for the building of a true and enduring City of God.

LOUIS UMFRAVILLE WILKINSON
London, 1946 E.V.

Commentary on Title

IN THE FIRST EDITION this Book is called *L*.¹ *L* is the sacred letter in the Holy Twelve-fold Table which forms the triangle that stabilizes the Universe. See *Liber 418*.² *L* is the letter of *Libra*, Balance, and “Justice”³ in the Tarot. This title should probably be *AL*, “El,” as the “L” was heard of the Voice of Aiwaz, not seen. *AL* is the true name of the Book, for these letters, and their number 31, form the Master Key to its Mysteries.

¹ [“Liber L vel Legis sub figura CCXX,” in *ΘΕΑΗΜΑ* [London: privately printed for initiates of A.:A.:, 1909], vol. 3, and *The Equinox* I(10) (1913), p. 9.]

² [Crowley, *Liber XXX Ærum ... The Vision and the Voice*, 15th Æthyr. See Works Cited.]

³ [Atu VIII, retitled “Adjustment” in Crowley’s *The Book of Thoth* (1944).]

The First Chapter

1. Had! The manifestation of Nuit.

COMMENTARY: The theogony of our Law is entirely scientific. Nuit is Matter, Hadit is Motion, in their full physical sense.¹ They are the *tao* and *te* of Chinese Philosophy; or, to put it very simply, the Noun and Verb in grammar. Our central Truth—beyond other philosophies—is that these two infinities cannot exist apart. This extensive subject must be studied in our other writings, notably *Berashith*, my own Magical Diaries, especially those of 1919, 1920 and 1921,² and *The Book of Wisdom or Folly*.³ See also “The Soldier and the Hunchback.”⁴ Further information concerning Nuit and Hadit is given in the course of this Book; but I must here mention that the Brother mentioned in connection with the “Wizard Amalantrah” etc. (Samuel bar Aiwaz)⁵ identifies them

¹ The Proton and the Electron, in a metaphysical sense, suggest close analogies.

² [Crowley’s diary for 1920 E.v. was published in *The Magical Record of the Beast 666*, ed. John Symonds and Kenneth Grant (London: Duckworth and Montréal: Next Step/93 Publishing, 1972).]

³ [Crowley, *Liber CXI vel Aleph*, *The Book of Wisdom or Folly*. See Works Cited.]

⁴ [Crowley, “The Soldier and the Hunchback.” See Works Cited.]

⁵ [Amalantrah is a discarnate adept with whom Crowley was in astral contact. Samuel Aiwaz Jacobs (c. 1891–1971) was a distinguished typographer and publisher. See *Magick (Book 4, Parts I–IV)*, rev. ed. (York Beach, ME: Samuel Weiser, 1994), Appendix III and notes.]

with ANU and ADAD the supreme Mother and Father deities of the Sumerians. Taken in connection with the AIWAZ identification, this is very striking indeed.

It is also to be considered that Nu is connected with North, while Had is Sad, Set, Satan, *sat* (equals "Being" in Sanskrit), South. He is then the Sun, one point concentrating Space, as also is any other star. The word ABRAHADABRA is from Abrasax, Father Sun, which adds to 365. For the North-South antithesis see Fabre-d'Olivet's *Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man*.¹ Note *sax* also as a Rock, or Stone, whence the symbol of the Cubical Stone, the Mountain Abiegnus, and so forth. Nu is also reflected in *naus*, "Ship," etc., and that whole symbolism of Hollow Space which is familiar to all. There is also a question of identifying Nu with On, Noah, Oannes, Jonah, John, Dianus, Diana, and so on. But these identifications are all partial only, different facets of the Diamond Truth. We may neglect all these questions, and remain in the simplicity of this Her own Book.

2. The unveiling of the company of heaven.

COMMENTARY: This explains the general theme of this revelation: gives the Dramatis Personæ, so to speak.

It is, cosmographically, the conception of the two Ultimate Ideas: Space, and That which occupies Space.

It will however appear later that these two ideas may be resolved into one, that of Matter; with Space, its "Condition" or "form," included therein. This leaves the idea of "Motion" for Hadit, whose interplay with Nuit makes the Universe.

Time should perhaps be considered as a particular kind or dimension of Space.²

¹ [Antoine Fabre-d'Olivet, *Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man*, tr. Redfield (1921), ch. 1; see Works Cited.]

² In *Berashith* all qualities soever are considered as so many dimensions. I see no reason, 19 years later, for receding from this view. [Crowley, *Berashith* (1903); see Works Cited.]

Further, this verse is to be taken with the next. The “company of heaven” is Mankind, and its “unveiling” is the assertion of the independent godhead of every man and every woman!

Further, as Khabs¹ (see verse 8) is “Star,” there is a further meaning; this Book is to reveal the Secret Self of a man, i.e. to initiate him.

3. Every man and every woman is a star.

COMMENTARY: This thesis is fully treated in *The Book of Wisdom or Folly*. Its main statement is that each human being is an Element of the Cosmos, self-determined and supreme, co-equal with all other Gods.

From this the Law “Do what thou wilt” follows logically. One star influences another by attraction, of course; but these are incidents of self-predestined orbits. There is however a mystery of the planets, revolving about a star of whom they are parts; but I shall not discuss it fully in this place.

Man is the Middle Kingdom. The Great Kingdom is Heaven, with each star as an unit; the Little Kingdom is the Molecule, with each Electron as an unit. (The Ratio of these three is regularly geometrical, each being 10^{22} times greater in size than its neighbour.)

See “The Book of the Great Auk”² for the demonstration that each “star” is the Centre of the Universe to itself, and that a “star,” simple, original, absolute, can add to its omnipotence, omniscience and omnipresence without ceasing to be itself; that its one way to do this is to gain experience, and that therefore it enters into combinations in which its true Nature is for awhile disguised, even from itself. Analogously, an atom of carbon may pass through myriad Proteus-phases, appearing in Chalk, Chloroform, Sugar, Sap, Brain and Blood, not recognizable as “itself” the black amorphous solid, but recoverable as such, unchanged by its adventures.

¹ [Usually *khaib* in modern Egyptian transliteration.]

² [A Crowley diary from 1919 E.v.; the relevant passage is quoted on p. 26.]

This theory is the only one which explains *why* the Absolute limited Itself, and why It does not recognize Itself during Its cycle of incarnations. It disposes of "Evil" and the Origin of Evil, without denying Reality to "Evil," or insulting our daily observation and our common sense.

I here quote (with one or two elucidatory insertions) the note originally made by Me on this subject.

May 14, 1919, 6:30 p.m.

All elements must at one time have been separate—that would be the case with great heat. Now when the atoms get to the Sun, when we get to the Sun, we get that immense, extreme heat, and all the elements are themselves again. Imagine that each atom of each element possesses the memory of all his adventures in combination. By the way, that atom, fortified with that memory, would not be the same atom; yet it is, because it has gained nothing from anywhere except this memory. Therefore, by the lapse of time, and by virtue of memory, a thing (although originally an Infinite Perfection) could become something more than itself; and thus a real development is possible. One can then see a reason for any element deciding to go through this series of incarnations (God, that was a magnificent conception!) because so, and only so, can he go; and he suffers the lapse of memory of His own Reality of Perfection which he has during these incarnations, because he knows he will come through unchanged.

Therefore you have an infinite number of gods, individual and equal though diverse, each one supreme and utterly indestructible. This is also the only explanation of how a Being could create a world in which War, Evil, etc., exist. Evil is only an appearance because, (like "Good") it cannot affect the substance itself, but only multiply its combinations. This is something the same as Mystic Monism, but the objection to that theory is that God has to create things which are all parts of Himself, so that their interplay is false. If we presuppose many elements, their interplay is natural. It is no objection to this theory to ask who made the elements—the elements are at least there; and God, when you look for him, is not there. Theism is *obscurum per obscurius*.¹ A male star is built up from the centre outwards, a female star from the

¹ [Lat., "Explaining the obscure by the more obscure."]

circumference inwards. This is what is meant when we say that woman has no soul. It explains fully the difference between the sexes.¹

4. Every number is infinite; there is no difference.

COMMENTARY: This is a great and holy mystery. Although each star has its own number, each number is equal and supreme. Every man and every woman is not only a part of God, but the Ultimate God. “The Centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere.” The old definition of God takes new meaning for us. Each one of us is the One God. This can only be understood by the initiate; one must acquire certain high states of consciousness to appreciate it.

I have tried to put it simply in the note to the last verse. I may add that in the Trance called by me the “Star-Sponge”—see note to v. 59—this apprehension of the Universe is seen as an astral Vision.² It began as “Nothingness with Sparkles” in 1916 E.V. by Lake Pasquaney in New Hampshire, U.S.A.,³ and developed into fullness on various subsequent occasions. Each “star” is connected directly with every other star, and the Space being Without Limit (Ain Soph), the Body of Nuit, any one star is as much the Centre as any other. Each man instinctively feels that he is the Centre of the Cosmos, and philosophers have jeered at his presumption. But it was he that was precisely right. The yokel is no more “petty” than the King, nor the Earth than the Sun. Each simple elemental Self is supreme, Very God of Very God. Ay, in this Book is Truth almost insufferably splendid, for Man has veiled himself too long from his own glory: he fears the abyss, the ageless Absolute. But Truth shall make him free!⁴

¹ [Surviving fragment from “The Book of the Great Auk.” See also *The Book of Thoth*, pp. 15–16, and Part III of *Book 4, Parts I–IV*, rev. ed., p. 248n.]

² [The “Star-Sponge” Vision was usually characterized by Crowley as “Nothingness with Twinkles”; see p. 79.]

³ [A lake in Bristol, New Hampshire.]

⁴ [A lengthy technical commentary to this verse, omitted by Dr. Wilkinson, is given as Appendix B in *777 Revised* (1955); see Works Cited.]

5. Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before
the Children of men!

COMMENTARY: Here Nuit appeals, simply and directly, recognizing the separate function of each Star of her Body. Though all is One, each part of that One has its own special work, each Star its particular Orbit.

In addressing me as warrior lord of Thebes, it appears as if She perceived a certain continuity or identity of myself with Ankh-f-n-khonsu, whose Stèle is the Link with Antiquity of this Revelation.¹ See *Equinox* I(7), pp. 363–400, for the account of this event.²

The unveiling is the Proclamation of the Truth previously explained, that the Body of Nuit occupies Infinite Space, so that every Star thereof is Whole in itself, an independent and absolute Unit. They differ as Carbon and Calcium differ, but each is a simple “immortal” Substance, or at least a Form of some simpler Substance. Each soul is thus absolute, and “good” or “evil” are merely terms descriptive of relations between destructible combinations. Thus Quinine is “good” for a malarial patient, but “evil” for the germ of the disease. Heat is “bad” for ice-cream and “good” for coffee. The indivisible essences of things, their “Souls,” are indifferent to all conditions soever, for none can in any way affect them.

6. Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!

7. Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-kraat.

COMMENTARY: Aiwass is the name given by Ouarda the Seer³ as that of the Intelligence Communicating.

¹ [Ankh-f-n-khonsu (Ankhefenkhons I) was an Egyptian priest of Month (Mentu) who flourished in Thebes c. 725 B.C.E.]

² [This account was republished in as Chapter 6 of “Genesis Libri AL” in *The Equinox of the Gods* (Book 4, Part IV).]

³ [Ouarda the Seer was Rose Edith Crowley (1874–1932), Crowley’s first wife and the first of a series of Scarlet Women. She assisted with the reception of *The Book of the Law*.]

Hoor-paar-kraat or Harpocrates, the “Babe in the Egg of Blue,” is not merely the God of Silence in a conventional sense. He represents the Higher Self, the Holy Guardian Angel. The connection is with the symbolism of the Dwarf in Mythology. He contains everything in Himself, but is unmanifested. See II:8.¹

He is the First Letter of the Alphabet, *aleph*, whose number is One, and his card in the Tarot is “The Fool,” numbered Zero. *Aleph* is attributed to the “Element” (in the old classification of things) of Air.

Now as “One” or *aleph* he represents the Male Principle, the First Cause, and the free breath of Life, the sound of the vowel A being made with the open throat and mouth.

As Zero he represents the Female Principle, the fertile Mother. (An old name for the card is “Mat,” from the Italian *matto*, “fool,” but earlier also from Maut, the Egyptian Vulture-Mother-Goddess.) Fertile, for the “Egg of Blue” is the Uterus, and in the Macrocosm the Body of Nuit, and it contains the Unborn Babe, helpless yet protected and nourished against the crocodiles and tigers shown on the card, just as the womb is sealed during gestation. He sits on a lotus, the *yoni*, which floats on the “Nile,” the amniotic fluid.

In his absolute innocence and ignorance he is “The Fool”; he is the “Saviour,” being the Son who shall trample on the crocodiles and tigers, and avenge his father Osiris. Thus we see him as the “Great Fool” of Celtic legend, the “Pure Fool” of Act I of *Parsifal*,² and, generally speaking, the insane person whose words have always been taken for oracles.

But to be “Saviour” he must be born and grow to manhood; thus Parsifal acquires the Sacred Lance, emblem of virility. He usually wears the “Coat of many colours” like Joseph the “dreamer”; so he is also now the Green Man of spring festivals. But his “folly” is now not innocence but inspiration of wine; he drinks from the Graal, offered to him by the Priestess.

¹ [See page 95.]

² [Richard Wagner, *Parsifal* (1882). Wagner used the spelling Parsifal (rather than Percivale or Parzival) to emphasize a supposed Arabic etymology of *parsi* “pure one” and *fal* “foolish.”]

So we see him fully armed as Bacchus Diphues, male and female in one, bearing the Thyrsus-rod, and a cluster of grapes or a wineskin, while a tiger leaps up by his side. This form is suggested in the Tarot card, where "The Fool" is shown with a long wand and carrying a sack; his coat is motley. Tigers and crocodiles follow him, thus linking this image with that of Harpocrates.

Almost identical symbols are those of the secret God of the Templars, the bisexual Baphomet, and of Zeus Arrhenothelus, equally bisexual, the Father-Mother of All in One Person. (He is shown in this full form in the Tarot Trump XV, "The Devil.") Now Zeus being lord of Air, we are reminded that *aleph* is the letter of Air.

As Air we find the "Wandering Fool" pure wanton Breath, yet creative. Wind was supposed of old to impregnate the Vulture, which therefore was chosen to symbolize the Mother-Goddess.

He is the Wandering Knight or Prince of Fairy Tales who marries the King's Daughter. This legend is derived from certain customs among exogamic tribes, for which see *The Golden Bough*.¹

Thus once Europa, Semelé and others claimed that Zeus—Air²—had enjoyed them in the form of a beast, bird, or what not;

¹ [Sir J. G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion* (1890, 1911–15). See Works Cited.]

² Zeus obtained Air for his kingdom in the partition with Hades, who took Fire, and Poseidon, who took Water. Shu is the Egyptian God of the Firmament. There is a great difficulty here, etymologically. Zeus is connected with *IAO*, Abrasax, and the Dental Sibilant Gods of the Greater Mysteries, with the South and Hadit, Adad, Set, Saturn, Adonai, Attis, Adonis; he is even the "Jesus," slain with the Lance, whose blood is collected in a Cup. Yet he is also to be identified with the opposite party of the North and Nuit, with the "John" slain with the Sword, whose flesh is placed upon a Disk, in the Lesser Mysteries, baptizing with Water as "Jesus" with Fire, with On, Oannes, Noah, and the like.

It seems as if this great division, which has wrought such appalling havoc upon Earth, were originally no more than a distinction adopted for convenience. It is indeed the task of this Book to reduce Theology to the interplay of the Dyad Nuit and Hadit, these being themselves conceived as complementary, as Two equivalent to Naught, "divided for love's sake, for the chance of union."

while later Mary attributed her condition to the agency of a Spirit—*spiritus*, “breath,” or “air”—in the shape of a dove.

But the “Small Person” of Hindu mysticism, the Dwarf insane yet crafty of many legends in many lands, is also this same “Holy Ghost,” or Silent Self of a man, or his Holy Guardian Angel.

He is almost the “Unconscious” of Freud, unknown, unaccountable, the silent Spirit, blowing “whither it listeth, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.”¹ It commands with absolute authority when it appears at all, despite conscientious reason and judgment.

Aiwass is then, as this verse 7 states, the “minister” of this Hoor-paar-kraat, that is of the Saviour of the World in the larger sense, and of mine own “Silent Self” in the lesser. A “minister” is one who performs a service, in this case evidently that of revealing; He was the intelligible medium between the Babe God—the New Æon about to be born—and myself. This *Book of the Law* is the Voice of his Mother, His Father, and Himself. But on His appearing, He assumes the active form twin to Harpocrates, that of Ra-Hoor-Khuit. The Concealed Child becomes the Conquering Child, the armed Horus avenging his father Osiris. So also our own Silent Self, helpless and witless, hidden within us, will spring forth, if we have craft to loose him to the Light; spring lustily forward with his Cry of Battle, the Word of our True Wills.

This is the Task of the Adept, to have the Knowledge and Conversation of His Holy Guardian Angel, to become aware of his nature and his purpose, fulfilling them.

Why is Aiwaas thus spelt, when Aiwaaz is the natural transliteration of אִיִּזְ [OIVZ]? Perhaps because he was not content with identifying Himself with Thelema, Agapé, etc., by the number 93, but wished to express His nature by six letters² whose value in Greek should be A=1, I=10, F=6, A=1, Σ=200, Σ=200: total 418, the number of Abrahadabra, the Magical Formula of the new Æon! Note that I [ʾ] and v [י] are the letters of the Father and the Son, also of the Virgin and the Bull,³ protected on either

¹ [John 3:8.]

² Six being the number of the Sun, the God-Man, etc.

³ See *Liber 418*. [Crowley, *Liber XXX Ærum ... The Vision and the Voice*; see Works Cited. See especially the 16th Æthyr.]

side by the letter of Air, and followed by the letter of Fire twice over.

8. The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.

COMMENTARY: We are not to regard ourselves as base beings, without whose sphere is Light or “God.” Our minds and bodies are veils of the Light within. The uninitiate is a “Dark Star,” and the Great Work for him is to make his veils transparent by “purifying” them. This “purification” is really “simplification”; it is not that the veil is dirty, but that the complexity of its folds makes it opaque. The Great Work therefore consists principally in the solution of complexes. Everything in itself is perfect, but when things are muddled, they become “evil.” (This will be understood better in the Light of “The Hermit of Æsopus Island,” q.v.)¹ The Doctrine is evidently of supreme importance, from its position as the first “revelation” of Aiwass.

This “star” or “Inmost Light” is the original, individual, eternal essence. The Khu² is the magical garment which it weaves for itself, a “form” for its Being Beyond Form, by use of which it can gain experience through self-consciousness, as explained in the note to verses 2 and 3.³ This Khu is the first veil, far subtler than mind or body, and truer; for its symbolic shape depends on the nature of its Star.

Why are we told that the Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs? Did we then suppose the converse? I think that we are warned against the idea of a *pleroma*, a flame of which we are Sparks, and to which we return when we “attain.”⁴ That would indeed be to make the whole curse of separate existence

¹ [Only fragments survive of this document; see *The Equinox* IV(2) (1996), and his *Confessions*, abridged ed., p. 840.]

² [Usually *akh* or *yekh* in modern Egyptian transliteration.]

³ [See the quotation from “The Book of the Great Auk” in the Commentary to verse 3 on p. 26.]

⁴ [Grk. *πλήρωμα*. In Gnosticism, the “invisible spiritual fullness” that hypostases into progressive manifestation (æons), and to which Gnostics seek to return through the “perfection” of the Self.]

ridiculous, a senseless and inexcusable folly. It would throw us back on the dilemma of Manichæism. The idea of incarnations “perfecting” a thing originally perfect by definition is imbecile. The only sane solution is as given previously, to suppose that the Perfect enjoys experience of (apparent) Imperfection. (There are deeper resolutions of this problem appropriate to the highest grades of initiation; but the above should suffice the average intelligence.)

9. Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you!

COMMENTARY: We are to pay attention to this Inmost Light; then comes the answering Light of Infinite Space. Note that the Light of Space is what men call Darkness; its nature is utterly incomprehensible to our uninitiated minds. It is the “veils” mentioned previously in this comment that obstruct the relation between Nuit and Hadit.

We are not to worship the Khu, to fall in love with our Magical Image. To do this—we have all done it—is to forget our Truth. If we adore Form, it becomes opaque to Being, and may soon prove false to itself. The Khu in each of us includes the Cosmos as he knows it. To me, even another Khabs is only part of my Khu. Our own Khabs is our one sole Truth.

10. Let my servants be few & secret: they shall rule the many & the known.

COMMENTARY: The nature of magical power is quite incomprehensible to the vulgar. The prophet Ezekiel besieging a tile in order to destroy Jerusalem,¹ and the adventures of Hosea with Gomer,² seem as absurd to the “practical” man as do the researches of any other scientific man until the Sunday Newspapers have furnished him with a plausible explanation which explains nothing. (*Book 4, Part III*, must be read in this connection.)

¹ [Ezekiel 4:1–2.]

² [Hosea 1:1–2.]

I:34

“my servants”; not those of the Lord of the Æon. “the Law is for all”; there can be no secrecy about that. The verse refers to specially chosen “servants”; perhaps those who, worshipping the Khabs, have beheld Her light shed over them. Such persons indeed consummate the marriage of Nuit and Hadit in themselves; in that case they are aware of certain Ways to Power.

There is also a mystical sense in this verse. We are to organize our minds thoroughly, appointing few and secret chiefs, serving Nuit, to discipline the varied departments of the conscious thought.

11. These are fools that men adore; both their Gods & their men are fools.

12. Come forth, o children, under the stars, & take your fill of love!

COMMENTARY: The whole doctrine of “love” is discussed in the Book *Aleph (Wisdom or Folly)* and should be studied therein. But note further how this verse agrees with the comment above, how every Star is to come forth from its veils, that it may revel with the whole World of Stars. This is again also a call to unite, or “love,” thus formulating the equation $1 + (-1) = 0$,¹ which is the general magical formula in our Cosmos.

“Come forth”—from what are you hiding? “under the stars,” that is, openly. Also, let love be “under” or “unto” the Body of Nuit. But above all, be open! What is this shame? Is Love hideous, that men should cover him with lies? Is Love so sacred that others must not intrude? Nay, “under the stars,” at night, what eye but theirs may see? Or, if one see, should not your worship wake the cloisters of his soul to echo sanctity for that so lovely a deed and gracious you have done?

13. I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.

¹ The Hon. Bertrand Russell might prefer to write this: $+1 + (-1) = 0$. For Initiates of the IX° of O.T.O. it could be expressed: $\phi + \kappa = \tau = 0$, where $\phi - \kappa = 0$, and ϕ and κ are both positive integers.

14. Above, the gemmèd azure is
 The naked splendour of Nuit;
 She bends in ecstasy to kiss
 The secret ardours of Hadit.
 The wingèd globe, the starry blue,
 Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!
15. Now ye 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. They shall
 gather my children into their fold: they shall bring the glory
 of the stars into the hearts of men.
16. For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But to him is the
 winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight.
17. But ye are not so chosen.
18. Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!
19. O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!
20. The key of the rituals is in the secret word which I have
 given unto him.
21. With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: they do not see
 me. They are as upon the earth; I am Heaven, and there is no
 other God than me, and my lord Hadit.
22. Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to
 him by a secret name which I will give him when at last he
 knoweth me. Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite Stars
 thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no
 difference made among you between any one thing & any
 other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.
23. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!
24. I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty.
25. Divide, add, multiply, and understand.
26. Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one: Who
 am I, and what shall be the sign? So she answered him,

bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, & her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body.

27. Then the priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!
28. None, breathed the light, faint & færy, of the stars, and two.
29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.
30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.
31. For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

COMMENTARY: All this talk about "suffering humanity" is principally drivel based on the error of transferring one's own psychology to one's neighbour. The Golden Rule is silly. If Lord Alfred Douglas (for example) did to others what he would like them to do to him, many would resent his action.¹

The development of the Adept is by Expansion—out to Nuit—in all directions equally. The small man has little experience, little capacity for either pain or pleasure. The bourgeois is a clod. I know better (at least) than to suppose that to torture him is either beneficial or amusing to myself.

This thesis concerning compassion is of the most palmary importance in the ethics of Thelema. It is necessary that we stop, once for all, this ignorant meddling with other people's business.

¹ [Lord Alfred Douglas (1870–1945), the English poet who was a lover of Oscar Wilde.]

Each individual must be left free to follow his own path! America is peculiarly insane on these points; her people are desperately anxious to make the Sinhalese wear furs, and the Tibetans vote, and the whole world chew gum, utterly dense to the fact that most other nations, especially the French and British, regard “American institutions” as the lowest savagery, and forgetful or ignorant of the circumstances that the original brand of American freedom—which really was Freedom—contained the precept to leave other people severely alone, and thus assured the possibility of expansion on his own lines to every man.

32. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so: I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

COMMENTARY: It is proper to obey The Beast, because His Law is pure Freedom, and He will give no command which is other than a Right Interpretation of this Freedom. But it is necessary for the development of Freedom itself to have an organization; and every organization must have a highly-centralized control. This is especially necessary in time of war, as even the so-called “democratic” nations have been taught by Experience, since they would not learn from Germany. Now this age is pre-eminently a “time of war,” most of all now, when it is our Work to overthrow the slave-gods.

The injunction “seek me only” is emphasized with an oath, and a special promise is made in connection with it. By seeking lesser ideals one makes distinctions, thereby affirming implicitly the very duality from which one is seeking to escape. Note also that “me” may imply the Greek MH, “not.” The word “only” might be taken as “וְלֹא־”¹ with the number of 156, that of the Secret Name BABALON of Nuit.² There are presumably further hidden meanings in the key-word “all.”

¹ [I.e. ONLY, in Hebrew letters, reading from left to right.]

² [See I:22.]

33. Then the priest fell into a deep trance or swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven; Write unto us the ordeals; write unto us the rituals; write unto us the law!

COMMENTARY: Law, in the common sense of the word, should be a formulation of the customs of a people, as Euclid's propositions are the formulation of geometrical facts. But modern knavery conceived the idea of artificial law, as if one should try to square the circle by tyranny. Legislators try to force the people to change their customs, so that the "business men" whose greed they are bribed to serve may increase their profits.

"Law," in Greek, is NOMOC, from ΝΕΜΩ, and means strictly "anything assigned, that which one has in use or possession"; hence "custom, usage," and also "a musical strain." The literal equivalence of ΝΕΜΩ and the Latin NEMO is suggestive. In Hebrew, "Law" is THORA and equivalent to words meaning "The Gate of the Kingdom" and "The Book of Wisdom."¹

34. But she said: the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all.

COMMENTARY: The Ordeals are at present carried out unknown to the Candidate by the secret Magick Power of The Beast. Those who are accepted by Him for initiation testify that these Ordeals are frequently independent of His conscious care. They are not, like the traditional ordeals, formal, or identical for all; the Candidate finds himself in circumstances which afford a real test of conduct, and compel him to discover his own nature, to become aware of himself by bringing his secret motives to the surface.

Some of the Rituals have been made accessible, that is, the Magical Formulæ have been published.²

Note the reference to "not" and "all." Also the word "known" contains the root $\sqrt{\text{GN}}$, "to beget" and "to know"; while "concealed" indicates the other half of the Human Mystery.

¹ [Heb. תערה. Cf. "Sepher Sephiroth sub figura D," §671. See Works Cited.]

² See "The Rites of Eleusis," "Energized Enthusiasm," Book 4, Part III, etc. [See Works Cited.]

35. This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law.
36. My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu, the priest of the princes, shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khu-it.

[See The Comment on page 284.]

37. Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these he shall learn and teach.

COMMENTARY: Each star is unique, and each orbit apart; indeed, that is the cornerstone of my teaching, to have no standard goals or standard ways, no orthodoxies and no codes. The stars are not herded and penned and shorn and made into mutton like so many voters! I decline to be bellwether, who am born a Lion! I will not be collie, who am quicker to bite than to bark. I refuse the office of shepherd, who bear not a crook but a club.

Wise in your generation, ye sheep, are ye to scamper away bleating when your ears catch my roar on the wind? Are ye not tended and fed and protected—until word come from the stock-yard?

The lion's life for me! Let me live free, and die fighting!

Now one more point about the obeah and the wanga, the deed and the word of Magick.

Magick is the art of causing change in existing phenomena. This definition includes raising the dead, bewitching cattle, making rain, acquiring goods, fascinating judges, and all the rest of the programme. Good: but it also includes every act soever? Yes; I meant it to do so. It is not possible to utter word or do deed without producing the exact effect proper and necessary thereto. Thus Magick is the Art of Life itself.

Magick is the management of all we say and do, so that the effect is to change that part of our environment which dissatisfies us, until it does so no longer. We “re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.”¹

¹ [Edward Fitzgerald, *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám*.]

Magick ceremonies proper are merely organized and concentrated attempts to impose our Will on certain parts of the Cosmos. They are only particular cases of the general law.

But all we say and do, however casually, adds up to more, far more, than our most strenuous Operations. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Your daily drippings fill a bigger bucket than your geysers of magical effort. The "ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold"¹ have no organized will at all; and their character, built of their words and deeds, is only a garbage-heap.

Remember, also, that, unless you know what your true Will is, you may be devoting the most laudable energies to destroying yourself. Remember that every word and deed is a witness to thought, that therefore your mind must be perfectly organized, its sole duty to interpret circumstances in terms of the Will so that speech and action may be rightly directed to express the Will appropriately to the occasion. Remember that every word and deed which is not a definite expression of your Will counts against it, indifference worse than hostility. Your enemy is at least interested in you: you may make him your friend as you never can do with a neutral. Remember that Magick is the Art of Life, therefore of causing change in accordance with Will; therefore its law is "love under will", and its every movement is an act of love.

Remember that every act of "love under will" is lawful as such; but that when any act is not directed unto Nuit, who is here the inevitable result of the whole Work, that act is waste, and breeds conflict within you, so that "the kingdom of God which is within you"² is torn by civil war.

To the beginner I would offer this programme:

1. Furnish your mind as completely as possible with the knowledge of how to inspect and to control it.
2. Train your body to obey your mind, and not to distract its attention.
3. Control your mind to devote itself wholly to discover your true Will.

¹ [Matthew 18:13, paraphrase.]

² [Luke 17:21, paraphrase.]

4. Explore the course of that Will till you reach its source, your Silent Self.
 5. Unite the conscious will with the true Will, and the conscious Ego with the Silent Self. You must be utterly ruthless in discarding any atom of consciousness which is hostile or neutral.
 6. Let this work freely from within, but heed not your environment, lest you make difference between one thing and another. Whatever it be, it is to be made one with you by Love.
38. He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.
39. The word of the Law is *Θελημα*.
40. Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
41. The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will! O lover, if thou wilt, depart! There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accurséd! Accurséd be it to the æons! Hell.

COMMENTARY: The first paragraph is a general statement or definition of Sin or Error. Anything soever that binds the will, hinders it, or diverts it, is Sin. That is, Sin is the appearance of the Dyad. Sin is impurity.¹

¹ One cannot say that it was "Sin" for Naught to restrict itself within the form of Two; on the contrary. But Sin is to resist the operation of the reversion to Naught. "The wages of Sin is Death" [Romans 6:23]; for Life is a continual harmonious and natural Change. See *Liber 418* and *Liber Aleph*.

Sin (see Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*) is connected with the root *√es*, "to be." This throws a new light on the passage. Sin is restriction, that is, it is "being" as opposed to "becoming." The fundamental idea of wrong is the static as opposed to the dynamic conception of the Universe. This explanation is not only in harmony with the general teaching of *The Book of the Law*, but shows how profoundly the author understands Himself.

The remainder of the paragraph takes a particular case as an example. There shall be no property in human flesh. The sex-instinct is one of the most deeply-seated expressions of the will; and it must not be restricted, either negatively by preventing its free function, or positively by insisting on its false function.

What is more brutal than to stunt natural growth or to deform it?

What is more absurd than to seek to interpret this holy instinct as a gross animal act, to separate it from the spiritual enthusiasm without which it is so stupid as not even to be satisfactory to the persons concerned?

The sexual act is a sacrament of Will. To profane it is the great offence. All true expression of it is lawful; all suppression or distortion is contrary to the Law of Liberty. To use legal or financial constraint to compel either abstention or submission, is entirely horrible, unnatural and absurd. Physical constraint, up to a certain point, is not so seriously wrong; for it has its roots in the original sex-conflict which we see in animals, and has often the effect of exciting Love in his highest and noblest shape. Some of the most passionate and permanent attachments have begun with rape. Rome was actually founded thereon. Similarly, murder of a faithless partner is ethically excusable, in a certain sense; for there may be some stars whose Nature is extreme violence. The collision of galaxies is a magnificent spectacle, after all. But there is nothing inspiring in a visit to one's lawyer. Of course this is merely my personal view; a star who happened to be a lawyer might see things otherwise! Yet Nature's unspeakable variety, though it admits cruelty and selfishness, offers us no example of the puritan and the prig!

However, to the mind of Law there is an Order of Going; and a machine is more beautiful, save to the Small Boy, when it works than when it smashes. Now the Machine of Matter-Motion is an explosive machine, with pyrotechnic effects; but these are only incidentals.

Laws against adultery are based upon the idea that woman is a chattel, so that to make love to a married woman is to deprive the husband of her services. It is the frankest and most crass statement of a slave-situation. To us, every woman is a star. She has therefore an absolute right to travel in her own orbit. There is no

reason why she should not be the ideal *hausfrau*, if that chance to be her will. But society has no right to insist upon that standard. It was, for practical reasons, almost necessary to set up such tabus in small communities, savage tribes, where the wife was nothing but a general servant, where the safety of the people depended upon a high birth-rate. But today woman is economically independent, becomes more so every year. The result is that she instantly asserts her right to have as many or as few men or babies as she wants or can get; and she defies the world to interfere with her. More power to her—elbow!

The War has seen this emancipation flower in four years. Primitive people, the Australian troops for example, are saying that they will not marry English girls, because English girls like a dozen men a week. Well, who wants them to marry? Russia has already formally abrogated marriage. Germany and France have tried to “save their faces” in a thoroughly Chinese manner, by “marrying” pregnant spinsters to dead soldiers!

England has been too deeply hypocritical, of course, to do more than “hush things up”; and is pretending “business as usual,” though every pulpit is aquake with the clamour of bat-eyed bishops, squeaking of the awful immorality of everybody but themselves and their choristers. Englishwomen over 30 have the vote; when the young ’uns get it, good-bye to the old marriage system.

America has made marriage a farce by the multiplication and confusion of the Divorce Laws. A friend of mine who had divorced her husband was actually, three years later, sued by him for divorce!!!

But America never waits for laws; her people go ahead. The emancipated, self-supporting American woman already acts exactly like the “bachelor-boy.” Sometimes she loses her head, and stumbles into marriage, and stubs her toe. She will soon get tired of the folly. She will perceive how imbecile it is to hamstring herself in order to please her parents, or to legitimize her children, or to silence her neighbours.

She will take the men she wants as simply as she buys a newspaper; and if she doesn’t like the Editorials, or the Comic Supplement, it’s only two cents gone, and she can get another.

Blind asses! who pretend that women are naturally chaste! The Easterns know better; all the restrictions of the harem, of public opinion, and so on, are based upon the recognition of the fact that woman is only chaste when there is nobody around. She will snatch the babe from its cradle, or drag the dog from its kennel, to prove the old saying: "*Natura abhorret a vacuo.*"¹ For she is the Image of the Soul of Nature, the Great Mother, the Great Whore.

It is to be well noted that the Great Women of History have exercised unbounded freedom in Love. Sappho, Semiramis, Mesalina, Cleopatra, Ta Chi,² Pasiphæ, Clytæmnæstra, Helen of Troy, and in more recent times Joan of Arc (by Shakespeare's account), Catherine II of Russia, Queen Elizabeth of England,³ George Sand,⁴ "George Eliot."⁵ Against these we can put only Emily Brontë, whose sex-suppression was due to her environment, and so burst out in the incredible violence of her art, and the regular religious mystics, Saint Catherine, Saint Teresa, and so on, the facts of whose sex-life have been carefully camouflaged in the interests of the slave-gods. But, even on that showing, the sex-life was intense, for the writings of such women are overloaded with sexual expression passionate and perverted, even to morbid-ity and to actual hallucination.⁶

Sex is the main expression of the Nature of a person; great Natures are sexually strong; and the health of any person will depend upon the freedom of that function.⁷

¹ [*Lat.*, "nature abhors a vacuum."]

² [Ta Chi was the concubine of Chou Hsin, the last ruler of the Shang Dynasty (c. 1025 B.C.E.). Her sex drive is credited with its downfall.]

³ [Queen Elizabeth the First, 1533–1603.]

⁴ [The pen-name of the French author Amandine Lucie Aurore Dupin, Baronne Dudevant (1804–1876).]

⁵ [The pen-name of the English novelist Mary Ann Evans (1819–1880).]

⁶ [For examples see E. A. Petroff, *Medieval Women's Visionary Literature* (New York and Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986).]

⁷ See "Liber CL, De Lege Libellum," Cap. IV, in *Equinox* III(1). [See Works Cited.]

42. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So
with thy all; thou hast no right but to do thy will.

COMMENTARY: “manyhood bound and loathing.” An organized state is a free association for the common weal. My personal will to cross the Atlantic, for example, is made effective by cooperation with others on agreed terms. But the forced association of slaves is another thing.

A man who is not doing his will is like a man with cancer, an independent growth in him, yet one from which he cannot get free. The idea of self-sacrifice is a moral cancer in exactly this sense.

Similarly, one may say that not to do one's will is evidence of mental or moral insanity. When “duty points one way, and inclination the other,” it is proof that you are not one, but two. You have not centralized your control. This dichotomy is the beginning of conflict, which may result in a Jekyll-Hyde effect. Stevenson suggests that man may be discovered to be a “mere polity” of many individuals. The sages knew it long since. But the name of this polity is Choronzon,¹ mob rule, unless every individual is absolutely disciplined to serve his own, and the common, purpose without friction.

It is of course better to expel or destroy an irreconcilable. “If thine eye offend thee, cut it out.”² The error in the interpretation of this doctrine has been that it has not been taken as it stands. It has been read: If thine eye offend some artificial standard of right, cut it out. The curse of society has been Procrustean morality, the ethics of the herd-men. One would have thought that a mere glance at Nature would have sufficed to disclose Her scheme of Individuality made possible by Order.

¹ [See *Liber 418*, Tenth Æthyr.]

² [Matthew 18:9, Mark 9:47.]

43. Do that, and no other shall say nay.

COMMENTARY: The general meaning of this verse is that so great is the power of asserting one's right that it will not long be disputed. For by doing so one appeals to the Law. In practice it is found that people who are ready to fight for their rights are respected, and let alone. The slave-spirit invites oppression.

44. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.

COMMENTARY: This verse is best interpreted by defining "pure will" as the true expression of the Nature, the proper or inherent motion of the matter, concerned. It is unnatural to aim at any goal. The student is referred to "Liber LXV," Cap. II, v. 24, and to the *Tao Te Ching*.¹ This becomes particularly important in high grades. One is not to do Yoga, etc., in order to get *samādhi*, like a schoolboy or a shopkeeper; but for its own sake, like an artist.

"unassuaged" means "its edge taken off by" or "dulled by."² The pure student does not think of the result of the examination.

45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!

46. Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it eight, eighty, four hundred & eighteen.

47. But they have the half: unite by thine art so that all disappear.

48. My prophet is a fool with his one, one, one; are not they the Ox, and none by the Book?

49. Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath taken his seat in the East at the Equinox of the Gods; and let Asar be with Isa, who also are one. But

¹ [For "Liber LXV" with Crowley's commentary, and his translation of the *Tao Te Ching*, see Works Cited.]

² [These are definitions of "assuaged," not "unassuaged."]

they are not of me. Let Asar be the adorant, Isa the sufferer;
Hoor in his secret name and splendour is the Lord initiating.

COMMENTARY: This verse declares that the old formula of Magick — the Osiris–Adonis–Jesus–Marsyas–Dionysus–Attis–et cetera formula of the Dying God—is no longer efficacious. It rested on the ignorant belief that the Sun died every day, and every year, and that its resurrection was a miracle.

The Formula of the New Æon recognizes Horus, the Child crowned and conquering, as God. We are all members of the Body of God, the Sun; and about our System is the Ocean of Space. This formula is then to be based upon these facts. Our “Evil,” “Error,” “Darkness,” “Illusion,” whatever one chooses to call it, is simply a phenomenon of accidental and temporary separateness. If you are “walking in darkness,” do not try to make the sun rise by self-sacrifice, but wait in confidence for the dawn, and enjoy the pleasures of the night meanwhile.

The general allusion is to the Equinox Ritual of the G.:D.: where the officer of the previous six months, representing Horus, took the place of the retiring Hierophant, who had represented Osiris.¹

Isa is the legendary “Jesus,” for which Canidian² concoction the prescription is to be found in my book bearing that title, *Liber 888*.³

50. There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest. Thus ye have star & star, system & system; let not one know well the other!

¹ [See “The Temple of Solomon the King,” *The Equinox* I(7) (1912), p. 372; *The Equinox of the Gods* (1936), p. 88; or *Book 4*, Parts I–IV, (rev. ed., 1994), Appendix VIII, p. 666. See Works Cited.]

² [“Noxious” or “poisonous,” referring to the sorceress Canidia; see Horace, *Epodes*.]

³ [*Liber 888. Jesus: The Gospel According to St. Bernard Shaw*. See Works Cited.]

51. There are four gates to one palace; the floor of that palace is of silver and gold; lapis lazuli & jasper are there; and all rare scents; jasmine & rose, and the emblems of death. Let him enter in turn or at once the four gates; let him stand on the floor of the palace. Will he not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me.

COMMENTARY: The first section of this verse is connected with the second only by the word “therefore.” It appears to describe an initiation, or perhaps *the* initiation, in general terms. I would suggest that the palace is the “Holy House” or Universe of the Initiate of the New Law. The four gates are perhaps Light, Life, Love, Liberty—see “De Lege Libellum.”¹ Lapis Lazuli is a symbol of Nuit, Jasper of Hadit. The rare scents are possibly various ecstasies or *samādhis*. Jasmine and Rose are hieroglyphs of the two main Sacraments, while the emblems of death may refer to certain secrets of a well-known exoteric school of initiation whose members, with the rarest exceptions, do not know what it is all about.

The question then arises as to whether the initiate is able to stand firmly in this Place of Exaltation. It seems to me as if this refers to the ascetic life, commonly considered as an essential condition of participation in these mysteries. The answer is that “there are means and means”, implying that no one rule is essential. This is in harmony with our general interpretation of the Law; it has as many rules as there are individuals.

This word “therefore” is easy to understand. We are to enjoy life thoroughly in an absolutely normal way, exactly as all the free and great have always done. The only point to remember is that one is a “Member of the Body of God,”² a Star in the Body of

¹ [See Works Cited under “Liber 150.”]

² [A phrase from the Great Obligation of the A.:A.: (the Oath of the Abyss); see “John St. John,” *The Equinox* I(1) (1909), p. 11, or *The Equinox* III(10) (1986), p. 18.]

Nuit. This being sure, we are urged to the fullest expansion of our several Natures, with special attention to those pleasures which not only express the soul, but aid it to reach the higher developments of that expression.

The act of Love is to the bourgeois (as the "Christian" is called nowadays) a gross animal gesture which shames his boasted humanity. The appetite drags him at its hoofs; it tires him, disgusts him, diseases him, makes him ridiculous even in his own eyes. It is the source of nearly all his neuroses.

Against this monster he has devised two protections. Firstly, he pretends that it is a Fairy Prince disguised, and hangs it with the rags and tinsel of romance, sentiment, and religion. He calls it Love, denies its strength and truth, and worships this wax figure of him with all sorts of amiable lyrics and leers.

Secondly, he is so certain, despite all his theatrical-wardrobe-work, that it is a devouring monster, that he resents with insane ferocity the existence of people who laugh at his fears, and tell him that the monster he fears is in reality not a fire-breathing worm, but a spirited horse, well trained to the task of the bridle. They tell him not to be a gibbering coward, but to learn to ride. Knowing well how abject he is, the kindly manhood of the advice is, to him, the bitterest insult he can imagine, and he calls on the mob to stone the blasphemer. He is therefore particularly anxious to keep intact the bogey he so dreads; the demonstration that Love is a general passion, pure in itself, and the redeemer of all them that put their trust in Him, is to tear open the raw ulcer of his soul.

We of Thelema are not the slaves of Love. "love under will" is the Law. We refuse to regard love as shameful and degrading, as a peril to body and soul. We refuse to accept it as the surrender of the divine to the animal; to us it is the means by which the animal may be made the Winged Sphinx which shall bear man aloft to the House of the Gods.

We are then particularly careful to deny that the object of love is the gross physiological object which happens to be Nature's excuse for it. Generation is a sacrament of the physical Rite, by which we create ourselves anew in our own image, weave in a new flesh-tapestry the Romance of our own Soul's History. But

also Love is a sacrament of transubstantiation whereby we initiate our own souls; it is the Wine of Intoxication as well as the Bread of Nourishment. "Nor is he for priest designed Who partakes only in one kind."¹

We therefore heartily cherish those forms of Love in which no question of generation arises; we use the stimulating effects of physical enthusiasm to inspire us morally and spiritually. Experience teaches that passions thus employed *do* serve to refine and to exalt the whole being of man or woman. Nuit indicates the sole condition: "But always unto me."

The epicure is not a monster of gluttony, nor the amateur of Beethoven a "degenerate" from the "normal" man whose only music is the tom-tom. So also the poisons which shock the bourgeois are not indulgences, but purifications; the brute whose furtive lust demands that he be drunk and in darkness that he may surrender to his shame, and that he lie about it with idiot mumblings ever after, is hardly the best judge even of Phryne.² How much less should he venture to criticize such men and women whose imaginations are so free from grossness that the element of attraction which serves to electrify their magnetic coil is independent of physical form? To us the essence of Love is that it is a sacrament unto Nuit, a gate of grace and a road of righteousness to Her High Palace, the abode of peerless purity whose lamps are the Stars.

"as ye will". It should be abundantly clear from the foregoing remarks that each individual has an absolute and indefeasible right to use his sexual vehicle in accordance with its own proper character, and that he is responsible only to himself. But he should not injure himself and his right aforesaid; acts invasive of another individual's equal rights are implicitly self-aggressions. A thief can hardly complain on theoretical grounds if he is himself robbed.

¹ [Crowley, "The Sevenfold Sacrament," *The Equinox* III(1) (1919), p. 193.]

² [Phryne was a 4th century B.C.E. Greek courtesan who was the model for several famous images of Aphrodite.]

Such acts as rape, and the assault or seduction of infants, may therefore be justly regarded as offences against the Law of Liberty, and repressed in the interests of that Law.

It is also excluded from "as ye will" to compromise the liberty of another person indirectly, as by taking advantage of the ignorance or good faith of another person to expose that person to the constraint of sickness, poverty, social detriment, or childbearing, unless with the well-informed and uninfluenced free will of that person.

One must moreover avoid doing another injury by deforming his nature; for instance, to flog children at or near puberty may distort the sensitive nascent sexual character, and impress it with the stamp of masochism. Again, homosexual practices between boys may in certain cases actually rob them of their virility, psychically or even physically.

Trying to frighten adolescents about sex by the bogeys of Hell, Disease, and Insanity, may warp the moral nature permanently, and produce hypochondria or other mental maladies, with perversions of the enervated and thwarted instinct.

Repression of the natural satisfaction may result in addiction to secret and dangerous vices which destroy their victim because they are artificial and unnatural aberrations. Such moral cripples resemble those manufactured by beggars by compressing one part of the body so that it is compensated by a monstrous exaggeration in another part.

But on the other hand we have no right to interfere with any type of manifestation of the sexual impulse on *à priori* grounds. We must recognize that the Lesbian leanings of idle and voluptuous women whose refinement finds the grossness of the average male repugnant, are as inexpugnably entrenched in Righteousness as the parallel pleasures of the English Aristocracy and Clergy whose æsthetics find women disgusting, and whose self-respect demands that love should transcend animal impulse, excite intellectual intimacy, and inspire spirituality by directing it towards an object whose attainment cannot inflict the degradation of domesticity, and the bestiality of gestation.

Everyone should discover, by experience of every kind, the extent and intention of his own sexual Universe. He must be taught that all roads are equally royal, and that the only question for him is "Which road is mine?" All details are equally likely to be of the essence of his personal plan, all equally "right" in themselves, his own choice of the one as correct as, and independent of, his neighbour's preference for the other.

He must not be ashamed or afraid of being homosexual if he happens to be so at heart; he must not attempt to violate his own true nature because public opinion, or mediæval morality, or religious prejudice would wish he were otherwise. The oyster stays shut in his shell for all Darwin may say about his "low stage of evolution," or Puritans about his priapistic character, or idealists about his unfitness for civic government.

The advocates of homosexuality—*primus inter pares*,¹ John Addington Symonds!²—hammer away like Hercules at the spiritual, social, moral, and intellectual advantages of cultivating the caresses of a comrade who combines Apollo with Achilles and Antinoüs at the expense of escaping from a Chimæra with Circe's head, Cleopatra's body, and Cressida's character.

Why can't they let one alone? I agree to agree; I only stipulate to be allowed to be inconsistent. I will confess their creed, so long as I may play the part of Peter until the cock crow thrice.

They urge more strenuously still the claims of homosexuality to heal the hurts and horrors of humanity, almost the "complete cohort." On this point I concur that they argue indisputably, with sober sense to support and stress of suffering to spur them. They prove with Euler's³ exactness and Hinton's⁴ passion that heterosexuality entrains an infinity of ills: jealousies, abortions, diseases, infanticides, frauds, intrigues, quarrels, poverty, prostitution,

¹ [Lat., "first among equals."]

² [John Addington Symonds (1840–1893) was an English translator, poet and historian.]

³ [Leonhard Euler (1707–1783), Swiss geometer.]

⁴ [Charles Howard Hinton (1853–1907) was a popular science writer in Crowley's day; see *Speculations on the Fourth Dimension: Selected Writings*, ed. Rudolf Rucker (New York: Dover, 1980).]

persecution, idleness, self-indulgence, social stress, overpopulation, sex-antagonism. They show with Poincaré's¹ precision that Jesus and Paul struck at the heart of hell when they proclaimed marriage a scourge, and offered the testimony of John and Timothy to support the plea of Plato on behalf of pæderastic passion. Out of the Court there slunk Mark Antony, his toga to his face, one of the legion of lost souls that woman had withered; behind him groped blind Samson, disinherited Adam, feeling his way along the table where they had piled countless papyri writ with woes of kings and sages woman-wrecked, and many a map of towns and temples torn and trampled beneath the feet of Love, their ashes smouldering still, and smoky with song to witness how Astarte's breath had kindled and consumed them. Extinguished empires owned that their doom was the device of Venus, her vengeance on virility.

By Paul sat Buddha smiling, Ananda's arm about his neck, while Mohammed paced the floor impatiently between two warrior comrades, his belt bearing an iron key, a whip, and a sword, wherewith to limit women's liberty, their love, their life, lest to his loss they lure him.

The Beast is there also, aloof, attentive. He will not weigh the evidence in the balances of any particular kind of advantage. He will not admit any standard as adequate to assess the absolute. To him, the pettiest personal whimsy outweighs all wisdom, all philosophy, all private profit and all public prudence. The sexual obol of the meanest is stamped with the signature of his own sovereign soul, lawful and current coin no less than the gold talent of his neighbour. The derelict Moon has the same right to drift round Earth as Regulus to blaze in the heart of the Lion.

Collision is the only crime in the cosmos.

The Beast refuses therefore to assent to any argument as to the propriety of any fashion of formulating the soul in symbols of sex. A canon is no less deadly in love than in art or literature; its acceptance stifles style, and its enforcement extinguishes sincerity.

¹ [The mathematician Jules-Henri Poincaré (1854–1912). Crowley read his works in the original French; they have since been translated.]

It is better for a person of heterosexual nature to suffer every possible calamity as the indirect environment-evoked result of his doing his true will in that respect than to enjoy health, wealth and happiness by means either of suppressing sex altogether, or debauching it to the service of Sodom or Gomorrah.

Equally it is better for the androgyne, the urning,¹ or their feminine counterparts to endure blackmailers private and public, the terrors of police persecution, the disgust, contempt and loathing of the vulgar, and the self-torture of suspecting the peculiarity to be a symptom of a degenerate nature, than to wrong the soul by damning it to the hell of abstinence, or by defiling it with the abhorred embraces of antipathetic arms.

Every star must calculate its own orbit. All is Will, and yet all is Necessity. To swerve is ultimately impossible; to seek to swerve is to suffer.

The Beast 666 ordains by His authority that every man, and every woman, and every intermediately-sexed individual, shall be absolutely free to interpret and communicate Self by means of any sexual practices soever, whether direct or indirect, rational or symbolic, physiologically, legally, ethically, or religiously approved or no, provided only that all parties to any act are fully aware of all the implications and responsibilities thereof, and heartily agree thereto.

Moreover, the Beast 666 adviseth that all children shall be accustomed from infancy to witness every type of sexual act, as also the process of birth, lest falsehood fog, and mystery stupefy, their minds, whose error else might thwart and misdirect the growth of their subconscious system of soul-symbolism.

“when, where, and with whom ye will!”

The phrase “with whom” has been practically covered by the comment on “as ye will”. One need no more than distinguish that the earlier phrase permits all manner of acts, the latter all possible partners. There would have been no Furies for Œdipus, no disaster for Othello, Romeo, Pericles of Tyre, Laon and Cythna, if it

¹ [An obsolete word for a gay male.]

were only agreed to let sleeping dogs lie, and mind one's own business. In real life, we have seen in our own times Oscar Wilde, Sir Charles Dilke, Parnell, Canon Aitken and countless others, many of them engaged in first-rate work for the world, all wasted, because the mob must make believe to be "moral." This phrase abolishes the Eleventh Commandment, Not to be Found Out, by authorizing Incest, Adultery, and Pæderasty, which everyone now practices with humiliating precautions, which perpetuate the schoolboy's enjoyment of an escapade, and make shame, slyness, cowardice and hypocrisy the conditions of success in life.

It is also the fact that the tendency of any individual to sexual irregularity is emphasized by the preoccupation with the subject which follows its factitious importance in modern society.

It is to be observed that Politeness has forbidden any direct reference to the subject of sex to secure no happier result than to allow Sigmund Freud and others to prove that our every thought, speech, and gesture, conscious or unconscious, is an indirect reference!

Unless one wants to wreck the neighbourhood, it is best to explode one's gunpowder in an unconfined space.

There are very few cases of "perverted hunger-instinct" in moderately healthy communities. War restrictions on food created dishonest devices to procure dainties, and artificial attempts to appease the ache of appetite by chemical counterfeits.

The South-Sea Islanders, pagan, amoral and naked, are temperate lovers, free from hysterical "crimes of passion," sex obsessions, and puritan persecution-mania; perversion is practically unknown, and monogamy is the general custom.

Even the civilized psychopaths of cities, forced into every kind of excess by the omnipresence of erotic suggestions and the contact of crazed crowds seething with suppressed sexuality, are not wholly past physis. They are no sooner released from the persistent pressure by escaping to some place where the inhabitants treat the reproductive and the respiratory organs as equally innocent than they begin insensibly to forget their "fixed idea" forced on them by the fog-horn of Morality, so that their

perversions perish, just as a coiled spring straightens itself when the external compulsion is removed. They revert to their natural sex-characters, which only in rare cases are other than simple, pure, and refined. More, sex itself ceases to play Principal Boy in the Pantomime of Life. Other interests resume their proper proportions.

We may now inquire why the Book is at pains to admit as to love "when" and "where" we will. Few people, surely, have been seriously worried by restrictions of time and place. One can only think of lovers who live with fearsome families or in inhospitable lodgings, on a rainy night, buffeted from one police-bullied hotel to another.

Perhaps this permission is intended to indicate the propriety of performing the sexual act without shame or fear, not waiting for darkness or seeking secrecy, but by daylight in public places, as serenely as if it were a natural incident in a morning stroll.

Custom would soon surfeit curiosity, and copulation attract less attention than a new fashion in frocks. For the existing interest in sexual matters is chiefly because, common as the act is, it is closely concealed. Nobody is excited by seeing others eat. A "naughty" book is as dull as a volume of sermons; only genius can vitalize either.

Beyond this, once love is taken for granted, the morbid fascination of its mystery will vanish.

The pander, the prostitute, the parasite will find their occupation gone.

Disease will go straight to the doctor instead of to the quack, as it does; the altars of Mrs. Grundy run red with the blood of her faithful!

The ignorance or carelessness of a raw youth will no longer hound him to hell. A blighted career or a ruined constitution will no more be the penalty of a moment's exuberance.

Above all, the world will begin to appreciate the true nature of the sexual process, its physical insignificance as one among many parts of the body, its transcendent importance as the vehicle of the True Will and the first of the sheaths of the Self.

Hitherto our sexual tabus have kept far ahead of Gilbert and Sullivan. We have made love the lackey to property, as who should pay his rent by sneezing. We have swaddled it in politeness, as who should warn God off the grass.

We have muddled it up with morality, as who should frown at the Himalayas on the one hand, and, on the other, regulate his behaviour by that of an ant-heap.

The Law of Thelema is here!

(It appears pertinent to add that the above ethical theories have stood the test of practice. Experiment shows that complete removal—in the most radical manner—of all the usual restrictions on conduct results, after a brief period of uneasiness of various kinds, in the subject dropping entirely into the background; the parties concerned became natural, and led what would conventionally be called “strictly moral” lives without even knowing that they were doing so.)

As a Postscript, let me contrast with the above theories two actual cases of Marriage as it is in England.

No. 1. Mr. W., a solicitor and gentleman farmer of considerable wealth: a Plymouth Brother. Called, in Southsea, Hants., where he practiced: “The Honest Lawyer.” Every time that his wife gave birth to a child, or miscarried, she lay for weeks—often months—between life and death, with perityphlitis or peritonitis set up by the difficulties of parturition. Yet this man, knowing this well, had gone on and on remorselessly. When I knew him he had 18 children living, and two more were born during that period. It was evidently his view that he had an absolute Right to impregnate his wife, and that it was her business whether she lived or died. During all these years she was no sooner well enough to leave her bed than she was again “in the family way.” Thus in 25 years, she was never permitted so much as a month’s good health. This Mr. W. was a most kindly and genial man, devoted to her and his family, genuinely pious and tender-hearted. But it never occurred to him to refrain from exercising the Right which he possessed to endanger her life every year. (He suffered intensely with anxiety for his wife’s health.)

No. 2. Mr. H., a very skilful engraver and die-sinker, a man of refined tastes and delicate feelings, sensitive beyond the

common even of men in a far higher station of life and with a much better education. Since childhood he had suffered continually from an incurable form of Psoriasis. This kept him in a state of almost constant irritation, spoilt his sleep, and made him lament that he was "a leper." In fact, the scales of the eruption were so plentiful that his sheets had to be cleaned every morning with a dustpan and brush! He could only obtain relief (before trying to sleep) by being rubbed with oil of wintergreen, which filled his whole house with a loathsome stench. One would have thought that the first wish of a man thus afflicted would be to sleep alone, that it would be utterly repugnant and revolting to him to sleep with another person, for his own sake, apart from any consideration for her. But his wife, herself an invalid—a huge obese greasy woman (of middle age when I knew the family) suffering from rheumatoid arthritis, tubercular trouble in the arms, etc., etc.—was his Wife; she must be immediately available should Mr. H. want to exercise his conjugal Right. (In this case, too, Mrs. H. was likely to die if impregnated.) The extraordinary feature is that so extremely sensitive and refined a man could be so disgustingly callous on such a matter. Even vulgar people fear to appear physically repulsive to the person whom they love. It seems as if the fact of Marriage destroys every natural characteristic, and has a set of rules of its own diametrically opposed in spirit and letter to those which govern Love. I confidently appeal to impartial observers to say whether the ideals of the Book are not cleaner, more wholesome, more human, and more truly moral than those of Marriage as it is.

52. If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!

COMMENTARY: It is not true to say either that we are separate Stars, or One Star. Each Star is individual, yet each is bound to the others by Law. This Freedom under Law is one of the most difficult yet important doctrines of this Book. So too the ritual—our lives—must be unto Nuit; for She is the Ultimate to which we tend, the asymptote of our curve. Failure in this one-pointed-

ness sets up the illusion of duality, which leads to excision and destruction.

“direful”: because Ra-Hoor-Khuit is a “god of War and of Vengeance”; see Cap. III. III:3

The doctrine of the previous verses, which appears not merely to allow sexual liberty in the ordinary sense, but even to advocate it in a sense which is calculated to shock the most abandoned libertine, can do no less than startle and alarm the magician, and that only the more so as he is familiar with the theory and practice of his art. “What is this, in the name of Adonai?” I hear him exclaim: “is it not the immemorial and unchallenged tradition that the exorcist who would apply himself to the most elementary operations of our Art is bound to prepare himself by a course of chastity? Is it not notorious that virginity is by its own virtue one of the most powerful means, and one of the most essential conditions, of all Magical works? This is no question of technical formula such as may, with propriety, be modulated in the event of an Equinox of the Gods. It is one of those eternal truths of Nature which persist, no matter what the environment, in respect of place or period.”

To these remarks I can but smile my most genial assent. The only objection that I can take to them is to point out that the connotation of the word “chastity” may have been misunderstood from a scientific point of view, just as modern science has modified our conception of the relations of the earth and the sun without presuming to alter one jot or tittle of the observed facts of Nature. So we may assert that modern discoveries in physiology have rendered obsolete the Osirian conceptions of the sexual process which interpreted chastity as physical abstinence, small regard being paid to the mental and moral concomitants of the refusal to act, still less to the physical indications. The root of the error lies in the dogma of original sin, as a result of which pollution was actually excused as being in the nature of involuntary offence, just as if one were to assert that a sleepwalker who has fallen over a precipice were any less dead than Empedocles or Sappho.

The doctrine of Thelema resolves the whole question in conformity with the facts observed by science and the proprieties prescribed by Magick. It must be obvious to the most embryonic tyro in alchemy that if there be any material substance soever endowed with Magical properties, one must class, *primus inter pares*, that vehicle of essential humanity which is the first matter of that Great Work wherein our race shares the divine prerogative of creating man in its own image, male and female.

It is evidently of minor importance whether the will to create be consciously formulated. Lot in his drunkenness served the turn of his two daughters, no less than Jupiter, who prolonged the night to forty-eight hours in order to give himself time to beget Hercules.

Man is in actual possession of this supreme talisman. It is his "pearl of great price,"¹ in comparison with which all other jewels are but gew-gaws. It is his prime duty to preserve the integrity of this substance. He must not allow its quality to be impaired either by malnutrition or by disease. He must not destroy it like Origen and Klingsor. He must not waste it like Onan.

But physiology informs us that we are bound to waste it, no matter what be our continence, so long as we are liable to sleep; and Nature, whether by precaution or by prodigality, provides us with so great an excess of the substance that the reproduction of the human race need not slacken, though the proportion of men to women were no more than three to the thousand. The problem of efficiency consequently appears practically insoluble.

We are now struck with the fact that Nuit commands us to exercise the utmost freedom in our choice of the method of utilizing the services of this our first, our finest and our fieriest talisman; the license appears at first sight unconditioned in the most express and explicit terms that it is possible to employ. The caveat, "But always unto me", sounds like an afterthought. We are almost shocked when, in the following verse, we discover a menace, none the less dread because of the obscurity of its terms.

¹ [Matthew 13:36.]

Our first consideration only adds to our sense of surprised repugnance. It becomes evident that one type of act is forbidden, with the penalty of falling altogether from the law of liberty to the code of crime; and our amazement and horror only increase as we recognize that this single gesture which is held damnable, is the natural exercise of the most fatidical function of nature, the innocent indulgence of irresistible impulse. We glance back to the previous verse—we examine our charter. We are permitted to take our fill and will of love as we will, when, where and with whom we will, but there is nothing said about *why* we will. On the contrary, despite the infinite variety of lawful means, there is one end held lawful, and no more than one. The act has only one legitimate object: it must be performed unto Nuit. Further reflection reassures us to some extent, not directly, in the manner of the jurist, but indirectly, by calling our attention to the facts of Nature which underlie the ethics of the question. Nuit is that from which we have come, that to which we must return. Evasion of the issue is no more possible than was alternation of the antecedent. *From* Nuit we received this talisman, which conveys our physical identity through the ages of time. *To* Nuit, therefore, we owe it; and to defile any portion of that purest and divinest quintessence of ourselves is evidently the supreme blasphemy. Nothing in nature can be misapplied. It is our first duty to ourselves to preserve the treasure entrusted to us: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"¹

The nature of man is individual. No two faces are identical, still less are two individuals. Unspeakable is the variety of form and immeasurable the diversity of beauty, but in all is the seal of unity, inasmuch as all cometh from the womb of Nuit—to it returneth all. The apprehension of this sublimity is the mark of divinity. Knowing this, all is liberty; ignorant of this, all is bondage. As no two individuals are identical, so also, there can be no identity between the quintessential expressions of the will of any two persons; and the expression of each person, in the first instance, as his purely physical prerogative, is his sexual gesture.

¹ [Mark 8:36, paraphrase.].

One cannot say that any significance of that gesture is forbidden, for "There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt." But this may and shall be said, that a significance which indicates ignorance or forgetfulness of the central truth of the Universe, is an acquiescence in that opacity caused by the confusion of the veils which conceal the soul from the consciousness, and thus create the illusion which the aspirant calls Sorrow, and the uninitiate, Evil.

The sexual act, even to the grossest of mankind, is the agent which dissipates the fog of self for one ecstatic moment. It is the instinctive feeling that the physical spasm is symbolic of that miracle of the Mass, by which the material wafer, composed of the passive elements, earth and water, is transmuted into the substance of the Body of God, that makes the wise man dread lest so sublime a sacrament suffer profanation. It is this that has caused him, in half-instinctive, half-intellectual half-comprehension of the nature of the truth, which has driven him to fence the act about with tabus. But a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. His fear has created phantoms, and his malobservation suggested precautions scarce worthy to be called empirical. We see him combat analogous difficulties in a precisely similar manner. History shows us the physician defending mankind against plague with exorcisms on the one hand and useless herbs on the other. A charred stake is driven through the heart of a vampire, and his victim is protected with garlic. The strength of God, who can doubt? The strength of taste and of smell are known facts. So they measured strength against strength without considering whether the one was appropriate to the other, any more than as if one were to ward off the strength of steel swords by the strength of the colour of one's armour. Modern science, by correct classification, has expounded the doctrine of the magical link. We no longer confuse the planes. We manipulate physical phenomena by physical means; mental by mental. We trace things to their true causes, and no longer seek to cut the Gordian knot of our ignorance by the sword of a postulated Pantheon.

Physiology leaves us in no doubt as to the power of our inherited talisman. And modern discoveries in psychology have made it

clear enough that the sexual peculiarities of people are hieroglyphs, obscure yet not unintelligible, revealing their histories in the first place, in the second, their relations with environment in the present, and, in the third, their possibilities with regard to the modification of the future.

In these supremely important verses of *The Book of the Law*, it becomes clear that Nuit is aware of all these facts, and that she regards them as no less than the combination of the lock of the strong-room of the future. "This" (doctrine) "shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister". The misunderstanding of sex, the ignorant fear like a fog, the ignorant lust like a miasma, these things have done more to keep back humanity from realization of itself, and from intelligent cooperation with its destiny, than any other dozen things put together. The vileness and falseness of religion itself have been the monsters aborted from the dark womb of its infernal mystery.

1:53

There is nothing unclean or degrading in any manifestation soever of the sexual instinct, because, without exception, every act is an impulsively projected image of the Will of the individual who, whether man or woman, is a star; the Pennsylvanian with his pig no less than the Spirit with Mary; Sappho with Atthis and Apollo with Hyacinth as perfect as Daphnis with Chloë or as Galahad vowed to the Graal. The one thing needful, the all-perfect means of purification, consecration, and sanctification— independent of the physical and moral accidents circumstantial of the particular incident—is the realization of love as a sacrament. The use of the physical means as a Magical Operation — whose formula is that by uniting two opposites, by dissolving both, annihilating both (to create a third thing which transcends that opposition), the phase of duality which constitutes the consciousness of imperfection is perceived as the absolute negative whose apprehension is identical with that duality—is the accomplishment of the Great Work.

The anacephalepsis¹ of these considerations is this:

¹ [Recapitulation.]

1. The accidents of any act of love, such as its protagonists and their peculiarities of expression on whatever plane, are totally immaterial to the Magical import of the act. Each person is responsible to himself, being a star, to travel in his own orbit, composed of his own elements, to shine with his own light, with the colour proper to his own nature, to revolve and to rush with his own inherent motion, and to maintain his own relation with his own galaxy in its own place in the Universe. His existence is his sole and sufficient justification for his own matter and manner.
2. His only possible error is to withdraw himself from this consciousness of himself as both unique in himself and necessary to the norm of nature.

To bring down this doctrine to a practical rule for every man or woman by which they may enjoy, in perfection, their sexual life and make it what it rightly is—the holiest part of the religious life (I say “holiest” because it redeems even physical grossness to partake with spiritual saintship)—the intention of *The Book of the Law* is perfectly simple. Whatever your sexual predilections may be, you are free, by the Law of Thelema, to be the star you are, to go your own way rejoicing. It is not indicated here in this text, though it is elsewhere implied, that only one symptom warns that you have mistaken your true Will, and that is, if you should imagine that in pursuing your way you interfere with that of another star. It may, therefore, be considered improper, as a general rule, for your sexual gratification to destroy, deform, or displease any other star. Mutual consent to the act is the condition thereof. It must, of course, be understood that such consent is not always explicit. There are cases when seduction or rape may be emancipation or initiation to another. Such acts can only be judged by their results.

The most important condition of the act, humanly speaking, is that the attraction should be spontaneous and irresistible; a leaping up of the will to create with lyrical frenzy. This first condition once recognized, it should be surrounded with every circumstance of worship. Study and experience should furnish a technique of

love. All science, all art, every elaboration should emphasize and adorn the expression of the enthusiasm. All strength and all skill should be summoned to fulfil the frenzy, and life itself should be flung with a spendthrift gesture on the counter of the Merchant of Madness. On the steel of your helmet let there be gold inlaid with the motto "Excess."

The above indications are taken from a subsequent passage of the third chapter of this Book.¹

The supreme and absolute injunction, the crux of your knightly oath, is that you lay your lance in rest to the glory of your Lady, the Queen of the Stars, Nuit. Your knighthood depends upon your refusal to fight in any lesser cause. That is what distinguishes you from the brigand and the bully. You give your life on Her Altar. You make yourself worthy of Her by your readiness to fight at any time, in any place, with any weapon, and at any odds. For Her, from Whom you come, of Whom you are, to Whom you go, your life is no more and no less than one continuous sacrament. You have no word but Her praise, no thought but love of Her. You have only one cry, of inarticulate ecstasy, the intense spasm, possession of Her, and Death, to Her. You have no act but the priest's gesture that makes your body Hers. The wafer is the disk of the Sun, the star in Her body. Your blood is spilt from your heart with every beat of your pulse into Her cup. It is the wine of Her life crushed from the grape of your sun-ripened vine. On this wine you are drunk. It washes your corpse that is as the fragment of the Host, broken by you, the Priest, into Her golden chalice. You, Knight and Priest of the Order of the Temple, saying Her mass, become God in Her, by love and death. This act of love, though in its form it be with a horse like Caligula, with a mob like Messalina, with a giant like Heliogabalus, with a pollard like Nero, with a monster like Baudelaire, though with de Sade it gloat on blood, with Sacher-Masoch crave for whips and furs, with Yvette Guilbert² crave the glove, or dote on babes like E. T. Reed of *Punch*; whether one love oneself disdaining every other

¹ [See Commentary to III:55-56, pp. 170-181.]

² [Yvette Guilbert (1868-1944) was a French popular singer.]

like Narcissus, offer oneself loveless to every love like Catherine, or find the body so vain as to enclose one's lust in the soul and make one lifelong spinthria¹ unassuaged in the imagination like Aubrey Beardsley, the means matter no whit. Bach takes one way, Keats one, Goya one. The end is everything: that by the act, whatever it is, one worships, loves, possesses, and becomes Nuit.

The act of love can no more "trammel up the consequence"² than any other act. As long as you possess the talisman, it must be used from time to time, whether you will or no. If you injure the quality, or diminish the quantity, of that quintessence, you blaspheme yourself, and betray the trust reposed in you when you accepted the obligation of that austere chivalrous Order called Manhood. The powers of the talisman are irresistible like every other natural force. Every time they are used, a child must be begotten. This child must be in your own image, a symbol of your nature, an expression of your true subconscious Will.

It is, of course, only once in many times that the conditions allow of the production of a human child. What happens when (either by chance or by design) that obvious effect is prevented? The materialist may imagine that with the destruction of the complex, it becomes harmless, its potentialities aborted, just as the violence of sulphuric acid comes to naught if it be neutralized by caustic soda. But he is a very poor materialist if he says so. The full possibilities of the acid must be accounted for in one way or another. If it does not dissolve a metal, it may carbonize a sugar, generate a gas, give off heat, or in one way or another fulfil absolutely every possibility which it inherited from the forces that went to make it. It is manifestly a contradiction of the laws of the Conservation of matter and energy, that a substance should lose by being transformed. It is contrary to Nature that a man, with potentialities which can transform the face of the earth, should become nothing but inert carrion when he happens to die. Everything that he was must inevitably persist; and if the manifestation be not to one set of senses, why then, to another! The idea of

¹ ["Seeing stars," or spintherism, from σπινθήρ, "sparks."]

² [Shakespeare, *Macbeth* i, 7.]

creation from nothing of something and the destruction of something to nothing, exploded with the theory of Phlogiston.¹

It stands plain, even to sceptical reason—indeed, most of all to the sceptic—that our talisman, one microscopic serpent of which can build for itself such a house as to rule men's bodies for a generation like Alexander, or their minds for an epoch like Plato, cannot be destroyed or diminished by any conceivable force.

When this talisman comes forth from its fortress, its action begins. The ancient Jewish Rabbins knew this, and taught that before Eve was given to Adam, the demon Lilith conceived by the spilth of his dreams, so that the hybrid races of satyrs, elves and the like began to populate those secret places of the earth which are not sensible by the organs of the normal man.

I take it as certain that every offering of this talisman infallibly begets children on one plane or another of this our cosmos, whose matter is so varied in kind. Such a child must partake of its father's nature; and its character will be determined, partly by the environment in which it is bred to manifestation, lives, and ultimately changes in what we call death, and partly by the inmost will of the father, perhaps modified to some extent by his conscious will at the time of his slipping the leash.

This being so, it becomes tremendously important to a man that he should become conscious of his true inmost Will, of his essential nature. This is the Great Work whose attainment constitutes adeptship, provided that the consciousness recognizes that its own dependence on circumstance makes it no more than a troubled image in foul water of the sun which is that Silent Self. If such a man wants to develop his powers, he must use this tremendous talisman to create in his own image.

Although this talisman has such miraculous might, it is also intensely sensitive. Put in an unsuitable environment, it may produce grotesque or malignant perversions of its father's Word. We are all aware that fine children are born of healthy mothers who are true and worthy mates of their husbands. The children of

¹ [The "food of fire," a substance postulated in the 18th century, before the discovery of oxygen, to account for combustion.]

hate, of debauch, of sickness, nearly always bear witness in body and mind to the abuse of the talisman. Not only the sins of the father but those of the mother, yes, more, those of their social surroundings, are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation. Nay, more, the mischief can never be mended. A man can destroy in a minute his kingdom, inherited from unnumbered dynasties of biological prudence.

It will also be admitted, without reference to Magick, that the abuse of the talisman leads to moral, mental and spiritual misfortune. Crime and insanity, as well as disease and debility, are constantly seen as the direct result of mismanaging the sexual life, either tactically, strategically, or both.

The Book of the Law emphasizes the importance of these considerations. The act of love must be spontaneous, in absolute freedom. The man must be true to himself. Romeo must not be thrust on Rosaline for family, social, or financial reasons. Desdemona must not be barred from Othello for reasons of race or religion. The homosexual must not blaspheme his nature and commit spiritual suicide by suppressing love or attempting to pervert it, as ignorance and fear, shame and weakness, so often induce him to do. Whatever the act which expresses the soul, that act and no other is right.

But, on the other hand, whatever the act may be it is always a sacrament; and, however profaned, it is always efficient. To profane it is only to turn food into poison. The act must be pure and passionate. It must be held as the union with God in the heart of the Holy of Holies. One must never forget that a child will be born of that deed. One must choose the environment appropriate to the particular child which one wills to create. One must make sure that the conscious will is written, on the pure waters of a mind unstirred, in letters of fire, by the Sun of the Soul. One must not create confusion in the talisman, which belongs to the Silent Self, by letting the speaking self deny the purpose which produced it. If one's true Will, the reason of one's incarnation, be to bring peace on earth, one must not perform an act of love with motives of jealousy or emulation.

One must fortify one's body to the utmost, and protect it from every disaster, so that the substance of the talisman may be as perfect as possible. One must calm the mind, increasing its knowledge, organizing its powers, resolving its tangles, so that it may truly apprehend the Silent Self, judge partial pleas and unbalanced opinions, while supporting the concentration of the Will by its fortified frontiers, and, with unanimous enthusiasm, acclaiming the Lordship of the thought which expresses the act. The Will must seal itself upon the substance of the talisman. It must be, in alchemical language, the Sulphur which fixes the Mercury which determines the nature of the Salt. The whole man, from his inmost Godhead to the tip of his tiniest eyelash, must be one engine, cumbered with nothing useless, nothing inharmonious; a thunderbolt from the hand of Jove. It must give itself utterly in the one act of love. It must cease to know itself as anything but the Will. It must not have the will; it must transform itself completely to be the Will.

Last of all, the act must be supreme. It must do and it must die. From that death it must rise again, purged of that Will, having accomplished it so perfectly that nothing is left thereof in its elements. It must have emptied itself into the vehicle. So shall the child be whole of spirit.

But this is not enough. The ground in which the seed is cast must be suitable for its reception. The climate must be favourable, the soil must be prepared, and the enemies of the young child that seek its life must be driven beyond range of malice. These points are obvious enough, if applied to the ordinary affair of breeding children. One needs the right woman, and the right conditions for her. It applies even more closely to other acts, for woman is protected by generations of biological adaptation, whereas spiritual children are more easily diseased and deformed, being of subtler and more sensitive matter. So infinitely varied are the possibilities of creation that each adept must work out each problem for himself as best he can. There are magical methods of making a link between the force generated and the matter on which it is desired to act; but these are, for the most part, best communicated by

private instruction and developed by personal practice. The crude description is a bare framework, and (even so) more often misleads than not.

But the general rule is to arrange all the conditions beforehand with intent to facilitate the manifestation of the thing willed, and to prevent the dangers of abortion by eliminating discordant elements.

For instance: a man seeking to regain health should assist his Magical Will by taking all possible hygienic and medical measures proper to amend his malady. A man wishing to develop his genius as a sculptor will devote himself to study and training, will surround himself with beautiful forms, and, if possible, live in a place where nature herself testifies to the touch of the thumb of the Great Architect.

He will choose the object of his passion at the nod of his Silent Self. He will not allow the prejudice, either of sense, emotion, or rational judgment, to obscure the Sun of his Soul. In the first place, mutual magnetism, despite the masks of mind, should be unmistakable. Unless it exists, a puissant purity of passion, there is no Magical basis for the Sacrament. Yet, such magnetism is only the first condition. Where two people become intimate, each crisis of satisfaction between the terminals leaves them in a proximity which demands mutual observation; and the intense clarity of the mind which results from the discharge of the electric force makes such observation abnormally critical. The higher the type of mind, the more certain this is, and the greater the danger of finding some antipathetic trifle which experience tells us will one day be the only thing left to observe; just as a wart on the nose is remembered when the rest of the face is forgotten.

The object of Love must therefore be one with the lover in something more than the Will to unite magnetically; it must be in passionate partnership with the Will of which the Will-to-love is only the Magical symbol. Perhaps no two wills can be identical, but at least they can be so sympathetic that the manifestations are not likely to clash. It is not enough to have a partner of the passive type who bleats "Thy will be done"—that ends in contempt, boredom and distrust. One wants a passion that can blend with

one's own. Where this is the case, it does not matter so much whether the mental expression is syndromic; it is, indeed, better when two entirely different worlds of thought and experience have led to sister conclusions. But it is essential that the habit of mind should be sympathetic, that the machinery should be constructed on similar principles. The psychology of the one should be intelligible to the other.

Social position and physical appearance and habits are of far less importance, especially in a society which has accepted the Law of Thelema. Tolerance itself produces suavity, and suavity soon relieves the strain on tolerance. In any case, most people, especially women, adapt themselves adroitly enough to their environment. I say "Especially women," for women are nearly always conscious of an important part of their true Will; the bearing of children. To them nothing else is serious in comparison, and they dismiss questions which do not bear on this as trifles, adopting the habits required of them in the interest of the domestic harmony which they recognize as a condition favourable to reproduction.

I have outlined ideal conditions. Rarely indeed can we realize even a third of our possibilities. Our Magical engine is mighty indeed when its efficiency reaches 50% of its theoretical horsepower. But the enormous majority of mankind have no idea whatever of taking Love as a sacred and serious thing, of using the eye of the microscopist, or the heart and brain of the artist. Their ignorance and their shame have made Love a carcass of pestilence; and Love has avenged the outrage by crushing their lives when they pull down the temple upon them.

The chance of finding a suitable object of Love has been reduced well nigh to zero by substituting for the actual conditions, as stated in the above paragraphs, a totally artificial and irrelevant series; the restrictions on the act itself, marriage, opinion, the conspiracy of silence, criminal laws, financial fetters, selections limited by questions of race, nationality, caste, religion, social and political cliquishness, even family exclusiveness. Out of the millions of humanity the average person is lucky if he can take his pick of a couple of score of partners.

I will here add one further pillar to my temple. It happens only too often that two people, absolutely fitted in every way to love each other, are totally debarred from expressing themselves by sheer ignorance of the technique of the act. What Nature declares as the climax of the Mass, the manifestation of God in the flesh, when the flesh is begotten, is so gross, clumsy and brutal that it disappoints and disgusts. They are horribly conscious that something is wrong. They do not know how to amend it. They are ashamed to discuss it. They have neither the experience to guide nor the imagination to experiment. Countless thousands of delicate-minded lovers turn against Love and blaspheme Him. Countless millions, not quite so fixed in refinement, accept the fact, acquiesce in the foulness, till Love is degraded to guilty grovelling. They are dragged in the dirt of the night-cart which ought to have been their "chariot of fire and the horses thereof."¹

This whole trouble comes from humanity's horror of Love. For the last hundred years, every first-rate writer on morals has sent forth his lightnings and thunders, hailstones and coals of fire, to burn up Gomorrah and Sodom where Love is either shameful and secret, or daubed with dung of sentiment in order that the swinish citizens may recognize their ideal therein. We do not tell the artist that his art is so sacred, so disgusting, so splendid and so disgraceful that he must not on any account learn the use of the tools of his trade, and study in school how to see with his eye, and record what he sees with his hand. We do not tell the man who would heal disease that he must not know his subject, from anatomy to pathology; or bid him undertake to remove an appendix from a valued Archbishop the first time he takes scalpel in hand.

But love is an art no less than Rembrandt's, a science no less than Lister's. The mind must make the heart articulate, and the body the temple of the soul. The animal instinct in man is the twin of the ape's or the bull's. Yet this is the one thing lawful in the code of the bourgeois. He is right to consider the act, as he knows it, degrading. It is, indeed, for him, an act ridiculous, obscene, gross, beastly; a wallowing unworthy either of the dignity of man or of the majesty of the God within him. So is the

¹ [II Kings 2:11, paraphrase.]

guzzling and the swilling of the savage as he crams his enemy's raw liver into his mouth, or tilts the bottle of trade gin, and gulps. Because his meal is loathly, must we insist that any methods but his are criminal? How did we come to Lapérouse and Nichols¹ from the cannibal's cauldron unless by critical care and vigorous research?

The act of Love, to the bourgeois, is a physical relief like defæcation, and a moral relief from the strain of the drill of decency; a joyous relapse into the brute he has to pretend he despises. It is a drunkenness which drugs his shame of himself, yet leaves him deeper in disgust. It is an unclean gesture, hideous and grotesque. It is not his own act, but forced on him by a giant who holds him helpless; he is half madman, half automaton when he performs it. It is a gawky stumbling across a black foul bog, oozing a thousand dangers. It threatens him with death, disease, disaster in all manner of forms. He pays the coward's price of fear and loathing when pedlar Sex holds out his Rat-Poison in the lead-paper wrapping he takes for silver; and pays again with vomiting and with colic when he has gulped it in his greed.

All this he knows, only too well; he is right, by his own lights, to loathe and fear the act, to hide it from his eyes, to swear he knows it not. With tawdry rags of sentiment, sacksful of greasy clouts, he swathes the corpse of Love, and, smirking, sputters that Love had never a naked limb; then as the brute in him stirs sleepily, he plasters Love with mire, and leering, grunts that Love was never a God in the Temple Man, but a toothsome lump of carrion in the corner of his own sty.

But we of Thelema, like the artist, the true lover of Love, shameless and fearless, seeing God face to face alike in our own souls within and in all Nature without, though we use, as the bourgeois does, the word Love, we hold not the word "too often profaned for us to profane it"; it burns inviolate in its sanctuary, being reborn immaculate with every breath of life. But by "Love" we mean a thing which the eye of the bourgeois hath not seen, nor his ear heard; neither hath his heart conceived it. We have

¹ [Two restaurateurs who founded, respectively, Lapérouse in Paris and the Café Royal in London.]

accepted Love as the meaning of Change, Change being the Life of all Matter soever in the Universe. And we have accepted Love as the mode of Motion of the Will to Change. To us every act, as implying Change, is an act of Love. Life is a dance of delight, its rhythm an infinite rapture that never can weary or stale. Our personal pleasure in it is derived not only from our own part in it, but from our conscious apprehension of its total perfections. We study its structure, we expand ourselves as we lose ourselves in understanding it, and so becoming one with it. With the Egyptian initiate we exclaim "There is no part of us that is not of the Gods";¹ and add the antistrophe: "There is no part of the Gods that is not also of us."

Therefore, the Love that is Law is no less Love in the petty personal sense; for Love that makes two One is the engine whereby even the final Two, Self and Not-Self, may become One, in the mystic marriage of the Bride, the Soul, with Him appointed from eternity to espouse her; yea, even the Most High, God All-in-All, the Truth.

Therefore we hold Love holy, our heart's religion, our mind's science. Shall He not have His ordered Rite, His priests and poets, His makers of beauty in colour and form to adorn Him, His makers of music to praise Him? Shall not His theologians, divining His nature, declare Him? Shall not even those who but sweep the courts of His temple, partake thereby of His person? And shall not our science lay hands on Him, measure Him, discover the depths, calculate the heights, and decipher the laws of His nature?

Also: to us of Thelema, thus having trained our hearts and minds to be expert engineers of the sky-cleaver Love, the ship to soar to the Sun, to us the act of Love is the consecration of the body to Love. We burn the body on the altar of Love, that even the brute may serve the Will of the Soul. We must then study the art of Bodily Love. We must not balk or bungle. We must be cool and competent as surgeons; brain, eye and hand the perfectly trained instruments of Will.

¹ [See *Liber 777*, col. 11 (and note to first edition); these words, derived from the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, occur in the Golden Dawn 5°=6° ritual, and are the words of communication in "Liber XV" (the O.T.O. Gnostic Mass). See Works Cited.]

We must study the subject openly and impersonally, we must read textbooks, listen to lectures, watch demonstrations, earn our diplomas ere we enter practice.

We do not mean what the bourgeois means when we say “the act of love.” To us it is not the gross gesture as of a man in a seizure, a snorting struggle, a senseless spasm, and a sudden revulsion of shame, as it is to him.

We have an art of expression; we are trained to interpret the soul and the spirit in terms of the body. We do not deny the existence of the body, or despise it; but we refuse to regard it in any other light than this: it is the organ of the Self. It must nevertheless be ordered according to its own laws; those of the mental or moral Self do not apply to it. We love; that is, we will to unite: then the one must study the other, divine every butterfly thought as it flits, and offer the flower it most fancies. The vocabulary of Love is small, and its terms are hackneyed; to seek new words and phrases is to be affected, stilted. It chills.

But the language of the body is never exhausted; one may talk for an hour by means of an eyelash. There are intimate, delicate things, shadows of the leaves of the Tree of the Soul that dance in the breeze of Love, so subtle that neither Keats nor Heine in words, neither Brahms nor Debussy in music, could give them body. It is the agony of every artist, the greater he the more fierce his despair, that he cannot compass expression. And what they cannot do, not once in a life of ardour, is done in all fulness by the body of any that, loving, hath learnt the lesson of how to love.

Addendum: More generally, any act soever may be used to attain any end soever by the magician who knows how to make the necessary links.

53. This shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister, my heart & my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o scribe and prophet, though thou be of the princes, it shall not assuage thee nor absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth: ever To me! To me!

COMMENTARY: It is clear that this “kiss” (i.e. this Book) will regenerate Earth by establishing the Law of Liberty. “my heart & my tongue” seems a mere phrase of endearment; but has possibly some deep significance which at present escapes me.

The second paragraph is perhaps in answer to some unspoken thought of my own that my work was accomplished. No: though I be “of the princes” with the right to enter into my reward, it is my destiny to continue my Work.¹

54. Change not as much as the style of a letter; for behold! thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.

COMMENTARY: The subject changes most abruptly, perhaps answering some unspoken comment of the scribe on the capital T's in “To me”.

This injunction was most necessary, for had I been left to myself, I should have wanted to edit the Book ruthlessly. I find in it what I consider faults of style, and even of grammar; much of the matter was at the time of writing most antipathetic. But the Book proved itself greater than the scribe; again and again have the “mistakes” proved themselves to be devices for transmitting a Wisdom beyond the scope of ordinary language.

55. The child of thy bowels, *he* shall behold them.

56. Expect him not from the East, nor from the West; for from no expected house cometh that child. Aum! All words are sacred and all prophets true; save only that they understand a little; solve the first half of the equation, leave the second unattacked. But thou hast all in the clear light, and some, though not all, in the dark.

COMMENTARY: All previous systems have been sectarian, based on a traditional cosmography both gross and incorrect. Our system is based on absolute science and philosophy. We have “all in the clear light,” that of Reason, because our Mysticism is based on an absolute Scepticism. But at the time of this writing I had very little mystic experience indeed, as my record shows. The fact is that I was far, far from the Grade even of Master of the

¹ “assuage thee”: satisfy thine aspiration to attainment. “absolve thee”: relieve thee from further duty.

Temple. So I could not properly understand this Book; how then could I effectively promulgate it? I comprehended but dimly that it contained my Word; for the Grade of Magus then seemed to me unthinkably high above me. Also, let me say that the True Secrets of this Grade are unfathomable and awful beyond all expression;¹ the process of initiation thereto was continuous over years, and contained the most sublime mystic experiences—beyond any yet recorded by man—as mere incidents in its terrific Pageant.

The “equation” is the representation of Truth by Word.

57. Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will.
Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love.
There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well!
He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the
fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.

All these old letters of my Book are aright; but ♀ is not
the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the
wise.

COMMENTARY: “Love is the law, love under will” is an interpretation of the general law of Will. It is dealt with fully in the Book *Aleph*.

I here insert a pertinent passage from that Book.

[EΛ — De Harmonia Voluntatis et Parcarum
142—On the Harmony of Will and Fate]

This is the evident and final Solvent of the Knot Philosophical concerning Fate and Freewill, that it is thine own Self, omniscient and omnipotent, sublime in Eternity, that first didst order the Course of thine own Orbit, so that that which befallerh thee by Fate is indeed the necessary Effect of thine own Will. These two, then, that like Gladiators have made War in Philosophy through these many Centuries, art made One by the Love under Will which is the Law of Thelema. O my Son, there is no Doubt that resolveth not in Certainty and Rapture at the Touch of the Wand of our Law, an thou apply it with Wit. Do thou grow constantly in the Assimilation of the Law, and thou shalt be made perfect. Behold, there is a

¹ [This is treated of in “Liber I vel Magi”; see Works Cited.]

Pageant of Triumph as each Star, free from Confusion, sweepeth free in its right Orbit; all Heaven acclaimeth thee as thou goest, transcendental in Joy and in Splendour; and thy Light is as a Beacon to them that Wander afar, strayed in the Night. *Amoun*.¹

The “old comment” covers the rest of this verse sufficiently for the present purpose.²

I see no harm in revealing the mystery of *tzaddi* to “the wise”; others will hardly understand my explanations.

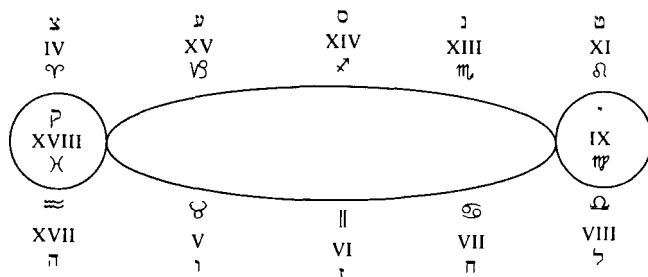
Tzaddi [צ] is the letter of “The Emperor,” the Trump IV, and *he* [ה] is “The Star,” the Trump XVII. Aquarius and Aries are therefore counterchanged, revolving on the pivot of Pisces, just as, in the Trumps VIII and XI, Leo and Libra do about Virgo. This last revelation makes our Tarot attributions sublimely, perfectly, flawlessly symmetrical.³

The fact of its so doing is a most convincing proof of the superhuman Wisdom of the author of this Book to those who have laboured for years, in vain, to elucidate the problems of the Tarot.

¹ [*Liber CXI vel Aleph, The Book of Wisdom or Folly*, p. 142. See Works Cited.]

² [The “Old Comment” was omitted in this abridgement. The relevant passage, from *Equinox* I(7) (1912), p. 393, is “The fools (not here implying ♄ fools, for III:57 says ‘all fools despise’) may mistake. This love, then, should be the serpent love, the awakening of the *kundalini*. The further mystery is of ♄ and unsuited to the grade in which this comment is written.”]

³ [See Crowley, *The Book of Thoth* (1944), pp. 8–11. This is illustrated in his diagram “The Double Loop in the Zodiac” (Hebrew added):



- 58. I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.**

COMMENTARY: These joys are principally (1) the Beatific Vision, in which Beauty is constantly present to the recipient of Her grace, together with a calm and unutterable joy; (2) the Vision of Wonder, in which the whole Mystery of the Universe is constantly understood and admired for its Ingenium and Wisdom.

(1) is referred to Tiphareth, the Grade of Adept;

(2) to Binah, the grade of Master of the Temple.

The certainty concerning death is conferred by the Magical Memory, and various Experiences without which Life is unintelligible.

“peace unutterable” is given by the Trance in which Matter is destroyed; “rest” by that which finally equilibrates Motion.

“ecstasy” refers to a Trance which combines these.

“nor do I demand aught in sacrifice”—the ritual of worship is *samādhi*. But see later, verse 61.

- 59. My incense is of resinous woods & gums; and there is no blood therein: because of my hair the trees of Eternity.**

COMMENTARY: It seems possible that Our Lady describes Her hair as “the trees of Eternity” because of the tree-like structure of the Cosmos. This is observed in the “Star-Sponge” Vision. I must explain this by giving a comparatively full account of this vision.

The “Star-Sponge” Vision

There is a vision of a peculiar character which has been of cardinal importance in my interior life, and to which constant reference is made in my magical diaries. So far as I know, there is no extant description of this vision anywhere, and I was surprised on looking through my records to find that I had given no clear account of it myself. The reason apparently is that it is so necessary a part of myself that I unconsciously assume it to be a matter of common knowledge, just as one assumes that everybody knows that one possesses a pair of lungs, and therefore abstains from mentioning the fact directly, although perhaps alluding to the matter often enough.

It appears very essential to describe this vision as well as is possible, considering the difficulty of language, and the fact that the phenomena involve logical contradictions, the conditions of consciousness being other than those obtaining normally.

The vision developed gradually. It was repeated on so many occasions that I am unable to say at what period it may be called complete. The beginning, however, is clear enough in my memory.

I was on a retirement in a cottage overlooking Lake Pasquaney in New Hampshire. I lost consciousness of everything but an universal space in which were innumerable bright points, and I realized this as a physical representation of the Universe, in what I may call its essential structure. I exclaimed: "Nothingness, with twinkles!" I concentrated upon this vision, with the result that the void space which had been the principal element of it diminished in importance; space appeared to be ablaze, yet the radiant points were not confused, and I thereupon completed my sentence with the exclamation "But what Twinkles!"

The next stage of this vision led to an identification of the blazing points with the stars of the firmament, with ideas, souls, etc. I perceived also that each star was connected by a ray of light with each other star. In the world of ideas, each thought possessed a necessary relation with each other thought; each such relation is of course a thought in itself; each such ray is itself a star. It is here that logical difficulty first presents itself. The seer has a direct perception of infinite series. Logically, therefore, it would appear as if the entire space must be filled up with a homogeneous blaze of light. This however is not the case. The space is completely full; yet the monads which fill it are perfectly distinct. The ordinary reader might well exclaim that such statements exhibit symptoms of mental confusion. The subject demands more than cursory examination. I can do no more than refer the critic to the Hon. Bertrand Russell's *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, where the above position is thoroughly justified, as also certain positions which follow. At the time I had not read this book; and I regard it as a striking proof of the value of mystical attainment, that its results should have led a mind such as mine, whose mathematical training was of the most elementary character, to the immediate consciousness of some of the most profound and important mathematical

truths; to the acquisition of the power to think in a manner totally foreign to the normal mind, the rare possession of the greatest thinkers of the world.

A further development of the vision brought the consciousness that the structure of the universe was highly organized, that certain stars were of greater magnitude and brilliancy than the rest. I began to seek similes to help me to explain myself. Several such attempts are mentioned later in this note. Here again are certain analogies with some of the properties of infinite series. The reader must not be shocked at the idea of a number which is not increased by addition or multiplication, a series of infinite series, each one of which may be twice as long as its predecessor, and so on. There is no "mystical humbug" about this. As Mr. Russell shows, truths of this order are more certain than the most universally accepted axioms; in fact, many axioms accepted by the intellect of the average man are not true at all. But in order to appreciate these truths, it is necessary to educate the mind to thought of an order which is at first sight incompatible with rationality.

I may here digress for a moment in order to demonstrate how this vision led directly to the understanding of the mechanism of certain phenomena which have hitherto been dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders as incomprehensible.

Example No. 1. I began to become aware of my own mental processes; I thought of my consciousness as the Commander-in-Chief of an army. There existed a staff of specialists to deal with various contingencies. There was an intelligence department to inform me of my environment. There was a council which determined the relative importance of the data presented to them—it required only a slight effort of imagination to think of this council as in debate; I could picture to myself some tactically brilliant proposal being vetoed by the Quartermaster-General. It was only one step to dramatize the scene, and it flashed upon me in a moment that here was the explanation of "double personality": that illusion was no more than a natural personification of internal conflict, just as the savage attributes consciousness to trees and rocks.

Example No. 2. While at Montauk I had put my sleeping bag to dry in the sun. When I went to take it in, I remarked, laughingly, "Your bedtime, Master Bag," as if it were a small boy and I its nurse. This was entirely frivolous, but the

thought flashed into my mind that after all the bag was in one sense a part of myself. The two ideas came together with a snap, and I understood the machinery of a man's delusion that he is a teapot.

These two examples may give some idea to the reader of the light which mystical attainment throws upon the details of the working of the human mind.

Further developments of this vision emphasized the identity between the Universe and the mind. The search for similes deepened. I had a curious impression that the thing I was looking for was somehow obvious and familiar. Ultimately it burst upon me with fulminating conviction that the simile for which I was seeking was the nervous system. I exclaimed: "The mind is the nervous system," with all the enthusiasm of Archimedes, and it only dawned on me later, with a curious burst of laughter at my naïveté, that my great discovery amounted to a platitude.

From this I came to another discovery: I perceived why platitudes were stupid. The reason was that they represented the summing-up of trains of thought, each of which was superb in every detail at one time. A platitude was like a wife after a few years; she has lost none of her charms, and yet one prefers some perfectly worthless woman.

I now found myself able to retrace the paths of thought which ultimately come together in a platitude. I would start with some few simple ideas and develop them. Each stage in the process was like the joy of a young eagle soaring from height to height in ever-increasing sunlight as dawn breaks, foaming, over the purple hem of the garment of ocean, and, when the many-coloured rays of rose and gold and green gathered themselves together and melted into the orb'd glory of the sun, with a rapture that shook the soul with unimaginable ecstasy, that sphere of rushing light was recognized as a commonplace idea, accepted unquestioningly and treated with drab indifference because it had so long been assimilated as a natural and necessary part of the order of Nature. At first I was shocked and disgusted to discover that a series of brilliant researches should culminate in a commonplace. But I soon understood that what I had done was to live over again the triumphant career of conquering humanity; that I had experienced in my own person the succession of winged victories that had been sealed by a treaty of peace whose clauses might be summed up in some such trite expression as "Beauty depends upon form."

It would be quite impracticable to go fully into the subject of this vision of the Star-Sponge, if only because its ramifications are omniform. It must suffice to reiterate that it has been the basis of most of my work for the last five years, and to remind the reader that the essential form of it is “Nothingness with twinkles.”

60. My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us. The Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue & gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.
61. But to love me is better than all things: if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour & pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich headdress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!
62. At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say—and her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing in my secret temple—To me! To me! calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her love-chant.

COMMENTARY: It is evident that Our Lady, in her Personality, contemplates some more or less open form of worship suited for the laity. With the establishment of the Law something of this sort may become possible. It is only necessary to kill out the sense of “sin,” with its false shame and its fear of nature.

P.S. The Gnostic Mass is intended to supply this need; "Liber XV." It has been said continuously in California for some years.¹

**63. Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes!
Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!**

COMMENTARY: All those acts which excite the divine in man are proper to the Rite of Invocation.

Religion, as understood by the vile Puritan, is the very opposite of all this. He—it—seems to wish to kill his—its—soul by forbidding every expression of it, and every practice which might awaken it to expression. To hell with this Verbotenism!

In particular, let me exhort all men and all women, for they are Stars! Heed well this holy Verse!

True Religion is intoxication, in a sense. We are told elsewhere to intoxicate the innermost, not the outermost; but I think that the word "wine" should be taken in its widest sense as meaning that which brings out the soul. Climate, soil, and race change conditions; each man or woman must find and choose the fit intoxicant. Thus hashish in one or other of its forms seems to suit the Moslem, to go with dry heat; opium is right for the Mongol; whiskey for the dour temperament and damp cold climate of the Scot.

Sex-expression, too, depends on climate and so on, so that we must interpret the Law to suit a Socrates, a Jesus, and a Burton, or a Marie Antoinette and a de Lamballe, as well as our own Don Juans and Faustines.

With this expansion, to the honour and glory of Them, of Their Natures, we acclaim therefore our helpers, Dionysus, Aphrodite, Apollo—Wine, Woman, and Song.

Intoxication, that is, ecstasy, is the key to Reality. It is explained in "Energized Enthusiasm"² that there are three Gods

¹ [Crowley refers to Agapé Lodge of Ordo Templi Orientis (O.T.O.) in Southern California, founded by Wilfred Talbot Smith (1885–1957) in 1935 E.V. "Liber XV" is now celebrated weekly around the world.]

² *The Equinox* I(9). [See "Liber 811," Works Cited.]

whose function is to bring the Soul to the realization of its own glory: Dionysus, Aphrodite, Apollo—Wine, Woman, and Song.

The ancients, both in the highest civilizations, as in Greece and Egypt, and in the most primitive savagery, as among the Buriats and the Papuans, were well aware of this, and made their religious ceremonies *orgia*, “works.” Puritan foulness, failing to understand what was happening, degraded the word “orgies” to mean debauches. It is the old story of the Fox who lost his tail. If you cannot do anything, call it impossible; or, if that be evidently absurd, call it wicked!

It is critics who deny poetry, people without capacity for Ecstasy and Will who call Mysticism moonshine and Magick delusion. It is manless old cats, geldings, and psychopaths, who pretend to detest Love, and persecute Free Women and Free Men.

Verbotenism has gone so far in certain slave-communities that the use of wine is actually prohibited by law!!

I wish here to emphasize that the Law of Thelema definitely enjoins us, as a necessary act of religion, to “drink sweet wines and wines that foam.” Any free man or woman who resides in any community where this is *verboden* has a choice between two duties: insurrection and emigration.

The furtive disregard of Restriction is not Freedom. It tends to make men slaves and hypocrites, and to destroy respect for Law.

Have no fear: two years after Vodka was *verboden*, Russia, which had endured a thousand lesser tyrannies with patience, rose in Revolution.

Religious ecstasy is necessary to man’s soul. Where this is attained by mystical practices, directly, as it should be, people need no substitutes. Thus the Hindus remain contentedly sober, and care nothing for the series of Invaders who have occupied their country from time to time and governed them. But where the only means of obtaining this ecstasy, or a simulacrum of it, known to the people, is alcohol, they must have alcohol. Deprive them of wine, or beer, or whatever their natural drink may be, and they replace it by morphia, cocaine, or something easier to conceal, and to take without detection.

Stop that, and it is Revolution. As long as a man can get rid of his surplus Energy in enjoyment, he finds life easy, and submits. Deprive him of Pleasure, of Ecstasy, and his mind begins to worry about the way in which he is exploited and oppressed. Very soon he begins furtively to throw bombs; and, gathering strength, to send his tyrants to the gallows.

**64. I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked
brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.**

65. To me! To me!

66. The Manifestation of Nuit is at an end.

The Second Chapter

1. Nu! the hiding of Hadit.

COMMENTARY: We see again set forth the complementary character of Nuit and Hadit. Nu conceals Had because He is Everywhere in the Infinite, and She manifests Him for the same reason. (See verse 3.) Every Individual manifests the Whole; and the Whole conceals every Individual. The Soul interprets the Universe; and the Universe veils the Soul. Nature understands Herself by becoming self-conscious in Her units; and the Consciousness loses its sense of separateness by dissolution in Her.

There has been much difficulty in the orthography (in sacred languages) of these names. Nu is clearly stated to be 56, ٥٦; but Had is only hinted obscurely. This matter is discussed later more fully; verses 15 and 16.

2. Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.

COMMENTARY: Khabs—"a star"—is an unit of Nuit, and therefore Nuit Herself. This doctrine is enormously difficult of apprehension, even after these many years of study.

Hadit is the "core of every star", verse 6. He is thus the Impersonal Identity within the Individuality of "every man and every woman".

1:3

He is “not extended”; that is, without condition of any sort in the metaphysical sense. Only in the highest trances can the nature of these truths be realized. It is indeed a supra-rational experience not dissimilar to those characteristic of the “Star-Sponge” Vision previously described¹ that can help us here. The trouble is that the truth itself is unfitted to the dualistic reason of “normal” mankind. Hadit seems to be the principle of Motion which is everywhere, yet is not extended in any dimension except as it chances to combine with the “Matter” which is Nuit. There can evidently be no manifestation apart from this conjunction. A “Khabs” or Star is apparently any nucleus where this conjunction has taken place. The real philosophical difficulty about this cosmogony is not concerned with any particular equation, or even with the Original Equation. We can understand $x = ab$, $x_1 = a_1b_1$ etc.; and also $0^\circ = pa + qb$, whether $pa - qb = 0$ or not. But we ask how the homogeneity of both Nuit and Hadit can ever lead to even the illusion of “difference.” The answer appears to be that this difference appears naturally with the self-realization of Nuit as the totality of possibilities; each of these, singly and in combination, is satisfied or set in motion by Hadit, to compose a particular manifestation. 0° could possess no signification at all, unless there were diverse dimensions wherein it had no extension. “Nothing” means nothing save from the point of view of “Two,” just as “Two” is monstrous unless it is seen as a mode of “Nothing.”

The above explanation appears somewhat disingenuous, since there is no means whatever of distinguishing any Union $H + N = R$ from another.² We must postulate a further stage.

R (Ra-Hoor-Khuit), Kether, Unity, is always itself; but we may suppose that a number of such homogeneous positive manifestations may form groups differing from each other as to size and structure so as to create the illusion of diversity.

¹ [See Chapter I, p. 79.]

² [Hadit + Nuit = Ra-Hoor-Khuit.]

3. In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found.

COMMENTARY: This is again interesting as throwing light on the thesis: "Every man and every woman is a star." There is no place soever that is not a Centre of Light. 1:3

This Truth is to be realized by direct perception, not merely by intellection. It is axiomatic; it cannot be demonstrated. It is to be assimilated by experience of the Vision of the "Star-Sponge."

4. Yet she shall be known & I never.

COMMENTARY: See later, verse 13, "thou" (i.e. the Beast, who is here the Mask, or "persona," of Hadit) "wast the knower". Hadit possesses the power to know, Nuit that of being known. Nuit is not unconnected with the idea of *nibbana*, the "Shoreless Sea," in which Knowledge is Not.

Hadit is hidden in Nuit, and knows Her, She being an object of knowledge; but He is not knowable, for He is merely that part of Her which She formulates in order that She may be known.

5. Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet!
Then shall this Knowledge go aright.

COMMENTARY: The "old time" is the Æon of the Dying God. Some of his rituals are founded on an utterly false metaphysic and cosmogony; but others are based on Truth. We mend these, and end those.

This "Knowledge" is the initiated Wisdom of this Æon of Horus.

See *Book 4, Part III*, for an account of the new principles of Magick.

Note that Knowledge is Daäth, Child of Chokmah by Binah, and crown of Microprosopus; yet he is not one of the Sephiroth, and his place is in the Abyss. By this symbolism we draw attention to the fact that Knowledge is by nature impossible; for it implies Duality, and is therefore relative. Any proposition of Knowledge may be written "ARB": "A has the relation R to B."

Now if A and B are identical, the proposition conveys no knowledge at all. If A is not identical with B, ARB implies "A is identical with BC"; this assumes that not less than three distinct ideas exist. In every case, we must proceed either to the identity which means ultimately "Nothing," or to divergent diversities which only seem to mean something so long as we refrain from pushing the analysis of any term to its logical elements. For example, "Sugar is sugar" is obviously not knowledge. But no more is this: "Sugar is a sweet white crystalline carbohydrate." For each of these four terms describes a sensory impression on ourselves; and we define our impressions only in terms of such things as sugar. Thus "sweet" means "the quality ascribed by our taste to honey, sugar, etc."; "white" is "what champaks, zinc oxide, sugar, etc., report to our eyesight"; and so on. The proposition is ultimately an identity, for all our attempts to evade the issue by creating complications. "Knowledge" is therefore not a "thing-in-itself"; it is rightly denied a place upon the Tree of Life; it pertains to the Abyss.

Besides the above considerations, it may be observed that Knowledge, so far as it exists at all, even as a statement of relation, is no more than a momentary phenomenon of consciousness. It is annihilated in the instant of its creation. For no sooner do we assent to ARB than ARB is absorbed in our conception of A. After the nine days' wonder of "The Earth revolves round the Sun," we modify our former idea of Earth. "Earth" is intuitively classed with other solar satellites. The proposition vanishes automatically as it is assimilated. Knowledge, while it exists as such, is consequently *sub judice*,¹ at the best.

What then may we understand by this verse, with its capital K for "Knowledge"? What is it, and how shall it "go aright"? The key is in the word "go." It cannot "be," as we have seen above; it is the fundamental error of the "Black Brothers" in their policy of resisting all Change, to try to maintain it as fixed and absolute. But (as the Tree of Life indicates) Knowledge is the means by which the conscious mind, Microprosopus, reaches to Understanding and to Wisdom, its mother and father, which

¹ [*Lat.*, "before the judge," or under judicial review.]

reflect respectively Nuit and Hadit from the Ain and Kether. The process is to use each new item of knowledge to correct and increase one's comprehension of the Subject of the Proposition. Thus ARB should tell us: A is (not A, as we supposed, but) A. This facilitates the discovery A,R,C leading to A, is A₂; and so on. In practice, everything that we learn about (e.g.) "horse" helps us to understand—to enjoy—the idea. The difference between the scholar and the schoolboy is that the former glows and exults when he is reminded of some word like *thalassa*.¹ Ourselves:—What a pageant of passion empurples our minds whenever we think of the number 93! Most of all, each new thing that we know about ourselves helps us to realize what we mean by our "Star."

Now, "the rituals of the old time" are no longer valid vehicles; Knowledge cannot "go aright" until they are adapted to the Formula of the New Æon. Their defects are due principally to two radical errors.

1. The Universe was conceived as possessing a fixed centre, or summit; an absolute standard to which all things might be referred; an Unity, or God. (Mystics were angry and bewildered, often enough, when attaining to "union with God" they found him equally in all.) This led to making a difference between one thing and another, and so to the ideas of superiority, of sin, etc., ending by absurdities of all kinds, alike in theology, ethics, and science.
2. The absolute antithesis between the pairs of opposites. This is really a corollary of (1). There was an imaginary "absolute evil" which made Manichæanism necessary—despite the cloaks of the Casuists—and meant "That which leads one away from God." But each man, while postulating an absolute "God" defined Him unconsciously in terms of a Freudian Phantasm created by his own wish-fulfilment machinery. Thus "God" and "Evil" were really expressions of personal prejudice. A man

¹ [Grk., "sea."]

who “bowed humbly to the Authority of” the Pope, or the Bible, or the Sanhedrin, or the Oracle of Apollo, or the tribal Medicine-Man, nonetheless expressed truly his own Wish to abdicate responsibility.

I:3 In the light of this Book, we now know that the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere; that “Every man and every woman is a star”, a “Khabs,” the name of the house of I:41 Hadit; that “The word of Sin is Restriction.” To us, then, “evil” is a relative term; it is “that which hinders one from fulfilling his true Will.” (E.g., rain is “good” or “bad” for the farmer according to the requirements of his crops.)

The Osirian Rituals inculcating self-sacrifice to an abstract ideal, mutilation to appease an *ex cathedra*¹ morality, fidelity to *à priori* formulæ, etc., teach false and futile methods of acquiring false Knowledge; they must be “cast away” or “purged”. The Schools of Initiation must be reformed.

6. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life, yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.

COMMENTARY: It follows that, as Hadit can never be known, there is no death. The death of the individual is his awakening to the impersonal immortality of Hadit. This applies less to physical death than to the Crossing of the Abyss; for which see *Liber 418*, Fourteenth Æthyr. One may attain to be aware that one is but a particular “child” of the Play of Hadit and Nuit; one’s personality is then perceived as being a disguise. It is not only not a living thing, as one had thought; but a mere symbol without substance, incapable of life. It is the conventional form of a certain cluster of thoughts, themselves the partial and hieroglyphic symbols of an “ego.” The conscious and sensible “man” is to his Self just what the printed letters on this page are to me who have caused them to manifest in colour and form. They are arbitrary devices for conveying my thought; I could use French or Greek just as well.

¹ [Lat., “from the chair,” i.e., authoritarian.]

Nor is this thought, here conveyed, more than one ray of my Orb; and even that whole Orb is but the garment of Me. The analogy is precise; therefore when one becomes “the knower”, it involves the “death” of all sense of the Ego. One perceives one’s personality precisely as I now do these printed letters; and they are forgotten, just as, absorbed in my thought, the trained automatism of my mind and body expresses that thought in writing, without attention on my part, still less with identification of the extremes involved in the process.

7. I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle. “Come unto me” is a foolish word: for it is I that go.

COMMENTARY: “it is I that go.” The Book *Aleph* must be consulted for a full demonstration of this truth. We may here say briefly that Hadit is Motion, that is, Change or “Love.” The symbol of Godhead in Egypt was the *ankh*, which is a sandal-strap, implying the Power to Go; and it suggests the Rosy Cross, the Fulfilment of Love, by its shape.

The Wheel and the Circle are evidently symbols of Nuit; this sentence insists upon the conception of *lînga-yoni*. But beyond the obvious relation, we observe two geometrical definitions. The axle is a cylinder set perpendicularly to the plane of the wheel; thus Hadit supplies the third dimension to Nuit. It suggests that Matter is to be conceived as two-dimensional; that is, perhaps, as possessed of two qualities, extension and potentiality. To these Hadit brings motion and position. The wheel moves; manifestation now is possible. Its perception implies three-dimensional space, and time. But note that the Mover is himself not moved. The “cube in the circle” emphasizes this question of dimensions. The cube is rectilinear (therefore phallic no less than the axle); its unity suggests perfection projected as a “solid” for human perception; its square faces affirm balance, equity, and limitation; its six-sidedness sets it among the solar symbols. It is thus like the Sun in the Zodiac, which is no more than the field for His fulfilment in His going. He, by virtue of his successive relations with each degree of the circle, clothes Himself with an appearance of

“Matter in Motion,” although absolute motion through space is a meaningless expression.¹ Nonetheless, every point in the cube—there are 2^{80} of them—has an unique relation with every point in the circle exactly balanced against an equal and opposite relation. We have thus Matter that both is and is not, Motion that both moves and moves not, interacting in a variety of ways which is infinite to manifest individuals, each of which is unlike any other, yet is symmetrically supported by its counterpart. Note that even at the centre of gravity of the cube no two rays are identical except in mere length. They differ as to their point of contact with the circle, their right ascension, and their relation with the other points of the cube.

I:28

Why is Nuit restricted to two dimensions? We usually think of space as a sphere. “None” — “and two”: extension and potentiality are Her only projections of Naught. It is strange, by the way, to find that modern mathematics says “Spherical space is not very easy to imagine”² and prefers to attribute a geometrical form whose resemblance to the *kteis*³ is most striking. For Nuit is, philosophically speaking, the archetype of the *kteis*, giving appropriate Form to all Being, and offering every possibility of fulfilment to every several point that it envelops. But Nuit cannot be symbolized as three-dimensional, in our system; each unit has position by three spatial, and one temporal, coordinates. It cannot exist, in our consciousness, with less, as a reality. Each “individual” must be a “point-interval”; he must be the product of some part of the Matter of Nuit (with special possibilities) and of the Motion of Hadit (with special energies) determined in space by his relations with his neighbours, and in time by his relations with himself.

It is evidently “a foolish word” for Hadit to say “Come unto me”, as did Nuit naturally enough, meaning “Fulfill thy possibilities”; for who can “come unto” Motion itself, who draw near unto that which is in very truth his innermost identity?

¹ [Sir Arthur] Eddington, [*Space, Time and Gravitation: An Outline of the General Relativity Theory*. See Works Cited.]

² Eddington, op. cit., p. 158.

³ [Grk., lit. “comb,” meaning “vulva.”]

8. Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have worshipped me; ill,
for I am the worshipper.

COMMENTARY: Harpocrates is also the Dwarf-Soul, the Secret Self of every man, the Serpent with the Lion's Head. Now Hadit knows Nuit by virtue of his "Going" or "Love." It is therefore wrong to worship Hadit; one is to be Hadit, and worship Her. This is clear even from His instruction "To worship me" in verse 22 of this chapter. Confer Cap. I, v. 9. We are exhorted to offer ourselves unto Nuit, pilgrims to all her temples. It is bad Magick to admit that one is other than One's inmost self. One should plunge passionately into every possible experience; by doing so one is purged of those personal prejudices which we took so stupidly for ourselves, though they prevented us from realizing our true Wills and from knowing our Names and Natures. The Aspirant must well understand that it is no paradox to say that the Annihilation of the Ego in the Abyss is the condition of emancipating the true Self, and exalting it to unimaginable heights. So long as one remains "one's self," one is overwhelmed by the Universe; destroy the sense of self, and every event is equally an expression of one's Will, since its occurrence is the resultant of the concourse of the forces which one recognizes as one's own.

9. 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.

COMMENTARY: This verse is very thoroughly explained in *Liber Aleph*. "All in this kind are but shadows" says Shakespeare, referring to actors.¹ The Universe is a Puppet-Play for the amusement of Nuit and Hadit in their Nuptials; a very *Midsummer Night's Dream*. So then we laugh at the mock woes of Pyramus and Thisbe, the clumsy gambols of Bottom; for we understand the Truth of Things, how all is a Dance of Ecstasy.

¹ [A *Midsummer Night's Dream* v, 1.]

Were the world understood
 Ye would know it was good,
 A dance to a lyrical measure!¹

The nature of events must be “pure joy”; for, obviously, whatever occurs is the fulfilment of the will of its master. Sorrow thus appears as the result of any unsuccessful—therefore, ill-judged—struggle. Acquiescence in the order of Nature is the ultimate Wisdom.

One must understand the Universe perfectly, and be utterly indifferent to its pressure. These are the virtues which constitute a Master of the Temple. Yet each man must act What he will; for he is energized by his own nature. So long as he works “without lust of result” and does his duty for its own sake, he will know that “the sorrows are but as shadows”. And he himself is “that which remains”; for he can no more be destroyed, or his true Will be thwarted, than Matter diminish or Energy disappear. He is a necessary unit of the Universe, equal and opposite to the sum total of all the others; and his Will is similarly the final factor which completes the equilibrium of the dynamical equation. He cannot fail if he would; thus, his sorrows are but shadows—he could not see them if he kept his gaze fixed on his goal, the Sun.

10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.

COMMENTARY: As related in *Equinox* I(7),² I was, at the time of this revelation, a rationalistic Buddhist, very convinced of the First Noble Truth: “Everything is Sorrow.” I supposed this point of view to be an absolute and final truth—as if Apemantus were the only character in Shakespeare!³

¹ [Crowley, paraphrase of his *Orpheus, A Lyrical Legend* (1905), bk. 4; see *Collected Works*, vol. III, p. 217.]

² [“The Temple of Solomon the King,” *The Equinox* I(7) (1912); this account was republished as Chapter 6 of “Genesis Libri AL” in *The Equinox of the Gods* (Book 4, Part IV).]

³ [Apemantus is the gloomy prophet in *Timon of Athens*.]

It is also explained in that place how I was prepared for this Work by that period of Dryness. If I had been in sympathy with it, my personality would have interfered. I should have tried to better my instructions.

See, in *Liber 418*, the series of visions by which I actually transcended Sorrow. But the considerations set forth in the comment on verse 9 lead to a simpler, purer, and more perfect attainment for those who can assimilate them in the subconscious mind by the process described in the comment on verse 6.

It may encourage certain types of aspirant if I emphasize my personal position. AIWAZ made no mistake when he spoke this verse—and the triumphant contempt of his tone still rings in my ear! After seventeen years of unparalleled spiritual progress, of unimaginably intense ecstasies, of beatitudes prolonged for whole months, of initiations indescribably exalted, of proof piled on proof of His power, His vigilance, His love, after being protected and energized with incredible aptness, I find myself still only too ready to grumble, nay even to doubt. It seems as if I resented the whole business. There are times when I feel that the amoeba, the bourgeois, and the cow represent the ABC of enviable creatures. There may be a melancholic strain in me, as one might expect in a case of venal weakness such as mine. In any event, it is surely a most overwhelming proof that AIWAZ is not myself, but my master, that He could force me to write verse 9, at a time when I was both intellectually and spiritually disgusted with, and despairing of, the Universe, as well as physically alarmed about my health.

11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger.

COMMENTARY: This compulsion was that of true inspiration. It was the *karma* of countless incarnations of struggle towards the light. There is a sharp repulsion, physical and mental, toward any initiation, like that towards death.

The above paragraph states only a part of the truth. I am not sure that it is not an attempt to explain away the verse, which humiliates me. I remember clearly enough the impulse to refuse to go on, and the fierce resentment at the refusal of my muscles to

obey me. Reflect that I was being compelled to make an abject recantation of practically every article of my creed, and I had not even Cranmer's excuse.¹ I was proud of my personal prowess as a poet, hunter, and mountaineer of admittedly dauntless virility; yet I was being treated like a hypnotized imbecile, only worse, for I was perfectly aware of what I was doing.

12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not.

COMMENTARY: The use of capitals "me"² and "Thee" emphasizes that Hadit was wholly manifested in The Beast. It is to be remembered that The Beast has agreed to follow the instructions communicated to Him only in order to show that "nothing would happen if you broke all the rules." Poor fool! The Way of Mastery is to break all the rules—but you have to know them perfectly before you can do this; otherwise you are not in a position to transcend them.

II:12

Aiwaz here explains that his power over me depended upon the fact that Hadit is verily "the core of every star." As is well known, there is a limit to the power of the hypnotist; he cannot overcome the resistance of the Unconscious of his patient. My own Unconscious was thus in alliance with Aiwarz; taken between two fires, my conscious self was paralyzed so long as the pressure lasted. It will be seen later—verses 61 to 69—that my consciousness was ultimately invaded by the Secret Self, and surrendered unconditionally, so that, it proclaimed, loudly and gladly, from its citadel, the victory of its rightful Lord. The mystery is indeed this, that in so prosperous and joyous a city, there should still be groups of malcontents whose grumblings are occasionally audible.

¹ [When being burnt for heresy and treason, the Reformation theologian and Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas Cranmer (1489–1556) put his writing hand (with which he had signed his recantation and confession) into the fire, saying "this hand hath offended."]

² [Crowley gave "me" as capitalized in the TSS., but it is uncapitalized in both *Liber CCXX* and the MS. Here and on p. 99 below the commentary has been conformed to *Liber CCXX* (giving "me" rather than "Me"). Crowley's theories relating to capitalization are affected.]

13. for why? Because thou wast the knower, and me.

COMMENTARY: Hadit had to overcome the silly “knower,” who thought everything was Sorrow. Cf. “Who am I?”—“Thou knowest” in Chapter I. 1:26

I am far from satisfied with the above interpretation of this verse. We shall see a little later, verses 27 sqq., a general objection to “Because” and “why”. Then how is it that Hadit does not disdain to use those terms? It must be for the sake of my mind. Then, “for why” is detestably vulgar; and no straining of grammar excuses or explains the “me.”

We have two alternatives. The verse may be an insult to me. My memory tells me, however, that the tone of the voice of Aiwaz was at this point low, even, and musical. It sounded like a confidential, almost deferential, clarification of the previous verse, which had rung out with joyful crescendo.

The alternative is that the verse contains some Qabalistic proof of the authority of Aiwaz to lay down the law in so autocratic a manner. Just so, one might add weight to one’s quotation from Sappho, in the English, by following it up with the original Greek.

The absence of all capital letters favours this theory. Simply enough, the solution begins with the idea that the small initial of “because” would be explained by a colon preceding it instead of a note of interrogation, which may have been due to my haste, ignorance, and carelessness.¹ Then “for why” may be understood: “for the benefit of this Mr. Why—to satisfy your childish clamour for a reason—I will now repeat my remarks in an alternative form such that even your stupidity can scarcely fail to observe that I have sealed my psychological explanation in cipher.” We find accordingly that the arising “of me in Thee” constitutes a state wherein “thou knewest not.” By “knewest” we may understand the function of Hadit, intellectually and conjugally united with Nuit.² And “not” is Nuit, as in Cap. I. Now this idea explains that the arising “of me” (Hadit) “in Thee” (the Beast) is II:12

¹ [“Because” is however clearly capitalized in both the ms. as well as the text of *Liber CCXX* as edited by Crowley.]

the fulfilment of the Magical Formula of Hadit and Nuit. And to know Nuit is the very definition of "joy." The next verse confirms this: "thou" (the Beast) "wast the knower" (Hadit) "and" (united with) "me" (Nuit, as in Cap. I, verse 51 and others). Finally, Nuit is indicated by two different symbols, "not" (*Grk.* OR) and "me" (*Grk.* MH). Now OR MH was my Motto in the Grade of Adeptus Exemptus; Aiwaz thus subtly reminds me that I was pledged to deny the assertions of my intellectual and moral consciousness.

He combines in these few words (a) a correct psychological explanation of the situation, (b) a correct magical explanation of that explanation, (c) a personal rebuke to which I had no possible reply, involving a knowledge of my own mental state which was superior to my own.

These two verses are sufficient in themselves to demonstrate the præterhuman qualities of the Author of this Book.

14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness!
15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number is nine by the fools; but with the just I am eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for I am none indeed. The Empress and the King are not of me; for there is a further secret.
16. I am The Empress & the Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven.
17. Hear me, ye people of sighing!
 The sorrows of pain and regret
 Are left to the dead and the dying,
 The folk that not know me as yet.

COMMENTARY: The dead and the dying, who know not Hadit, are in the Illusion of Sorrow. Not being Hadit, they are shadows, puppets, and what happens to them does not matter. If you insist upon identifying yourself with Hecuba, your tears are natural enough.

² See *Book 4, Part III* [Chap. 7, §5], for √GN, the root meaning both "to know" and "to beget."

There is no contradiction here, by the way, with verses 4 and 5. The words “know me” are used loosely as is natural in a stanza; or, more likely, are used (as in the English Bible) to suggest the root √GN, identity in transcendental ecstasy. Possibly “not” and “me” are once more intended to apply to Nuit. With “know” itself, they may be “Nothing under its three forms”¹ of negativity, action, and individuality.

18. These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk.

COMMENTARY: This idea is confirmed. Those who sorrow are not real people at all, not “stars”—for the time being. The fact of their being “poor and sad” proves them to be “shadows,” who “pass & are done.” The “lords of the earth” are those who are doing their Will. It does not necessarily mean people with coronets and automobiles; there are plenty of such people who are the most sorrowful slaves in the world. The sole test of one’s lordship is to know what one’s true Will is, and to do it.

II:9

19. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.

COMMENTARY: A god living in a dog would be one who was prevented from fulfilling his function properly. The highest are those who have mastered and transcended accidental environment. They rejoice, because they do their Will; and if any man sorrow, it is clear evidence of something wrong with him. When machinery creaks and growls, the engineer knows that it is not fulfilling its function, doing its Will, with ease and joy.

20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.

COMMENTARY: As soon as one realizes one’s self as Hadit, one obtains all His qualities. It is all a question of doing one’s Will. A flaming harlot, with red cap and sparkling eyes, her foot on the neck of a dead king, is just as much a star as her predecessor,

¹ [From “Liber Trigrammaton sub figura XXVII,” *The Holy Books of Thelema* (*The Equinox* III(9)) (1983), p. 45.]

simpering in his arms. But one must be a flaming harlot—one must let oneself go, whether one's star be twin with that of Shelley, or of Blake, or of Titian, or of Beethoven. Beauty and strength come from doing one's Will; you have only to look at anyone who is doing it to recognize the glory of it.

21. We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever. Nuit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.

COMMENTARY: There is a good deal of the Nietzschean standpoint in this verse. It is the evolutionary and natural view. Of what use is it to perpetuate the misery of tuberculosis, and such diseases, as we now do? Nature's way is to weed out the weak. This is the most merciful way, too. At present all the strong are being damaged, and their progress hindered by the dead weight of the weak limbs and the missing limbs, the diseased limbs and the atrophied limbs. The Christians to the Lions!

Our humanitarianism, which is the syphilis of the mind, acts on the basis of the lie that the King must die. The King is beyond death; it is merely a pool where he dips for refreshment. We must therefore go back to Spartan ideas of education; and the worst enemies of humanity are those who wish, under the pretext of compassion, to continue its ills through the generations. The Christians to the Lions!

Let the weak and wry productions go back into the melting-pot, as is done with flawed steel castings. Death will purge, reincarnation make whole, these errors and abortions. Nature herself may be trusted to do this, if only we will leave her alone. But what of those who, physically fitted to live, are tainted with rottenness of soul, cancerous with the sin-complex? For the third time I answer: The Christians to the Lions!

Hadit calls himself the Star, the Star being the Unit of the Macrocosm; and the Snake, the Snake being the symbol of Going or Love, and the Chariot of Life. He is Harpocrates, the Dwarf-Soul, the Spermatozoon of all Life, as one may phrase it. The Sun, etc., are the external manifestations or Vestures of this Soul, as a Man is the Garment of an actual Spermatozoon, the Tree sprung of that Seed, with power to multiply and to perpetuate that particular Nature, though without necessary consciousness of what is happening.

In a deeper sense, the word “Death” is meaningless apart from the presentation of the Universe as conditioned by “Time.” But what is the meaning of Time?

There is great confusion of thought in the use of the word “eternal,” and the phrase “for ever.” People who want “eternal happiness” mean by that a cycle of varying events all effective in stimulating pleasant sensations; i.e., they want time to continue exactly as it does with themselves released from the contingencies of accidents such as poverty, sickness and death. An eternal state is however a possible experience, if one interprets the term sensibly. One can kindle *flammam æternæ caritatis*,¹ for instance; one can experience a love which is in truth eternal. Such love must have no relation with phenomena whose condition is time. Similarly, one’s “immortal soul” is a different kind of thing altogether from one’s mortal vesture. This Soul is a particular Star, with its own peculiar qualities, of course; but these qualities are all “eternal,” and part of the nature of the Soul. This Soul being a monistic consciousness, it is unable to appreciate itself and its qualities, as explained in a previous entry; so it realizes itself by the device of duality, with the limitations of time, space and causality. The “happiness” of Wedded Love or eating *marrons glacés* is a concrete external non-eternal expression of the corresponding abstract internal eternal idea, just as any triangle is one partial and imperfect picture of the idea of a triangle. (It does not matter whether we consider “Triangle” as an unreal thing

¹ [Lat., “the flame of eternal love.”]

invented for the convenience of including all actual triangles, or vice versa. Once the idea Triangle has arisen, actual triangles are related to it as above stated.)

One does not want even a comparatively brief extension of these "actual" states; Wedded Love, though licensed for a lifetime, is usually intolerable after a month; and *marrons glacés* pall after the first five or six kilograms have been consumed. But the "Happiness," eternal and formless, is not less enjoyable because these forms of it cease to give pleasure. What happens is that the Idea ceases to find its image in those particular images; it begins to notice the limitations, which are not itself and indeed deny itself, as soon as its original joy in its success at having become conscious of itself wears off. It becomes aware of the external imperfection of *marrons glacés*; they no longer represent its infinitely varied nature. It therefore rejects them, and creates a new form of itself, such as Nightgowns with pale yellow ribbons or Amber Cigarettes.

In the same way a poet or painter, wishing to express Beauty, is impelled to choose a particular form; with luck, this is at first able to recompose in him what he feels; but sooner or later he finds that he has failed to include certain elements of himself, and he must needs embody these in a new poem or picture. He may know that he can never do more than present a part of the possible perfection, and that in imperfect imagery; but at least he may utter his utmost within the limits of the mental and sensory instruments of his similarly inadequate symbol of the Absolute, his vehicle of human incarnation.

These suffer from the same defects as the other forms; ultimately, "Happiness" wearies itself in the effort to invent fresh images, and becomes disheartened and doubtful of itself. Only a few people have wit enough to proceed to generalization from the failure of a few familiar figures of itself, and recognize that all "actual" forms are imperfect; but such people are apt to turn with disgust from the whole procedure, and to long for the "eternal" state. This state is however incapable of realization, as we know; and the Soul understanding this, can find no good but in "Cessation" of all things, its creations no more than its own tendencies to create. It therefore sighs for *nibbana*.

But there is one other solution, as I have endeavoured to shew. We may accept (what after all it is absurd to accuse and oppose) the essential character of existence. We cannot extirpate or even alter in the minutest degree either the matter or manner of any element of the Universe, where each item is equally inherent and important, each consubstantial and coherent, each æquipollent, independent, and interdependent.

We may thus acquiesce in the fact that it is apodeictically¹ implicit in the Absolute to apprehend itself by self-expression as Positive and Negative in the first place, and to combine these primary opposites in an infinite variety of finite forms.

We may thus cease either (1) to seek the Absolute in any of its images, knowing that we must abstract every one of their qualities from every one of these equally if we would unveil it; or (2) to reject all images of the Absolute, knowing that attainment thereof would be the signal for the manifestation of that part of its nature which necessarily formulates itself in a new universe of images.

Realizing that these two courses (the materialist's and the mystic's) are equally fatuous, we may engage in either or both of two other plans of action, based on assent to actuality.

We may (1) ascertain our own particular properties as partial projections of the Absolute; we may allow every image presented to us to be of equally intrinsic and essential entity with ourselves, and its presentation to us a phenomenon necessary in Nature; and we may adjust our apprehension to the actuality that every event is an item in the account which we render to ourselves of our own estate. We dare not desire to omit any single entry, lest the balance be upset. We may react with elasticity and indifference to each occurrence, intent only on the idea that the total, intelligently appreciated, constitutes a perfect knowledge not indeed of the Absolute but of that part thereof which is ourselves. We thus adjust one imperfection accurately to another, and remain contented in the appreciation of the righteousness of the relation.

This path, the "Way of the Tao," is perfectly proper to all men. It does not attempt either to transcend or to tamper with Truth; it is loyal to its own laws, and therefore no less perfect

¹ [Certainly or demonstrably.]

than any other Truth. The Equation Five plus Six is Eleven is of the same order of perfection as Ten Million times Ten times Ten Thousand Million is One Billion.¹ In the Universe formulated by the Absolute, every point is equally the Centre; every point is equally the focus of the forces of the whole. (In any system of three points, any two may be considered solely with reference to the third, so that even in a finite universe the sum of the properties of all points is the same, though no two properties may be common to any two points. Thus a circle, BCD, may be described by the revolution of a line AB in a plane about the point A; but also from the point C, or indeed any other point, by the application of the proper analysis and construction. We calculate the motion of the solar system in heliocentric terms for no reason but simplicity and convenience; we could convert our tables to a geocentric basis by mere mechanical manipulation without affecting their truth, which is only the truth of the relations between a number of bodies. All are alike in motion, but we have arbitrarily chosen to consider one of them as stationary, so that we may more easily describe the movements of the others in regard to it, without complicating our calculations by introduction of the movements of the whole system as such. And for this purpose the Sun is a more convenient standard than the Earth.)

There is another Way that we may take, if we will; I say "another," though it seems perhaps to some no more than a development of the other which happens to be proper to some people.

Even in the first Way, it is of all things necessary to begin by exploring one's own Nature, so as to discover what its peculiarities are; this is accomplished partly by introspection, but principally by Right Recollection² of the whole phantasmagoria presented to it by experience; for since every event of life is a symbol of part of the structure of the Soul, the totality of experience must be the "Name" of the whole of that part of the Soul which

¹ [Actually a million billion (British) or a million trillion (American).]

² [A Buddhist concept, Pali *sammasati*.]

has so far uttered itself. Now then, let us suppose that some Soul, having penetrated thus far, should discover in its "Name" that it is a Son truly begotten by the Spirit of Being upon the Body of Form, and that it has power to understand itself and its Father, with all that such heirship implies. Suppose further that it be come to puberty, will it not be impelled to assert itself as its Father's son? Will it not shake itself free from the Form that bore and nourished and trained it, and turn from its brothers and sisters and playmates? Will it not glow and ache with the impulse to be utterly itself, and find a Form fit to impress with its image, even as did its Father aforetime?

If such a Soul be indeed its Father's son, he will not fear to show lack of filial reverence, or presumption, if he forget its family in the fervour of founding one of his own, of begetting boys not better or braver indeed than his brothers, girls not softer or sweeter indeed than his sisters, but wholly his own, with his own defects and desires evoked by enchantment of ecstasy when he dies to himself in the womb of the witch who lusts for his life, and buys it with the Coin that bears his Image and Superscription.

Such is the secret of the Soul of the Artist. He knows that he is a God, of the Sons of God; he has no fear or shame in showing himself of the seed of his Father. He is proud of that Father's most precious privilege, and he honours him no less than himself by using it. He accepts his family as of his own royal stock; everyone is as princely as he is himself. But he were not his Father's son unless he found for himself a Form fit to express himself by multiple reproductions of his Image. He must admire himself in many costumes, each emphatic of some elected elegance of excellence in himself which would otherwise elude his homage by being hidden and hushed in the harmony of his heart. This Form which shall serve him must be softness' self to his impress, with exact elasticity adapting itself to the strongest and subtlest salients, yet like steel to resist all other stress than his own, and to retain and reproduce surely and sharply the image that his acid bites into its surface. There must be no flaw, no irregularity, no granulation, no warp in its substance; it must be smooth and shining, pure metal of true temper.

And he must love this chosen Form, love it with fearful fervour; it is the face of his Fate that craves his kiss, and in her eyes Enigma blazes and smoulders; she is his death, her body his coffin where he may rot and stink, or writhe in damnèd dreams, self-slain, or rise in incorruption self-renewed, immortal and identical, fulfilling himself wholly in and by her, splashing all space with sparkling stars his sons and daughters, each star an image of his own infinity made manifest, mood after mood, by her magick to mould him when his passion makes molten her metal.

Thus then must every Artist work. First, he must find himself. Next, he must find the form that is fitted to express himself. Next, he must love that form, as a form, adoring it, understanding it, and mastering it with most minute attention, until it (as it seems) adapts itself to him with eager elasticity, and answers accurately and aptly, with the unconscious automatism of an organ perfected by evolution, to his most subtle suggestion, to his most giant gesture.

Next, he must give himself utterly up to that Form; he must annihilate himself absolutely in every act of love, labouring day and night to lose himself in lust for it, so that he leave no atom unconsumed in the furnace of their frenzy, as did of old his Father that begat him. He must realize himself wholly in the integration of the infinite Pantheon of images; for if he fail to formulate one facet of himself, by lack thereof will he know himself falsely.

There is of course no ultimate difference between the Artist as here delineated and him who follows the "Way of the Tao," though the latter finds perfection in his existing relation with his environment, and the former creates a private perfection of a peculiar and secondary character. We might call one the son, the other the daughter, of the Absolute.

But the Artist, though his Work, the images of himself in the Form that he loves, is less perfect than the Work of his Father, since he can but express one particular point of view and that by means of one type of technique, is not to be thought useless on that account, any more than an Atlas is useless because it presents by means of certain crude conventions a fraction of the facts of geography.

The Artist calls our attention away from Nature, whose immensity bewilders us so that she seems incoherent, and unintelligible, to his own interpretation of himself and his relations with various phenomena of nature expressed in a language more or less common to us all.

The smaller the Artist, the narrower his view, the more vulgar his vocabulary, the more familiar his figures, the more readily is he recognized as a guide. To be accepted and admired, he must say what we all know, but have not told each other till it is tedious, and say it in simple and clear language, a little more emphatically and eloquently than we have been accustomed to hear; and he must please and flatter us in the telling by soothing our fears and stimulating our hopes and our self-esteem.

When an Artist—whether in Astronomy, like Copernicus, Anthropology, like Ibsen, or Anatomy, like Darwin—selects a set of facts too large, too recondite, or too “regrettable” to receive instant assent from everybody; when he presents conclusions which conflict with popular credence or prejudice; when he employs a language which is not generally intelligible to all; in such cases he must be content to appeal to the few. He must wait for the world to awake to the value of his work.

The greater he is, the more individual and the less intelligible he will appear to be, although in reality he is more universal and more simple than anybody. He must be indifferent to anything but his own integrity in the realization and imagination of himself.

22. I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, o man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.

COMMENTARY: Drunkenness is a curse and a hindrance only to slaves. Shelley's couriers were “drunk on the wind of their own

speed.”¹ Any one who is doing his true Will is drunk with the delight of Life.

Wine and strange drugs do not harm people who are doing their will; they only poison people who are cancerous with Original Sin. In Latin countries, where Sin is not taken seriously, and sex-expression is simple, wholesome, and free, drunkenness is a rare accident. It is only in Puritan countries, where self-analysis, under the whip of a coarse bully like Billy Sunday,² brings the hearer to “conviction of sin,” that he hits first the “trail” and then the “booze.” Can you imagine an evangelist in Taormina? It is to laugh.

This is why missionaries, in all these centuries, have produced no conversions whatever, save among the lowest types of negro, who resemble the Anglo-Saxon in this possession of the “fear-of-God” and “Sin” psychopathies.

Truth is so terrible to these detestable mockeries of humanity that the thought of self is a realization of hell. Therefore they fly to drink and drugs as to an anæsthetic in the surgical operation of introspection.

The craving for these things is caused by the internal misery which their use reveals to the slave-souls. If you are really free, you can take cocaine as simply as salt-water taffy. There is no better rough test of a soul than its attitude to drugs. If a man is simple, fearless, eager, he is all right; he will not become a slave. If he is afraid, he is already a slave. Let the whole world take opium, hashish, and the rest; those who are liable to abuse them were better dead.

For it is in the power of all so-called intoxicating drugs to reveal a man to himself. If this revelation declare a Star, then it shines brighter ever after. If it declare a Christian—a thing nor man nor beast, but a muddle of mind—he craves the drug, no more for its analytical but for its numbing effect. Lytton has a

¹ [A paraphrase of Percy Bysshe Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* ii, 4.]

² [William Ashley (Billy) Sunday (1862–1935), baseball player turned Revivalist preacher, noted for his flamboyant style and crusading zeal.]

great story of this in *Zanoni*.¹ Glyndon, an uninitiate, takes an Elixir, and beholds not Adonai the glorious, but the Dweller on the Threshold; cast out from the Sanctuary, he becomes a vulgar drunkard.

“this folly against self”; altruism is a direct assertion of duality, which is division, restriction, sin, in its vilest form. I love my neighbour because love makes him part of me; not because hate divides him from me. Our law is so simple that it constantly approximates to truism.

“The exposure of innocence”. Exposure means “putting out,” as in a shop-window. The pretense of altruism and so-called virtue “is a lie”; it is the hypocrisy of the Puritan, which is hideously corrupting both to the hypocrite and to his victim.

To “lust” is to grasp continually at fresh aspects of Nuit. It is the mistake of the vulgar to expect to find satisfaction in the objects of sense. Disillusion is inevitable; when it comes, it leads only too often to an error which is in reality more fatal than the former, the denial of “materiality” and of “animalism.” There is a correspondence between these two attitudes and those of the “once-born” and “twice-born” of William James.² Thelemites are “thrice-born”; we accept everything for what it is, without “lust of result,” without insisting upon things conforming with *à priori* ideals, or regretting their failure to do so. We can therefore “enjoy all things of sense and rapture” according to their true nature. For example, the average man dreads tuberculosis. The “Christian Scientist” flees this fear by pretending that the disease is an illusion in “mortal mind.” But the Thelemite accepts it for what it is, and finds interest in it for its own sake. For him it is a necessary part of the Universe; he makes “no difference” between it and any other thing. The artist’s position is analogous. Rubens, for instance, takes a gross pleasure in female flesh, rendering it

I:44

I:26

¹ [Edward Bulwer-Lytton, first Lord Lytton, *Zanoni: A Rosicrucian Tale*. See Works Cited.]

² *Varieties of Religious Experience* [(1902), lecture 8; see Works Cited. See also Crowley, *Book 4, Part III*, ch. 5 (rev. ed., p. 161).]

truthfully from lack of imagination and analysis. Idealist painters like Bouguereau, awake to the divergence between Nature and their academic standards of Beauty, falsify the facts in order to delude themselves. The greatest, like Rembrandt, paint a gallant, a hag, and a carcass with equal passion and rapture; they love the truth as it is. They do not admit that anything can be ugly or evil; its existence justifies itself. This is because they know themselves to be part of an harmonious unity; to disdain any item of it would be to blaspheme the whole. The Thelemite is able to revel in any experience soever; in each he recognizes the tokens of ultimate Truth. It is surely obvious, even intellectually, that all phenomena are interdependent, and therefore involve each other. Suppose $a + b + c = d$, $a = d - b - c$, just as much as $b = d - c - a$. It is senseless to pick out one equation as "nice," and another as "nasty." Personal predilections are evidence of imperfect vision. But it is even worse to deny reality to such facts as refuse to humour them. In the charter of spiritual sovereignty it is written that the charcoal-burner is no less a subject than the duke. The structure of the state includes all elements; it were stupid and suicidal to aim at homogeneity, or to assert it. Spiritual experience soon enables the aspirant to assimilate these ideas, and he can enjoy life to the full, finding his True Self alike in the contemplation of every element of existence.

23. I am alone: there is no God where I am.

COMMENTARY: This refers to the spiritual experience of Identity. When one realizes one's Truth there is no room for any other conception.

It also means that the God-idea must go with other relics of the Fear born of Ignorance into the limbo of savagery. I speak of the Idea of God as generally understood, God being "something *not ourselves*, that makes for righteousness," as Matthew Arnold victorianatically phrased his definition.¹ The whiskered wowser! Why this ingrained conviction that self is unrighteous?

¹ [Matthew Arnold, *Literature and Dogma: An Essay Towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible* (1896), p. 348; emphasis Crowley's. See also Crowley, *Book 4, Part III*, rev. ed., p. 141.]

It is the heritage of the whip, the brand of the born slave. Incidentally, we cannot allow people who believe in this “God;” they are troglodytes, as dangerous to society as any other thieves and murderers. The Christians to the Lions!

Yet, in the reign of Good Queen Victoria, Matthew Arnold was considered rather hot stuff as an infidel! *Tempora mutantur*, p.d.q.,¹ when a Magus gets on the job.

The quintessence of this verse is (however) its revelation of the nature of Hadit as a self-conscious and individual Being, although impersonal. He is an ultimate, independent, and unique element in Nature, impenetrably aloof. The negative electron seems to be his physical analogue. Each such electron is indistinguishable from any other; yet each is determined diversely by its relations with various positive complementary electrons.

The verse is introduced at this juncture in order to throw light on the passage which follows. It is important to understand Hadit as the “core of every star” when we come to consider the character of those stars, his “friends” or sympathetic ideas grouped about him, who are “hermits”, individualities eternally isolated in reality though they may appear to be lost in their relations with external things.

II:6

II:24

24. Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy; and there shall be in them a joy a million times greater than this. Beware lest any force another, King against King! Love one another with burning hearts; on the low men trample in the fierce lust of your pride, in the day of your wrath.

COMMENTARY: The Christians to the Lions!

A hermit is one who dwells isolated in the desert, exactly as a soul, a star, or an electron in the wilderness of space-time. The

¹ [Lat. “times change” and slang “pretty damn quick.”]

doctrine here put forth is that the initiate cannot be polluted by any particular environment. He accepts and enjoys everything that is proper to his nature. Thus, a man's sexual character is one form of his self-expression; he unites Hadit with Nuit sacramentally when he satisfies his instinct of physical love. Of course, this is only one partial projection; to govern, to fight, and so on, must fulfil other needs. We must not imagine that any form of activity is *ipso facto* incapable of supplying the elements of an Eucharist; *suum cuique*.¹ Observe, however, the constant factor in this enumeration of the practices proper to "hermits": it is ecstatic delight. Let us borrow an analogy from Chemistry. Oxygen has two hands (so to speak) to offer to other elements. But contrast the cordial clasp of hydrogen or phosphorus with the weak reluctant greeting of chlorine! Yet hydrogen and chlorine rush passionately to embrace each other in monogamic madness! There is no "good" or "bad" in the matter; it is the enthusiastic energy of union, as betokened by the disengagement of heat, light, electricity, or music, and the stability of the resulting compound, that sanctifies the act. Note also that the utmost external joy in any phenomenon is surpassed a millionfold by the internal joy of the realization that self-fulfilment in the sensible world is but a symbol of the universal sublimity of the formula "love under will."

The last two sentences demand careful attention. There is an apparent contradiction with verses 59 and 60. We must seek reconciliation in this way: Do not imagine that any King can die (v. 21) or be hurt (v. 59); strife between two Kings can therefore be nothing more than a friendly trial of strength. We are all inevitably allies, even identical in our variety; to "Love one another with burning hearts" is one of our essential qualities.

But who then are the "low men", since "Every man and every woman is a star"? The *casus belli*² is this: there are people who are veiled from themselves so deeply that they resent the bared faces of us others. We are fighting to free them, to make them masters like ourselves. Note verse 60, "to hell with them"; that is,

¹ [Lat., "to each his own."]

² [Lat., "justification of war."]

let us drive them to the “hell” or secret sanctuary within their consciousness. There dwells “the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched”;¹ that is, “the secret serpent coiled about to spring” and “the flame that burns in every heart of man”—Hadit. In other words, we take up arms against falsehood; we cannot help it if that falsehood forces the King it has imprisoned to assent to its edicts, even to believe that his interests are those of his oppressor, and to fear Truth as once Jehovah did the Serpent.

II:26

II:6

25. Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

COMMENTARY: By “the people” is meant that canting, whining, servile breed of whipped dogs which refuses to admit its deity. The mob is always afraid for its bread and butter—when its tyrants let it have any butter—and now and then the bread has 60% substitutes of cattle-fodder.² So, being afraid, it dare not strike. And when the trouble begins, we aristocrats of Freedom, from the castle or the cottage, the tower or the tenement, shall have the slave mob against us. The newspapers will point out to us that “the People” prefer to starve, and thank John D. Rockefeller for the permission to do so.

Still deeper, there is a meaning in this verse applicable to the process of personal initiation. By “the people” we may understand the many-headed and mutable mob which swarms in the slums of our own minds. Most men are almost entirely at the mercy of a mass of loud and violent emotions, without discipline or even organization. They sway with the mood of the moment. They lack purpose, foresight, and intelligence. They are moved by ignorant and irrational instincts, many of which affront the law of self-preservation itself, with suicidal stupidity. The moral Idea which we call “the people” is the natural enemy of good government. He who is “chosen” by Hadit to Kingship must

¹ [Mark 9:44, paraphrase; see also Isaiah 66:24.]

² Beast-food; even *The New York Times* of November 13, 1918 E.V. has it. [This issue announced the end of World War I, giving casualty totals. At the back is a six-line item reporting the massacre of Armenians by the Turks, the first wholesale ethnic genocide of the century.]

consequently be “against the people” if he is to pursue any consistent policy. The massed maggots of “love” devoured Mark Antony as they did Abelard. For this reason the first task of the Aspirant is to disarm all his thoughts, to make himself impregnable above the influence of any one of them; this he may accomplish by the methods given in *Liber Aleph*, “Liber Jugorum,” “Thien Tao,” and elsewhere.¹ Secondly, he must impose absolute silence upon them, as may be done by the “Yoga” practices taught in *Book 4 (Part I)*, “Liber xvi,” etc. He is then ready to analyze them, to organize them, to drill them, and so to take advantage of the properties peculiar to each one by employing its energies in the service of his imperial purpose.

26. I am the secret Serpent coiled about to spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

COMMENTARY: The Magical power is universal. The Free Man directs it as He Will. Leave Him alone, or He will make you sorry you tried to interfere!

There is here a reference to the two main types of the *orgia*² of Magick; I have already dealt with this matter in the Comment.³ Observe that in the “mystic” work, the union takes place spontaneously; in the other, venom is shot forth. This awakes the earth to rapture; not until then does union occur. For, in working on the planes of manifestation, the elements must be consecrated and made “God” by virtue of a definite rite.

27. There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.

COMMENTARY: Humanity errs terribly when it gets “education,” in the sense of ability to read newspapers. Reason is rubbish; race-instinct is the true guide.

¹ [“Thien Tao” appears in *Konx Om Pax* (1907); see Works Cited.]

² [Lat., “secret rites”; Crowley’s usual definition was “works.”]

³ [Possibly the commentary to ch. II, v. 21, beginning on p. 105.]

Experience is the great Teacher; and each one of us possesses millions of years of experience, the very quintessence of it, stored automatically in our subconscious minds. The Intellectuals are worse than the bourgeoisie themselves; *à la lanterne*!¹ Give us Men!

We are so caked with dirt that the germs of disease cannot reach us. If we decide to wash, we must do it well; or we may have awakened some sleeping dogs, and set them on defenseless areas. Initiation stirs up the mud. It creates unstable equilibrium. It exposes our elements to unfamiliar conditions. The France of Louis XVI had to pass through the Terror before Napoleon could teach it to find itself. Similarly, any error in reaching the realization of Hadit may abandon the Aspirant to the ambitions of every frenzied faction of his character, the masterless dogs of the Augean kennel of his mind.

28. Now a curse upon Because and his kin!

COMMENTARY: This is against these Intellectuals aforesaid. There are no “standards of Right.” Ethics is balderdash. Each Star must go on its orbit. To hell with “moral principle”; there is no such thing; that is a herd-delusion, and makes men cattle. Do not listen to the rational explanation of How Right It All Is, in the newspapers.

We may moreover consider “Because” as involving the idea of causality, and therefore of duality. If cause and effect are really inseparable, as they must be by definition, it is mere clumsiness to regard them as separate; they are two aspects of one single idea, conceived as consecutive for the sake of (apparent) convenience, or for the general purpose previously indicated of understanding and expressing ourselves in finite terms.

Shallow indeed is the obvious objection to this passage that *The Book of the Law* itself is full of phrases which imply causality. Nobody denies that causality is a category of the mind, a form or condition of thought which, if not quite a theoretical necessity, is yet inevitable in practice. The very idea of any relation between any two things appears as causal. Even should we declare it to be

¹ [Fr., “to the lamppost (with them),” i.e. hang them.]

casual, our minds would still insist that causality itself was the effect of some cause. Our daily experience hammers home this conviction; and a man's mental excellence seems to be measurable almost entirely in terms of the strength and depth of his appreciation thereof as the soul of the structure of the Universe. It is the spine of Science which has vertebrated human Knowledge above the slimy mollusc whose principle was Faith.

We must not suppose for an instant that *The Book of the Law* is opposed to reason. On the contrary, its own claim to authority rests upon reason, and nothing else. It disdains the arts of the orator. It makes reason the autocrat of the mind. But that very fact emphasizes that the mind should attend to its own business. It should not transgress its limits. It should be a perfect machine, an apparatus for representing the universe accurately and impartially to its master. The Self, its Will, and its Apprehension, should be utterly beyond it. Its individual peculiarities are its imperfections. If we identify ourselves with our thoughts or our bodily instincts, we are evidently pledged to partake of their partiality. We make ourselves items of the interaction of our own illusions.

In the following verses we shall find the practical application of this theorem.

29. May Because be accursèd for ever!

COMMENTARY: Distrust any explanation whatever. Disraeli said: Never ask anyone to dinner who has to be explained. All explanations are intended to cover up lies, injustices, or shames. The Truth is radiantly simple.

30. If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then Will stops & does nought.

COMMENTARY: There is no "reason" why a Star should continue in its orbit. Let her rip! Every time the conscious acts, it interferes with the Subconscious, which is Hadit. It is the voice of man, and not of a God. Any man who "listens to reason" ceases to be revolutionary. The newspapers are Past Masters in the Lodge of Sophistry Number 333. They can always prove to you that it is necessary, and patriotic, and all the rest of it, that you should suffer intolerable wrongs.

The Qabalists represent the mind as a complex of six elements, whereas the Will is single, the direct expression as “The Word” of the Self. The mind must inform the Understanding, which then presents a simple idea to the Will. This issues its orders accordingly for unquestioning execution. If the Will should appeal to the mind, it must confuse itself with incomplete and uncoordinated ideas. The clamour of these cries crowns Anarchy, and action becomes impossible.

31. If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.

COMMENTARY: It is ridiculous to ask a dog why it barks. One must fulfil one’s true Nature; one must do one’s Will. To question this is to destroy confidence, and so to create inhibition. If a woman asks a man who wishes to kiss her why he wants to do so, and he tries to explain, he becomes impotent. His proper course is to choke her into compliance, which is what she wants, anyhow.

Power acts: the nature of the action depends on the information received by the Will; but once the decision is taken, reflection is out of place. Power should indeed be absolutely unconscious. Every athlete is aware that his skill, strength, and endurance depend on forbidding mind to meddle with muscle. Here is a simple experiment. Hold out a weight at arm’s length. If you fix your attention firmly on other matters, you can support the strain many times longer than if you allow yourself to think of what your body is doing.

**32. Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite & unknown;
& all their words are skew-wise.**

COMMENTARY: The “factor infinite & unknown” is the subconscious Will. “On with the revel!” “their words”—the plausible humbug of the newspapers and the churches. Forget it! *Allons! Marchons!*¹

It has been explained at length in a previous note that “reason is a lie” by nature. We may here add certain confirmations suggested by the “factor.” A and a (not-A) together make up the

¹ [Fr., “Let’s go! Let’s march!”]

Universe. As a is evidently "infinite & unknown", its equal and opposite A must be so no less. Again, from any proposition " S is P ," reason deduces " S is not p "; thus the apparent finitude and knowability of S is deceptive, since it is in direct relation with p .

No matter what n may be, $\aleph_0$, the number of the inductive numbers, is unaltered by adding or subtracting it. There are just as many odd numbers as there are numbers altogether. Our knowledge is confined to statements of the relations between certain sets of our own sensory impressions; and we are convinced by our limitations that "a factor infinite & unknown" must be concealed within the sphere of which we see but one minute part of the surface. As to reason itself, what is more certain than that its laws are only the conscious expression of the limits imposed upon us by our animal nature, and that to attribute universal validity, or even significance, to them is a logical folly, the raving of our megalomania? Experiment proves nothing; it is surely obvious that we are obliged to correlate all observations with the physical and mental structure whose truth we are trying to test. Indeed, we can assume an "unreasonable" axiom, and translate the whole of our knowledge into its terms, without fear of stumbling over any obstacle. Reason is no more than a set of rules developed by the race; it takes no account of anything beyond sensory impressions and their reactions to various parts of our being. There is no possible escape from the vicious circle that we can register only the behaviour of our own instrument. We conclude from the fact that it behaves at all, that there must be "a factor infinite & unknown" at work upon it. This being the case, we may be sure that our apparatus is inherently incapable of discovering the truth about anything, even in part.

Let me illustrate. I see a drop of water. Distrusting my eyes, I put it under the microscope. Still in doubt, I photograph and enlarge the slide. I compare my results with those of others. I check them by cultivating the germs in water, and injecting them into paupers. But I have learnt nothing at all about the "infinite & unknown", merely producing all sorts of different impressions according to the conditions in which one observes it!

More yet, all the instruments used have been tested and declared “true” on the evidence of those very eyes, distrust of which drove me to the research.

Modern Science has at last grown out of the very-young-man cocksureness of the 19th century. It is now admitted that axioms themselves depend on definitions, and that Intuitive Certainty is simply one trait of *homo sapiens*, like the ears of the ass or the slime of the slug. That we reason as we do merely proves that we cannot reason otherwise. We cannot move the upper jaw; it does not follow that the idea of motion is ridiculous. The limitation hints rather that there may be an infinite variety of structures which the jaw cannot imagine. The metric system is not the necessary mode of measurement. It is the mark of a mind untrained to take its own processes as valid for all men, and its own judgments for absolute truth. Our two eyes see an object in two aspects, and present to our consciousness a third which agrees with neither, is indeed, strictly speaking, not sensible to sight, but to touch! Our senses declare some things at rest and others in motion; our reason corrects the error, firstly by denying that anything can exist unless it is in motion, secondly by denying that absolute motion possesses any meaning at all.

At the time when this Book was written, official Science angrily scouted¹ the “factor infinite & unknown”, and clung with pathetic faith to the idea that reason was the touchstone of truth. In a single sentence, Aiwaz anticipates the discoveries by which the greatest minds now incarnate have made the last ten years memorable.

33. Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!

COMMENTARY: This is the only way to deal with reason. Reason is like a woman; if you listen, you are lost; with a thick stick, you have some sort of sporting chance. Reason leads the philosopher to self-contradiction, the statesman to doctrinaire follies; it makes the warrior lay down his arms, and the lover

¹ [Rejected, scoffed at.]

cease to rave. What is so unreasonable as man? The only Because in the lover's litany is Because I love you. We want no skeleton syllogisms at our symposium of souls.

Philosophically, "Because" is absurd. There is no answer to the question "Why." The greatest thinkers have been sceptics or agnostics: *omnia exeunt in mysterium*, and *summa scientia nihil scire* are old commonplaces.¹ In my essays "Truth" (in *Konx Om Pax*), "The Soldier and the Hunchback," "Eleusis" and others, I have offered a detailed demonstration of the self-contradictory nature of Reason. The crux of the whole proof may be summarized by saying that any possible proposition must be equally true with its contradictory, as, if not, the universe would no longer be in equilibrium. It is no objection that to accept this is to destroy conventional Logic, for that is exactly what it is intended to do. I may also mention briefly one line of analysis.

I ask "What is (e.g.) a tree?" The dictionary defines this simple idea by means of many complex ideas; obviously one gets in deeper with every stroke one takes. The same applies to any "Why" that may be posed. The one existing mystery disappears as a consequence of innumerable antecedents, each equally mysterious.

To ask questions is thus evidently worse than a waste of time, so far as one is looking for an answer.

There is also the point that any proposition S is P merely includes P in the connotation of S, and is therefore not really a statement of relation between two things, but an amendment of the definition of one of them. "Some cats are black" only means that our idea of a cat involves the liability to appear black, and that blackness is consistent with those sets of impressions which we recognize as characteristic of cats. All ratiocination may be reduced to syllogistic form; hence, the sole effect of the process is to make each term more complex. Reason does not add to our knowledge; a filing system does not increase one's correspondence directly, though by arranging it one gets a better grasp of one's

¹ [*Lat.*, "all things go forth into mystery," and "the highest knowledge is to know nothing."]

business. Thus coordination of our impressions should help us to control them; but to allow reason to rule us is as abject as to expect the exactitude of our ledgers to enable us to dispense with initiative on the one hand and actual transactions on the other.

34. But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!

COMMENTARY: We are not to calculate, to argue, to criticize; these things lead to division of will and to stagnation. They are shackles of our Going. They hamstring our Pegasus. We are to rise up—to Go—to Love—we are to be awake, alert—

Joyous and eager
Our tresses adorning,
O let us beleaguer
The City of Morning!¹

The Secret of Magick is to “enflame oneself in praying.” This is the ready test of a Star, that it whirls flaming through the sky. You cannot mistake it for an Old Maid objecting to Everything. This Universe is a wild revel of atoms, men, and stars, each one a Soul of Light and Mirth, horsed on Eternity.

Observe that we must “rise up” before we “awake!” Aspiration to the Higher is a dream—a wish-fulfilment which remains a phantasm to wheedle us away from seeking reality—unless we follow it up by action. Only then do we become fully aware of ourselves, and enter into right reaction with the world in which we live.

35. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy & beauty!

COMMENTARY: A ritual is not a melancholy formality; it is a Sacrament, a Dance, a Commemoration of the Universe. The Universe is endless rapture, wild and unconfined, a mad passion of speed. Astronomers tell us this of the Great Republic of the Stars; physicists say the same of the Little Republic of Molecules. Shall not the Middle Republic of Men be like unto them? The polite ethicist demurs; his ideal is funereal solemnity. His horizon is

¹ Crowley, *The World's Tragedy* (1910), p. 31, paraphrase; the original poem has “O let us away to / The city of morning!”]

bounded by death; and his spy-glass is smeared with the idea of sin. The New Æon proclaims Man as Immortal God, eternally active to do His Will. All's Joy, all's Beauty; this Will we celebrate.

In this verse we see how the awakening leads to ordered and purposeful action. Joy and Beauty are the evidence that our functions are free and fit; when we take no pleasure, and find nothing to admire, in our work, we are doing it wrong.

36. There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.

37. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!

38. A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.

39. A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet—secret, O Prophet!

40. A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.

41. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death!

COMMENTARY: The feasts of fire and water indicate rejoicings to be made at the puberty of boys and girls respectively.

The feast for life is at a birth; and the feast for death at a death. It is of the utmost importance to make funerals merry, so as to train people to take the proper view of death. The fear of death is one of the great weapons of tyrants, as well as their scourge; and it distorts our whole outlook upon the Universe.

42. A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture!

COMMENTARY: To him who realizes Hadit this text needs little comment. It is wondrous, this joy of awakening every morning to the truth of one's immortal energy and rapture.

43. A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight!

COMMENTARY: To sleep is to return, in a sense, to the Bosom of Nuit. But there is to be a particular Act of Worship of Our Lady, as ye well wot.

44. Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.

COMMENTARY: Do not be afraid of “going the pace.” It is better to wear out than to rust out. You are unconquerable, and of indefatigable energy. Great men find time for everything, shirk nothing, make reputations in half a dozen different lines, have twenty simultaneous love affairs, and live to a green old age. The milksops and valetudinarians never get anywhere; usually they die early; and even if they lived forever, what’s the use?

The body is itself a restriction as well as an instrument. When death is as complete as it should be, the individual expands and fulfils himself in all directions; it is an omniform *samādhi*. This is of course “eternal ecstasy” in the sense already explained. But in the time-world *karma* reconcentrates the elements, and a new incarnation occurs.

45. There is death for the dogs.

COMMENTARY: The prigs, the prudes, the Christians, die in a real sense of the word; for although even they are “Stars,” there is not enough body to them (as it were) to carry on the individuality. There is no basis for the magical memory if one’s incarnation holds nothing worth remembering. Count your years by your wounds—*forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*.¹

In regard to this question of death I quote from *Liber Aleph*.

Z1—DE MORTE
[192—On Death]

Thou hast made Question of me concerning Death, and this is mine Opinion, of which I say not: This is the Truth. First: in the Temple called Man is the God, his Soul, or Star, individual and eternal, but also inherent in the Body of Our Lady Nuit. Now this Soul, as an Officer in the High Mass of the Cosmos, taketh on the Vesture of his Office, that is, inhabiteth a Tabernacle of Illusion, a Body and Mind. And this Tabernacle is subject to the Law of Change, for it is complex, and diffuse, reacting to every Stimulus or Impression. If then

¹ [Lat., from Virgil, *Aeneid* i, 203; in Corington’s translation, “This suffering will yield us yet / A pleasant tale to tell.”]

the Mind be attached constantly to the Body, Death hath not Power to decompose it wholly, but a decaying Shell of the Dead Man, his Mind holding together for a little his Body of Light, haunteth the Earth, seeking (in its Error, that feareth Change) a new Tabernacle in some other Body. These Shells are broken away utterly from the Star that did enlighten them, and they are Vampires, obsessing them that adventure themselves into the Astral World without Magical Protection, or invoke them, as do the Spiritists. For by Death is Man released only from the Gross Body, at the first, and is complete otherwise upon the Astral Plane, as he was in his Life. But this Wholeness suffereth Stress, and its Girders are loosened, the weaker first, and after that the stronger.

ZK—DE ADEPTIS R.C. ESCHATOLOGIA
[193—An Eschatology of the R.C. Adepts]

Consider now in this Light what shall come to the Adept, to him that hath aspired constantly and firmly to his Star, attuning the Mind unto the Musick of its Will. In him, if his Mind be knit perfectly together in itself, and conjoined with the Star, is so strong a Confection that it breaketh away easily not only from the Gross Body, but the Fine. It is this Fine Body which bindeth it to the Astral, as did the Gross to the Material, World; so then it accomplisheth willingly the Sacrament of a Second Death, and leaveth the Body of Light. But the Mind, cleaving closely by Right of its Harmony, and Might of its Love, to its Star, resisteth the Ministers of Disruption, for a Season, according to its Strength. Now, if this Star be of those that are bound by the Great Oath, incarnating without Remission because of Delight in the Cosmic Sacrament, it seeketh a new Vehicle in the Appointed Way, and indwelleth the Fœtus of a Child, and quickeneth it. And if at this Time the Mind of its Former Tabernacle yet cling to it, then is there Continuity of Character, and it may be Memory, between the two Vehicles. This, briefly and without Elaboration, is the Way of Asar in Amennti, according to mine Opinion, of which I say not: This is the Truth.

ZΛ—DE NUPTIIS SUMMIS
[194—On the Supreme Marriage]

Now then to this Doctrine, o my Son, add thou that which thou hast learned in *The Book of the Law*, that Death is the Dissolution in the Kiss of Our Lady Nuit. This is a true

Consonance as of Bass with Treble; for here is the Impulse that setteth us to Magick, the Pain of the Conscious Mind. Having then Wit to find the Cause of this Pain in the Sense of Separation, and its Cessation by the Union of Love, it is the Summit of our Holy Art to present the whole Being of our Star to Our Lady in the Nuptial of our Bodily Death. We are then to make our whole Engine the true and real Appurtenance of our Force, without Leak, or Friction, or any other Waste or Hindrance to its Action. Thou knowest well how an Horse, or even a Machine propelled by a Man's Feet, becometh as it were an Extension of the Rider, through his Skill and Custom. Thus let thy Star have profit of thy Vehicle, assimilating it, and sustaining it, so that it be healed of its Separation, and this even in Life, but most especially in Death. Also thou oughtest to increase thy Vehicle in Mass by true Growth in Balance that thou be a Bridegroom comely and well-favoured, a Man of Might, and a Warrior worthy of the Bed of so divine a Dissolution.

46. Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?

COMMENTARY: This verse brings out what is a fact in psychology, the necessary connection between fear, sorrow, and failure. To will and to dare are closely linked Powers of the Sphinx, and they are based on—to know. If one have a right apprehension of the Universe, if he know himself free, immortal, boundless, infinite force and fire, then may he will and dare. Fear, sorrow, and failure are but phantoms.

47. Where I am these are not.

48. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled & the consoler.

49. I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. Be they damned & dead! Amen. (This is of the 4: there is a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I as a babe in an egg.)

50. Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes; & my spangles are purple & green.

COMMENTARY: There is here suggested the Image of “the Star and the Snake.” II:21

51. Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher than eyesight.

COMMENTARY: There is a certain suggestion in this "purple" as connected with "eyesight", which should reveal a certain identity of Hadit with the Dwarf-Soul to those who possess—eyesight!

52. There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.

COMMENTARY: Mohammed struck at the root of the insane superstition of tabu with his word: "Women are your field; go in unto them as ye will."¹ He only struck half the blow. I say: go in unto them as ye will and they will. Two-thirds of modern misery springs from Woman's sexual dissatisfaction. A dissatisfied woman is a curse to herself and to everybody in her neighbourhood. Women must learn to let themselves enjoy without fear or shame, and both men and women must be trained in the technique of sex. Sex-repression leads to neurosis, and is the cause of social unrest. Ignorance of sexual technique leads to disappointment, even where passion is free and unrestrained. Sex is not everything in life, any more than food is; but until people have got satisfaction of these natural hungers, it is useless to expect them to think of other things. This truth is vital to the statesman, now that women have some direct political power; they will certainly overthrow the Republic unless they obtain full sexual satisfaction. Also, women outnumber men; and one man cannot satisfy a woman unless he be skilful and diligent. The New Æon will have a foundation of Happy Women. A Woman under tabu is loathsome to Life, detested by her fellows, and wretched in herself.

The student should study, in *Liber Aleph* and *Liber 418*, the connection between "modesty" and the attitude of the "Black Brothers."

¹ [Qu'ran 2:223.]

53. Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art emphatically my chosen; and blessed are the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.
54. Nor shall they who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shalt reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters? change them not in style or value!
55. Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find new symbols to attribute them unto.
56. Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.
57. He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.
58. Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

COMMENTARY: Again we learn the permanence of the Nature of a Star. We are not to judge by temporary circumstances, but to penetrate to the True Nature.

It has naturally been objected by economists that our Law, in declaring every man and every woman to be a star, reduces society to its elements, and makes hierarchy or even democracy impossible. The view is superficial. Each star has a function in its galaxy proper to its own nature. Much mischief has come from our ignorance in insisting, on the contrary, that each citizen is fit for any and every social duty. But also our Law teaches that a star often

1:34

veils itself from its nature. Thus the vast bulk of humanity is obsessed by an abject fear of freedom; the principal objections hitherto urged against my Law have been those of people who cannot bear to imagine the horrors which would result if they were free to do their own wills. The sense of sin, shame, self-distrust, this is what makes folk cling to Christianity-slavery. People believe in a medicine just insofar as it is nasty; the metaphysical root of this idea is in sexual degeneracy of the masochistic type. Now "the Law is for all"; but such defectives will refuse it, and serve us who are free with a fidelity the more dog-like as the simplicity of our freedom denotes their abjection.

Even such shallow soapsudmongers as Sir Walter Besant and Mr. James Rice have had an inkling of these ideas. I quote *Ready-Money Mortiboy*, Chapter XXIII:

The big-bearded man stood towering over the children, with his right arm waving them out into the world—where? No matter where: somewhere away: somewhere into the good places of the world—not a boy's heart but was stirred within him: and the brave old English blood rose in them as he spoke, in his deep bass tones, of the worth of a single man in those far-off lands;—an oration destined to bear fruit in after-days, when the lads, who talk yet with bated breath of the speech and the speaker, shall grow to man's estate.

"Dangerous, Dick," said Farmer John. "What should I do with my labourers?"

"Don't be afraid," said Dick. "There are not ten percent have the pluck to go. Let us help them, and you shall keep the rest."

He might have added that the employer would be better off without that percentage of yeast to ferment his infusion of harmless vegetable humans.

No one is better aware than I am that the Labour Problem has to be settled by practical and not ideal considerations, but in this case the ideal considerations happen to be extremely practical. The mistake has been in trying to produce a standard article to supply the labour market; it is an error from the point of view of capital and labour alike. Men should not be taught to read and write unless they exhibit capacity or inclination. Compulsory

education has aided nobody. It has imposed an unwarrantable constraint on the people it was intended to benefit; it has been asinine presumption on the part of the intellectuals to consider a smattering of mental acquirements of universal benefit. It is a form of sectarian bigotry. We should recognize the fact that the vast majority of human beings have no ambition in life beyond mere ease and animal happiness. We should allow these people to fulfil their destinies without interference. We should give every opportunity to the ambitious, and thereby establish a class of morally and intellectually superior men and women. We should have no compunction in utilizing the natural qualities of the bulk of mankind. We do not insist on trying to train sheep to hunt foxes or lecture on history; we look after their physical well being, and enjoy their wool and mutton. In this way we shall have a contented class of slaves who will accept the conditions of existence as they really are, and enjoy life with the quiet wisdom of cattle. It is our duty to see to it that this class of people lack for nothing. The patriarchal system is better for all classes than any other; the objections to it come from the abuses of it. But bad masters have been artificially created by exactly the same blunder as was responsible for the bad servants. It is essential to teach the masters that each one must discover his own will, and do it. There is no reason in nature for cut-throat competition. All this has been explained previously in other connections; here it is only necessary to emphasize the point. It must be clearly understood that every man must find his own happiness in a purely personal way. Our troubles have been caused by the assumption that everybody wanted the same things, and thereby the supply of those things has become artificially limited; even those benefits of which there is an inexhaustible store have been cornered. For example, fresh air and beautiful scenery. In a world where everyone did his own will none would lack these things. In our present society they have become the luxuries of wealth and leisure, yet they are still accessible to anyone who possesses sufficient sense to emancipate himself from the alleged advantages of city life. We have deliberately trained people to wish for things that they do not really want.

It would be easy to elaborate this theme at great length, but I prefer to leave it to be worked out by each reader in the light of his own intelligence. But I wish to call the very particular attention of capitalists and labour leaders to the principles here set forth.

I conclude by quoting a chapter from *Liber Aleph* which bears on the subject.

Αμ.—DE FUNDAMENTIS CIVITATIS

[39—On the Foundations of the State]

Say not, o my Son, that in this Argument I have set Limits to individual Freedom. For each Man in this State which I purpose is fulfilling his own True Will by his eager Acquiescence in the Order necessary to the Welfare of all, and therefore of himself also. But see thou well to it that thou set high the Standard of Satisfaction, and that to every one be a Surplus of Leisure and of Energy, so that, his Will of Self-preservation being fulfilled by the Performance of his Function in the State, he may devote the Remainder of his Powers to the Satisfaction of the other Parts of his Will. And because the People are oft-times unlearned, not understanding Pleasure, let them be instructed in the Art of Life: to prepare Food palatable and wholesome, each to his own Taste, to make Clothes according to Fancy, with Variety of Individuality, and to practice the manifold Crafts of Love. These Things being first secured, thou mayst afterward lead them into the Heavens of Poesy and Tale, of Music, Painting, and Sculpture, and into the Lore of the Mind itself, with its insatiable Joy of all Knowledge. Thence let them soar!

59. Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.

COMMENTARY: We must abolish the shadows by the Radiant Light of the Sun. Real things are only thrown into brighter glory by His effulgence. We need have no fear then to throw the Christians to the Lions. If there be indeed True Men among them, who happen through defect of education to know no better, they will reincarnate all right, and no harm done.

This passage may perhaps be interpreted in a sense slightly different from that assumed in the above paragraph. We should indeed love all—is not the Law “love under will”? By this I mean that we should make proper contact with all, for love means union; and the proper condition of union is determined by will. Consider the right attitude to adopt in the matter of cholera. One should love it, that is, study it intimately; not otherwise can one be sure of maintaining the right relation with it, which is, not to allow it to interfere with one’s will to live. (And almost everything that is true of Cholera is true of Christians.)¹ I:57

60. Therefore strike hard & low, and to hell with them, master!

COMMENTARY: The Christians to the Lions!

An. XVII, ☉ in ♀ [Sept.–Oct. 1921 E.V.]. I am reminded of Samuel Butler’s observation that the apotheosis of love is to devour the beloved.² Indeed, one cannot say that one has perfectly attained to love or hate until the object of that passion is assimilated. The word “hell” is significant in this connection. One must never be so careless as to let oneself think that even “the style of a letter” (how much less a phrase!) in this Book is casual. I:54 The expression “to hell with them” is not merely an outburst of colloquial enthusiasm. The word “hell”, that and no other, serves the purpose of the speaker. This would naturally be suggested to us, in any case, by the reflection that our Law does not indulge in the frothings of impotent fury, like the priestly frauds of Moses, the *rishis*, and Buddha, in the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of the Galilean fishwife. Our Law knows nothing of punishment beyond that imposed by ignorance and awkwardness on their possessor. The word “hell” must therefore be explained in terms neither of virile vulgarity, or theological blackmail.

¹ [See Crowley’s discussion of verses 59–60 in his commentary to ch. II, v. 24, p. 114.]

² [Possibly the poem “Marriage” by Samuel Butler (the elder, 1613–1680).]

61. There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet, a light undesired, most desirable.
62. I am uplifted in thine heart; and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.

COMMENTARY: "uplifted in thine heart":—compare "The Book of the Heart Girt with a Serpent."¹

63. Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.

COMMENTARY: This verse conceals a certain Magical Formula of the loftiest initiation. It refers to a method of using the breath, in connection with the appropriate series of ideas, which is perhaps not to be taught directly. But it may be learnt by those who have attained the necessary degree of magical technique, suggested automatically to them by Nature herself, just as newly-hatched chickens pick up corn without instruction.

64. Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee: hail! hail: prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! now come in our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate peace, & write sweet words for the Kings!

COMMENTARY: "the Kings" are evidently those men who are capable of understanding Themselves. This is a consecration of The Beast to the task of putting forth The Law.

"thou art overcome". The conscious resisted desperately, and died in the last ditch.

65. I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.

COMMENTARY: It is curious that this verse should be numbered 65, suggesting L.V.X. and Adonai, the Holy Guardian Angel. It seems then that He is Hadit. I have never liked the term

¹ ["Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente sub figura LXV."] See *Equinox* III(1) [1919], and *The Holy Books of Thelema* (*Equinox* III(9)) (1983).]

“Higher Self”; True Self is more the idea. For each Star is the husk of Hadit, unique and conqueror, sublime in His own virtue, independent of hierarchy. There is an external hierarchy, of course, but that is only a matter of convenience.

66. Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, & be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart & rejoice! We are one; we are none.

COMMENTARY: The first part of this text appears to be a digression in the nature of a prophecy. The word “Come!” is a summons to reenter the full Trance. Its essence is declared in the last six words. Notice that the transition from one to none is instantaneous.

67. Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture; fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!

COMMENTARY: The instructions in the text of this and the next verse were actual indications as to how to behave, so as to get the full effect of the Trance.

This too is a general Magical Formula, convenient even in the Work of the physical image of the Godhead.

It is of the utmost importance to resist the temptation to let oneself be carried away into trance. One should summon one’s reserve forces to react against the tendency to lose normal consciousness. More and more of one’s being is gradually drawn into the struggle, and one only yields at the last moment. (It needs practice and courage to get the best results.) I quote from *The Holy Books*:

33. Fall not into death, O my soul! Think that death is the bed into which you are falling!¹



¹ “Liber VII,” I:33.

38. Thou hast brought me into great delight.
Thou hast given me of Thy flesh to eat and of
Thy blood for an offering of intoxication.
39. Thou hast fastened the fangs of Eternity in
my soul, and the Poison of the Infinite hath
consumed me utterly.
40. I am become like a luscious devil of Italy; a
fair strong woman with worn cheeks, eaten
out with hunger for kisses. She hath played
the harlot in divers palaces; she hath given
her body to the beasts.
41. She hath slain her kinsfolk with strong
venom of toads; she hath been scourged with
many rods.
42. She hath been broken in pieces upon the
Wheel; the hands of the hangman have
bound her unto it.
43. The fountains of water have been loosed
upon her; she hath struggled with exceeding
torment.
44. She hath burst in sunder with the weight of
the waters; she hath sunk into the awful Sea.
45. So am I, O Adonai, my lord, and such are the
waters of Thine intolerable Essence.
46. So am I, O Adonai, my beloved, and Thou
hast burst me utterly in sunder.
47. I am shed out like spilt blood upon the
mountains; the Ravens of Dispersion have
borne me utterly away.
48. Therefore is the seal unloosed, that guarded
the Eighth abyss; therefore is the vast sea as a
veil; therefore is there a rending asunder of
all things.¹



64. Intoxicate the inmost, O my lover, not the
outermost!²

**68. Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so
deep—die!**

¹ "Liber LXV," III:38-48.

² "Liber LXV," I:64.

69. Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word exhausted?

70. There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!

COMMENTARY: It is absurd to suppose that “to indulge the passions” is necessarily a reversion or degeneration. On the contrary, all human progress has depended on such indulgence. Every art and science is intended to gratify some fundamental need of nature. What is the ultimate use of the telephone and all the other inventions on which we pride ourselves? Only to sustain life, or to protect or reproduce it; or to subserve Knowledge and other forms of Pleasure.

On the other hand, the passions must be understood properly as what they are, nothing in themselves, but the diverse forms of expression employed by the Will. One must preserve discipline. A passion cannot be good or bad, too weak or too strong, etc., by an arbitrary standard. Its virtue consists solely in its conformity with the plan of the Commander-in-Chief. Its initiative and *élan*¹ are limited by the requirements of his strategy. For instance, modesty may well cooperate with ambition; but also it may thwart it. This verse counsels us to train our passions to the highest degree of efficiency. Each is to acquire the utmost strength and intelligence; but all are equally to contribute their quota towards the success of the campaign.

It is nonsense to bring a verdict of “Guilty” or “Not Guilty” against a prisoner without reference to the Law under which he is living. The end justifies the means; if the Jesuits do not assert this, I do. There is obviously a limit, where “the means” in any case are such that their use blasphemes “the end”: e.g., to murder one’s rich aunt affirms the right of one’s poor nephew to repeat the trick, and so to go against one’s own Will-to-live, which lies deeper in one’s being than the mere Will-to-inherit. The judge in each case is not ideal morality, but inherent logic.

¹ [*Fr.*, “impetuosity, ardor.”]

This then being understood, that we cannot call any given passion good or bad absolutely, any more than we can call Knight to King's Fifth a good or bad move in chess without study of the position, we may see more clearly what this verse implies. There is here a general instruction to refine Pleasure, not by excluding its gross elements, but by emphasizing all elements in equilibrated development. Thus one is to combine the joys of Messalina with those of Saint Teresa and Isolde in one single act. One's rapture is to include those of Blake, Petrarch, Shelley, and Catullus. *Liber Aleph* has detailed instruction on numerous points involved in these questions.

Why "eight and ninety rules of art"? I am totally unable to suggest a reason satisfactory to myself; but 90 is *tzaddi*, "The Emperor," and 8, *cheth*, "The Charioteer" or Cup-Bearer; the phrase might then conceivably mean "with majesty." Alternatively, $98 = 2 \times 49$; now Two is the number of the Will, and Seven of the passive senses. 98 might then mean the full expansion of the senses (7×7) balanced against each other, and controlled firmly by the Will.

"exceed by delicacy": this does not mean, by refraining from so-called animalism. One should make every act a sacrament, full of divinest ecstasy and nourishment. There is no act which true delicacy cannot consecrate. It is one thing to be like a sow, unconscious of the mire, and unable to discriminate between sweet food and sour; another to take the filth firmly and force oneself to discover the purity therein, initiating even the body to overcome its natural repulsion and partake with the soul at this Eucharist. We "believe in the Miracle of the Mass" not only because meat and drink are actually "transmuted in us daily into spiritual substance," but because we can make the "Body and Blood of God" from any materials soever by Virtue of our Royal and Pontifical Art of Magick.¹

¹ [The quotations are from "Liber XV," the O.T.O. Gnostic Mass. See Works Cited.]

Now when Brillat-Savarin¹ (was it not?) served to the King's table a pair of old kid gloves, and pleased the princely palate, he certainly proved himself a Master-Cook. The feat is not one to be repeated constantly, but one should achieve it at least once—that it may bear witness to oneself that the skill is there. One might even find it advisable to practice it occasionally, to retain one's confidence that one's "right hand hath not lost its cunning."² On this point hear furthermore our *Holy Books*:

45. Go thou unto the outermost places and subdue all things.
46. Subdue thy fear and thy disgust. Then—yield!³



7. Moreover I beheld a vision of a river. There was a little boat thereon; and in it under purple sails was a golden woman, an image of Asi wrought in finest gold. Also the river was of blood, and the boat of shining steel. Then I loved her; and, loosing my girdle, cast myself into the stream.
8. I gathered myself into the little boat, and for many days and nights did I love her, burning beautiful incense before her.
9. Yea! I gave her of the flower of my youth.
10. But she stirred not; only by my kisses I defiled her so that she turned to blackness before me.
11. Yet I worshipped her, and gave her of the flower of my youth.
12. Also it came to pass, that thereby she sickened, and corrupted before me. Almost I cast myself into the stream.
13. Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk of the stars, and her lips

¹ [Anthelme Brillat-Savarin (1755–1826), author of *La physiologie du goût* (1825).]

² [See Psalms 137:5.]

³ "Liber LXV," I:45–46.

red and warm as the sunset, and her life of a white heat like the heat of the midmost sun.

14. Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad.
15. The river also became the river of Amrit, and the little boat was the chariot of the flesh, and the sails thereof the blood of the heart that beareth me, that beareth me.¹

We therefore train our adepts to make the Gold Philosophical from the dung of witches, and the Elixir of Life from Hippomanes;² but we do not advocate ostentatious addiction to these operations. It is good to know that one is man enough to spend a month or so at a height of twenty thousand feet or more above the sea-level; but it would be unpardonably foolish to live there permanently.

This illustrates one case of a general principle. We consider the Attainment of various Illuminations, incomparably glorious as that is, of chief value for its witness to our possession of the faculty which made success possible. To have climbed alone to the summit of Iztaccihuatl³ is great and grand; but the essence of one's joy is that one possesses the courage, knowledge, agility, endurance, and self-mastery necessary to have done it.

The Goal is ineffably worth all our pains, as we say to ourselves at first; but in a little while are aware that even that Goal is less intoxicating than the Way itself.

We find that it matters little whither we go; the Going itself is our gladness. I quote in this connection "Liber LXV," II:17-25, one of several similar passages in *Our Holy Books*.

17. Also the Holy One came upon me, and I beheld a white swan floating in the blue.

¹ "Liber LXV," II:7-15.

² [Hippomanes in classical Greece (*Grk.*, ἵππομανές) had two forms, both reputed aphrodisiacs: a black caul found on the forehead of newborn foals and (as Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lexicon* puts it) "a mucous humor that runs from mares a-horsing." Hippomenes is Atalanta's pursuing lover in Michael Maier's *Atalanta Fugiens* (1617).]

³ [An extinct volcano near Mexico City that Crowley climbed in 1901.]

18. Between its wings I sate, and the æons fled away.
19. Then the swan flew and dived and soared, yet no whither we went.
20. A little crazy boy that rode with me spake unto the swan, and said:
21. Who art thou that dost float and fly and dive and soar in the inane? Behold, these many æons have passed; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?
22. And laughing I chid him, saying: No whence! No whither!
23. The swan being silent, he answered: Then, if with no goal, why this eternal journey?
24. And I laid my head against the Head of the Swan, and laughed, saying: Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging? Is there not weariness and impatience for who would attain to some goal?
25. And the swan was ever silent. Ah! but we floated in the infinite Abyss. Joy! Joy!
 White swan, bear thou ever me up
 between thy wings!

“be strong!” We need healthy robust bodies as the mechanical instruments of our souls. Could Paganini have expressed himself on the “fiddle for eighteen pence” that someone once bought when he was “young and had no sense?” Each of us is Hadit, the core of our Khabs, our Star, one of the Company of Heaven; but this Khabs needs a Khu or Magical Image, in order to play its part in the Great Drama. This Khu, again, needs the proper costume, a suitable “body of flesh,” and this costume must be worthy of the Play.

We therefore employ various magical means to increase the vigour of our bodies and the energy of our minds, to fortify and to sublime them.

The result is that we of Thelema are capable of enormously more achievement than others, even in terrestrial matters, from sexual *orgia* to creative Art. Even if we had only this one earth-life to consider, we exceed our fellows some thirtyfold, some sixtyfold, some an hundredfold.

One most important point, in conclusion. We must doubtless admit that each one of us is lacking in one capacity or another. There must always be some among the infinite possibilities of Nuit which possess no correlative points of contact in any given Khu. For example, the Khu of a male body cannot fulfil itself in the quality of motherhood. Any such lacuna must be accepted as a necessary limit, without regret or vain yearnings for the impossible. But we should beware lest prejudice or other personal passion exclude any type of self-realization which is properly ours. In our initiation the tests must be thorough and exhaustive. The neglect to develop even a single power can only result in deformity. However slight this might seem, it might lead to fatal consequences; the ancient adepts taught that by the parable of the heel of Achilles. It is essential for the Aspirant to make a systematic study of every possible passion, icily aloof from all alike, and setting their armies in array beneath the banner of his Will after he has perfectly gauged the capacity of each unit, and assured himself of its loyalty, discipline, courage, and efficiency. But woe unto him who leaves a gap in his line, or one arm unprepared to do its whole duty in the position proper to its peculiar potentialities!

71. But exceed! exceed!

COMMENTARY: "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." "You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough." So wrote William O'Neill.¹

Progress, as its very etymology declares, means A Step Ahead. It is the Genius, the Eccentric, the Man Who Goes One Better than his fellows, that is the Saviour of the Race. And while it is unwise possibly (in some senses) to exceed in certain respects, we may be sure that he who exceeds in no respect is a mediocrity.

The key of Evolution is Right Variation.

Excess is evidence at least of capacity in the quality at issue. The golf teacher growls tirelessly: "Putt for the back of the hole!

¹ [William Blake (1757-1827), "Proverbs of Hell," *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (c. 1790-93). A theory was current in Crowley's time that Blake was an Irishman of the O'Neill family.]

Never up, never in!” The application is universal. Far from me be it to deny that excess is too often disastrous. The athlete who dies in his early prime is the skeleton at every Boat Supper. But in such cases the excess is almost always due to the desire to excel other men, instead of referring the matter to the only competent judge, the true Will of the body. I myself used to “go all out” on mountains; I hold more World’s Records of various kinds than I can reckon—for pace, skill, daring, and endurance. But I never worried about whether other people could beat me. For this reason my excesses, instead of causing damage to health and danger to life, turned me from a delicate boy, too frail for football, doomed by my doctors to die in my teens, into a robust ruffian who throve on every kind of hardship and exposure.

On the contrary, every department of life in which, from distaste or laziness, I did not “exceed”, is constantly crippling me in one way or another—and I recognize with savage remorse that the weakness which I could have corrected so easily in my twenties is in my forties an incurably chronic complaint.

72. Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine—and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous!—death is the crown of all.

COMMENTARY: This striving is to be strenuous. We are not to set our lives at a pin’s fee. “Unhand me, gentlemen.... I’ll make a ghost of him that lets me!”¹ Death is the End that crowns the Work.

Evolution works by variation. When an animal develops one part of itself beyond the others, it infringes the norm of its type. At first this effort is made at the expense of other efforts, and it seems as if, the general balance being upset, the Nature were in danger. (It must obviously appear so to the casual observer—who probably reproaches and persecutes the experimenter.) But when this variation is intended to meet some new, or even foreseen, change in environment, and is paid for by some surplus part, or some part now superfluous, although once useful to meet a quality of the environment which no longer menaces the individual, the adaptation is biologically profitable.

¹ [*Hamlet* i, 4.]

Obviously, the whole idea of exercise, mental or bodily, is to develop the involved organs in a manner physiologically and psychologically proper.

It is deleterious to force any faculty to live by an alien law. When parents insist on a boy adopting a profession which he loathes, because they themselves fancy it; when Florence Nightingale fought to open hospital windows in India at night; then the Ideal mutilates and murders.

III:60

Every organ has "no law beyond Do what thou wilt." Its law is determined by the history of its development, and by its present relations with its fellow-citizens. We do not fortify our lungs and our limbs by identical methods, or aim at the same tokens of success in training the throat of the tenor and the fingers of the fiddler. But all laws are alike in this: they agree that power and tone come from persistently practicing the proper exercise without overstraining. When a faculty is freely fulfilling its function, it will grow; the test is its willingness to "Strive ever to more"; it justifies itself by being "ever joyous". It follows that "death is the crown of all." For a life which has fulfilled all its possibilities ceases to have a purpose; death is its diploma, so to speak; it is ready to apply itself to the new conditions of a larger life. Just so a schoolboy who has mastered his work, dies to school, reincarnates in cap and gown, triumphs in the Tripos, dies to the cloisters, and is reborn to the world.

Note that the Atu "Death" in the Tarot refers to Scorpio. This sign is threefold: the Scorpion that kills itself with its own poison, when its environment (the ring of fire) becomes intolerable; the Serpent that renews itself by shedding its skin, that is crowned and hooded, that moves by undulations like Light, and gives man Wisdom at the price of Toil, Suffering, and Mortality; and the Eagle that soars, its lidless eyes bent boldly upon the Sun. "Death" is, to the initiate, an inn by the wayside; it marks a stage accomplished; it offers refreshment, repose, and advice as to his plans for the morrow.

I:57

But in this verse the main point is that death is the "crown" of all. The crown is Kether, the Unity; "love under will" having been applied to all Nuit-possibilities of all Khu-energies of any Hadit-central-Star, that Star has exhausted itself perfectly, completed

one stage of its course. It is therefore crowned by death; and, being wholly itself, lives again by attracting its equal and opposite Counterpart, with whom "love under will" is the fulfilment of the Law, in a sublimer sphere.

But there are no rules until one finds them: a man leaving Ireland for the Sahara does well to discard such "indispensable" and "proper" things as a waterproof and a blackthorn for a turban and a dagger.

The "moral" man is living by the no-reason of Laws, and that is stupid and inadequate even when the Laws still hold good; for he is a mere mechanism, resourceless should any danger that is not already provided for in his original design chance to arise. Respect for routine is the mark of the second-rate man.

The "immoral" man, defying convention by shouting aloud in church, may indeed be "brawling"; but equally he may be a sensitive who has felt the first tremor of an earthquake.

We of Thelema encourage every possible variation; we welcome every new "sport"; its success or failure is our sole test of its value. We let the hen's queer hatching take to water, and laugh at her alarms; and we protect the "ugly duckling," knowing that Time will tell us whether it be a cygnet.

Herbert Spencer,¹ inexorably condemning the Unfit to the gallows, only echoed the High Priest who protected Paul from the Pharisees. Sound biology and sound theology are for once at one!

The question of the limits of individual Liberty is fully discussed in *Liber CXI (Aleph)*, to which we refer the student. The following chapters will give a general idea of the main principles.

AK—DE VI PER DISCIPLINAM COLENDAM
[37—On Cultivating Strength through Discipline]

Consider the Bond of a cold Climate, how it maketh Man a Slave: he must have Shelter and Food with fierce Toil. Yet thereby he becometh strong against the Elements, and his moral Force waxeth, so that he is Master of such Men as live in Lands of Sun where bodily Needs are satisfied without Struggle.

¹ [Herbert Spencer (1820–1903), British philosopher, whose works on psychology, biology, sociology and ethics influenced Crowley.]

Consider also him that willeth to excel in Speed or in Battle, how he denieth himself the Food he craveth, and all Pleasures natural to him, putting himself under the harsh Order of a Trainer. So by this Bondage he hath, at the last, his Will.

Now then the one by natural, and the other by voluntary, Restriction have come each to a greater Liberty. This is also a general Law of Biology, for all Development is Structuralization; that is, a Limitation and Specialization of an originally indeterminate Protoplasm, which latter may therefore be called free, in the Definition of a Pedant.

AA—DE ORDINE RERUM

[38—On the Ordering of Things]

In the Body every Cell is subordinated to the general physiological Control, and we who will that Control do not ask whether each individual Unit of that Structure be consciously happy. But we do care that each shall fulfil its Function, and the Failure of even a few Cells, or their Revolt, may involve the Death of the whole Organism. Yet even here the Complaint of a few, which we call Pain, is a Warning of general Danger. Many Cells fulfil their Destiny by swift Death, and this being their Function, they in no wise resent it. Should Hæmoglobin resist the Attack of Oxygen, the Body would perish, and the Hæmoglobin would not thereby save itself. Now, o my Son, do then consider deeply of these Things in thine Ordering of the World under the Law of Thelema. For every Individual in the State must be perfect in his own Function, with Contentment, respecting his own Task as necessary and holy, not envious of another's. For so only mayst thou build up a Free State, whose directing Will shall be singly directed to the Welfare of all.

We of Thelema think it vitally aright to let a man take opium. He may destroy his physical vehicle thereby, but he may produce another *Kubla Khan*.¹ It is his own responsibility. Also we know well that "If he be a King" it will not hurt him—in the end. We trust Nature to protect, and Wisdom to be justified of, their children. It is superficial to object that a man should be prevented from ruining and killing himself, for his own sake or for that of

¹ [A poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), conceived while intoxicated on opium. See Works Cited.]

“those dependent on him.” One who is unfit to survive ought to be allowed to die. We want only those who can conquer themselves and their environment. As for “those dependent on him,” it is one of our chief objects to abolish the very idea of dependence on others. Women with child, and infants, are not exceptions, as might seem. They are doing their will, the one class to reproduce, the other to live; the state should consider their welfare to be its first duty; for if they are for the moment dependent on it, it is also dependent on them. A man might as well cut out his heart because it was weak, and in need of cautious care. But he would be no less foolish if he tried to prevent the used-up elements from eliminating themselves from his body. We respect the Will-to-Live; we should respect the Will-to-Die. The race is auto-intoxicated by suppressing the excretory processes of Nature.

Each case must of course be judged on its merits. His neighbours do well to assist one who is weak by accident or misfortune, if he wishes to recover. But it is a crime against the state and against the individuals in question to hinder the gambler, the drunkard, the voluptuary, the congenital defective, from drifting to death, unless they prove by their own dogged determination to master their circumstances, that they are fit to pull their weight in the Noah's Ark of mankind.

73. Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.

COMMENTARY: There is a connection between Death, Sleep and Our Lady Nuit. (This is worked out, on profane lines, by Dr. Sigmund Freud, and his school, especially by Jung, *Psychology of the Unconscious*,¹ which the reader should consult.) The fatigue of the day's toil creates the toxins whose accumulation is the “Will to Die.” All mystic attainment is of this type, as all Magick is of the “Will to Live.” At times we all want *nibbana*, to withdraw into the Silence, and so on. The Art of it is to dip deeply into “Death,” but to emerge immediately, a giant refreshed. This plan

¹ [Crowley read C. G. Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* on its first appearance in English (1916). Jung's later revision is entitled *Symbols of Transformation*; see Works Cited.]

is also possible on the larger scale, all Life being Magick, all Death Mysticism.

1:44

Then why is Death "forbidden"? All things are surely lawful. But we must work without "lust of result," taking everything as it comes without desire indeed, but with all manner of delight! Let thy Love-Madrigal to Death, thy Mother-Mistress, ripple and swell throughout the years, with all the Starry Heaven for thine Orchestra; but do not imagine that to attain Her is the sole satisfaction. It is the yearning itself that is Beatitude.

It may seem that in this verse the word "Death" is used in a sense somewhat other than that explained in the previous note. It is forbidden, observe, to "man." That is, then, the formula must not be used by one who is still an imperfect being. Our definition is surely confirmed by this phrase rather than denied, or even modified. To long for death is to aspire to the complete fulfilment of all one's potentialities. And it would evidently be an error to insist upon passing on to one's next life while there were hawsers unhitched from this one. The mere inexplicability of the various jerks would make for bewilderment, irritation, and clumsiness.

For this reason, alone, it is all-important to ascertain one's true Will, and to work out every detail of the work of doing it, as early in life as one can. One is apt (at the best) to define one's will dogmatically, and to devote one's life almost puritanically to the task, sternly suppressing all side-issues, and calling this course Concentration. This is error, and perilous. For one cannot be sure that a faculty which seems (on the surface) useless, even hostile, to one's work, may not in course of time become one of vital value. If it be atrophied—alas! Its suppression may moreover have poisoned one's whole system, as a breast debarred from its natural use is prone to cancer. At best, it may be too late to repair the mischief; the lost opportunity may be a life-long remorse.

The one way of safety lies in applying the Law of Thelema with the utmost rigour. Every impulse, however feeble, is necessary to the stability of the whole structure; the tiniest flaw may cause the cannon to burst. Every impulse, however opposite to the main motive, is part of the plan; the rifling does not thwart the purpose of the barrel. One should therefore acquiesce in every

element of one's nature, and develop it as its own laws demand, with absolute impartiality. One need not fear; there is a natural limit to the growth of any species; it either finds food fail, or is choked by its neighbours, or overgrows itself, and is transformed. Nor need one fret about the harmony and proportion of one's various faculties; the fit will survive, and the perfection of the whole will be understood as soon as the parts have found themselves, and settled down after fighting the matter out in the balanced stability which represents their right reaction to each other, and to their environment. It is thus policy for an Aspirant to initiation to analyze himself with indefatigable energy, shrewd skill, and accurate subtlety; but then to content himself with observing the interplay of his instincts, instead of guiding them. Not until he is familiar with them all should he perform the practices which enable him to read the Word of his Will. And then, having assumed conscious control of himself, that he may do his Will, he should make a point of using every faculty in a detached way (just as one inspects one's pistols and fires a few rounds) without expecting ever to need them again, but on the general principle that if they were wanted, one might as well feel confident of the issue.

This theory of initiation is so important to every aspirant that I shall illustrate how my own ignorance bred error, and error injury. My Will was, I now know, to be The Beast, 666, a Magus, the Word of the Æon, Thelema; to proclaim this new Law to mankind.

My passion for personal freedom, my superiority to sexual impulses, my resolve to master physical fear and weakness, my contempt for other people's opinions, my poetic genius: I indulged all these to the full. None of them carried me too far, ousted the others, or injured my general well-being. On the contrary, each automatically reached its natural limit, and each has been incalculably useful to me in doing my Will when I became aware of it, able to organize its armies, and to direct them intelligently against the inertia of ignorance.

But I suppressed certain impulses in myself. I abandoned my ambitions to be a diplomatist. I checked my ardour for Science.

I trampled upon my prudence in financial matters. I mortified my fastidiousness about caste. I masked my shyness in bravado, and tried to kill it by ostentatious eccentricity. This last mistake came from sheer panic; but all the rest were quite deliberate sacrifices on the altar of my God Magick.

They were all accepted, as it then seemed. I attained all my ambitions; yea, and more also. But I know now that I should not have forced my growth, and deformed my destiny. To nail geese to boards and stuff them makes *foie gras*, very true; but it does not improve the geese. It may be said that I strengthened my moral character by these sacrifices, and that I was indeed compelled to act as I did. The mad elephant Wantobemagus pulled over the team of oxen? We may put it like that, certainly; but still I feel that it might have been better had he not been mad. For, today, if I were an Ambassador, versed profoundly in Science, financially armed and socially stainless, I should be able to execute my Will by pressure upon all classes of powerful people, to make this comment carry conviction to thinkers, and to publish *The Book of the Law* in every part of the world. Instead, I am exiled and suspected, despised by men of science, ostracized by my class, and a beggar. If I were in my teens again! I cannot change my mind about which ridge I'll climb the mountain by, now when I see, above these ice-glazed pinnacles storm-swept, through gashes torn from whirling wreaths of arrowy sleet, the cloud-surpassing summit, not far, not very far.

I regret nothing, be sure! I may be even in error to argue that an evident distortion of nature, and its issue in disaster, are proof of imprudence. Perhaps the other road would not have taken me to Cairo, to the climax of my life, to my true Will fulfilled in Aiwaz and made Word in this Book. Perhaps it is lingering "lust of result" that whispers hideous lies to daunt me, that urges these plausible arguments to accuse me. It may be that my present extremity is the very condition required for the fulfilment of my Work.¹ Who shall say what is power, what impotence? Who shall

¹ An. XXI, ☉ in ☽ [June-July 1925 E.V.]. It is now evident that this was the case.

be bold to measure the Morrow, or declare what causes conjoin to bring forth an Effect that no man knoweth?

Was not Lao-tzu thrust forth from his city? Did not Buddha go begging in rags? Did not Mohammed flee for his life into exile? Was not Bacchus the scandal and the scorn of men? Than Joseph Smith¹ had any man less learning? Yet each of these attained to do his Will; each cried his Word, that all the Earth yet echoes it! And each was able to accomplish this by virtue of that very circumstance which seems so cruel. Shall I, who am armed with all their weapons at once, complain that I must go into the fight unfurnished?

**74. The length of thy longing shall be the strength of its glory.
He that lives long & desires death much is ever the King
among the Kings.**

COMMENTARY: One does not need to be constantly popping in and out of Trance. One ought to do both actions with ever-increasing length and strength of swing. Hence one's life-periods, where time counts, become gradually larger and more vivid, and one's death-periods, though very short, perhaps, may be unfathomably intense.

The whole question of Time has been thoroughly investigated already.² The present remarks refer only to the conditions of "normal" consciousness, into which we throw ourselves at recurring intervals. The doctrine here stated should be studied in the light of previous remarks; verses 61 to 74 inclusive form a coherent passage: notice the words "death" in verses 63 and 66 and "die" in verse 68. There is evidently an intention to identify the Climax of Love with that of Life. It is then not unnatural for us to ask: Can "Death" have some deeper significance than appears? Scorpio, the Zodiacal Sign of Death, is really the Sexual or Reproductive function of Nature. It is the Earth-transcending Eagle, the

¹ [Joseph Smith (1805–1844), Mormon prophet who produced *The Book of Mormon* (1830); Crowley admired his accomplishments.]

² In previous notes. See also the essay "Time": Crowley, *Collected Works*, Vol. II, pp. 267–82.

self-restoring Serpent, and the self-immolating Scorpion. In alchemy it is the principle of Putrefaction, the "Black Dragon," whose state of apparent corruption is but a prelude to the Rainbow-coloured Spring-tide of the Man in Motley. The nymph of Spring, Syrinx, the trembling hollow reed which needs but Breath to fill the world with Music, attracts Pan, the Goat-God of Ecstatic Lust, by whose Work the glory of Summer is established anew.

It is obvious that "The length of thy longing" varies with the number of potentialities to be satisfied. In other words, the more complex the Khu of the Star, the greater the man, and the keener his sense of his own imperfections of the scope of his work, and of his need to achieve it.

75. Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:

76. 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y X 24 89 R P S T O V
A L. What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it. But remember, o chosen one, to be me; to follow the love of Nu in the star-lit heaven; to look forth upon men, to tell them this glad word.

77. O be thou proud and mighty among men!

COMMENTARY: Pride is the quality of Sol, Tiphareth; Might of Mars, Geburah. Now Leo—my rising sign—combines these ideas, as does Ra-Hoor-Khuit. The Christian ideas of humility and weakness as "virtues" are natural to slaves, cowards, and defectives.

The type of tailless simian who finds himself a mere forked radish in a universe of giants clamouring for *hors d'œuvres* must take refuge from Reality in Freudian phantasies of "God." He winces at the touch of Truth; and shivers at his nakedness in Nature.

He therefore invents a cult of fear and shame, and makes it presumption and blasphemy to possess courage and self-respect. He burrows in the slime of "Reverence and godly fear," and makes himself houses of his own excrement, like the earthworm

he is. He shams dead, like other vile insects, at the approach of danger; he tries to escape notice by assuming the colour and form of his surroundings, using “protective mimicry” like certain other invertebrates.

He exudes stink or ink like the skunk or the cuttle-fish, calling the one Morality and the other Decency. He is slippery with Hypocrisy, like a slug; and, labelling the totality of his defects Perfection, defines God as Fæces so that he may flatter himself with the epithet divine. The whole manœuvre is described as Religion.

78. Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto thee among men
or among Gods! Lift up thyself, o my prophet, thy stature
shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name,
foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of the man; and
the name of thy house 418.
79. The end of the hiding of Hadit; and blessing & worship to
the prophet of the lovely Star!

COMMENTARY: So mote it be!

The Third Chapter

1. Abrahadabra; the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.
2. There is division hither homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!
3. Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.

COMMENTARY: The God of Vengeance is in Greek Ὀ ΑΛΑΣΤΟΡ, Aleister. For some reason which I have not been able to trace, this God became ALASTOR, the Desert Dæmon of the Rabbins, then later the "Spirit of Solitude" of Shelley.¹ The attribution is appropriate enough, the root being apparently ΑΛΑΟ-ΜΑΙ, "I wander." The idea of "Going" is dreadful to the bourgeois, so that a wanderer is "accursed." But, *me judice*,² to settle down in life is to abandon the heroic attitude; it is to acquiesce in the stagnation of the brain. I do not want to be comfortable, or even to prolong life; I prefer to move constantly from galaxy to galaxy, from one incarnation to another. Such is my intimate individual Will. It seems as thou this "god of War and of Vengeance" is then merely one who shall cause men to do their own Wills by Going as Gods do, instead of trying to check the irresistible course of Nature.

¹ [See Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude* (1816).]

² [*Lat.*, "in my opinion."]

4. Choose ye an island!
5. Fortify it!
6. Dung it about with enginery of war!
7. I will give you a war-engine.
8. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you.
9. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.
10. Get the stéle of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple—and that temple is already aright disposed—& it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a proof to the world.
11. This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstruccion from the ill-ordered house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with swords & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!
12. Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.
13. But not now.
14. Ye shall see that hour, o blessed Beast, and thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!
15. Ye shall be sad thereof.
16. Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.

17. Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms.
18. Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!

COMMENTARY: An end to the humanitarian mawkishness which is destroying the human race by the deliberate artificial protection of the unfit.

What has been the net result of our fine “Christian” phrases? In the good old days there was some sort of natural selection; brains and stamina were necessary to survival. The race, as such, consequently improved. But we thought we knew oh! so much better, and we had “Christ’s law” and other slush. So the unfit crowded and contaminated the fit, until Earth herself grew nauseated with the mess. We had not only a war which killed some eight million men, in the flower of their age, picked men at that, in four years, but a pestilence which killed six million in six months.

Are we going to repeat the insanity? Should we not rather breed humanity for quality by killing off any tainted stock, as we do with other cattle, and exterminating the vermin which infect it?

19. That stélé they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.

COMMENTARY: The reference appears to be to the old prophecies of Daniel and John.¹ The first Qabalistic allusion is yet (An. XIV, ☉ in √ [Dec.–Jan., 1918–19 E.v.]) undiscovered.

An. XVII, ☉ in Ω [Sept.–Oct., 1921 E.v.]. I think it proper to insert here the account of the true meaning of this verse.

¹ [Crowley probably meant Matthew 24:15 or Mark 13:14, as this reference does not occur in John; see also Daniel 8:13, 11:31 and 12:11.]

The circumstances are so striking that it is well worth the while of the lay reader to become acquainted with the nature of the reasoning which attests the præterhuman character of the Author of this Book.

It follows, in the words in which it was originally written, An. XVII, ☉ in II, ☾ in ☽, June 8, 1921 E.V., with no preliminaries, in my Magical Diary, at the Abbey of Thelema in Cephalœdium of Trinacria.

These verses are very subtly worded. How should I understand this allusion to the Stèle; how "count well its name" without knowing it?

I tried to count "Abomination of Desolation", but that is what "they shall call" it, not its proper name.

It seemed that this name, when found, ought to add to 718, or to be identical with some other word or phrase that did so. More, this name when found must somehow express "the fall of Because".

For many years these two verses, despite elaborate research, yielded no meaning soever. At last I chanced on 'ΥΠΟΜΟΝΗ as 718; it means "persistence," the Greek noun corresponding to "Perdurabo," my first magical Motto. Of course the Stèle had persisted since the 26th Dynasty,¹ but that scarcely justified naming it "Persistence"; also, there was nothing about "the fall of Because".

Now (An. XVII, ☉ in II, ☾ in ☽) I was going through the Law in order to repair any details of omission in the rituals ordained, and found these verses introduced among the instructions. They fascinated me; when I had finished the work in hand, I returned to them and worked for some hours with a Lexicon, starting from the word ΑΡΧΗ, "cause," 709, to find some phrase equal to 718 which would deny Cause. I found ΑΖΑ, 9, a word meaning "dryness," but most especially the dirt or mould upon a disused object. ΑΡΧΗ ΑΖΑ is, therefore, a precise expression of the doctrine expounded in our Law about "Because".

So far, so good; but this is in no sense the name of the Stèle.

I worked on, and found ΧΘΙΖΑ, 718, "Yesterday" which might be grasped as a straw if I sank the third time; but I was swimming strongly enough.

¹ [Modern chronology dates the Stèle to the 25th Dynasty.]

I found XAIPE A.:A.:, 718, "Hail to the A.:A.:." I gracefully acknowledged the greeting to Our Holy Order, but went on with my search.

There is no such word as AXPIETA,¹ "unchristlike things"; only blind bigotry could be satisfied with so crude an invention.

Then came XAPAΓH, 713, an "engraved character." That was a true name for the Stèle; if I suffixed AA, 5, it might read "The Mark of Hadit." But I did not feel inwardly that thrill of ecstasy that springs in the heart or that dawn of amazement that kindles the mind, when Truth's sheer simplicity takes form. There is a definite psychological phenomenon which accompanies any important discovery. It is like First Love, at First Sight, to the one; like the recognition of a Law of Nature, to the other. It inflames one with Love for the Universe, and it explains all its puzzles, in a flash; and it gives an interior conviction which nothing can shake, a living certainty quite beyond one's argued acquiescence in any newly acquired facts.

I lacked this; I knew that I had to seek further. The Truth uttered by Aiwaz is hidden with such exquisite art that it is always easy to wring out a more or less plausible meaning by torture. Yet all such learned and ingenious fumbblings reveal their own impotence; the Right Key opens the safe in a second, so simply and smoothly as to make it ridiculous to doubt that the lock was made by a master smith to respond to that key and no other.

The reader will have noticed that all the really important correspondences in this Book are so simple that a child might understand them. There are also my own creaking and lumbering scholar-dredgers, not one of which is truly illuminating or even convincing. The real solutions, moreover, are almost always confirmed by other parts of the text, or by events subsequent to the Writing of the Book.

I worked on: I asked myself for the thousandth time what the Stèle could claim with literal strictness as "its name." I scribbled the word ΣTHAH and added it up. The result is 546, when ΣT counts as 500, or 52, when ΣT is 6, a frequent usage, as in ΣTAYPOΣ, whose number is thus 777.

Idly enough, my tired pen subtracted 52 from 718. I started up like a Magician who, conjuring Satan in vain till

¹ [The ΣT has the numeration 6.]

Faith's lamp sputters, and Hope's cloak is threadbare, gropes, heavily leaning on the staff of Love, blinking and droning along—and suddenly sees Him!

I did the sum over, this time with my pen like a panther. Too good to be true! I added my figures; yes, 718 past denial. I checked my value of Stèle; 52, and no error. Then only I let myself yield to the storm of delight and wonder that rushed up from the Hand of Him that is throned in the Abyss of my Being; and I wrote in my Magical Record the Triumph for which I have warred for over seventeen years

718

ΣΤΗΛΗ 666

NO FITTER NAME COULD BE FOUND, THAT WAS SURE...

And then came a flash to confirm me, to chase the last cloud of criticism: the actual name of the Stèle, its ordinary name, the only name it ever had until it was called the “stélé of revealing”, in *The Book of the Law* itself, “its name” in the Catalogue of the Museum at Būlāq, was just this: “Stèle 666.”

III:10

I have described this discovery at length because I wish to emphasize its importance.

Most of the numbers and words openly mentioned in *The Book of the Law* which conceal Secret Matters were already at that time possessed of a certain significance for me. Some unconscious cooperation of my mind might be alleged as the determinant factor in the choice of those numbers, their subsequent interconnections, and so on explained by the commentators' ingenuity, and the confirmation of independent facts by coincidence.

Similarly, the hidden numbers such as 3.141593, 395,¹ 31, 93, may be ascribed to the commentators, and denied to the intention of the text; at least, by that class of Pharisee which strains at the Butterfly of the Soul, preferring to swallow any hippopotamus if it be slimed thickly enough with the miasmal swamp-mire of materialism.

¹ [The numeration of *Liber Legis* in a Greek transcription of the Latin (Λιβερ Λεγίς), as well as the sum of ☉ and אלהים [ALHIM], where ☉ = שם = 309; אלהים = 86; 309 + 86 = 395. See also *Book Four, Part IV (The Equinox of the Gods)*, ch. 7, §3.]

But 718 is expressed openly; its nature is described sufficiently and unambiguously; and it meant nothing to anybody in the world, either then or for seventeen years after.

And now the meaning falls so pat, so natural, so self-justified, so evidently the unique value of the “ x ” of the equation, that it is impossible to quibble.

The law of probabilities excludes all theories but one. The simple Truth is what I have always asserted.

There is a Being called Aiwaz, an intelligence discarnate, who wrote this *Book of the Law*, using my ears and hand. His mind is certainly superior to my own in knowledge and in power, for He has dominated me and taught me ever since.

But that apart, the proof of any discarnate intelligence, even of the lowest order, has never before been established. And lack of that proof is the flaw in all the religions of the past; man could not be certain of the existence of “God,” because though he knew many powers independent of muscle, he knew of no consciousness independent of nerve.

20. Why? Because of the fall of Because, that he is not there again.

COMMENTARY: There is here a perception of the profound law which opposes thought to action. We act, when we act aright, upon the instructive wisdom inherited from the ages. Our ancestors survived because they were able to adapt themselves to their environment; their rivals failed to breed, and so “good” qualities are transmitted, while “bad” are sterile. Thus the race-thought, subconscious, tells a man that he must have a son, cost what it may. Rome was founded on the rape of the Sabine women. Would a reasoner have advocated that rape? Was it “justice” or “mercy” or “morality” or “Christianity”?

There is much on the ethics of this point in Chapter II of this Book. Thomas Henry Huxley in his essay *Evolution and Ethics* pointed out the antithesis between these two ideas; and concluded that Evolution was bound to beat Ethics in the long run. He was apparently unable to see, or unwilling to admit, that his argument proved Ethics (as understood by Victorians) to be

false. The Ethics of *Liber Legis* are those of Evolution itself. We are only fools if we interfere. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law, biologically as well as in every other way.

Let us take an example. I am an antivaccinationist in a sense which every other antivaccinationist would repudiate. I admit that vaccination protects from smallpox. But I should like everybody to have smallpox. The weak would die; the strong might have pitted faces; but the race would become immune to the disease in a few generations.

On somewhat similar lines, I would advocate, with Samuel Butler, the destruction of all machinery.¹ (I admit the practical difficulties of defining the limits of legitimate devices. The issue is this: how are we to develop human skill? The printing press is admirable in the hands of an Aldus, a Charles T. Jacobi, or even a William Morris.² But the cheap mechanical printing of luetic rubbish on rotten pulp with worn types in inferior ink has destroyed the eyesight, putrefied the mind, and deluded the passions, of the multitude.) For machines are dodges for avoiding Hard Work; and Hard Work is the salvation of the race. In *The Time Machine*, H.G. Wells draws an admirable picture of a dichotomized humanity, one branch etiolated and inane, the other brutalized and automatic. Machines have already nearly completed the destruction of individual craftsmanship. A man is no longer a worker, but a machine-feeder. The product is standardized; the result mediocrity. Nobody can obtain What He Will; he must be content with what knavery puts on the market. Instead of every man and every woman being a star, we have an amorphous pullulation of Vermin.

21. Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial, not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this.

¹ [Samuel Butler (the younger, 1835–1902), *Erewhon: or, Over the Range* (1872)., ch. 23–25.]

² [Aldus Manutius (1450–1515) founded the Aldine press in Venice; Charles T. Jacobi was with the Chiswick Press in London, Crowley's favorite printer; William Morris (1834–1896) founded the Kelmscott Press.]

22. The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal x. What is this? Thou shalt know.

COMMENTARY: There are to be no regular temples of Nuit and Hadit, for They are incommensurables and absolutes. Our religion therefore, for the People, is the Cult of the Sun, who is our particular star of the Body of Nuit, from whom, in the strictest scientific sense, come this earth, a chilled spark of Him, and all our Light and Life. His vice-regent and representative in the animal kingdom is His cognate symbol the Phallus, representing Love and Liberty. Ra-Hoor-Khuit, like all true Gods, is therefore a Solar-Phallic deity. But we regard Him as He is in truth, eternal; the Solar-Phallic deities of the old Æon, such as Osiris, “Christ,” Hiram, Adonis, Hercules, etc., were supposed, through our ignorance of the Cosmos, to “die” and “rise again.” Thus we celebrated rites of “crucifixion” and so on, which have now become meaningless. Ra-Hoor-Khuit is the Crowned and Conquering Child. This is also a reference to the “Crowned” and Conquering “Child” in ourselves, our own personal God. Except ye become as little children, said “Christ,” ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of God.¹ The Kingdom of Malkuth, the Virgin Bride, and the Child is the Dwarf-Self, the Phallic consciousness, which is the true life of Man, beyond his “veils” of incarnation. We have to thank Freud—and especially Jung—for stating this part of the Magical Doctrine so plainly, as also for their development of the connection of the Will of this “child” with the True or Unconscious Will, and so for clarifying our doctrine of the “Silent Self” or “Holy Guardian Angel.” They are of course totally ignorant of magical phenomena, and could hardly explain even such terms as “Augœides”; and they are seriously to blame for not stating more openly that this True Will is not to be daunted or suppressed; but within their limits they have done excellent work.

¹ [Matthew 18:3, paraphrase.]

23. For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth down with rich fresh blood.
24. The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then the fresh blood of a child, or dropping from the host of heaven: then of enemies; then of the priest or of the worshippers: last of some beast, no matter what.
25. This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto me. This hath also another use; let it be laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes of your orison: it shall become full of beetles as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.
26. These slay, naming your enemies; & they shall fall before you.
27. Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in you at the eating thereof.

COMMENTARY: The word "lust" is not necessarily to be taken in the sense familiar to Puritans. It means robustness, "merri-ment" as of old understood: the Germans have retained the proper force of the term in *lustig*. But even the English retain "lusty."

The Puritan is undoubtedly a marvel. He has even succeeded in attaching a foul connotation to a colourless word like "certain"—"In a section of the city with a certain reputation women of a certain class suffering from certain diseases are charged with performing certain acts" is a common enough item in the newspapers. It allows the fullest play to the dirtiest imaginations—which appears to be the aim of the Societies for the Suppression of Vice, and their like.

28. Also ye shall be strong in war.
29. Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for they swell with my force. All before me.
30. My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon in silver or gold!

31. There cometh a rich man from the West who shall pour his gold upon thee.
32. From gold forge steel!
33. Be ready to fly or to smite!
34. But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globèd priest; another sacrifice shall stain the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!
35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.
36. Then said the prophet unto the God:
37. I adore thee in the song —
 I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
 The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
 For me unveils the veiled sky,
 The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu
 Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
 Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!
 Unity uttermost showed!
 I adore the might of Thy breath,
 Supreme and terrible God,
 Who makest the gods and death
 To tremble before Thee: —
 I, I adore thee!
 Appear on the throne of Ra!
 Open the ways of the Khu!

Lighten the ways of the Ka!
 The ways of the Khabs run through
 To stir me or still me!
 Aum! let it fill me!

COMMENTARY: Stanza 3 suggests the Rosicrucian Benediction:

May thy Mind be open unto the Higher!
 May thy Heart be the Centre of Light!
 May thy Body be the Temple of the Rosy Cross!¹

38. So that thy light is in me; & its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters, (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume

Me: I have made a secret door
 Into the House of Ra and Tum,
 Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.

I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
 The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
 By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.

Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!

Bid me within thine House to dwell,
 O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!

Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

39. All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever — for in it is the word secret & not only in the English — and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to

¹ [These are the words of Reception in the Adeptus Minor 5°=6° ritual of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. See Israel Regardie, *The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic* (Phoenix: Falcon, 1984), vol. 7, p. 52. This passage is omitted in Crowley's account of this ritual in *The Equinox* I(3) (1910). The formula does however occur in *Liber* 418, 9th Æthyr, and in "John St. John," *The Equinox* I(1) (1909).]

dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!

COMMENTARY: “at them” may mean “at their house,” that is, one must “give” when one recognizes anyone as a potential king by accepting his hospitality. An alternative meaning is “in their honour.”

40. But the work of the comment? That is easy; and Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift and secure thy pen.
41. Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house: all must be done well and with business way.
42. The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!
43. Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart; if she leave my work to toy with old sweetnesses; then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me her child: I will alienate her heart: I will cast her out from men: as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and die cold and an-hungered.
44. But let her raise herself in pride! Let her follow me in my way! Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous! Let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!
45. Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of the earth. I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see & strike at the worship of Nu: she shall achieve Hadit.

46. I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me, & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength; & ye shall turn not back for any!
47. 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.
48. Now this mystery of the letters is done, and I want to go on to the holier place.
49. I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.

COMMENTARY: The evident interpretation of this is to take the word to be "Do what thou wilt," which is a secret word, because its meaning for every man is his own inmost secret. And it is the most profound blasphemy possible against all "gods of men", because it makes every man his own God.

We may then take it that this Solar-Phallic Heru-ra-ha¹ is Each Man Himself. As each independent cell in our bodies is to us, so is each of us to Heru-ra-ha. Each man's "Child"-consciousness is a Star in the Cosmos of the Sun, as the Sun is a Star in the Cosmos of Nuit.

50. Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!

51. With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.

COMMENTARY: We are to consider carefully the particular attack of Heru-ra-ha against each of these "gods," or prophets;

¹ [See verse 35.]

for though they be, or represent, the Magi of the past, the curse of their Grade must consume them.

Thus it is the eyes of “Jesus” — his point of view — that must be destroyed; and this point of view is wrong because of his Magical Gesture of self-sacrifice.

One must not for a moment suppose that this verse supports the historicity of “Jesus.” “Jesus” is not, and never was, a man; but he was a “god,” just as a bundle of old rags and a kerosene tin on a bush may be a “god.” There is a man-made idea, built of ignorance, fear, and meanness, for the most part, which we call “Jesus,” and which has been tricked out from time to time with various gauds from Paganism, and Judaism.

The subject of “Jesus” is, most unfortunately, too extensive for a note; it is treated fully in my book 888.¹

52. I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed & blind him.

COMMENTARY: Mohammed’s point of view is wrong too; but he needs no such sharp correction as “Jesus.” It is his face — his outward semblance — that is to be covered with His wings. The tenets of Islām, correctly interpreted, are not far from our Way of Life and Light and Love and Liberty. This applies especially to the secret tenets. The external creed is mere nonsense suited to the intelligence of the peoples among whom it was promulgated; but even so, Islām is magnificent in practice. Its code is that of a man of courage and honour and self-respect; contrasting admirably with the cringing cowardice of the damnation-dodging Christians with their unmanly and dishonest acceptance of vicarious sacrifice, and their currish conception of themselves as “born in sin,” “miserable sinners” with “no health in us.”

53. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din.

COMMENTARY: “the Indian”. The religion of Hindustan, metaphysically and mystically comprehensive enough to assure itself the possession of much truth, is in practice almost as

¹ [See *Jesus: The Gospel According to St. Bernard Shaw* in Works Cited.]

superstitious and false as Christianity, a faith of slaves, liars and dastards. The same remarks apply roughly to Buddhism.

“Mongol”: presumably the reference is to Confucianism, whose metaphysical and ethical flawlessness has not saved its adherents from losing those ruder virtues which are proper to a Fighting Animal, and thus yielding at last a civilization coeval with history itself to the barbarous tribes of Europe.

“Din” — “severity” or “judgment” — may refer to the Jewish Law, rather than to the Faith (*al-din*)¹ of Islām. Assuming this, the six² religions whose flesh must be torn out cover the whole globe outside Islām and Christianity.

Why assault their flesh rather than their eyes, as in the other cases? Because the metaphysics, or point of view, is correct — I take Judaism as Qabalistic — but the practice imperfect.

54. Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.

COMMENTARY: By sound Bahlasti suggests “hurling” or “blasting”; Ompehda is not too fantastically onomatopoetic for “an explosion.”

55. Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!

COMMENTARY: The name Mary is connected with *Māra*, *mors*, etc., from the Sanskrit *MR, “to slay”; and with *mare*, “the Sea,” whose water opposes the Fire of Horus.³ I here quote a passage from “Liber XCVII”⁴ which deals with this fully.

¹ [*Din* means religion in Arabic, in the sense of the obligation “reasoning” creatures have to God, with a sense of a debt to be discharged.]

² [Four, not six, in the context of Crowley’s present discussion.]

³ [Crowley’s usual authority for etymology was Walter Skeat, who gives *MER (not *MR) as the “Indogermanic” (Indoeuropean) root underlying death-words, giving as an example the Sanskrit *mṛ-ta*. Skeat was actually skeptical of a connection between death and sea, deriving the latter from the Teutonic root **mari* (in “modern” Indoeuropean, **mori*). Cf. Skeat, *Etymological Dictionary*; see Works Cited.]

⁴ [“Soror Achitha’s Vision” (c. 1918 E.V.), probably not extant; much of a related paper, “Liber 729, The Amalantrah Working,” survives.]

Let me strictly meditate this hate of the mother. √MR is the Sanskrit root = “Kill,” hence Māra, *mors*,¹ Maria, and I suppose *meer*, *mere*, *mer*²—in short, lots of words meaning death or sea. Note Mordred as the traitor villain in *Morte d’Arthur*.³ In *Liber Legis* we have “Mary” who is to be “torn upon wheels” apparently because she is “inviolable”. *Liber 418* has some explanation of this: “because she hath shut herself up,” I seem to remember is the phrase.⁴

She is *śakti*, the *te*, the Magical Door between the *tao* and the Manifested World. The great Obstacle then is if that Door be locked up. Therefore Our Lady must be symbolized as an Whore. (Note *daleth*, the Door = Venus. The Dove; Free-flowing; all this is linked up in the symbol.) Clearly, at last, the Enemy is this Shutting up of things. Shutting the Door is preventing the Operation of Change, i.e., of Love. The objection to Calypso, Circe, Armida, Kundry, and Co. is that one is liable to be shut up in their Gardens. The whole of the *Book of the Dead* is a device for opening the closed vehicles, and enabling the Osiris to go in and out at his pleasure. On the other hand, there seems to be a Sealing Up, for a definite period, in order to allow the Change to proceed undisturbed. Thus Earth lies fallow; the womb is closed during gestation; the Osiris is plugged with talismans. But it is vital to consider this as a strictly temporary device; and to *cut out the idea of Eternal Rest*. This *nibbana*-idea is the coward-“Mother’s Boy” idea; one ought to take a refreshing dip in the *tao*, no more. I think this must be brought forward as the Cardinal Point of Our Holy Law. Thus though Nuit cries “To me!”, that is balanced by the Formula of Hadit: “‘Come unto me’ is a foolish word; for it is I that go.”

I:62, 65
II:7

Now the Semen is God (the going-one, as shewn by the *ankh* or Sandal-strap, which He carries) because he goes in at the Door, stays there for a specified period, and comes out

¹ [In Buddhism Māra is a *devaputta* or superhuman entity, usually characterized as evil; he has other technical synonyms, including death and killing (Skt. *māraṇa*). *Mors* is Latin for death.]

² [The Dutch/German and French for “sea,” and Anglo-Saxon for “pool or lake.”]

³ [Sir Thomas Malory, *Morte d’Arthur* (1485); see Works Cited.]

⁴ [See the quotation from *Liber 418*, 3rd Æthyr, on page 172 below.]

again, having flowered, and still bearing in him that Seed of Going. (The birth of a girl is a misfortune everywhere, because the true Going-Principle is the Lion-Serpent, or Dragon; the Egg is only the Cavern where he takes refuge on occasion.)

Liber 418 explains this succinctly; 3rd Æthyr:

Moreover, there is Mary, a blasphemy against BABALON, for she hath shut herself up; and therefore is she the Queen of all those wicked devils that walk upon the earth, those that thou sawest even as little black specks that stained the Heaven of Urania. And all these are the excrement of Choronzon.

It is this "shutting up" that is hideous, the image of death. It is the opposite of Going, which is God.

Women under Christianity are kept virgin for the market as Strasbourg geese are nailed to boards till their livers putrefy. The nature of woman has been corrupted, her hope of a soul thwarted, her proper pleasure balked, and her mind poisoned, to titillate the jaded palates of senile bankers and ambassadors.

Why do men insist on "innocence" in women?

1. To flatter their vanity.
2. To give themselves the best chance of (a) escaping venereal disease, (b) propagating their noble selves.
3. To maintain power over their slaves by their possession of Knowledge.
4. To keep them docile as long as possible by drawing out the debauching of their innocence. A sexually pleased woman is the best of willing helpers; one who is disappointed or disillusioned a very psychical eczema.
5. In primitive communities, to serve as a guard against surprise and treachery.
6. To cover their secret shame in the matter of sex. Hence the pretence that a woman is "pure," modest, delicate, æsthetically beautiful and morally exalted, ethereal and unfleshy, though in fact they know her to be lascivious, shameless, coarse, ill-shapen, unscrupulous, nauseatingly bestial both physically and mentally. The advertisements of "dress shields," perfumes, cosmetics, anti-sweat preparations, and "Beauty Treatments" reveal

woman's nature as seen by the clear eyes of those who would lose money if they misjudged her; and they are loathsomely revolting to read. Her mental and moral characteristics are those of the parrot and the monkey. Her physiology and pathology are hideously disgusting, a sickening slime of uncleanness. Her virgin life is a sick ape's, her sexual life a drunken sow's, her mother life all bulging filmy eyes and sagging udders.

These are the facts about "innocence;" to this has man's Christian Endeavour dragged her when he should rather have made her his comrade, frank, trusty, and gay, the tenderer self of himself, his consubstantial complement even as Earth is to the Sun.

We of Thelema say that "Every man and every woman is a star." We do not fool and flatter women; we do not despise and abuse them. To us a woman is Herself, absolute, original, independent, free, self-justified, exactly as a man is. I:3

We dare not thwart Her Going, Goddess she! We arrogate no right upon Her will; we claim not to deflect Her development, to dispose of Her desires, or to determine Her destiny. She is Her own sole arbiter; we ask no more than to supply our strength to Her, whose natural weakness else were prey to the world's pressure. Nay more, it were too zealous even to guard Her in Her Going; for She were best by Her own self-reliance to win Her own way forth!

We do not want Her as a slave; we want Her free and royal, whether Her love fight death in our arms by night, or Her loyalty ride by day beside us in the Charge of the Battle of Life.

"Let the woman be girt with a sword before me"!

III:11

So sayeth this our *Book of the Law*. We respect Woman in the self of Her own nature; we do not arrogate the right to criticize her. We welcome her as our ally, come to our camp as her Will, free-flashing, sword-swinging, hath told Her, Welcome, thou Woman, we hail thee, star shouting to Star! Welcome to rout and to revel! Welcome to fray and to feast! Welcome to vigil and victory! Welcome to war with its wounds! Welcome to peace with its pageants! Welcome to lust and to laughter! Welcome to board and to bed! Welcome to trumpet and triumph; welcome to dirge and death!

It is we of Thelema who truly love and respect Woman, who hold Her sinless and shameless even as we are; and those who say that we despise Her are those who shrink from the flash of our falchions¹ as we strike from Her limbs their foul fetters.

Do we call Woman Whore? Ay, Verily and Amen, She is that; the air shudders and burns as we shout it, exulting and eager.

O ye! Was not this your sneer, your vile Whisper that scorned Her and shamed Her? Was not "Whore" the truth of Her, the title of terror that you gave Her in your fear of Her, coward comfort-ing coward with furtive glance and gesture?

But we fear Her not; we cry Whore, as Her armies approach us. We beat on our shields with our swords. Earth echoes the clamour!

Is there doubt of the victory? Your hordes of cringing slaves, afraid of themselves, afraid of their own slaves, hostile, despised and distrusted, your only tacticians the ostrich, the opossum, and the cuttle, will you not break and flee at our first onset, as with levelled lances of lust we ride at the charge, with our allies, the Whores whom we love and acclaim, free friends by our sides in the Battle of Life?

The Book of the Law is the Charter of Woman; the Word Thelema has opened the lock of Her "girdle of chastity." Your Sphinx of stone has come to life; to know, to will, to dare and to keep silence.

Yea, I, The Beast, my Scarlet Whore bestriding me, naked and crowned, drunk on Her golden Cup of Fornication, boasting Her-self my bedfellow, have trodden Her in the Market place, and roared this Word that every woman is a star. And with that Word is uttered Woman's Freedom; the fools and fribbles and flirts have heard my voice. The fox in woman hath heard the Lion in man; fear, fainting, flabbiness, frivolity, falsehood—these are no more the mode.

In vain will bully and brute and braggart man, priest, lawyer, or social censor knit his brows to devise him a new tamer's trick;

¹ [A broad, curved mediæval sword.]

once and for all the tradition is broken; vanished the vogue of bowstring, sack, stoning, nose-slitting, beltbuckling, cart's tail-dragging, whipping, pillory posting, walling-up, divorce court, eunuch, harem, mind-crippling, house-imprisoning, menial-work-wearying, creed-stultifying, social-ostracism marooning, Divine-wrath-scaring, and even the device of creating and encouraging prostitution to keep one class of women in the abyss under the heel of the police, and the other on its brink, at the mercy of the husband's boot at the first sign of insubordination or even of failure to please.

Man's torture-chamber had tools inexhaustibly varied; at one end murder crude and direct to subtler, more callous, starvation; at the other moral agonies, from tearing her child from her breast to threatening her with a rival when her service had blasted her beauty.

Most masterful man, yet most cunning, was not thy supreme stratagem to band the woman's own sisters against her, to use their knowledge of her psychology and the cruelty of their jealousies to avenge thee on thy slave as thou thyself hadst neither wit nor spite to do?

And Woman, weak in body, and starved in mind; woman, morally fettered by Her heroic oath to save the race, no care of cost, helpless and hard, endured these things, endured from age to age. Hers was no loud spectacular sacrifice, no cross on a hill-top, with the world agaze, and monstrous miracles to echo the applause of heaven. She suffered and triumphed in most shameful silence; she had no friend, no follower, none to aid or approve. For thanks she had but maudlin flatteries, and knew what cruel-cold scorn the hearts of men scarce cared to hide.

She agonized, ridiculous and obscene; gave all her beauty and strength of maidenhood to suffer sickness, weakness, danger of death, choosing to live the life of a cow—that so Mankind might sail the seas of time.

She knew that man wanted nothing of her but service of his base appetites; in his true manhood-life she had nor part nor lot; and all her wage was his careless contempt.

She hath been trampled thus through all the ages, and she hath tamed them thus. Her silence was the token of her triumph.

But now the Word of Me the Beast is this; not only art thou Woman, sworn to a purpose not thine own; thou art thyself a star, and in thyself a purpose to thyself. Not only mother of men art thou, or whore to men; serf to their need of Life and Love, not sharing in their Light and Liberty; nay, thou art Mother and Whore for thine own pleasure; the Word I say to Man I say to thee no less: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law"!

Ay, priest, ay, lawyer, ay, censor! Will ye not gather in secret once again, if in your hoard of juggler's tricks there be not one untried, or in your cunning and counsel one device new-false to save your pirate ship from sinking?

It has always been so easy up to now! What is the blasting Magick in that Word, first thesis of *The Book of the Law*, that "every woman is a star."

Alas! it is I the Beast that roared that Word so loud, and wakened Beauty.

Your tricks, your drowsy drugs, your lies, your hypnotic passes—they will not serve you.

Make up your minds to be free men, fearless as I, fit mates for women no less free and fearless!

For I, The Beast, am come; an end to the evils of eld, to the duping and clubbing of abject and ailing animals, degraded to that shameful state to serve that shameful pleasure.

The essence of my Word is to declare Woman to be Herself, of, to, and for Herself; and I give this one irresistible Weapon, the expression of Herself and Her will through sex, to Her on precisely the same terms as to man.

Murder is no longer to be dreaded; the economic weapon is powerless since female labour has been found industrially valuable; and the social weapon is entirely in her own hands.

The best women have always been sexually free, like the best men; it is only necessary to remove the penalties for being found out. Let Women's labour organizations support any individual

who is economically harried on sexual grounds; let social organizations honour in public what their members practice in private.

Most domestic unhappiness will disappear automatically, for its chief cause is the sexual dissatisfaction of wives, or the anxiety (or other mental strain) engendered should they take the remedy in their own hands.

The crime of abortion will lose its motive in all but the most exceptional cases.

Blackmail will be confined to commercial and political offences, thus diminishing its frequency by two-thirds, at least, maybe much more.

Social scandals and jealousies will tend to disappear.

Sexual disease will be easier to track and to combat, when it is no longer a disgrace to admit it.

Prostitution (with its attendant crimes) will tend to disappear, as it will cease to offer exorbitant profits to those who exploit it. The preoccupation of the minds of the public with sexual questions will no longer breed moral disease and insanity, when the sex-appetite is treated as simply as hunger. Frankness of speech and writing on sexual questions will dispel the ignorance which entraps so many unfortunate people; proper precaution against actual dangers will replace unnecessary and absurd precautions against imaginary or artificial dangers; and the quacks who trade on fear will be put out of business.

All this must follow as the Light the night as soon as Woman, true to Herself, finds that She can no longer be false to any man. She must hold Herself and Her Will in honour; and She must compel the world to accord it.

The modern woman is not going to be dupe, slave, and victim any more; the woman who gives herself up freely to her own enjoyment, without asking recompense, will earn the respect of her brothers, and will openly despise her "chaste" or venal sisters, as men now despise "milksofs," "sissies," and "tango lizards." Love is to be divorced utterly and irrevocably from social and financial agreements, especially marriage. Love is a sport, an art, a religion, as you will; it is not an ol' clo' Emporium.

“Mary inviolate” is to be “torn upon wheels” because tearing is the only treatment for her; and RV, “a wheel,” is the name of the feminine principle.¹ It is her own sisters who are to punish her for the crime of denying Her nature, not men who are to redeem her, since, as above remarked, it is man’s own false sense of guilt, his selfishness, and his cowardice, which originally forced her to blaspheme against herself, and so degraded her in her own eyes, and in his. Let him attend to his own particular business, to redeem himself—he has surely his hands full! Woman will save herself if she be but left alone to do it. I see it! I, the Beast, who have seen—who see—Space splendid with stars; who have seen—who see—the Body of our Lady Nuit, all-pervading; and therein swallowed up, to have found—to find—no soul that is not wholly of Her. Woman! thou drawest us upward and onward for ever; and every woman is one among women, of Woman; one star of Her stars.

I see thee, Woman, thou standest alone, High Priestess art thou unto Love at the Altar of Life. And Man is the Victim therein.

Beneath thee, rejoicing, he lies; he exults as he dies, burning up in the breath of thy kiss. Yea, star rushes flaming to star; the blaze bursts, splashes the skies.

There is a Cry in an unknown tongue, it resounds through the Temple of the Universe; in its one Word is Death and Ecstasy, and thy title of honour, o thou, to Thyself High Priestess, Prophetess, Empress, to thyself the Goddess whose Name means Mother and whore!

56. Also for beauty’s sake and love’s!

COMMENTARY: It is obvious to the physiologist that beauty (that is, the fitness of proportion) and love (that is, the natural attraction between things whose union satisfies both) need for fulfilment absolute spontaneity and freedom from restriction. A tree grows deformed if it be crowded by other trees or by masonry; and gunpowder will not explode if its particles are separated by much sand.

¹ See “Liber D” [§206].

If we are to have Beauty and Love, whether in begetting children or works of art, or what not, we must have perfect freedom to act, without fear or shame or any falsity. Spontaneity, the most important factor in creation, because it is evidence of the magnetic intensity and propriety of the will to create, depends almost wholly on the absolute freedom of the agent. Gulliver must have no bonds of packthread. These conditions have been so rare in the past, especially with regard to love, that their occurrence has usually marked something like an epoch. Practically all men work with fear of result or lust of result, and the "child" is a dwarf or still-born.

It is within the experience of most people that pleasure-parties and the like, if organized on the spur of the moment, are always a success, while the most elaborate entertainments, prepared with all possible care, often fall flat. Now one cannot exactly give rules for producing a "genius" to order, a genius in this sense being one who has the Idea, and is fortified with power to enflame the enthusiasm of the crowd, with wit to know, and initiative to seize, the psychological moment.

But one can specify certain conditions incompatible with the manifestation of this spontaneity; and the first of these is evidently absolute freedom from obstacles, internal or external, to the idea of the "genius."

It is clear that a woman cannot love naturally, freely, wholesomely, if she is bound to contaminate the purity of her impulse with thoughts of her social, economical, and spiritual status. When such things restrain her, Love may conquer, as often enough it does; but the Beauty engendered is usually stunted or wried, assuming a tragic or cynic mask. The history of the world is full of such stories; it is, one may almost say, the chief motive of Romance.

Men and women have to face actual ruin, as well as the probability of scandal and disgust, or consent to love within limits which concern not love in the least. The chance of spontaneity is therefore a small one; and, should it occur and be seized, the lawyers hasten to hide under the bridal bed, while the Families, gluing eye to chink and keyhole, intrude their discordant yowls on the Duet.

Then, when love dies, as it must if either party have more imagination than a lump of putty, the fetters are fixed. He or she must go through the sordid farce of divorce if the chance of free choice is to be recovered; and even at that the fetters always leave an incurable ulcer; it is no good playing the game of respectability after one is divorced.

Thus we find that almost the only love-affairs which breed no annoyance, and leave no scar, are those between people who have accepted the Law of Thelema, and broken for good with the tabus of the slave-gods. The true artist, loving his art and nothing else, can enjoy a series of spontaneous liaisons, all his life long, yet never suffer himself, or cause any other to suffer.

Of such liaisons Beauty is ever the child; the wholesome attitude of the clean simple mind, free from all complications alien to Love, assures it. Just as a woman's body is deformed and diseased by the corset demanded by Jaganath Fashion, so is her soul by the compression of convention, which is a fashion as fitful, arbitrary, and senseless as that of the man-milliner, though they call him God, and his freakish Fiat pass for Everlasting Law.

The English Bible sanctions the polygamy and concubinage of Abraham, Solomon and others, the incest of Lot, the wholesale rape of captured virgins, as well as the promiscuity of the first Christians, the prostitution of temple servants, men and women, the relations of Johannes with his master, and the putting of wandering Prophets to stud, as well as the celibacy of such people as Paul. Jehovah went so far as to slay Onan because he balked at fertilizing his brother's widow, condoned the adultery, with murder of the husband, of David, and commanded Hosea to intrigue with a "wife of whoredom."¹ He only drew the moral line at any self-assertion on the part of a woman.

In the past man has bludgeoned Woman into gratifying the lust of her loathed tyrant, and trampled the flower of her own love into the mire; making her rape more beastly by calling her antipathy Chastity, and proving her an unclean thing on the evidence of the torn soiled blossom.

¹ [Genesis 38:8-10; II Samuel 11:2-17; Hosea I:2.]

She has had no chance to Love unless she first renounced the respect of society, and found a way to drive the wolf of hunger from her door.

Her chance is come! In any Abbey of Thelema any woman is welcome; there she is free to do her will, and held in honour for the doing. The child of love is a star, even as all are stars; but such an one we specially cherish; it is a trophy of battle fought and won!

57. Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play; all fools despise!

COMMENTARY: To fight is the right and duty of every male, as of every woman to rejoice in his strength and to honour and perpetuate it by her love. My primary objection to Christianity is “gentle Jesus, meek and mild,” the pacifist, the conscientious objector, the Tolstoyan, the “passive resister.” When the Kaiser fled, and the Germans surrendered their fleet, they abandoned Nietzsche for Jesus. Rozhdestvenskii and Cervera took their fleets out to certain destruction.¹ The Irish revolutionists of Easter Week, 1916, fought and died like men; and they have established a tradition.²

“Jesus” himself, in the legend, “set his face as a flint to go to Jerusalem,”³ with foreknowledge of his fate. But Christians have not emphasized that heroism since the Crusades. The sloppy sentimental Jesus of the Sunday-school is the only survivor; and the War killed him, thank Ares!

When the Nonconformist Christian churches, especially in America, found the doctrine of Eternal Punishment no longer

¹ [In 1905, during the Russo-Japanese War, Vice Admiral Z. P. Rozhdestvenskii led the Siberian Fleet into the Battle of Tsushima against impossible odds and lost. In 1898 Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete acted similarly, and lost, at the Battle of Santiago during the Spanish-American War.]

² [In the Easter Rising, Irish revolutionaries briefly seized the General Post Office in Dublin. Its anniversary, April 24, is the date most revered by the Irish Republican Army.]

³ [Isaiah 50:7, paraphrase.]

tenable, they knocked the bottom out of their religion. There was nothing to fight for. So they degenerated into tame social Centres, so that Theosophy with its Black Brothers, Mrs. Eddy with her Mental Arsenic Experts,¹ and the Evangelical Revivalists with their Hell Fire, made people's flesh creep once more, and got both credit and cash.

The Book of the Law flings forth no theological fulminations; but we have quarrels enough on our hands. We have to fight for Freedom against oppressors, religious, social, or industrial; and we are utterly opposed to compromise. Every fight is to be a fight to the finish; each one of us for himself, to do his own will; and all of us for all, to establish the Law of Liberty.

We do not want "professional soldiers", hired bravos sworn to have no souls of their own. They "dare not fight"; for how should a man dare to fight unless his cause be a love mightier than his love of life? Therefore they "play"; they have sold themselves; their Will is no more theirs; life is no longer a serious thing to them; therefore they wander wastrel in clubs and boudoirs and greenrooms; bridge, billiards, polo, petticoats puff out their emptiness; scratched for the Great Race of Life, they watch the Derby instead.

Brave such may be; they may well be (in a sense) classed with the rat; but brainless and idle they must be, who have no goal beyond the grave, where, at the best, chance flings fast-withering flowers of false and garish glory. They serve to defend things vital to their country; they are the skull that keeps the brain from harm? Oh foolish brain! Wert thou not wiser to defend thyself, rather than trust to brittle bone that hinders thee from growth?

Let every man bear arms, swift to resent oppression, generous and ardent to draw sword in any cause, if justice or freedom summon him!

"all fools despise." In this last phrase the word "fools" is evidently not to be taken in its deeper mystical sense, the context plainly bearing reference to ordinary life.

¹ [Mary Baker Eddy (1821-1910) founded Christian Science and was the author of *Science and Health with a Key to the Scriptures* (1895).]

But the “fool” is still as described in the Tarot Trump. He is an epicene creature, soft and sottish, with an imbecile laugh and a pretty taste in fancy waistcoats. He lacks virility, like the ox which is the meaning of the letter *aleph* which describes the Trump, and his value is Zero, its number. He is air, formless and incapable of resistance, carrier of sounds which mean nothing to it, swept up into destructive rages of senseless violence from its idleness, incalculably moved by every pressure or pull. One-fifth is the fuel of fire, the corruption of rust; the rest is inert, the soul of explosives, with a trace of that stifling and suffocating gas which is yet food for vegetable, as it is poison to animal, life.

We have here a picture of the average man, of a fool. He has no will of his own, is all things to all men, is void, a repeater of words of whose sense he knows nought, a drifter, both idle and violent, compact partly of fierce passions that burn up both himself and the other, but mostly of inert and characterless nonentity, with a little heaviness, dullness, and stupefaction for his only positive qualities.

Such are the “fools” whom we despise. The man of Thelema is vertebrate, organized, purposeful, steady, self-controlled, virile; he uses the air as the food of his blood; so also, were he deprived of fools he could not live. We need our atmosphere, after all; it is only when the fools become violent madmen that we need our cloak of silence to wrap us, and our staff to stay us as we ascend our mountain-ridge; and it is only if we go down into the darkness of mines to dig us treasure of earth that we need fear to choke on their poisonous breath.

58. But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!

COMMENTARY: “the keen”: these are the men whose Will is as a sword sharp and straight, tempered and ground and polished its flawless steel; with a Wrist and an Eye behind it.

“the proud”: these are the men who know themselves to be stars, and bend the knee to none. True pride prevents a man from doing aught unworthy of himself.

“the royal”: these are the men whose nature is kingly, the men who “can.” They know themselves born rulers, whether their halidom¹ be Art, or Science, or aught else soever.

“the lofty”: these are the men who, being themselves high-hearted, endure not any baseness.

59. As brothers fight ye!

COMMENTARY: Fight! Fight like gentlemen, without malice, because fighting is the best game in the world, and love the second best! Don’t slander your enemy, as the newspapers would have you do; just kill him, and then bury him with honour. Don’t keep crying “Foul” like a fifth-rate pugilist. Don’t boast! Don’t squeal! If you’re down, get up and hit him again! Fights of that sort make fast friends.

There is perhaps a magical second-meaning in this verse, a reference to the Ritual of which we find hints in the legend of Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Set and Osiris, et cetera. The “Elder Brother” within us, the Silent Self, must slay the younger brother, the conscious self, and he must be raised again incorruptible.

60. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

COMMENTARY: There are of course lesser laws than this, details, particular cases, of the Law. But the whole of the Law is Do what thou wilt, and there is no law beyond it. This subject is treated fully in *Liber CXI Aleph*, and the student should refer thereto.

Far better, let him assume this Law to be the Universal Key to every problem of Life, and then apply it to one particular case after another. As he comes by degrees to understand it, he will be astounded at the simplification of the most obscure questions which it furnishes. Thus he will assimilate the Law, and make it the norm of his conscious being; this by itself will suffice to initiate him, to dissolve his complexes, to unveil himself to himself; and so shall he attain the Knowledge and Conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

¹ [A holy place or sanctuary.]

I have myself practiced constantly to prove the Law by many and divers modes in many and divers spheres of thought, until it has become absolutely fixed in me, so much so that it appears an “identical equation,” axiomatic indeed, and yet not a platitude, but a very sword of Truth to sunder every knot at a touch.

As the practical ethics of the Law, I have formulated in words of one syllable my declaration of the

RIGHTS OF MAN

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

There is no god but Man.

Man has the right to live by his own law.

Man has the right to live in the way that he wills to do.

Man has the right to dress as he wills to do.

Man has the right to dwell where he wills to dwell.

Man has the right to move as he will on the face of the Earth.

Man has the right to eat what he will.

Man has the right to drink what he will.

Man has the right to think as he will.

Man has the right to speak as he will

Man has the right to write as he will.

Man has the right to mould as he will.

Man has the right to paint as he will.

Man has the right to carve as he will.

Man has the right to work as he will.

Man has the right to rest as he will.

Man has the right to love as he will, when, where and whom
he will.

Man has the right to die when and how he will.

Man has the right to kill those who would thwart these
rights.¹

This statement must not be regarded as individualism run wild. Its harmony with statecraft is demonstrated in the Chapters of *Liber Aleph* already quoted—see comment on Chapter II, verse 72.²

¹ [This is the essential text of *Liber Oz sub figura* 77.]

² [See page 132.]

Modern thought, even that of the shallowest, is compelled by AIWAZ to confirm His Law, without knowing what it is about. For instance: "God's wind from nowhere which is called the Will; and is man's only excuse upon this earth," was written by so trivial a Fat Man as Gilbert Keith Chesterton in *The Flying Inn*.¹

61. There is an end of the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders of the soul.

COMMENTARY: Note that Heru-ra-ha is not merely a particular form of Ra, but the God enthroned in Ra's seat. That is, His Kingdom on earth is temporary, as explained in verse 34. And he is here conceived as the Hierophant, "lightening the girders of the soul", that is, bringing man to initiation.

These "girders" imply the skeletal structure on which the soul is supported, the conditions of its incarnation. Man is the heir of ages of evolutionary experience, on certain lines, so that he is organized on formulæ which have determined the type of his development. Of some such formulæ we are conscious, but not of all. Thus it is true for all men—empirically—that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; some savages may not know this consciously, but they base their actions on that knowledge.

Now we cannot doubt that consciousness has developed elsewhere than in man; only a blind megalomaniac or a Christian divine could suppose our infinitesimal mote of a planet the sole habitat of Mind, especially as our minds are, at best, totally incompetent to comprehend Nature. It is also unlikely that our Earth's physical conditions of temperature, atmosphere, density and so on, which some still regard as essential to Life, are found frequently; we are only one of nine planets ourselves, and it is absurd to deny that life exists on the others, or in the Sun himself, just because the conditions of our own life are absent elsewhere.

¹ [G. K. Chesterton, *The Flying Inn* (1914), ch. 17.]

Such Life and Mind may therefore be utterly different to anything we know of; the “girders” of their souls in other spheres may be other than ours.

The above argument is a case of a “girder”; we are bound mentally by our race-experience of the environment in which our own lives flourish. A pioneer choosing a camp must look for wood, water, perhaps shelter, perhaps game. In another planet he might not need any of these.

The “girders” which determine the “form” of our souls are therefore limitations to our thought, as well as supports. In the same way, rails help a train to run easily, but confine it to a definite direction.

The “laws” of Nature and Thought, Mathematics, Logic, and so on, are “girders” of this sort.

Our race-inherited conceptions of space prevented men, until quite recent years, from conceiving a non-Euclidean geometry, or the existence of a fourth Dimension.

The initiate soon becomes aware of the untruth of many of these limiting laws of his mind; he has to identify Being with not-Being, to perceive Matter as continuous and homogeneous, and so for many another Truth, apprehended directly by pure perception, and consequently not to be refuted by syllogistic methods. The Laws of Logic are thus discovered to be superficial, and their scope only partial.

62. To Me do ye reverence! to me come ye through tribulation of ordeal, which is bliss.
63. The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and its comment; & he understandeth it not.
64. Let him come through the first ordeal, & it will be to him as silver.
65. Through the second, gold.
66. Through the third, stones of precious water.
67. Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire.

68. Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its enemies who say not so, are mere liars.

69. There is success.

COMMENTARY: My memory tells me that the word "there" was not emphasized. Read, then, "there is" as the French *il y a*; it is a simple and apparently detached statement. It was spoken casually, carelessly, as if a quite unimportant point had been forgotten, and now mentioned as a concession to my weakness.

70. I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.

71. Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is nigh at hand.

COMMENTARY: This seemed a clear statement as to the War which was to come, and did come, in 1914 E.V.

Later I thought that "the pillars of the world" meant "the Pillars of Hercules"—about the Straits of Gibraltar—and that the really big war would start *there*.

p.s. I now ask if "twin warriors" imply a *civil* war? The Spanish troubles started in S. Spain and Morocco.¹

72. I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the wand of the Force of Coph Nia—but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an Universe; & nought remains.

COMMENTARY: "the Double Wand of Power" is a curious variant of the common "Wand of Double Power"; the general meaning is "I control alike the Forces of Active and Passive."

"Coph Nia": the original MS. has "—"; left incomplete as not having been properly heard. The present text was filled in later in her own hand by the first Scarlet Woman.

The Egyptian Gods are usually represented as bearing an *ankh*, or sandal-strap, in the left hand, the wand being in the right. This *ankh* signifies the power to go, characteristic of a god.

¹ [I.e., the Spanish Civil War of the 1930s E.V.]

But apparently Ra-Hoor-Khuit had an Universe in his left hand, and crushed it so that naught remains. I think this “Universe” is that of monistic metaphysics; in one hand is the “Double Wand,” in the other “naught.” This seems to refer to the “none and two” ontology outlined in previous notes.

73. Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to bottom:
then behold!
74. There is a splendour in my name hidden and glorious, as the
sun of midnight is ever the son.
75. The ending of the words is the Word Abrahadabra.
The Book of the Law is Written
and Concealed.
Aum. Ha.

The Stèle of Revealing

*A Paraphrase of the Inscriptions upon the
Obverse of the Stèle of Revealing*

Above, the gemmed azure is
 The naked splendour of Nuit;
 She bends in ecstasy to kiss
 The secret ardours of Hadit.
 The winged globe, the starry blue
 Are mine, O Ankh-f-n-Khonsu.

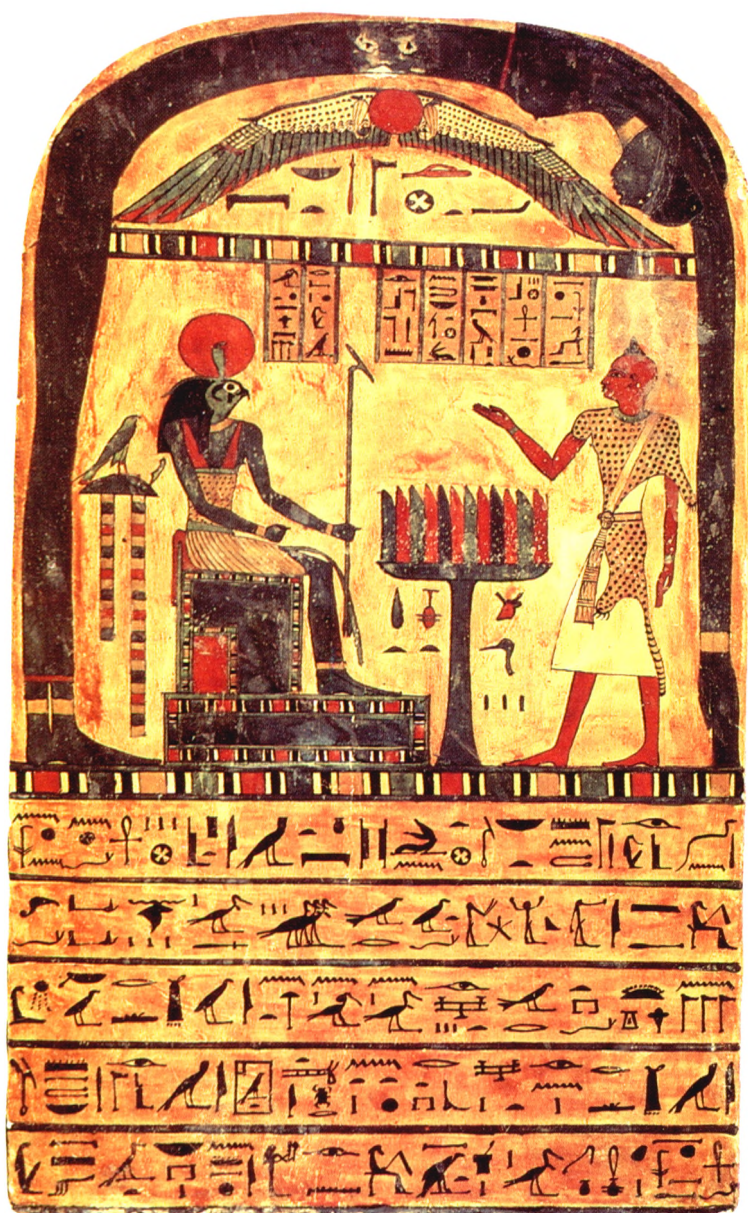
 I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
 The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
 For me unveils the veiled sky,
 The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu
 Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
 Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

 Unity uttermost showed!
 I adore the might of Thy breath,
 Supreme and terrible God,
 Who makest the gods and death
 To tremble before Thee:—
 I, I adore thee!

 Appear on the throne of Ra!
 Open the ways of the Khu!
 Lighten the ways of the Ka!
 The ways of the Khabs run through
 To stir me or still me!
 Aum! let it fill me!

 The Light is mine; its rays consume
 Me: I have made a secret door
 Into the House of Ra and Tum,
 Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.
 I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
 The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

 By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
 By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
 Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!
 Bid me within thine House to dwell,
 O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!
 Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!



*A Paraphrase of the Hieroglyphs of the
11 Lines upon the Reverse of the Stèle*

Saith of Mentu the truth-telling brother
 Who was master of Thebes from his birth:
 O heart of me, heart of my mother!
 O heart which I had upon earth!
 Stand not thou up against me a witness!
 Oppose me not, judge, in my quest!
 Accuse me not now of unfitness
 Before the Great God, the dread Lord of the West!
 For I fastened the one to the other
 With a spell for their mystical girth,
 The earth and the wonderful West,
 When I flourished, o earth, on the breast!

The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
 Saith with his voice of truth and calm:
 O thou that hast a single arm!
 O thou that glitterest in the moon!
 I weave thee in the spinning charm;
 I lure thee with the billowy tune.

The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
 Hath parted from the darkling crowds,
 Hath joined the dwellers of the light,
 Opening Duant, the star-abodes,
 Their keys receiving.

The dead man Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
 Hath made his passage into night,
 His pleasure on the earth to do
 Among the living.



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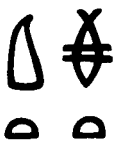
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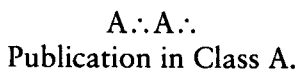
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Publication in Class A.

[I]

1. Had! The manifestation of Nuit.
2. The unveiling of the company of heaven.
3. Every man and every woman is a star.
4. Every number is infinite; there is no difference.
5. Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!
6. Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!
7. Behold! it is revealed by Aiwass the minister of Hoor-paar-kraat.
8. The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.
9. Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you!
10. Let my servants be few & secret: they shall rule the many & the known.
11. These are fools that men adore; both their Gods & their men are fools.
12. Come forth, o children, under the stars, & take your fill of love!
13. I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.
14. Above, the gemmèd azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.
The wingèd globe, the starry blue,
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

15. Now ye 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. They shall gather my children into their fold: they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men.
16. For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But to him is the winged secret flame, and to her the stooping starlight.
17. But ye are not so chosen.
18. Burn upon their brows, o splendrous serpent!
19. O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!
20. The key of the rituals is in the secret word which I have given unto him.
21. With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: they do not see me. They are as upon the earth; I am Heaven, and there is no other God than me, and my lord Hadit.
22. Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I will give him when at last he knoweth me. Since I am Infinite Space, and the Infinite Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing & any other thing; for thereby there cometh hurt.
23. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!
24. I am Nuit, and my word is six and fifty.
25. Divide, add, multiply, and understand.
26. Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one: Who am I, and what shall be the sign? So she answered him, bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth, & her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers: Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the omnipresence of my body.
27. Then the priest answered & said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows, and the dew of her light bathing his

whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweat: O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!

28. None, breathed the light, faint & færy, of the stars, and two.
29. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.
30. This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.
31. For these fools of men and their woes care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.
32. Obey my prophet! follow out the ordeals of my knowledge! seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so: I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.
33. Then the priest fell into a deep trance or swoon, & said unto the Queen of Heaven; Write unto us the ordeals; write unto us the rituals; write unto us the law!
34. But she said: the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all.
35. This that thou writest is the threefold book of Law.
36. My scribe Ankh-af-na-khonsu, the priest of the princes, shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment thereupon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khu-it.
37. Also the mantras and spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these he shall learn and teach.
38. He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.
39. The word of the Law is *Θελημα*.
40. Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

41. The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will! O lover, if thou wilt, depart! There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accurséd! Accurséd be it to the æons! Hell.
42. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all; thou hast no right but to do thy will.
43. Do that, and no other shall say nay.
44. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.
45. The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!
46. Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it eight, eighty, four hundred & eighteen.
47. But they have the half: unite by thine art so that all disappear.
48. My prophet is a fool with his one, one, one; are not they the Ox, and none by the Book?
49. Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath taken his seat in the East at the Equinox of the Gods; and let Asar be with Isa, who also are one. But they are not of me. Let Asar be the adorant, Isa the sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and splendour is the Lord initiating.
50. There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! there are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest. Thus ye have star & star, system & system; let not one know well the other!
51. There are four gates to one palace; the floor of that palace is of silver and gold; lapis lazuli & jasper are there; and all rare scents; jasmine & rose, and the emblems of death. Let him enter in turn or at once the four gates; let him stand on the floor of the palace. Will he not sink? Amn. Ho! warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and

drink sweet wines and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will! But always unto me.

52. If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra Hoor Khuit!
53. This shall regenerate the world, the little world my sister, my heart & my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o scribe and prophet, though thou be of the princes, it shall not assuage thee nor absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth: ever To me! To me!
54. Change not as much as the style of a letter; for behold! thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.
55. The child of thy bowels, *he* shall behold them.
56. Expect him not from the East, nor from the West; for from no expected house cometh that child. Aum! All words are sacred and all prophets true; save only that they understand a little; solve the first half of the equation, leave the second unattacked. But thou hast all in the clear light, and some, though not all, in the dark.
57. Invoke me under my stars! Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love. There is the dove, and there is the serpent. Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress, and the great mystery of the House of God.
All these old letters of my Book are aright; but *Σ* is not the Star. This also is secret: my prophet shall reveal it to the wise.
58. I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.
59. My incense is of resinous woods & gums; and there is no blood therein: because of my hair the trees of Eternity.

60. My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us. The Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, & the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue & gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.
61. But to love me is better than all things: if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour & pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe, and covered with a rich headdress. I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you: come unto me!
62. At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say—and her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing in my secret temple—To me! To me! calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her love-chant.
63. Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!
64. I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky.
65. To me! To me!
66. The Manifestation of Nuit is at an end.

[II]

1. Nu! the hiding of Hadit.
2. Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.
3. In the sphere I am everywhere the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found.
4. Yet she shall be known & I never.
5. Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall this Knowledge go aright.
6. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life, yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.
7. I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle. "Come unto me" is a foolish word: for it is I that go.
8. Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.
9. 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.
10. O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.
11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am stronger.
12. Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not.
13. for why? Because thou wast the knower, and me.

14. Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness!
15. For I am perfect, being Not; and my number is nine by the fools; but with the just I am eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for I am none indeed. The Empress and the King are not of me; for there is a further secret.
16. I am The Empress & the Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven.
17. Hear me, ye people of sighing!
The sorrows of pain and regret
Are left to the dead and the dying,
The folk that not know me as yet.
18. These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk.
19. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us.
20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.
21. We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit: let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings: stamp down the wretched & the weak: this is the law of the strong: this is our law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie: That Thou Must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever. Nuit! Hadit! Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength & Sight, Light; these are for the servants of the Star & the Snake.
22. I am the Snake that giveth Knowledge & Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men with drunkenness. To worship me take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell my prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of innocence is a lie. Be strong, o man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this.
23. I am alone: there is no God where I am.

24. Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them; there shall ye find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy; and there shall be in them a joy a million times greater than this. Beware lest any force another, King against King! Love one another with burning hearts; on the low men trample in the fierce lust of your pride, in the day of your wrath.
25. Ye are against the people, O my chosen!
26. I am the secret Serpent coiled about to spring; in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down mine head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.
27. There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall down into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.
28. Now a curse upon Because and his kin!
29. May Because be accursèd for ever!
30. If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then Will stops & does nought.
31. If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.
32. Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite & unknown; & all their words are skew-wise.
33. Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!
34. But ye, o my people, rise up & awake!
35. Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy & beauty!
36. There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.
37. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!

38. A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law.
39. A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet—secret, O Prophet!
40. A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.
41. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death!
42. A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture!
43. A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight!
44. Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu.
45. There is death for the dogs.
46. Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?
47. Where I am these are not.
48. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled & the consoler.
49. I am unique & conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish. Be they damned & dead! Amen. (This is of the 4: there is a fifth who is invisible, & therein am I as a babe in an egg.)
50. Blue am I and gold in the light of my bride: but the red gleam is in my eyes; & my spangles are purple & green.
51. Purple beyond purple: it is the light higher than eyesight.
52. There is a veil: that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries: veil not your vices in virtuous words: these vices are my service; ye do well, & I will reward you here and hereafter.
53. Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art emphatically my chosen; and blessed are the eyes that thou shalt look upon with gladness. But I

will hide thee in a mask of sorrow: they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.

54. Nor shall they who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shall reveal it: thou availest: they are the slaves of because: They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters? change them not in style or value!
55. Thou shalt obtain the order & value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find new symbols to attribute them unto.
56. Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honour ye shall laugh not long: then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.
57. He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.
58. Yea! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye are, & not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever: the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down or lifted up: all is ever as it was. Yet there are masked ones my servants: it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will: there is no certain test: but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.
59. Beware therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King, thou canst not hurt him.
60. Therefore strike hard & low, and to hell with them, master!
61. There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet, a light undesired, most desirable.
62. I am uplifted in thine heart; and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.
63. Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.
64. Oh! thou art overcome: we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee: hail! hail: prophet of Nu! prophet of Had! prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! now come in our splendour

& rapture! Come in our passionate peace, & write sweet words for the Kings!

65. I am the Master: thou art the Holy Chosen One.
66. Write, & find ecstasy in writing! Work, & be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life & death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart & rejoice! We are one; we are none.
67. Hold! Hold! Bear up in thy rapture; fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!
68. Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep—die!
69. Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word exhausted?
70. There is help & hope in other spells. Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art: if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!
71. But exceed! exceed!
72. Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine—and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous!—death is the crown of all.
73. Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.
74. The length of thy longing shall be the strength of its glory. He that lives long & desires death much is ever the King among the Kings.
75. Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:
76. 4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y X 24 89 R P S T O V
A L. What meaneth this, o prophet? Thou knowest not; nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee: he shall expound it. But remember, o chosen one, to be me; to follow the love of Nu in the star-lit heaven; to look forth upon men, to tell them this glad word.

77. O be thou proud and mighty among men!
78. Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto thee among men or among Gods! Lift up thyself, o my prophet, thy stature shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of the man; and the name of thy house 418.
79. The end of the hiding of Hadit; and blessing & worship to the prophet of the lovely Star!

[III]

1. Abrahadabra; the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.
2. There is division hither homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!
3. Now let it be first understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.
4. Choose ye an island!
5. Fortify it!
6. Dung it about with enginery of war!
7. I will give you a war-engine.
8. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you.
9. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.
10. Get the stélé of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple—and that temple is already aright disposed—& it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a proof to the world.
11. This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstruccion from the ill-ordered house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have danger & trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship me with swords & with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword

before me: let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!

12. Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.
13. But not now.
14. Ye shall see that hour, o blessèd Beast, and thou the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!
15. Ye shall be sad thereof.
16. Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.
17. Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms.
18. Mercy let be off: damn them who pity! Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them!
19. That stélé they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall be to you as 718.
20. Why? Because of the fall of Because, that he is not there again.
21. Set up my image in the East: thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial, not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this.
22. The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast & his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordeal x. What is this? Thou shalt know.
23. For perfume mix meal & honey & thick leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth down with rich fresh blood.

24. The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then the fresh blood of a child, or dropping from the host of heaven: then of enemies; then of the priest or of the worshippers: last of some beast, no matter what.
25. This burn: of this make cakes & eat unto me. This hath also another use; let it be laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes of your orison: it shall become full of beetles as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.
26. These slay, naming your enemies; & they shall fall before you.
27. Also these shall breed lust & power of lust in you at the eating thereof.
28. Also ye shall be strong in war.
29. Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for they swell with my force. All before me.
30. My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon in silver or gold!
31. There cometh a rich man from the West who shall pour his gold upon thee.
32. From gold forge steel!
33. Be ready to fly or to smite!
34. But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globèd priest; another sacrifice shall stain the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!
35. The half of the word of Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khut.

36. Then said the prophet unto the God:

37. I adore thee in the song—

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

Unity uttermost showed!

I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God,
Who makest the gods and death
To tremble before Thee:—
I, I adore thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it fill me!

38. So that thy light is in me; & its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters, (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the House of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

39. All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever—for in it is the word secret & not only in the English—and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!
40. But the work of the comment? That is easy; and Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift and secure thy pen.
41. Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house: all must be done well and with business way.
42. The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit; and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch! Them that seek to entrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter; & destroy them utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he! Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh at their fear: spit upon them!
43. Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart; if she leave my work to toy with old sweetnesses; then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me her child: I will alienate her heart: I will cast her out from men: as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl through dusk wet streets, and die cold and an-hungered.
44. But let her raise herself in pride! Let her follow me in my way! Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous! Let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!
45. Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of the earth. I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see & strike at the worship of Nu: she shall achieve Hadit.

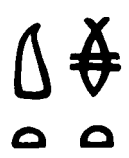
46. I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the Eighties cower before me, & are abased. I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be at your arms in battle & ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength; & ye shall turn not back for any!
47. This 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.
48. Now this mystery of the letters is done, and I want to go on to the holier place.
49. I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.
50. Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!
51. With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.
52. I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed & blind him.
53. With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and Din.
54. Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous creeds.
55. Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels: for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you!
56. Also for beauty's sake and love's!
57. Despise also all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play; all fools despise!
58. But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!
59. As brothers fight ye!

60. There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.
61. There is an end of the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders of the soul.
62. To Me do ye reverence! to me come ye through tribulation of ordeal, which is bliss.
63. The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and its comment; & he understandeth it not.
64. Let him come through the first ordeal, & it will be to him as silver.
65. Through the second, gold.
66. Through the third, stones of precious water.
67. Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire.
68. Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its enemies who say not so, are mere liars.
69. There is success.
70. I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence & of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.
71. Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is nigh at hand.
72. I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the wand of the Force of Coph Nia—but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an Universe; & nought remains.
73. Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to bottom: then behold!
74. There is a splendour in my name hidden and glorious, as the sun of midnight is ever the son.
75. The ending of the words is the Word Abrahadabra.
The Book of the Law is Written
and Concealed.
Aum. Ha.



AL
(LIBER LEGIS)
THE BOOK
OF THE LAW
SUB FIGURA
XXXI

AS DELIVERED BY
93 — עיון — Αἴφας — 418
TO
ANKH-AF-NA-KHONSU
THE PRIEST OF THE PRINCES
תריון — TO ΜΕΓΑ ΘΗΡΙΟΝ
666





A.:A.:
Publication in Class A.

Had! The manifestation of Nuit

The unending of the company of beauteous

Every man and every woman is a star.

Every number is infinite: there is no difference

Help me, o warrior Lord of Thebes, in my

unwilling before the children of men

Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my

heart & my tongue.

Behold! it is revealed by Atiass the

minister of Had-pas-brast

The Khabs is in The Khun, not The Khun in

the Khabs

Worship then The Khabs, and behold my

light shed over you.

2

Let my servants be few & secret: they shall
 outlive many & be known.

These are fools that men adore; tell them
 Gods & their men are fools.

Come forth, O children, under the stars
 & take your fill of love. I am above you
 and in you. My ecstasy is in yours My
 joy is to see your joy

V. I. of I fell called the joy.

Now yet shall know that the chosen
 priest & apostle of infinite space is
 the prince-priest-the Beast and its

3

his woman, called the Scarlet Woman, is
all power given. They shall gather my
children into their fold: they shall bring the
glory of the Stars into the hearts of men.

For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But
to him is the winged secret flame and to
her the stooping starlight.

But ye are not so chosen

Burn upon their towers, a plumed serpent!
O azure-cuddled woman, bend upon them!

The key of the rituals is in the secret word
which I have given unto him

4

With the God & the Adorer I am nothing: They do not see me. They are as upon the earth I am Heaven, and there is no other God than me, and my Lord Hadit.

Now therefore I am known to ye by my name Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I will give him when at last he knoweth me

Since I am Infinite Space and the Infinite Stars therefore do ye also thus. Build nothing! Let there be no difference made among ye between any nothing & any

5

other thing, for thereby there cometh hurt.

But whoso availeth in this, let him be
the chief of all!

I am Writ and my word is six and fifty
divide, add, multiply and understand.

Then saith the prophet and slave of the
beauteous one, Who am I, and what shall
be the sign. So she answered him, bending
down, a lumbent flame of blue, all-bathing
all penetrant, her lovely bands upon the
black earth when like body arched for love
and her soft feet not trusting the

6

little flowers Thou knowest! And the sign
 shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of
 the continuity of existence, ~~the unattainable~~
^{the omnipresence of my body} ~~the unpayable~~
~~has a sense of my universality.~~

(~~Write this in white words~~)

One letter as
 above.

(~~But go forth~~)

Then the priest answered & said unto
 the Queen of Spine, kissing her lovely brows
 and the dew of her light looking into her
 body in a sweet-smelling perfume of sweet
 O Mint, continuous one of Heaven, let it

7
be ever thus that men speak not of
Thee as One but as None and let
them speak not of Thee at all while
Thou art continuous.

None, heed not the light, faint & airy, of
the stars, and two. For I am divided
for Love's sake, for the chance of union.

This is the creation of the world that
the pain of ^{division} ~~distance~~ is as nothing and
the joy of dissolution all.

For these fools of men and their

8
loves are not there at all! They feel
little; what is, is balanced by weak
joy &c. but ye are my chosen ones.

O obey my prophet! follow out the
ordeals of my knowledge! seek me
only! Then the joys of my love will
redeem ye from all pain. This is
so: I swear it by the vault of my
Heaven; by my sacred heart and tongue;
by all I can give, by all I desire of
ye all.

Then the priest fell into a deep trance &c.

9

Saron & said unto the Queen of Heaven
Write unto us the ordeals write unto
us the rituals write unto us the Law.

But she said the ordeals I write not
the rituals shall be half known and
half concealed: the Law is for all
Thus that thou writes it is the Purple
Book of Law

My scribe Bulkef-na-khousa the
Priest of the princes shall not in me
better change this book; but lest there
be folly, he shall comment thereupon
by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khnum-it.

10

Also the wondrous and spells; the
 okeah and the wanya; the work of
 the wand and the work of the
 sword: these he shall learn and teach.
 He must teach; but he may make swell
 the ordeals.

The word of the Law is $\Delta\epsilon\lambda\gamma\mu\alpha$.
 Who calls us Pellemites will do us
 wrong, if he look but those in to the
 word. For there are these Three
 Grades, the Hermit and the Lover and
 the man of Earth. Do what Thou wilt

11
shall be the whole of the Law.

The word of Sin is Restriction. O man!
refuse not thy wife if she will. O
lover, if thou wilt, depart. There is
no bond that can unite the divided but
love: all else is a curse. Accursed!
Accursed! be it to the seas. Hell.
Let it be that state of many hood
bowed and hoodwink. So with thy all
thou hast no right but to do thy will
O that and no other shall my way.
For pure will, unassayed of purpose,

12

delivered from the best of result, is
every way perfect -

The Perfect and the Perfect are one
Perfect and not two; nay, one more!
Nothing is a secret key of this law
Sixty - one the Jews call it; I call it
Eight, eighty, hundred & eighty.
But they have the holy: unite by nine
at so that all disappear.

My prophet is a fool with his one one
one: are not they the One and none
by the Book.

13

Abrogate^{and} all rituals, all orders, all
 words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath
 taken his seat in the East at the Equinox
 of the Gods and let Hoor be with Isa
 who also are one. But they are not of
 me. Let Hoor be the adorer, Isa the
 sufferer; Hoor in his secret name and
 splendour is the Lord initiating.
 There is a word to say about the Hierophantic
 task. Behold! There are three ordeals in
 one, and it may be given in three ways.
 The gross must pass through fire, let the

14

fine he tried in intellect, and the
 lofty those ones in the best. Thus
 ye have star system system
 let not me know well the other.

There are four gates to one palace;
 the floor of that palace is of silver and
 gold, lapis lazuli & Jasper are there, and
 all rare scents jasmine & rose, and the
 symbols of death. Let him enter in turn
 or at once the four gates; let him stand
 on the floor of the palace. Will he
 not sink? Ah! Ho! warrior, if thy
 servant sink? But there are means

15

and means. Be goodly therefore; dress ye
all in fine apparel eat rich foods and
drink sweet-wines and wines that France
~~best~~ Also, take your fill and will of
love as ye will, when, where and with
whom ye will. But always unto me.
If this be not aught; if ye compound
the space-marks, saying: They are one
or saying They are many; if the ritual
be not ever unto me: Then expect
the dreadful judgments of R. Hoor Winiat.
This shall regenerate the world, the little

16

would my sister, my heart & my tongue,
 unto whom I send this kiss. Also, o
 scribe and prophet—though thou be of the
 princes it shall not assuage thee we
 absolve thee. But restay be Prince and
 joy of earth: ever To me To me.

Change not as much as the style
 of a letter; for behold thou o prophet
 shalt not behold all these my sterner
 hidden therein.

The child of my Ravel, he shall behold
 them.

Expect him not from the East nor from

17

The West, for from no expected house
 cometh that child. Ah! All words are
 sacred and all prophets true; save only that
 they understand a little; solve the first
 half of the equation, leave the second
 unatalked. But thou hast all in the
 clear light, and some things not all in the
 dark.

Twofold we under my stars. Love is the
 law, love under will. No let the fools
 mistake love; for there are love and love.
 There is the dove and there is the serpent.
 Choose ye well! He, my prophet, hath

18

Chosen, knowing the law of the fortress
 and the great mystery of the House of God.
 All these old letters of my Book are
 aught; but ~~is~~ ^{is} just the Star. This
 also is secret: my prophet shall reveal
 it to the wise.

I give unimaginable joy in earth: certainly,
 not faith, while in life, upon death; peace
 unalterable, rest, ecstasy: nor do I demand
 aught in sacrifice.

My entrance is of resins, woods & gums
 and there is no blood therein: because of
 my hair the trees of Eternity.

19

My number is 11, as all their numbers
 who are of us. ^(Christ) My colour is black. ^(The) The two pointed star, with a
^{perhaps my star is} circle in the middle, & the circle is Red
 lined, but the blue & gold are seen of the
 seeing. Also I have a secret glory to
 them that love me.

But to love me is better than all things: if
 under the night-stars in the desert than
 presently burnest mine incense before me
 in oblation with a pure heart and the
 Bequest Flame therein, thou shalt come
 a little to lie in my bosom. For he has
 not from them be willing to give all:

20

but whoso gives me partick of hist-
 shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall
 gather goods and store of women and
 spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye
 shall exceed the nations of the earth
 in splendour & pride; but always in the
 love of me, and so shall ye come to
 my joy. I charge you earnestly to come
 before me in a white robe and crowned
 with a white headress. I love you I came to
 you. Pale or purple, veiled or unveiled,
 who are all pleasure and purple

21

and drunkenness of the innermost sense
 desire you. Put on the wings and arouse
 the coiled splendour within you: come unto me
 At all my meetings with you shall the
 priestess say - and her eyes shall burn
 with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing
 in my secret temple - To me! To me!
 calling forth the ^{king of the} hearts of all in her
 love - chant.

Sing the rapturous love - song unto me!

Burn time perfumes! Wear to me jewels!

Bring to me, for I love you! I love you!

22.

I
 I am the blue-biddled day later of sunset, I am
 the naked brilliance of the whiff of snow my life
 sky

To me! To me!

The Manifestation of What is at an
 End.

1. Na! the hiding of Hadit.
2. Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not yet been revealed. I Hadit am the complement of Na my bride. I am not extended, and Khals is the name of my House.
3. In the sphere I am everywhere, the centre, & she, the circumference, is nowhere found.
4. Yet she shall be known & loved.
5. Behold! the rituals of the Old Time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away, let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall New Knowledge go forth.
6. I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star. I am

2

Life, and the giver of life; yet therefore is
the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.

7. I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the
axis of the wheel, and the cube in the circle.

"Come unto me" is a foolish word; for it is I that
go.

8 Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have
worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.

9 Remember all ye that existence is true joy;
that all the sorrows are but as shadows; they
pass & are done; but there is that which
remains.

10. I prophesy! Thou hast ill will to learn this
with me.

11. I see thee hate the hand & the pen; but I am

Stronger.

3

12 Because of me in thee which thou knowest best.

13 For why? Because thou wast the knower,
and me.

14 Now let there be a veiling of this shining: now
let thee light devout men and cut them
up with blindness.

15 For I am perfect, being Not; and my number
is mine by the fools; but with the just I am
eight, and one in eight: Which is vital, for
I am none indeed. The Empress and the King
are not of me; for there is a further secret.

16 I am The Empress of the Hierophant. Thine
eleven, as my bride is eleven.

17. Hear me, ye people of sighing!

The sorrows of pain and regret
Are left to the dead and the dying,
The folk that not know me so yet.

18. These are dead, these fellows; they feel not. We
are not for the poor and sad: the lords of the
earth are our kind folk.

19. Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the
highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen:
who sorroweth is not of us.

20. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and
delicious languor, fire and fire, are of us.

5

21 We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit:
 Let them die in their misery: For Reg feel
 not. Compassion is the vice of kings: Stamp
 down the wretched & the weak: This is the
 law of the story: This is our law and the
 cry of the world. Think not, kings, upon that
 lie: That Those Must Die: verily, none shall
 not die, but live! Now let it be understood:
 If the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain
 "Tumrestay" or else Nint Hadit Ra-Hor-
 Khuit. The Sun, Strength & Light, Light these
 are for the servants of the Star & the Snake

- 22 I am the Snake that with knowledge & delight
and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men
with drunkenness. To worship me take wine
and strange drugs whereof I will tell my
prophet, & be drunk thereof! They shall not
harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly
against self. The asposome of innocence
is a lie. Be strong, O man, lust, enjoy
all things of sense and rapture: fear not
that any God shall deny thee for this.
- 23 I am alone: there is no God where I am.
- 24 Behold! there be grave mysteries; for there
are also of my friends who be hermits. Now

Think not to find them in the forest or on the
mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by
magnificent hosts of women with large limbs,
and fire and light in their eyes, and masses
of flaming hair about them; there shall ye
find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at
victorious armies, at all the joy; and there
shall hear them a joy a million times
greater than this. Beware lest any
force another, King against King! Love one
another with burning hearts; or the low men
trample in the fierce host of your pride

8

in the day of your wrath.

25. Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

26. Can the secret Serpent coiled about to
spring: in my coiling there is joy. If I

lift up my head, I and my Nith are one.

If I droop down mine head, and shoot
forth venom, there is rapture of the earth,
and I and the earth are one.

27. There is great danger in me; for who doth
not understand these runes shall make
a great miss. He shall fall down into
the pit called Because, and there he shall

person with the dogs of Reason. 9

28 Now a curse upon Because and his kin!

29 May Because be accursed for ever!

30 If Will stops and cries Why, in asking
Because, then Will stops & does nothing.

31 If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.

32 No reason is a lie; for there is a
factor in finite unhorn; & all their
words are skew-wise.

33 Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!

34. But ye, O my people, rise up & awake!

35. Let the rituals be rightly performed with
joy & beauty!

10

- 36 There are rituals of the elements and feasts
of the times.
- 37 A feast for the first night of the Prophet
and his Bride!
- 38 A feast for the three days of the writing of
the Book of the Law.
- 39 A feast for Tahuti and the childhood of his
Prophet - secret, O Prophet!
- 40 A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a
feast for the Eignior of the Gods.
- 41 A feast for fire and a feast for water; a
feast for life and a greater feast for death.

42 A feast every day in your hearts in the
joy of my captivity.

43 A feast every night unto Wot, and the
pleasure of uttermost delight.

44 Aye! feast! rejoice! There is no dread
hereafter. There is the dissolution, and
eternal rest in the house of Wot.

45 There is death for the dogs.

46 Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear
in thine heart?

47 Where I am these are not.

12

- 48 Pity not the fallen! / Never knew them.
I am not for them. / console not: / hate
the unsold & the unsoler.
- 49 I am myre & conqueror. I am not of the
Slaves that perish. Be they damned &
dead! Amen: [This is of the 4: there is
a fifth who is invisible & therein am I
as a babe in an egg.]
- 50 Blue am I and gold in the light of my
laile: but the red gleam is in my eyes
& my sprinkles are purple & green.
51. Purple beyond purple: it is the light in the

than eyesight.

13
52 There is a veil: that veil is black. It is
the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil
of sorrow, & the pall of death: this is none
of me. Tear down that lying spectre of
the centuries: veil not your vices in
vicious words: these vices are my service;
ye do well, & I will reward you here and
hereafter.

53 Fear not, & prophet, when these words are
said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art
unflinchingly my chosen; and blessed art

14

The eyes that thou shalt look upon with
 gladness. But I will hide thee in a
 mask of sorrow: They that see thee shall
 fear thou art fallen: but - I lift thee up.
 54 Nor shall they who cry aloud then folly
 that thou meanest nought avail; thou
 shalt reveal it: thou avildest; they are
 the slaves of because: They are not of
 me. The stops as thou wilt; the letters
 change them not in style or value!
 55 Thou shalt obtain the order & value of
 the English Alphabet; thou shalt find

new symbols to attribute them unto.

56 Begone! ye wretches; even though ye laugh
at my honour ye shall laugh not long: then
when ye are sad know that I have
forgotten you.

57 He that is righteous shall be righteous still;
he that is filthy shall be filthy still.

58 Ye! deem not of change: ye shall be as ye
are, & not other. Therefore the kings of
the earth shall be kings for ever: their trees
shall serve. There is none that shall
be cut down or lifted up: all is ever

16

as it was. Yet there are masked men my
 servants: it may be that gonderbeggan is
 a King. A King may choose his garment as
 he will: there is no certain test: but a
 beggar cannot hide his poverty.

59 Beware therefore! Love all, best forbearance is a
 King concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he
 be a King, thou canst not hunt him.

60 Therefore strike hard & slow, and to hell
 with him, master!

61 There is a light before mine eyes, & prophet,
 a light undecied, most desirable.

62 I am uplifted in thine heart; and the roses
of the stars rain hard upon my body.

63 Thou art Exhaust in the voluptuous fullness
of the aspiration: the aspiration is sweeter
than death, more rapid and lengthful than
a caress of Hell's own worm.

64 GL! Thou art overcome: we are above thee;
our delight is all over thee: hail! hail!
prophet of Wa! prophet of Had! prophet of
Ra. Hoor-khu! Now rejoice! now come in
our splendour & rapture! Come in our passionate
peace, & write sweet words for the King!

18

- 65 I am the Master: from all the Holy Chosen Be.
 66 Write, & find rest in writing! Work, &
 be one bed in working! Thrill with the
 joy of life & death! Ah! My death shall
 be lovely: whose seek it shall be glad. My
 death shall be the seal of the promise of
 an eternal love. Come! lift up thine heart
 & rejoice! We are one; we are more.
 67 Hold! Hold! Be up in my response;
 fall not in snore of the excellent roses!
 68 Hinder! Hold up my self! Lift thine self!

be not so deep - die!

69 Ah! Ah! What do I feel? / the word
exhausted?

70 There is help & hope in other wells. Wisdom
says: be strong! Then canst thou have more
joy. Be not animal; refine thy appetite!
If thou drink, drink by the right and univ. rules
of art: if thou love, exceed by
delicacy; and if thou do any let joy on, let
there be subtlety therein!

71 But exceed! exceed!

72 Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly

20

mine - and doubt if not, an if thou art
ever joyous! - death is the worm of all.

73 A h ihu! Death! Death! Thou shalt long for
death. Death is forbidden, O man, unto thee.

74 The length of thy longing shall be the strength
of its glory. He that lives long & desires
death much is ever the King among the Kings.

75 Aye! listen to the numbers & the words:

76 4638 A B K 24 A L G M O R 3 Y
x 24 P q R P S T O V A L. What
meant this, O prophet? Thou knowest
not, nor shalt thou know ever. There
cometh one to follow thee; he shall

21

is proud it. But remember, O chosen
 me, to be me; to follow the line of
 Na in the star-lit heaven; to look forth
 upon men, to tell them this of God.

77 O be thou proud and mighty among men!

78 Lift up thyself! for there is none like unto
 thee among men or among Gods! Lift up
 thyself, O my prophet, thy name shall
 surpass the stars they shall worship thy
 name, for square, mystic, wonderful, the
 number of the man; and the name of

22
My house 418.

79. The end of the history of Hadit; and
blessing worship to the prophet of
the lovely Star.

leave some
on paper - not
in the book

- 1 Ahaahadabra! The sword of Ra Hoor Khut.
- 2 There is division hither and thither; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra - Hoor - Khut.
- 3 Now let it be understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them.
- 4 Choose ye an island!
- 5 Fortify it!
- 6 Dug it about with engineering of war!
- 7 I will give you a war-engine.
- 8 With it ye shall smite the peoples and

none shall stand before you. 2

9 Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! This
is The Law of the Battle of Tongue: Thus
shall my worship be about my secret house.

10 Let the stèle of revealing itself; set it
in my secret temple - and that temple
is already aight disposed - & it shall be your
Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but
miraculous colours shall come back to it
day after day. Close it in locked glass for a
proof to the world.

11 This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument.
Conquer! That is enough. I will make easier

3

to you the abstruction from the ill-ordered
house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt
thyself come, it with worship, & prophet,
though thou liest it not. Thou shalt have
danger & trouble. Ra-Hor-Khuen is with
thee. Worship me with fire & blood; worship
me with swords & with spears. Let the woman
be quit with a sword before me: let blood
flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen, be
you them, & warrior, I will give you of their
flesh to eat!

12 Sacrifice cattle, little and big: after a child.

4

- 13 But not now.
- 14 Ye shall see that hour, o blessed Beast, and
Then the Sulest Lincubine of his desire!
- 15 Ye shall be sad thereof.
- 16 Beem not too eagerly to catch the promises; fear
not to undergo the anuses. Ye, even ye, know not
this meaning all.
- 17 Fear not at all; fear neither men, nor Fates,
nor gods, nor anything. Nor ye can not, nor
laugh at the folk folly, nor any other power
in heaven or upon the earth or under the
earth. Who is your refuge as Hadit your

5

light; and I am the strength, the arm of
your arms.

18 Mercy let be off: damn them who pity.
Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them.

19 That still they shall call the Abomination
of Desolation; count well its name, & it shall
be to you as 718.

20 Why? Because of the fall of Babel, that
he is not there again.

21 Set up my image in the East; thou shalt buy
there an image which I will show thee, especially
not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall
be suddenly easy for thee to do this.

6

22. The other images group around me to support me: let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast and his Bride are they: and for the winners of the Ordal x. What is this? Thou shalt know.
23. For perfume use incense & honey & rich leavings of red wine: then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften & smooth down with rich peal blood!
24. The best blood is of the moon, monthly: then the peal blood of a child, or dropping from the

7

host of heaven: then of enemies; then
of the priest of the worshippers: last of
some beast, no matter what.

25 This horn: of this make cakes & eat unto
me. This hath also another use; let it be
laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes
of your own: it shall become full of beetles
as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.

26 These slay, naming your enemies & they shall
fall before you.

27 Also there shall breed lust & power of lust in
you at the eating thereof.

28 Also ye shall be strong in war.

29 Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for
they swell with my force. All besee me.

30 My altar is of open brass work: burn thereon
in silver or gold.

31 There cometh a rich man from the West who
shall pour his gold upon thee.

32 From gold forge steel:

33 Be ready to fly or to smite.

34 But your holy place shall be untouched
throughout the centuries: Though with fire and
sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet
in this house there standeth and
shall stand until the fall of the Great

9

Equinox, when Hm-machis shall arise and
 the double-wounded one assume my throne and
 place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring
 flesh from the skies; another woman shall
 wake the lust worship of the Snake; another
 soul of God and Beast shall unite in the
 globed priest; another sacrifice shall stain
 the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing
 no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed
 mystical Lord!

35. The half of the word of Hm-ra-ha, called
 Hm-ra-ha and Re-Hm-Rhant.

10

36 Then said the prophet unto the God.

37 I adore thee in the song
 "I am the Lord of Thebes" &c from vellum book
 unity & ——— fill me

38 So that thy light is in me & its red flame
 is as a sword in my hand to push thy
 order. There is a secret door that I shall
 make to establish thy way in all the quarters
 (these are the subdivisions, as thou hast written)
 as it is said

"The light is mine" &c
 from vellum book to "Ra-Hor-Khuit"

11

39 All this and a book to say how Thou
 didst come hither and a reproduction of
 this ink and paper for ever - for in it is
 the word secret & not only in the English-
 and they comment upon, but the Book of the Law
 shall be printed beautifully in red ink and
 black upon beautiful paper made by hand;
 and to each man and woman that Thou
 meetest, were it but to die or to drink
 at them, it is the Law to give. Then they
 shall chance to slide in this bliss or no;
 it is no odds. Do this quickly!

40 But the work of the comment? That is easy; and

12

Habit living in My heart shall make swift
and leave My pen.

41. Establish at My Kaaba ^{-house} a ~~clerkship~~:
all must be done well and with business
way.
42. The ordeals thou shalt oversee Myself, save only
the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou
shalt know & destroy the traitors. I am
Ra-Hoor-Khuit and I am powerful to protect
my servant. Success is My proof: argue not;
convert not: rebel not overmuch. Them
that seek to mislead thee, to overthrow thee, then
attack without pity or quarter & destroy them
utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent from

13

and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he!

4 Drag down their souls to awful torment: laugh
at their fear: spit upon them!

43 Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and
compassion and tenderness visit her heart
if she leave my work to toy with old
sweetnesses then shall my vengeance be
known. I will slay me her child: I will
alienate her heart: I will cast her out
from men: as a shrinking and despised ~~she~~ shall
she crawl through dark wet streets, and
die cold and an-hungred.

14

44. But let her raise herself in pride. Let her follow me in my way. Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! Let her be loud and adulterous; let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless before all men!

45 Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child my sister. From all the kings of the earth I will fill her with joy: with my force shall she see to strike at the worship of Me. She shall achieve Hadit.

15

46. I am the warrior Lord of the Forties: the
 Forties come before me, & are shielded
 I will bring you to victory & joy: I will be
 at your arms in battle & ye shall
 delight to slay. Success to your proof;
 Courage is your armour; go on, go on, in
 my strength & ye shall turn not back for
 any.

47 This book shall be translated into all
 tongues: but always will be revised 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 $\oplus$ in its failure is a
key also. And Abrahamah. It shall
be his child & that strangely. Let him not
seek after this; for thereby alone can he
fall from it.

- 17
- 48 Now this mystery of the letters is done, and
I want to go on to the higher plane.
- 49 I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against
all gods of men.
- 50 Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!
- 51 With my Hawk's beak I peck at the eyes of
Jesus as he hangs upon the cross
- 52 I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed &
blind him
- 53 With my claws I tear out the flesh of the
Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol and
Din.
- 54 Bahlastr! Ompheda! Spit on you

18

capulous creeds.

- 55 Let Many inviolate be torn upon wheels:
for her sake let all chaste women be
utterly despised among you.
- 56 Alas for beauty's sake and love's.
- 57 Despise all awards; professional soldiers
who dare not fight, but play: all fools despise.
- 58 But the keen and the proud, the royal and
the lofty: ye are brothers!
- 59 As brothers fight ye.
- 60 There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.
- 61 There is an end of the word of the God

19

enthroned in Rao's seat, lighting the guides
of the soul.

62 To Ae do ye reverence; come come ye
through tribulation of ordeal, which is
bless.

63 The fool readeth the Book of the Law, and
its comment she understandeth it not.

64 Let him come through the first ordeal &
it will be to him as silver

65 through the second gold

66 through the third, stores of precious water.

67 through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the
infinite fire.

20

68 Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its
enemies who say not so, are mere liars.

69 There is success

70 I am the Hand-Headed Lord of Silence
of Strength; my wings shroud the
light-blue sky.

71 Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of
the world! for your pine is right at hand

72 I am the Lord of the Double Hand of Power
force of Cophylia -
the wound of the ~~Cophylia~~ I but my
left hand is empty, for I have conspired.

21

an Universe & nought remains.

73 Paste the sheets from right to left and
from top to bottom: then behold!

74 There is a splendour in my name hidden
and glorious, as the sun of midday, it is
and the son

75 The ending of the words is the Word
Abchadaha.

The Book of the Law is Written
and Concealed
Ann. Ha.

The Comment

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The study of this Book is forbidden. It is wise to destroy this copy after the first reading.

Whosoever disregards this does so at his own risk and peril. These are most dire.

Those who discuss the contents of this Book are to be shunned by all, as centres of pestilence.

All questions of the Law are to be decided only by appeal to my writings, each for himself.

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Love is the law, love under will.

The priest of the princes,

Ankh-f-n-khonsu
⌚⌚⌚

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The editions cited here are not an exhaustive listing, but highlight the publication history of *Liber Legis* and its commentaries. Parenthetical numbers refer to works in the reference lists in which the papers appear.

Liber CCXX first appeared in (29), later appearing in (9.j), with principal editions prepared by Crowley issued as (10), (5), and (6). Many other editions appeared after Crowley's death; (30) and (3) include *Liber CCXX* and are of particular importance. *Liber XXXI* first appeared in (9.g), later appearing (with the "short" 1-page Comment) as (1) and in (10); it first appeared with new photography in (4). The Old Commentary first appeared in (9.g), and appears with the New Commentary in (19), (15), and in an abridged form in (8).

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These books and papers are cited or quoted by Crowley in the text of the abridged Commentaries to *The Book of the Law*; see the General Index for page references. They are listed here alphabetically or by their number in the A.:A.: and O.T.O. canon. Except where noted, all were written (or received) by Crowley. Parenthetical numbers refer to books in the reference lists below in which the papers appear. The descriptions in quotations are Crowley's, from the A.:A.: Curricula.

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to The Book of the Law*

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Aleister Crowley's life and thought are inexorably linked with *The Book of the Law* (*Liber AL vel Legis sub figura CCXX*). He was not the author of this short, prophetic text. He received this visionary work by direct-voice dictation from a preterhuman, possibly discarnate intelligence in Cairo in 1904.

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ISBN 1-56184-090-4



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