LIBER CCCXXXIII
A.· A.·: PUBLICATION IN CLASSES
C AND D
OFFICIAL FOR BABES OF THE ABYSS
IMPRIMATUR.

N.
Fra.· A.·: A.·:
Frater Perdurabo.

On the Deosai Plateaux.

End of his first Himalayan Expedition.
LIBER CCCXXXIII
THE BOOK OF LIES
WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY CALLED
BREAKS
THE WANDERINGS OR FALSIFICATIONS OF THE ONE THOUGHT
OF
FRATER PERDURABO
WHICH THOUGHT IS ITSELF UNTRUE

"Break, break, break
At the foot of thy stones, O Sea!
And I would that I could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

LONDON: WIELAND AND CO.
33 AVENUE STUDIOS, SOUTH KENSINGTON
1913
ERRATA

It seems absurd, as the whole book is a misprint: however—

On Page 61, for "Themindor" read "Thermidor."

On Page 79, line 10, for "Be" read "He."

NOTES.

Page 12, for "O=Vs" read "O=\nu."
Page 31, for "Mualtar" read "Muattar."
Page 39, for "10" read "80."
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Η ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤΙ ΚΕΦΑΛΗ

Ο!¹

ΤΗΣ ΑΝΤΕ ΠΡΙΜΑΛ ΤΡΙΑΔ ΥΓΙΗΝ ΑΙΕ ΝΟΤ-ΓΟΔ

Nothing is.
Nothing becomes.
Nothing is not.

ΤΗΣ ΠΕΡΙΠΕΤΕΙΑ ΥΓΙΗΝ ΑΙΕ ΓΟΔ

I AM.
I utter The Word.
I hear The Word.

ΤΗΣ ΑΒΥΣΣ

The Word is broken up.
There is Knowledge.
Knowledge is Relation.
These fragments are Creation.
The broken manifests Light.²

7
THE SECOND TRIAD WHICH IS GOD

GOD the Father and Mother is concealed in Generation.
GOD is concealed in the whirling energy of Nature.
GOD is manifest in gathering: harmony: consideration: the Mirror of the Sun and of the Heart.

THE THIRD TRIAD

Bearing: preparing.
Wavering: flowing: flashing.
Stability: begetting.

THE TENTH EMANATION

The world.
Ο! the heart of N.O.X. the Night of Pan.
Death: Begetting: the supporters of Ο!
To beget is to die; to die is to beget.
Cast the Seed into the Field of Night.
Life and Death are two names of A.
Kill thyself.
Neither of these alone is enough.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Β

THE CRY OF THE HAWK

Hoor hath a secret fourfold name: it is Do
What Thou Wilt.³
Four Words: Naught—One—Many—All.
   Thou—Child!
   Thy Name is holy.
   Thy Kingdom is come.
   Thy Will is done.
   Here is the Bread.
   Here is the Blood.
   Bring us through Temptation!
   Deliver us from Good and Evil!
That Mine as Thine be the Crown of the
Kingdom, even now.
   ABRAHADABRA.
These ten words are four, the Name of the One.
THE OYSTER

The Brothers of A.·. A.·. are one with the Mother of the Child. 4

The Many is as adorable to the One as the One is to the Many. This is the Love of These: creation-parturition is the Bliss of the One; coition-dissolution is the Bliss of the Many.

The All, thus interwoven of These, is Bliss.

Naught is beyond Bliss.

The Man delights in uniting with the Woman; the Woman in parting from the Child.

The Brothers of A.·. A.·. are Women: the Aspirants to A.·. A.·. are Men.
Soft and hollow, how thou dost overcome the hard and full!
It dies, it gives itself; to Thee is the fruit!
Be thou the Bride; thou shalt be the Mother hereafter.
To all impressions thus. Let them not overcome thee; yet let them breed within thee.
The least of the impressions, come to its perfection, is Pan.
Receive a thousand lovers; thou shalt bear but One Child.
This child shall be the heir of Fate the Father.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ε

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

That is not which is.
The only Word is Silence.
The only Meaning of that Word is not.
Thoughts are false.
Fatherhood is unity disguised as duality.
Peace implies war.
Power implies war.
Harmony implies war.
Victory implies war.
Glory implies war.
Foundation implies war.
Alas! for the Kingdom wherein all these are at war.
The Word was uttered: the One exploded into one thousand million worlds.
Each world contained a thousand million spheres.
Each sphere contained a thousand million planes.
Each plane contained a thousand million stars.
Each star contained a many thousand million things.
Of these the reasoner took six, and, preening, said: This is the One and the All.
These six the Adept harmonized, and said: This is the Heart of the One and the All.
These six were destroyed by the Master of the Temple; and he spake not.
The Ash thereof was burnt up by the Magus into The Word.
Of all this did the Ipsissimus know Nothing.
None are They whose number is Six: else were they six indeed.
Seven are these Six that live not in the City of the Pyramids, under the Night of Pan.
There was Lao-tzü.
There was Siddartha.
There was Krishna.
There was Tahuti.
There was Mosheh.
There was Dionysus.
There was Mahmud.
But the Seventh men called PERDURABO; for enduring unto The End, at The End was Naught to endure.
Amen.
Mind is a disease of semen.
All that a man is or may be is hidden therein.
Bodily functions are parts of the machine;
silent, unless in dis-ease.
But mind, never at ease, creaketh 'I.'
This I persisteth not, posteth not through
generations, changeth momently, finally is
dead.
Therefore is man only himself when lost to
himself in The Charioting.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Θ

THE BRANKS

Being is the Noun; Form is the Adjective. Matter is the Noun; Motion is the Verb. Wherefore hath Being clothed itself with Form? Wherefore hath Matter manifested itself in Motion? Answer not, O silent one! For THERE is no 'wherefore,' no 'because.' The name of THAT is not known; the Pronoun interprets, that is, misinterprets, It. Time and Space are Adverbs. Duality begat the Conjunction. The Conditioned is Father of the Preposition. The Article also marketh Division; but the Interjection is the sound that endeth in the Silence. Destroy therefore the Eight Parts of Speech; the Ninth is nigh unto Truth. This also must be destroyed before thou enterest into The Silence. Aum.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ I

WINDLESTRAWNS

The Abyss of Hallucinations has Law and Reason; but in Truth there is no bond between the Toys of the Gods. This Reason and Law is the Bond of the Great Lie. Truth! Truth! Truth! crieth the Lord of the Abyss of Hallucinations. There is no Silence in that Abyss: for all that men call Silence is Its Speech. This Abyss is also called 'Hell,' and 'The Many.' Its name is 'Consciousness,' and 'The Universe,' among men. But THAT which neither is silent, nor speaks, rejoices therein.
Concerning the Holy Three-in-Naught.
Nuit, Hadit, Ra-Hoor-Khuit, are only to be understood by the Master of the Temple.
They are above The Abyss, and contain all contradiction in themselves.
Below them is a seeming duality of Chaos and Babalon; these are called Father and Mother, but it is not so. They are called Brother and Sister, but it is not so. They are called Husband and Wife, but it is not so.
The reflection of All is Pan: the Night of Pan is the Annihilation of the All.
Cast down through The Abyss is the Light, the Rosy Cross, the rapture of Union that destroys, that is The Way. The Rosy Cross is the Ambassador of Pan.
How infinite is the distance from This to That!
Yet All is Here and Now. Nor is there any
There or Then; for all that is, what is it but a manifestation, that is, a part, that is, a falsehood, of THAT which is not? Yet THAT which is not neither is nor is not That which is!

Identity is perfect; therefore the Law of Identity is but a lie. For there is no subject, and there is no predicate; nor is there the contradictory of either of these things. Holy, Holy, Holy are these Truths that I utter, knowing them to be but falsehoods, broken mirrors, troubled waters; hide me, O our Lady, in Thy Womb! for I may not endure the rapture.

In this utterance of falsehood upon falsehood, whose contradictories are also false, it seems as if That which I uttered not were true. Blessed, unutterably blessed, is this last of the illusions; let me play the man, and thrust it from me! Amen.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΒ

THE DRAGON-FLIES

IO is the cry of the lower as OI of the higher. In figures they are 1001; in letters they are Joy. For when all is equilibrated, when all is beheld from without all, there is joy, joy, joy that is but one facet of a diamond, every other facet whereof is more joyful than joy itself.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΓ

PILGRIM-TALK

O thou that settest out upon The Path, false is the Phantom that thou seekest. When thou hast it thou shalt know all bitterness, thy teeth fixed in the Sodom-Apple. Thus hast thou been lured along That Path, whose terror else had driven thee far away.

O thou that stridest upon the middle of The Path, no phantoms mock thee. For the stride’s sake thou stridest. Thus art thou lured along That Path, whose fascination else had driven thee far away.

O thou that drawest toward the End of The Path, effort is no more. Faster and faster dost thou fall; thy weariness is changed into Ineffable Rest.

For there is no Thou upon That Path: thou hast become The Way.
ONION-PEELINGS

The Universe is the Practical Joke of the General at the Expense of the Particular, quoth FRATER PERDURABO, and laughed.

But those disciples nearest to him wept, seeing the Universal Sorrow.

Those next to them laughed, seeing the Universal Joke.

Below these certain disciples wept.

Then certain laughed.

Others next wept.

Others next laughed.

Next others wept.

Next others laughed.

Last came those that wept because they could not see the Joke, and those that laughed lest they should be thought not to see the Joke, and thought it safe to act like FRATER PERDURABO.

But though FRATER PERDURABO laughed openly, He also at the same time wept secretly; and in Himself He neither laughed nor wept.

Nor did He mean what He said.
THE GUN-BARREL

Mighty and erect is this Will of mine, this Pyramid of fire whose summit is lost in Heaven. Upon it have I burned the corpse of my desires.

Mighty and erect is this Φαλλος of my Will. The seed thereof is That which I have borne within me from Eternity; and it is lost within the Body of Our Lady of the Stars.

I am not I; I am but an hollow tube to bring down Fire from Heaven.

Mighty and marvellous is this Weakness, this Heaven which draweth me into Her Womb, this Dome which hideth, which absorbeth, Me.

This is The Night wherein I am lost, the Love through which I am no longer I.
The Stag-Beetle

Death implies change and individuality; if thou be THAT which hath no person, which is beyond the changing, even beyond changelessness, what hast thou to do with death? The birth of individuality is ecstasy; so also is its death.

In love the individuality is slain; who loves not love?

Love death therefore, and long eagerly for it.

Die Daily.
THE SWAN

There is a Swan whose name is Ecstasy: it wingeth from the Deserts of the North; it wingeth through the blue; it wingeth over the fields of rice; at its coming they push forth the green.
In all the Universe this Swan alone is motionless: it seems to move, as the Sun seems to move; such is the weakness of our sight.

O fool! criest thou?

Amen. Motion is relative: there is Nothing that is still.

Against this Swan I shot an arrow; the white breast poured forth blood. Men smote me; then, perceiving that I was but a Pure Fool, they let me pass.
Thus and not otherwise I came to the Temple of the Graal.
DEWDROPS

Verily, love is death, and death is life to come. Man returneth not again; the stream floweth not uphill; the old life is no more; there is a new life that is not his. Yet that life is of his very essence; it is more He than all that he calls He. In the silence of a dewdrop is every tendency of his soul, and of his mind, and of his body; it is the Quintessence and the Elixir of his being. Therein are the forces that made him and his father and his father's father before him. This is the Dew of Immortality. Let this go free, even as It will; thou art not its master, but the vehicle of It.
THE LEOPARD AND THE DEER

The spots of the leopard are the sunlight in the glade; pursue thou the deer stealthily at thy pleasure.
The dappling of the deer is the sunlight in the glade; concealed from the leopard do thou feed at thy pleasure.
Resemble all that surroundeth thee; yet be Thyself—and take thy pleasure among the living.
This is that which is written—Lurk!—in The Book of The Law.
The Universe is in equilibrium; therefore He that is without it, though his force be but a feather, can overturn the Universe.
Be not caught within that web, O child of Freedom! Be not entangled in the universal lie, O child of Truth!
KEΦΑΛΗ ΚΑ

THE BLIND WEBSTER

It is not necessary to understand; it is enough to adore.
The god may be of clay: adore him; he becomes GOD.
We ignore what created us; we adore what we create. Let us create nothing but GOD!
That which causes us to create is our true father and mother; we create in our own image, which is theirs.
Let us create therefore without fear; for we can create nothing that is not GOD.
The waiters of the best eating-houses mock the whole world; they estimate every client at his proper value. This I know certainly, because they always treat me with profound respect. Thus they have flattered me into praising them thus publicly. Yet it is true; and they have this insight because they serve, and because they can have no personal interest in the affairs of those whom they serve. An absolute monarch would be absolutely wise and good. But no man is strong enough to have no interest. Therefore the best king would be Pure Chance. It is Pure Chance that rules the Universe; therefore, and only therefore, life is good.
KEFALH KI (23)

SKIDOO

What man is at ease in his Inn?
Get out.
Wide is the world and cold.
Get out.
Thou hast become an in-initiate.
Get out.
But thou canst not get out by the way thou camest in. The Way out is THE WAY.
Get out.
For OUT is Love and Wisdom and Power. Get OUT.
If thou hast T already, first get UT.
Then get O.
And so at last get OUT.
THE HAWK AND THE BLINDWORM

This book would translate Beyond-Reason into the words of Reason.
Explain thou snow to them of Andaman.
The slaves of reason call this book Abuse-of-Language: they are right.
Language was made for men to eat and drink, make love, do barter, die. The wealth of a language consists in its Abstracts; the poorest tongues have wealth of Concretes.
Therefore have Adepts praised silence; at least it does not mislead as speech does.
Also, Speech is a symptom of Thought.
Yet, silence is but the negative side of Truth; the positive side is beyond even silence.
Nevertheless, One True God crieth *hriliu!*
And the laughter of the Death-rattle is akin.
κεφαλή κε

THE STAR RUBY

Facing East, in the centre, draw deep deep deep thy breath, closing thy mouth with thy right forefinger prest against thy lower lip. Then dashing down the hand with a great sweep back and out, expelling forcibly thy breath, cry: ΑΠΟ ΠΑΝΤΟC ΚΑΚΟΔΑΙ-ΜΟΝΟC.

With the same forefinger touch thy forehead, and say COI, thy member, and say Ω ϕαλλη, thy right shoulder, and say ιcxypoc, thy left shoulder, and say ευξαπικτοc; then clasp thine hands, locking the fingers, and cry ΙΑΩ.

Advance to the East. Imagine strongly a Pentagram, aright, in thy forehead. Drawing the hands to the eyes, fling it forth, making the sign of Horus, and roar ΧΑΟC. Retire thine hand in the sign of Hoor pa kraat.
Go round to the North and repeat; but scream BABALON.

Go round to the West and repeat; but say ἘΡΩϹ.

Go round to the South and repeat; but bellow ΨΥΧΗ.

Completing the circle widdershins, retire to the centre, and raise thy voice in the Paian, with these words IO ΠΙΑΝ with the signs of N. O. X.

Extend the arms in the form of a Tau, and say low but clear: ΠΡΟ ΜΟΥ ΙΥΤΤΕϹ ΟΠΙϹΩ ΜΟΥ ΤΕΛΕΤΑΡΧΑΙ ΕΠΙ ΔΕΞΙΑ ΣΥΝΟΧΕϹ ΕΠΑΡΙϹΤΕΡΑ ΔΑΙΜΟΝΙϹ ΦΛΕΓΕΙ ΓΑΡ ΠΕΡΙ ΜΟΥ Ο ΑϹΤΗΡ ΤΩΝ ΠΕΝΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΤΗΙ ΣΤΗΑΗΙ Ο ΑϹΤΗΡ ΤΩΝ ΕΞ ΕϹΤΗΚΕ.

Repeat the Cross Qabalistic, as above, and end as thou didst begin.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Κ'

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TORTOISE

The Absolute and the Conditioned together make The One Absolute.
The Second, who is the Fourth, the Demiurge, whom all nations of Men call The First, is a lie grafted upon a lie, a lie multiplied by a lie.
Fourfold is He, the Elephant upon whom the Universe is poised: but the carapace of the Tortoise supports and covers all.
This Tortoise is sixfold, the Holy Hexagram. These six and four are ten, 10, the One manifested that returns into the Naught unmanifest.
The All-Mighty, the All-Ruler, the All-Knower, the All-Father, adored by all men and by me abhorred, be thou accursed, be thou abolished, be thou annihilated, Amen!
A Sorcerer by the power of his magick had subdued all things to himself. Would he travel? He could fly through space more swiftly than the stars. Would he eat, drink, and take his pleasure? There was none that did not instantly obey his bidding. In the whole system of ten million times ten million spheres upon the two and twenty million planes he had his desire. And with all this he was but himself. Alas!
THE POLE-STAR

Love is all virtue, since the pleasure of love is but love, and the pain of love is but love. Love taketh no heed of that which is not and of that which is. Absence exalteth love, and presence exalteth love. Love moveth ever from height to height of ecstasy and faileth never. The wings of love droop not with time, nor slacken for life or for death. Love destroyeth self, uniting self with that which is not-self, so that Love breedeth All and None in One. Is it not so? . . . No? . . . Then thou art not lost in love; speak not of love. Love Alway Yieldeth: Love Alway Hardeneth. . . . . . . . . May be: I write it but to write Her name.
KEFALH ΚΘ

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Love, I love you! Night, night, cover us!
Thou art night, O my love; and there are no stars but thine eyes.
Dark night, sweet night, so warm and yet so fresh, so scented yet so holy, cover me, cover me!
Let me be no more! Let me be Thine; let me be Thou; let me be neither Thou nor I; let there be love in night and night in love.
N. O. X. the night of Pan; and Laylah, the night before His threshold!

39
JOHN-A-DREAMS

Dreams are imperfections of sleep; even so is consciousness the imperfection of waking. Dreams are impurities in the circulation of the blood; even so is consciousness a disorder of life. Dreams are without proportion, without good sense, without truth; so also is consciousness.

Awake from dream, the truth is known: awake from waking, the Truth is—The Unknown.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΑΑ

THE GAROTTE

IT moves from motion into rest, and rests from rest into motion. These IT does alway, for time is not. So that IT does neither of these things. IT does THAT one thing which we must express by two things neither of which possesses any rational meaning. Yet ITS doing, which is not-doing, is simple and yet complex, is neither free nor necessary. For all these ideas express Relation; and IT, comprehending all Relation in ITS simplicity, is out of all Relation even with ITSELF.

All this is true and false; and it is true and false to say that it is true and false. Strain forth thine Intelligence, O man, O worthy one, O chosen of IT, to apprehend the discourse of THE MASTER; for thus thy reason shall at last break down, as the fetter is struck from a slave’s throat.
Consciousness is a symptom of disease.
All that moves well moves without will.
All skilfulness, all strain, all intention is contrary to ease.
Practise a thousand times, and it becomes difficult; a thousand thousand, and it becomes easy; a thousand thousand times a thousand thousand, and it is no longer Thou that doeth it, but It that doeth itself through thee. Not until then is that which is done well done.
Thus spoke FRATER PERDURABO as he leapt from rock to rock of the moraine without ever casting his eyes upon the ground.
A black two-headed Eagle is GOD; even a Black Triangle is He. In His claws He beareth a sword; yea, a sharp sword is held therein.

This Eagle is burnt up in the Great Fire; yet not a feather is scorched. This Eagle is swallowed up in the Great Sea; yet not a feather is wetted. So flieth He in the air, and lighteth upon the earth at His pleasure. So spake IACOBUS BURGUNDUS MOLENSIS the Grand Master of the Temple; and of the GOD that is Ass-headed did he dare not speak.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΆΔ

THE SMOKING DOG

Each act of man is the twist and double of an hare.
Love and Death are the greyhounds that course him.
God bred the hounds and taketh His pleasure in the sport.
This is the Comedy of Pan, that man should think he hunteth, while those hounds hunt him.
This is the Tragedy of Man when facing Love and Death he turns to bay. He is no more hare, but boar.
There are no other comedies or tragedies.
Cease then to be the mockery of God; in savagery of love and death live thou and die!
Thus shall His laughter be thrilled through with Ecstasy.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΑΕ

VENUS OF MILO

Life is as ugly and necessary as the female body.
Death is as beautiful and necessary as the male body.
The soul is beyond male and female as it is beyond Life and Death.
Even as the Lingam and the Yoni are but diverse developments of One Organ, so also are Life and Death but two phases of One State. So also the Absolute and the Conditioned are but forms of THAT.
What do I love? There is no form, no being, to which I do not give myself wholly up.
Take me, who will!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΔΣ

THE STAR SAPPHIRE

Let the Adept be armed with his Magick Rood [and provided with his Mystic Rose.] In the centre, let him give the L. V. X. signs; or if he know them, if he will and dare do them, and can keep silent about them, the signs of N. O. X. being the signs of Puer, Vir, Puella, Mulier. Omit the sign I. R.

Then let him advance to the East, and make the Holy Hexagram, saying: PATER ET MATER UNUS DEUS ARARITA.

Let him go round to the South, make the Holy Hexagram, and say: MATER ET FILIUS UNUS DEUS ARARITA.

Let him go round to the West, make the Holy Hexagram, and say: FILIUS ET FILIA UNUS DEUS ARARITA.

Let him go round to the North, make the Holy Hexagram, and then say: FILIA ET PATER UNUS DEUS ARARITA.
Let him then return to the Centre, and so to
The Centre of All [making the ROSY CROSS as he may know how] saying:
ARARITA ARARITA ARARITA.
[In this the Signs shall be those of Set Triumphant and of Baphomet. Also shall Set
appear in the Circle. Let him drink of the Sacrament and let him communicate the
same.]
Then let him say: OMNIA IN DUOS: DUO
IN UNUM: UNUS IN NIHIL: HAEC
NEC QUATUOR NEC OMNIA NEC
DUO NEC UNUS NEC NIHIL SUNT.
GLORIA PATRI ET MATRI ET FILIO
ET FILIAE ET SPIRITUI SANCTO
EXTERNO ET SPIRITUI SANCTO
INTERNO UT ERAT EST ERIT IN
SAECULA SAECULORUM SEX IN
UNO PER NOMEN SEPTEM IN UNO
ARARITA.
Let him then repeat the signs of L. V. X. but
not the signs of N. O. X.: for it is not he
that shall arise in the Sign of Isis Rejoicing.
Thought is the shadow of the eclipse of Luna.
Samadhi is the shadow of the eclipse of Sol.
The moon and the earth are the non-ego and the ego: the Sun is THAT.
Both eclipses are darkness; both are exceeding rare; the Universe itself is Light.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΔΗ
LAMBSKIN

Cowan, skidoo!
Tyle!
Swear to hele all.
This is the mystery.
Life!
Mind is the traitor.
Slay mind.
Let the corpse of mind lie unburied on the edge of the Great Sea!
Death!
This is the mystery.
Tyle!
Cowan, skidoo!
THE LOOBY

Only loobies find excellence in these words. It is thinkable that A is not-A; to reverse this is but to revert to the normal.

Yet by forcing the brain to accept propositions of which one set is absurdity, the other truism, a new function of brain is established.

Vague and mysterious and all indefinite are the contents of this new consciousness; yet they are somehow vital. By use they become luminous.

Unreason becomes Experience. This lifts the leaden-footed Soul to the Experience of THAT of which Reason is the blasphemy.

But without that Experience these words are the Lies of a Looby.

Yet a Looby to thee, and a Booby to me, a Balassius Ruby to GOD, may be!
A red rose absorbs all colours but red; red is therefore the one colour that it is not.
This Law, Reason, Time, Space, all Limitation blinds us to Truth.
All that we know of Man, Nature, God, is just that which they are not; it is that which they throw off as repugnant.
The HIMOG is only visible insofar as He is imperfect.
Then are they all glorious who seem not to be glorious, as the HIMOG is All-glorious Within?
It may be so.
How then distinguish the inglorious and perfect HIMOG from the inglorious man of earth?
Distinguish not!
But thyself Ex-tinguish: HIMOG art thou, and HIMOG shalt thou be.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΑ

CORN BEEF HASH$^{20}$

In V. V. V. V. V. is the Great Work perfect. Therefore none is that pertaineth not to V. V. V. V. V.

In any may he manifest; yet in one hath he chosen to manifest; and this one hath given His ring as a Seal of Authority to the Work of the A.: A.: through the colleagues of FRATER PERDURABO.

But this concerns themselves and their administration; it concerneth none below the grade of Exempt Adept, and such an one only by command.

Also, since below the Abyss Reason is Lord, let men seek by experiment, and not by Questionings.
In the Wind of the mind arises the turbulence called I.
It breaks; down shower the barren thoughts.
All life is choked.
This desert is the Abyss wherein is the Universe. The Stars are but thistles in that waste.
Yet this desert is but one spot accursed in a world of bliss.
Now and again Travellers cross the desert; they come from the Great Sea, and to the Great Sea they go.
As they go they spill water; one day they will irrigate the desert, till it flower.
See! five footprints of a Camel! V. V. V. V. V.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΓ

MULBERRY TOPS

Black blood upon the altar! and the rustle of angel wings above!
Black blood of the sweet fruit, the bruised, the violated bloom—that setteth The Wheel a-spinning in the spire.
Death is the veil of Life, and Life of Death; for both are Gods.
This is that which is written: "A feast for Life, and a greater feast for Death!" in THE BOOK OF THE LAW.
The blood is the life of the individual: offer then blood!
THE MASS OF THE PHŒNIX

The Magician, his breast bare, stands before an altar on which are his Burin, Bell, Thurible, and two of the Cakes of Light. In the Sign of the Enterer he reaches West across the Altar, and cries:

Hail Ra, that goest in Thy bark
Into the Caverns of the Dark!

He gives the sign of Silence, and takes the Bell, and Fire, in his hands.

East of the Altar see me stand
With Light and Musick in mine hand!

He strikes Eleven times upon the Bell 3 3 3—
5 5 5 5 5—3 3 3 and places the Fire in the Thurible.

I strike the Bell: I light the flame:
I utter the mysterious Name.

ABRAHADABRA

55
He strikes Eleven times upon the Bell.

Now I begin to pray: Thou Child, Holy Thy name and undefiled!
Thy reign is come: Thy will is done.
Here is the Bread; here is the Blood.
Bring me through midnight to the Sun!
Save me from Evil and from Good!
That Thy one crown of all the Ten
Even now and here be mine. AMEN.

He puts the first Cake on the Fire of the Thurible.

I burn the Incense-cake, proclaim
These adorations of Thy name.

He makes them as in Liber Legis, and strikes again Eleven times upon the Bell. With the Burin he then makes upon his breast the proper sign.

Behold this bleeding breast of mine
Gashed with the sacramental sign!

He puts the second Cake to the wound.

I stanch the blood; the wafer soaks It up, and the high priest invokes!

He eats the second Cake.

This Bread I eat. This Oath I swear
As I enflame myself with prayer:
"There is no grace: there is no guilt:
This is the Law: DO WHAT THOU WILT!"

He strikes Eleven times upon the Bell, and
cries ABRAHADABRA.

I entered in with woe; with mirth
I now go forth, and with thanksgiving,
To do my pleasure on the earth
Among the legions of the living.

He goeth forth.
“Explain this happening!”
“It must have a ‘natural’ cause.”
“It must have a ‘supernatural’ cause.”

Let these two asses be set to grind corn.

May, might, must, should, probably, may be, we may safely assume, ought, it is hardly questionable, almost certainly—poor hacks! let them be turned out to grass!

Proof is only possible in mathematics, and mathematics is only a matter of arbitrary conventions.

And yet doubt is a good servant but a bad master; a perfect mistress, but a nagging wife.

“White is white” is the lash of the overseer; “white is black” is the watchword of the slave. The Master takes no heed.
The Chinese cannot help thinking that the octave has 5 notes.
The more necessary anything appears to my mind, the more certain it is that I only assert a limitation.
I slept with Faith, and found a corpse in my arms on awaking; I drank and danced all night with Doubt, and found her a virgin in the morning.
The cause of sorrow is the desire of the One to the Many, or of the Many to the One. This also is the cause of joy.

But the desire of one to another is all of sorrow; its birth is hunger, and its death satiety.

The desire of the moth for the star at least saves him satiety.

Hunger thou, O man, for the infinite: be insatiable even for the finite; thus at The End shalt thou devour the finite, and become the infinite.

Be thou more greedy than the shark, more full of yearning than the wind among the pines.

The weary pilgrim struggles on; the satiated pilgrim stops.

The road winds uphill: all law, all nature must be overcome.

Do this by virtue of THAT in thyself before which law and nature are but shadows.
Asana gets rid of Anatomy-consciousness.
Pranayama gets rid of Physiology-consciousness.

Yama and Niyama get rid of Ethical consciousness.
Pratyhara gets rid of the Objective.
Dharana gets rid of the Subjective.
Dhyana gets rid of the Ego.
Samadhi gets rid of the Soul Impersonal.

Asana destroys the static body (Nama).
Pranayama destroys the dynamic body (Rupa).

Yama destroys the emotions. (Vedana).
Niyama destroys the passions. (Vedana).
Dharana destroys the perceptions (Sañña).
Dhyana destroys the tendencies (Sankhara).
Samadhi destroys the consciousness (Viññanam).

Homard à la Themindor destroys the digestion.
The last of these facts is the one of which I am most certain.
The early bird catches the worm; and the twelve-year old prostitute attracts the ambassador. 
Neglect not the dawn-meditation!

The first plovers' eggs fetch the highest prices; the flower of virginity is esteemed by the pandar. 
Neglect not the dawn-meditation!

Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise:  
But late to watch and early to pray  
Brings him across The Abyss, they say.  
Neglect not the dawn-meditation!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΘ

WARATAH-BLOSSOMS

Seven are the veils of the dancing-girl in the harem of IT.
Seven are the names, and seven are the lamps beside Her bed.
Seven eunuchs guard Her with drawn swords; No Man may come nigh unto Her.
In Her wine-cup are seven streams of the blood of the Seven Spirits of God.
Seven are the heads of THE BEAST whereon She rideth.
The head of an Angel: the head of a Saint:
the head of a Poet: the head of An Adulterous Woman: the head of a Man of Valour:
the head of a Satyr: and the head of a Lion-Serpent.
Seven letters hath Her holiest name; and it is

This is the Seal upon the Ring that is on the Forefinger of IT: and it is the Seal upon the Tombs of them whom She hath slain. Here is Wisdom. Let Him that hath Understanding count the Number of Our Lady; for it is the Number of a Woman; and Her Number is

An Hundred and Fifty and Six.
THE VIGIL OF ST. HUBERT

In the forest God met the Stag-beetle. "Hold! Worship me!" quoth God. "For I am All-Great, All-Good, All-Wise......
The stars are but sparks from the forges of My smiths..............
......"

"Yea, verily and Amen," said the Stag-beetle, "all this do I believe, and that devoutly."
"Then why do you not worship Me?"
"Because I am real and you are only imaginary."
But the leaves of the forest rustled with the laughter of the wind.
Said Wind and Wood: "They neither of them know anything!"
Doubt.
Doubt thyself.
Doubt even if thou doubtest thyself.
Doubt all.
Doubt even if thou doubtest all.
It seems sometimes as if beneath all conscious
doubt there lay some deepest certainty.
O kill it! Slay the snake!
The horn of the Doubt-Goat be exalted!
Dive deeper, ever deeper, into the Abyss of
Mind, until thou unearth the fox THAT.
On, hounds! Yoicks! Tally-ho! Bring
THAT to bay!
Then, wind the Mort!
Fourscore and eleven books wrote I; in each did I expound THE GREAT WORK fully, from The Beginning even unto The End thereof.

Then at last came certain men unto me, saying:

O Master! Expound thou THE GREAT WORK unto us, O Master!

And I held my peace.

O generation of gossipers! who shall deliver you from the Wrath that is fallen upon you?

O Babblers, Prattlers, Talkers, Loquacious Ones, Tatlers, Chewers of the Red Rag that inflameth Apis the Redeemer to fury, learn first what is Work! and THE GREAT WORK is not so far beyond!
КЕΦΑΛΗ ΝΓ

THE DOWSER

Once round the meadow. Brother, does the hazel twig dip?
Twice round the orchard. Brother, does the hazel twig dip?
Thrice round the paddock. Highly, lowly, wily, holy, dip, dip, dip!
Then neighed the horse in the paddock—and lo! its wings.
For whoso findeth the SPRING beneath the earth maketh the treaders-of-earth to course the heavens.
This SPRING is threefold; of water, but also of steel, and of the seasons.
Also this PADDOCK is the Toad that hath the jewel between his eyes—Aum Mani Padmeñ Hum! (Keep us from Evil!)
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΔ

EAVES-DROPPINGS

Five and forty apprentice masons out of work!
Fifteen fellow-craftsmen out of work!
Three Master Masons out of work!
All these sat on their haunches waiting The Report of the Sojourners; for THE WORD was lost.

This is the Report of the Sojourners: THE WORD was LOVE;²³ and its number is An Hundred and Eleven.

Then said each AMO;²⁴ for its number is An Hundred and Eleven.

Each took the Trowel from his LAP,²⁵ whose number is An Hundred and Eleven.

Each called moreover on the Goddess NINA;²⁶ for Her number is An Hundred and Eleven.

Yet with all this went The Work awry; for THE WORD OF THE LAW IS ΘΕΛΗΜΑ.
THE DROOPING SUNFLOWER

The One Thought vanished; all my mind was
torn to rags: — nay! nay! my head was
mashed into wood pulp, and thereon the
Daily Newspaper was printed.
Thus wrote I, since my One Love was torn
from me. I cannot work: I cannot think:
I seek distraction here: I seek distraction
there: but this is all my truth, that I who
love have lost; and how may I regain?
I must have money to get to America.
O Mage! Sage! Gauge thy Wage, or in the
Page of thine Age is written Rage!
O my darling! We should not have spent
Ninety Pounds in that Three Weeks in
Paris!...................
Slash the Breaks on thine arm with a pole-
axe!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ν

TROUBLE WITH TWINS

Holy, holy, holy, unto Five Hundred and Fifty Five times holy be OUR LADY of the STARS!
Holy, holy, holy, unto One Hundred and Fifty Six times holy be OUR LADY that rideth upon THE BEAST!
Holy, holy, holy, unto the Number of Times Necessary and Appropriate be OUR LADY Isis in Her Millions-of-Names, All-Mother, Genetrix-Meretrix!
Yet holier than all These to me is LAYLAH, night and death; for Her do I blaspheme alike the finite and The Infinite.
So wrote not FRATER PERDURABO, but the Imp Crowley in his Name.
For forgery let him suffer Penal Servitude for Seven Years; or at least let him do Pranayama all the way home—home? nay! but to the house of the harlot whom he loveth not. For it is LAYLAH that he loveth . . . . . . . . .
And yet who knoweth which is Crowley, and which is FRATER PERDURABO?
THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS

Dirt is matter in the wrong place.
Thought is mind in the wrong place.
Matter is mind; so thought is dirt.
Thus argued he, the Wise One, not mindful that all place is wrong.
For not until the PLACE is perfected by a T saith he PLACET.
The Rose uncrucified droppeth its petals; without the Rose the Cross is a dry stick.
Worship then the Rosy Cross, and the Mystery of Two-in-One.
And worship Him that swore by His holy T that One should not be One except in so far as it is Two.
I am glad that LAYLAH is afar; no doubt clouds love.
KEFALH NH

HAGGAI-HOWLINGS

Haggard am I, an hyaena; I hunger and howl. Men think it laughter—ha! ha! ha!
There is nothing movable or immovable under the firmament of heaven on which I may write the symbols of the secret of my soul. Yea, though I were lowered by ropes into the utmost Caverns and Vaults of Eternity, there is no word to express even the first whisper of the Initiator in mine ear: yea, I abhor birth, ululating lamentations of Night! Agony! Agony! the Light within me breeds veils; the song within me dumbness. God! in what prism may any man analyze my Light?
Immortal are the adepts; and yet They die—They die of SHAME unspeakable; They die as the Gods die, for SORROW.

73
Wilt Thou endure unto The End, O FRATER PERDURABO, O Lamp in The Abyss? Thou hast the Keystone of the Royal Arch; yet the Apprentices, instead of making bricks, put the straws in their hair, and think they are Jesus Christ!

O sublime tragedy and comedy of THE GREAT WORK!
THE TAILLESS MONKEY

There is no help—but hotch pot!—in the skies
When Astacus sees Crab and Lobster rise.
Man that has spine, and hopes of heaven-to-be,
Lacks the Amoeba's immortality.
What protoplasm gains in mobile mirth
Is loss of the stability of earth.
Matter and sense and mind have had their day:
Nature presents the bill, and all must pay.
If, as I am not, I were free to choose,
How Buddhahood would battle with The Booze!
My certainty that destiny is "good"
Rests on its picking me for Buddhahood.
Were I a drunkard, I should think I had
Good evidence that fate was "bloody bad."
THE WOUND OF AMFORTAS

κεφαλη ξ

The Self-mastery of Percivale became the Self-masturbatery of the Bourgeois.

Vir-tus has become "virtue."
The qualities which have made a man, a race, a city, a caste, must be thrown off; death is the penalty of failure. As it is written: In the hour of success sacrifice that which is dearest to thee unto the Infernal Gods!
The Englishman lives upon the excrement of his forefathers.

All moral codes are worthless in themselves; yet in every new code there is hope. Provided always that the code is not changed because it is too hard, but because it is fulfilled.
The dead dog floats with the stream; in puritan France the best women are harlots; in vicious England the best women are virgins.
If only the Archbishop of Canterbury were to go naked in the streets and beg his bread! The new Christ, like the old, is the friend of publicans and sinners; because his nature is ascetic.

O if everyman did No Matter What, provided that it is the one thing that he will not and cannot do!
THE FOOL'S KNOT

O Fool! begetter of both I and Naught, resolve this Naught-y Knot!
O! Ay! this I and O—IO!—IAO! For I owe "I" aye to Nibbana's Oe.  
I Pay—Pé, the dissolution of the House of God—for Pé comes after O—after Ayin that triumphs over Aleph in Ain, that is O.  
OP-us, the Work! the OP-ening of THE EYE!  
Thou Naughty Boy, thou openest THE EYE OF HORUS to the Blind Eye that weeps!  
The Upright One in thine Uprightness rejoiceth—Death to all Fishes!
Τhe Phoenix hath a Bell for Sound; Fire for Sight; a Knife for Touch; two cakes, one for taste, the other for smell.
He standeth before the Altar of the Universe at Sunset, when Earth-life fades.
He summons the Universe, and crowns it with MAGICK Light to replace the sun of natural light.
He prays unto, and gives homage to, Ra-Hoor-Khuit; to Him be then sacrifices.
The first cake, burnt, illustrates the profit drawn from the scheme of incarnation.
The second, mixt with his life’s blood and eaten, illustrates the use of the lower life to feed the higher life.
He then takes the Oath and becomes free—unconditioned—the Absolute.
Burning up in the Flame of his Prayer, and born again—the Phoenix!
I love LAYLAH.
I lack LAYLAH.
"Where is the Mystic Grace?" sayst thou?
Who told thee, man, that LAYLAH is not Nuit, and I Hadit?
I destroyed all things; they are reborn in other shapes.
I gave up all for One; this One hath given up its Unity for all?
I wrenched DOG backwards to find GOD; now GOD barks.
Think me not fallen because I love LAYLAH, and lack LAYLAH.
I am the Master of the Universe; then give me a heap of straw in a hut, and LAYLAH naked! Amen.
I was discussing oysters with a crony:
GOD sent to me the angels DIN and DONI.
"A man of spunk," they urged, "would hardly choose
To breakfast every day chez Lapérouse."
"No!" I replied, "he would not do so, BUT
Think of his woe if Lapérouse were shut!
"I eat these oysters and I drink this wine
Solely to drown this misery of mine.
"Yet the last height of consolation's cold:
Its pinnacle is—not to be consoled!
"And though I sleep with Jane and Eleanor
I feel no better than I did before,
"And Julian only fixes in my mind
Even before feels better than behind.
"You are Mercurial spirits—be so kind
As to enable me to raise the wind.
"Put me in LAYLAH'S arms again: the
Accurst,
Leaving me that, elsewho may do his worst."
DONI and DIN, perceiving me inspired,
Conceived their task was finished: they retired.
I turned upon my friend, and, breaking bounds,
Borrowed a trifle of two hundred pounds.

81
"At last I lifted up mine eyes, and beheld; and lo! the flames of violet were become as tendrils of smoke, as mist at sunset upon the marsh-lands.

"And in the midst of the moon-pool of silver was the Lily of white and of gold. In this Lily is all honey, in this Lily that flowereth at the midnight. In this Lily is all perfume; in this Lily is all music. And it enfolded me."

Thus the disciples that watched found a dead body kneeling at the altar. Amen!
"Say: God is One." This I obeyed: for a thousand and one times a night for one thousand nights and one did I affirm the Unity. But "night" only means LAYLAH; and Unity and GOD are not worth even her blemishes. Al-lah is only sixty-six; but LAYLAH counteth up to Seven and Seventy. "Yea! the night shall cover all; the night shall cover all."
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΕΖ

SODOM-APPLES

I have bought pleasant trifles, and thus soothed my lack of LAYLAH.
Light is my wallet, and my heart is also light; and yet I know that the clouds will gather closer for the false clearing.
The mirage will fade; then will the desert be thirstier than before.
O ye who dwell in the Dark Night of the Soul, beware most of all of every herald of the Dawn!
O ye who dwell in the City of the Pyramids beneath the Night of PAN, remember that ye shall see no more light but That of the great fire that shall consume your dust to ashes!
At four o'clock there is hardly anybody in Rumpelmayer's.  
I have my choice of place and service; the babble of the apes will begin soon enough.  
"Pioneers, O Pioneers!"
Sat not Elijah under the Juniper-tree, and wept?  
Was not Mohammed forsaken in Mecca, and Jesus in Gethsemane?  
These prophets were sad at heart; but the chocolate at Rumpelmayer's is great, and the Mousse Noix is like Nephthys for perfection.  
Also there are little meringues with cream and chestnut-pulp, very velvety seductions.  
Sail I not toward LAYLAH within seven days?  
Be not sad at heart, O prophet; the babble of the apes will presently begin.  
Nay, rejoice exceedingly; for after all the babble of the apes the Silence of the Night.
THE WAY TO SUCCEED—AND THE WAY TO SUCK EGGS!

This is the Holy Hexagram.
Plunge from the height, O God, and interlock with Man!
Plunge from the height, O Man, and interlock with Beast!
The Red Triangle is the descending tongue of grace; the Blue Triangle is the ascending tongue of prayer.
This Interchange, the Double Gift of Tongues, the Word of Double Power—ABRAHADABRA!—is the sign of the GREAT WORK, for the GREAT WORK is accomplished in Silence. And behold is not that Word equal to Cheth, that is Cancer, whose Sigil is ☄?
This Work also eats up itself, accomplishes its own end, nourishes the worker, leaves no seed, is perfect in itself.
Little children, love one another!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ο

BROOMSTICK-BABBLINGS

FRATER PERDURABO is of the Sanhedrim of the Sabbath, say men; He is the Old Goat himself, say women. Therefore do all adore him; the more they detest him the more do they adore him. Ay! let us offer the Obscene Kiss! Let us seek the Mystery of the Gnarled Oak, and of the Glacier Torrent! To Him let us offer up our babes! Around Him let us dance in the mad moonlight! But FRATER PERDURABO is nothing but AN EYE; what eye none knoweth. Skip, witches! Hop, toads! Take your pleasure!—for the play of the Universe is the pleasure of FRATER PERDURABO.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΑ

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

For mind and body alike there is no purgative like Pranayama, no purgative like Pranayama.
For mind, for body, for mind and body alike—alike!—there is, there is, there is no purgative, no purgative like Pranayama—Pranayama!—Pranayama! yea, for mind and body alike there is no purgative, no purgative, no purgative (for mind and body alike!) no purgative, purgative, purgative like Pranayama, no purgative for mind and body alike, like Pranayama, like Pranayama, like Prana—Prana—Prana—Prana—Pranayama!—Pranayama!

AMEN.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΒ

HASHED PHEASANT

Shemhamphorash! all hail, divided Name!
Utter it once, O mortal over-rash!—
The Universe were swallowed up in flame
—Shemhamphorash!

Nor deem that thou amid the cosmic crash
May find one thing of all those things the same!
The world has gone to everlasting smash.

No! if creation did possess an aim
(It does not.) it were only to make hash
Of that most "high" and that most holy game,
Shemhamphorash!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΓ

THE DEVIL, THE OSTRICH, AND
THE ORPHAN CHILD

Death rides the Camel of Initiation. Thou humped and stiff-necked onethat groanest in Thine Asana, death will relieve thee! Bite not, Zelator dear, but bide! Ten days didst thou go with water in thy belly? Thou shalt go twenty more with a firebrand at thy rump! Ay! all thine aspiration is to death: death is the crown of all thine aspiration. Triple is the cord of silver moonlight; it shall hang thee, O Holy One, O Hanged Man, O Camel-Termination-of-the-third-person-plural for thy multiplicity, thou Ghost of a Non-Ego! Could but Thy mother behold thee, O thou UNT! The Infinite Snake Ananta that surroundeth the Universe is but the Coffin-Worm!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΔ

CAREY STREET

When NOTHING became conscious, it made a bad bargain.
This consciousness acquired individuality: a worse bargain.
The Hermit asked for love; worst bargain of all.
And now he has let his girl go to America, to have "success" in "life": blank loss.
Is there no end to this immortal ache
That haunts me, haunts me sleeping or awake?
If I had Laylah, how could I forget
Time, Age, and Death? Insufferable fret!
Were I an hermit, how could I support
The pain of consciousness, the curse of thought?
Even were I THAT, there still were one sore spot—
The Abyss that stretches between THAT and NOT.
Still, the first step is not so far away:—
The Mauretania sails on Saturday!
PLOVERS’ EGGS.38

Spring beans and strawberries are in: goodbye to the oyster!
If I really knew what I wanted, I could give up Laylah, or give up everything for Laylah. But “what I want” varies from hour to hour. This wavering is the root of all compromise, and so of all good sense.
With this gift a man can spend his seventy years in peace.
Now is this well or ill?
Emphasize gift, then man, then spend, then seventy years, and lastly peace, and change the intonations—each time reverse the meaning!
I would show you how; but—for the moment!
—I prefer to think of Laylah.
No.
Yes.
Perhaps.
O!
Eye.
I.
Hi!
Y?
No.
Hail! all ye spavined, gelded, hamstrung horses!
Ye shall surpass the planets in their courses.
How? Not by speed, nor strength, nor power to stay,
But by the Silence that succeeds the Neigh!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΖ

THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEPTENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL MANIFESTATION THROUGH MATTER: AS IT IS WRITTEN: AN HE-GOAT ALSO

Laylah.
The Great Wheel of Samsara.
The Wheel of the Law [Dhamma].
The Wheel of the Taro.
The Wheel of the Heavens.
The Wheel of Life.
All these Wheels be one; yet of all these the Wheel of the TARO alone avails thee consciously.
Meditate long and broad and deep, O man, upon this Wheel, revolving it in thy mind!
Be this thy task, to see how each card springs necessarily from each other card, even in due order from The Fool unto The Ten of Coins.
Then, when thou know’st the Wheel of Destiny complete, mayst thou perceive THAT Will which moved it first. [There is no first or last.]
And lo! thou art past through the Abyss.
Some men look into their minds into their memories, and find naught but pain and shame.
These then proclaim "The Good Law" unto mankind.
These preach renunciation, "virtue," cowardice in every form.
These whine eternally.
Smug, toothless, hairless Coote, debauch-emasculated Buddha, come ye to me? I have a trick to make you silent, O ye foamers-at-the mouth!
Nature is wasteful; but how well She can afford it!
Nature is false; but I'm a bit of a liar myself. Nature is useless; but then how beautiful she is! Nature is cruel; but I too am a Sadist.
The game goes on; it may have been too rough for Buddha, but it's (if anything) too dull for me.
Viens, beau nègre! Donne-moi tes lèvres encore!
The price of existence is eternal warfare. Speaking as an Irishman, I prefer to say: The price of eternal warfare is existence. And melancholy as existence is, the price is well worth paying. Is there a Government? Then I'm agin it! To Hell with the bloody English! "O FRATER PERDURABO, how unworthy are these sentiments!" "D'ye want a clip on the jaw?"
I am not an Anarchist in your sense of the word: your brain is too dense for any known explosive to affect it. I am not an Anarchist in your sense of the word: fancy a Policeman let loose on Society! While there exists the burgess, the hunting man, or any man with ideals less than Shelley's and self-discipline less than Loyola's—in short, any man who falls far short of MYSELF—I am against Anarchy, and for Feudalism. Every "emancipator" has enslaved the free.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΒ

BORTSCH

Witch-moon that turnest all the streams to blood,
   I take this hazel rod, and stand, and swear
   An Oath—beneath this blasted Oak and bare
   That rears its agony above the flood
   Whose swollen mask mutters an atheist's prayer.
What oath may stand the shock of this offence:
"There is no I, no joy, no permanence"?

Witch-moon of blood, eternal ebb and flow
   Of baffled birth, in death still lurks a change;
   And all the leopards in thy woods that range,
   And all the vampires in their boughs that glow,
   Brooding on blood-thirst—these are not so strange
   And fierce as life's unfailing shower. These die,
   Yet time rebears them through eternity.

99
Hear then the Oath, witch-moon of blood, dread moon!
Let all thy stryges and thy ghouls attend!
He that endureth even to the end
Hath sworn that Love’s own corpse shall lie at noon
Even in the coffin of its hopes, and spend
All the force won by its old woe and stress
In now annihilating Nothingness.

This chapter is called Imperial Purple and A Punic War.
THE BLIND PIG

Many becomes two: two one: one Naught. What comes to Naught? What! shall the Adept give up his hermit life, and go eating and drinking and making merry? Ay! shall he not do so? he knows that the Many is Naught; and having Naught, enjoys that Naught even in the enjoyment of the Many. For when Naught becomes Absolute Naught, it becomes again the Many. And this Many and this Naught are identical; they are not correlatives or phases of some one deeper Absence-of-Idea; they are not aspects of some further Light: they are They!

Beware, O my brother, lest this chapter deceive thee!
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΔ

THE AVALANCHE

Only through devotion to FRATER PER-DURABO may this book be understood.

How much more then should He devote Himself to AIWASS for the understanding of the Holy Books of ΘΕΛΗΜΑ?

Yet must he labour underground eternally. The sun is not for him, nor the flowers, nor the voices of the birds; for he is past beyond all these. Yea, verily, oft-times he is weary; it is well that the weight of the Karma of the Infinite is with him.

Therefore is he glad indeed; for he hath finished THE WORK; and the reward concerneth him no whit.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΕ

BORBORYGMI

I distrust any thoughts uttered by any man whose health is not robust.
All other thoughts are surely symptoms of disease.
Yet these are often beautiful, and may be true within the circle of the conditions of the speaker.
And yet again! Do we not find that the most robust of men express no thoughts at all?
They eat, drink, sleep, and copulate in silence.
What better proof of the fact that all thought is dis-ease?
We are Strassburg geese; the tastiness of our talk comes from the disorder of our bodies.
We like it; this only proves that our tastes also are depraved and debauched by our disease.
ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Π

ΤΑΤ

Ex nililo N. I. H. I. L. fit.
N. the Fire that twisteth itself and burneth like a scorpion.
I. the unsullied ever-flowing water.
H. the interpenetrating Spirit, without and within. Is not its name ABRAHADABRA?
I. the unsullied ever-flowing air.
L. the green fertile earth.
Fierce are the Fires of the Universe, and on their daggers they hold aloft the bleeding heart of earth.
Upon the earth lies water, sensuous and sleepy. Above the water hangs air; and above air, but also below fire—and in all—the fabric of all being woven on Its invisible design, is ΑΙΘΗΡ.
Mandarin-Meals

There is a dish of sharks' fins and of sea-slug, well set in birds' nests... oh!
Also there is a soufflé most exquisite of Chow-Chow.
These did I devise.
But I have never tasted anything to match the

which She gave me before She went away.

March 22, 1912. E. V.
GOLD BRICKS

Teach us Your secret, Master! yap my Yahoons.
Then for the hardness of their hearts, and for the softness of their heads, I taught them Magick.
But . . . . . . . alas!
Teach us Your real secret, Master! how to become invisible, how to acquire love, and oh! beyond all, how to make gold.
But how much gold will you give me for the Secret of Infinite Riches?
Then said the foremost and most foolish:
    Master, it is nothing; but here is an hundred thousand pounds.
This did I deign to accept, and whispered in his ear this secret:
A SUCKER IS BORN EVERY MINUTE.
I am annoyed about the number 89.
I shall avenge myself by writing nothing in this chapter.
That, too, is wise; for since I am annoyed, I could not write even a reasonably decent lie.
STARLIGHT

Behold! I have lived many years, and I have travelled in every land that is under the dominion of the Sun, and I have sailed the seas from pole to pole.

Now do I lift up my voice and testify that all is vanity on earth, except the love of a good woman, and that good woman LAYLAH. And I testify that in heaven all is vanity (for I have journeyed oft, and sojourned oft, in every heaven), except the love of OUR LADY BABALON. And I testify that beyond heaven and earth is the love of OUR LADY NUIT.

And seeing that I am old and well stricken in years, and that my natural forces fail, therefore do I rise up in my throne and call upon THE END.

For I am youth eternal and force infinite.

And at THE END is SHE that was LAYLAH, and BABALON, and NUIT, being . . . . . . . . . . .

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ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΡΑ

THE HEIKLE

Α. Μ. Ε. Ν.
NOTES

1. Silence. Nuit, O; Hadit, . ; Ra-Hoor-Khuit, I.
2. The Unbroken, absorbing all, is called Darkness.
4. They cause all men to worship it.
5. Masters of the Temple, whose grade has the mystic number 6 (=1+2+3).
6. These are not eight, as apparent; for Lao-tze counts as O.
7. The legend of “Christ” is only a corruption and perversion of other legends. Especially of Dionysus: compare the account of Christ before Herod/Pilate in the Gospels, and of Dionysus before Pentheus in the Bacchae.
8. O, the last letter of Perdurabo, is Naught.
10. JOY=IOI, the Egg of Spirit in equilibrium between the Pillars of the Temple.
11. This chapter must be read in connection with Wagner’s “Parsifal.”
12. O=VS, “The Devil of the Sabbath.” U=8, the Hierophant or Redeemer. T=Strength, the Lion.
13. T, manhood, the sign of the cross or phallus. UT, the Holy Guardian Angel; UT, the first syllable of Udgita, see the Upanishads. O, Nothing, or Nuit.
14. The secret sense of these words is to be sought in the numeration thereof.
15. In nature the Tortoise has 6 members at angles of 60°.
16. I.e., the truth that he hath slept.
17. His initials I. B. M. are the initials of the Three Pillars of the Temple, and add to 52, 13 × 4, BN, the Son.
18. This chapter was written to clarify κεφ-ιδ, of which it was the origin. FRATER PERDURABO perceived this truth, or rather the first half of it, comedy, at breakfast at “Au Chien qui Fume.”
19. HIMOG is a Notariqon of the words Holy Illuminated Man Of God.
20. I.e., Food suitable for Americans.
21. Turbulence is here specially used to suggest “tourbillon.”
23. L = 30, O = 70, V = 6, E = 5 = I11.
25. The Trowel is shaped like a diamond or Yoni.
   L = 30, A = 1, P = 80 = I11.
27. Chapter so-called because Amfortas was wounded by his own spear, the spear that had made him king.
28. Oe = Island, a common symbol of Nibbana.
29. 驹 Ain. _ANY Ayin.
30. Scil. of Shiva.
31. Cf. Bagh-i-Mualtar for all this symbolism.
32. Death = Nun, the letter before O, means a fish, a symbol of Christ, and also by its shape the Female principle.
33. Twig?=dost thou understand? Also the Phoenix takes twigs to kindle the fire in which it burns itself.
34. Laylah is the Arabic for night.
35. \( \mathcal{L} = 1 + 30 + 30 + 5 = 66 \). \( \text{L+A+I+L+A+H} = 77 \), which also gives MZL, the Influence of the Highest, OZ, a goat, and so on.
36. Death is said by the Arabs to ride a camel. The Path of Gimel (which means camel) leads from Tiphereth to Kether, and its Tarot Trump is the “High Priestess.”
37. UNT, Hindustani for camel. I.e. Would that BABALON might look on thee with favour.
38. These eggs being speckled, resemble the wandering mind referred to.
39. ISVD, the foundation scil. of the Universe = 10 = P, the letter of Mars.
40. P. also means “a mouth.”
41. \( \pi\gamma = \text{PG} = \text{Pig} \) without an I = Blind Pig.
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'The burden is too hard to bear;
I took too adamant a cross;
This sackcloth rends my soul to wear,
My self-denial is as dross.
O, Shu, that holdest up the sky,
Hold up thy servant, lest he die!'

"That our world-worn men of art should believe for a moment that moral salvation is possible and supremely important is an unmixed benefit. If Mr. Crowley and the new mystics think for one moment that an Egyptian desert is more mystic than an English meadow, that a palm tree is more poetic than a Sussex beech, that a broken temple of Osiris is more supernatural than a Baptist Chapel in Brixton, then they are sectarians. . . . But
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scientific method and basis, of the spiritual facts of the Universe.

"It is not easy to review Mr. Crowley. One of the most brilliant of contemporary writers . . . Mr. Crowley's short poems in particular reveal the possession of a beautiful and genuine vein of poetry, which, like the precious metals, is at times scarcely discernible among the rugged quartz in which it is embedded. With the true poetic feeling allied to remarkable learning, and with a pretty wit of his own, Mr. Crowley is well equipped for producing a work of permanent value. . . . Good work may be found in 'The Sword of Song,' but there is even more which will arouse in the average reader (to whom, however, Mr. Crowley obviously does not appeal) no other feeling than one of sheer bewilderment. Sometimes an oasis of beauty will reveal the author's power to charm, the good-humoured egotism will tickle the fancy, the quaint allusiveness of his notes will raise the eyelid of wonder. . . .

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"Mr. Crowley has always been, in my opinion, a good poet; his 'Soul of Osiris,' written during an Egyptian mood, was better poetry than his Browningesque rhapsody in a Buddhistic mood; but this also, though very affected, is very interesting. But the main fact about it is, that it is the expression of a man who has really found Buddhism more satisfactory than Christianity.

"Mr. Crowley begins his poem, I believe, with an earnest intention to explain the beauty of the Buddhistic philosophy; he knows a great deal about it; he believes in it. . . . But Mr. Crowley has got something into his soul stronger even than the beautiful passion of the man who believes in Buddhism; he has the passion of the man who does not believe in Christianity. He adds one more testimony to the endless series of testimonials to the fascination and vitality of the faith. For some mysterious reason no man can contrive to be
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"Next week I hope to make a fuller study of Mr. Crowley's interpretation of Buddhism . . . suffice for the moment to say that if this be indeed a true interpretation of the creed, as it is certainly a capable one, I need go no further than its pages for example of how a change of abstract belief may break a civilization to pieces. Under the influence of this book earnest modern philosophers may, I think, begin to perceive the outlines of two vast and mystical philosophies, which if they were subtly and slowly worked out in two continents through many centuries, might possibly, under special circumstances, make the East and West almost as different as they really are."—G. K. CHESTERTON, Daily News.

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mous was attributed to an actress. It bore a strong religious note, an ecstatic sense, and it was at once recognized as genuine poetry. Now it has come forth again, retitled 'Hail Mary,' and signed Aleister Crowley. We hope it will be widely read, and serve as an introduction to some of Mr. Crowley's other works of poetry. Particularly we hope the Church will look at it. They will find a religious sense that will astonish some of them. The real trouble about Mr. Crowley is this: he is a true poet—he cannot compromise. The persecution of silly and unkind men has wounded him. It is for literary men now to come forward and stand by him. Hear this:

'We in the world of woe who stray
Lift up our hearts to Thee and pray:
Turn all our pain to virgin might,
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There is no more room to add all the other pyramids of praise.