

LIBER CCCXXXIII

THE BOOK OF LIES

**WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY
CALLED**

BREAKS

**THE WANDERINGS OR FALSIFICA-
TIONS 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**

LIBER CCCXXXIII

**A.: A.: PUBLICATION IN CLASSES
C AND D**

OFFICIAL FOR BABES OF THE ABYSS

IMPRIMATUR.

N.

Fra.: A.: A.:

?

!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Η ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤΙ ΚΕΦΑΛΗ

Ο! ¹

**THE ANTE PRIMAL TRIAD WHICH IS
NOT-GOD**

Nothing is.

Nothing becomes.

Nothing is not.

THE FIRST TRIAD WHICH IS GOD

I AM.

I utter The Word.

I hear The Word.

THE ABYSS

The Word is broken up.

There is Knowledge.

Knowledge is Relation.

These fragments are Creation.

The broken manifests Light. ²

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 : con-
sideration : the Mirror of the Sun and
of the Heart.**

THE THIRD TRIAD

Bearing : preparing.

Wavering : flowing : flashing.

Stability : begetting.

THE TENTH EMANATION

The world.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Α

THE SABBATH OF THE GOAT

O! the heart of N.O.X. the Night of Pan.

ΠΑΝ: Duality: Energy: Death.

Death: Begetting: the supporters of O!

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Γ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Δ

PEACHES

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 over-
come 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.**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ F

CAVIAR

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.



Frater Perdurabo.
on the Deosai Plateau.
End of his first Himalayan Expedition.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ζ

THE DINOSAURS

None are They whose number is Six:⁵ else
were they six indeed.

Seven⁶ are these Six that live not in the City
of the Pyramids, under the Night of Pan.

There was Lao-tzŭ.

There was Siddartha.

There was Krishna.

There was Tahuti.

There was Mosheh.

There was Dionysus.⁷

There was Mahmud.

But the Seventh men called PERDURABO;
for enduring unto The End, at The End was
Naught to endure.⁸

Amen.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Η

STEEPED HORSEHAIR

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 momentarily, 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 Pro-
noun 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 Ι

WINDLESTRAWS

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΑ

THE GLOW-WORM

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;⁹ in letters they are
Joy.¹⁰

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΔ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΕ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΣ

THE STAG-BEETLE

Death implies change and individuality; if
thou be **THAT** which hath no person, which
is beyond the changing, even beyond change-
lessness, 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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΖ

THE SWAN ¹¹

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 motion-
less: 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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΗ

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.**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΘ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Κ

SAMSON

**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!**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ 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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΚΒ

THE DESPOT

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΚΓ (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-iti-ate.

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.¹²

Get OUT.

If thou hast T already, first get UT.¹³

Then get O.

And so at last get OUT.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΚΑ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ 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 ΚΑΚΟΔΑΙΜΟΝΟC**.

With the same forefinger touch thy forehead, and say **COI**, thy member, and say **Ω ΦΑΛΛΕ**,¹⁴ thy right shoulder, and say **ΙCXYΠΟC**, thy left shoulder, and say **ΕΥΧΑΡΙCΤΟC**; 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
BABAAON.

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

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 ΠΑΝ with the signs of
N. O. X.

Extend the arms in the form of a Tau, and
say low but clear: ΠΡΟ ΜΟΥ ΙΥΓΓΕC
ΟΠΙCΩ ΜΟΥ ΤΕΛΕΤΑΡΧΑΙ ΕΠΙ ΔΕΞΙΑ
CΥΝΟΧΕC ΕΠΑΡΙCΤΕΡΑ ΔΑΙΜΟΝΕC
ΦΛΕΓΕΙ ΓΑΡ ΠΕΡΙ ΜΟΥ Ο ΑCΤΗΡ ΤΩΝ
ΠΕΝΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΤΗ CΤΗΛΗ Ο ΑCΤΗΡ
ΤΩΝ ΕΞ ΕCΤΗΚΕ.

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

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΚΨ

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.¹⁵
These six and four are ten, 10, the One mani-
fested that returns into the Naught un-
manifest.**

**The All-Mighty, the All-Ruler, the All-
Knower, the All-Father, adored by all men
and by me abhorred, be thou accursèd, be
thou abolished, be thou annihilated, Amen!**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΚΖ

THE SORCERER

**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!

KEΦAAH KH

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.**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ 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!**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Α

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:¹⁶
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 always, 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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΑΒ

THE MOUNTAINEER

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΛΓ

BAPHOMET

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 MOLENSIS¹⁷ the Grand Master of the Temple; and of the GOD that is Ass-headed did he dare not speak.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΑΔ

THE SMOKING DOG¹⁸

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 ΑΣ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΑΖ

DRAGONS

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 exceed-
ing rare; the Universe itself is Light.**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΛΗ

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 !

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΑΘ

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 be-
come luminous.
Unreason becomes Experience.
This lifts the leaden-footed Soul to the Ex-
perience 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!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Μ

THE HIMOG¹⁰

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 HASH²⁰

**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 ad-
ministration; 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.**

KEΦAAH MB

DUST-DEVILS

**In the Wind of the mind arises the turbulence²¹
called I.**

**It breaks; down shower the barren thoughts.
All life is choked.**

**This desert is the Abyss wherein is the Uni-
verse. 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!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΑ

THE MASS OF THE PHCENIX

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

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.

KEΦAAH ME

CHINESE MUSIC

“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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΓ

BUTTONS AND ROSETTES

**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 in-
satiabile 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.**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΖ

WINDMILL-WORDS

Asana gets rid of Anatomy-consciousness.	}	Involuntary 'Breaks'
Pranayama gets rid of Physiology-consciousness.		
Yama and Niyama get rid of Ethical consciousness.	}	Voluntary 'Breaks'

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. }
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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΜΗ
MÔME RATHS²²

The early bird catches the worm; and the
twelve-year old prostitute attracts the am-
bassador.

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 Adulter-
ous 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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ν

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!"

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΑ

TERRIER-WORK

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!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΒ

THE BULL-BAITING

**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!**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ 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
Padmen Hum! (Keep us from Evil!)

KEΦAAH NA

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΕ

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!

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 Prana-
yama 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?

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΖ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΝΗ

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.

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!

KEΦAAH NΘ

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."

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ζ

THE WOUND OF AMFORTAS ²⁷

The Self-mastery of Percivale became the Self-masturbatory 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 !

KEΦAAH ZA

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.²⁸

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.²⁹

OP-us, the Work! the OP-ening of THE EYE!³⁰

Thou Naughty Boy, thou openest THE EYE OF HORUS to the Blind Eye that weeps!³¹

The Upright One in thine Uprightness rejoiceth—Death to all Fishes!³²

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΖΒ

TWIG?⁸³

**The 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!**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΖΤ

MARGERY DAW

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.**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗΝ ΖΑ

CONSTANCY

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, elsehow 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.

KEΦAAH ZE

SIC TRANSEAT —

**“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!**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ζ΄

THE PRAYING MANTIS

“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;³⁴ and Unity and GOD are not worth even her blemishes.

Al-lah is only sixty-six; but LAYLAH counteth up to Seven and Seventy.³⁵

“Yea! the night shall cover all; the night shall cover all.”

KEΦAAH XZ

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 !**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΞΗ

MANNA

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 per-
fection.

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΖΘ

**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—ABRAHA-
DABRA!—is the sign of the GREAT
WORK, for the GREAT WORK is ac-
complished 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 !

KEΦAAH OF
THE DEVIL, THE OSTRICH, AND
THE ORPHAN CHILD

Death rides the Camel of Initiation.³⁶

Thou humped and stiff-necked one that 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!³⁷

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!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΕ

PLOVERS' EGGS.³⁸

Spring beans and strawberries are in: good-bye 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.

**ΚΕΦΑΛΗ OF
PHAETON**

No.

Yes.

Perhaps.

O!

Eye.

I.

Hi!

Y?

No.

**Hail! all ye spavined, gelded, hamstrung
horses!**

Ye shall surpass the planets in their courses.

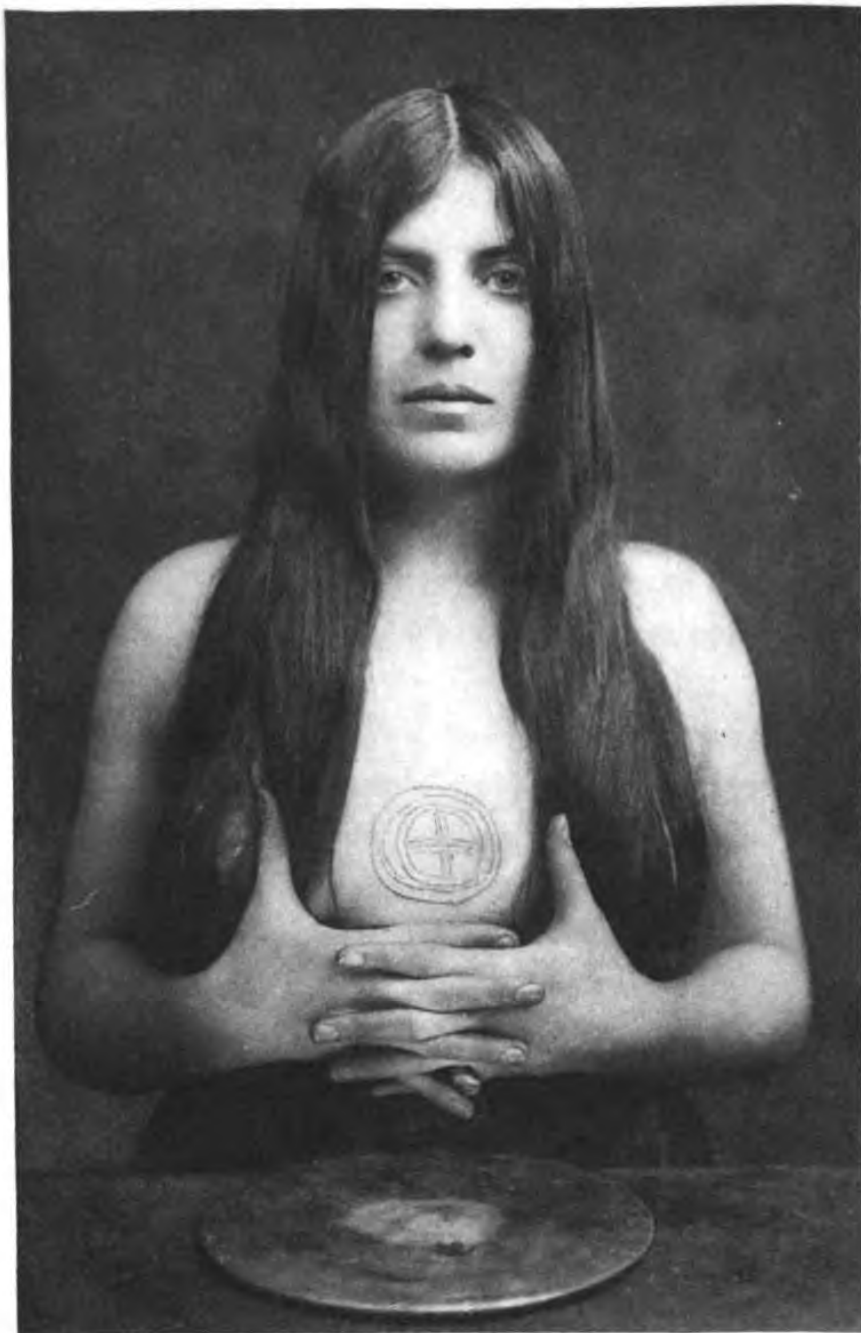
**How? Not by speed, nor strength, nor power
to stay,**

But by the Silence that succeeds the Neigh!

KEΦAAH OZ

**THE SUBLIME AND SUPREME SEP-
TENARY IN ITS MATURE MAGICAL
MANIFESTATION THROUGH MAT-
TER: AS IT IS WRITTEN: AN HE-
GOAT ALSO**

Laylah.



L.A.Y.L.A.H.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΗ

WHEEL AND—WOA!

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 con-
sciously.**

**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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΟΘ

THE BAL BULLIER

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-emas-
culated 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!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΙΙ

BLACKTHORN

The price of existence is eternal warfare.³⁹

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?"⁴⁰

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΑ

LOUIS LINGG

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.

КЕΦΑΛΗ 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.

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΓ

THE BLIND PIG⁴¹

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, en-
joys 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 de-
ceive thee!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΑ

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 ΗΕ

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/

TAT

Ex nihilo 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
AIΘHP.**

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΖ

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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΗ

GOLD BRICKS

**Teach us Your secret, Master! yap my Yahoos.
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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΠΘ

UNPROFESSIONAL CONDUCT

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.**

KEΦAAH P

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

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΡΑ
THE HEIKLE

A. M. E. N.



NOTES

1. Silence. Nuit, O ; Hadit, . ; Ra-Hoor-Khuit, I.
2. The Unbroken, absorbing all, is called Darkness.
3. Fourteen letters. Quid Voles Illud Fac. Q.V.I.F.
 $196=14^2$.
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.
9. $1001=11 \Sigma(1-13)$. The Petals of the Sahasrarakakra.
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 $\kappa\sigma\phi\iota\delta$, 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."
22. "The môme raths outgrabe."—*Lewis Carroll*. But "môme" is Parisian slang for a young girl, and "rathe" O. E. for early. "The rathe primrose."—*Milton*.
23. L=30, O=70, V=6, E=5=III.
24. A=1, M=40, O=70=III.
25. The Trowel is shaped like a diamond or Yoni. L=30, A=1, P=80=III.
26. N=50, I=10, N=50, A=1=III.
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. אֵין Ain. אֵיין 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. الله = 1+30+30+5=66. 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. πγ = PG = Pig without an I = Blind Pig.

PRO AND CON TENTS

0 0

0

1. The Sabbath of the Goat.
2. The Cry of the Hawk.
3. The Oyster.
4. Peaches.
5. The Battle of the Ants.
6. Caviar.
7. The Dinosaurs.
8. Steeped Horsehair.
9. The Branks.
10. Windlestraws.
11. The Glow-Worm.
12. The Dragon-Flies.
13. Pilgrim-Talk.
14. Onion-Peelings.
15. The Gun-Barrel.
16. The Stag-Beetle.
17. The Swan.
18. Dewdrops.
19. The Leopard and the Deer.
20. Samson.
21. The Blind Webster.
22. The Despot.

23. Skidoo!
24. The Hawk and the Blindworm.
25. THE STAR RUBY.
26. The Elephant and the Tortoise.
27. The Sorcerer.
28. The Pole-Star.
29. The Southern Cross.
30. John-a-Dreams.
31. The Garotte.
32. The Mountaineer.
33. BAPHOMET.
34. The Smoking Dog.
35. Venus of Milo.
36. THE STAR SAPPHIRE.
37. Dragons.
38. Lambskin.
39. The Looby.
40. The HIMOG.
41. Corn Beef Hash.
42. Dust-Devils.
43. Mulberry Tops.
44. THE MASS OF THE PHOENIX.

45. Chinese Music.
46. Buttons and Rosettes.
47. Windmill-Words.
48. Môme Rath.
49. WARATAH-BLOSSOMS.
50. The Vigil of St. Hubert.
51. Terrier Work.
52. The Bull-Baiting.
53. The Dowser.
54. Eaves-Droppings.
55. The Drooping Sunflower.
56. Trouble with Twins.
57. The Duck - Billed Platypus.
58. Haggai-Howlings.
59. The Tailless Monkey.
60. The Wound of Amfortas.
61. The Fool's Knot.
62. Twig?
63. Margery Daw.
64. Constancy.
65. Sic Transeat —
66. The Praying Mantis.
67. Sodom-Apples.
68. Manna.
69. The Way to Succeed
—and the Way to Suck Eggs!
70. Broomstick-Babbings.
71. King's College Chapel.
72. Hashed Pheasant.
73. The Devil, the Ostrich, and the Orphan Child.
74. Carey Street.
75. Plover's Eggs.
76. Phaeton.
77. THE SUBLIME
AND SUPREME
SEPTENARY
IN ITS MA-
TURE MAGI-
CAL MANI-
FESTATION
THROUGH
MATTER: AS
IT IS WRITTEN:
AN HE-GOAT
ALSO.
78. Wheel and—Woa!
79. The Bal Bullier.
80. Blackthorn.
81. Louis Lingg.
82. Bortsch: also Im-
perial Purple (and
A PUNIC WAR).
83. The Blind Pig.
84. The Avalanche.
85. Borborygmi.
86. TAT.
87. Mandarin-Meals.
88. Gold Bricks.
89. Unprofessional Con-
duct.
90. Starlight.
91. The Heikle.

The Excreta of Mr. Aleister Crowley

Aceldama. 42s.

Mr. Crowley's earliest and most wonderful mystic poem. Less than 5 copies remain for sale.

The Tale of Archais. 5s.

" 'A Gentleman of the University of Cambridge' wields a wonderful pen, much of his work is exceedingly beautiful. . . . In conclusion, as far as descriptive power and beauty of thought are concerned, we consider that the author of 'The Tale of Archais' holds the first place among the latter-day poets.'—*Cambridge Magazine*.

Songs of the Spirit. 3s. 6d.

Delicate lyrics, illustrating the vague, yet holy aspirations of adolescence.

" . . . We have read with admiration for its intense spirituality, as well as for its technical superiorities, . . . this volume, in which we are sure of having heard an impressive and an original voice. The verse of 'Songs of the Spirit'—essentially intricate, introspective if you like—is also free from obvious artifice and eccentricity, it is fiery and clear measured and easy of phrasing."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Jezebel. 42s.

(One copy only remains.)

An Appeal to the American People. 1s.

A superb patriotic ode in favour of the Anglo-American entente.

Jephthah, etc. 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Crowley has paced the literary stage before, not without success. . . . He was hailed as a promising young man, and a follower of Swinburne. . . . It should be said that the 'Dedication' is a poem expressive of admiration of Swinburne, and the title-work is only one of many that the book contains. 'Jephthah' is, of course, a tragedy; 'The Five Kisses' comprises a series of lyrics of impassioned character, skilful technique, and real poetic frenzy. . . . From the power and earnestness of the book before us, we are inclined to favour his chances of the future. . . . He has shown at least the foot of Hercules."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

The Mother's Tragedy, etc. 5s.

"He endeavours to grapple with the dark problems which exercised the imagination of John Ford. He views the sexual problem from the standpoint of the unconventional student of human nature. . . . The principal poem in his new volume is a powerful dramatic sketch . . . passages in this drama are really very fine; and 'The Fatal Force' is also a dramatic poem of singular power. Mr. Crowley has a claim to recognition as a true poet. Most men who have thought deeply on life's problems recognize that the current religion of nearly all their fellow men is an idle mockery. . . . We cannot shrink from looking behind the veil, and asking ourselves—What is life at best? . . . Mr. Crowley seems to hold that the world is reeking with rottenness—and he is, to a great extent, right. . . . These daring verses contain a large share of elemental truth. But we live in a hypocritical

age, and apparently the author of these extraordinary poems realizes the fact, for his volume is privately printed. . . . Magnificent poems—pagan in their intensity and vividness of colouring.”—*Oxford Magazine*.

The Soul of Osiris. 5s.

Psychological poems, illustrating the progress of the soul from corporeal to celestial beatitude.

“The depth and volume and the passionate intensity of the feeling in many of these poems are unmistakable, as are the frequent richness and visionary splendour of the imagery and the aptness and the transfiguring power of the rhythms.”—*New York Nation*.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton also writes a column and a quarter in praise of this book in the *Daily News*; we quote the following :

“To the side of a mind concerned with idle merriment [sic!] there is certainly something a little funny in Mr. Crowley’s passionate devotion to deities who bear such names as Mout, and Nuit, and Ra, and Shu, and Hormakhou. They do not seem to the English mind to lend themselves to pious exhilaration. Mr. Crowley says in the same poem :

‘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

Mr. Crowley is a strong and genuine poet, and we have little doubt that he will work up from his appreciation of the Temple of Osiris to that loftier and wider work of the human imagination, the appreciation of the Brixton Chapel."—*Daily News*.

Carmen Sæculare. 2s. 6d.

"... The poet foresees the dawn of an era of love, justice, and peace, when the Celtic race shall be restored to their own. There are many strong, nervous lines, and some exalted thoughts."—*Daily News*.

Tannhäuser. 10s.

A remarkable "Pilgrim's Progress" in dramatic form. This work may be regarded as the culmination of the Author's powers in lyrical and dramatic work: he has apparently said the last word possible on the subject of Regeneration.

The *Cambridge Review* prefers "the vigour of Mr. Crowley's 'Tannhäuser' to the Attic monotone of the Master (Swinburne)."

Berashith. 5s.

This rare pamphlet is almost exhausted. As most people know, Berashith is the first word of the book of Genesis, and the essay contains a complete solution of the Problem of Creation, which has baffled all brains less astute and profound than our author's. The essay has since been reprinted with added references and elucidation of some of the more abstruse propositions; this edition is, therefore, of interest only as an *Editio princeps*.

Ahab, etc. 5s.

A companion to "Jezebel." 150 copies printed.

"Mr. Crowley has amplified the Biblical narrative, has given to the savage figure of Ahab something of the nobility of reason that rebels against the tyranny of his fate. There is a modern self-consciousness in this tragic, brooding monologue."—*Manchester Guardian*.

**Alice. An Adultery. China Paper, 21s.
Handmade Paper, 5s.**

Mr. Marcel Schwob, the great French scholar, critic and poet, writes : "A little masterpiece."

The God Eater. 2s. 6d.

A satirical drama, teaching that whatever may be the foundation of a religion, we must judge it by its present state.

"... The play awakens a curious sense of sympathy. . . ."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The Star and the Garter. 1s.

A popular edition of the greatest love-poem of modern times. The private edition of this wonderful poem sold out before publication, and there is not a single copy to be had at any price whatever.

The Argonauts. 5s.

A masterpiece of ripe scholarship and fine poetic feeling. A charming gift for a school boy, who might thus be led to pursue with more ardour researches in the original into the History of the heroes endeared to him by its perusal.

"The severity and chasteness of the ancient Greek drama are very evident in this five-act play . . . he has undoubted poetic gifts, and at times attains to a height not often reached."—*Publishers' Circular*.

The Sword of Song. 10s.

"The Sword of Song" is a masterpiece of learning and satire. In light and quaint or graceful verse all philosophical systems are discussed and dismissed. The second part of the book, written in prose, deals with possible means of research, so that we may progress from the unsatisfactory state of the sceptic to a real knowledge, founded on

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. . . . With regard to the prose portions of the volume, the essay on 'Science and Buddhism' reveals some penetrating touches; but we have to confess that the discourse on 'Ontology' baffles our comprehension. The poetical epilogue is beautiful and contenting."—*Literary Guide*.

"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 Browningsque 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

agnostic about Christianity. He always tries to prove something about it—that it is unphilosophical or immoral or disastrous—which is not true. . . . A casual carpenter wandered about a string of villages; and suddenly a horde of rich men and sceptics and Sadducees and respectable persons rushed at him and nailed him up like vermin; then people saw that he was a god. He had proved that he was not a common man, for he was murdered. And ever since his creed has proved that it is not a common hypothesis; for it is hated.

"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*.

Why Jesus Wept. 21s.

Privately printed edition, with some additional matter, handmade paper, 42s. One hundred copies only of this edition printed.

An exposure of the vile results of the existing social system, and a satire on at least one of the conventionally-approved remedies.

". . . It is possible that electric shocks of this nature may prove beneficial in some cases."—*Literary Guide*.

Oracles. 5s.

"The Autobiography of an Art." This volume contains unpublished poems dating from 1886 to 1903.

Orpheus: A Lyrical Legend. (In two volumes.) 10s.

The tale of Orpheus re-told in surpassingly beautiful lyrics.

The Goetia of the Lemegeton of King Solomon. 21s.

The only book of its kind in which rational criticism has been combined with unimpeachable scholarship, and a profound knowledge of Ceremonial Magic, as practised to-day in the Secret Houses of Adepts.

Rosa Mundi. 16s.

Rosa Inferni. 16s.

Rosa Coeli. 16s.

Each of these three contain a lithograph from a water-colour of Auguste Rodin.

Rodin in Rime. £5 5s.

"Seven lithographs from the water-colours of Auguste Rodin, with a chaplet in verse."

Gargoyles. 3s. 6d.

This book contains Mr. Crowley's finest lyrics.

Konx om Pax. 10s.

The most remarkable treatise on the mystic path ever written.

"Yours also is the Reincarnation and the Life,
O laughing lion that is to be."

"Here you have distilled for our delight the
inner spirit of the Tulip's form, the sweet secret

mystery of the Rose's perfume: you have set them free from all that is material whilst preserving all that is sensual. . . . You who hold more skill and more power than your great English predecessor, Robertus de Fluctibus, you have not feared to reveal 'the Arcana which are in the Adytum of God-nourished Silence' to those who, abandoning nothing, will sail in the Company of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross towards the Limbus, that outer, unknown world encircling so many a universe."—*The New Age*.

"The light wherein he writes is the L.U.X. of that, which first mastering and then transcending the reason, illumines all the darkness caused by the interference of the opposite waves of thought. . . . It is one of the most suggestive definitions of KONX—the L.U.X. of the Brethren of the Rosy Cross—that it transcends all the possible pairs of opposites. Nor does this sound nonsensical to those who are acquainted with that L.U.X. But to those who do not it must remain as obscure and ridiculous as spherical trigonometry to the inhabitants of Flatland."—*Times*.

"The author is evidently that rare combination of genius—a humorist and a philosopher. . . . I was moved to so much laughter that . . . I barely escaped a convulsion."—*John Bull*.

777. 10s.

This book contains in concise tabulated form a comparative view of all the symbols of the great religions of the world; the perfect attributions of the Taro, so long kept secret by the Rosicrucians, are now for the first time published; also the complete secret magical correspondences of the Golden Dawn and R.R. et A.C. It forms, in short, a complete magical and philosophical dictionary; a key to all religions and to all practical occult working.

For the first time Western and Qabalistic symbols have been harmonized with those of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Taoism, etc. By a glance at the tables, anybody conversant with any one system can understand perfectly all others.

"... This work has only to come under the notice of the right people to be sure of a ready sale. In its author's words, it represents 'an attempt to systematise like the data of mysticism and the results of comparative religion,' and so far as any book can succeed in such an attempt, this book does succeed; that is to say, it condenses in some sixty pages as much information as many an intelligent reader at the Museum has been able to collect in years. The book proper consists of a table of 'Correspondences,' and is, in fact, an attempt to reduce to a common denominator the symbolism of as many religious and magical systems as the author is acquainted with. . . .

"The Cabalistic information is very full, and there are tables of Egyptian and Hindu deities, as well as of colours, perfumes, plants, stones, and animals. The information concerning the tarot and geomancy exceeds that to be found in some treatises devoted exclusively to those subjects. The author appears to be acquainted with Chinese, Arabic, and other classic texts. Here your reviewer is unable to follow him, but his Hebrew does credit alike to him and his printer. . . . Much that has been jealously and foolishly kept secret in the past is here."—*Occult Review*.

Collected Works.

(Travellers' edition) India paper. Extra Crown 8vo, 3 vols., pp. x+269, +viii+283, +viii+230, + Appendices and Table of Correspondences about pp. 60. Bound as one volume in vellum, green ties, £3 3s. ; Cloth, without portraits, £2 2s.

Ambergris. 3s. 6d.

"A very casual glance at 'Ambergris' will convince any one with understanding eyes that Mr. Crowley is as passionately possessed by his theme as any poet has been. This must ensure a constant achievement of notable poetry. . . . Mysticism is Mr. Crowley's theme. Precisely what species of mysticism he professes, or rather, for all mysticisms are fundamentally the same, into what shape of

metaphors and symbols Mr. Crowley has fashioned his mysticism, we do not stop to determine. Its importance to him is immense; it is the hinge of his whole thought. To us, its importance is simply that it carries him often into excellent poetry. The main intellectual passions which move him will be familiar to all who have studied writers tinged or impregnated with mystical and transcendental thought. . . .

"Enough has been said to show that Mr. Crowley's 'Ambergris' is a volume containing notable poetry."—*Nation*.

"The most interesting volume of new English verse seen this year."—*Evening Post*.

". . . There is life and vigour and reality in it, and a personality sincerely expressed in spite of what appears to be wilful eccentricities."—*Bookman*.

The Winged Beetle. 10s.

A collection of lyrical poems.

"In the face of the whole horde of reviewers, critics, and in the face of the British public, I declare that Aleister Crowley is among the first of living poets. It will not be many years before this fact is generally recognized and duly appreciated. 'Rosa Coeli' and 'Rosa Decidua' are two magnificent poems. The latter is 'no tragedy of little tears,' but the utterance of a god-like grief. 'The Priestess of Panormita' is an extremely fine work of art; the right of selection has been exercised to the utmost, there are no superfluous words, no vague images, everything is precise, clear-cut, and strong. . . . 'Bathyllus' is a beautiful poem; . . . 'The Ladder' is a fine lyric describing the ascension up the middle pillar of the Tree of Life, from Malkuth to Kether. 'Telepathy,' 'The Opium Smoker,' 'The Muse,' are all poems which will grip and hold the soul of the reader . . .

"What is not least remarkable in Crowley's poetry is his amazing variety. In some respects he is not unlike William Blake, but he is free from Blake's metrical deficiencies whilst retaining all the

sublimity of his conceptions. The range of his subjects is almost infinite, and the majority of his poems are literally ablaze with the white heat of ecstasy, the passionate desire of the overman towards his ultimate consummation—re-union with God.”—*Occult Review*.

**The High History of Good Sir Palamedes,
the Saracen Knight, and of his fol-
lowing of the Questing Beast.**

5s. net.

An account of the Mystic Quest.

“ . . . Noble and beautiful poem.”—*Occult Review*.

“ It is impossible to read . . . without being impressed by the essential truth and beauty of the author's spirit . . . written not as tasks are written, but from the fulness of the heart, passionately. In ‘ Sir Palamedes ’ we have the history of a holy quest so treated that the theme becomes reconciled to universal experience. Sir Palamedes' following of the Questing Beast is Everyman's following; his failures and defeats are Everyman's catastrophes; his victory, incomplete and without triumph yet fulfilled unto him for his faith's sake, is the world-old victory of all those who, being heavy-laden, yet labour.”—*Literary World*.

“ The High History of Good Sir Palamedes is something between ‘ The Hunting of the Snark ’ and ‘ Don Quixote ’ without the particular individual qualities of either; but, seriously speaking, it is a religious poem, and a great work of art. Again, superficially speaking, it is the master-limerick of a buffoon; again, seriously speaking, it is the epic of the eternal speaker . . . should on no account be missed. It is a work that superficial criticism might as easily compare to some of the productions of Byron, as overlook with a sneer. I doubt, in fact whether the question of its place in literature is one to be decided by contemporary criticism at all, I, at any rate, will not commit myself to attempting a decision.”—*Poetry Review*.

"Mr. Aleister Crowley has set his metrical skill to the congenial business of a rhyming symbolic legend. He has succeeded uncommonly well. The line runs easily; there is loads of colour and poetic force about it, and the atmosphere of a remote, almost religious purpose; while Mr. Crowley has kept a tight hold on the archaic diction, he has used it happily, and successfully avoided the tricks and conceits that one might have expected in such a venture."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Hail Mary. 1s.

"This is a garland of some fifty or sixty devotional hymns to the Virgin, in which the author, while not exceeding the bounds of Catholic orthodoxy, fills his verses with quaint and charming conceits, very much in the style of the 'metaphysical' poets of the seventeenth century. Indeed, in turning over the pages of 'Amphora,' as the little volume was entitled when published anonymously two years ago, by Burns and Oates, we feel them to be the work of a recipient of the tradition of Vaughan the Silurist, George Herbert, and Crashaw, although Mr. Crowley is smooth where they are rugged, plain where they are perplexing.

"These poems indicate a mind full of earnest aspiration towards his spiritual Queen, a mind of an engaging *naïveté*, untroubled by the religious and philosophical problems which weary more complex intelligences. This little work can be cordially recommended to Catholic readers."—*Paris Daily Mail*.

"We crave for poetry in England, but we do not like poets, unless they are exceeding conventional when we can laureate them, because in the national search for what is called character we condemn the vagaries which are the attributes of genius. Every school-girl reads Shelley, yet how badly we treated him! Byron is not allowed to rest in Poet's Corner. We treated Swinburne as if he were Crippen. And we have treated Mr. Aleister Crowley in much the same way. Yet Mr. Crowley is one of our few real poets. He has written things in 'Ambergris' which will never die. Some years ago a little book of verse appeared, called 'Amphora,' which being any-

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,
And all our sorrow into light!

May his enemies learn from these words to 'lift up' their hearts with him."—*English Review*.

Mortadello. A Comedy. 10s. net.

"'Mortadello' is a drama of old Venice. It displays a similar fearlessness of treatment. The theme is bitterly cynical, yet there prevails against the cynicism a just appreciation of poetic values. Mr. Crowley has not shirked the ugliness of his theme. He had no temptation to do so. For he holds life cheap as against ideals, even the basest of which is sacred in his eyes. Let Monica be a raving wanton, so she love Venice and subserve her wantonness to that first object. The use of the Alexandrine is a pleasant innovation, and one fully justified by results."—*Literary World*.

"'Mortadello' is a much more ambitious experiment. Dubbed a comedy, it certainly contains dramatic stuff underlying the not very pleasant externals. It is chock-full of incident, but one half-suspects that Mr. Crowley was mainly interested in his bold experiments with the Alexandrine. Mr. Crowley is always clever, and some of these experiments are extraordinarily so."—*Manchester Guardian*.

The Equinox. No. VII. 10s. 6d. net.

"For purposes of review, it may be hazarded roundly that the whole of the 'Equinox' is a creation of the amazing Mr. Crowley. His antics are as wild as the devil's, he dances through its pages like a mad magician. It is a sort of enchanted variety entertainment. I must not fail however to draw attention to one of the two fine plays that happen to be written in prose. 'The Ghouls' is possibly the most ghastly death-dance in English literature. If Oscar Wilde had written it (but he could not have) every one would know it. It is the very pith and marrow of terror. Cynical it may be, indecent it may be, but I defy the lord of dreams to send any more plutonian nightmare to haunt our mortal sleep."—*Poetry Review*.

**There is no more room to add all the other
pyramids of praise.**