

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF
THELEMA

VOLUME III

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None of the editorial notes from later editions have been included. No new notes or remarks have been added by the current editor. It will also be noted by the perceptive that the original form and content of certain manuscripts, some republished numerous times, continue to be altered and distorted with each printing. Every effort has been made to return to the original structure and intent.

There remain a few manuscripts deliberately left unpublished, and these have not been included.

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LIBER
CXCIV

O.T.O.
AN INTIMATION
WITH REFERENCE
TO THE
CONSTITUTION OF
THE ORDER

SUB FIGVRÂ
CXCIV



O.T.O.
ISSUED BY ORDER



XI° O. T. O.
HIBERNIÆ IONÆ ET
OMNIUM BRITANNIARUM

REX SUMMUS SANCTISSIMUS
LIBER CXCIV
O.T.O.

**AN INTIMATION WITH REFERENCE TO
THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ORDER**

Any province of the O.T.O. is governed by the Grand Master and those to whom he delegates his authority, until such time as the Order is established, which is the case when it possesses eleven or more Profess-Houses in the province. Then the regular constitution is automatically promulgated. The quotation is slightly adapted from an address in one of the rituals.

This is the Constitution and Government of our Holy Order: by the study of its Balance you may yourself come to apprehension of how to rule your own life. For, in True Things, all are but images of one another; man is but a map of the universe, and Society is but the same on a large scale.

Learn then that our Holy Order has but Three True Grades; as it is written in *The Book of the Law*: The Hermit, The Lover, and the Man of Earth. It is but for convenience that these grades have been separated into Three Triads.

The Third Triad consists of the degrees from Minerval to Prince of Jerusalem. The Minerval degree is a Prologue to the First; the degrees subsequent to the Third but pendants to it. In this, the Man of Earth series, there are then but Three Degrees; and these Three are One.

The Man of Earth takes no share in the Government of the Order; for he is not yet called upon to give his life to it in service; and with us Government is Service, and nothing else. The Man of Earth is therefore in much the position of the Plebian in Rome in the time of Menenius Agrippia. But there is this marked difference; that every Man of Earth is encouraged and expected to push on to the next stage. In order that the feelings of the general body may be represented, the Men of Earth choose four persons, two men and two women, from among themselves, to stand continually before the face of the Supreme and Holy King, serving him day and night. These persons must not be of higher rank than the Second Degree; they must volunteer for this service at the conclusion of that ceremony; and therefore they give up their own prospect of advancement in the Order for one year, that they may serve their fellows. This is then the first lesson in our great principle, the attainment of honour through renunciation.

The degree of Knights of East and West is but a bridge between the first and second series; but it is important, for in that grade a new pledgeform must be signed, and the new Knight vowed to devote his life to the Establishment of the Law of Thelema.

The members of the Fifth Degree are responsible for all that concerns the Social Welfare of the Order. This grade is symbolically that of beauty and harmony; it is the natural stopping-place of the majority of men and women; for to proceed farther, as will appear, involves renunciation of the sternest kind. Here then is all joy, peace, well-being on all planes; the Sovereign Prince Rose Croix is attached equally to the higher and the lower, and forms a natural link between them. Yet let him look to it that his eyes are set on high.

In this degree the Most Wise Sovereign of each chapter will appoint a committee of four persons, two men and two women, to arrange for all social gatherings, banquets, dances, the performance of plays, and similar pleasures. They will also endeavour to promote harmony among the Brethren in all possible ways, and to compose any disputes by tact and friendliness without formal appeal being made to any more authoritative tribunal.

The next grade, that which lies between the Fifth and Sixth Degrees, is called the Senate. This is the first of the governing bodies, properly speaking, and here we begin to insist upon Renunciation. For within this body is the Electoral College of the O.T.O. The principle of popular election is a fatal folly; its results are visible in every so-called democracy. The elected man is always the mediocrity; he is the safe man, the sound man, the man who displeases the majority less than any other; and therefore never the genius, the man of progress and illumination. This Electoral College consists of Eleven Persons in each country. It has full control of the affairs of the Men of Earth, appointing Lodge Masters at will. It has however no authority over Chapters of Rose Croix.

Persons who wish to be appointed to this College by the Supreme and Holy King must volunteer for the office. The appointment is for Eleven Years. Volunteers must renounce for that period all further progress in the Order. They must give evidence of first-rate ability in

- (i) Some branch of athletics.
- (ii) Some branch of learning.

They must also possess a profound general knowledge of history and of the art of government, with some attention to philosophy in general. They must each live in solitude, without more than the necessary speech even to casual neighbours, serving themselves in all respects, for three months continuously, once at least in every two years. The President will summon them at the four seasons of the year, and if necessary at other times, when they will deliberate upon the affairs placed in their charge. All applications to pass to the Fifth Degree must receive their sanction. Appeal from their decisions may however be made to the Supreme Council.

The Sixth Degree is an executive or military body, and represents the temporal power of the Supreme and Holy King. Each member is amenable to military discipline. Singly or in concert with his comrades, each Knight is vowed to enforce the decisions of authority.

The Grade of Grand Inquisitor Commander follows. Here every member has a right to a seat on the Grand Tribunal, which body decides all disputes and complaints which have not been composed by the Chapters of Rose Croix or the Lodge Masters. Its verdicts

are without appeal, unless a member of the Electoral College give sanction to take the case to the Areopagus of the Eighth Degree. All members of the Order, even of higher grades, are subject to the Grand Tribunal.

The next grade is that of Prince of the Royal Secret. Every member of this degree is devoted to the Propagation of the Law in a very special manner; for this grade is the first in which the Beginning of the Inmost Secret is declared openly. He will therefore, by his personal exertions, induce one hundred and eleven persons to join the Order, before he may proceed to the Seventh Degree, except by special order from the Supreme and Holy King.

The Seventh Degree is, in military language, the Great General Staff of the Army of the Sixth Degree. From its members the Supreme and Holy King appoints a Supreme Grand Council.

This Council is charged with the government of the whole of the Second Triad, or Lovers. All members of the Seventh Degree travel as Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the Order, and report, on their own initiative, to the Supreme and Most Holy King, as to the condition of all Lodges, and Chapters; to the Supreme Council, on all affairs of the Second Triad; and to the Electoral College, on those of the Third.

The Eighth Degree is a Philosophical Body. Its members, being fully instructed in the Principles of the Order, save in one point only, devote themselves to the understanding of what they have learned in their initiation. They have power to reverse the decisions of the Grand Tribunal, and to compose all conflicts between any of the governing bodies. And this they do upon the great principles of philosophy. For it will often occur that there is a contention between two parties, both of whom are right from their own point of view. This is so important that an illustration is desirable. A man is smitten with leprosy; is it right that men should circumscribe his liberty by isolating him from his fellows? Another holds back land or some other necessity from the common use; is he to be compelled to surrender it? Such cases of difficulty involve deep philosophical principles; and the Areopagus of the Eighth Degree is charged with the duty of resolving them in accordance with the great principles of the Order.

Before the face of the Areopagus stands an independent Parliament of the Guilds. Within the Order, irrespective of grade, the members of each craft, trade, science, or profession form themselves into a Guild, make their own laws, and prosecute their own good, in all matters pertaining to their labour and means of livelihood. Each Guild chooses the man most eminent in it to represent it before the Areopagus of the Eighth Degree; and all disputes between the various Guilds are argued before that Body, which will decide according to the grand principles of the Order. Its decisions pass for ratification to the Sanctuary of the Gnosis, and thence to the Throne.

Epoets and Pontiffs of this exalted grade are bound to live in isolation for four consecutive months in every year, meditating the mysteries revealed to them.

The Ninth Degree—the Sanctuary of the Gnosis—is synthetic. The prime duty of its members is to study and practice the theurgy and thaumaturgy of the grade; but in addition they must be prepared to act as direct representatives of the Supreme and Most Holy King, radiating his light upon the whole world. Yet, from the nature of their initiation, they must veil their glory in a cloud of darkness. They move unseen and unrecognized among the youngest of us, subtly and loftily leading us into the holy ineffable mysteries of the True Light.

The Supreme and Most Holy King is appointed by the O.H.O. His is the ultimate responsibility for all within his holy kingdom. The succession to the high office of the O.H.O. is decided in a manner not here to be declared; but this you may learn, O Brother Magician, that he may be chosen even from the grade of a Minerval. And herein lieth a most sacred Mystery.

The Electoral College possesses one most singular power. Every eleven years, or in the case of a vacancy occurring, they choose two persons from the Ninth Degree, who are charged with the duty of Revolution. It is the business of these persons constantly to criticise and oppose the acts of the Supreme and Most Holy King, whether or not they personally approve of them. Should he exhibit weakness, bodily, mental, or moral, they are empowered to appeal to the O.H.O. to depose him but they, alone of all the members of the Order, are not eligible to the Succession.

The O.H.O., as the supreme authority in the Order, will act, in such an emergency, as he may see fit. He may himself be removed from office, but only by the unanimous vote of all the members of the Tenth Degree.

Of the Eleventh Degree, its powers, privileges, and qualifications, nothing whatever is said in any grade. It has no relation to the general plan of the Order, is inscrutable, and dwells in its own Palaces.

There are certain important financial obligations in various grades.

The Electoral College of the Senate is vowed to poverty. All property, earnings, or salaries are vested in or paid over to the Grand Treasurer General. The members subsist on the charity of the Order, which is extended to them in accordance with their original rank in life. These remarks apply equally to the Supreme Grand Council and all higher degrees.

In the Seventh Degree it is a qualification to vest some real property in the Order; and no one is admitted to this grade without this preliminary.

Those members of the Order who have given all to it must obtain the money for their initiation fees and subscriptions from the Third Triad, whose honour is thus concerned in the unselfish support of those who have abandoned all for their sakes.

The Grand Treasurer General is appointed by the Supreme and Most Holy King; he may be a member of any grade whatever; but he must, on accepting office, take the vow of poverty. His authority is absolute in all financial matters; but he is responsible to, and may be removed at will by, the Supreme and Most Holy King. He will appoint a committee to assist him and advise him in his work; and he will usually select one person from each of the governing bodies of the Order.

Such is a brief outline of the government of the O.T.O. It combines monarchy with democracy: it includes aristocracy, and conceals even the seeds of revolution, by which alone progress can be effected. Thus we balance the Triads, uniting the Three in One; thus we gather up all the threads of human passion and interest, and weave them into an harmonious tapestry, subtly and diligently with great art, that our Order may seem an ornament even to the Stars that are in the Heavens at Night. In our rainbow-coloured texture we set forth the glory of the whole Universe. See to it, brother Magician, that thine own thread be strong, and pure, and of a colour brilliant in itself, yet ready to mingle in all beauty with those of thy brethren!

**THE GRADES OF THE O. T. O.
AND SCALE OF FEES APPOINTED FOR EACH**

		IN U.S. AMERICA		IN GREAT BRITAIN	
		Initiation Fee.*	Annual Subscription†	Initiation Fee*.	Annual Subscription†
0°	Minerval	\$5.0	£110.	
I°	M.	5.0 .	\$5.0 . . .	110.	£1 10
II°	M.	5.0 .	10.0 . . .	110.	2 20
III°	M.:	5.0 .	15.0 . . .	110.	3 30
	P.: M.:	5.0	110.	
IV°	Companion of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch	10.0 .	20.0 . . .	220.	4 40
	Prince of Jerusalem	5.0	110.	
	<i>Every man or woman that is of full age, free, and of good report, has an inde-feasible right to these degrees. Beyond this, admission is only granted by invitation from the governing body concerned.</i>				
	Knight of the East and of the West	5.0	110.	
V°	Sovereign Prince of Rose Croix. (Knight of the Pelican and Eagle) Member of the Senate of Knight Hermetic Philsophers, Knights of the Red Eagle	15.0 .	26.0 . . .	330.	5 50
		10.0	220.	
VI°	Illustrious Knight (Templar) of the Order of Kadosch, and Compan-ion of the Holy Graal	26.0 .	31.0 . . .	550.	6 60
	Grand Inquisitor Commander, Member of the Grand Tribunal. . .	26.0 .	36.0 . . .	550.	7 70
	Prince of the Royal Secret	26.0 .	36.0 . . .	550.	8 80
VII°	Very Illustrious Sovereign Grand Inspector General	51.0 .	56.0 . . .	1010 0.	11 11 0
	Member of the Supreme Grand Council				
VIII°	Perfect Pontiff of the Illuminati.	102.0 .	112.0 . . .	21 0 0 .	23 20
	Epopt of the Illuminati	102.0	21 0 0 .	
IX°	Initiate of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis	204.0 .	168.0 . . .	42 0 0 .	34 13 0
X°	Rex Summus Sanctissimus (Supreme and Most Holy King)				

* Payable with application

† When a Brother in good standing takes a new degree he pays with his fee only the extra subscription.



LIBER CXCVII

THE HIGH HISTORY OF
GOOD SIR PALAMEDES
THE SARACEN KNIGHT
AND OF HIS FOLLOWING
OF THE QUESTING BEAST
BY ALEISTER CROWLEY
RIGHTLY SET FORTH IN RIME

SUB FIGVRÂ
CXCVII





A.:A.: Publication in Class C

TO ALLAN BENNETT

“Bhikkhu Ananda Metteyya”

my good knight comrade in the Quest, I dedicate this
imperfect account of it, in some small recognition of his
suggestion of its form.

MANDALAY, *November* 1905.

ARGUMENT

- i. Sir Palamede, the Saracen knight, riding on the shore of Syria, findeth his father's corpse, around which an albatross circleth. He approveth the vengeance of his peers.
- ii. On the shore of Arabia he findeth his mother in the embrace of a loathly negro beneath blue pavilions. Her he slayeth, and burneth all that encampment.
- iii. Sir Palamede is besieged in his castle by Severn mouth, and his wife and son are slain.
- iv. Hearing that his fall is to be but the prelude to an attack of Camelot, he maketh a desperate night sortie, and will traverse the wilds of Wales.
- v. At the end of his resources among the Welsh mountains, he is compelled to put to death his only remaining child. By this sacrifice he saves the world of chivalry.
- vi. He having become an holy hermit, a certain dwarf, splendidly clothed, cometh to Arthur's court, bearing tidings of a Questing Beast. The knights fail to lift him, this being the test of worthiness.
- vii. Lancelot findeth him upon Scawfell, clothed in his white beard. he returneth, and, touching the dwarf but with his finger, herleth him to the heaven.
- viii. Sir Palamede, riding forth on the quest, seeth a Druid worship the sun upon Stonehenge. He rideth eastward, and findeth the sun setting in the west. Furious he taketh a Viking ship, and by sword and whip fareth seaward.
- ix. Coming to India, he learneth that It glittereth. Vainly fighting the waves, the leaves, and the snows, he is swept in the Himalayas as by an avalanche into a valley where dwell certain ascetics, who pelt him with their eyeballs.
- x. Seeking It as Majesty, he chaseth an elephant in the Indian jungle. The elephant escapeth; but he, led to Trichinopoli by an Indian lad, seeth an elephant forced to dance ungainly before the Mahalingam.
- xi. A Scythian sage declareth that It transcendeth Reason. Therefore Sir Palamede unreasonably decapitateth him.
- xii. An ancient hag prateth of It as Evangelical. Her he hewed in pieces.
- xiii. At Naples he thinketh of the Beast as author of Evil, because Free of Will. The Beast, starting up, is slain by him with a poisoned arrow; but at the moment of Its death It is reborn from the knight's own belly.
- xiv. At Rome he meeteth a red robber in a Hat, who speaketh nobly of It as of a king-dove-lamb. He chaseth and slayeth it; it proves but a child's toy.
- xv. In a Tuscan grove he findeth, from the antics of a Satyr, that the Gods sill dwell with men. Mistaking orgasm for ecstasy, he is found ridiculous.
- xvi. Baiting for It with gilded corn in a moonlit vale of Spain, he findeth the bait stolen by bermin.
- xvii. In Crete a metaphysician weaveth a labyrinth. Sir Palamede compelleth him to pursue the quarry in this same fashion. Running like hippogriffs, they plunge over the precipice; and the hermit, dead, appears but a mangy ass. Sir Palamede, sore wounded, is borne by fishers to an hut.
- xviii. Sir Palamede noteth the swiftness of the Beast. He therefore climbeth many mountains of the Alps. Yet can he not catch It; It outrunneth him easily, and at last, stumbling, he falleth.
- xix. Among the dunes of Brittany he findeth a witch dancing and conjuring, until she disappeareth in a blaze of light. He then learneth music, from a vile girl, until he is as skilful as

Orpheus. In Paris he playeth in a public place. The people, at first throwing him coins, soon desert him to follow a foolish Egyptian wizard. No Beast cometh to his call.

xx. He argueth out that there can be but one Beast. Following single tracks, he at length findeth the quarry, but on pursuit It eldueth him by multiplying itself. This on the wide plains of France.

xxi. He gathereth an army sufficient to chase the whole herd. In England's midst they rush upon them; but the herd join together, leading on the knights, who at length rush together into a *mêlée*, wherein all but Sir Palamede are slain, while the Beast, as ever, standeth aloof, laughing.

xxii. He argueth Its existence from design of the Cosmos, noting that Its tracks form a geometrical figure. But seeth that this depends upon his sense of geometry; and is therefore no proof. Meditating upon this likeness to himself—Its subjectivity, in short—he seeth It in the Blue Lake. Thither plunging, all is shattered.

xxiii. Seeking It in shrines he findeth but a money-box; while they that helped him (as they said) in his search, but robbed him.

xxiv. Arguing Its obscurity, he seeketh It within the bowels of Etna, cutting off all avenues of sense. His own thoughts pursue him into madness.

xxv. Upon the Pacific Ocean, he, thinking that It is not-Self, throweth himself into the sea. But the Beast setteth him ashore.

xxvi. Rowed by Kanakas to Japan, he praiseth the stability of Fuji-Yama. But, an earthquake arising, the pilgrims are swallowed up.

xxvii. Upon the Yang-tze-kiang he contemplateth immortal change. Yet, perceiving that the changes themselves constitute stability, he is again baulked, and biddeth his men bear him to Egypt.

xxviii. In an Egyptian temple he hath performed the Bloody Sacrifice, and cursed Osiris. Himself suffering that curse, he is still far from the Attainment.

xxix. In the land of Egypt he performeth many miracles. But from the statue of Memnon issueth the questing, and he is recalled from that illusion.

xxx. Upon the plains of Chaldea he descendeth into the bowels of the earth, where he beholdeth the Visible Image of the soul of Nature for the Beast. Yet Earth belcheth him forth.

xxxi. In a slum city he converseth with a Rationalist. Learning nothing, nor even hearing the Beast, he goeth forth to cleanse himself.

xxxii. Seeking to imitate the Beast, he goeth on all-fours, questing horribly. The townsmen cage him for a lunatic. Nor can he imitate the elusiveness of the Beast. Yet at one note of that questing the prison is shattered, and Sir Palamede rusheth forth free.

xxiii. Sir Palamede hath gone to the shores of the Middle Sea to restore his health. There he practiseth devotion to the Beast, and becometh maudlin and sentimental. His knaves mocking him, he beateth one sore; from whose belly issueth the questing.

xxiv. Being retired into an hermitage in Fenland, he traverseth space upon the back of an eagle. He knoweth all things—save only It. And incontinent beseedheth the eagle to set him down again.

xxxv. He lectureth upon metaphysics—for he is now totally insane—to many learned monks of Cantabrig. They applaud him and detain him, though he hath heard the questing and would away. But so feeble is he that he fleeth by night.

xxxvi. It hath often happened to Sir Palamede that he is haunted by a shadow, the which he may not recognise. But at last, in a sunlit wood, this is discovered to be a certain hunchback, who

doubteth whether there be at all any Beast or any quest, or if the whole life of Sir Palamede be not a vain illusion. Him, without seeing to conquer with words, he slayeth incontinent.

xxxvii. In a cave by the sea, feeding on limpets and roots, Sir Palamede abideth, sick unto death. Himseemeth the Beast questeth within his own bowels; he is the Beast. Standing up, that he may enjoy the reward, he findeth another answer to the riddle. Yet abideth in the quest.

xxxviii. Sir Palamede is confronted by a stranger knight, whose arms are his own, as also his features. This knight mocketh Sir Palamede for an impudent pretender, and impersonator of the chosen knight. Sir Palamede in all humility alloweth that there is no proof possible, and offereth ordeal of battle, in which the stranger is slain. Sir Palamede heweth him into the smallest dust without pity.

xxxix. In a green valley he obtaineth the vision of Pan. Thereby he regaineth all that he had expended of strength and youth; is gladdened thereat, for he now devoteth again his life to the quest; yet more utterly cast down than ever, for that this supreme vision is not the Beast.

xl. Upon the loftiest summit of a great mountain he perceiveth Naught. Even this is, however, not the Beast.

xli. Returning to Camelot to announce his failure, he maketh entrance into the King's hall, whence he started out upon the quest. The Beast cometh nestling to him. All the knights attain the quest. The voice of Christ is heard: "well done." He sayeth that each failure is a step in the Path. The poet prayeth success therein for himself and his readers.

THE HIGH HISTORY
OF GOOD

SIR PALAMEDES

THE SARACEN KNIGHT; AND OF HIS FOLLOWING
OF
THE QUESTING BEAST

I

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Rode by the marge of many a sea:
He had slain a thousand evil men
And set a thousand ladies free.

Armed to the teeth, the glittering knight
Galloped along the sounding shore,
His silver arms one lake of light,
Their clash one symphony of war.

How still the blue enamoured sea
Lay in the blaze of Syria's noon!
The eternal roll eternally
Beat out its monotonic tune.

Sir Palamede the Saracen
A dreadful vision here espied,
A sight abhorred of gods and men,
Between the limit of the tide.

The dead man's tongue was torn away;
The dead man's throat was slit across;
There flapped upon the putrid prey
A carrion, screaming albatross.

So halted he his horse, and bent
To catch remembrance from the eyes
That stared to God, whose ardour sent
His radiance from the ruthless skies.

Then like a statue still he sate;
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred;
While round them flapped insatiate
The fell, abominable bird.

But the coldest horror drave the light
From knightly eyes. How pale thy bloom,
Thy blood, O brow whereon that night
Sits like a serpent on a tomb!

For Palamede those eyes beheld
The iron image of his own;
On those dead brows a fate he spelled
To strike a Gorgon into stone.

He knew his father. Still he sate,
Nor quivered nerve, nor muscle stirred;
While round them flapped insatiate
The fell, abominable bird.

The knight approves the justice done,
And pays with that his rowels' debt;
While yet the forehead of the son
Stands beaded with an icy sweat.

God's angel, standing sinister,
Unfurls this scroll—a sable stain:
“Who wins the spur shall ply the spur
Upon his proper heart and brain.”

He gave the sign of malison
On traitor knights and perjured men;
And ever by the sea rode on
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

II

BEHOLD! Arabia's burning shore
Rings to the hoofs of many a steed.
Lord of a legion rides to war
The indomitable Palamede.

The Paynim fly; his troops delight
In murder of many a myriad men,
Following exultant into fight
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

Now when a year and day are done
Sir Palamedes is aware
Of blue pavilions in the sun,
And bannerets fluttering in the air.

Forward he spurs; his armour gleams;
Then on his haunches rears the steed;
Above the lordly silk there streams
The pennon of Sir Palamede!

Aflame, a bridegroom to his spouse,
He rides to meet with galliard grace
Some scion of his holy house,
Or germane to his royal race.

But oh! the eyes of shame! Beneath
The tall pavilion's sapphire shade
There sport a band with wand and wreath,
Languorous boy and laughing maid.

And in the centre is a sight
Of hateful love and shameless shame:
A recreant Abyssianian knight
Sports grossly with a wanton dame.

How black and swinish is the knave!
His hellish grunt, his bestial grin;
Her trilling laugh, her gesture suave,
The cool sweat swimming on her skin!

She looks and laughs upon the knight,
Then turns to buss the blubber mouth,
Draining the dregs of that black blight
Of wine to ease their double drouth!

God! what a glance! Sir Palamede
Is stricken by the sword of fate:
His mother it is in very deed
That gleeful goes the goatish gait.

His mother it his, that pure and pale
Cried in the pangs that gave him birth;
The holy image he would veil
From aught the tiniest taint of earth.

She knows him, and black fear bedim
Those eyes; she offers to his gaze
The blue-veined breasts that suckled him
In childhood's sweet and solemn days.

Weeping she bares the holy womb!
Shrieks out the mother's last appeal:
And reads irrevocable doom
In those dread eyes of ice and steel.

He winds his horn: his warriors pour
In thousands on the fenceless foe;
The sunset stains their hideous war
With crimson bars of after-glow.

He winds his horn; the night-stars leap
To light; upspring the sisters seven;
While answering flames illumine the deep,
The blue pavilions blaze to heaven.

Silent and stern the northward way
They ride; alone before his men
Staggers through black to rose and grey
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

III

THERE is a rock by Severn mouth
Whereon a mighty castle stands,
Fronting the blue impassive South
And looking over lordly lands.

Oh! high above the envious sea
This fortress dominates the tides;
There, ill at heart, the chivalry
Of strong Sir Palamede abides.

Now comes irruption from the fold
That live by murder: day by day
The good knight strikes his deadly stroke;
The vultures claw the attended prey.

But day by day the heathen hordes.
Gather from dreadful lands afar,
A myriad myriad bows and swords,
As clouds that blot the morning star.

Soon by an arrow from the sea
The Lady of Palamede is slain;
His son, in sally fighting free,
Is struck through burgonet and brain.

But day by day the foes increase,
Though day by day their thousands fall:
Laughs the unshaken fortalice;
The good knights laugh no more at all.

Grimmer than heather hordes can scowl,
The spectre hunger rages there;
He passes like a midnight owl,
Hooting his heraldry, despair.

The knights and squires of Palamede
Stalk pale and lean through court and hall;
Though sharp and swift the archers speed
Their yardlong arrows from the wall.

Their numbers thin; their strength decays;
Their fate is written plain to read:
These are the dread deciduous days
Of iron-souled Sir Palamede.

He hears the horrid laugh that rings
From camp to camp at night; he hears
The cruel mouths of murderous kings
Laugh out one menace that he fears.

No sooner shall the heroes die
Than, ere their flesh begin to rot,
The heathen turns his raving eye
To Caerlon and Camelot.

King Arthur in ignoble sloth
Is sunk, and dalliance with his dame,
Forgetful of his knightly oath,
And careless of his kingly name.

Befooled and cuckolded, the king
Is yet the king, the king most high;
And on his life the hinges swing
That close the door of chivalry.

'Sblood! shall it sink, and rise no more,
That blaze of time, when men were men?
That is thy question, warrior
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

IV

NOW, with two score of men in life
And one fair babe, Sir Palamede
Resolves one last heroic strife,
Attempts forlorn a desperate deed.

At dead of night, a moonless night,
A night of winter storm, they sail
In dancing dragons to the fight
With man and sea, with ghoul and gale.

Whom God shall spare, ride, ride! (so springs
The iron order). Let him fly
On honour's steed with honour's wings
To warn the king, lest honour die!

Then to the fury of the blast
Their fury adds a dreadful sting:
The fatal die is surely cast.
To save the king—to save the king!

Hail! horror of the midnight surge!
The storms of death, the lashing gust,
The doubtful gleam of swords that urge
Hot laughter with high-leaping lust!

Though one by one the heroes fall,
Their desperate way they slowly win,
And knightly cry and comrade-call
Rise high above the savage din.

Now, now they land, a dwindling crew;
Now, now fresh armies hem them round.
They cleave their blood-bought avenue,
And cluster on the upper ground.

Ah! but dawn's dreadful front uprears!
The tall towers blaze, to illumine the fight;
While many a myriad heathen spears
March northward at the earliest light.

Falls thy last comrade at thy feet,
O lordly-souled Sir Palamede?
Tearing the savage from his seat,
He leaps upon a coal-black steed.

He gallops raging through the press:
The affrighted heathen fear his eye.
There madness gleams, there masterless
The whirling sword shrieks shrill and high.

They shrink, he gallops. Closely clings
The child slung at his waist; and he
Heeds nought, but gallops wide, and sings
Wild war-songs, chants of gramarye!

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Rides like a centaur mad with war;
He sabres many a million men,
And tramples many a million more!

Before him lies the untravelled land
Where never a human soul is known,
A desert by a wizard banned,
A soulless wilderness of stone.

Nor grass, nor corn, delight the vales;
Nor beast, nor bird, span space. Immense,
Black rain, grey mist, white wrath of gales,
Fill the dread armoury of sense.

Nor shines the sun; nor moon, nor star
Their subtle light at all display;
Nor day, nor night, dispute the scaur:
All's one intolerable grey.

Black llyns, grey rocks, white hills of snow!
No flower, no colour: life is not.
This is no way for men to go
From Severn-mouth to Camelot.

Despair, the world upon his speed,
Drive (like a lion from his den
Whom hunger hunts) the man at need,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

V

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath cast his sword and arms aside.
To save the world of goodly men,
He sets his teeth to ride—to ride!

Three days: the black horse drops and dies.
The trappings furnish them a fire,
The beast a meal. With dreadful eyes
Stare into death the child, the sire.

Six days: the gaunt and gallant knight
Sees hateful visions in the day.
Where are the antient speed and might
Were wont to animate that clay?

Nine days; they stumble on; no more
His strength avails to bear the child.
Still hangs the mist, and still before
Yawns the immeasurable wild.

Twelve days: the end. Afar he spies
The mountains stooping to the plain;
A little splash of sunlight lies
Beyond the everlasting rain.

His strength is done; he cannot stir.
The child complains—how feebly now!
His eyes are blank; he looks at her;
The cold sweat gathers on his brow.

To save the world—three days away!
His life in knighthood's life is furled,
And knighthood's life in his—to-day!—
His darling staked against the world!

Will he die there, his task undone?
Or dare he live, at such a cost?
He cries against the impassive sun:
The world is dim, is all but lost.

When, with the bitterness of death
Cutting his soul, his fingers clench
The piteous passage of her breath.
The dews of horror rise and drench

Sir Palamede the Saracen.

Then, rising from the hideous meal,
He plunges to the land of men
With nerves renewed and limbs of steel.

Who is the naked man that rides
Yon tameless stallion on the plain,
His face like Hell's? What fury guides
The maniac beast without a rein?

Who is the naked man that spurs
A charger into Camelot,
His face like Christ's? what glory stirs
The air around him, do ye wot?

Sir Arthur arms him, makes array
Of seven times ten thousand men,
And bids them follow and obey
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

VI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
The earth from murder hath released,
Is hidden from the eyes of men.

Sir Arthur sits again at feast.
The holy order burns with zeal:
Its fame revives from west to east.

Now, following Fortune's whirling-wheel,
There comes a dwarf to Arthur's hall,
All cased in damnascent steel.

A sceptre and a golden ball
He bears, and on his head a crown;
But on his shoulders drapes a pall

Of velvet flowing sably down
Above his vest of cramoisie.
Now doth the king of high renown

Demand him of his dignity.
Whereat the dwarf begins to tell
A quest of loftiest chivalry.

Quod he: "By Goddes holy spell,
So high a venture was not known,
Nor so divine a miracle.

A certain beast there runs alone,
That ever in his belly sounds
A hugeous cry, a monster moan,

As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested with him. Now God saith
(I swear it by His holy wounds

And by His lamentable death,
And by His holy Mother's face!)
That he shall know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace
Who shall achieve this marvel quest."
Then Arthur sterte up from his place,

And sterte up boldly all the rest,
And sware to seek this goodly thing.
But now the dwarf doth beat his breast,

And speak on this wise to the king,
That he should worthy knight be found
Who with his hands the dwarf should bring

By might one span from off the ground.
Whereat they jeer, the dwarf so small,
The knights so strong: the walls resound

With laughter rattling round the hall.
But Arthur first essays the deed,
And may not budge the dwarf at all.

Then Lancelot sware by Goddes reed,
And pulled so strong his muscel burst,
His nose and mouth brake out a-bleed;

Nor moved he thus the dwarf. From first
To last the envious knights essayed,
And all their malice had the worst,

Till strong Sir Bors his prowess played—
And all his might availèd nought.
Now once Sir Bors had been betrayed

To Paynim; him in traitrise caught,
They bound to four strong stallion steers,
To tear asunder, as they thought,

The paladin of Arthur's peers.
But he, a-bending, breaks the spine
Of three, and on the fourth he rears

His bulk, and rides away. Divine
The wonder when the giant fails
To stir the fatuous dwarf, malign

Who smiles! But Bors on Arthur rails
That never a knight is worth but one.
“By Goddes death” (quod he), “what ails

Us marsh-lights to forget the sun?
There is one man of mortal men
Worthy to win this benison,

Sir Palamede the Saracen.”
Then went the applauding murmur round:
Sir Lancelot girt him there and then

To ride to that enchanted ground
Where amid timeless snows the den
Of Palamedes might be found.

VII

BEHOLD Sir Lancelot of the Lake
Breasting the stony scree: behold
How breath must fail and muscle ache

Before he reach the icy fold
That Palamede the Saracen
Within its hermitage may hold.

At last he cometh to a den
Perched high upon the savage scaur,
Remote from every haunt of men,

From every haunt of life afar.
There doth he find Sit Palamede
Sitting as steadfast as a star.

Scarcely he knew the knight indeed,
For he was compassed in a beard
White as the streams of snow that feed

The lake of Gods and men revered
That sitteth upon Caucasus.
So muttered he a darkling weird,

And smote his bosom murderous.
His nails like eagles' claws were grown;
His eyes were wild and dull; but thus

Sir Lancelot spake: "Thy deeds atone
By knightly devoir!" He returned
That "While the land was overgrown

With giant, fiend, and ogre burned
My sword; but now the Paynim bars
Are broke, and men to virtue turned:

Therefore I sit upon the scars
Amid my beard, even as the sun
Sits in the company of the stars!"

Then Lancelot bade this deed be done,
The achievement of the Questing Beast.
Which when he spoke that holy one

Rose up, and gat him to the east
With Lancelot; when as they drew
Unto the palace and the feast

He put his littlest finger to
The dwarf, who rose to upper air,
Piercing the far eternal blue

Beyond the reach of song or prayer.
Then did Sir Palamede amend
His nakedness, his horrent hair,

His nails, and made his penance end,
Clothing himself in steel and gold,
Arming himself, his life to spend

In vigil cold and wandering bold,
Disdaining song and dalliance soft,
Seeking one purpose to behold,

And holding ever that aloft,
Nor fearing God, nor heeding men.
So thus his hermit habit doffed
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

VIII

KNOW ye where Druid dolmens rise
In Wessex on the widow plain?
Thither Sir Palamedes plies

The spur, and shakes the rattling rein.
He questions all men of the Beast.
None answer. Is the quest in vain?

With oaken crown there comes a priest
In samite robes, with hazel wand,
And worships at the gilded East.

Ay! thither ride! The dawn beyond
Must run the quarry of his quest.
He rode as he were wood or fond,

Until at night behoves him rest.
—He saw the gilding far behind
Out on the hills toward the West!

With aimless fury hot and blind
He flung him on a Viking ship.
He slew the rover, and inclined

The seamen to his stinging whip.
Accurs'd of God, despising men,
Thy reckless oars in ocean dip,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

IX

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Sailed ever with a favouring wind
Unto the smooth and swarthy men

That haunt the evil shore of Hind:
He queried eager of the quest.
“Ay! Ay!” their cunning sages grinned:

“It shines! It shines! Guess thou the rest!
For naught but this our Rishis know.”
Sir Palamede his way addressed

Unto the woods: they blaze and glow;
His lance stabs many a shining blade,
His sword lays many a flower low

That glittering gladdened in the glade.
He wrote himself a wanton ass,
And to the sea his traces laid,

Where many a wavelet on the glass
His prowess knows. But deep and deep
His futile feet in fury pass,

Until one billow curls to leap,
And flings him breathless on the shore
Half drowned. O fool! his God's asleep,

His armour in illusion's war
Itself illusion, all his might
And courage vain. Yet ardours pour

Through every artery. The knight
Scales the Himalaya's frozen sides,
Crowned with illimitable light,

And there in constant war abides,
Smiting the spangles of the snow;
Smiting until the vernal tides

Of earth leap high; the steady flow
Of sunlight splits the icy walls:
They slide, they hurl the knight below.

Sir Palamede the mighty falls
 Into an hollow where there dwelt
A bearded crew of monachals

Asleep in various visions spelt
 By mystic symbols unto men.
But when a foreigner they smelt

They drive him from their holy den,
 And with their glittering eyeballs pelt
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

X

Now findeth he, as all alone
He moves about the burning East,
The mighty trail of some unknown,
But surely some majestic beast.

So followeth he the forest ways,
Remembering his knightly oath,
And through the hot and dripping days
Ploughs through the tangled undergrowth.

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Came on a forest pool at length,
Remote from any mart of men,
Where there disported in his strength

The lone and lordly elephant.
Sir Palamede his forehead beat.
“O amorous! O militant!
O lord of this arboreal seat!”

Thus worshipped he, and stalking stole
Into the presence: he emerged.
The scent awakes the uneasy soul
Of that Majestic One: upsurged

The monster from the oozy bed,
And bounded through the crashing glades.
—But now a staring savage head
Lurks at him through the forest shades.

This was a naked Indian,
Who led within the city gate
The fooled and disappointed man,
Already broken by his fate.

Here were the brazen towers, and here
The sculptured rocks, the marble shrine
Where to a tall black stone they rear
The altars due to the divine.

The God they deem in sensual joy
Absorbed, and silken dalliance:
To please his leisure hours a boy
Compels an elephant to dance.

So majesty to ridicule
Is turned. To other climes and men
Makes off that strong, persistent fool
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath hied him to an holy man,
Sith he alone of mortal men

Can help him, if a mortal can.
(So tell him all the Scythian folk.)
Wherefore he makes a caravan,

And finds him. When his prayers invoke
The holy knowledge, saith the sage:
“This Beast is he of whom there spoke

The prophets of the Golden Age:
‘Mark! all that mind is, he is not.’ ”
Sir Palamede in bitter rage

Sterne up: “Is this the fool, ’Od wot,
To see the like of whom I came
From castellated Camelot?”

The sage with eyes of burning flame
Cried: “Is it not a miracle?
Ay! for with folly travelleth shame,

And thereto at the end is Hell
Believe! And why believe? Because
It is a thing impossible.”

Sir Palamede his pulses pause.
“It is not possible” (quod he)
“That Palamede is wroth, and draws

His sword, decapitating thee.
By parity of argument
This deed of blood must surely be.”

With that he suddenly besprent
All Scythia with the sage's blood,
And laughing in his woe he went

Unto a further field and flood,
Aye guided by that wizard's head,
That like a windy moon did scud

Before him, winking eyes of red
And snapping jaws of white: but then
What cared for living or for dead
Sir Palamede the Saracen?

XII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Follows the Head to gloomy halls
Of sterile hate, with icy walls.
A woman clucking like a hen
Answers his lordly bugle-calls.

She rees him in ungainly rede
Of ghosts and virgins, doves and wombs,
Of roods and prophecies and tombs—
Old pagan fables run to seed!
Sir Palamede with fury fumes.

So doth the Head that jabbars fast
Against that woman's tangled tale.
(God's patience at the end must fail!)
Out sweeps the sword—the blade hath passed
Through all her scraggy farthingale.

“This chatter lends to Thought a zest”
(Quod he), “but I am all for Act.
Sit here, until your Talk hath cracked
The addled egg in Nature's nest!”
With that he fled the dismal tract.

He was so sick and ill at ease
And hot against his fellow men,
He thought to end his purpose then—
Nay! let him seek new lands and seas,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XIII

SIR PALAMEDE is come anon
 Into a blue delicious bay.
A mountain towers thereupon,
Wherein some fiend of ages gone

Is whelmed by God, yet from his breast
 Spits up the flame, and ashes grey.
Hereby Sir Palamede his quest
Pursues withouten let or rest.

Seeing the evil mountain be,
 Remembering all his evil years,
He knows the Questing Beast runs free—
Author of Evil, then, is he!

Whereat immediate resounds
 The noise he hath sought so long: appears
There quest a thirty couple hounds
Within its belly as it bounds.

Lifting his eyes, he sees at last
 The beast he seeks: 'tis like an hart.
Ever it courseth far and fast.
Sir Palamede is sore aghast,

But plucking up his will, doth launch
 A mighty poison-dippèd dart:
It fareth ever sure and staunch,
And smiteth him upon the haunch.

Then as Sir Palamede overhauls
 The stricken quarry, slack it droops,
Staggers, and final down it falls.
Triumph! Gape wide, ye golden walls!

Lift up your everlasting doors,
 O gates of Camelot! See, he swoops
Down on the prey! The life-blood pours:
The poison works: the breath implores

Its livelong debt from heart and brain.
 Alas! poor stag, thy day is done!
The gallant lungs gasp loud in vain:
Thy life is spilt upon the plain.

Sir Palamede is stricken numb
As one who, gazing on the sun,
Sees blackness gather. Blank and dumb,
The good knight sees a thin breath come

Out of his proper mouth, and dart
Over the plain: he seeth it
Sure by some black magician art
Shape ever closer like an hart:

While such a questing there resounds
As God had loosed the very Pit,
Or as a thirty couple hounds
Are in its belly as it bounds!

Full sick at heart, I ween, was then
The loyal knight, the weak of wit,
The butt of lewd and puny men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XIV

NORTHWARD the good knight gallops fast,
Resolved to seek his foe at home,
When rose that Vision of the past,
The royal battlements of Rome,
A ruined city, and a dome.

There in the broken Forum sat
A red-robed robber in a Hat.
“Whither away, Sir Knight, so fey?”
“Priest, for the dove on Ararat
I could not, nor I will not, stay!”

“I know thy quest. Seek on in vain
A golden hart with silver horns!
Life springeth out of divers pains.
What crown the King of Kings adorns?
A crown of gems? A crown of thorns!

The Questing Beast is like a king
In face, and hath a pigeon's wing
And claw; its body is one fleece
Of bloody white, a lamb's in spring.
Enough. Sir Knight, I give thee peace.”

The knight spurs on, and soon espies
A monster coursing on the plain.
He hears the horrid questing rise
And thunder in his weary brain.
This time, to slay it or be slain!

Too easy task! The charger gains
Stride after stride with little pains
Upon the lumbering, flapping thing.
He stabs the lamb, and splits the brains
Of that majestic-seeming king.

He clips the wing and pares the claw—
What turns to laughter all his joy,
To wondering ribaldry his awe?
The beast's a mere mechanic toy,
Fit to amuse an idle boy!

XV

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath come to an umbrageous land
Where nymphs abide, and Pagan men.
The Gods are nigh, say they, at hand.
How warm a throb from Venus stirs
The pulses of her worshippers!

Nor shall the Tuscan God be found
Reluctant from the altar-stone:
His perfume shall delight the ground,
His presence to his hold be known
In darkling grove and glimmering shrine—
O ply the kiss and pour the wine!

Sir Palamede is fairly come
Into a place of glowing bowers,
Where all the Voice of Time is dumb:
Before an altar crowned with flowers
He seeth a satyr fondly dote
And languish on a swan-soft goat.

Then he in mid-caress desires
The ear of strong Sir Palamede.
“We burn,” quoth he, “no futile fires,
Nor play upon an idle reed,
Nor penance vain, nor fatuous prayers—
The Gods are ours, and we are theirs.”

Sir Palamedes plucks the pipe
The satyr tends, and blows a trill
So soft and warm, so red and ripe,
That echo answers from the hill
In eager and voluptuous strain,
While grows upon the sounding plain

A gallop, and a questing turned
To one profound melodious bay.
Sir Palamede with pleasure burned,
And bowed him to the idol grey
That on the altar sneered and leered
With loose red lips behind his beard.

Sir Palamedes and the Beast
Are woven in a web of gold
Until the gilding of the East
Burns on the wanton-smiling wold:
And still Sir Palamede believed
His holy quest to be achieved!

But now the dawn from glowing gates
Floods all the land: with snarling lip
The Beast stands off and cachinnates.
That stings the good knight like a whip,
As suddenly Hell's own disgust
Eats up the joy he had of lust.

The brutal glee his folly took
For holy joy breaks down his brain.
Off bolts the Beast: the earth is shook
As out a questing roars again,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Are in its belly as it bounds!

The peasants gather to deride
The knight: creation joins in mirth.
Ashamed and scorned on every side,
There gallops, hateful to the earth,
The laughing-stock of beasts and men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XVI

WHERE shafts of moonlight splash the vale,
Beside a stream there sits and strains
Sir Palamede, with passion pale,

And haggard from his broken brains.
Yet eagerly he watches still
A mossy mound where dainty grains

Of gilded corn their beauty spill
To tempt the quarry to the range
Of Palamede his archer skill.

All night he sits, with ardour strange
And hope new-fledged. A gambler born
Aye thinks the luck one day must change,

Though sense and skill he laughs to scorn.
So now there rush a thousand rats
In sable silence on the corn.

They sport their square or shovel hats,
A squeaking, tooth-bare brotherhood,
Innumerable as summer gnats

Buzzing some streamlet through a wood.
Sir Palamede grows mighty wroth,
And mutters maledictions rude,

Seeing his quarry far and loth
And thieves despoiling all the bait.
Now, careless of the knightly oath,

The sun pours down his eastern gate.
The chase is over: see ye then,
Coursing afar, afoam at fate
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XVII

SIR PALAMEDE hath told the tale
Of this misfortune to a sage,
How all his ventures nought avail,

And all his hopes dissolve in rage.
“Now by thine holy beard,” quoth he,
“And by thy venerable age

I charge thee this my riddle ree.”
Then said that gentle eremite:
“This task is easy unto me!

Know then the Questing Beast aright!
One is the Beast, the Questing one:
And one with one is two, Sir Knight!

Yet these are one in two, and none
Disjoins their substance (mark me well!),
Confounds their persons. Rightly run

Their attributes: immeasurable,
Incomprehensibundable,
Unspeakable, inaudible,

Intangible, ingustable,
Insensitive to human smell,
Invariable, implacable,

Invincible, insciable,
Irrationapsychicable,
Inequilegijurable,

Immamemimomummable.
Such is its nature: without parts,
Places, or persons, plumes, or pell,

Having nor lungs nor lights nor hearts,
But two in one and one in two.
Be he accursèd that disparts

Them now, or seemeth so to do!
Him will I pile the curses on;
Him will I hand, or saw him through,

Or burn with fire, who doubts upon
This doctrine, hotototon spells
The holy word otototon.”

The poor Sir Palamedes quells
His rising spleen; he doubts his ears.
“How may I catch the Beast?” he yells.

The smiling sage rebukes his fears:
“ ’Tis easier than all, Sir Knight!
By simple faith the Beast appears.

By simple faith, not heathen might,
Catch him, and thus achieve the quest!”
Then quoth that melancholy wight:

“I will believe!” The hermit blessed
His convert: on the horizon
Appears the Beast. “To thee the rest!”

He cries, to urge the good knight on.
But no! Sir Palamedes grips
The hermit by the woebegone

Beard of him; then away he rips,
Wood as a maniac, to the West,
Where down the sun in splendour slips,

And where the quarry of the quest
Canters. They run like hippogriffs!
Like men pursued, or swine possessed,

Over the dizzy Cretan cliffs
They smash. And lo! it comes to pass
He sees in no dim hieroglyphs,

In knowledge easy to amass,
This hermit (while he drew his breath)
Once dead is like a mangy ass.

Bruised, broken, but not bound to death,
He calls some passing fishermen
To bear him. Presently he saith:

“Bear me to some remotest den
To Heal me of my ills immense;
For now hath neither might nor sense
Sir Palamede the Saracen.”

XVIII

SIR PALAMEDES for a space
Deliberates on his rustic bed.
“I lack the quarry's awful pace”

(Quod he); “my limbs are slack as lead.”
So, as he gets his strength, he seeks
The castles where the pennons red

Of dawn illumine their dreadful peaks.
There dragons stretch their horrid coils
Adown the winding clefts and creeks:

From hideous mouths their venom boils.
But Palamede their fury 'scapes,
Their malice by his valour foils,

Climbing aloft by bays and capes
Of rock and ice, encounters oft
The loathly sprites, the misty shapes

Of monster brutes that lurk aloft.
O! well he works: his youth returns
His heart revives: despair is doffed

And eager hope in brilliance burns
Within the circle of his brows
As fast he flies, the snow he spurns.

Ah! what a youth and strength he vows
To the achievement of the quest!
And now the horrid height allows

His mastery: day by day from crest
To crest he hastens: faster fly
His feet: his body knows not rest,

Until with magic speed they ply
Like oars the snowy waves, surpass
In one day's march the galaxy

Of Europe's starry mountain mass.
“Now,” quoth he, “let me find the quest!”
The Beast sterte up. Sir Knight, Alas!

Day after day they race, nor rest
Till seven days were fairly done.
Then doth the Questing Marvel crest

The ridge: the knight is well outrun.
Now, adding laughter to its din,
Like some lewd comet at the sun,

Around the panting paladin
It runs with all its splendid speed.
Yet, knowing that he may not win,

He strains and strives in very deed,
So that at last a boulder trips
The hero, that he bursts a-bleed,

And sanguine from his bearded lips
The torrent of his being breaks.
The Beast is gone: the hero slips

Down to the valley: he forsakes
The fond idea (every bone
In all his body burns and aches)

By speed to attain the dear Unknown,
By force to achieve the great Beyond.
Yet from that brain may spring full-grown
Another folly just as fond.

XIX

THE knight hath found a naked girl
Among the dunes of Breton sand.
She spinneth in a mystic whirl,

And hath a bagpipe in her hand,
Wherefrom she draweth dismal groans
The while her maddening saraband

She plies, and with discordant tones
Desires a certain devil-grace.
She gathers wreckage-wood, and bones

Of seamen, jetsam of the place,
And builds therewith a fire, wherein
She dances, bounding into space

Like an inflated ass's skin.
She raves, and reels, and yells, and whirls
So that the tears of toil begin

To dew her breasts with ardent pearls.
Nor doth she mitigate her dance,
The bagpipe ever louder skirls,

Until the shapes of death advance
And gather round her, shrieking loud
And wailing o'er the wide expanse

Of sand, the gibbering, mewing crowd.
Like cats, and apes, they gather close,
Till, like the horror of a cloud

Wrapping the flaming sun with rose,
They hide her from the hero's sight.
Then doth he must thereat morose,

When in one wild cascade of light
The pageant breaks, and thunder roars:
Down flaps the loathly wing of night.

He sees the lonely Breton shores
Lapped in the levin: then his eyes
See how she shrieking soars and soars

Into the starless, stormy skies.
Well! well! this lesson will he learn,
How music's mellowing artifice

May bid the breast of nature burn
And call the gods from star and shrine.
So now his sounding courses turn

To find an instrument divine
Whereon he may pursue his quest.
How glitter green his gleeful eyne

When, where the mice and lice infest
A filthy hovel, lies a wench
Bearing a baby at her breast,

Drunk and debauched, one solid stench,
But carrying a silver lute.
'Boardeth her, nor doth baulk nor blench,

And long abideth brute by brute
Amid the unsavoury denzens,
Until his melodies uproot

The oaks, lure lions from their dens,
Turn rivers back, and still the spleen
Of serpents and of Saracens.

Thus then equipped, he quits the quean,
And in a city fair and wide
Calls up with music wild and keen

The Questing Marvel to his side.
Then do the sportful city folk
About his lonely stance abide:

Making their holiday, they joke
The melancholy ass: they throw
Their clattering coppers in his poke.

So day and night they come and go,
But never comes the Questing Beast,
Nor doth that laughing people know

How agony's unleavening yeast
Stirs Palamede. Anon they tire,
And follow an Egyptian priest

Who boasts him master of the fire
To draw down lightning, and invoke
The gods upon a sandal pyre,

And bring up devils in the smoke.
Sir Palamede is all alone,
Wrapped in his misery like a cloak,

Despairing now to charm the Unknown.
So arms and horse he takes again.
Sir Palamede hath overthrown

The jesters. Now the country men,
Stupidly staring, see at noon
Sir Palamede the Saracen

A-riding like an harvest moon
In silver arms, with glittering lance,
With plumèd helm, and wingèd shoon,
Athwart the admiring land of France.

XX

SIR PALAMEDE hath reasoned out
Beyond the shadow of a doubt
That this his Questing Beast is one;
For were it Beasts, he must suppose
An earlier Beast to father those.
So all the tracks of herds that run

Into the forest he discards,
And only turns his dark regards
On single prints, on marks unique.
Sir Palamede doth now attain
Unto a wide and grassy plain,
Whereon he spies the thing to seek.

Thereat he putteth spur to horse
And runneth him a random course,
The Beast a-questing aye before.
But praise to good Sir Palamede!
'Hath gotten him a fairy steed
Alike for venery and for war,

So that in little drawing near
The quarry, lifteth up his spear
To run him of his malice through.
With that the Beast hopes no escape,
Dissolveth all his lordly shape,
Splitteth him sudden into two.

Sir Palamede in fury runs
Unto the nearer beast, that shuns
The shock, and splits, and splits again,
Until the baffled warrior sees
A myriad myriad swarms of these
A-questing over all the plain.

The good knight reins his charger in.
"Now, by the faith of Paladin!
The subtle quest at last I hen."
Rides off the Camelot to plight
The faith of many a noble knight,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XXI

Now doth Sir Palamede advance
The lord of many a sword and lance.

In merrie England's summer sun
Their shields and arms a-glittering glance

And laugh upon the mossy mead.
Now winds the horn of Palamede,
As far upon the horizon
He spies the Questing Beast a-feed.

With loyal craft and honest guile
They spread their ranks for many a mile.
For when the Beast hath heard the horn
He practiseth his ancient wile,

And many a myriad beasts invade
The stillness of that arméd glade.
Now every knight to rest hath borne
His lance, and given the accolade,

And run upon a beast: but they
Slip from the fatal point away
And course about, confusing all
That gallant concourse all the day,

Leading them ever to a vale
With hugeous cry and monster wail.
Then suddenly their voices fall,
And in the park's resounding pale

Only the clamour of the chase
Is heard: oh! to the centre race
The unsuspecting knights: but he
The Questing Beast his former face

Of unity resumes: the course
Of warriors shocks with man and horse.
In mutual madness swift to see
They shatter with unbridled force

One on another: down they go
Swift in stupendous overthrow.
Out sword! out lance! Curiass and helm
Splinter beneath the knightly blow.

They storm, they charge, they hack and hew,
They rush and wheel the press athrough.
The weight, the murder, over whelm
One, two, and all. Nor silence knew

His empire till Sir Palamede
(The last) upon his fairy steed
Struck down his brother; then at once
Fell silence on the bloody mead,

Until the questing rose again.
For there, on that ensanguine plain
Standeth a-laughing at the dunce
The single Beast they had not slain.

There, with his friends and followers dead,
His brother smitten through the head,
Himself sore wounded in the thigh,
Weepeth upon the deed of dread,

Alone among his murdered men,
The champion fool, as fools were then,
Utterly broken, like to die,
Sir Palamede the Saracen.

XXII

SIR PALAMEDE his wits doth rally,
Nursing his wound beside a lake
Within an admirable valley,

Whose walls their thirst on heaven slake,
And in the moonlight mystical
Their countless spears of silver shake.

Thus reasons he: "In each and all
Fyttes of this quest the quarry's track
Is wondrous geometrical.

In spire and whorl twists out and back
The hart with fair symmetric line.
And lo! the grain of wit I lack—

This Beast is Master of Design.
So studying each twisted print
In this mirific mind of mine,

My heart may happen on a hint."
Thus as the seeker after gold
Eagerly chases grain or glint,

The knight at last wins to behold
The full conception. Breathless-blue
The fair lake's mirror crystal-cold

Wherein he gazes, keen to view
The vast Design therein, to chase
The Beast to his last avenue.

Then—O thou gosling scant of grace!
The dream breaks, and Sir Palamede
Wakes to the glass of his fool's face!

"Ah, 'sdeath!" (quod he), "by thought and deed
This brute for ever mocketh me.
The lance is made a broken reed,

The brain is but a barren tree—
For all the beautiful Design
Is but mine own geometry!"

With that his wrath brake out like wine.
He plunged his body in, and shattered
The whole delusion asinine.

All the false water-nymphs that flattered
He killed with his resounding curse—
O fool of God! as if it mattered!

So, nothing better, rather worse,
Out of the blue bliss of the pool
Came dripping that inveterate fool!

XXIII

NOW still he holdeth argument:

“So grand a Beast must house him well;
Hence, now beseemeth me frequent
Cathedral, palace, citadel.”

So, riding fast among the flowers
Far off, a Gothic spire he spies,
That like a gladiator towers
Its spear-sharp splendour to the skies.

The people cluster round, acclaim:
“Sir Knight, good knight, thy quest is won.
Here dwells the Beast in orient flame,
Spring-sweet, and swifter than the sun!”

Sir Palamede the Saracen
Spurs to the shrine, afire to win
The end; and all the urgent men
Throng with him eloquently in.

Sir Palamede his vizor drops;
He lays his loyal lance in rest;
He drives the rowels home—he stops!
Faugh! but a black-mouthed money-chest!

He turns—the friendly folk are gone,
Gone with his sumpter-mules and train
Beyond the infinite horizon
Of all he hopes to see again!

His brain befooled, his pocket picked—
How the Beast cachinnated then,
Far from that doleful derelict
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XXIV

“ONE thing at least” (quoth Palamede),
“Beyond dispute my soul can see:
This Questing Beast that mocks my need
Dwelleth in deep obscurity.”

So delveth he a darksome hole
Within the bowels of Etna dense,
Closing the harbour of his soul
To all the pirate-ships of sense.

And now the questing of the Beast
Rolls in his very self, and high
Leaps his whole heart in fiery feast
On the expected ecstasy.

But echoing from the central roar
Reverberates many a mournful moan,
And shapes more mystic than before
Baffle its formless monotone!

Ah! mocks him many a myriad vision,
Warring within him masterless,
Turning devotion to derision,
Beatitude to beastliness.

They swarm, they grow, they multiply;
The Strong knight's brain goes all a-swim,
Paced by that maddening minstrelsy,
Those dog-like demons hunting him.

The last bar breaks; the steel will snaps;
The black hordes riot in his brain;
A thousand threatening thunder-claps
Smite him—insane—insane—insane!

His muscles roar with senseless rage;
The pale knight staggers, deathly sick;
Reels to the light that sorry sage,
Sir Palamede the Lunatick.

XXV

A SAVAGE sea without a sail,
Grey gulphs and green a-glittering,
Rare snow that floats—a vestal veil
Upon the forehead of the spring.

Here in a plunging galleon
Sir Palamede, a listless drone,
Drifts desperately on—and on—
And on—with heart and eyes of stone.

The deep-scarred brain of him is healed
With wind and sea and star and sun,
The assoiling grace that God revealed
For gree and bounteous benison.

Ah! still he trusts the recreant brain,
Thrown in a thousand tourney-justs;
Still he raves on in reason-strain
With senseless “oughts” and fatuous “musts.”

“All the delusions” (argueth
The ass), “all uproars, surely rise
From that curst Me whose name is Death,
Whereas the Questing beast belies

The Me with Thou; then swift the quest
To slay the Me should hook the Thou.”
With that he crossed him, brow and breast,
And flung his body from the prow.

An end? Alas! on silver sand
Open his eyes; the surf-rings roar.
What snorts there, swimming from the land?
The Beast that brought him to the shore!

“O Beast!” quoth purple Palamede,
“A monster strange as Thou am I.
I could not live before, indeed;
And not I cannot even die!

Who chose me, of the Table Round
By miracle acclaimed the chief?
Here, waterlogged and muscle-bound,
Marooned upon a coral reef!”

XXVI

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath gotten him a swift canoe,
Paddled by stalwart South Sea men.

They cleave the oily breasts of blue,
Straining toward the westering disk
Of the tall sun; they battle through

Those weary days; the wind is brisk;
The stars are clear; the moon is high.
Now, even as a white basilisk

That slayeth all men with his eye,
Stands up before them tapering
The cone of speechless sanctity.

Up, up its slopes the pilgrims swing,
Chanting their pagan gramarye
Unto the dread volcano-king.

“Now, then, by Goddes reed!” quod he,
“Behold the secret of my quest
In this far-famed stability!

For all these Paynim knights may rest
In the black bliss they struggle to.”
But from the earth's full-flowered breast

Brake the blind roar of earthquake through,
Tearing the belly of its mother,
Engulphing all that heathen crew,

That cried and cursed on one another.
Aghast he standeth, Palamede!
For twinned with Earthquake laughs her brother

The Questing Beast. As Goddes reed
Sweats blood for sin, so now the heart
Of the good knight begins to bleed.

Of all the ruinous shafts that dart
Within his liver, this hath plied
The most intolerable smart.

“By Goddess wounds!” the good knight cried,
“What is this quest, grown daily dafter,
Where nothing—nothing—may abide?

Westward!” They fly, but rolling after
Echoes the Beast's unsatisfied
And inextinguishable laughter!

XXVII

SIR PALAMEDE goes aching on
 (Pox of despair's dread interdict!)
Aye to the western horizon,

Still meditating, sharp and strict,
 Upon the changes of the earth,
Its towers and temples derelict,

The ready ruin of its mirth,
 The flowers, the fruits, the leaves that fall,
The joy of life, its growing girth—

And nothing as the end of all.
 Yea, even as the Yang-tze rolled
Its rapids past him, so the wall

Of things brake down; his eyes behold
 The mighty Beast serenely couched
Upon its breast of burnished gold.

“Ah! by Christ's blood!” (his soul avouched),
 “Nothing but change (but change!) abides.
Death lurks, a leopard curled and crouched,

In all the seasons and the tides.
 But ah! the more it changed and changed”—
(The good knight laughed to split his sides!)

“What? Is the soul of things deranged?
 The more it changed, and rippled through
Its changes, and still changed, and changed,

The liker to itself it grew.
 “Bear me,” he cried, “to purge my bile
To the old land of Hormakhu,

That I may sit and curse awhile
 At all these follies fond that pen
My quest about—on, on to Nile!

Tread tenderly, my merry men!
 For nothing is so void and vile
As Palamede the Saracen.”

XXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath clad him in a sable robe;
Hath curses, writ by holy men
From all the gardens of the globe.

He standeth at an altar-stone;
The blood drips from the slain babe's throat;
His chant rolls in a magick moan;
His head bows to the crownèd goat.

His wand makes curves and spires in air;
The smoke of incense curls and quivers;
His eyes fix in a glass-cold stare:
The land of Egypt rocks and shivers!

“Lo! by thy Gods, O God, I vow
To burn the authentic bones and blood
Of curst Osiris even now
To the dark Nile's upsurging flood!

I cast thee down, oh crowned and throned!
To black Amennti's void profane.
Until mine anger be atoned
Thou shalt not ever rise again.”

With firm red lips and square black beard,
Osiris in his strength appeared.

He made the sign that saveth men
On Palamede the Saracen.

'Hath hushed his conjuration grim:
The curse comes back to sleep with him.

'Hath fallen himself to that profane
Whence none might ever rise again.

Dread torture racks him; all his bones
Get voice to utter forth his groans.

The very poison of his blood
Joins in that cry's soul-shaking flood.

For many a chiliad counted well
His soul stayed in its proper Hell.

Then, when Sir Palamedes came
 Back to himself, the shrine was dark.
Cold was the incense, dead the flame;
 The slain babe lay there black and stark.

What of the Beast? What of the quest?
 More blind the quest, the Beast more dim.
Even now its laughter is suppressed,
 While his own demons mock at him!

O thou most desperate dupe that Hell's
 Malice can make of mortal men!
Meddle no more with magick spells,
 Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XXIX

HA! but the good knight, striding forth
From Set's abominable shrine,
Pursues the quest with bitter wrath,
So that his words flow out like wine.

And lo! the soul that heareth them
Is straightway healed of suffering.
His fame runs through the land of Khem:
They flock, the peasant and the king.

There he works many a miracle:
The blind see, and the cripples walk;
Lepers grow clean; sick folk grow well;
The deaf men hear, the dumb men talk.

He casts out devils with a word;
Circleth his wand, and dead men rise.
No such a wonder hath been heard
Since Christ our God's sweet sacrifice.

"Now, by the glad blood of our Lord!"
Quoth Palamede, "my heart is light.
I am the chosen harpsichord
Whereon God playeth; the perfect knight,

The saint of Mary"—there he stayed,
For out of Memnon's singing stone
So fierce a questing barked and brayed,
It turned his laughter to a groan.

His vow forgot, his task undone,
His soul whipped in God's bitter school!
(He moaned a mighty malison!)
The perfect knight? The perfect fool!

"Now, by God's wounds!" quoth he, "my strength
Is burnt out to a pest of pains.
Let me fling off my curse at length
In old Chaldea's starry plains!

Thou blessèd Jesus, foully nailed
Unto the cruel Calvary tree,
Look on my soul's poor fort assailed
By all the hosts of devilry!

Is there no medicine but death
That shall avail me in my place,
That I may know the Beauteous Breath
And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace?

Keep Thou yet firm this trembling leaf
My soul, dear God Who died for men;
Yea! for that sinner-soul the chief,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

XXX

STARRED is the blackness of the sky;
Wide is the sweep of the cold plain
Where good Sir Palamede doth lie,
Keen on the Beast-slot once again.

All day he rode; all night he lay
With eyes wide open to the stars,
Seeking in many a secret way
The key to unlock his prison bars.

Beneath him, hark! the marvel sounds!
The Beast that questeth horribly.
As if a thirty couple hounds
Are in his belly questeth he.

Beneath him? Heareth he aright?
He leaps to'sfeet—a wonder shews:
Steep dips a stairway from the light
To what obscurity God knows.

Still never a tremor shakes his soul
(God praise thee, knight of adamant!);
He plungers to that gruesome goal
Firm as an old bull-elephant!

The broad stair winds; he follows it;
Dark is the way; the air is blind;
Black, black the blackness of the pit,
The light long blotted out behind!

His sword sweeps out; his keen glance peers
For some shape glimmering through the gloom:
Naught, naught in all that void appears;
More still, more silent than the tomb!

Ye now the good knight is aware
Of some black force, of some dread throne,
Waiting beneath that awful stair,
Beneath that pit of slippery stone.

Yea! though he sees not anything,
Nor hears, his subtle sense is 'ware
That, lackeyed by the devil-king,
The Beast—the Questing Beast—is there!

So though his heart beats close with fear,
 Though horror grips his throat, he goes,
Goes on to meet it, spear to spear,
 As good knight should, to face his foes.

Nay! but the end is come. Black earth
 Belches that peerless Paladin
Up from her gulphs—untimely birth!
 —Her horror could not hold him in!

White as a corpse, the hero hails
 The dawn, that night of fear still shaking
His body. All death's doubt assails
 Him. Was it sleep or was it waking?

“By God, I care not, I!” (quod he).
 “Or wake or sleep, or live or dead,
I will pursue this mystery.
 So help me Grace of Godlihead!”

Ay! with thy wasted limbs pursue
 That subtle Beast home to his den!
Who know but thou mayst win athrough,
 Sir Palamede the Saracen?

XXXI

FROM God's sweet air Sir Palamede
Hath come unto a demon bog,
A city where but rats may breed

In sewer-stench and fetid fog.
Within its heart pale phantoms crawl.
Breathless with foolish haste they jog

And jostle, all for naught! They scrawl
Vain things all night that they disown
Ere day. They call and bawl and squall

Hoarse cries; they moan, they groan. A stone
Hath better sense! And these among
A cabbage-headed god they own,

With wandering eye and jabbering tongue.
He, rotting in that grimy sewer
And charnel-house of death and dung,

Shrieks: "How the air is sweet and pure!
Give me the entrails of a frog
And I will teach thee! Lo! the lure

Of light! How lucent is the fog!
How noble is my cabbage-head!
How sweetly fragrant is the bog!

"God's wounds!" (Sir Palamedes said),
"What have I done to earn this portion?
Must I, the clean knight born and bred,

Sup with this filthy toad-abortion?"
Nathless he stayed with him awhile,
Lest by disdain his mention torsion

Slip back, or miss the serene smile
Should crown his quest; for (as onesaith)
The unknown may lurk within the vile.

So he who sought the Beauteous Breath,
Desired the Goodly Gift of Grace,
Went equal into life and death.

But oh! the foulness of his face!
Not here was anything of worth;
He turned his back upon the place,

Sought the blue sky and the green earth,
Ay! and the lustral sea to cleanse
That filth that stank about his girth,

The sores and scabs, the warts and wens,
The nameless vermin he had gathered
In those insufferable dens,

The foul diseases he had fathered.
So now the quest slips from his brain:
“First (Christ!) let me be clean again!”

XXXII

“HA!” cries the knight, “may patient toil
Of brain dissolve this cruel coil!

In Afric they that chase the ostrich
Clothe them with feathers, subtly foil

Its vigilance, come close, then dart
Its death upon it. Brave my heart!

Do thus!” And so the knight disguises
Himself, on hands and knees doth start

His hunt, goes questing up and down.
So in the fields the peasant clown
Flies, shrieking, from the dreadful figure.
But when he came to any town

They caged him for a lunatic.
Quod he: “Would God I had the trick!
The beast escaped from my devices;
I will the same. The bars are thick,

But I am strong.” He wrenched in vain;
Then—what is this? What wild, sharp strain
Smites on the air? The prison smashes.
Hark! ’tis the Questing Beast again!

Then as he rushes forth the note
Roars from that Beast's malignant throat
With laughter, laughter, laughter, laughter!
The wits of Palamedes float

In ecstasy of shame and rage.
“O Thou!” exclaims the baffled sage;
“How should I match Thee? Yet, I will so,
Though Doomisday devour the Age.

Weeping, and beating on his breast,
Gnashing his teeth, he still confessed
The might of the dread oath that bound him:
He would not yet give up the quest.

“Nay! while I am,” quoth he, “though Hell
Engulph me, though God mock me well,
I follow as I swear; I follow,
Though it be unattainable.

Nay, more! Because I may not win,
Is't worth man's work to enter in!
The Infinite with mighty passion
Hath caught my spirit in a gin.

Come! since I may not imitate
The Beast, at least I work and wait.
We shall discover soon or late
Which is the master — I or Fate!"

XXXIII

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath passed unto the tideless sea,
That the keen whisper of the wind
May bring him that which never men
Knew—on the quest, the quest, rides he!
So long to seek, so far to find!

So weary was the knight, his limbs
Were slack as new-slain dove's; his knees
No longer gripped the charger rude.
Listless, he aches; his purpose swims
Exhausted in the oily seas
Of laxity and lassitude.

The soul subsides; its serious motion
Still throbs; by habit, not by will.
And all his lust to win the quest
Is but a passive-mild devotion.
(Ay! soon the blood shall run right chill
—And is not death the Lord of Rest?)

There as he basks upon the cliff
He yearns toward the Beast; his eyes
Are moist with love; his lips are fain
To breathe fond prayers; and (marry!) if
Man's soul were measured by his sighs
He need not linger to attain.

Nay! while the Beast squats there, above
Him, smiling on him; as he vows
Wonderful deeds and fruitless flowers,
He grows so maudlin in his love
That even the knaves of his own house
Mock at him in their merry hours.

“God's death!” raged Palamede, not wroth
But irritated, “laugh ye so?
Am I a jape for scullions?”
His curse came in a flaky froth.
He seized a club, with blow on blow
Breaking the knave's unreverent sconce!

“Thou mock the Questing Beast I chase,
The Questing Beast I love? 'Od's wounds!”
Then sudden from the slave there brake
A cachinnation scant of grace,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Were in his belly! Knight, awake!

Ah! well he woke! His love an scorn
Grapple in death-throe at his throat.
“Lead me away” (quoth he), “my men!
Woe, woe is me was ever born
So blind a bat, so gross a goat,
As Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXIV

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen
Hath hid him in an hermit's cell
Upon an island in the fen

Of that lone land where Druids dwell.
There came an eagle from the height
And bade him mount. From dale to dell

They sank and soared. Last to the light
Of the great sun himself they flew,
Piercing the borders of the night,

Passing the irremeable blue.
Far into space beyond the stars
At last they came. And there he knew

All the blind reasonable bars
Broken, and all the emotions stilled,
And all the stains and all the scars

Left him; sop like a child he thrilled
With utmost knowledge; all his soul,
With perfect sense and sight fulfilled,

Touched the extreme, the giant goal!
Yea! all things in that hour transcended,
All power in his sublime control,

All felt, all thought, all comprehended—
“How is it, then, the quest” (he saith)
“Is not—at last!—achieved and ended?”

Why taste I not the Bounteous Breath,
Receive the Goodly Gift of Grace?
Now, kind king-eagle (by God's death!),

Restore me to mine ancient place!
I am advantaged nothing then!”
Then swooped he from the Byss of Space,

And set the knight amid the fen.
“God!” quoth Sir Palamede, “that I
Who have won nine should fail at ten!

I set my all upon the die:
There is no further trick to try.
Call thrice accursèd above men
Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXV

“YEA!” quoth the knight, “I rede the spell.
This Beast is the Unknowable.
I seek in Heaven, I seek in Hell;

Ever he mocks me. Yet, methinks,
I have the riddle of the Sphinx.
For were I keener than the lynx

I should not see within my mind
One thought that is not in its kind
In sooth That Beast that lurks behind:

And in my quest his questing seems
The authentic echo of my dreams,
The proper thesis of my themes!

I know him? Still he answers: No!
I know him not? Maybe—and lo!
He is the one sole thing I know!

Nay! who knows not is different
From him that knows. Then be content;
Thou canst not alter the event!

Ah! what conclusion subtly draws
From out this chaos of mad laws?
An I, the effect, as I, the cause?

Nay, the brain reels beneath its swell
Of pompous thoughts. Enough to tell
That He is known Unknowable!"

Thus did that knightly Saracen
In Cantabrig's miasmal fen
Lecture to many learned men.

So clamorous was their applause—
“His mind” (said they) “is free of flaws:
The Veil of God is thin as gauze!”—

That almost they had dulled or drowned
The laughter (in its belly bound)
Of that dread Beast he had not found.

Nathless—although he would away—
They forced the lack-luck knight to stay
And lecture many a weary day.

Verily, almost he had caught
The infection of their costive thought,
And brought his loyal quest to naught.

It was by night that Palamede
Ran from that mildewed, mouldy breed,
Moth-eathen dullards run to seed!

How weak Sir Palamedes grows!
We hear no more of bouts and blows!
His weapons are his ten good toes!

He that was Arthur's peer, good knight
Proven in many a foughten fight,
Flees like a felon in the night!

Ay! this thy quest is past the ken
Of thee and of all mortal men,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

XXXVI

OFT, as Sir Palamedes went
Upon the quest, he was aware
Of some vast shadow subtly bent
With his own shadow in the air.

It had no shape, no voice had it
Wherewith to daunt the eye or ear;
Yet all the horror of the pit
Clad it with all the arms of fear.

Moreover, though he sought to scan
Some feature, though he listened long,
No shape of God or fiend or man,
No whisper, groan, shriek, scream, or song

Gave him to know it. Now it chanced
One day Sir Palamedes rode
Through a great wood whose leafage danced
In the thin sunlight as it flowed

From heaven. He halted in a glade,
Bade his horse crop the tender grass;
Put off his armour, softly laid
Himself to sleep till noon should pass.

He woke. Before him stands and grins
A motley hunchback. "Knave!" quoth he,
"Hast seen the Beast? The quest that wins
The loftiest prize of chivalry?"

"Sir Knight," he answers, "hast thou seen
Aught of that Beast? How knowest thou, then,
That it is ever or hath been,
Sir Palamede the Saracen?"

Sir Palamede was well awake.
"Nay! I deliberate deep and long,
Yet find no answer fit to make
To thee. The weak beats down the strong;

The fool's cap shames the helm. But thou!
I know thee for the shade that haunts
My way, sets shame upon my brow,
My purpose dims, my courage daunts.

Then, since the thinker must be dumb,
At least the knight may knightly act:
The wisest monk in Christendom
May have his skull broke by a fact.”

With that, as a snake strikes, his sword
Leapt burning to the burning blue;
And fell, one swift, assured award,
Stabbing that hunchback through and through.

Straight he dissolved, a voiceless shade.
“Or scotched or slain,” the knight said then,
“What odds? Keep bright and sharp thy blade,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXVII

SIR PALAMEDE is sick to death!
The staring eyen, the haggard face!
God grant to him the Beauteous breath!
God send the Goodly Gift of Grace!

There is a white cave by the sea
Wherein the knight is hid away.
Just ere the night falls, spieth he
The sun's last shaft flicker astray.

All day is dark. There, there he mourns
His wasted years, his purpose faint.
A million whips, a million scorns
Make the knight flinch, and stain the saint.

For now! what hath he left? He feeds
On limpets and wild roots. What odds?
There is no need a mortal needs
Who hath loosed man's hope to grasp at God's!

How his head swims! At night what stirs
Above the faint wash of the tide,
And rare sea-birds whose winging whirrs
About the cliffs? Now good betide!

God save thee, woeful Palamede!
The questing of the Beast is loud
Within thy ear. By Goddes reed,
Thou has won the tilt from all the crowd!

Within thy proper bowels it sounds
Mighty and musical at need,
As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested within thee, Palamede!

Now, then, he grasps the desperate truth
He hath toiled these many years to see,
Hath wasted strength, hath wasted youth—
He was the Beast; the Beast was he!

He rises from the cave of death,
Runs to the sea with shining face
To know at last the Bounteous Breath,
To taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.

Ah! Palamede, thou has mistook!
Thou art the butt of all confusion!
Not to be written in my book
Is this most drastic disillusion!

So weak and ill was he, I doubt
If he might hear the royal feast
Of laughter that came rolling out
Afar from that elusive Beast.

Yet, those white lips were snapped, like steel
Upon the ankles of a slave!
That body broken on the wheel
Of time suppressed the groan it gave!

“Not there, not here, my quest!” he cried.
“Not thus! Not now! do how and when
Matter? I am, and I abide,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXVIII

SIR PALAMEDE of great renown
rode through the land upon the quest,
His sword loose and his vizor down,
His buckler braced, his lance in rest.

Now, then, God save thee, Palamede!
Who courseth yonder on the field?
Those silver arms, that sable steed,
The sun and rose upon his shield?

The strange knight spurs to him. Disdain
Curls that proud lip as he uplifts
His vizor. "Come, an end! In vain,
Sir Fox, thy thousand turns and shifts!"

Sir Palamede was white with fear.
Lord Christ! those features were his own;
His own that voice so icy clear
That cuts him, cuts him to the bone.

"False knight! false knight!" the stranger cried.
"Thou bastard dog, Sir Palamede?
I am the good knight fain to ride
Upon the Questing Beast at need.

Thief of my arms, my crest, my quest,
My name, now meetest thou thy shame.
See, with this whip I lash thee back,
Back to the kennel whence there came

So false a hound." "Good knight, in sooth,"
Answered Sir Palamede, "not I
Presume to asset the idlest truth;
And here, by this good ear and eye,

I grant thou art Sir Palamede.
But—try the first and final test
If thou or I be he. Take heed!"
He backed his horse, covered his breast,

Drove his spurs home, and rode upon
That knight. His lance-head fairly struck
The barred strength of his morion,
And rolled the stranger in the muck.

“Now, by God's death!” quoth Palamede,
His sword at work, “I will not leave
So much of thee as God might feed
His sparrows with. As I believe

The sweet Christ's mercy shall avail,
So will I not have aught for thee;
Since every bone of thee may rail
Against me, crying treachery.

Thou hast lied. I am the chosen knight
To slay the Questing beast for men;
I am the loyal son of light,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!

Thou wast the subtlest fiend that yet
Hath crossed my path. To say thee nay
I dare not, but my sword is wet
With thy knave's blood, and with thy clay

Fouled! Dost thou think to resurrect?
O sweet Lord Christ that savest men!
From all such fiends do thou protect
Me, Palamede the Saracen!”

XXXIX

GREEN and Grecian is the valley,
Shepherd lads and shepherd lasses
Dancing in a ring
Merrily and musically.
How their happiness surpasses
The mere thrill of spring!

“Come” (they cry), “Sir Knight, put by
All that weight of shining armour!
Here's a posy, here's a garland, there's a chain of daisies!
Here's a charmer! There's a charmer!
Praise the God that crazes men, the God that raises
All our lives to ecstasy!”

Sir Palamedes was too wise
To mock their gentle wooing;
He smiles into their sparkling eyes
While they his armour are undoing.
“For who” (quoth he) “may say that this
Is not the mystery I miss?”

Soon he is gathered in the dance,
And smothered in the flowers.
A boy's laugh and a maiden's glance
Are sweet as paramours!
Stay! is there naught some wanton wight
May do to excite the glamoured knight?

Yea! the song takes a sea-wild swell;
The dance moves in a mystic web;
Strange lights abound and terrible;
The life that flowed is out at ebb.

The lights are gone; the night is come;
The lads and lasses sink, awaiting
Some climax—oh, how tense and dumb
The expectant hush intoxicating!
Hush! the heart's beat! Across the moor
Some dreadful god rides fast, be sure!

The listening Palamede bites through
His thin white lips—what hoofs are those?
Are they the Quest? How still and blue
The sky is! Hush—God knows—God knows!

Then on a sudden in the midst of them
Is a swart god, from hoof to girdle a goat,
Upon his brow the twelve-star diadem
And the King's Collar fastened on this throat.

Thrill upon thrill courseth through Palamede.
Life, live, pure life is bubbling in his blood.
All youth comes back, all strength, all you indeed
Flaming within that throbbing spirit-flood!
Yet was his heart immeasurably sad,
For that no questing in his ear he had.

Nay! he saw all. He saw the Curse
That wrapped in ruin the World primæval.
He saw the unborn Universe,
And all its gods coeval.
He saw, and was, all things at once
In Him that is; he was the stars,
The moons, the meteors, the suns,
All in one net of triune bars;
Inextricably one, inevitably one,
Immeasurable, immutable, immense
Beyond all the wonder that his soul had won
By sense, in spite of sense, and beyond sense.
“Praise God!” quoth Palamede, “by this
I attain the uttermost of bliss. . . .

God's wounds! but that I never sought.
The Questing Beast I swear to attain
And all this miracle is naught.
Off on my travels once again!

I keep my youth regained to foil
Old Time that took me in his toil.
I keep my strength regained to chase
The beast that mocks me now as then
Dear Christ! I pray Thee of Thy grace
Take pity on the forlorn case
Of Palamede the Saracen!”

XL

SIR PALAMEDE the Saracen

Hath see the All; his mind is set
To pass beyond that great Amen.

Far hath he wandered; still to fret
His soul against that Soul. He breaches
The rhododendron forest-net,

His body bloody with its leeches.
Sternly he travelleth the crest
Of a great mountain, far that reaches

Toward the King-snows; the rains molest
The knight, white wastes updriven of wind
In sheets, in torrents, fiend-possessed,

Up from the steaming plains of Ind.
They cut his flesh, they chill his bones:
Yet he feels naught; his mind is pinned

To that one point where all the thrones
Join to one lion-head of rock,
Towering above all crests and cones

That crouch like jackals. Stress and shock
Move Palamede no more. Like fate
He moves with silent speed. They flock,

The Gods, to watch him. Now abate
His pulses; he threads through the vale,
And turns him to the mighty gate,

The glacier. Oh, the flowers that scale
Those sun-kissed heights! The snows that crown
The quartz ravines! The clouds that veil

The awful slopes! Dear God! look down
And see this petty man move on.
Relentless as Thine own renown,

Careless of praise or orison,
Simply determined. Wilt thou launch
(This knight's presumptuous head upon)

The devastating avalanche?

He knows too much, and cares too little!
His wound is more than Death can staunch.

He can avoid, though by one tittle,
Thy surest shaft! And now the knight,
Breasting the crags, may laugh and whittle

Away the demon-club whose might
Threatened him. Now he leaves the spur;
And eager, with a boy's delight,

Treads the impending glacier.
Now, now he strikes the steep black ice
That leads to the last neck. By Her

That bore the lord, by what device
May he pass there? Yet still he moves,
Ardent and steady, as if the price

Of death were less than life approves,
As if on eagles' wings he mounted,
Or as on angels' wings—or love's!

So, all the journey he discounted,
Holding the goal. Supreme he stood
Upon the summit; dreams uncounted,

Worlds of sublime beatitude!
He passed beyond. The All he hath touched,
And dropped to vile desuetude.

What lay beyond? What star unsmutched
By being? His poor fingers fumble,
And all the Naught their ardour clutched,

Like all the rest, begins to crumble.
Where is the Beast? His bliss exceeded
All that bards sing of or priests mumble;

No man, no God, hath known what he did.
Only this balked him—that he lacked
Exactly the one thing he needed.

“Faugh!” cried the knight. “Thought, word, and act
Confirm me. I have proved the quest
Impossible. I break the pact.

Back to the gilded halls, confessed
A recreant! Achieved or not,
This task hath earned a foison—rest.

In Caerlon and Camelot
Let me embrace my fellow-men!
To buss the wenches, pass the pot,
Is now the enviable lot
Of Palamede the Saracen!”

XLI

SIR ARTHUR sits again at feast
 Within the high and holy hall
Of Camelot. From West to East

The Table Round hath burst the thrall
 Of Paynimrie. The goodliest gree
Sits on the gay knights, one and all;

Till Arthur: "Of your chivalry,
 Knights, let us drink the happiness
Of the one knight we lack" (quoth he);

"For surely in some sore distress
 May be Sir Palamede." Then they
Rose as one man in glad liesse

To honour that great health. "God's way
 Is not as man's" (quoth Lancelot).
"Yet, may God send him back this day,

His quest achieved, to Camelot!"
 "Amen!" they cried, and raised the bowl;
When—the wind rose, a blast as hot

As the simoom, and forth did roll
 A sudden thunder. Still they stood.
Then came a bugle-blast. The soul

Of each knight stirred. With vigour rude,
 The blast tore down the tapestry
That hid the door. All ashen-hued

The knights laid hand to sword. But he
 (Sir Palamedes) in the gap
Was found—God knoweth—bitterly

Weeping. Cried Arthur: "Strange the hap!
 My knight, my dearest knight, my friend!
What gift had Fortune in her lap

Like thee? Embrace me!" "Rather rend
 Your garments, if you love me, sire!"
(Quod he). "I am come unto the end.

All mine intent and my desire,
My quest, mine oath—all, all is done.
Burn them with me in fatal fire!

For I have failed. All ways, each one
I strove in, mocked me. If I quailed
Or shirked, God knows. I have not won:

That and no more I know. I failed.”
King Arthur fell a-weeping. Then
Merlin uprose, his face unveiled;

Thrice cried he piteously then
Upon our Lord. Then shook his head
Sir Palamede the Saracen,

As knowing nothing might bestead,
When lo! there rose a monster moan,
A hugeous cry, a questing dread,

As if (God's death!) there coursed alone
The Beast, within whose belly sounds
That marvellous music monotone

As if a thirty couple hounds
Quested within him. Now, by Christ
And by His pitiful five wounds!—

Even as a lover to his tryst,
That Beast came questing in the hall,
One flame of gold and amethyst,

Bodily seen then of them all.
Then came he to Sir Palamede,
Nestling to him, as sweet and small

As a young babe clings at its need
To the white bosom of its mother,
As Christ clung to the gibbet-reed!

Then every knight turned to his brother,
Sobbing and signing for great gladness;
And, as they looked on one another,

Surely there stole a subtle madness
 Into their veins, more strong than death:
For all the roots of sin and sadness

Were plucked. As a flower perisheth,
 So all sin died. And in that place
All they did know the Beauteous Breath

And taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.
 Then fell the night. Above the baying
Of the great Beast, that was the bass

To all the harps of Heaven a-playing,
 There came a solemn voice (not one
But was upon his knees in praying

And glorifying God). The Son
 Of God Himself—men thought—spoke then.
“Arise! brave soldier, thou hast won

The quest not given to mortal men.
 Arise! Sir Palamede Adept,
Christian, and no more Saracen!

On wake or sleeping, wise, inept,
 Still thou didst seek. Those foolish ways
On which thy folly stumbled, leapt,

All led to the one goal. Now praise
 Thy Lord that He hath brought thee through
To win the quest!” The good knight lays

His hand upon the Beast. Then blew
 Each angel on his trumpet, then
All Heaven resounded that it knew

Sir Palamede the Saracen
 Was master! Through the domes of death,
Through all the mighty realms of men

And spirits breathed the Beauteous Breath:
 They taste the Goodly Gift of Grace.
—Now ’tis the chronicler that saith:

Our Saviour grant in little space
That also I, even I, be blest
Thus, though so evil is my case—

Let them that read my rime attest
The same sweet unction in my pen—
That writes in pure blood of my breast;

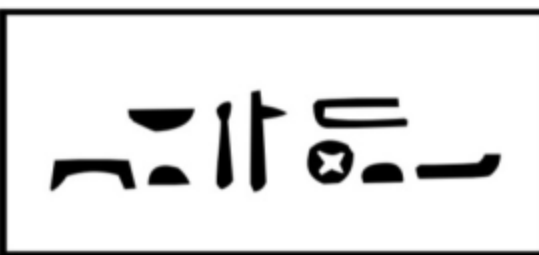
For that I figure unto men
The story of my proper quest
As thine, first Eastern in the West,
Sir Palamede the Saracen!



LIBER CCVII

A SYLLABUS OF
THE OFFICIAL
INSTRUCTIONS
OF THE A.:A.:

SUB FIGVRÂ
CCVII





A.:A.: Publication

A SYLLABUS OF THE OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS OF A.: A.: HITHERTO PUBLISHED

THE publications of the A.:A.: divide themselves into four classes.

Class "A" consists of books of which may be changed not so much as the style of a letter: that is, they represent the utterance of an Adept entirely beyond the criticism of even the Visible Head of the Organization.

Class "B" consists of books or essays which are the result of ordinary scholarship, enlightened and earnest.

Class "C" consists of matter which is to be regarded rather as suggestive than anything else.

Class "D" consists of the Official Rituals and Instructions.

Some publications are composite, and pertain to more than one class.

CLASS "A" PUBLICATIONS

LIBER I.—*Liber B Vel Magi.*

This is an account of the Grade of Magus, the highest grade which it is ever possible to manifest in any way whatever upon this plane. Or so it is said by the Masters of the Temple.

LIBER VII.—*Liber Liberi Vel Lapidis Lazvli, Advmbratio Kabbalae Aegyptiorvm Svb Figvrâ VII,* being the Voluntary Emancipation of a certain Exempt Adept from his Adeptship. These are the Birth Words of a Master of the Temple. The nature of this book is sufficiently explained by its title. Its seven chapters are referred to the seven planets in the following order: Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, Sol, Mercury, Luna, Venus.

LIBER X. *Liber Porta Lucis.*

This book is an account of the sending forth of the Master by the A.:A.: and an explanation of his mission.

LIBER XXVII.—*Liber Trigrammaton,* being a book of Trigrams of the Mutations of the TAO with the YIN and the YANG.

An account of the cosmic process: corresponding to the stanzas of Dzyan in another system.

LIBER LXV.—*Liber Cordis cincti serpente.*

An account of the relations of the Aspirant with his Holy Guardian Angel. This book is given to Probationers, as the attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is the Crown of the Outer College. Similarly Liber VII is given to Neophytes, as the grade of Master of the Temple is the next resting-place, and Liber CCXX to Zelator, since that carries him to the highest of all possible grades. Liber XXVII is given to the Practicus, as in this book is the

ultimate foundation of the highest theoretical Qabalah, and Liber DCCCXIII to the Philosophus, as it is the foundation of the highest practical Qabalah.

LIBER LXVI.—*Liber Stellae Rubeae*. A secret ritual, the Heart of IAO-OAI, delivered unto V.V.V.V.V. for his use in a certain matter of *Liber Legis*, and written down under the figure LXVI.

This book is sufficiently described by the title.

LIBER XC.—*Liber TZADDI Vel Hamus Hermeticus Sub Figurâ XC*.

An account of Initiation, and an indication as to those who are suitable for the same.

LIBER CLVI.—*Liber Cheth Vel Vallum Abiegni Sub Figurâ CLVI*.

This book is a perfect account of the task of the Exempt Adept, considered under the symbols of a particular plane, not the intellectual.

LIBER CCXX.—*Liber L. Vel Legis Sub Figura CCXX as delivered by LXXVIII unto DCLXVI*.

This book is the foundation of the New Æon, and thus of the whole of our Work.

LIBER CCXXXI. —*Liber Arcanorum τῶν ΑΤΝ τοῦ ΤΑΗΥΤΙ QUAS VIDIT ASAR IN AMENNTI Sub Figurâ CCXXXI Liber Carcerorum τῶν QLIPHOTH cum suis Geniis. Adduntur Sigilla et Nomina Eorum*.

This is an account of the cosmic process so far as it is indicated by the Tarot Trumps.

LIBER CCCLXX.—*Liber A'ASH Vel Capricorni Pneumatici Sub Figura CCCLXX*.

Contains the true secret of all practical magick.

LIBER CD.—*Liber TAV Vel Kabbalae Trium Literarum Sub Figura CD*.

A graphic interpretation of the Tarot on the plane of initiation.

LIBER DCCCXIII.—*Vel Ararita Sub Figurâ DLXX*.

This book is an account of the Hexagram and the method of reducing it to the Unity, and Beyond.

CLASS "A-B"

Liber CCCCXVIII.—Liber XXX ÆRVM Vel Saeculi. "Being of the Angels of the thirty ÆTHYRS, the Vision and the Voice.

Besides being the classical account of the thirty Æthyrs and a model of all visions, the cries of the Angels should be regarded as accurate, and the doctrine of the function of the Great White Brotherhood understood as the foundation of the Aspiration of the Adept. The account of the Master of the Temple should in particular be taken as authentic.

The instruction in the 8th Æthyrs pertains to Class D, *i.e.* it is an Official Ritual, and the same remarks apply to the account of the proper method of invoking Æthyrs given in the 18th Æthyrs.

CLASSES "A" and "B"

LIBER DCCCCLXIII.—ΘΗΣΑΥΡΟΥ ΕΙΔΩΛΩ

Only the short note pertains to Class A.

CLASS "B"

LIBER VI.—*Liber O Vel Manus et Sagittae.*

The instructions given in this book are too loose to find place in the Class D publications.

Instructions given for elementary study of the Qabalah, Assumption of God forms, Vibration of Divine Names, the Rituals of Pentagram and Hexagram, and their uses in protection and invocation, a method of attaining astral visions so-called, and an instruction in the practice called Rising on the Planes.

LIBER IX.—*Liber E Vel Exercitiorum.*

This book instructs the aspirant in the necessity of keeping a record. Suggests methods of testing physical clairvoyance. Gives instruction in Asana, Pranayama and Dharana, and advises the application of tests to the physical body, in order that the student may thoroughly understand his own limitations.

LIBER XXX.—*Liber Librae.*

An elementary course of morality suitable for the average man.

LIBER LVIII.

This is an article on the Qabalah in the Temple of Solomon the King, *Equinox V.*

LIBER LXI.—*Liber Causae.* The Preliminary Lecture, including the History Lecture.

Explains the actual history of the origin of the present movement. Its statements are accurate in the ordinary sense of the world. The object of the book is to discount Mythopœia.

LIBER LXIV.—*Liber Israfel*, formerly called *Anubis*.

An instruction in a suitable method of preaching.

LIBER LXXVIII.

A description of the Cards of the Tarot with their attributions, including a method of divination by their use.

LIBER LXXXIV.—*Vel CHANOKH.*

A brief abstraction of the Symbolic representation of the Universe derived by Dr. John Dee through the Scrying of Sir Edward Kelly. Its publication is at present incomplete.

LIBER XCVI.—*Liber Gaias.*

A Handbook of Geomancy. Gives a simple and fairly satisfactory system of Geomancy.

LIBER D.—*Liber Sepher Sephiroth.*

A dictionary of Hebrew words arranged according to their numerical value.

LIBER DXXXVI.—ΒΑΤΡΑΧΟΦΕΝΟΒΟΟΚΟΣΜΟΜΑΧΙΑ.
An instruction in expansion of the field of the mind.

LIBER DCCLXXVII.—*Vel Prolegomena Symbolica Ad Systemam Sceptico-Mysticæ Viæ Explicandæ, Fundamentum Hieroglyphicum Sanctissimorum Scientiæ Summæ.*
A tentative table of correspondences between various religious symbols.

LIBER DCCCLXVIII.—*Liber Viarum Viæ.*
A graphic account of magical powers classified under the Tarot trumps.

LIBER CMXIII.—*Liber Viæ Memoriae.* תישארב
Gives methods of attaining the magical memory or memory of past lives, and an insight into the function of the aspirant in this present life.

CLASS "C"

LIBER XXXIII.
An account of A.:A.: first written in the language of his period by the Councillor Von Eckartshausen, and now revised and rewritten in the Universal Cipher.

An elementary suggestive account of the work of the Order in its relation to the average man. The preliminary paper of M.:M.:M.: may be classed with this.

LIBER XLI.—*Thien TAO* (in Konx Om Pax).
An advanced study of Attainment by the method of equilibrium on the ethical plane.

LIBER LV.—*The Chymical Jousting of Brother Perardua.*
An account of the Magical and Mystic Path in the language of Alchemy.

LIBER LIX.—*Across the Gulf.*
A fantastic account of a previous incarnation. Its principal interest is that its story of the overthrowing of Isis by Osiris may help the reader to understand the meaning of the overthrowing of Osiris by Horus in the present Æon.

LIBER LXVII.—*The Sword of Song.*
A critical study of various philosophies. An account of Buddhism.

LIBER XCV.—*The Wake World* (in Konx Om Pax).
A poetical allegory of the relations of the soul and the Holy Guardian Angel.

LIBER CXLVIII.—*The Soldier and the Hunchback.*
An essay on the method of equilibrium on the intellectual plane.

LIBER CXCVII.—*The High History of Good Sir Palamedes the Saracen Knight and of his following of the Questing Beast.* A poetic account of the Great Work, and enumeration of many obstacles.

LIBER CCXLII.—*AHA!*

An exposition in poetic language of several of the ways of attainment and the results obtained.

LIBER CCCXXXIII.—*The Book of Lies falsely so-called.*

This book deals with many matters on all planes of the very highest importance. It is an official publication for Babes of the Abyss, but is recommended even to beginners as highly suggestive. Its Chapters XXV, XXXVI and XLIV are in Class D.

LIBER CCCXXXV.—*Adonis.*

This gives an account in poetic language of the struggle of the human and divine elements in the consciousness of man, giving their harmony following upon the victory of the latter.

LIBER CDLXXIV.—*Liber Os Abysmi Vel DAATH.*

An instruction in a purely intellectual method of entering the Abyss.

LIBER DCCCLX.—*John St. John.*

A model of what a magical record should be, so far as accurate analysis and fullness of description are concerned.

LIBER MMCMXI.—*A Note on Genesis.*

A model of Qabalistic ratiocination.

CLASS "D"

LIBER III.—*Liber Jugorum.*

An instruction for the control of speech, action and thought.

LIBER VIII.—*See CCCCXVIII.*

LIBER XI.—*Liber N V.*

An instruction for attaining Nuit.

LIBER XIII.—*Graduum Montis Abiegni.*

An account of the task of the Aspirant from Probationer to Adept.

LIBER XVI.—*Liber Turris Vel Domus Dei.*

An instruction for attainment by the direct destruction of thoughts as they arise in the mind.

LIBER XVII.—*Liber I A O.*

Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

This book has not been published. It is the active form of Liber H H H. The article "Energized Enthusiasm" is an adumbration of this book.

LIBER XXV.

This is the chapter called the “Star Ruby” in the *Book of Lies*. It is an improved form of the “lesser” ritual of the Pentagram.

LIBER XXVIII.—*Liber Septem Regum Sanctorum*.

Has not been published. It is a ritual of Initiation bestowed on certain selected Probationers.

LIBER XXXVI.—*The Star Sapphire*.

Is Chapter XXXVI of the *Book of Lies*, giving an improved ritual of the Hexagram.

LIBER XLIV.—*The Mass of the Phoenix*.

This is Chapter XLIV of the *Book of Lies*. An instruction in a simple and exoteric form of Eucharist.

LIBER C.—*Liber קכ*

Has not been, and at present will not be, published.

LIBER CXX.—*Liber Cadaveris*.

The Ritual of Initiation of a Zelator.

LIBER CLXXV.—*Astarte Vel Liber Berylli*.

An instruction in attainment by the method of devotion.

LIBER CLXXXV.—*Liber Collegii Sancti*.

Being the tasks of the Grades and their Oaths proper to Liber XIII. This is the official Paper of the various grades. It includes the Task and Oath of a Probationer.

LIBER CC.—*Resh Vel Helios*.

An instruction for adorations of the Sun four times daily, with the object of composing the mind to meditation and of regularizing the practices.

LIBER CCVI.—*Liber R V Vel Spiritus*.

Full instruction in Pranayama.

LIBER CCCLXI.—*Liber H H H*.

Gives three methods of attainment through a willed series of thoughts.

LIBER CCCCXII.—*A Vel Armorum*.

An instruction for the preparation of the Elemental Instruments.

LIBER CDLI.—*Liber Siloam*.

Not yet published. A direct method of inducing trance.

LIBER DLV.—*Liber H A D*.

An instruction for attaining Hadit.

LIBER DCLXXI.—*Liber Pyramidos*.

The ritual of the initiation of a Neophyte. It includes sub-rituals numbered from 672 to 676.

LIBER DCCCXXXI.—*Liber I O D*, formerly called *VESTA*.

An instruction giving three methods of reducing the manifold consciousness to the Unity.

LIBER .—*Liber Collegii Interni*.

Not yet published.

A NOTE EXPLAINING WHY EACH NUMBER HAS BEEN GIVEN TO EACH BOOK

LIBER

- I. I is the number of the Magus in the Tarot.
- III. Refers to the threefold method given, and to the Triangle as a binding force.
- VII. Refers to the 7 chapters, and to the fact that the number 7 is peculiarly suitable to the subject of the Book.
- VIII. The Tarot card numbered 8, the Charioteer, the bearer of the Holy Graal, represents the Holy Guardian Angel.
- IX. Refers to Yesod. The foundation, because the elementary practices recommended in the book are the foundation of all the work.
- X. . Porta Lucis, the Gate of Light, is one of the titles of Malkuth, whose number is X.
- XI. A concentration of the title N V, whose value is 56, and 6 and 5 are 11. (See CCXX. I, i. and II, i.)
- XIII. The number of Achad = Unity, and the title is perhaps intended to show that all paths of attainment are essential.
- XVI. The key of the Tarot numbered XVI is the Lightning Struck Tower.
- XVII. I A O adds up to 17.
- XXV. The square of 5, this being a ritual of the Pentagram.
- XXVII. The number of permutations of 3 things taken 3 at a time, and (of course) the cube of 3.

- XXX. 30 is the letter Lamed, which is Justice in the Tarot, referred to Libra.
- XXXIII. This number was given on Masonic grounds.
- XXXVI. The square of 6, this book being the ritual of the Hexagram.
- XLIV. From דב blood, because blood is sacrificed, also because the God Adored is Horus, who gave 44 as his special number. See *Equinox VII*, 376.
- LV. The mystic number of Malkuth and of הו ornament; a number generally suitable to the subject of the book.
- LVIII. הו Grace, a secret title of the Qabalah. See *Sepher Sephiroth*.
- LIX.
- LXI. See *Sepher Sephiroth*. The allusion is to the fact that this book forms an introduction to the series.
- LXVI. A number of Mercury.
- LXV. The number of Adonai.
- LXVI. The sum of the first 11 numbers. This book relates to Magic, whose Key is 11.
- LXVII. The number of זר a sword.
- LXXVIII. The number of cards in the Tarot pack.
- LXXXIV. Enumeration of the name Enoch.
- XC. Tzaddi means a fish-hook. "I will make you fishers of men."
- XCV. The number of מלכה "queen," attributed to Malkuth.
- XCVI. The total number of points in the 16 figures.
- C. Enumeration of the letter Kaph spelt in full. K and Φ are the initials of magical instruments referred to in the text.
- CXX. See Rosicrucian Symbolism.
- CXLVIII. מאזנים The Balances.
- CLVI. Babalon, to whom the book refers. See *Sepher Sephiroth*.
- CLXXV. The number of Venus or Astarte.
- CLXXXV.

- CXCVII. Number of Z O O N, “Beast.”
- CC. The number of ה the Sun.
- CCVI. The number of R V, referred to in the text.
- CCXX. The number of the Verses in the three chapters of the Book. It has, however, an enormous amount of symbolism; in particular it combines the 10 Sephiroth and 22 Paths; 78 is איואט. For 666 vide Sepher Sephiroth.
- CCXXXI. Sum of the numbers $[0 + 1 + \dots + 20 + 21]$ printed on the Tarot Trumps.
- CCXLII. “Aha!” spelt in full.
- CCCXXXIII. The number of Choronzon.
- CCCXXXV. The Numeration of Adonis in Greek.
- CCCXLI. The Sum of the 3 Mothers of the Alphabet.
- CCCLXX. עש Creation.
- CD. From the large Tau ה in the diagram.
- CDXII. Numeration of בית Beth, the letter of the Magus of the Tarot, whose weapons are here described.
- CDXVIII. Vide Sepher Sephiroth. Used for this book because the final revelation is the Lord of the Æon.
- CDLI. The number of שילעאם Siloam.
- CLXXIV. The number of Daath.
- D. The number of *ὁ ἀριθμός* the Greek word for Number.
- DXXXVI. The number of מסלות the sphere of the Fixed Stars.
- DLV. H a d fully expanded; thus ה, אלה, דלת; compare 11 where N u is fully contracted.
- DLXX.
- DCLXXI. From תרוא, the Gate, and the spelling in full of the name Adonai.
- DCCLXXVII. See Sepher Sephiroth.
- DCCCVIII. The number of the name נהשתן.

- DCCCXI. The number of I A O in Greek.
- DCCCXIII. See Sepher Sephiroth.
- DCCCXXXI. *φάλλος*
- DCCCLX. The number of 'Iων "John."
- DCCCLXVIII. נתיבות Paths.
- CMXIII. Berashith, the Beginning, spelt backwards in the title to illustrate the development of the magical memory.
- CMLXIII. Achad spelt fully; see Sepher Sephiroth.
- MMDCDXI. Berashith spelt with Capital B as in Genesis i. 1.

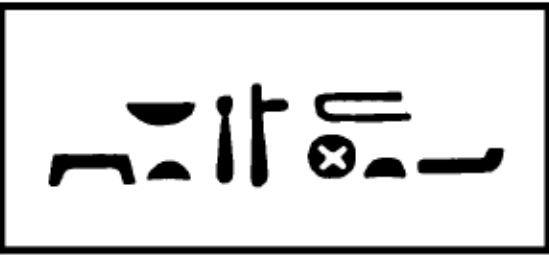
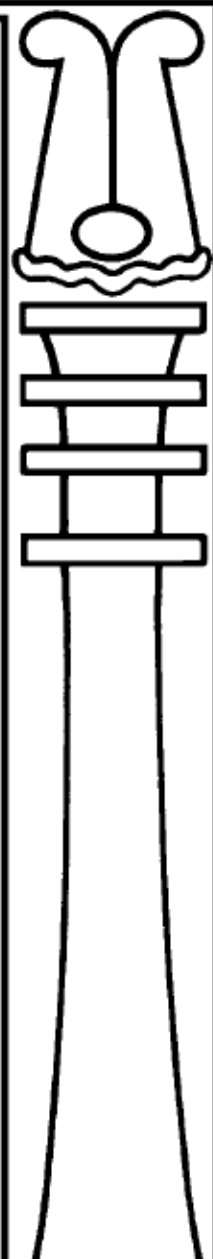
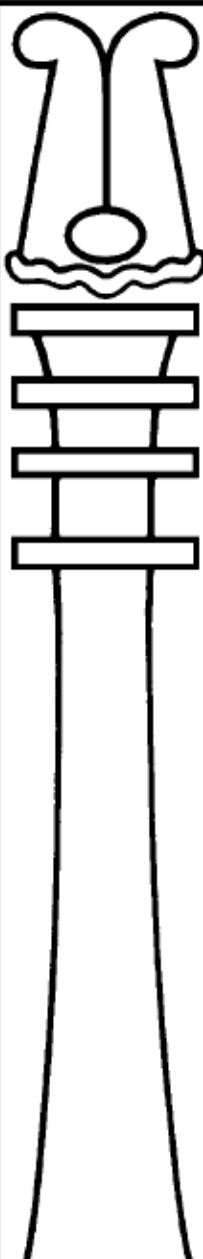


LIBER

ARCANORVM των
ATV του TAHUTI
QVAS VIDIT ASAR
IN AMENTI SVB
FIGVRÂ CCXXXI

LIBER

CARCERORVM
των QLIPHOTH
CVM SUIS GENIIS
A D D E N T V R
SIGILLA ET
NOMINA EORVM





A.:A.: Publication in Class A

LIBER XXII CARCERORUM QILPHOTH
CUM SUIS GENIIS

Compare with

” ”

” ”

LIBER XXII DOMARUM MERCURII
CUM SUIS GENIIS

LIBER CCXXXI

(This book is true up to the grade of Adeptus Exemptus. V.V.V.V.V. 8°, 3rd)

0. A, the heart of IAO, dwelleth in ecstasy in the secret place of the thunders. Between Asar and Asi he abideth in joy.

1. The lightnings increased and the Lord Tahuti stood forth. The Voice came from the Silence. Then the One ran and returned.

2. Now hath Nuit veiled herself, that she may open the gate of her sister.

3. The Virgin of God is enthroned upon an oyster-shell; she is like a pearl, and seeketh Seventy to her Four. In her heart is Hadit the invisible glory.

4. Now riseth Ra-Hoor-Khuit, and dominion is established in the Star of the Flame.

5. Also is the Star of the Flame exalted, bringing benediction to the universe.

6. Her then beneath the winged Eros is youth, delighting in the one and the other.

He is Asar between Asi and Nepthi; he cometh forth from the veil.

7. He rideth upon the chariot of eternity; the white and the black are harnessed to his car. Therefore he reflecteth the Fool, and the sevenfold veil is revealed.

8. Also cometh forth mother Earth with her lion, even Sekhet, the lady of Asi.

9. Also the Priest veiled himself, lest his glory be profaned, lest his word be lost in the multitude.

10. Now then the Father of all issued as a mighty wheel; the Sphinx, and the dog-headed god, and Typhon, were bound on his circumference.

11. Also the lady Maat with her feather and her sword abode to judge the righteous.

For Fate was already established.

12. Then the holy one appeared in the great water of the North; as a golden dawn did he appear. bringing benediction to the fallen universe.

13. Also Asar was hidden in Amennti; and the Lords of Time swept over him with the sickle of death.

14. And a mighty angel appeared as a woman, pouring vials of woe upon the flames, lighting the pure stream with her brand of cursing. And the iniquity was very great.

15. Then the Lord Khem arose, He who is holy among the highest, and set up his crowned staff for to redeem the universe.

16. He smote the towers of wailing; he brake them in pieces in the fire of his anger, so that he alone did escape from the ruin thereof.

17. Transformed, the holy virgin appeared as a fluidic fire, making her beauty into a thunderbolt.

18. By her spells she invoked the Scarab, the Lord Kheph-Ra, so that the waters were cloven and the illusion of the powers was destroyed.

19. Then the sun did appear unclouded, and the mouth of Asi was on the mouth of Asar.

20. Then also the Pyramid was builded so that the Initiation might be complete.

21. And in the heart of the Sphinx danced the Lord Adonai, in His garlands of roses and pearls making glad the concourse of things; yea, making glad the concourse of things.

THE GENII OF THE 22 SCALES OF THE SERPENT AND OF THE QLIPHOTH

ס	A _ε u-iao-u _ε a [ε = ן]	Amprodias
ב	Be _ε θaoooabitom	Baratchial
ג	Gitonosapφollois	Gargophias
ד	Dhnaξ artarωθ [ξ = st]	Dagadgiel
ה	Hoo-oorω-iξ	Hemethterith
ו	Vuaretza—[a secret name follows]	Uriens
ז	Zooωasar	Zamradiel
ח	Chiva-abrahamadabra-cadaxviii	Characith
ט	Qal _ε ξer-ā-dekerval.	Temphioth
י	Iehuvahaξ an _ε θatan	Yamatu
יא	Kerugunaviel	Kurgasiax
יב	Lusanaherandraton	Lafeursiax
יג	Malai	Malkunofat
יד	Nadimraphoroioz _ε θalai	Niantiel
טו	Salaθlala-amrodnaq _ε iξ	Saksaksalim
טז	Oaoaaaooo _ε -iξ	A'ano'nin
טז	Puraθmetai-apηmetail	Parfaxitas
יז	Xanθaξ eranω [?] -iξ [ω [?] = sh, q]	Tzuflifu
יח	QaniΔnayx-ipamai	Qulielfi
יט	Ra-a-gioselahladnaimawa-iξ	Raflifu
כ	Shabnax-odobor	Shalicu
כא	Thath'th'thith _ε thuth-thiξ	Thantifaxath



LIBER
CCXLII

AHA!

SUB FIGVRÂ
CCXLII





A.:A.: Publication in Class C

AHA!

AHA! THE SEVENFOLD MYSTERY OF THE INEFFABLE
LOVE;
THE COMING OF THE LORD IN THE AIR AS KING AND JUDGE
OF THIS CORRUPTED WORLD;

WHEREIN
UNDER THE FORM OF A DISCOURSE BETWEEN MARSYAS AN ADEPT
AND OLYMPAS HIS PUPIL THE WHOLE SECRET OF THE WAY OF
INITIATION IS LAID OPEN FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END;
FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT.

WRITTEN IN TREMBLING AND HUMILITY FOR THE BRETHREN
OF THE A.:A.: BY THEIR VERY DUTIFUL SERVANT, AN
ASPIRANT TO THEIR SUBLIME ORDER,

ALEISTER CROWLEY



THE ARGUMENTATION

A LITTLE before Dawn, the pupil comes to greet his Master, and begs instruction.

Inspired by his Angel, he demands the Doctrine of being rapt away into the Knowledge and Conversation of Him.

The Master discloses the doctrine of Passive Attention or Waiting.

This seeming hard to the Pupil, it is explained further, and the Method of Resignation, Constancy, and Patience inculcated. The Paradox of Equilibrium. The necessity of giving oneself wholly up to the new element. Egoism rebuked. The Master, to illustrate this Destruction of the Ego, describes the Visions of Dhyana.

He further describes the defence of the Soul against assailing Thoughts, and shows that the duality of Consciousness is a blasphemy against the Unity of God; so that even the thought called God is a denial of God-as-He-is-in-Himself.

The pupil sees nothing but a blank midnight in this Emptying of the Soul. He is shown that this is the necessary condition of Illumination. Distinction is further made between these three Dhyanas, and those early visions in which things appear as objective. With these three Dhyanas, moreover, are Four other of the Four Elements: and many more.

Above these is the Veil of Paroketh. Its guardians.

The Rosy Cross lies beyond this veil, and therewith the vision called Vishvarupadarshana. Moreover, there is the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

The infinite number and variety of these Visions.

The impossibility of revealing all these truths to the outer and uninitiated world.

The Vision of the Universal Peacock—Atmadarshana. The confusion of the Mind, and the Perception of its self-contradiction.

The Second Veil—the Veil of the Abyss.

The fatuity of Speech. {11}

A discussion as to the means by which the vision arises in the pure Soul is useless; suffice it that in the impure Soul no Vision will arise. The practical course is therefore to cleanse the Soul.

The four powers of the Sphinx; even adepts hardly attain to one of them!

The final Destruction of the Ego.

The Master confesses that he has lured the disciple by the promise of Joy, as the only thing comprehensible by him, although pain and joy are transcended even in early visions.

Ananda (bliss)—and its opposite—mark the first steps of the path. Ultimately all things are transcended; and even so, this attainment of Peace is but as a scaffolding to the Palace of the

King.

The sheaths of the soul. The abandonment of all is necessary; the adept recalls his own tortures, as all that he loved was torn away.

The Ordeal of the Veil of the Abyss; the Unbinding of the Fabric of Mind, and its ruin.

The distinction between philosophical credence and interior certitude.

Sammasati—the trance wherein the adept perceives his causal connection with the Universe; past, present, and future.

Mastering the Reason, he becomes as a little child, and invokes his Holy Guardian Angel, the Augoeides.

Atmadarshana arising is destroyed by the Opening of the Eye of Shiva; the annihilation of the Universe,. The adept is destroyed, and there arises the Master of the Temple.

The pupil, struck with awe, proclaims his devotion to the Master; whereat the latter bids him rather unite himself with the Augoeides.

Yet, following the great annihilation, the adept reappears as an Angel to instruct men in this doctrine.

The Majesty of the Master described.

The pupil, wonder-struck, swears to attain, and asks for further instruction.

The Master describes the Eight Limbs of Yoga.

The pupil lamenting the difficulty of attainment, the Master shows forth the sweetness of the hermit's life.

One doubt remains: will not the world be able instantly to recognise the Saint? The Master replies that only imperfect Saints reveal themselves as such. Of these are the cranks and charlatans, and those that fear and deny Life. But let us fix our thoughts on Love, and not on the failings of others!

The Master invokes the Augoeides; the pupil through sympathy is almost rapt away.

The Augoeides hath given the Master a message; namely, to manifest the New Way of the Equinox of Horus, as revealed in Liber Legis.

He does so, and reconciles it with the Old Way by inviting the Test of Experiment. They would go therefore to the Desert or the Mountains ___ nay! here and now shall it be accomplished.

Peace to all beings!

AHA!

OLYMPAS. Master, ere the ruby Dawn
Gild the dew of leaf and lawn,
Bidding the petals to uncloze
Of heaven's imperishable rose,
I come to greet thee. Here I bow
To earth this consecrated brow!
As a lover woos the Moon
Aching in a silver swoon,
I reach my lips towards thy shoon,
Mendicant of the mystic boon!

MARSYAS. What wilt thou?

OLYMPAS. Let mine Angel say!
"Utterly to be rapt away!"

MARSYAS. How, whence, and whither?

OLYMPAS. "By my kiss
From that abode to this - to this!"
My wings?

MARSYAS. Thou hast no wings. But see
An eagle sweeping from the Byss
Where God stands. Let him ravish thee,
And bear thee to a boundless bliss!

OLYMPAS. How should I call him? How beseech?

MARSYAS. Silence is lovelier than Speech.
Only on a windless tree
Falls the dew, Felicity!
One ripple on the water mars
The magic mirror of the Stars.

OLYMPAS. My soul bends to the athletic stress
Of God's immortal loveliness.
Tell me, what wit avails the clod
To know the nearness of its God?

MARSYAS. First, let the soul be poised, and fledge
Truth's feather on mind's razor-edge.
Next, let no memory, feeling, hope
Stain all its starless horoscope.
Last, let it be content, twice void;
Not to be suffered or enjoyed;
Motionless, blind and deaf and dumb-
So may it to its kingdom come!

OLYMPAS. Dear master, can this be? The wine
Embittered with dark discipline?
For the soul loves her mate, the sense.

MARSYAS. This bed is sterile. Thou must fence
Thy soul from all her foes, the creatures

That by their soft and siren natures
 Lure thee to shipwreck!
 OLYMPAS. Thou hast said :
 "God is in all."
 MARSYAS. In sooth.
 OLYMPAS. Why dread
 The Godhood?
 MARSYAS. Only as the thought
 Is God, adore it. But the soul creates
 Misshapen fiends, incestuous mates.
 Slay these : they are false shadows of
 The never-waning moon of love.
 OLYMPAS. What thought is worthy?
 MARSYAS. Truly none
 Save one, in that it is but one.
 Keep the mind constant; thou shalt see
 Ineffable felicity.
 Increase the will, and thou shalt find
 It hath the strength to be resigned.
 Resign the will; and from the string
 Will's arrow shall have taken wing,
 And from the desolate abode
 Found the immaculate heart of God!
 OLYMPAS. The word is hard!
 MARSYAS. All things excite
 Their equal and their opposite.
 Be great, and thou shalt be-how small!
 Be naught, and thou shalt be the All!
 Eat not; all meat shall fill thy mouth :
 Drink and thy soul shall die of drouth!
 Fill thyself; and that thou seekest
 Is diluted to its weakest.
 Empty thyself; the ghosts of night
 Flee before the living Light.
 Who clutches straws is drowned; but he
 That hath the secret of the sea,
 Lives with the whole lust of his limbs,
 Takes hold of water's self, and swims.
 See, the ungainly albatross
 Stumbles awkwardly across
 Earth—one wing-beat, and he flies
 Most graceful gallant in the skies!
 So do thou leave thy thoughts, intent
 On thy new noble element!
 Throw the earth shackles off, and cling
 To what imperishable thing

Arises from the married death
Of thine own self in that whereon
Thou art fixed.

OLYMPAS. Then all life's loyal breath
Is a waste wind. All joy foregone,
I must strive ever?

MARSYAS. Cease to strive!
Destroy this partial I, this moan
Of an hurt beast! Sores keep alive
By scratching. Health is peace. Unknown
And unexpressed because at ease
Are the Most High Congruities.

OLYMPAS. Then death is thine "attainment"? I
Can do no better than to die!

MARSYAS. Indeed, that "I" that is not God
Is but a lion in the road!
Knowest thou not (even now!) how first
The fetters of Restriction burst?
In the rapture of the heart
Self hath neither lot nor part.

OLYMPAS. Tell me, dear master how the bud
First breaks to brilliance of bloom;
What ecstasy of brain and blood
Shatters the seal upon the tomb
Of him whose gain was the world's loss,
Our father Christian Rosycross!

MARSYAS. First, one is like a gnarled old oak
On a waste heath. Shrill shrieks the wind.
Night smothers earth. Storm swirls to choke
The throat of silence! Hard behind
Gathers a blacker cloud than all.
But look! but look! it thrones a ball
Of blistering fire. It breaks. The lash
Of lightning snakes him forth. One crash
Splits the old tree. One rending roar!—
And night is darker than before.

OLYMPAS. Nay, master, master! Terror hath
So fierce an hold upon the path?
Life must lie crushed, a charred black swath,
In that red harvest's aftermath!

MARSYAS. Life lives. Storm passes. Clouds dislimn.
The night is clear. And now to him
Who hath endured is given the boon
Of an immeasurable moon.
The air about the adept congeals
To crystal; in his heart he feels

One needle pang; then breaks that splendour
Infinitely pure and tender . . .
—And the ice drags him down!

OLYMPAS.

But may
Our trembling frame, our clumsy clay,
Endure such anguish?

MARSYAS.

In the worm
Lurks an unconquerable germ
Identical. A sparrow's fall
Were the Destruction of the All!
More; know that this surpasses skill
To express its ecstasy. The thrill
Burns in the memory like the glory
Of some far beacons promontory
Where no light shines but on the comb
Of breakers, flickerings of the foam!

OLYMPAS.

The path ends here?

MARSYAS.

Ingenuous one!
The path—the true path—scarce begun.
When does the night end?

OLYMPAS.

When the sun,
Crouching below the horizon,
Flings up his head, tosses his mane,
Ready to leap.

MARSYAS.

Even so. Again
The adept secures his subtle fence
Against the hostile shafts of sense,
Pins for a second his mind; as you
May have seen some huge wrestler do.
With all his gathered weight heaped, hurled,
Resistless as the whirling world,
He holds his foeman to the floor
For one great moment and no more.
So—then the sun-blaze! All the night
Bursts to a vivid orb of light.
There is no shadow; nothing is,
But the intensity of bliss.
Being is blasted. That exists.

OLYMPAS.

Ah!

MARSYAS.

But the mind, that mothers mists,
Abides not there. The adept must fall
Exhausted.

OLYMPAS.

There's an end of all?

MARSYAS.

But not an end of this! Above
All life as is the pulse of love,
So this transcends all love.

OLYMPAS. Ah me!
Who may attain?

MARSYAS. Rare souls.

OLYMPAS. I see
Imaged a shadow of this light.

MARSYAS. Such is its sacramental might
That to recall it radiates
Its symbol. The priest elevates
The Host, and instant blessing stirs
The hushed awaiting worshippers.

OLYMPAS. Then how secure the soul's defence?
How baffle the besieger, Sense?

MARSYAS. See the beleaguered city, hurt
By hideous engines, sore begirt
And gripped by lines of death, well scored
With shell, nigh open to the sword!
Now comes the leader; courage, run
Contagious through the garrison!
Repair the trenches! Man the wall!
Restore the ruined arsenal!
Serve the great guns! The assailants blench;
They are driven from the foremost trench.
The deadliest batteries belch their hell
No more. So day by day fought well,
We silence gun by gun. At last
The fiercest of the fray is past;
The circling hills are ours. The attack
Is over, save for the rare crack,
Long dropping shots from hidden forts;—
—So is it with our thoughts!

OLYMPAS. The hostile thoughts, the evil things!
They hover on majestic wings,
Like vultures waiting for a man
To drop from the slave-caravan!

MARSYAS. All thoughts are evil. Thought is two:
The seer and the seen. Eschew
That supreme blasphemy, my son,
Remembering that God is One.

OLYMPAS. God is a thought!

MARSYAS. The “thought” of God
Is but a shattered emerald;
A plague, an idol, a delusion,
Blasphemy, schism, and confusion!

OLYMPAS. Banish my one high thought? The night
Indeed were starless.

MARSYAS. Very right!

But that impalpable inane
 Is the condition of success;
 Even as earth lies black to gain
 Spring's green and autumn's fruitfulness.
 OLYMPAS. I dread this midnight of the soul.
 MARSYAS. Welcome the herald!
 OLYMPAS. How control
 The horror of the mind? The insane
 Dead melancholy?
 MARSYAS. Trick is vain.
 Sheer manhood must support the strife,
 And the trained Will, the Root of Life,
 Bear the adept triumphant.
 OLYMPAS. Else?
 MARSYAS. The reason, like a chime of bells
 Ripped by the lightning, cracks.
 OLYMPAS. And these
 Are the first sights the magus sees?
 MARSYAS. The first true sights. Bright images
 Throng the clear mind at first, a crowd
 Of Gods, lights, armies, landscapes; loud
 Reverberations of the light.
 But these are dreams, things in the mind,
 Reveries, idols. Thou shalt find
 No rest therein. The former three
 (Lightning, moon, sun) are royally
 Liminal to the Hall of Truth.
 Also there be with them, in sooth,
 Their brethren. There's the vision called
 The Lion of the Light, a brand
 Of ruby flame and emerald
 Waved by the Hermeneutic Hand.
 There is the Chalice, whence the flood
 Of God's beatitude of blood
 Flames. O to sing those starry tunes!
 O colder than a million moons!
 O vestal waters! Wine of love
 Wan as the lyric soul thereof!
 There is the Wind, a whirling sword,
 the savage rapture of the air
 Tossed beyond space and time. My Lord,
 My lord, even now I see Thee there
 In infinite motion! And beyond
 There is the Disk, the wheel of things;
 Like a black boundless diamond
 Whirring with millions of wings!

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

Master!

Know also that above
These portents hangs no veil of love;
But, guarded by unsleeping eyes
Of twice seven score severities,
The Veil that only rips apart
When the spear strikes to Jesus' heart!
A mighty Guard of Fire are they
With sabres turning every way!
Their eyes are millstones greater than
The earth; their mouths run seas of blood.
Woe be to that accursèd man
Of whom they are the iniquities!
Swept in their wrath's avenging flood
To black immitigable seas!
Woe to the seeker who shall fail
To rend that vexful virgin veil!
Fashion thyself by austere craft
Into a single azure shaft
Loosed from the string of Will; behold
The Rainbow! Thou art shot, pure flame,
Past the reverberated Name
Into the Hall of Death. Therein
The Rosy Cross is subtly seen.

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.
OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

Is that a vision, then?

It is.

Tell me Thereof!

O not of this!
Of all the flowers in God's field
We name not this. Our lips are sealed
In that the Universal Key
Lieth within its mystery.
But know thou this. These visions give
A hint both faint and fugitive
Yet haunting, that behind them lurks
Some Worker, greater than His works.

Yea, it is given to him who girds
His loins up, is not fooled by words,
Who takes life lightly in his hand
To throw away at Will's command,
To know that View beyond the Veil.

O petty purities and pale,
These visions I have spoken of!
The infinite Lord of Light and Love

Breaks on the soul like dawn. See! See!
Great God of Might and Majesty!
Beyond sense, beyond sight, a brilliance
Burning from His glowing glance!
Formless, all the worlds of flame
Atoms of that fiery frame!
The adept caught up and broken;
Slain, before His Name be spoken!
In that fire the soul burns up.
One drop from that celestial cup
Is an abyss, an infinite sea
That sucks up immortality!
O but the Self is manifest
Through all that blaze! Memory stumbles
Like a blind man for all the rest.
Speech, like a crag of limestone, crumbles,
While this one soul of thought is sure
Through all confusion to endure,
Infinite Truth in one small span:
This that is God is Man.

OLYMPAS.

Master! I tremble and rejoice.

MARSYAS.

Before His own authentic voice
Doubt flees. The chattering choughs of talk
Scatter like sparrows from a hawk.

OLYMPAS.

Thenceforth the adept is certain of
The mystic mountain? Light and LOve
Are life therein, and they are his?

MARSYAS.

Even so. And One supreme there is
Whom I have known, being He. Withdrawn
Within the curtains of the dawn
Dwells that concealed. Behold! he is
A blush, a breeze, a song, a kiss,
A rosy flame like Love, his eyes
Blue, the quintessence of all skies,
His hair a foam of gossamer
Pale gold as jasmine, lovelier
Than all the wheat of Paradise.
O the dim water-wells his eyes!
There is such depth of Love in them
That the adept is rapt away,
Dies on that mouth, a gleaming gem
Of dew caught in the boughs of Day!

OLYMPAS.

The hearing of it is so sweet
I swoon to silence at thy feet.

MARSYAS.

Rise! Let me tell thee, knowing Him,
The Path grows never wholly dim.

Lose Him, and thou indeed wert lost!
 But He will not lose thee!

OLYMPAS. Exhaust
 The word!

MARSYAS. Had I a million songs,
 And every song a million words,
 And every word a million meanings,
 I could not count the choral throngs
 O Beauty's beatific birds,
 Or gather up the paltry gleanings
 Of this great harvest of delight!
 Hast thou not heard the word aright?
 That world is truly infinite.
 Even as a cube is to a square
 Is that to this.

OLYMPAS. Royal and rare!
 Infinite light of burning wheels!

MARSYAS. Ay! the imagination reels.
 Thou must attain before thou know,
 And when thou knowest—Mighty woe
 That silence grips the willing lips!

OLYMPAS. Ever was speech the thought's eclipse.

MARSYAS. Ay, not to veil the truth to him
 Who sought it, groping in the dim
 Halls of illusion, said the sages
 In all the realms, in all the ages,
 "Keep silence." By a word should come
 Your sight, and we who see are dumb!
 We have sought a thousand times to teach
 Our knowledge; we are mocked by speech.
 So lewdly mocked, that all this word
 Seems dead, a cloudy crystal blurred,
 Though it cling closer to life's heart
 Than the best rhapsodies of art!

OLYMPAS. Yet speak!

MARSYAS. Ah, could I tell thee of
 These infinite things of Light and Love!
 There is the Peacock; in his fan
 Innumerable plumes of Pan!
 Oh! every plume hath countless eyes;
 —Crown of created mysteries!—
 Each holds a Peacock like the First.

OLYMPAS. How can this be?

MARSYAS. The mind's accurst.
 It cannot be. It is. Behold,
 Battalion on battalion rolled!

There is war in Heaven! The soul sings still,
Struck by the plectron of the Will;
But the mind's dumb; its only cry
The shriek of its last agony!

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

Surely it struggles.

Bitterly!

And, mark! it must be strong to die!
The weak and partial reason dips
One edge, another springs, as when
A melting iceberg reels and tips
Under the sun. Be mighty then,
A lord of Thought, beyond wit and wonder
Balanced—then push the whole mind under,
Sunk beyond chance of floating, blent
Rightly with its own element,
Not lifting jagged peaks and bare
To the unsympathetic air!

This is the second veil; and hence
As first we slew the things of sense
Upon the altar of their God,
So must the Second Period
Slay the ideas, to attain
To that which is, beyond the brain.

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

To that which is?—not thought? not sense?
Knowledge is but experience
Made conscious of itself. The bee,
Past master of geometry,
Hath not one word of all of it;
For wisdom is not mother-wit!
So the adept is called insane
For his frank failure to explain.
Language creates false thoughts; the true
Breed language slowly. Following
Experience of a thing we knew
Arose the need to name the thing.
So, ancients likened a man's mind
To the untamed evasive wind.
Some fool thinks names are things; and boasts
Aloud of spirits and of ghosts.
Religion follows on a pun!
And we, who know that Holy One
Of whom I told thee, seek in vain
Figure or word to make it plain.

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

Despair of man!

Man is the seed

Of the unimaginable flower.
 By singleness of thought and deed
 It may bloom now—this actual hour!
 OLYMPAS. The soul made safe, is vision sure
 To rise therein?
 MARSYAS. Though calm and pure
 It seem, maybe some thought hath crept
 Into his mind to baulk the adept.
 The expectation of success
 Suffices to destroy the stress
 Of the one thought. But then, what odds?
 "Man's vision goes, dissolves in God's;"
 Or, "by God's grace the Light is given
 To the elected heir of heaven."
 These are but idle theses, dry
 Dugs of the cow Theology.
 Business is business. The one fact
 That we know is: the gods exact
 A stainless mirror. Cleanse thy soul!
 Perfect the will's austere control!
 For the rest, wait! The sky once clear,
 Dawn needs no prompting to appear!
 OLYMPAS. Enough! it shall be done.
 MARSYAS. Beware!
 Easily trips the big word "dare."
 Each man's an Œdipus, that thinks
 He hath the four powers of the Sphinx,
 Will, Courage, Knowledge, Silence. Son,
 Even the adepts scarce win to one!
 Thy Thoughts—they fall like rotten fruits.
 But to destroy the power that makes
 These thoughts—thy Self? A man it takes
 To tear his soul up by the roots!
 This is the mandrake fable, boy!
 OLYMPAS. You told me that the Path was joy.
 MARSYAS. A lie to lure thee!
 OLYMPAS. Master!
 MARSYAS. Pain
 And joy are twin toys of the brain.
 Even early visions pass beyond!
 OLYMPAS. Not all the crabbed runes I have conned
 Told me so plain a truth. I see,
 Inscrutable Simplicity!
 Crushed like a blind-worm by the heel
 Of all I am, perceive, and feel,
 My truth was but the partial pang

MARSYAS. That chanced to strike me as I sang.
In the beginning, violence
Marks the extinction of the sense.
Anguish and rapture rack the soul.
These are disruptions of control.
Self-poised, a brooding hawk, there hangs
In the still air the adept. The bull
On the firm earth goes not so smooth!
So the first fine ecstatic pangs
Pass; balance comes.

OLYMPAS. How wonderful

MARSYAS. Are these tall avenues of truth!
So the first flash of light and terror
Is seen as shadow, known as error.
Next, light comes as light; as it grows
The sense of peace still steadier glows;
And the fierce lust, that linked the soul
To its God, attains a chaste control.
Intimate, an atomic bliss,
Is the last phrasing of that kiss.
Not ecstasy, but peace, pure peace!

OLYMPAS. Invisible the dew sublimes
From the great mother, subtly climbs
And loves the leaves! Yea, in the end,
Vision all vision must transcend.
These glories are mere scaffolding
To the Closed Palace of the King.
Yet, saidst thou, ere the new flower shoots
The soul is torn up by the roots.

MARSYAS. Now come we to the intimate things
Known to how few! Man's being clings
First to the outer. Free from these
The inner sheathings, and he sees
Those sheathings as external. Strip
One after one each lovely lip
From the full rose-bud! Ever new
Leaps the next petal to the view.
What binds them but Desire? Disease
Most dire of direful Destiny's!

OLYMPAS. I have abandoned all to tread
The brilliant pathway overhead!

MARSYAS. Easy to say. To abandon all,
All must be first loved and possessed.
Nor thou nor I have burst the thrall.
All—as I offered half in jest,

Sceptic—was torn away from me.
Not without pain! THEY slew my child,
Dragged my wife down to infamy
Loathlier than death, drove to the wild
My tortured body, stripped me of
Wealth, health, youth, beauty, ardour, love.
Thou hast abandoned all ? Then try
A speck of dust within the eye!

OLYMPAS.

But that is different!

MARSYAS.

Life is one.

Magic is life. The physical
(Men name it) is a house of call
For the adept, heir of the sun!
Bombard the house! it groans and gapes.
The adept runs forth, and so escapes
That ruin!

OLYMPAS.

Smoothly parallel

The ruin of the mind as well?

MARSYAS.

Ay! Hear the Ordeal of the Veil,
The Second Veil! . . . O spare me this
Magical memory! I pale
To show the Veil of the Abyss.
Nay, let confession be complete!

OLYMPAS.

Master, I bend me at thy feet—
Why do they sweat with blood and dew?

MARSYAS.

Blind horror catches at my breath.
The path of the abyss runs through
Things darker, dissmaller than death!
Courage and will! What boots their force?
The mind rears like a frightened horse.
There is no memory possible
Of that unfathomable hell.
Even the shadows that arise
Are things too dreadful to recount!
There's no such doom in Destiny's
Harvest of horror. The white fount
Of speech is stifled at its source.
Know, the sane spirit keeps its course
By this, that everything it thinks
Hath causal or contingent links.
Destroy them, and destroy the mind!
O bestial, bottomless, and blind
Black pit of all insanity!
The adept must make his way to thee!
This is the end of all our pain,
The dissolution of the brain!

For lo! in this no mortar sticks;
Down comes the house—a hail of bricks!
The sense of all I hear is drowned;
Tap, tap, isolated sound,
Patters, clatters, batters, chatters,
Tap, tap, tap, and nothing matters!
Senseless hallucinations roll
Across the curtain of the soul.
Each ripple on the river seems
The madness of a maniac's dreams!
So in the self no memory-chain
Or causal wisp to bind the straws!
The self disrupted! Blank, insane,
Both of existence and of laws,
The Ego and the Universe
Fall to one black chaotic curse.

OLYMPAS. So ends philosophy's inquiry :
"Summa scientia nihil scire."

MARSYAS. Ay. but that reasoned thesis lacks
The impact of reality.
This vision is a battle axe
Splitting the skull. O pardon me!
But my soul faints, my stomach sinks.
Let me pass on !

OLYMPAS. My being drinks
The nectar-poison of the Sphinx.
This is a bitter medicine!

MARSYAS. Black snare that I was taken in!
How one may pass I hardly know.
Maybe time never blots the track.
Black, black, intolerably black!
Go, spectre of the ages, go!
Suffice it that I passed beyond.
I found the secret of the bond.
Of thought to thought through countless years,
Through many lives, in many spheres,
Brought to a point the dark design
Of this existence that is mine.
I knew my secret. *All I was*
I brought into the burning-glass,
And all its focussed light and heat
Charred *all I am*. The rune's complete
When *all I shall be* flashes by
Like a shadow on the sky.

Then I dropped my reasoning.
Vacant and accursed thing!
By my Will I swept away
The web of metaphysic, smiled
At the blind labyrinth, where the grey
Old snake of madness wove his wild
Curse! As I trod the trackless way
Through sunless gorges of Cathay,
I became a little child.
By nameless rivers, swirling through
Chasms, a fantastic blue,
Month by month, on barren hills,
In burning heat, in bitter chills,
Tropic forest, Tartar snow,
Smaragdine archipelago,
See me—led by some wise hand
That I did not understand.
Morn and noon and eve and night
I, the forlorn eremite,
Called on Him with mild devotion,
As the dew-drop woos the ocean.

In my wanderings I came
To an ancient park aflame
With fairies' feet. Still wrapped in love
I was caught up, beyond, above
The tides of being. The great sight
Of the whole universe that wove
The labyrinth of life and love
Blazed in me. Then some giant will,
Mine or another's, thrust a thrill
Through the great vision. All the light
Went out in an immortal night,
The world annihilated by
The opening of the Master's Eye.
How can I tell it?

OLYMPAS. Master, master!
A sense of some divine disaster
Abases me.

MARSYAS. Indeed, the shrine
Is desolate of the divine!
But all the illusion gone, behold
The One that is!

OLYMPAS. Royally rolled,
I hear strange music in the air!

MARSYAS. It is the angelic choir, aware

Of the great Ordeal dared and done
 By one more Brother of the Sun!
 OLYMPAS. Master, the shriek of a great bird
 Blends with the torrent of the thunder.
 MARSYAS. It is the echo of the word
 That tore the universe asunder.
 OLYMPAS. Master, thy stature spans the sky.
 MARSYAS. Verily; but it is not I.
 The adept dissolves—pale phantom form
 Blown from the black mouth of the storm.
 It is another that arises!
 OLYMPAS. Yet in thee, through thee !
 MARSYAS. I am not.
 OLYMPAS. For me thou art.
 MARSYAS. So that suffices
 To seal thy will? To cast thy lot
 Into the lap of God? Then, well!
 OLYMPAS. Ay, there is no more potent spell.
 Through life, through death, by land and sea
 Most surely will I follow thee.
 MARSYAS. Follow thyself, not me. Thou hast
 An Holy Guardian Angel, bound
 To lead thee from thy better waste
 To the inscrutable profound
 That is His covenanted ground.
 OLYMPAS. Thou who hast known these master-keys
 Of all creation's mysteries,
 Tell me, what followed the great gust
 Of God that blew his world to dust?
 MARSYAS. I, even I the man, became
 As a great sword of flashing flame.
 My life, informed with holiness,
 Conscious of its own loveliness,
 Like a well that overflows
 At the limit of the snows,
 Sent its crystal stream to gladden
 The hearts of men, their lives to madden
 With the intoxicating bliss
 (Wine mixed with myrrh and ambergris!)
 O this bitter-sweet perfume,
 This gorse's blaze of prickly bloom
 That is the Wisdom of the Way.
 Then springs the statue from the clay,
 And all God's doubted fatherhood
 Is seen to be supremely good.

Live within the sane sweet sun!
 Leave the shadow-world alone!
 OLYMPAS. There is a crown for every one;
 For every one there is a throne!
 MARSYAS. That crown is Silence. Sealed and sure!
 That throne is Knowledge perfect pure.
 Below that throne adoring stand
 Virtues in a blissful band;
 Mercy, majesty and power,
 Beauty and harmony and strength,
 Triumph and splendour, starry shower
 Of flames that flake their lily length,
 A necklet of pure light, far-flung
 Down to the Base, from which is hung
 A pearl, the Universe, whose sight
 Is one globed jewel of delight.
 Fallen no more! A bowered bride
 Blushing to be satisfied!
 OLYMPAS. All this, if once the Eye uncloze?
 MARSYAS. The golden cross, the ruby rose
 Are gone, when flaming from afar
 The Hawk's eye blinds the Silver Star.

O brothers of the Star, caressed
 By its cool flames from brow to breast,
 Is there some rapture yet to excite
 This prone and pallid neophyte?
 OLYMPAS. O but there is no need of this!
 I burn toward the abyss of Bliss.
 I call the Four Powers of the Name;
 Earth, wind and cloud, sea, smoke and flame
 To witness : by this triune Star
 I swear to break the twi-forked bar.
 But how to attain? Flexes and leans
 The strongest will that lacks the means.
 MARSYAS. There are seven keys to the great gate,
 Being eight in one and one in eight.
 First, let the body of thee be still,
 Bound by the cerements of will,
 Corpse-rigid; thus thou mayst abort
 The fidget-babes that tease the thought.
 Next, let the breath-rhythm be low,
 Easy, regular, and slow;
 So that thy being be in tune
 With the great sea's Pacific swoon.
 Third, let thy life be pure and calm

Swayed softly as a windless palm.
 Fourth, let the will-to-live be bound
 To the one love of the Profound.
 Fifth, let the thought, divinely free
 From sense, observe its entity.
 Watch every thought that springs; enhance
 Hour after hour thy vigilance!
 Intense and keen, turned inward, miss
 No atom of analysis!
 Sixth, on one thought securely pinned
 Still every whisper of the wind!
 So like a flame straight and unstirred
 Burn up thy being in one word!
 Next, still that ecstasy, prolong
 Thy meditation steep and strong,
 Slaying even God, should He distract
 Thy attention from the chosen act!
 Last, all these things in one o'erpowered!
 Time that the midnight blossom flowered!
 The oneness is. Yet even in this,
 My son, thou shalt not do amiss
 If thou restrain the expression, shoot
 Thy glance to rapture's darkling root,
 Discarding name, form, sight, and stress
 Even of this high consciousness;
 Pierce to the heart! I leave thee here :
 Thou art the Master. I revere
 Thy radiance that rolls afar,
 O Brother of the Silver Star!
 OLYMPAS. Ah, but no ease may lap my limbs.
 Giants and sorcerers oppose;
 Ogres and dragons are my foes!
 Leviathan against me swims,
 And lions roar, and Boreas blows!
 No Zephyrs woo, no happy hymns
 Pæan the Pilgrim of the Rose!
 MARSYAS. I teach the royal road of light.
 Be thou, devoutly eremite,
 Free of thy fate. Choose tenderly
 A place for thine Academy.
 Let there be an holy wood
 Of embowered solitude
 By the still, the rainless river,
 Underneath the tangled roots
 Of majestic trees that quiver
 In the quiet airs; where shoots

Of the kindly grass are green,
 Moss and ferns asleep between,
 Lilies in the water lapped,
 Sunbeams in the branches trapped
 —Windless and eternal even!
 Silenced all the birds of heaven
 By the low insistent call
 Of the constant waterfall.
 There, to such a setting be
 Its carven gem of deity,
 A central flawless fire, enthralled
 Like Truth within an emerald!
 Thou shalt have a birchen bark
 On the river in the dark;
 And at the midnight thou shalt go
 To the mid-stream's smoothest flow,
 And strike upon a golden bell
 The spirit's call; then say the spell:
 "Angel, mine angel, draw thee nigh!"
 Making the Sign of Magistray
 With wand of lapis lazuli.
 Then, it may be, through the blind dumb
 Night thou shalt see thine angel come,
 Hear the faint whisper of his wings,
 Behold the starry breast begemmed
 With the twelve stones of the twelve kings!
 His fore head shall be diademed
 With the faint light of stars, wherein
 Thereat thou swoonest; and thy love
 Shall catch the subtle voice thereof.
 He shall inform his happy lover;
 My foolish prating shall be over!

OLYMPAS. O now I burn with holy haste.
 This doctrine hath so sweet a taste
 That all the other wine is sour.

MARSYAS. Son, there's a bee for every flower.
 Lie open, a chameleon cup,
 And let Him suck thine honey up!

OLYMPAS. There is one doubt. When souls attain
 Such an unimagined gain
 Shall not others mark them, wise
 Beyond mere mortal destines?

MARSYAS. Such are not the perfect saints.
 While the imagination faints
 Before their truth, they veil it close
 As amid the utmost snows

The tallest peaks most straitly hide
With clouds their holy heads. Divide
The planes! Be ever as you can
A simple honest gentleman!
Body and manners be at ease,
Not bloat with blazoned sanctities!
Who fights as fights the soldier-saint?
And see the artist-adept paint!
Weak are those souls that fear the stress
Of earth upon their holiness!
They fast, they eat fantastic food,
They prate of beans and brotherhood.
Wear sandals, and long hair, and spats,
And think that makes them Arahats!
How shall man still his spirit-storm?
Rational Dress and Food Reform!
I know such saints.

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

An easy vice:
So wondrous well they advertise!
O their mean souls are satisfied
With wind of spiritual pride.
They're all negation. "Do not eat;
What poison to the soul is meat!
Drink not; smoke not; deny the will!
Wine and tobacco make us ill."
Magic is life; the Will to Live
Is one supreme Affirmative.
These things that flinch from Life are worth
No more to Heaven than to Earth.
Affirm the everlasting Yes!

OLYMPAS.
MARSYAS.

Those saints at least score one success:
Perfection of their priggishness!
Enough. The soul is subtlier fed
With meditation's wine and bread.
Forget their failings and our own;
Fix all our thoughts on Love alone!

Ah, boy, all crowns and thrones above
Is the sanctity of love.
In His warm and secret shrine
Is a cup of perfect wine,
Whereof one drop is medicine
Against all ills that hurt the soul.
A flaming daughter of the Jinn
Brought to me once a wingèd scroll,
Wherein I read the spell that brings

The knowledge of that King of Kings.
 Angel, I invoke thee now!
 Bend on me the starry brow!
 Spread the eagle wings above
 The pavilion of our love!....
 Rise from your starry sapphire seats!
 See, where through the quickening skies
 The oriflamme of beauty beats
 Heralding loyal legionaries,
 Whose flame of golden javelins
 Fences those peerless paladins.
 There are the burning lamps of them,
 Splendid star-clusters to begem
 The trailing torrents of the blue
 Bright wings that bear mine angel through!
 O Thou art like an Hawk of Gold,
 Miraculously manifold,
 For all the sky's aflame to be
 A mirror magical of Thee!
 The stars seem comets, rushing down
 To gem thy robes, bedew thy crown.
 Like the moon-plumes of a strange bird
 By a great wind sublimely stirred,
 Thou drawest the light of all the skies
 Into thy wake. The heaven dies
 In bubbling froth of light, that foams
 About thine ardour. All the domes
 Of all the heavens close above thee
 As thou art known to me who love thee.
 Excellent kiss, thou fastenest on
 This soul of mine, that it is gone,
 Gone from all life, and rapt away
 Into the infinite starry spray
 Of thine own Æon . . . Alas for me!
 I faint. Thy mystic majesty
 Absorbs this spark.

OLYMPAS. All hail! all hail!
 White splendour through the viewless veil!
 I am drawn with thee to rapture.

MARSYAS. Stay!
 I bear a message. Heaven hath sent
 The knowledge of a new sweet way
 Into the Secret Element.

OLYMPAS. Master, while yet the glory clings
 Declare this mystery magical!

MARSYAS. I am yet borne on those blue wings

Into the Essence of the All.
 Now, now I stand on earth again,
 Though, blazing though each nerve and vein,
 The light yet holds its choral course,
 Filling my frame with fiery force
 Like God's. Now hear the Apocalypse
 New-fledged on these reluctant lips!
 OLYMPAS. I tremble like an aspen, quiver
 Like light upon a rainy river!
 MARSYAS. Do what thou wilt! is the sole word
 Of law that my attainment heard.
 Arise, and lay thine hand on God!
 Arise, and set a period
 Unto Restriction! That is sin:
 To hold thine holy spirit in!
 O thou that chafest at thy bars,
 Invoke Nuit beneath her stars
 With a pure heart (Her incense burned
 Of gums and woods, in gold inurned),
 And let the serpent flame therein
 A little, and thy soul shall win
 To lie within her bosom. Lo!
 Thou wouldst give all—and she cries: No!
 Take all, and take me! Gather spice
 And virgins and great pearls of price!
 Worship me in a single robe,
 Crowned richly! Girdle of the globe,
 I love thee. I am drunkenness
 Of the inmost sense; my soul's caress
 Is toward thee! Let my priestess stand
 Bare and rejoicing, softly fanned
 By smooth-lipped acolytes, upon
 Mine iridescent altar-stone,
 And in her love-chaunt swooningly
 Say evermore: To me! To me!
 I am the azure-lidded daughter
 Of sunset; the all-girdling water;
 The naked brilliance of the sky
 In the voluptuous night am I!
 With song, with jewel, with perfume,
 Wake all my rose's blush and bloom!
 Drink to me! Love me! I love thee,
 My love, my lord—to me! to me!
 OLYMPAS. There is no harshness in the breath
 Of this—is life surpassed, and death?
 MARSYAS. There is the Snake that gives delight

And Knowledge, stirs the heart aright
 With drunkenness. Strange drugs are thine
 Hadit, and draughts of wizard wine!
 These do no hurt. Thine hermits dwell
 Not in the cold secretive cell,
 But under purple canopies
 With mighty-breasted mistresses
 Magnificent as lionesses—
 Tender and terrible caresses!
 Fire lives, and light, in eager eyes;
 And massed hugh hair about them lies.
 They lead their hosts to victory:
 In every joy they are kings; then see
 That secret serpent coiled to spring
 And win the world! O priest and king,
 Let there be feasting, foining, fighting,
 A revel of lusting, singing, smiting!
 Work; be the bed of work! Hold! Hold!
 The stars' kiss is as molten gold.
 Harden! Hold thyself up! now die—
 Ah! Ah! Exceed! Exceed!

OLYMPAS.

And I?

MARSYAS.

My stature shall surpass the stars:
 He hath said it! Men shall worship me
 In hidden woods, on barren scaurs,
 Henceforth to all eternity.

OLYMPAS.

Hail! I adore thee! Let us feast.

MARSYAS.

I am the consecrated Beast.
 I build the Abominable House.
 The Scarlet Woman is my Spouse—

OLYMPAS.

What is this word?

MARSYAS.

Thou canst not know
 Till thou hast passed the Fourth Ordeal.

OLYMPAS.

I worship thee. The moon-rays flow
 Masterfully rich and real
 From thy red mouth, and burst, young suns
 Chanting before the Holy Ones
 Thine Eight Mysterious Orisons!

MARSYAS.

The last spell! The availing word!
 The two completed by the third!
 The Lord of War, of Vengeance
 That slayeth with a single glance!
 This light is in me of my Lord.
 His Name is this far-whirling sword.
 I push His order. Keen and swift
 My Hawk's eye flames; these arms up!

The Banner of Silence and of Strength—
Hail! Hail! thou art here, my Lord, at length!
Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I :
My nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.
Hail! ye twin warriors that guard
The pillars of the world! Your time
Is nigh at hand. The snake that marred
Heaven with his inexhaustible slime
Is slain; I bear the Wand of Power,
The Wand that waxes and that wanes;
I crush the Universe this hour
In my left hand; and naught remains!
Ho! for the splendour in my name
Hidden and glorious, a flame
Secretly shooting from the sun.
Aum! Ha!—my destiny is done.
The Word is spoken and concealed.
I am stunned. What wonder was revealed?

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

Profits it?

Only to wisdom and to wit.

The other did no less.

Then prove

Both by the master-key of Love

The lock turns stiffly? Shalt thou shirk

To use the sacred oil of work?

Not from the valley shalt thou test

The eggs that line the eagle's nest!

Climb, with thy life at stake, the ice,

The sheer wall of the precipice!

Master the cornice, gain the breach,

And learn what next the ridge can teach!

Yet—not the ridge itself may speak

The secret of the final peak.

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

All ridges join at last.

Admitted,

O thou astute and subtle-witted!

Yet one—loose, jagged, clad in mist!

Another—firm, smooth, loved and kissed

By the soft sun! Our order hath

This secret of the solar path,

Even as our Lord the Beast hath won

The mystic Number of the Sun.

OLYMPAS.

MARSYAS.

These secrets are too high for me.

Nay, little brother! Come and see!

Neither by faith nor fear nor awe

Approach the doctrine of the Law!
 Truth, Courage, Love, shall win the bout,
 And those three others be cast out.
 OLYMPAS. Lead me, Master, by the hand
 Gently to this gracious land!
 Let ne drink the doctrine in,
 An all-healing medicine!
 Let me rise, correct and firm,
 Steady striding to the term,
 Master of my fate, to rise
 To imperial destinies;
 With the sun's ensanguine dart
 Spear-bright in my blazing heart,
 And my being's basil-plant
 Bright and hard as adamant!
 MARSYAS. Yonder, faintly luminous,
 The yellow desert waits for us.
 Lithe and eager, hand in hand,
 We travel to the lonely land.
 There, beneath the stars, the smoke
 Of our incense shall invoke
 The Queen of Space; and subtly She
 Shall bend from Her infinity
 Like a lambent flame of blue,
 Touching us, and piercing through
 All the sense-webs that we are
 As the æthyr penetrates a star!
 Her hands caressing the black earth,
 Her sweet lithe body arched for love,
 Her feet a Zephyr to the flowers,
 She calls my name—she gives the sign
 That she is mine, supremely mine,
 And clinging to the infinite girth
 My soul gets perfect joy thereof
 Beyond the abysses and the hours;
 So that—I kiss her lovely brows;
 She bathes my body in perfume
 Of sweat O thou my secret spouse,
 Continuous One of Heaven! illumine
 My soul with this arcane delight,
 Voluptuous Daughter of the Night!
 Eat me up wholly with the glance
 Of thy luxurious brilliance!
 OLYMPAS. The desert calls.
 MARSYAS. Then let us go!
 Or seek the sacramental snow,

Where like an high-priest I may stand
 With acolytes on every hand,
 The lesser peaks-my will withdrawn
 To invoke the dayspring from the dawn,
 Changing that rosy smoke of light
 To a pure crystalline white;
 Though the mist of mind, as draws
 A dancer round her limbs the gauze,
 Clothe Light, and show the virgin Sun
 A lemon-pale medallion!
 Thence leap we leashless to the goal,
 Stainless star-rapture of the soul.
 So the altar-fires fade
 As the Godhead is displayed.
 Nay, we stir not. Everywhere
 Is our temple right appointed.
 All the earth is færy fair
 For us. Am I not anointed?
 The Sigil burns upon the brow
 At the adjuration—here and now.
 OLYMPAS. The air is laden with perfumes.
 MARSYAS. Behold! It beams—it burns—it blooms.

* * * * *

OLYMPAS. Master, how subtly hast thou drawn
 The daylight from the Golden Dawn,
 Bidden the Cavernous Mount unfold
 Its Ruby Rose, its Cross of Gold;
 Until I saw, flashed from afar,
 The Hawk's Eye in the Silver Star!
 MARSYAS. Peace to all beings. Peace to thee,
 Co-heir of mine eternity!
 Peace to the greatest and the least,
 To nebula and nenuphar!
 Light in abundance be increased
 On them that dream that shadows are!
 OLYMPAS. Blessing and worship to The Beast,
 The prophet of the lovely Star!

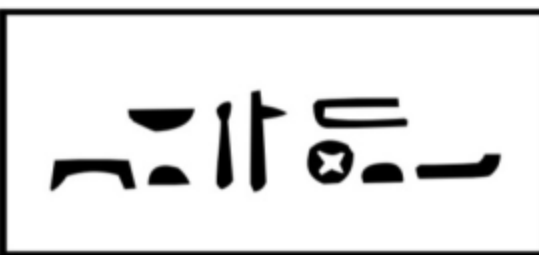


LIBER
CCC

KHABS AM
PEKHT

AN EPISTLE OF THERION
9°=2°, A MAGUS OF A.:A.:,
TO HIS SON, BEING AN
INSTRUCTION IN A MATTER
OF ALL IMPORTANCE, TO
WIT, THE MEANS TO BE
TAKEN TO EXTEND THE
DOMINION OF THE LAW OF
THELEMA THROUGHOUT
THE WHOLE WORLD.

SUB FIGVRÂ
CCC





A.:.A.: Publication in Class E

Son,

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

FIRSTLY, let thine attention be directed to this planet, how the Æon of Horus is made manifest by the Universal War. This is the first great and direct result of the Equinox of the Gods, and is the preparation of the hearts of men for the reception of the Law.

Let Us remind you that this is a magical formula of cosmic scope, and that it is given in exact detail in the legend of the Golden Fleece.

Jason, who in this story represents the Beast, first fits out a ship guided by Wisdom or Athena, and this is his aspiration to the Great Work. Accompanied by many heroes, he comes to the place of the Fleece, but they can do nothing until Medea, the Scarlet Woman, puts into his hands a posset “drugged with somnolence, Sleepy with poppy and white hellebore” for the dragon. Then Jason is able to subdue the bulls, sacred to Osiris, and symbolical of his Æon and the Magical Formula of Self-Sacrifice. With these he plows the field of the world, and sows therein “the dreadful teeth of woe, Cadmean Stock of Thebes. old misery,” which refers to a certain magical formula announced by The Beast that is familiar unto thee, but unsuited to the profane, and therefore not further in this place indicated. From this seed armed men sprung to life; but instead of attacking Him, “mutual madness strikes The warriors witless, and fierce wrath invades Their hearts of fury, and with arms engaged, They fell upon each other silently, And slew, and slew” Now then, the Dragon being asleep, we may step quietly past him, and “rending the branches of that wizard Oak, With a strong grasp tear down the Fleece of Gold.”

Let us only remember not to repeat the error of Jason, and defy Ares, who is Horus in his warrior mood, that guardeth it, lest He strike us also with madness. Nay! but to the glory of Ra-hoor-Khuit and the establishment of His perfect kingdom let all be done!

Now, O my son, thou knowest that it is Our will to establish this Work, accomplishing fully that which We are commanded in *The Book of the Law*, “Help me, O warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men!”—and it is Thy will, manifesting as thou hast done in the Sphere of Malkuth the material world, to do this same thing in an even more immediate and practical way than would naturally appeal to one whose manifestation is in the Heaven of Jupiter. So therefore We now answer Thy filial petition that asketh good counsel of Us as to the means to be taken to extend the Law of Thelema throughout the whole world.

Direct therefore now most closely thine attention to *The Book of the Law* itself. In It we find an absolute rule of life, and clear instruction in every emergency that may befall. What then are Its own directions for the fructification of That Ineffable Seed? Note, pray thee, the confidence with which we may proceed. “They shall gather my children into their fold; they shall bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men.” They ‘shall’; there is no doubt.

Therefore doubt not, but strike with all thy strength. Note also, pray thee, this word: “the Law is for all.” Do not therefore ‘select suitable persons. in thy worldly wisdom; preach openly the Law to all men. In Our experience We have found the most unlikely means have produced the best results; and indeed it is almost the definition of a true Magical Formula that the means should be unsuited, rationally speaking, to the end proposed. Note, pray thee, that We are bound to teach. “He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.” This refers, however, as is evident from the context, to the technique of the new Magick, “the mantras and the spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword.”

Note, pray thee, the instruction in *CCXX* I:41-44, 51, 61, 63, κ.τ.λ. on which We have enlarged in Our tract *The Law of Liberty*, and in private letters to thee and others. The open preaching of this Law, and the practice of these precepts, will arouse discussion and animosity, and thus place thee upon a rostrum whence thou mayest speak unto the people.

Note, pray thee, this mentor: “Remember ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but shadows; they pass and are done; but there is that which remains.” For this doctrine shall comfort many. Also there is this word: “They shall rejoice, our chosen; who sorroweth is not of us. Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.” Indeed in all ways thou mayest expound the joy of our Law, nay, for thou shalt overflow with the joy thereof, and have no need of words. It would moreover be impertinent and tedious to call again thine attention to all those passages that thou knowest so well. Note, pray thee, that in the matter of direct instruction there is enough. Consider the passage “Choose ye an island! Fortify it! Dung it about with enginery of war! I will give you a warengine. With it ye shall smite the peoples; and none shall stand before you. Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest: thus shall my worship be about my secret house.” The last phrase suggests that the island may be Great Britain, with its Mines and Tanks; and it is notable that a certain brother obligated to A·A· is in the most secret of England’s War Councils at this hour. But it is possible that this instruction refers to some later time when our Law, administered by some such Order as the O.T.O. which concerns itself with temporal affairs, is of weight in the councils of the world, and is challenged by the heathen, and by the followers of the fallen gods and demigods.

Note, pray thee, the practical method of overcoming opposition given in *CCXX* III:23-26. But this is not to Our immediate purpose in this epistle. Note, pray thee, the instruction in the 38th and 39th verses of the Third Chapter of *The Book of the Law*. It must be quoted in full.

“So that thy light is in me; and its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order.”

That is, the God himself is aflame with the Light of the Beast, and will himself push the order, through the fire (perhaps meaning the genius) of The Beast.

“There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters (these are the adorations, as thou hast written) as it is said:

The Light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the House of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-f-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O wingèd snake of light, Hadit!
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!”

In the comment in *Equinox I (7)* this passage is virtually ignored. It is possible that this “secret door” refers to the four men and four women spoken of later in *The Paris Working*, or it may mean the child elsewhere predicted, or some secret preparation of the hearts of men. It is difficult to decide on such a point, but we may be sure that the Event will show that the exact wording was so shaded as to prove to us absolute foreknowledge on the part of That Most Holy Angel who uttered the Book.

Note, pray thee, further, in verse 39, how the matter proceeds:

“All this ...”—*i.e.* *The Book of the Law* itself.

“... and a book to say how thou didst come hither ..” *i.e.* some record such as that in *The Temple of Solomon the King*

“.. and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever ... *i.e.* by some mechanical process, with possibly a sample of paper similar to that employed.

“—for it is in the word secret and not only in the English—”

Compare *CCXX III:47, 73*. The secret is still a secret to Us.

“... and thy comment upon this the Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red ink and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; ...” *i.e.* explain the text “lest there be folly” as it says above, *CCXX I:36*.

“... and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!”

From this it is evident that a volume must be prepared as signified—Part IV of *Book 4* was intended to fulfil this purpose—and that this book must be distributed widely, in fact to every one with whom one comes into social relations.

We are not to add to this gift by preaching and the like. They can take it or leave it.

Note, pray thee, verse 41 of this chapter:

“Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house; all must be done well and with business way.”

This is very clear instruction indeed. There is to be a modern centralized business organization at the Kaaba—which, We think, does not mean Boleskine, but any convenient headquarters.

Note, pray thee, in verse 42 of this chapter the injunction: “Success is thy proof: argue not; convert not; talk not overmuch.” This is not any bar to an explanation of the Law. We may aid men to strike off their own fetters, but those who prefer slavery must be allowed to do so. “The slaves shall serve.” The excellence of the Law must be showed by its results upon those who accept it. When men see us as the hermits of Hadit described in *CCXX II:24* they will determine to emulate our joy.

Note, pray thee, the whole implication of the chapter that sooner or later we are to break the power of the slave-gods by actual fighting. Ultimately, Freedom must rely upon the sword. It is impossible to treat in this epistle of the vast problems involved in this question; and they must be decided in accordance with the Law by those in authority in the Order when the time comes. Thou wilt note that We have written unto thee more as a member of the O.T.O. than in thy capacity as of the A.:A.:, for the former organization is coördinate and practical, and concerns itself with material things. But remember this clearly, that the Law cometh from the A.:A.:, not from the O.T.O. This Order is but the first of the great religious bodies to accept this Law officially, and its whole Ritual has been revised and reconstituted in accordance with this decision. Now then, leaving *The Book of the Law*, note, pray thee, the following additional suggestions for extending the Dominion of the Law of Thelema throughout the whole world.

1. All those who have accepted the Law should announce the same in daily intercourse. “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law” shall be the invariable form of greeting. These words, especially in the case of strangers, should be pronounced in a clear, firm, and articulate voice, with the eyes frankly fixed upon the hearer. If the other be of us, let him reply “Love is the law, love under will.” The latter sentence shall also be used as the greeting of farewell. In writing, wherever greeting is usual, it should be as above, opening “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.”, and closing “Love is the law, love under will.”

2. Social gatherings should be held as often as is convenient, and there the Law should be read and explained.

3. The special tracts written by Us, or authorized by Us, should be distributed to all persons with whom those who have accepted the Law may be in contact.

4. Pending the establishment of other Universities and Schools of Thelema, scholarships and readerships and such should be provided in existing Schools and Universities, so as to secure the general study of Our writings, and those authorized by Us as pertaining to the New Æon.

5. All children and young people, although they may not be able to understand the more exalted heavens of our horoscope, may always be taught to rule their lives in accordance with the Law. No efforts should be spared to bring them to this emancipation. The misery caused to children by the operation of the law of the slave-gods was, one may say, the primum mobile of Our first aspiration to overthrow the Old Law.

6. By all manner of means shall all strive constantly to increase the power and freedom of the Headquarters of the O.T.O.; for thereby will come efficiency in the promulgation of the Law. Specific instructions for the extension of the O.T.O. are given in another epistle.

Constant practice of these recommendations will develop skill in him or her that practiseth, so that new ideas and plans will be evolved continually.

Furthermore, it is right that each and every one bind himself with an Oath Magical that he may thus make Freedom perfect, even by a bond, as in *Liber III* it is duly written. Amen.

Now, son, note, pray thee, in what house We write these words. For it is a little cottage of red and green, by the western side of a great lake, and it is hidden in the woods. Man, therefore, is at odds with Wood and Water; and being a magician bethinketh Himself to take one of these enemies, Wood, which is both the effect and cause of that excess of Water, and compel it to fight for Him against the other. What then maketh He? Why, He taketh unto himself Iron of Mars, an Axe and a Saw and a Wedge and a Knife, and He divideth Wood therewith against himself, hewing him into many small pieces, so that he hath no longer any strength against His will. Good; then taketh He the Fire of our Father the Sun, and setteth it directly in battle array against that Water by His army of Wood that he hath conquered and drilled, building it up into a phalanx like unto a Cone, that is the noblest of all solid figures, being the Image of the Holy Phallus itself, and combined in himself the Right Line and the Circle. Thus, son, dealeth He; and the Fire kindleth the Wood, and the heat thereof driveth the Water afar off. Yet this Water is a cunning adversary, and He strengthened Wood against Fire by impregnating him with much of his own substance, as it were by spies in the citadel of an ally that is not wholly trusted. Now then therefore what must the Magician do? He must first expel utterly Water from Wood by an invocation of the Fire of the Sun our Father. That is to say, without the inspiration of the Most High and Holy One even We ourselves could do nothing at all. Then, son, beginneth the Magician to set His Fire to the little dry Wood, and that enkindleth the Wood of middle size, and when that blazeth brightly, at the last the great logs, though they be utterly green, are nevertheless enkindled.

Now, son, hearken unto this Our reproof, and lend the ear of thine understanding unto the parable of this Magick.

We have for the whole Beginning of Our Work, praise be eternally unto His Holy Name, the Fire of our Father the Sun. The inspiration is ours, and ours is the Law of Thelema that shall set the world ablaze. And We have many small dry sticks, that kindle quickly and burn through quickly, leaving the larger Wood unlit. And the great logs, the masses of humanity, are always with us. But our edged need is of those middle fagots that on the one hand are readily kindled by the small Wood, and on the other endure until the great logs blaze.

(Behold how sad a thing it is, quoth the Ape of Thoth, for one to be so holy that he cannot chop a tree and cook his food without preparing on it a long and tedious Morality!)

Let this epistle be copied and circulated among all those that have accepted the Law of Thelema.

Receive now Our paternal benediction: the Benediction of the All-Begetter be upon thee.

Love is the law, love under will.

⊙HPION 9°=2[□] A::A::

Given under Our hand and seal this day of An. XII,
the Sun our Father being in 12° 4' 2" of the sign
Leo, and the Moon in 25° 39' 11" of the sign Libra,
from the House of the Juggler, that is by Lake
Pasquaney in the State of New Hampshire.



LIBER
CCCXXV

THE
BARTZABEL
WORKING

SUB FIGVRÂ
CCCXXV





A.:.A.: Publication in Class C

LIBER CCCXXV
The Bartzabel Working

*An Evocation of Bartzabel
the Spirit of Mars*

THE FORMULÆ OF THE MAGICK OF LIGHT,
let them be puissant in the
EVOCATION
of the
SPIRIT

ברצבאל

PROLOGUE

The Ceremony consists of Five Parts:

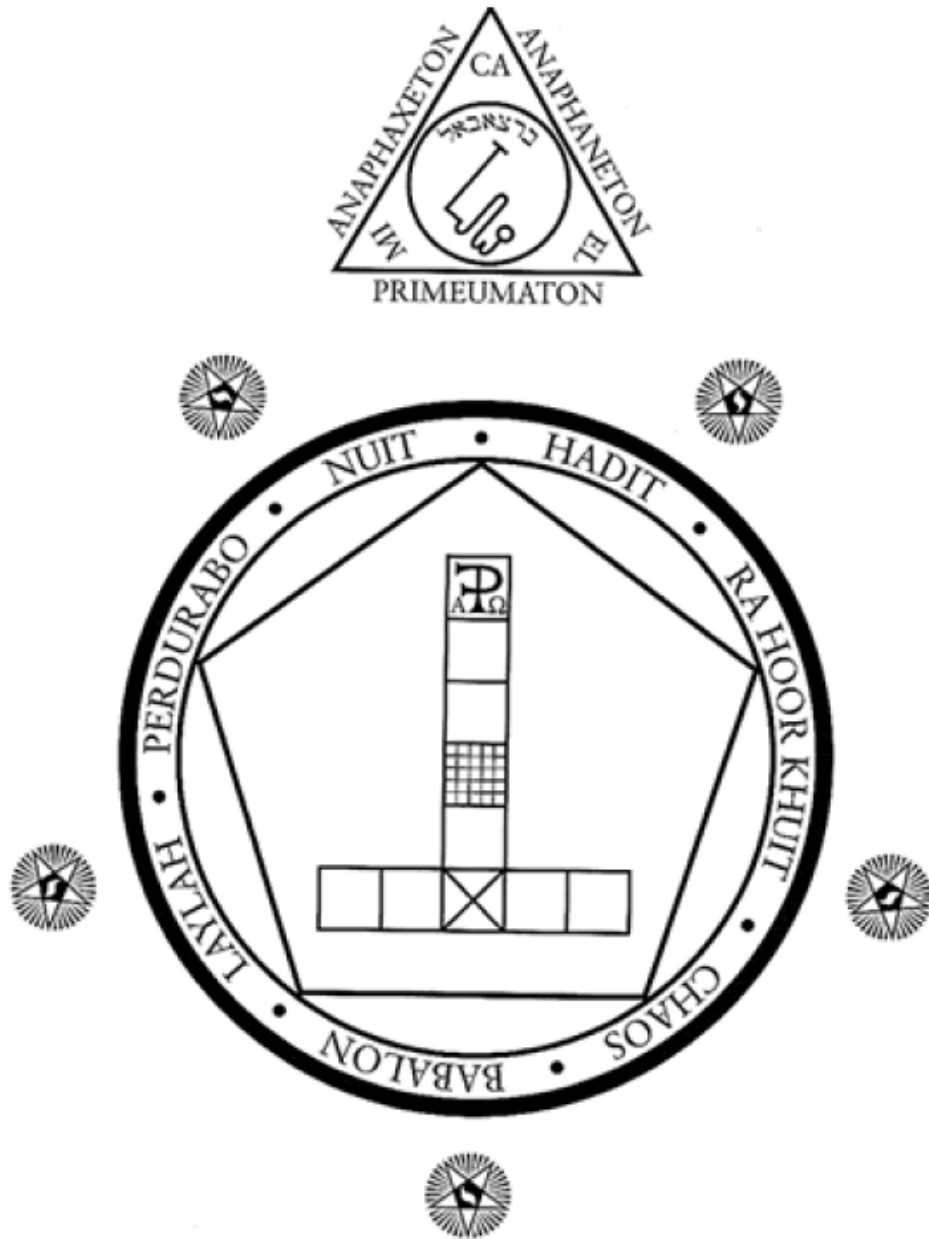
1. The Banishings and Consecrations.
2. The Special Preparation of the Material Basis.
3. The Particular Invocations of the Forces of Mars.
4. The Dealings with Bartzabel, that mighty Spirit.
5. The Closing.

*Gloria Deo Altissimo
Ra Hoor Khuit
in nomine Abrahadabra et in hoc signo*



The Circle has an inscribed Pentagon, and a Tau within that. Without are 5 pentagrams with 5 ruby lamps. There is an Altar with the Square of Mars and the Seal of Mars. The triangle has the names PRIMEUMATON, ANAPHAXETON, ANAPHENETON AND MI-CA-EL within. Also the Sigil of Bartzabel, and his name. About the Circle is the name

אלהים



*Figure 1. The Circle and Triangle of Art (reconstruction).
The Sigil of Bartzabel appears within the Triangle. The proportions
of the Circle to the Triangle are Solomonic (3:1).*

The Chief Magus wears the robe of a Major Adept, and the Uraeus crown and nemmes. He bears the Lamens of the Hieres and the 1st Talisman of Mars. He bears as weapons the Spear and Sword, also the Bell.



Figure 2. The Lamen of the Chief Magus.

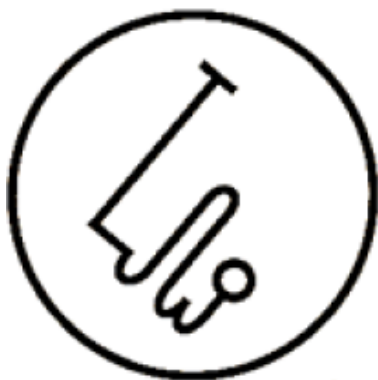


Figure 3. The Lamen of the Material Basis.



Figure 4. The 1st Talisman of Mars.

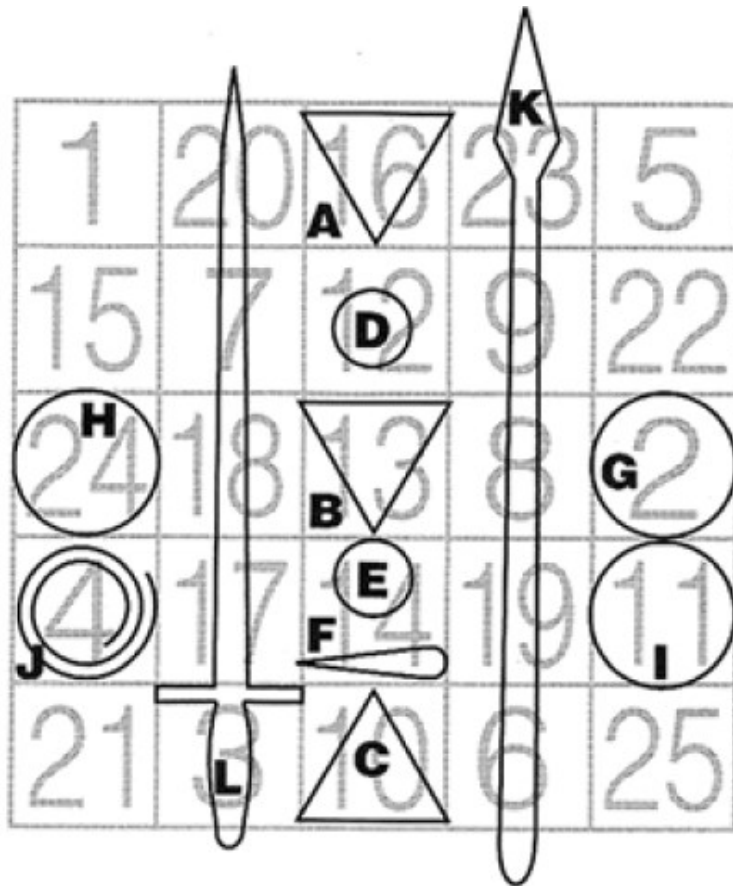


Figure 5. The 3rd Talisman of Mars.



Figure 6. The 5th Talisman of Mars.

The Assistant Magus wears the Robe of a Probationer and a nemmes of white and gold. He attends to the suffumigations of Art. He bears the 3rd Talisman of Mars (from the Key of Solomon), and the consecrated Torch. The Magus Adjuvant is robed as his brother, but wears the 5th Talisman of Mars. He attends to the Lustrations of Art. He bears the Book and Pen.



*Figure 7. The Altar of the Bartzabel Working.
Top view, showing a Kamea of Mars and the disposition of the magical
weapons. On the altar are:*

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| A. The Image of Isis. | H. The Cup. |
| B. The Image of Ra Hoor Khuit. | I. The Lamén. |
| C. The Image of Khem. | J. The Cord. |
| D. The Holy Oil. | K. The Spear. |
| E. The Bell. | L. The Sword. |
| F. The Burin. | M. The Torch [not in diagram]. |
| G. The Censer | |

Upon the Altar is the Image of Ra Hoor Khuit, Isis is the East his Mother, Khem is the West facing him. In the South is the Censer, in the North the Cup.

The Material Basis is masked, and robed in red. On the Altar are also the rope, the burin, the oil, and the Lamén of Mars for the Material Basis.

The Lamps are all alight.

PART I
The Banishings and Consecrations

C.M. At altar, kneeling in humility.

2 M. With sword of C.M.

3 M. In other chamber with M.B.

C.M. ¶

2 M. Performs Banishing Rituals of ☆ and ☆ around whole room, and replaces Sword on Altar.

3M. washes M.B. With pure water, saying:

Asperge eum Domine hyssopo et mundabitur; lavabis eum et super nivem dealbabitur.

She masks him with the mask and robe of Mars, saying:

[3M.] By the figurative mystery of these holy vestures of concealment, doth the Lord cloak thee in the Shroud of Mystery in the strength of the Most High ANCOR AMACOR AMIDES THEODONIAS ANITOR that our desired end may be effected through thy strength, Adonai, unto whom be the Glory in *Sæcula sæculorum* AMEN.

She leads him to his place in the Triangle.

*The Chief Magus now rises from his knees, and takes
the Spear from the Altar.*

3M. goes to station.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Æon!

Be this consecrated Spear

A thing of cheer, a thing of fear!

Cheer to me who wield it!

My heart, its vigour shield it!

Fear to them who face it

Their force, let fear disgrace it!

Be a ray from the Most High,

A glance of His unsleeping eye!

Arm me, arm me, in the fray

That shall be fought this dreadful day!

He hands Spear to 2nd Magus to hold.

The Chief Magus takes the Sword.

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Æon!

Be this consecrated Sword

Not abhorred before the Lord!

A guard of Steel, a tongue of flame
Writing in adamant His Name!
Puissant against the Hosts of Evil!
A mighty fence against the Devil!
A snake of lightning to destroy
Them that work Mischief and Annoy!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

*He hands Sword to 3rd Magus to hold.
The Chief Magus raises his hands above the Altar.*

C.M. Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Æon!
Be this consecrated Altar
A sign of sure stability!
Will and Courage never falter,
Thought dissolve in Deity!
Let thy smile divinely curving,
Isis, bless our dark device!
Holy Hawk, our deed unswerving
Be thy favoured sacrifice!
Holy Khem, our vigour nerving,
We have paid the priestly price.
Hail, Ra Hoor, thy ray forth-rolling
Consecrate the instruments,
Thine Almighty power controlling
To the Event the day's events!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

*C. Takes Spear from 2nd M. and gives him the Censer and Torch;
Sword from 3rd M. and gives him the Cup, Book and Pen.*

PART II
The Special Preparation of the Material Basis

C. Goes to apex of triangle. The others support him at the base. He takes the cord from the altar.

C.M. Frater [Omnia Vincam]! As thou art blindfolded save for that light and sight which I can give thee, so do I now bind thee, so that thou mayst be for a space subject to my will and mine alone.

Ties hands and feet. Takes Spear from altar.

And since thou art without the circle in the place of the triangle, with this Spear do I invoke upon thee the protection of Ra Hoor Khuit, so that no force either of Heaven or of Earth, or from under the earth, may act upon thee, save only that force that I shall invoke within thee.

Bahlasti! Ompehda!

So then, I being armed and exalted to the Power of the Most High, place upon thy head this drop of consecrated oil, so that the ray of Godhead may illumine thee. And I place this holy kiss upon thy neck, so that thy mind may be favourable unto us, open to our words, sensible of the power of our conjurations.

And with this burin do I draw from thy breast five drops of blood, so that thy body may be the Temple of Mars.

Wherefore also I command thee to repeat after me:

I submit myself to thee and to this operation; I invoke the Powers of Mars to manifest within me.

*Done. C.M. places about his neck the Lamen of Mars.)
Magi return to circle, face east.*

C.M. Now, Brethren, since we are about to engage in a Work of so great danger, it is fitting that we make unto ourselves a fortress of defence in the name of the Most High, Elohim. Frater Adjuvant Magus, I command thee to purify the place with water.

3rd M. sprinkles thrice around circle walking widdershins.

C.M. Thus, therefore, first the Priest who governeth the works of Fire, must sprinkle with the waters of the loud-resounding sea. Frater Assistant Magus, I command thee to consecrate the place with Fire.

2nd M. censes the circle thrice around, walking widdershins.

C.M. So when all the phantoms are vanished, and through the Universe darts and flashes that holy and formless Fire — Hear Thou the Voice of Fire!

C.M. takes Sword.

The Lord is my fortress and my deliverer; my God in whom I will trust.

I will walk upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the scorpion will I tread under my feet.

Because he hath set his Love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known My Name.

C.M. circumambulates thrice widdershins with sword.

Hail unto Thee, Ra Hoor Khuit, who art the Lord of the Æon!
Be this consecrated Tower
A place of power this fearful hour!
May the Names of God that gird us
Be our sign that he hath heard us!
By the five unsleeping Stars
Ward us from the wrath of Mars!
By the rood of God erect
Be He perfect to protect!
Arm me, arm me, in the fray
That shall be fought this dreadful day!

He now conjures the Dog of Evil.

Arise, Dog of Evil, that I may instruct thee in thy present duties.

In the name of Horus, I say unto thee, Arise.

Thou art imprisoned.

Confess thou that it is so.

I have done this in the name and in the might of Horus.

Except thou set thy face in my defence, thou art blind, and dumb, and paralysed: but thou shalt hear the curses of thy Creator, and thou shalt feel the torments of my avenging wrath.

Therefore be thou obedient unto me, as a guard against them that hate me.

Let thy jaws be terrible as the storm-parted sky.

Let thy face be as a whirlwind of wrath and fury against the enemy.

Arise, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

O thou! whose head is of coal-black fire!

Thou, whose eyes are as columns of smoke and flame!

Thou, from whose nostrils goeth forth the breath of destruction!

Thou whose body is of iron and brass, bound with exceeding strength: girt with the power of awful blind avenging force — under my control, and mine alone!

Thou, whose claws are as shafts of whirling steel to rip the very bowels of my adversaries.

Thee, thee, I summon to mine aid!

In the name of Horus: rise: move: appear:

And aid and guard me in this Work of Art!

Rise, Dog of Evil, to guard the Abyss of Height!

Rise, I say, to guard the Four Quarters: the Abyss of the North; the Abyss of the South; the Abyss of the East; the Abyss of the West.

Rise, I say, to guard the Abyss of the Great Deep.

Horus it is that hath given this commandment.

Be thou terrible against all them that hate me!

Be thou mighty to defend me from the Evil Ones!

At the confines of Matter: at the Threshold of the Invisible: be thou my Watcher and my Guardian! Before the face of the Dwellers of the Abodes of Night!

As a flaming sword turning every way to keep the gates of my Universe: let thy teeth flash forth!

Nothing shall stop thee while thou settest thyself in my defence.

In the name of Horus: Rise, Move, and Appear: Be thou obedient unto me: for I am the Master of the Forces of Matter: the Servant of the Same thy God is my Name: true Worshipper of the Highest.

Much incense is now burnt, and there is a pause.

PART III
The Particular Invocations of the Forces of Mars

C.M. 1 1111

He first performs the Invoking Ritual of Mars. ✨.
The Adepts stand at the points of the Tau.

C.M. Even as of old there came three Magi from the ends of the earth to adore the Fivefold Star, so come we, O Lord, armed for the holy work of an Evocation of Bartzabel the spirit of Mars, that is obedient unto the Intelligence Graphiel, chosen from the Seraphim who follow Kamael the Great Archangel that serveth God under his name of Elohim Gibor, a spark from Thine intolerable light, Ra Hoor Khuit!

Therefore hear Thou the Oath of the Obligation that we assume before Thee.

*The Chief Magus points the Sword downward upon the apex of the
Triangle of R.H.K. and the other Magi place their hands upon the hilt.*

We, Perdurabo, a Neophyte of the A.:A.:, All for Knowledge, a Probationer of A.:A.:, and Αγαθα, a Probationer of A.:A.:, swear unto Thee, O Lord God, by Thine own almighty power, by Thy force and fire, by Thy glittering Hawk's eye and Thy mighty sweeping wings: that we all here in this place and now at this time do utterly devote ourselves, mind, body, and estate, at all times and in all places soever to the establishment of Thy holy Kingdom.

And if we fail herein, may we be burnt and consumed by the Red Eye of Mars!

Magi return to stations.

And this our purpose is fivefold:

Firstly, that the Kingdom of Ra Hoor Khuit may be established in the Æon.

Secondly, that we may succeed in that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak, even before Thee.

Thirdly, that we may have power to help the weak.

Fourthly, that we may be filled with the Courage and Energy of Mars for the Prosecution of the Great Work.

And, lastly, that we may obtain the service of Bartzabel that he may be obedient unto us thy servants, that between him and us there may be peace, and that he may always be ready to come whensoever he is invoked and called forth.

Now because in such a work it is not possible for us to do anything at all of ourselves, we have humble recourse unto Thine Almighty power, beseeching upon our knees Thy favour and Thine aid.

The Magi kneel at three sides of altar, all clasping spears in the proper manner.

I adore Thee in the Song:

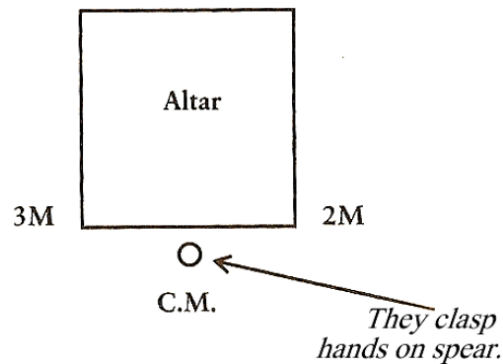


Figure 8. The Three Magi at the Altar

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-f-n-Khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra Hoor Khuit!

Unity uttermost shewed!
I adore the might of Thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God
Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before Thee:
I, I adore Thee!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka!
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it fill me!

All say, repeatedly:

*A Ka dua
Tuf ur biu
Bi a'a chefu
Dudu ner af an nuteru!*

*When the Chief Magus is satisfied with the Descent of the God, let
all rise and let C.M. say:*

So that Thy light is in me; and its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters [...] as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume
Me: I have made a secret door
Into the house of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra, and of Ahathoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-f-n-Khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuith!
Bid me within thine House to dwell,
O winged snake of light, Hadith!
Abide with me, Ra Hoor Khuit!

Magus faces Δ , and others support him.

Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Send forth a spark of thine illimitable light and force, we beseech Thee, that it may appear in the Heaven of Mars as the God Elohim Gibor.

O winged glory of gold! O plumes of justice and stern brows of majesty! O warrior armed with spear and shield! O virgin strength and splendour as of spring! That ridest in thy Chariot of Iron above the Storm upon the Sea! Who shootest forth the Arrows of the Moon! Who wieldest the Four Magick Weapons! Who art the Master of the Pentagram and of the blazing fury of the Sun!

Come unto me, thou great God Elohim Gibor, and send thy Angel Kamael, even Kamael the mighty, the Leader of thine Armies the fiery Serpents, the Seraphim, that he may answer my behests.

O purple flame that is like unto the whirling wheel of Life! O strong shoulders and virginal breasts and dancing limbs!

Kamael! Kamael! Kamael! Kamael!

I see thee before me, O thou great Archangel! Art thou not the Leader of the armies of the Lord? Of the grey snakes upon whose heads are triple crowns of spiritual light, and whose tongues are triply forked with judgment? Whose bodies are like the Sun in his strength, whose scales are of the adamant of Vulcan, who are slim and splendid and virginal as they rush flaming over the lashed sea?

Come unto me, Kamael, thou archangel almighty, and send to me Graphiel that great intelligence of thine, that he may answer my behest.

O moon, that sailest on the shoulders of the Sun! Whose warrior body is like white-hot steel!
Whose virgin limbs and golden wings move like ripe corn at the caress of the thunderstorm!

O thou that wieldest the Sword and Balances of Power!

Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel! Graphiel!

Come unto me, thou bright intelligence of Mars, and answer my behest. In the name of Kamael thy Lord, I say: Compel the spirit Bartzabel that is under thy dominion to manifest within this triangle of Art, within the Ruach of the material basis that is consecrated to this work, within this pure and beautiful human form that is prepared for his habitation.

And now I see thee, O thou dull deceitful head, that I shall fill with wit and truth; thou proud heart that I shall humble and make pure; thou cold body that I shall fashion into a living flame of amethyst. Thou sexless being of whom I shall make the perfect child of Hermes and Aphrodite that is God; thou dull ox that I shall turn into the Bull of Earth; thou house of idleness wherein I shall set up the Throne of Justice.

Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel! Bartzabel!

Come forth, and manifest beyond the bars!

Forth from the palace of seraphic stars!

Come, O thou Bartzabel, the sprite of Mars!

Come: I unbind thee from the chains of Hell,

Come: I enclose thee in the invisible

To be my slave, thou spirit Bartzabel!

By the spear, the sword, the spell,

Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By the word that openeth Hell!

Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By the power o' th' panther's pell,

Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By the circling citadel,

Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By this mind of miracle

Come unto me, Bartzabel!

By Ra Hoor Khuit, by Elohim Gibor,

By Kamael and the Seraphim; by Hoor,

Khem, and Mentu, and all the Gods of War,

Ares and Mars and Hachiman and Thor,

And by thy master, Graphiel,

Come unto me, Bartzabel!

*And if he come not, let the Chief Magus and his assistants
humble themselves mightily, and repeat these holy
invocations, even unto thrice.*

*And if still he be obdurate and disobedient unto the Words of Power,
the Chief Magus shall assume the dignity of Khem, and conjure him
and curse him as his own ingenium shall direct. Yet, if the rites have
been duly performed, he will assuredly have manifested before this.*

And these will probably be the tokens of the manifestation:

*A ruddy light will play about the form of the Material Basis; or even
a dark lustre beetle-brown or black. And the Face thereof will be
suffused with blood, and the Heart beat violently, and its words will
be swift and thick and violent. The voice thereof must be entirely
changed; it may grow deep and hoarse, or at least strained and jerky,
and it may be that it will suffer the torment of burning.*

*On the appearance of the Spirit much incense is
thrown upon the Censer.*

PART IV
The Dealings with Bartzabel,
that Mighty Spirit

THE CHARGE

C.M. Hail, Bartzabel, and welcome, thou mighty spirit of Madim! Welcome unto us art thou who comest in the name of Graphiel and of Kamael and of Elohim Gibor, and of Ra Hoor Khuit the Lord of the Æon.

I charge thee to answer and obey.

1. How shall the Kingdom of the Æon be established?
2. Will success attend that particular design of which it is not lawful to speak?
3. We shall obtain power to aid the weak; in what manner? Give us a sign.
4. Give us a sign of the Courage and Energy of Mars that floweth and shall ever flow through us by virtue of this ceremony.
5. Lastly, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, lay thine hands upon this sword, whose point I then place upon thine head, and swear faith and obedience unto me by Ra Hoor Khuit, the Lord of the Æon, saying after me:

I, Bartzabel, the Spirit of Mars, do swear by the glory of Him that is Lord of the Æon, and by the Might of Elohim Gibor, and by the Fear of Kamael and the Hosts of Fiery Serpents, and by Graphiel whose hand is heavy upon me - before which names I tremble every day - that I will punctually fulfil this present charge, not perverting the sense thereof, but obedient to the inmost thought of the Chief Magus; that I will be ever the willing servant of thee and thy companions, a spirit of Truth in Force and Fire; that in departing I will do no hurt to any person or thing, and in particular that the Material Basis shall not suffer through this ceremony, but shall be purified and fortified thereby; that I will be at peace with thee and seek never to injure thee, but to defend thee against all thine enemies, and to work eternally for thy welfare; finally, that I will be ready to come unto thee to serve thee whensoever I am invoked and called forth, whether by a word, or a will, or by this great and potent conjuration of Magick Art. A M E N.

THE RECORD OF THE WORKING

In response to the first question, «How shall the Kingdom of the Æon be established?»

- B. I may not speak this thing save thou give sign of 3rd Vault. I'll tell thee the sign that was given thee secretly in the 3rd Vault.
- C.M. What hast thou to do with the 3rd Vault?
- B. I've given you the sign. The Æon shall be reestablished when the slain child is placed on the Altar of Ra Hoor Khuit.
- C.M. Say more regarding this child. Is it that child that was carried to death by Ouarda?
- B. Nay.
- C.M. (*Repeated.*)
- B. He shall spring from the 3rd lotus of the 7th star ☆.
- C.M. Speak. Hast thou not suffered torments from Graphiel? Speak plain.
- B. I don't want to be imprisoned in this form. What dost thou want?

The Question was not recorded at the time, but a later note in Crowley's hand gives? time of sacrifice, probably the second question Will success attend that particular design of which it is not lawul to speak?

- B. 4th month of 3rd year of Æon — thou shalt not be there.
- C.M. This hour is past. Do not lie ... (*etc.*)
- B. Why should I tell thee, who art thou?
- C.M. I am ... (*etc.*) Speak again regarding sacrifice to Ra Hoor Khuit.
- B. I know not.
- C.M. The slain child.
- B. I have lied.
- C.M. Tell truth.
- B. Can't.
- C.M. I charge thee.
- B. Ask again.
- C.M. Who is the child?
- B. Ask again.
- C.M. (*Repeats question.*)
- B. He shall be the child of ☽ and Saturn. He shall bear on his forehead sevenfold ☆ of midnight. He shall be slain as was spoken in that place which was known only to thee and one other.

- C.M. Vivit?
- B. Vivit.
- C.M. Quo?
- B. He dwells in that place-I have no words.
- C.M. Speak in figures, etc. Qabalah, etc.
- B. He shall be sought near a stream of water running between two mountains. The child is yet unborn. He shall be the child of those who have sought love in the valley of the ☆s, sojourned in a cave, and been on summit of Abiegnus.
- C.M. Then this sacrifice is to come?
- B. Yes.
- C.M. What is his number?
- B. 43
- C.M. Thou liest.
- B. 77-91
- C.M. And the great number?
- B. Won't tell.
- C.M. (*Commands him to speak.*)
- B. May not speak.
- C.M. (*Threatens.*)
- B. Ask me not that.
- C.M. (*Repeats.*)
- B. 8.
- C.M. And when shall the sacrifice be accomplished? Thou dost lie saying soon.
- B. It shall be thrice accomplished.
- C.M. When will the second time be?
- B. 2nd year, 3rd month, 22nd day, 9th hour.
- C.M. And the third sacrifice?
- B. 130th year, 6th D, 2nd day, 4th hour, 8th hour, and 12th hour—these things will be fulfilled. Let me go.

CM threatens and cautions B. to speak truth.

- C.M. Will the particular design succeed, etc.?
- B. Yes
- C.M. How knowest thou that our thoughts coincide?
- B. By the symbols I see.
- C.M. What are they?

- B. Rose and Cross (Row).
- C.M. Give me the particular symbols.
- B. Silver snake, waning moon and 12 triumphant and three submerged in sea of matter. 7
★s on the horizon for a sign.
- C.M. Will the heart perish?
- B. Yes.
- C.M. And by that which is sworn to destroy it?
- B. Yes-that and something else.
- C.M. What else?
- B. A black curse.

Third question. Re: helping the weak.

- B. Thou shalt take those who are fitted h̄ and they shall aid the weak.
- C.M. What sign shall be given unto us?
- B. A sword and a ring. Ring = silver snake with ruby eyes around an opal.
- C.M. Thou liest regarding snake because silver snake is subject of my thoughts. Regarding sign of sword, explain.
- B. A sword of destruction and sacrifice.
- C.M. How dies that aid the weak?
- B. By slaying them.
- C.M. When shall sign of sword be given?
- B. 17 days, 303 days, and then 560th day from now.
- C.M. When shall sign of ring be given?
- B. After 3 Ds.

Fourth Question.

- B. A black Tau inverted (head down). May I depart?
- C.M. Nay.
- A.K.F. [Frater All For Knowledge — Commander Marston] Shall nations of Earth rise up against one another?
- B. When?
- A.K.F. Soon.
- C.M. Yes.
- B. When?
- C.M. Within 5 years. Turkey or Germany.

THE BENECTION

[C.M.] Let Ra Hoor Khuit bless thee!
Let His light shine perpetually in thy darkness!
Let His force eternally brace up thy weakness!
Let His blessing be upon thee for ever and for ever!
Yea, verily and Amen, let His blessing be upon thee for ever and ever!

THE LICENSE TO DEPART

Now, O thou Spirit Bartzabel, since thou didst come at my behest and swear faith and fealty unto me by the Lord of the Æon, I license thee to depart in peace with the blessing of the Lord until such time as I have need of thee.

PART V *The Closing*

Let the Chief Magus perform the Banishing Ritual of Mars, give great Thanks unto the Lord of the Æon, and perform the Lesser Rituals of the Pentagram and Hexagram.

SUMMARY
by Frater Perdurabo

1. [*deleted line*] . . . Bartzabel, not having learnt that One is better than Two.

2. The «slain child.»

There are three. One—date read from my aura by Bartzabel—past. The 3rd Lotus of the 7th Star, Child of \mathfrak{D} and \mathfrak{h} seems to refer to a matter known only to myself and one other.

But is that place the place of the C[ity] of the P[yr]amid[s]? That too is only known to me and one other and suits description.

The numbers 44—77—91—8 are obscure. Time 2 years 3 months 22 days 9 hours from now, i.e., about end July 1912.

The third sacrifice is distant and matters nothing to us now.

The «particular design» may be identical with this 2nd sacrifice; for the 7 stars are on (or near) the horizon in that secret place.

The black curse—

The sign of the—Sword 17 days, i.e., May 25, and dates in 1911.

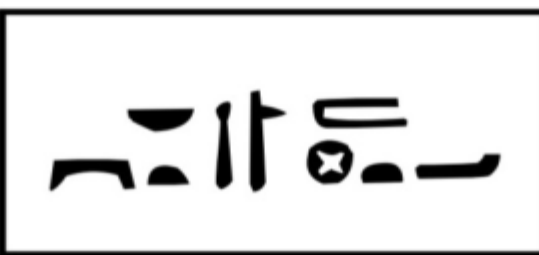
The sign of the Ring—before 3 weeks, i.e., Sunday, May 29.



LIBER
CCCXXXIII

THE
BOOK
OF
LIES

SUB FIGVRÂ
CCCXXXIII





A.:A.: Publication in Class C

LIBER CCCXXXIII

THE BOOK OF LIES

WHICH IS ALSO FALSELY
CALLED

BREAKS

THE WANDERINGS OR FALSIFICATIONS
OF THE ONE THOUGHT

OF

FRATER PERDURABO

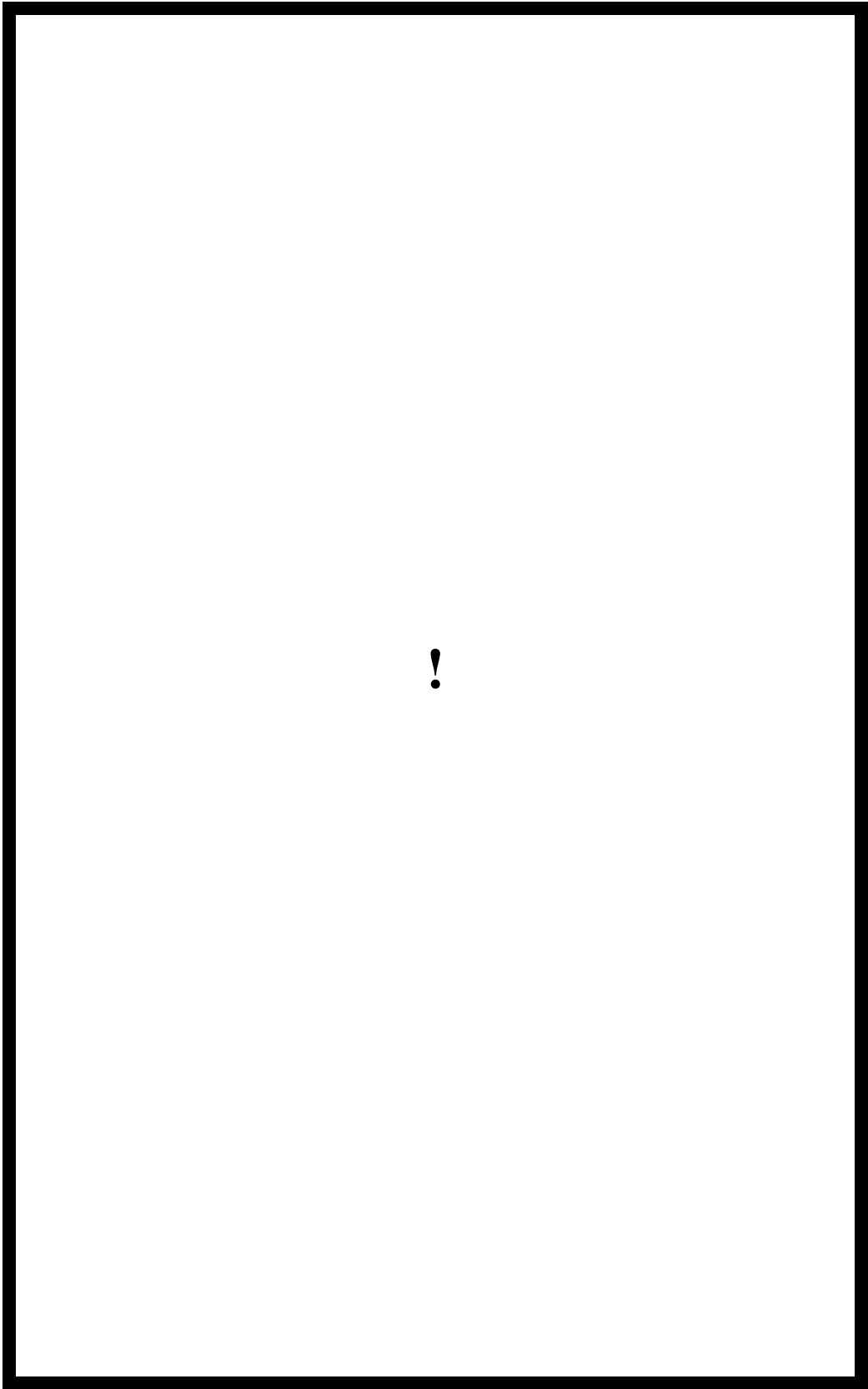
WHICH THOUGHT IS ITSELF
UNTRUE

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



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

?



!

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Η ΟΥΚ ΕΣΤΙ ΚΕΦΑΛΗ

O!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.

¹ Silence. Nuit, O ; Hadit, • ; Ra-Hoor-Khuit, I.

² The Unbroken, absorbing all, is called Darkness.

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.¹

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.

¹ Fourteen letters. Quid Voles Illud Fac. Q.V.I.F. 196=14².

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Γ

THE OYSTER

The Brothers of A.: A.: are one with the Mother of the Child.¹

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.

¹ They cause all men to worship it.

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 harmonised, 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.

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ Ζ

THE DINOSAURS

None are They whose number is Six:¹ else
were they six indeed.

Seven² are these Six that live not in the City
of the Pyramids, under the Night of Pan.

There was Lao-tzu.

There was Siddartha.

There was Krishna.

There was Tahuti.

There was Mosheh.

There was Dionysus.³

There was Mahmud.

But the Seventh men called PERDURABO;
for enduring unto The End, at The End was
Naught to endure.⁴

Amen.

¹ Masters of the Temple, whose grade has the mystic number 6 (=1+2+3).

² These are not eight, as apparent; for Lao-tzu counts as O.

³ 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.

⁴ O, the last letter of Perdurabo, is Naught.

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
Interjeciton 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;¹ in letters they are Joy.²

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.

¹ 1001=11 Σ(1-13). The Petals of the Sahasracakra.

² JOY=101, the Egg of Spirit in equilibrium between the Pillars of the Temple.

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 not Thou upon That Path: thou
hast become The Way.