

OS K2

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OS K2

K 2(a)

Book 4

Pt IV

being The Equinox

Vol III

IV° B

K 2(a)

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Pt IV

being The Equinox

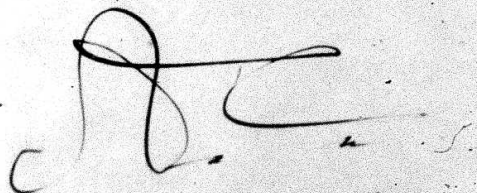
Vol III

No 3

PRINTER ATTENTION

This typescript is delivered to the printer on the strictest understanding that it will be read through by a responsible director, and his nihil obstat written to me before any contract is to be considered as valid.

I am not going to have any "printer's objections" at the last moment.

A stylized handwritten signature, possibly reading "R. C. S.", written in dark ink.

cat No B.3. K 2(a)

Typescript of the Equinox of the Gods
as sent by A.C. to the printer.

—
This is the introductory volume to the
main commentary on the Book of the Law (K2,3,4).
It was used by A.C. as the printer's copy
typescript for The Equinox of the Gods
—

This is the introductory volume to the
main commentary on the Book of the Law (K2.3.4)
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alt No B. 3 . K 2(a)

Typescript of the Equinox of the Gods
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alt No 3.3 K 2(a)
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—

1905

March

35

3(2)

Note to printer

Insert text of AL
(from Exx I 10 p/p 11-33)

where it says in red-bound MSS.

434

111

10

Reprint from
Exhibition Vol I
p. 11-33

79

Reverse
sub c
foot

LIBER L vel LEGIS

sub figura CCXX

as delivered by LXXVIII to DCLXVI

and it is the First and Greatest of those Class A publica-
tions of A.A.A., of which is not to be altered so much as
the style of a letter.

Pylon
frame

~~Here follows photograph of AL~~

LIBER AL vel LEGIS

sub Lyra CCXX

as delivered by

XCIII = 418

to

DCLXVI.

Reverse
sub
foot

This was the original title devised by Hbb
to appear in the 1909 publication. The "Key
of it all" and the true spelling of Aionus had
not then been discovered. //

the style of a letter.

~~Here follows photograph of AL~~

LIBER AL vel LEGIS

sub Lyra CCXX

as delivered by

XCIII = 418

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DELXVI.

Reverse
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This was the original title devised by Vbb
to appear in the 1909 publication. The "Key
of it all" and the true spelling of Aionus had
not then been discovered. //

Reprint from
Enclosed Vol I
p 11-33

Reverse
and at
foot

LIBER L vel LEGIS
sub figura CCXX
as delivered by LXXVIII to DCLXVI

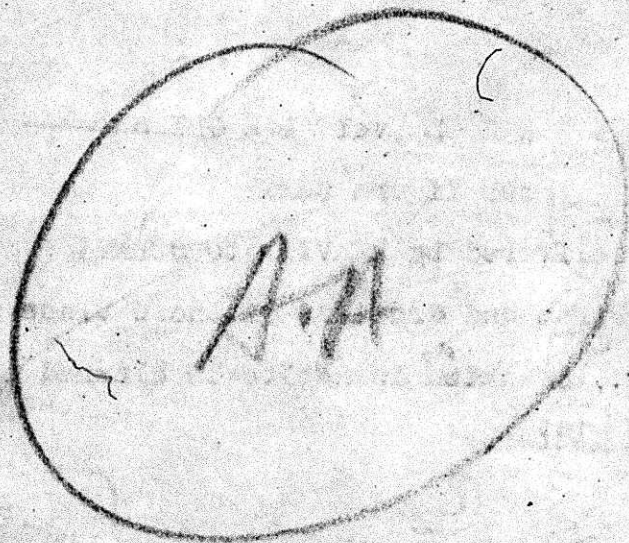
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MARSYAS I bear a message. Heaven hath sent
(The Beast 666) The knowledge of a new sweet way
Into the Secret Element.

OLYMPAS Master, while yet the glory clings
(Amy Aspinwall) Declare this mystery magical !

MARSYAS I am yet borne on these blue wings
Into the Essence of the All.
Now, now I stand on earth again,
Though, blazing through 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 ! 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 huge 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

Am 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. T

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 uplift
The Banner of Silence and of Strength---
Hail ! Hail ! thou art here, my Lord, at length !
Lo, the Hawk-Headed Lord am I :
My nemyes 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

OLYMPAS These secrets are too high for me.

MARSYAS 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 me 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 aethyr 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;

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In my left hand; and naught remains !
No ! for the splendour in my name
Hidden and glorious, a flame
Secretly shooting from the sun.
Aum ! q/ Ha !—my destiny is done.
The Word is spoken and concealed.

OLYMPAS I am stunned. q/ What wonder was revealed?

MARSYAS The rite is secret.

OLYMPAS Profits it.?

MARSYAS Only to wisdom and to wit.

OLYMPAS The other did no less.

MARSYAS Then prove
Both by the master-key of Love.
The lock turns stiffly q/ 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 All ridges join at last.

MARSYAS Admitted,
O thou astute and subtle-witted !
Yet one---loose, jagged, clad in mist !
Another---firm, smooth, loved and kissed
By the soft sun ! q/ Our order hath
This secret of the solar path,
Even as our Lord the Beast hath won
The mystic Number of the Sun.

//

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 faery 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 !

CHAPTER I.

THE BOYHOOD OF ALEISTER CROWLEY.

At 36 Clarendon Square, Leamington, Warwickshire, England, at 10.50 p.m. on the twelfth day of October, in the Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Year of the vulgar era, was born the person whose history is to be recounted.

His father was named Edward Crowley; his mother, Emily Bertha, her maiden name being Bishop. Edward Crowley was an Exclusive Plymouth Brother, the most considered leader in that sect. This branch of the family of Crowley has been settled in England since Tudor times, but is Celtic in origin, Crowley being a clan in Kerry and other counties in the South-West of Ireland, of the same stock as the Breton 'de Quereuille' or 'de Kerval' which gave a Duchess of Portsmouth to England.

In 1881 he went to live at The Grange, Redhill, Surrey. In 1884 the boy, who had till then been educated by governesses and tutors, was sent to school at St. Leonards, kept by some extreme Evangelicals named Habershon. A year later he was transferred to a school at Cambridge kept by

It is supposed that the English branch - the direct ancestry of Edward Alexander Crowley - came to England with the Duke of Richmond, and took root at Bosworth.

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over gaps

EDITORIAL NOTE.

~~SECRET~~

Book of the Law,

In the volume which forms the whole of this ~~part~~ ^{6/100 4/156} Number, we find (in the 3rd chapter and the 30th verse) an instruction to issue a book to say how this Revelation was obtained, with certain details with regard to the style in which it is to be done.

W. H. C.?

It has hitherto been impossible to comply with this injunction, although an attempt was made in "The Temple of Solomon the King". We now proceed to do so: the subject divides itself into Eight Chapters.

a Plymouth Brother of the name of Champney. (The dates in this paragraph are possibly inaccurate. Documentary evidence is at the present moment unavailable. Ed.)

On March 5, 1887, Edward Crowley died. Two years later the boy was removed from the school. Those two years were years of unheard-of torture. He has written details in the Preface to "The World's Tragedy". This torture seriously undermined his health. For two years he travelled, mostly in Wales and Scotland, with tutors. In 1890 he went for a short time to a school at Streatham, kept by a man named Yarrow, his mother having moved there in order to be near her brother, an extremely narrow Evangelical named Tom Bond Bishop. This prepared him for Malvern, which he entered at the summer term of 1891. He only remained there a year, as his health was still very delicate. In the autumn he entered for a term at Tonbridge, but fell seriously ill, and had to be removed. The year 1893 was spent with tutors, principally in Wales, the north of Scotland, and Eastbourne. In 1895 he completed his studies in chemistry at King's College, London, and in October of that year entered Trinity College, Cambridge.

With this ends the first period of his life. It is only necessary to state briefly that his brain developed

early. At four years old he could read the Bible aloud, showing a marked predilection for the lists of long names, the only part of the Bible which has not been tampered with by theologians.¹ He could also play chess well enough to beat the average amateur, and though constantly playing never lost a game till 1895.² He was taught by a tailor who had been summoned to make clothes for his father, and was treated as a guest on account of his being a fellow "Plymouth Brother". He beat his teacher uniformly after the first game. He must have been six or seven years old at this time.

He began to write poetry in 1836, if not earlier. Vide "Oracles".

After the death of his father, who was a man of strong common sense, and never allowed his religion to interfere with natural affection, he was in the hands of people of an entirely contrary disposition. His mental attitude was soon concentrated in hatred of the religion which they taught, and his will concentrated in revolt against its oppressions. His main method of relief was

1. This curious trait may perhaps be evidence of his poetical feeling, his passion for the bizarre and mysterious, or even of his aptitude for the Hebrew Qabalah. It may also be interpreted as a clue to his magical ancestry.

2. The first man to beat him was H.E. Atkins, British Chess Champion (Amateur) for many years.

mountaineering, which left him alone with nature, away from the tyrants.

The years from March, 1887, until entering Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1895, ~~consequently~~ represented a continual struggle towards freedom. At Cambridge he felt himself to be his own master, refused to attend ~~any~~ Chapel, Lectures or Hall, and was wisely left alone to work out his own salvation by his tutor, the late Dr. A.W.Verrall.

It must be stated that he possessed natural intellectual ability to an altogether extraordinary degree. He had the faculty of memory, especially verbal memory, in astonishing perfection.

As a boy he could find almost any verse in the Bible after a few minutes search. In 1900 he was tested in *the Works* of Shakespeare, Shelley, Swinburne (1st series of Poems and Ballads), Browning and The Moonstone. He was able to place exactly any phrase from any of these ~~authors~~ ^{books}, and in nearly every case to continue with the passage.

He showed remarkable facility in acquiring the elements of Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics and Science.

He learnt "little Roscoe" almost by heart, on his own initiative. When in the Lower Fifth at Malvern, he came out sixth in the school in the annual Shakespeare examination, though he had given only two days to preparing for it. Once, when the Mathematical Master, wishing to devote the hour to cramming advanced pupils, told the class to work out a set of examples of Quadratic Equations, he retorted by asking at the end of forty minutes what he should do next, and handed up the whole series of 63 equations, correct.

He passed all his examinations both at school and university with honours, though refusing uniformly to work for them.

On the other hand, he could not be persuaded or constrained to apply himself to any subject which did not appeal to him. He showed intense repugnance to history, geography, and botany, among others. He could never learn to write Greek and Latin verses, this probably because the rules of scansion seemed arbitrary and formal.

Again, it was impossible to him to take interest in anything from the moment that he had grasped the principles of "how it was, or might be, done". This trait prevented him from putting the finishing touches to anything

he attempted.

For instance, he refused to present himself for the second part of his final examination for his B.A. degree, simply because he knew himself thoroughly master of the subject!

This characteristic extended to his physical pleasures. He was abjectly incompetent at easy practice climbing on boulders, because he knew he could do them. It seemed incredible to the other men that this lazy duffer should be the most daring and dexterous cragsman of his generation, as he proved himself whenever he tackled a precipice which had baffled every other climber in the world. Similarly, once he had worked out theoretically a method of climbing a mountain, he was quite content to tell the secret to others, and let them appropriate the glory. (The first ascent of the Dent du Géant from the Montanvers is a case in point.) It mattered everything to him that something should be done, nothing that he should be the one to do it.

This almost inhuman unselfishness was not incompatible with consuming and insatiable personal ambition. The key to the puzzle is probably this; he wanted to be something that nobody else had ever been, or could be.

Swinhoe similarly refused to be examined in Classics at Oxford on the ground that he knew more than the examiners.

2. Mr. Chess also he has beaten many International Masters, and ranked in the Catlist as a Minor Master himself. But he cannot be relied upon to win against a second-rate player in a Chess Match.

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11
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This characteristic extends to all his actions. He was abjectly incompetent on boulders, because he knew seemed incredible to the other should be the most daring and daring Generation, as he proved himself precipice which had baffled every world. Similarly, once he had method of climbing a mountain, tell the secret to others, and glory. (The first ascent of the Montanvers is a case in point.) to him that something should be should be the one to do it.

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2. 1/2 Chess also he has beaten many International Masters, and ranked on the Continent as a Minor Master himself. But he cannot be relied upon to win against a second-rate player in a Club Match.

He lost interest in chess as soon as he had proved to himself (at the age of 22) that he was a master of the game, having beaten some of the strongest amateurs in England, and even one or two professional "masters". He turned from poetry to painting, more or less, when he had made it quite certain that he was the greatest poet of his time. Even in Magick, having become The Word of the Aeon, and thus taken his place with the other ^{Seven} ~~Six~~ Magi known to history, out of reach of all possible competition, he began to neglect the subject. He is only able to devote himself to it as he does because he has eliminated all personal ideas from his Work; it has become as automatic as respiration.

We must also put on record his extraordinary powers in certain unusual spheres. He can remember the minutest details of a rock-climb, after years of absence. He can retrace his steps over any path once traversed, in the wildest weather or the blackest night. He can divine the one possible passage through the most complex and dangerous ice-fall. (E.g. the Vuibez séracs in 1897, the Marie Glace, right centre, in 1899.)

He possesses a "sense of Direction" independent of any known physical methods of taking one's bearings; and

this is as effective in strange cities as on mountains or deserts. He can smell the presence of water, of snow, and other supposedly scentless substances. His endurance is exceptional. He has been known to write for 67 consecutive hours: his "Tannhäuser" was thus written in 1900. He has walked over 100 miles in 21 days, in the desert: as in the winter of 1910. He has frequently made expeditions lasting over 36 hours, on mountains, in the most adverse conditions. He holds the World's record for the greatest number of days spent on a glacier - 65 days on the Baltoro in 1902; also that for the greatest pace uphill over 16,000 feet - 4,000 feet in 1 hour 23 minutes on Istaccihuatl in 1900; that for the highest peak (first ascent by a solitary climber) - the Nevado de Toluca in 1901; and numerous others.

Yet he is utterly fagged-out by the mere idea of a walk of a few hundred yards, if it does not interest him, and excite his imagination, to take it; and it is only with the greatest effort that he can summon the energy to write a few lines if, instead of his wanting to do them, he merely knows that they must be done.

This account has been deemed necessary to explain how it is that a man of such unimaginably commanding qualities //

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This account has been deemed necessary to explain how it is that a man of such unimaginably commanding qualities //

1. Written in 1920 C.V. : these records may no longer stand //

as to have made him world-famous in so many diverse spheres of action, should have been so grotesquely unable to make use of his faculties, or even of his achievements, in any of the ordinary channels of human activity to consolidate his personal preeminence, or even to secure his position from a social or economic standpoint.