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VOLUME II

THE BEST OF THE EQUINOX

# DRAMATIC RITUAL

ALEISTER CROWLEY  
LON MILO DUQUETTE



*The Guardian of the Flame.*



**THE BEST OF THE EQUINOX**

# DRAMATIC RITUAL

VOLUME II

**ALEISTER CROWLEY**

Introduction by Lon Milo DuQuette



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*Editor's Note:* The text for this volume is taken largely from the original *Equinox* materials, which were never published in one volume with consecutive page numbers. We have added our own consecutive page numbers and titles that correspond with the Table of Contents for this volume. Although not technically from *The Equinox*, Crowley's essay *Of Dramatic Rituals* makes a nice addition to this volume. The essay "Concerning 'Blasphemy'" was graciously supplied by the O.T.O., having been originally published in *The Bystander* during Crowley's staging of the Rites of Eleusis at Caxton Hall, London in 1910. It also

appears in *The Equinox, Volume III, Number X*. We've made every effort to keep this publication as close to Crowley's original as possible. Deep gratitude to Lon Milo DuQuette and Hymenaeus Beta for their patience, kindness, and intellect.

# INTRODUCTION

## **The World of Magick is a Stage**

I grew up in the 1950s in a small town in eastern Nebraska. Looking back I realize how very lucky I was to come of age in an environment where the air was fresh, and the water (at least in those years) as pure as any place on earth. At the time, however, I didn't consider myself lucky at all; in fact, I felt trapped like a wild animal in a zoological garden run by well-meaning but totally inept, insensitive, (and perhaps even dangerous) zookeepers. I was painfully isolated

and felt as if I were the only person in town that engaged in any form of self-examination.

I never really fit in with my peers. I refused to join my classmates as they joyously rode their bicycles through the fog of the DDT spray truck killing summertime mosquitoes; I rejected the ridiculous explanations of God, creation, and my own existence proffered with unquestioning conviction by my Sunday school teachers. Television would be my only link to the outside world—a world of comedy and wit, art and music, ideas and drama.

Thank “God” there was a movie theatre in town because the cinema



transported me to an adult world of beautiful women and handsome men, and heroes and villains—adventures of the soul acted out in faraway places and times past and future. The theatre was for me holy ground. It was my temple, my church, my university. Each Saturday and Sunday I worshipped at the altar of the silver screen. Movies delivered everything the church was supposed to deliver. They liberated, then elevated my consciousness; fired my imagination, ignited my libido, and brought me body and soul into the living presence of the *gods*.

I yearned to be on the stage, and as I grew older auditioned for every

school, church, and community production, play, and musical that presented itself. Contrary to what you might think, drama did not present an opportunity for me to escape or “get out” of myself but a chance to, for a few moments, “be” myself.

As an adult, I would learn that there is real *magical* method to the Dionysian madness of dramatic ritual. Indeed, every magical ritual is a sacred drama, complete with all the colorful elements that contribute to the power of great theatre: costumes, weapons, conflict, and most of all... *love*.

Aleister Crowley was certainly not the first magician to recognize and

exploit the power and potential of magical theatre, but he was arguably the most audacious in his attempts to squarely lay it undisguised in the lap of popular culture. The 1910 public performances of his *Rites of Eleusis* was a watershed moment in his magical career. These seven planetary ritual dramas deservedly form the centerpiece of this Volume II of *The Best of the Equinox* series. Indeed, these rituals could stand alone as a valuable handbook to the modern magician. In this book, however, the reader will also be treated to a wealth of additional collateral material and images gleaned not only from *Equinox Vol. I*, including rare photos and sheet

music from the original productions; the essays, such as *The Earth*; and J.F.C. Fuller's masterpiece, *The Treasure House of Images*; but also the introductory essay, *The Rites of Eleusis: Their Origin and Meaning* from *Equinox Vol. III*. To introduce it all we've also included Crowley's words about Dramatic Ritual from his magnum opus, *Magick, Book IV*.

In my book, *The Magick of Aleister Crowley*<sup>1</sup> I devote a chapter to Crowley's *Rites of Eleusis* which are seven dramatic rituals originally published in 1911 as the Special Supplement to *The Equinox, Vol. I, No. VI*. Space allowed me only to include a full version of one of those

remarkable Rites. I am delighted at the opportunity to now present to you all seven rites as they originally appeared in *The Equinox*. I append my introduction below.

It is then, with the greatest of pride, pleasure, and magical excitement that I now signal to the stage hands to draw up the curtain on *The Best of the Equinox, Vol. II, Dramatic Ritual*.

# The Rites of Eleusis<sup>2</sup>

Drama is also magick—in fact, it is the oldest form of magick. We see elements of prehistoric dramatic ritual painted on the walls of caves and scratched upon the bones of extinct animals. The tragedies and comedies of the ancient Greeks were written to be entertaining and thought provoking but first and foremost they were religious observances (celebrated in the temple of Dionysus). We may not think of them as such, but the stage, the screen, even the television are magical temples. As we watch and listen, we become living Triangles of Evocation. Laughter, tears, and terror

are literally *evoked* into us by the magick of the play or film.

The magical potential of drama was not lost on our ancestors. Knowing that only relatively few individuals of every generation are emotionally and intellectually equipped to master the natural and spiritual sciences, the hierophants of the past discovered that it was yet possible to bring a significant level of enlightenment to the masses. It was very important, for instance, for the working population of ancient agrarian cultures to know the best times to plant and cultivate their crops. However, for most of the labor force it really wasn't important (or even helpful) to understand the

chain of astronomical events that affect the change of seasons.

It was far easier (and on one level more truthful) to personify the forces and facts of nature as gods, and then make those gods characters in a simple and unforgettable story or play. In the case of an agricultural drama the story might simply be intended to reveal the lesson that it is best to plant in the early spring rather than in the autumn.

A greater spiritual potential of dramatic ritual lies in the fact that as individuals each of us can actually become the main character in the sacred drama. This is the method of initiation practiced by mystery



schools of the past and initiatory societies of today. The ancient mystery schools were not so much schools of instruction, rather they were schools of experiences—dramatic experiences skillfully designed to induce profound changes in consciousness to a large number of individuals.

Tradition informs us that the technique of the mystery schools achieved its highest level of perfection in Greece. From ca. 2000 BC to nearly three hundred years into the Christian era the agricultural mysteries of Demeter and Persephone were celebrated within the walled citadel at Eleusis. So strict were the

oaths of secrecy imposed upon initiates that we are still not entirely certain what went on at the ceremonies<sup>3</sup> themselves. We know from indirect sources that once the initiatory cycles began with a purifying bath in the sea at Athens followed by a ceremonial march from Athens to Eleusis. The secret activities took place over a span of days and included sacred food and drink, music, dance, plays and vignettes.

Most of the events were performed before a large assembly of the participants. The climactic conclusion, however, was conferred privately, one candidate at a time.

Modern scholars point to evidence that prior to this sublime moment the candidate most probably was given a psychedelic substance to eat or drink. Whatever their technique, the hierophants of Eleusis succeeded for over two thousand years in affecting profound changes in the consciousness of countless thousands of individuals—individuals who after their initiatory experience proclaimed with the greatest conviction that they would never fear death again.

# **The Rite of Artemis**

One might think that the awe-inspiring ceremonies that took place in the cavernous Temple of Demeter at Eleusis would have little in common with the genteel after-dinner parlor diversions of Edwardian London, but that is precisely the venue where the idea for Crowley's Rites of Eleusis was conceived.

On a chilly evening in the spring of 1910 E.V., to entertain their host (or perhaps merely to sing for their supper), Crowley and his lover/disciple Miss Leila Waddell engaged in curious battle that pitted poetry against music. First, Crowley

recited a poem he felt would put everyone in an exalted frame of mind. Then he challenged Waddell, a consummate violin virtuoso, to complement and magnify the mood with a piece of music.

The exchanges soon became wildly intense and rapturous. After only a few volleys everyone in the room found themselves raised to a tangible level of ecstasy. Before the bliss of the moment subsided Crowley realized he had discovered the basic formula of the Eleusinian technique. Moreover, he now had a vehicle to introduce Scientific Illumination and the Magick of Thelema to a wider audience. He immediately set to work

to create an ecstasy-inducing dramatic ritual that he would stage publicly.

*The Rite of Artemis*<sup>4</sup> was presented for the public and members of the press on the evening of August 23, 1910 E.V. at the office of The Equinox in London. The element of dance was added to the combination of poetry and music in the person of Victor Neuburg who, aside from being one of the greatest poets of his generation, possessed the thrilling ability to dance with bacchanalic abandon until he collapsed unconscious upon the floor. It was very impressive.

Another addition to the artistic mix was the introduction of the *Cup of Libation* that was offered to the

audience several times during the ceremony to better facilitate the rush of ecstasy. The content of the cup was most likely a potent mixture of herbs, alcohol, fruit-juice, and mescal buttons (at the time perfectly legal). Predictably, everyone felt the ecstasy.

The reaction was remarkably positive. The next day Raymond Radclyffe wrote in the August 24<sup>th</sup> issue of *The Sketch* magazine:

*“...beautifully conceived and beautifully carried out. If there is any higher form of artistic expression than great verse and great music, I have yet to learn it. I do not pretend to*

*understand the ritual that runs like a thread of magic through these meetings of the AA . . . I do not even know what the AA . . . is. But I do know that the whole ceremony was impressive, artistic, and produced in those present such a feeling as Crowley must have had when he wrote:*

*So shalt thou conquer Space,  
and lastly climb*

*The walls of Time;*

*And by the golden path the  
great have trod*

*Reach up to God!”*

No one was more ecstatic than



Crowley. He was on the road to becoming a magical impresario.

# Crowley's Rites of Eleusis

In October and November of 1910 E.V. Crowley, with the assistance Waddell, Nueburg, and a handful of disciples, publicly presented a series of dramatic rituals entitled THE RITES OF ELEUSIS. They were performed on seven consecutive Wednesday nights at Caxton Hall, Westminster. London had never seen anything quite like it before. The title notwithstanding, these rituals were not attempts to reenact the ancient ceremonies of the Eleusinian mysteries. In fact, the only thing Crowley's Rites of Eleusis had in common with their namesake was the

simple fact that they (like the original ceremonies) were written and performed in order to evoke a specific variety of ecstasy in the participants and the audience.

Ambitiously, Crowley chose for his format the seven planets of the ancients, and he arranged the seven ceremonies according to how the planetary spheres (Sephhiroth) appear on the Tree of Life. Starting at the top, the third Sephirah, Binah, is the sphere of Saturn and the highest planetary sphere. As we descend the Tree the order of the planetary spheres are Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and Luna. This is the sequence of the seven Rites of Eleusis.

They are actually seven acts to one master drama, the story of the descent of spirit (deity) into matter (humanity), and the secret to our return to Godhead.

Because the Rites demonstrate a descent down the Tree of Life, each ceremony is not so much the story of the planetary god's exaltation but rather it is the story of its decline and fall. (Luna, the final Rite, also hints at how it all starts over again.) The Rite of Saturn gets the ball rolling by the suicide of the Saturnian hero at the end of the play. The next Rite, Jupiter, starts out with the declaration; *“Be silent and secret! For it is by stealth that we are here assembled. Know that*

*Saturn hath been deceived, having swallowed a black stone, thinking it to be his son, the child Jupiter. But Jupiter is here enthroned, and shall overthrow his father. Beware then lest ye break silence—until Jupiter be read to make war!”* The war, of course, will need the energy of Mars, the next Rite in sequence, etc.

The following analysis was written by Crowley and was part of the booklet<sup>5</sup> provided to the attendees of the Rites.

*Let us add a short analysis of the present series of rites; they may be taken as illustrating Humanity, its fate both good*

and evil.

*Man, unable to solve the Riddle of Existence, takes counsel of Saturn, extreme old age. Such answer as he can get is one word. "Despair."*

*Is there more hope in the dignity and wisdom of Jupiter? No; for the noble senior lacks the vigour of Mars the warrior. Counsel is in vain without determination to carry it out.*

*Mars, invoked, is indeed capable of victory: but he has already lost the controlled wisdom of age; in the moment of conquest he wastes the fruits*

*of it, in the arms of luxury.*

*It is through this weakness  
that the perfected man, the Sun,  
is of dual nature, and his evil  
twin slays him in his glory. So  
the triumphant Lord of Heaven,  
the beloved of Apollo and the  
Muses is brought down into the  
dust, and who shall mourn him  
but his Mother Nature, Venus,  
the lady of love and sorrow?  
Well is it if she bears within her  
the Secret of Resurrection!*

*But Mercury, too, is found  
wanting. Not in him alone is the  
secret cure for all the woe of  
the human race. Swift as ever,*

*he passes, and gives place to  
the youngest of the Gods, to the  
Virginal Moon.*

*Behold her, Madonna-like,  
throned and crowned, veiled,  
silent awaiting the promise of  
the Future.*

*She is Isis and Mary, Istar  
and Bhavani, Artemis and  
Diana.*

*But Artemis is still barren of  
hope until the spirit of the  
Infinite All, great Pan, tears  
asunder the veil and displays  
the hope of humanity, the  
Crowned Child of the Future.  
All this is symbolized in the*



*holy rites which we have recovered from the darkness of history, and now in the fullness of time disclose that the world may be redeemed.*

In the late 1970s, under the sponsorship of several local O.T.O.<sup>6</sup> bodies in Northern and Southern California, *The Rites of Eleusis* were resurrected and again presented. They were an instant hit. Today, largely through the efforts of O.T.O. bodies, the seven Rites are performed each year in numerous locations all over the world. They are extraordinarily “producible.” Each rite requires only a handful of cast members and very limited props and costumes. They are

as easily staged in a living room or a backyard as they are in a theatre, hall or desert or mountain venue.

If I sound enthusiastic about Crowley's Rites of Eleusis—I am. In the last 25 years Constance and I have had the pleasure of staging the entire series a number of times and have participated in other group productions as well. We discovered first hand that these little collections of poetry, music and dance are more than plays with a magical theme. In the purest tradition of the Eleusinian mysteries, they are really initiatory experiences in which both cast and audience are treated to a highly personalize change of consciousness.

It is my hope that you experience some of the rapture and ecstasy of true dramatic ritual within these pages. I especially recommend that you read the poetry sections out loud.

Love,

Lon Milo DuQuette

Costa Mesa, CA 2012

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1 Lon Milo DuQuette. *The Magick of Aleister Crowley — Handbook of the Rituals of Thelema*. (York Beach, ME: Red Wheel Weiser, 1993, 2003). pp. 191 - 196.

2 Excerpted from chapter 11 of *The Magick of Aleister Crowley*.

3 Even the English word “ceremony” derives from the Rites of Eleusis. Ceres is another

name for Demeter.

4 *The Rite of Artemis* would later develop into *The Rite of Luna*, the seventh and last of the Rites of Eleusis.

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# OF DRAMATIC RITUALS

The wheel turns to those effectual methods of invocation employed in the ancient Mysteries and by certain secret bodies of initiates today. The object of them is almost invariably<sup>2</sup> the invocation of a God, and that God is conceived in a more or less material and personal fashion. These rituals are therefore well sited for such persons as are capable of understanding the spirit of Magick as opposed to the letter. One of the great advantages of them is that a large number of persons may take part, so that there is

consequently more force available; but it is important that they should all be in harmony. It is well therefore that they should all be initiates of the same mysteries, bound by the same oaths, and filled with the same aspirations. But they should not be friends unless by accident. They should be associated only for this purpose.

Such a company being prepared, the story of the God should be dramatized by a well-skilled poet accustomed to this form of composition. Lengthy speeches and invocations should be avoided, but action should be very full. Such ceremonies should be carefully rehearsed; but in rehearsals care should be taken to omit the

climax, which should be studied by the principle character in private. The play should be so arranged that this climax depends on him alone. By this means one prevents the ceremony from becoming mechanical or hackneyed, and the element of surprise assists the lesser characters to get out of themselves at supreme moment. Following the climax there should always be an unrehearsed ceremony, an impromptu. The most satisfactory form of this is the dance. In such ceremonies appropriate libations may be freely used.

“The Rite of Luna”<sup>8</sup> is a good example of this use. Here the climax is the music of the Goddess, the

assistants remaining in silent ecstasy.

In “The Rite of Jupiter” the impromptu is the dance, in that of Saturn long periods of silence.

It will be noticed that in these rites poetry and music were largely employed—mostly already-published pieces by well-known authors and composers. It would be better<sup>9</sup> to write and compose specially for ceremony.<sup>10</sup>





*“ . . . the veil slowly parts, and  
MAGISTER TEMPLI is seen  
standing in the shrine.” From*

the Rite of Saturn. Caxton Hall  
Westminster, October 1910.  
Aleister Crowley as  
MAGISTER TEMPLI. Leila  
Waddell to his left, kneeling.

---

7 The word is unwarrantably universal. It would not be impractical to adopt this method to such operations as Talismanic Magick. For example, one might consecrate and charge a Pantacle by a commemoration of the Equinox of Gods, and the communication by Aiwaz to the Scribe of *The Book of the Law*, the Magician representing the Angel, the Pantacle being the Book, and the person on whom the Pantacle is intended to act taking the part of the Scribe.

8 [In “Liber 850, The Rites of Eleusis,” supplement to] *The Equinox* I(6).

9 “PERHAPS! One can think of certain Awful

Consequences.” “But, after all, they wouldn't seem so to the authors!” “But—pity the poor Gods!” “Bother the Gods!”

10 A body of skilled Magicians accustomed to work in concert may be competent to conduct *impromptu orgia*. To cite an actual instance in recent times: the blood of a Christian being required for some purpose, a young cock was procured and baptised into the Roman Catholic Church by a man who, being the son of an ordained Priest, was magically an incarnation of the Being of that Priest, and therefore congenitally possessed of the powers thereto appurtenant. 237 The cock, “Peter Paul,” was consequently a baptised Christian for all magical purposes. Order was then taken to imprison the bird; which done, the Magicians assuming respectively the characters of Herod, Herodias, Salome, and the Executioner, action out the scene of the dance, and the

beheading, on the lines of Oscar Wilde's drama, "Peter Paul" being cast for the part of John the Baptist. This ceremony was devised and done on the spur of the moment, and its spontaneity and simplicity were presumably potent factors in its success.

On the point of theology, I doubt whether Dom Gorenflot successfully avoided eating meat in Lent by baptising the pullet a carp. For as the sacrament—by its intention, despite its defects of form—could fail of efficacy, the pullet must have become a Christian, and therefore a human being. Carp was therefore only its baptized name—cf. Polycarp—and Dom Gorenflot ate human flesh in Lent, so that, for all he became a bishop, he is damned.

# ***SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT***

## NOTE

The Rites were written and produced  
by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

except parts of the Rites of Mars and  
of Mercury which were written by an  
adept who wishes to remain  
anonymous.

The solos were chosen from her  
repertoire by Miss Leila Waddell.

[In view of the absurd statements as  
to the character of these rites which  
have been made in certain quarters, it

has been thought that the best reply is the publication of the text in full. ED.]

THE RITES OF ELEUSIS AS  
PERFORMED AT CAXTON HALL  
WESTMINSTER IN OCTOBER AND  
NOVEMBER 1910 BY MISS LEILA  
WADDELL AND MR ALEISTER  
CROWLEY WITH DISTINGUISHED  
ASSISTANCE

- I. THE RITE OF SATURN.
- II. THE RITE OF JUPITER.
- III. THE RITE OF MARS.
- IV. THE RITE OF SOL.
- V. THE RITE OF VENUS.
- VI. THE RITE OF MERCURY.
- VII. THE RITE OF LUNA.



TO MY FRIEND  
COMMANDER G. M. MARSTON,  
R.N.

to whose suggestion  
these rites  
are due  
they are gratefully dedicated.

# THE RITE OF SATURN

## THE OFFICERS OF THE TEMPLE

MAGISTER TEMPLI, *the representative of Binah, Saturn.*

MATER CÆLI, *Venus in Libra, the house of Saturn's exaltation.*

BROTHER AQUARIUS, *the house of Saturn; in Chesed, because Pisces is water: "Hope."*

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS, *in the throne of Capricornus, the house of Saturn ; in Geburah, because Mars is exalted therein. He is Mars in Capricornus.*

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS, or  
CHORAGOGE.

SCENE. — *In the East is a veiled shrine, containing an altar. To its Chokmah, Binahy Chesed, and Geburah are M. T., M. C., Bro. A., and Bro. C. respectively. Bro. C. E. is disguised as an ordinary member of the garrison.*

# PART I

BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *enters and turns off Blue light. Red lamps are brought in by* BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *and the* LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

*First the Temple is lighted by two red lamps. PROBATIONERS chant the Capricornus and Aquarius sections from 963 while others wait without in darkness. Red lights are then hidden within veil,* BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *turns on the Blue light.*

*The Temple being in darkness, and the assistants seated, let* BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *arise from his throne, and knock thrice with his spear-butt upon the floor. MAGISTER TEMPLI in the*

*shrine, with* MATER CÆLI.

CAPRICORNUS. Procul, O procul este profani !

*[He performs the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. He next lights the hell-broth and recites:]*

Even as the traitor's breath  
Goeth forth, he perisheth  
By the secret sibilant word that  
is spoken unto death.

Even as the profane hand  
Reacheth to the sacred sand,  
Fire consumes him that his  
name be forgotten in the land.  
Even as the wicked eye

Seeks the mysteries to spy,  
So the blindness of the gods  
takes his spirit: he shall die.

Even as the evil priest,  
Poisoned by the sacred feast,  
Changes by its seven powers to  
the misbegotten beast:

Even as the powers of ill,  
Broken by the wanded will,  
Shriek about the holy place,  
vain and vague and terrible:

Even as the lords of hell,  
Chained in fires before the  
spell,

Strain upon the sightless steel,  
break not fetters nor compel:

So be distant, O profane !

Children of the hurricane !

Lest the sword of fire destroy,  
lest the ways of death be plain !

So depart, and so be wise,

Lest your perishable eyes

Look upon the formless fire,  
see the maiden sacrifice!

So depart, and secret flame

Burn upon the stone of shame,

That the holy ones may hear  
music of the sleepless Name!

Holy, holy, holy spouse  
Of the sun-engirdled house,  
With the secret symbol burning  
on thy multiscient brows !. . .

Even as the traitor's breath  
Goeth forth, he perisheth  
By the secret sibilant word that  
is spoken unto death.

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, let us  
awaken the Master of the Temple.

[THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS *beats the tom-tom, and the other brethren clap and stamp their feet. No result.*]

Silence—it is in vain ! Brethren, let  
us invoke the assistance of the Mother  
of Heaven !



*[He goes to veil and reaches through with his hands. MATER CÆLI. Passes through Throne of*

*MAGISTER TEMPLI and enters the Temple.] Children, what is your will with me?*

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, we beseech thee to awaken the Master.

MATER CÆLI. What is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Mother of Heaven, it lacks a quarter of midnight.

MATER CÆLI. Be it unto your desire!

*[She plays.\* As she ends she kneels: the veil slowly parts, and MAGISTER TEMPLI is seen standing in shrine. He slowly enters Temple, MATER CÆLI*

*returns to throne, having been blessed  
and raised by him.]*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of  
Heaven, beloved of the Stars,  
wherefore hast thou awakened the  
Poison of Eld, the Dweller in  
Eternity?

MATER CÆLI. Shabbathai.

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *comes down to  
hell-broth and recites “The Eyes of  
Pharaoh.”*]

Dead Pharaoh's eyes from out  
the tomb

Burned like twin planets  
ruby-red.

Enswathed, enthroned, the halls  
of gloom

Echo the agony of the dead.

Silent and stark the Pharaoh  
sate:

No breath went whispering,  
hushed or scared.

Only that red incarnate hate  
Through pylon after pylon  
flared.

As in the blood of murdered  
things

The affrighted augur shaking  
skries

Earthquake and ruinous fate of  
kings,

Famine and desperate  
destinies,

So in the eyes of Pharaoh shone  
The hate and loathing that  
compel  
In death each damnèd minion  
Of Set, the accursèd lord of  
Hell.

Yea! in those globes of fire  
there sate  
Some cruel knowledge  
closely curled  
Like serpents in those halls of  
hate,  
Palaces of the Underworld.

But in the hell-glow of those

eyes

The ashen skull of Pharaoh  
shone

White as the moonrays that  
surprise

The invoking Druse on  
Lebanon.

Moreover pylon shouldered  
round

To pylon an unearthly tune,  
Like phantom priests that strike  
and sound

Sinister sistrons at the moon.

And death's insufferable  
perfume

Beat the black air with  
golden fans

As Turkis rip a Nubian's womb  
With damascenéd yataghans.

Also the taste of dust long dead  
Of ancient queens corrupt  
and fair

Struck through the temple,  
subtly sped

By demons dominant of the  
air.

Last, on the flesh there came a  
touch

Like sucking mouths and  
stroking hands

That laid their foul alluring  
smutch

Even to the blood's mad  
sarabands.

So did the neophyte that would  
gaze

Into dead Pharaoh's awful  
eyes

Start from incalculable amaze

To clutch the initiate's place  
and prize.

He bore the blistering thought  
aloft:

It blazed in battle on his  
plume:

With sage and warrior

enfeoffed,

He rushed alone through  
tower and tomb.

The myriad men, the cohorts  
armed,

Are shred like husks : the  
ensanguine brand

Leaps like a flame, a flame  
enchanted

To fire the pyramid heaven-  
spanned

Wherein dead Pharaoh sits and  
stares,

Swathed in the wrappings of  
the tomb,



With eyes whose horror flits  
and flares

Like corpse-lights  
glimmering in the gloom

Till all's a blaze, one roar of  
flame,

Death universal, locked and  
linked:—

Aha! one names the awful  
Name—

The twin red planets are  
extinct.

*[A pause.*

*[The lamp burns out, and darkness  
covers all.*

[LEADER OF THE CHORUS *secretly*

*removes hell-broth vase.*

## PART II

### *The Temple in Darkness*

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      I.  Brother  
Aquarius, what is the time?

AQUARIUS. Midnight.

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      I.      Brother  
Capricornus, what is the place?

CAPRICORNUS. The Fortress that is  
upon the Frontier of the Abyss.

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      I.      Brothers  
Aquarius and Capricornus, is the  
Beloved with us?

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. The  
Mother of Heaven is enthroned.

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      Mother      of

Heaven, let us lament together !

*[Recites Swinburne's "Ilicet"\**

*[MATER CÆLI plays accordingly.†*

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      I.      Brother  
Aquarius, to what end are we  
assembled?

AQUARIUS. *[Rises and whispers in  
his ear.]* Shabbathai.

ALL *[aloud]*. Shabbathai.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Are the brethren  
fed?

AQUARIUS. Upon the corpses of their  
children.

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      I.      Have they  
quenched their thirst?

AQUARIUS.      Upon      poppy-heads

infused in blood.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The raven has croaked.

AQUARIUS. The owl has hooted.

CAPRICORNUS. The bat has flapped its wings.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Then...

Lights ! [CAPRICORNUS *switches on the blue glare*

I. Brother Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS. I. Master, there are evil things abroad. [To CAPRICORNUS] Turn out the guard !

CAPRICORNUS. Brethren, stand to your arms !

*All* PROBATIONERS *rise and follow*

*him. He pricks all assistants with his spear, inspects doors, etc.]*

Master, every man is vigilant at his post. There is no alarm.

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      I.      Brother  
Aquarius, I scent danger.

AQUARIUS.      I.      Master, there is a  
traitor within the gates.

*[To CAPRICORNUS]*      Inspect the  
garrison !

CAPRICORNUS.      Brethren, purify your  
hearts !

*[He rises and looks into every eye. When he comes to BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS, he hales him forth by the hair, before the altar, and plunges his spear into him. He completes*

*inspection. Returns and bows to*  
MAGISTER TEMPLI.]

Master, justice has been executed  
upon the traitor. Only the faithful  
remain.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. So perish all  
traitors !

[CAPRICORNUS *extinguishes light.*

*[A pause.*

# PART III

## *Darkness*

AQUARIUS. [*Comes forward and kneels to* MAGISTER TEMPLI.] Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no crackling in the dried leaves.

[CAPRICORNUS *joins* AQUARIUS *kneeling*.

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. There was no heart in the black lamb.

[*All* PROBATIONERS *join* AQUARIUS



*and CAPRICORNUS kneeling.]*

ALL. Master, we beseech thee to permit the ceremony to proceed.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The sacred python was found dead.

*[MATER CÆLI comes forward, kneels before MAGISTER TEMPLI, thus making the apex to the pyramid of petitioners, rises and plays her petition,\* then again kneels.]*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let the ceremony proceed.

*[MATER CÆLI returns to her throne, AQUARIUS rises, and CAPRICORNUS returns to his post and lights the lamp.*

*AQUARIUS and all present dance wildly for joy to the sound of the tom-*

tom.]

*[During the confusion BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS slips into the temple and hides behind the veil, where he removes his disguise and dons his dancing robe.]*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Silence!

*[A pause.*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I.

AQUARIUS. I.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Holy be the Lamps of Joy !

AQUARIUS. Holy be the Lamps of Sorrow!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Let us enter the ark of Increased Knowledge!

CAPRICORNUS. Hail, thou that sittest  
in the City of the Pyramids!

AQUARIUS. Hail, thou that art  
encamped upon the Great Sea!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Hail, brethren !

CAPRICORNUS. Master, what is  
Increased Knowledge?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Death.

AQUARIUS. Master, what is the Ark  
thereof?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. The grave.

AQUARIUS *and* CAPRICORNUS. Master,  
how shall we enter it?

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Arise and follow  
me!

*[He rises and circumambulates the*

*temple widdershins. CAPRICORNUS plucks forth every third person and makes them follow him, continuing this process until one only is left. To this one MAGISTER TEMPLI addresses the allocution, as he hales him forth.]*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Thou also must die !

*[MAGISTER TEMPLI stops in E.*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brethren ! let us humbly seek for help behind the veil!

*[He throws veil open, showing the empty shrine. BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS must have well dissimulated himself so that he is not discovered. MAGISTER TEMPLI draws veil again. capricornus puts out lights.*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Alas ! there is no God !

*[Returns to his throne. All move confusedly about wailing aloud.]*

MAGISTER TEMPLI. I. Silence. *[All resume seats.]*

Behold, I declared it unto you and ye believed me not!

*[A pause.]*

# PART IV

## *Darkness*

AQUARIUS. In truth, master, the ceremony cannot proceed. There is no god in the shrine.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Brother Aquarius, let search be made.

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, let search be made.

*[Light on.*

*[CAPRICORNUS enters veil and walks up and down. He returns.]*

*[Lights off.*

Brother Capricornus, what do you find ?

CAPRICORNUS. Master, there is nothing but a little pile of dust.

AQUARIUS. There is no living thing therein ?

CAPRICORNUS. There is no living thing therein.

MAGISTER TEMPLI. [*Recites poem: "Colloque sentimental."*]

In the ancient frozen solitary  
park

Two figures passed anon—now  
mark !

Their eyes are dead, their lips  
are soft and grey;

One scarce can hear the words  
they say.

In the ancient frozen solitary  
park

Two ghosts evoke the past—oh  
hark !

“Dost thou remember our old  
ecstasy?”

“Why do you wish to remind  
me?”

“Does thy heart beat still at my  
name, and glow?

“Seest thou my soul in dreams,  
dear?” “No.”

“Ah ! the fair days of joyaunce  
and of gree

“When our mouths kissed, ah



kissed!” “Maybe!”

“How blue the sky was, as our  
hope was clear!”

“Hope has gone down to Hell's  
nadir.”

So in the foolish alleys they  
conferred,

And only midnight overheard.

AQUARIUS. Master, it is not to be  
borne.

MAGISTER      TEMPLI.      Mother      of  
Heaven, let us lament together!

*[Recites Swinburne's “The Garden  
of Proserpine.”*

[MATER CÆLI *plays accordingly.*<sup>\*</sup>

CAPRICORNUS. Master, it is not to be borne!

MAGISTER TEMPLI. Mother of Heaven, let us work together!

MATER CÆLI. Behold thine handmaiden!

[MAGISTER TEMPLI *and* MATER CÆLI *go together hand in hand, within the veil, CAPRICORNUS turns light up.*]

[MATER COELI *plays a Pæan of despair,*<sup>†</sup>

[MAGISTER TEMPLI, *rending veil, appears standing on altar.*

O melancholy Brothers, dark,  
dark, dark!

O battling in black floods

without an ark!

O spectral wanderers of  
unholy Night!

My soul hath bled for you these  
sunless years,

With bitter blood-drops running  
down like tears :

Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn  
from joy and light!

My heart is sick with anguish  
for your bale!

Your woe hath been my anguish  
; yea, I quail

And perish in your perishing  
unblest.

And I have searched the heights

and depths, the scope

Of all our universe, with  
desperate hope

To find some solace for your  
wild unrest.

And now at last authentic word  
I bring,

Witnessed by every dead and  
living thing ;

Good tidings of great joy for  
you, for all:

There is no God ; no Fiend with  
names divine

Made us and tortures us ; if we  
must pine,

It is to satiate no Being's

gall.

It was the dark delusion of a  
dream,

That living Person conscious  
and supreme,

Whom we must curse for  
cursing us with life ;

Whom we must curse because  
the life He gave

Could not be buried in the quiet  
grave,

Could not be killed by poison  
or by knife.

This little life is all we must  
endure,

The grave's most holy peace is  
ever sure,

We fall asleep and never  
wake again;

Nothing is of us but the  
mouldering flesh,

Whose elements dissolve and  
merge afresh

In earth, air, water, plants, and  
other men.

We finish thus ; and all our  
wretched race

Shall finish with its cycle, and  
give place

To other beings, with their  
own time-doom

Infinite æons ere our kind  
began ;

Infinite æons after the last man  
Has joined the mammoth in  
earth's tomb and womb.

We bow down to the universal  
laws,

Which never had for man a  
special clause

Of cruelty or kindness, love  
or hate :

If toads and vultures are  
obscene to sight,

If tigers burn with beauty and  
with might,

Is it by favour or by wrath of

fate?

All substance lives and  
struggles evermore

Through countless shapes  
continually at war,

By countless interactions  
interknit:

If one is born a certain day on  
earth,

All times and forces tended to  
that birth,

Not all the world could  
change or hinder it.

I find no hint throughout the  
Universe

Of good or ill, of blessing or of



curse;

I find alone Necessity  
Supreme;

With infinite Mystery,  
abysmal, dark,

Unlighted ever by the faintest  
spark

For us the flitting shadows of  
a dream.

O Brothers of sad lives! they  
are so brief;

A few short years must bring us  
all relief:

Can we not bear these years  
of labouring breath?

But if you would not this poor

life fulfil,

Lo, you are free to end it when  
you will,

Without the fear of waking  
after death.

*[Blow out red lights.]*

[BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS *runs out with tom-tom and dances wildly. At the conclusion AQUARIUS and CAPRICORNUS run up, tearing the veil asunder, BRO. CAPRICORNUS EMISSARIUS flings himself at foot of altar, CHORAGOGE lights salt again, or other glare. MAGISTER TEMPLI is discovered lying dead, his head supported by MATER CÆLI weeping.*]

[CAPRICORNUS *extinguishes the light.*

[AQUARIUS *draws the veil.*

[MATER CÆLI *plays the final hopeless dirge.*<sup>\*</sup>] [*Silence.*

AQUARIUS. Brother Capricornus, what is the hour?

CAPRICORNUS. Noon.

AQUARIUS. Let us depart; it is accomplished. [*Full light.*

[CAPRICORNUS *stands with drawn sword before the veil; the others escort the people out.*]

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\*— Kuyawiak: Wieniawski.

¶ The figures represent knocks, I. a single knock; 22. a battery of two knocks; and so on.

\*— Swinburne's poems being in copyright, we

can only give titles or first lines. The reader should consult Messrs Chatto & Windus' edition of his works.

† Aria arranged for G string : Bach.

\* — Abendlied: Schumann.

\* — Légende : Wieniawski.

† — Wiegenlied : Hauser.

\* — Marche funèbre : Waddell.

# THE RITE OF JUPITER

## OFFICERS

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO.

*Black Robe, Swastika.*

SPHINX. *Green Robe, Violin and Sword.*

HERMANUBIS. *Violet Robe, Caduceus.*

TYPHON. *Red Robe, Prong two-forked, or Sword.*

HEBE,  
GANYMEDE, } *Cup-bearers and Dancers. White Robes.*

*The Temple represents the Wheel of Fortune of the Tarot. At its axle is the Altar on which sits C.I.C.T. On the*

*rim, S. at East spoke, H. at North-  
Westy T. at South- West. Hebe and  
Ganymede are seated at the feet of  
C.I.C.T. To the West of the Wheel is  
the Veil.*

# PART I

C.I.C.T. I- 333.

SPHINX. 22-22.

HEBE. Pisces Section from 963. [See EQUINOX, No. III., Special Supplement.]

SPHINX. Brother Hermanubis, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

HERMANUBIS. 4444. Brother Typhon, summon the guests to the banquet of the Father of the Gods!

[TYPHON *draws aside veil as GANYMEDE begins his dance. Lights down.*]

HERMANUBIS. Welcome to the

banquet of the Father of the Gods!

Bear the bowls of Libation! (*done*).

Be silent and secret! For it is by stealth that we are here assembled. Know that Saturn hath been deceived, having swallowed a black stone, thinking it to be his son, the child Jupiter. But Jupiter is here enthroned, and shall overthrow his father. Beware then lest ye break silence—until Jupiter be ready to make war!

TYPHON. Him that speaketh will I slay forthright!

*[A long pause.]*



# PART II

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO I.

SPHINX I. HERMANUBIS I. TYPHON I.

TYPHON. Hail unto thee, thou great god Hermanubis!

Art thou not the messenger of Jupiter?

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto thee, thou great god Typhon!

Art thou not the executor of his vengeance?

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what is the hour?

HERMANUBIS. Noon. Brother Typhon, what is the place?

TYPHON. The summit of Olympus.  
Brother Hermanubis, what is thy position?

HERMANUBIS. Upon the rim of the Wheel. And thine?

TYPHON. Upon the rim of the Wheel.

HERMANUBIS. Let us seek the centre of the Wheel.

*[They with SPHINX rise and walk, faster and faster round the rim, returning exhausted to their places.]*

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, we are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

HERMANUBIS. We are no nearer to the centre of the wheel.

TYPHON. Hast thou no message from the Gods?

HERMANUBIS. None, brother. Let us seek an oracle of the Gods.

*[They rise and go round the rim, stopping and prostrating themselves before the SPHINX.]*

HERMANUBIS. Hail unto Thee, that hast the secret of Jupiter!

Declare unto us, we beseech Thee, the mystery whereby we may approach the centre of the wheel.

*[SPHINX plays a riddling sarcastic music—*

*[TYPHON goes to his place in terror.*

*[HERMANUBIS goes to his place in*

*wonderment.*

SPHINX. Neither by sloth nor by activity may even my secret be attained. Neither by emotion nor by reason may even I be understood. How then should ye come to the centre of the wheel?

HERMANUBIS. Mother of mystery, what is thy position on Olympus?

SPHINX. Upon the rim of the wheel.

C.I.C.T. Feeling, and thought,  
and ecstasy

Are but the cerements of Me.

Thrown off like planets from  
the Sun

Ye are but satellites of the

One.

But should your revolution  
stop

Ye would inevitably drop  
Headlong within the central  
Soul,

And all the parts become the  
Whole.

Sloth and activity and peace,  
When will ye learn that ye  
must cease?

TYPHON. How should I cease  
from lethargy?

HERMANUBIS. How should I  
quench activity?

SPHINX. How should I give up

ecstasy?

C.I.C.T. What shines upon  
your foreheads?

S.H.T. (*together*). The Eye  
within the Triangle.

C.I.C.T. What burns upon your  
breasts?

S.H.T. [*together*). The Rosy  
Cross.

C.I.C.T. Brethren of the Rosy  
Cross! Aspirants to the Silver  
Star! Not until these are  
ended can ye come to the  
centre of the wheel.

When the chill of earth black-  
breasted is uplifted at the  
glance

Of the red sun million-crested,  
and the forest blossoms dance

With the light that stirs and  
lustres of the dawn, and with  
the bloom

Of the wind's cheek as it  
clusters from the hidden  
valley's gloom;

Then I walk in woodland  
spaces, musing on the solemn  
ways

Of the immemorial places shut  
behind the starry rays;

Of the East and all its  
splendour, of the West and all  
its peace;

And the stubborn lights grow

tender, and the hard sounds  
hush and cease.

In the wheel of heaven  
revolving, mysteries of death  
and birth,

In the womb of time dissolving,  
shape anew a heaven and earth,

Ever changing, ever growing,  
ever dwindling, ever dear,

Ever worth the passion glowing  
to distil a doubtful tear.

These are with me, these are of  
me, these approve me, these  
obey,

Choose me, move me, fear me,  
love me, master of the night  
and day.



These are real, these illusion: I  
am of them, false or frail,

True or lasting, all is fusion in  
the spirit's shadow-veil,

Till the Knowledge-Lotus  
flowering hides the world  
beneath its stem;

Neither I, nor God life-  
showering, find a counterpart in  
them.

As a spirit in a vision shows a  
countenance of fear,

Laughs the looker to derision,  
only comes to disappear,

Gods and mortals, mind and  
matter, in the glowing bud  
dissever:

Vein from vein they rend and  
shatter, and are nothingness for  
ever.

In the blessed, the enlightened,  
perfect eyes these visions pass,  
Pass and cease, poor shadows  
frightened, leave no stain upon  
the glass.

One last stroke, O heart-free  
master, one last certain calm of  
will,

And the maker of Disaster shall  
be stricken and grow still.

Burn thou to the core of matter,  
to the spirit's utmost flame,

Consciousness and sense to  
shatter, ruin sight and form and

name!

Shatter, lake-reflected spectre;  
lake, rise up in mist to sun;

Sun, dissolve in showers of  
nectar, and the Master's work is  
done.

Nectar perfume gently stealing,  
masterful and sweet and strong,  
Cleanse the world with light of  
healing in the ancient House of  
Wrong!

Free a million million mortals  
on the wheel of being tossed!

Open wide the mystic portals,  
and be altogether lost!

*[A pause.]*

SPHINX I. HERMANUBIS I. TYPHON I.

CENTRUM IN CENTRI TRIGONO I.

[*A pause.*

# PART III

TYPHON. I desire to begin the banquet.

HERMANUBIS. Brother Typhon, I will inquire of the Oracle.

Mother of Mystery, I beseech thee to begin the Banquet; for it is certainly necessary that this should be done.

[SPHINX turns, bows, and stretches her hands in mute appeal to C.I.C.T.]

C.I.C.T. I. I heed not the passion, or the reason, or the soul of man. Mother of Mystery, declare my will.

[SPHINX *plays the most exalted (passionless because beyond passion)*

*piece that she may<sup>\*</sup>]*

HERMANUBIS. This means nothing to me.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. I. Mother of Mystery, declare my mind.

[SPHINX *plays a cold, passionless, intellectual piece,*<sup>†</sup>

HERMANUBIS. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

TYPHON. I feel nothing.

C.I.C.T. I. Mother of Mystery, declare my heart.

[SPHINX *plays an intensely sensual passionate piece.*<sup>†</sup>

TYPHON. Ah! Ah! This is music; this is the secret of Jupiter.

HERMANUBIS. Accursed! Accursed! be the soul of impurity, the body of Sin!

C.I.C.T. I. Irreconcilable, my children, how shall ye partake of the Banquet of Jupiter, or come to the centre of the wheel? For this is the secret of Jupiter, that He who created you is in each of you, yet apart from all; before Him ye are equal, revolving in Time and in Space; but he is unmoved and within.

[*A pause.*

TYPHON. I.

[TYPHON *recites.*

Sweet, sweet are May and June,  
dear,

The loves of lambent spring,  
Our lamp the drooping moon,  
dear,

Our roof, the stars that sing;  
The bed, of moss and roses;

The night, as long as death!  
Still, breath!

Life wakens and reposes,  
Love ever quickeneth!

Sweet, sweet, when Lion and  
Maiden,

The motley months of gold,  
Swoop down with sunlight



laden,

And eyes are bright and bold.  
Life-swelling breasts uncover  
Their warm involving deep—  
Love, sleep!—

And lover lies with lover  
On air's substantial steep.

Ah! sweeter was September—  
The amber rain of leaves,  
The harvest to remember,  
The load of sunny sheaves.  
In gardens deeply scented,  
In orchards heavily hung,  
Love flung

Away the days demented

With lips that curled and  
clung.

Ah! sweeter still October,

When russet leaves go grey,

And sombre loves and sober

Make twilight of the day.

Dark dreams and shadows  
tenser

Throb through the vital  
scroll,

Man's soul.

Lift, shake the subtle censer

That hides the cruel coal!

Still sweeter when the Bowman

His silky shaft of frost  
Lets loose on earth, that no man  
May linger nor be lost.  
The barren woods, deserted.  
Lose echo of our sighs—  
Love—dies?—  
Love lives—in granite skirted,  
And under oaken skies.

But best is grim December,  
The Goatish God his power;  
The Satyr blows the ember,  
And pain is passion's flower;  
When blood drips over kisses,  
And madness sobs through

wine:—

Ah, mine!—

The snake starts up and hisses

And strikes and—I am thine!

*[He crouches at the feet of SPHINX  
toward C.I.C.T.*

[HERMANUBIS *recites.*

HERMANUBIS I.

O coiled and constricted and  
chosen!

O tortured and twisted and  
twined!

Deep spring of my soul deep  
frozen,

The sleep of the truth of the  
mind!

As a bright snake curled  
Round the Vine of the  
World!

O sleeper through dawn and  
through daylight,

O sleeper through dusk and  
through night!

O shifted from white light to  
gray light,

From gray to the one black  
light!

O silence and sound  
In the far profound!

O serpent of scales as an  
armour

To bind on the breast of a  
lord!

Not deaf to the Voice of the  
Charmer,

Not blind to the sweep of the  
sword!

I strike to the deep  
That thou stir in thy sleep!

Rise up from mine innermost  
being!

Lift up the gemmed head to  
the heart!

Lift up till the eyes that were  
seeing

Be blind, and their life  
depart!

Till the Eye that was blind  
Be a lamp to my mind!

Coil fast all thy coils on me,  
dying,  
Absorbed in the sense of the  
Snake!

Stir! leave the flower-throne,  
and up-flying!

Hiss once, and hiss thrice,  
and awake!

Then crown me and cling!  
Flash forward—and spring!

Flash forth on the fire of the  
altar,

The stones, and the sacrifice  
shed;

Till the Three Worlds flicker  
and falter,

And life and her love be  
dead!

In mysterious joy  
Awake—and destroy!

*[He crouches at the feet of SPHINX,  
facing C.I.C.T. SPHINX. I.*

C.I.C.T. I. [SPHINX *plays an  
enchantment\**

C.I.C.T. (*recites.*)

Lift up this love of peace and  
bliss,

The starry soul of wine,



Destruction's formidable kiss,  
The lamp of the divine:  
This shadow of a nobler name  
Whose life is strife, whose soul  
is fame!

I rather will exalt the soul  
Of man to loftier height,  
And kindle at a livelier coal  
The subtler soul of light.  
From these soft splendours of a  
dream  
I turn, and seek the Self  
supreme.

This world is shadow-shapen of

The bitterness of pain.

Vain are the little lamps of  
love!

The light of life is vain!

Life, death, joy, sorrow, age  
and youth

Are phantoms of a further truth.

Beyond the splendour of the  
world,

False glittering of the gold,

A Serpent is in slumber curled

In wisdom's sacred cold.

Life is the flaming of that  
flame.

Death is the naming of that

name,

The forehead of the snake is  
bright

With one immortal star,  
Lighting her coils with living  
light

To where the nenuphar  
Sleeps for her couch. All  
darkness dreams

The thing that is not, only  
seems.

That star upon the serpent's  
head

Is called the soul of man.  
That light in shadows subtly

shed

The glamour of life's plan.  
The sea whereon that lotus  
grows  
Is thought's abyss of tears and  
woes.

Leave Sirenusa! Even Greece  
Forget! they are not there!  
By worship cometh not the  
Peace,

The Silence not by prayer.  
Leave the illusions, life and  
time  
And Death, and seek that star  
sublime,

Until the lotus and the sea  
And snake no longer are,  
And single through Eternity  
Exists alone the Star,  
And utter Knowledge rise, and  
cease  
In that which is beyond the  
Peace!

[GANYMEDE *dances and falls as  
dead.*

TYPHON. O that the banquet of  
Jupiter might begin!

HERMANUBIS. O that the banquet of  
Jupiter might begin!

SPHINX. O that the banquet of  
Jupiter might begin!

C.I.C.T. Let the banquet of Jupiter begin!

*[All go without veil, except C.I.C.T. and SPHINX, HERMANUBIS and TYPHON draw and guard the veil. SILENCE.]*

C.I.C.T. I-333.

SPHINX. 22-22

*[HERMANUBIS and TYPHON draw veil, SPHINX is standing before altar, C.I.C.T. has disappeared. He has donned a white robe, and panther-skin, and white and gold nemmes. HERMANUBIS, TYPHON, and others return to their places, HERMANUBIS and TYPHON come forward and salute SPHINX.]*

TYPHON. I. Mother of Mystery, hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

HERMANUBIS. I. Mother of Mystery,  
hast thou the secret of Jupiter?

[SPHINX *plays a triumphant melody*<sup>\*</sup>

TYPHON. Brother Hermanubis, what  
is the place?

HERMANUBIS. The Summit of Mount  
Kithairon.

TYPHON. Procul, o Procul este viri!

*[All male probationers retire to  
back of stage.]*

TYPHON Sisters, let us invoke the  
Father to manifest in the Son.

SPHINX. Per Spiritum Sanctum.  
Amen.

*[She also retires to her place on  
wheel.]*

MÆNADS. Evoe! Evoe Ho! Iacche!  
Iacche!

TYPHON.

Hail, O Dionysus! Hail!

Winged Son of Semelé!

Hail, O Hail! The stars are pale;  
Hidden the moonlight in the  
vale;

Hidden the sunlight in the  
sea.

Blessed is her happy lot

Who beholdeth God; who  
moves

Mighty-souled without a spot,  
Mingling in the godly rout



Of the many mystic loves.

Holy maidens, duly weave

Dances for the mighty  
mother

Bacchanal to Bacchus cleave!

Wave his narthex wand, and  
leave

Earthly joys to earth to  
smother!

Io! Evoe! Sisters, mingle

In the choir, the dance, the  
revel!

He divine, the Spirit single,

He in every vein shall tingle.

Sense and sorrow to the  
devil!

Mingle in the laughing  
measure,

Hand and lip to breast and  
thigh!

In enthusiastic pleasure

Grasp the solitary treasure!

Laughs the untiring ecstasy!

Sisters! Sisters! Raise your  
voices

In the inspired divine  
delight!

Now the sun sets; now the  
choice is

Who rebels or who rejoices,  
Murmuring to the mystic  
night.

Io! Evoe! Circle splendid!  
Dance, ye maids serene and  
subtle!

Clotho's task is fairly ended.  
Atropos, thy power is ended!  
Ho, Lachesis! ply thy shuttle!

Weave the human dance  
together  
With the life of rocks and  
trees!

Let the blue delirious weather

Bind all spirits in one tether,  
Overwhelming ecstasies!

Io! Evoe! I faint, I fall,  
Swoon in purple light; the  
grape  
Drowns my spirit in its thrall.  
Love me, love me over all,  
Spirit in the spirit shape!

All is one! I murmur. Distant  
Sounds the shout, Evoe,  
Evoe!

Evoe, Iacche! Soft, insistent  
Like to echo's voice persistent:

—

Hail! Agave! Autonoe!

[TYPHON *goes up stage.*

AGAVE. Evoe, Ho! Iacche! Hail, O  
Hail!

Praise him! What dreams are these?

AUTONOE. Sisters, O sisters!

AGAVE. Say, are our brothers of the  
rocks awake?

AUTONOE. The lion roars.

MÆNADS. O listen to the snake!

AUTONOE. Evoe, Ho! Give me to  
drink!

AGAVE. Run wild!

Mountain and mountain let us leap  
upon

Like tigers on their prey!

MÆNADS. Crush, crush the world!

AGAVE. Tread earth as 'twere a  
winepress!

AUTONOE. Drink its blood,

The sweet red wine!

MÆNADS. Ay, drink the old earth  
dry!

AGAVE. Squeeze the last drops out  
till the frame collapse

Like an old wineskin!

AUTONOE. So the sooner sup

Among the stars!

AGAVE. The swift, swift stars!

MÆNADS. O night!

Night, night, fall deep and sure!

AUTONOE. Fall soft and sweet!

AGAVE. Moaning for love the woods  
lie.

AUTONOE. Sad the land

Lies thirsty for our kisses.

MÆNADS. All wild things

Yearn towards the kiss that ends in  
blood.

AGAVE. Blood! Blood!

Bring wine! Ha! Bromius, Bromius!

MÆNADS Come, sweet God,

Come forth and lie with us!

AUTONOE. Us, maidens now

And then and ever afterwards!

AGAVE. Chaste, chaste!

Our madness hath no touch of  
bitterness,

No taste of foulness in the morning  
mouth.

AUTONOE. O mouth of ripe red  
sunny grapes! God! God!

Evoe! Dwell! Abide!

AGAVE. I feel the wings  
Of love, of mystery; they waft soft  
streams

Of night air to my heated breast and  
brow.

MÆNADS. He comes! He comes!

AGAVE. Silence, O girls, and peace!

The God's most holy presence asks



the hymn,

The solemn hymn, the hymn of  
agony,

Lest, in the air of glory that  
surrounds

The child of Semelé, we lose the  
earth

And corporal presence of the Zeus-  
begot.

AUTONOE. Yea, sisters, raise the  
chant of riot! Lift

Your wine-sweet voices, move your  
wine-stained limbs

In joyful invocation!

MÆNADS. Ay, we sing.

AGAVE.

Hail, child of Semelé!

To her as unto thee

Be reverence, be deity, be  
immortality!

Shame! treachery of the  
spouse

Of the Olympian house,  
Hera! thy grim device against  
the sweet carouse!

Lo! in red roar and flame  
Did Zeus descend! What  
claim

To feel the immortal fire had  
then the Theban dame!

Caught in that fiery wave,

Her love and life she gave  
With one last kissing cry the  
unborn child to save.

And thou, O Zeus, the sire  
Of Bromius—hunter dire!—  
Didst snatch the unborn babe  
from that Olympian fire:

In thine own thigh most holy  
That offspring melancholy  
Didst hide, didst feed, on light,  
ambrosia, and moly.

Ay! and with serpent hair  
And limbs divinely fair  
Didst thou, Dionysus, leap forth

to the nectar air!

Ay! thus the dreams of fate  
We dare commemorate,  
Twining in lovesome curls the  
spoil of mate and mate.

O Dionysus, hear!  
Be close, be quick, be near,  
Whispering enchanted words in  
every curving ear!

O Dionysus, start  
As the Apollonian dart!  
Bury thy hornèd head in every  
bleeding heart!

IST MÆNAD. He is here! He is here!

AUTONOE. Tigers, appear!

AGAVE. To the clap of my hand  
And the whish of my wand,  
Obey!

AUTONOE. I have found  
A chariot crowned  
With ivy and vine,  
And the laurel divine,  
And the clustering smell  
Of the sage asphodel,  
And the Dædal flower  
Of the Cretan bower;  
Dittany's force,  
And larkspur's love,  
And blossoms of gorse

Around and above.

AGAVE. The tiger and panther  
Are here at my cry.

Ho, girls! Span there  
Their sides!

Ist MÆNAD. Here am I.

2nd MÆNAD. And I! We are ready.

AGAVE. Strong now and steady!

Ist MÆNAD. The tiger is harnessed.

2nd MÆNAD. The nightingale urges  
Our toil from her far nest.

3rd MÆNAD. Ionian surges  
Roar back to our chant.

4th MÆNAD. Aha! for the taunt  
Of Theban sages

Is lost, lost, lost!

The wine that enrages

Our life is enforced.

We dare them and daunt.

AGAVE. The spirits that haunt

The rocks and the river,

The moors and the woods,

The fields and the floods,

Are with us for ever!

Ist MÆNAD. Are of us for ever.

Evoe! Evoe!

AUTONOE. Agave! He cometh!

AGAVE. Cry ho! Autonoe!

ALL. Ho! Ho! Evoe, Ho! Iacche!  
Evoe! Evoe!

AGAVE. The white air hummeth  
With force of the spirit.  
We are heirs : we inherit.  
Our joys are as theirs;  
Weave with your prayers  
The joy of a kiss!  
Ho! for the bliss  
Of the cup and the rod.  
He cometh! O lover!  
O friend and O God,  
Cover us, cover  
Our faces, and hover  
Above us, within us!  
Daintily shod,  
Daintily robed,



His witcheries spin us  
A web of desire.  
Subtle as fire  
He cometh among us.  
The whole sky globed  
Is on fire with delight,  
Delight that hath stung us,  
The passion of night.  
Night be our mistress!  
That tress and this tress  
Weave with thy wind  
Into curls deep-vined!  
Passionate bliss!  
Rapture on rapture!  
Our hymns recapture

The Bromian kiss.

Blessèd our souls!

Blessèd this even!

We reach to the goals

Of the starriest heaven.

Daphnis, and Atthis, and

Chrysis, and Chloe,

Mingle, O maidens! Evoe!

Evoe!

*[C.I.C.T. rises upon the altar; he wears a white and gold robe and the panther skin, and a white and gold nemmes. Throwing off his veil and raising his hands in blessing, he recites;]*

C.I.C.T.

I bring ye wine from above,  
From the vats of the storied  
sun;

For every one of ye love,  
And life for every one.

Ye shall dance on hill and  
level;

Ye shall sing in hollow and  
height,

In the festal mystical revel,  
The rapturous Bacchanal  
rite!

The rocks and trees are yours,  
And the waters under the hill,  
By the might of that which  
endures,

The holy heaven of will!  
I kindle a flame like a torrent  
To rush from star to star;  
Your hair as a comet's horrent,  
Ye shall see things as they  
are!  
I lift the mask of matter;  
I open the heart of man;  
For I am of force to shatter  
The cast that hideth—Pan!  
Your loves shall lap up  
slaughter,  
And dabbled with roses of  
blood  
Each desperate darling daughter

Shall swim in the fervid  
flood.

I bring ye laughter and tears,  
The kisses that foam and  
bleed,

The joys of a million years,  
The flowers that bear no  
seed.

My life is bitter and sterile,  
Its flame is a wandering star.

Ye shall pass in pleasure and  
peril

Across the mystical bar  
That is set for wrath and  
weeping

Against the children of earth;

But ye in singing and sleeping  
Shall pass in measure and  
mirth!

I lift my wand and wave you  
Through hill to hill of  
delight;

My rosy rivers lave you  
In innermost lustral light.

I lead you, lord of the maze,  
In the darkness free of the  
sun;

In spite of the spite that is day's  
We are wed, we are wild, we  
are one!

*[The lights go out and the company  
join in universal dance!]*

HERMANUBIS. Silence.

TYPHON. Silence.

C.I.C.T. 1-333. The Secret of the Father is in the Secret of the Son.

SPHINX. 22-22. And the Secret of the Son is in the Secret of the Holy Ghost.

GANYMEDE. 4444. Gloria Patri.

HEBE. Et Filio.

TYPHON. Et Spiritui Sancto.

HERMANUBIS. Ut erat in Principio.

SPHINX. Et nunc est.

C.I.C.T. Et erit semper.

ALL. Amen.

|            |           |
|------------|-----------|
| SPHINX     | Fasting.  |
| HERMANUBIS | Song.     |
| TYPHON     | Feasting. |
| C.I.C.T.   | Grace.    |

|            |          |
|------------|----------|
| SPHINX     | Music.   |
| HERMANUBIS | Dancing. |
| TYPHON     | Love.    |
| C.I.C.T.   | The End. |

TYPHON *draws the veil.*

- 
- \* — Serenade: Drdla.
  - \* — Samadhilied: Waddell.
  - ‡ — Adagio: Brahms.
  - ‡ — Preislied: Wagner.
  - \* — Andante : Mendelssohn.
  - \* — Obertass: Wieniawski.



# THE RITE OF MARS

## OFFICERS

BROTHER SOL IN ARIES. *White Robe, White and gold nemmes, Sceptre.*

(MARS) BROTHER MARS. *Red Robe, Sword.*

(VENUS) SISTER SCORPIO. *Green Robe, Violin, Sword.*

(ATHENA) BROTHER ARIES. *Violet Robe, Spear.*

(VULCAN) BROTHER CAPRICORNUS. *Black Robe, Tom-tom, Sword.*

*A guard of PROBATIONERS, armed.*

*Mars is throned in the South, Scorpio on his right, Aries on his left. In the East is also a veil, behind which is Sol in Aries. In the North is Capricornus, crouching, kept from the altar by the guard.*

*Charcoal in censer alight. No incense.*

*BROTHER SOL is concealed behind the veil in the East, enthroned upon the Altar.*

*MARS, ARIES, and scorpio enthroned.*

*BRO. CAPRICORNUS. 4444-1.*

*BRO. ARIES. I-4444.*

*[MARS reads the Twelfefold Affirmation from 963.*

*[SOR. SCORPIO plays a short martial*

air<sup>\*</sup>

[CAPRICORNUS *draws aside veil, and admits Probationers and Guests.*]

[*The voice of Mars is heard reciting the 91st Psalm of David.*]

BRO. ARIES. Let the sacred perfume be kindled upon the Altar of Mars (*does so*).

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail unto the Master of the Battle!

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto the Leader of the Armies of Jupiter!

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Hail unto the Warrior of Eternity!

BRO. MARS. Hail, brethren!

[CAPRICORNUS *returns.*]

I. Let the Temple be purified and consecrated.

[CAPRICORNUS *does so*.

I. Are the Brethren prepared?

BRO. ARIES. They are prepared, Master! They are drawn up in military array around the sacred altar.

BRO. MARS. I. Brother Capricornus, I command you to perform the Ritual of the Pentagram.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Fiat (*does so*).

BRO. MARS. I. Brother Aries, I command you to perform the Invocation of the Holy Fire.

BRO. ARIES. Fiat (*goes to altar*).

333. (*erect*). I swear by Djinn and

by Shin and by the space between that  
I will not stir from this place until the  
fire of God hath flamed upon the  
water that is upon the altar.

*(His face over lamp)* Dost thou  
hear, Brother Ash?

*(Erect)* By Aub, the witchery of the  
secret flame;

By Aud, the subtlety of the inmost  
fluid;

By Aur, the effulgence of the  
radiant light;

I call thee, Ash! I adore thee, Ash!

*(Over lamp)* Ash! Ash! Ash!

I caress thee! I kiss thee! I suck  
thee up into my mouth and nostrils!

Ohooatan! (*three times*). (*The water flames*).

Behold! the fire of God upon the altar as I have sworn by Djinn and by Shin and by the space between! (*returns to his throne*).

BRO. MARS. I. Hail, sister of the Scorpion!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, Lord of the Eagle and the Serpent!

BRO. MARS. Amen. I appoint you to lead the army.

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us carry the holy symbols with sacred song and dance round the altar of Mars.

[*The song<sup>\*</sup> is sung as all march round five times deosil before*

MARS *in procession headed by*  
SCORPIO, ARIES, CAPRICORNUS.]

Strike, strike the louder chord!

Draw, draw the Flaming Sword!

Crowned child and conquering  
Lord!

Horus, avenger! [*All resume  
stations.*]

Brother Aries, let us invoke the  
Master of the Battle.

BRO. ARIES [*advances and kneels to*  
MARS]. Mighty and Terrible One, we  
beseech thee to lead us in the Battle.  
Here, by thy Symbols, thy Spear, the  
Sword, and The Drum, we pray thee to  
strengthen our arms and to defend our

hearts. For we are thy chosen warriors,  
O thou Master of the Battle!

*[Silence.]*

We now invoke thee, O Ama-Inanna, whom our Brethren worshipped in the days of ancient Babylon, great Goddess of Love and War, who made love and war to Gilgames, the ruler of thine own city Erech. We invoke thee, our Mother, that thou entreat for us with the Master of Battles.

SOR. SCORPIO. To what end do we ask the aid of the Lord Mars?

BRO. ARIES. Unto Jupiter we have given the thunderbolt and the lightning-flash; for we seek to



enthroned him in the stead of Saturn his father. But Saturn yet reigns; we need the Sword of Mars.

SOR. SCORPIO. My heart and hand are with you, children.

*[She plays.\*]*

*[MARS starts up and recites:*

I.... The Dukes of Edom were amazed : Trembling took hold on the mighty of Moab!

2. Lord, when thou wentest out of Seir; when thou marchedst out of the Field of Edom; the earth trembled, and the heaven dropped: the clouds also dropped water.

3. Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the

inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty!

4. The river Kishon swept them away : that ancient river, the river Kishon!

5. Oh, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength!

1. He bowed the Heavens also and came down: and darkness was under his feet: at the Brightness that was before him thick clouds passed: hail stones and flashes of fire!

2. The Lord thundered through the Heavens, and the Highest gave forth his Voice; hailstones and flashes of

fire!

3. He sent forth his arrows and scattered them: He hurled forth his lightnings and destroyed them!

4. The Channels of the Waters were seen: and the Foundations of the World were discovered.

5. At thy Rebuke, oh Lord! At the Blast of the Breath of thy Nostrils!

1. Oh Lord! I have heard thy Speech, and was afraid!

2. The Voice of the Lord is upon the Waters.

The God of Glory thundereth!

The Lord is upon many Waters.

3. The Voice of the Lord is strong

and powerful!

The Voice of the Lord is full of Majesty!

4. The Voice of the Lord breaketh the Cedars!

Yea! the Lord breaketh the Cedars of Lebanon!

5. The Voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire!

Yea! the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh!

1. Eloah came out of Temani of Edom: And the Holy One from Mount Paran:

2. He had Karnaim in his hand; and there was the Hiding of his Power.

3. Before him went the Pestilence;  
and Flaming Fire went forth at his  
feet.

4. He stood, and measured the  
Earth: He beheld, and drove asunder  
the Nations.

5. And the Everlasting Mountains  
were scattered; the Perpetual Hills did  
bow!

1. Was the Lord displeased against  
the Rivers?

Was thine anger kindled against the  
Rivers?

Was thy wrath kindled against the  
Sea?

That thou didst ride upon thy  
Horses and thy Chariots of Salvation?

2. The Mountains saw thee and they trembled. The deluge of Water rolled by: the Deep uttered his Voice; and lifted up his hands on high.

3. The Sun and the Moon stood still in their habitations.

At the light of thine arrows they went, at the shaking of thy glittering spear!

4. Thou didst march through the Land in thine indignation: thou didst thresh the Heathen in thine anger.

5. Thou didst march through the sea with thine Horses : through the Depth of the Mighty Waters!

[CAPRICORNUS *starts up wildly and dances the dance of MARS.*]

[CAPRICORNUS *falls on floor near his place.* SOR. SCORPIO. Brother Aries, let us crown the Master of Battles.

[*They advance to altar.* SOR. SCORPIO *takes crown and crowns MARS, all PROBATIONERS joining in chant as before.*]

BRO. MARS. May Victory crown your arms!

PROBATIONERS. Let us join battle!  
We conquer! We conquer.

[CAPRICORNUS *rushes forward and threatens them, reciting:*

My head is split. The crashing  
axe

Of the agony of things shears  
through

The stupid skull: out spurt  
the brains.

The universe revolves, then  
cracks,

Then roars in dissolution  
due;

And I am counting up the  
gains

And losses of a life afire

With dust of thought and dulled  
desire.

[SCORPIO, *as if alarmed at the  
interruption, flees to throne of MARS  
and there with MARS defies the rabble.*  
BRO. ARIES *rallies* PROBATIONERS.]

So, all is over. I admit



Futility the lord of will.

Life was an episode for me,  
As for the meanest monad, knit  
To man by mightier bonds  
than skill

Of subtle-souled psychology  
May sever. Aim in chaos?  
None.

The soul rolls senseless as the  
sun.

*[All are driven back up to altar.]*

BRO. CAPRICORNUS *[ends]*. "There is  
no God."

MARS *[leaps up and goes to altar  
with uplifted sword]*

I. Silence! *[a pause]*. There is no

God—but God!

[ARIES *and* PROBATIONERS *dance a war dance.*

[CAPRICORNUS *slinks from temple.*

[MARS *recites.*

This is the day which down the  
void abysm

At the Earth-born's spell yawns  
for Heaven's despotism,

And Conquest is dragged  
captive through the deep;

Love, from its awful throne of  
patient power

In the wise heart, from the last  
giddy hour

Of dead endurance, from the

slippery steep,  
And narrow verge of crag-like  
agony, springs  
And folds over the world its  
healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom,  
and Endurance—

These are the seals of that most  
firm assurance

Which bars the pit over  
Destruction's strength;  
And if, with infirm hand,  
Eternity,  
Mother of many acts and hours,  
should free

The serpent that would clasp

her with his length,  
These are the spells by which to  
reassume  
An empire o'er the disentangled  
doom.

To suffer woes which Hope  
thinks infinite;

To forgive wrongs darker than  
death or night;

To defy Power, which seems  
omnipotent;

To love, and bear; to hope till  
Hope creates

From its own wreck the thing it  
contemplates;

Neither to change, nor falter,

nor repent;

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to  
be

Good, great and joyous,  
beautiful and free;

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire,  
and Victory!

[SCORPIO *plays in accordance*<sup>\*</sup>

BRO. ARIES. Hail to Thee that sailest  
heavenwards!

Hail to Thee in whose eye is a  
Flame of Fire!

Hail, Lord of the Destroying Army!

MARS. Hail, brethren.

BRO. ARIES. Hail unto Thee, that hast  
fought at the side of our Lord in the

great Battle!

Hail unto Thee, our Lady of Tumult!

Terrible and beautiful wast thou in the midst of the battle, upon thy chariot!

Hail unto Thee, as unto thy Lord!

SOR. SCORPIO. Hail, brethren!

BRO. ARIES. Let us rejoice in our victory!

*[He leads PROBATIONERS in the triumphal dance which becomes slow and voluptuous.]*

*[A pause.]*

BRO. ARIES *[to seal his triumph]*. 1-4444.

BRO. CAPRICORNUS *[without]*. 4444-

1.

[BRO. ARIES extinguishes all lights.

[SCORPIO *plays love poem.*<sup>†</sup>

[MARS *recites:*

Who is this maiden robéd for a  
bride,

White shoulders and bright  
brows adorable,

The flaming locks that clothe  
her, and abide,

As God were bathing in the  
fire of Hell?

They change, they grow, they  
shake

As sunlight on the lake:

They hiss, they glisten on her  
bosom bare.

O maiden, maiden queen!

The lightning flows between  
Thy mounting breasts, too  
magically fair.

Draw me, O draw me to a  
dreaming death!

Send out thine opiate breath,  
And lull me to the everlasting  
sleep,

That, closing from the kisses  
of disdain

To ecstasy of pain,  
I may sob out my life into their  
dangerous deep.



Who cometh from the mountain  
as a tower

Stalwart and set against the  
fiery foes?

Who, breathing as a jasmine-  
laden bower?

Who, crowned and lissome  
as a living rose?

Sharp thorns in thee are set;  
In me, in me beget

The dolorous despair of this  
desire.

Thy body sways and swings  
Above the tide of things,

Laps me as ocean, wraps me  
round as fire!

Ye elemental sorceries of  
song,

Surge, strenuous and strong,  
Seeking dead dreams, the secret  
of the shrine;

So that she drain my life and  
being up

As from a golden cup,  
To mingle in her blood, death's  
kiss incarnadine.

Who cometh from the ocean as  
a flower?

Who blossometh above the  
barren sea,

Thy lotus set beneath thee for a  
bower,

Thine eyes awakened,  
lightened, fallen on me?

O Goddess, queen, and wife!

O Lady of my life!

Who set thy stature as a wood  
to wave?

Whose love begat thy limbs?

Whose wave-washed body  
swims

That nurtured thee, and found  
herself a grave?

But thou, O thou, hast risen  
from the deep!

All mortals mourn and weep  
To see thee, seeing that all love  
must die

Besides thy beauty, see thee  
and despair!

Deadly as thou art fair,  
I cry for all mankind—they are  
slain, even as I!

[SOR. SCORPIO *takes crown off.*

[*A pause.*

[BROTHER CAPRICORNUS *dances the dance of Vulcan to anvil-music in gradually increasing red light, at end rushes to throne and finds MARS and SCORPIO, their weapons laid aside, in each other's arms.*]

BRO. CAPRICORNUS. Ah, wanton!

[SOR. SCORPIO *takes violin and charms the offended deity, who retires*

*pacified.\*]*

MARS. Brethren in arms, this is not defeat, but victory! For though I be dethroned, not to Me, not to our lady was the glory. For always is the true God hidden—behold!

*[One turns on the white light, and there stands SOL. IN ARIES upon the throne of the East, MARS goes to him and recites:]*

Unity uttermost showed,

I adore the might of thy  
breath,

Supreme and terrible God

Who makest the Gods and  
death

To tremble before thee:—

I, I adore thee!

*[He kneels.*

O Hawk of gold with power  
enwalled,

Whose face is like an emerald;

Whose crown is indigo as  
night;

Smaragdine snakes about thy  
brow

Twine, and the disk of flaming  
light

Is on thee, seated in the prow  
Of the Sun's bark, enthroned  
above

With lapis-lazuli for love

And ruby for enormous force  
Chosen to seat thee, thee girt  
round

With leopard's pell, and golden  
sound

Of planets choral in their  
course!

*[He rises.]*

O thou self-formulated sire!  
Self-master of thy dam's desire!  
Thine eyes blaze forth with  
fiery light;

Thine heart a secret sun of  
flame!

I adore the insuperable might:  
I bow before the unspoken

Name.

*[He bows, then turns toward altar.*

For I am Yesterday, and I

To-day, and I to-morrow,  
born

Now and again, on high, on  
high

Travelling on Dian's naked  
horn!

I am the Soul that doth create

The Gods, and all the Kin of  
Breath.

I come from the sequestered  
state;

My birth is from the House  
of Death.



*[He advances to altar.*

Hail! ye twin hawks high  
pinnacled

That watch upon the  
universe!

Ye that the bier of God beheld!

That bore it onwards,  
ministers

Of peace within the House of  
Wrath,

Servants of him that cometh  
forth

At dawn with many-coloured  
lights,

Mounting from underneath  
the North,

The shrine of the celestial  
Heights!

*[A t altar.*

He is in me, and I in Him!

Mine is the crystal radiance  
That filleth æther to the brim  
Wherein all stars and suns  
may dance.

I am the beautiful and glad,  
Rejoicing in the golden day.

I am the spirit silken-clad

That fareth on the fiery way.  
I have escaped from Him,  
whose eyes  
Are closed at eventide, and

wise

To drag thee to the House of  
Wrong:—

I am armed! I am armed! I am  
strong! I am strong!

I make my way : opposing  
horns

Of secret foemen push their  
lust

In vain : my song their fury  
scorns;

They sink, they grovel in the  
dust.

*[He turns to SOL.]*

Hail, self-created Lord of  
Night!

Inscrutable and infinite!

Let Orpheus journey forth to  
see

The Disk in peace and  
victory!

Let him adore the splendid  
sight,

The radiance of the Heaven  
of Nu;

Soar like a bird, laved by the  
light,

To pierce the far eternal  
blue!

*[He turns to ARIES and SCORPIO.*

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands  
of ill

Hast touched with strength,  
and they are shivered!

The way is open unto will!

The pregnant Goddess is  
delivered!

*[He kneels to SOL.*

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he  
That hath looked forth upon  
the Bier

That goeth to the House of  
Rest!

His heart is lit with melody;  
Peace in his house is master  
of fear;  
His holy Name is in the West  
When the sun sinks, and royal

rays

Of moonrise flash across the  
day's.

*[He rises and faces altar.*

I have risen! I have risen! as a  
mighty hawk of gold!

From the golden egg I gather,  
and my wings the world enfold.

I alight in mighty splendour  
from the thronèd boats of light;

Companies of Spirits follow  
me; adore the Lords of Night.

Yea, with gladness did they  
paeon, bowing low before my  
car,

In my ears their homage echoed

from the sunrise to the star.

I have risen! I am gathered as a  
lovely hawk of gold,

I the first-born of the Mother in  
her ecstasy of old.

Lo! I come to face the dweller  
in the sacred snake of Khem;

Come to face the Babe and  
Lion, come to measure force  
with them!

Ah! these locks flow down, a  
river, as the earth's before the  
Sun,

As the earth's before the sunset,  
and the God and I are One.

I who entered in a Fool, gain

the God by clean endeavour;  
I am shaped as men and  
women, fair for ever and for  
ever.

*[He turns and falls clasping SOL'S  
feet. All prostrate themselves in  
adoration. SOR. SCORPIO plays her solar  
chant.\*]*

*[SOL in ARIES recites:*

The world's great age begins  
anew,

The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake  
renew

Her winter weeds outworn;  
Heaven smiles, and faiths and



empires gleam,  
Like wrecks of a dissolving  
dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its  
mountains

From waves serener far;  
A new Peneus rolls his  
fountains

Against the morning star.  
Where fairer Tempes bloom,  
there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier  
deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the  
main,

Fraught with a later prize;  
Another Orpheus sings again,  
And loves, and weeps, and  
dies.

A new Ulysses leaves once  
more

Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of  
Troy,

If earth Death's scroll must  
be!

Nor mix with Laian rage the joy

Which dawns upon the free;  
Although a subtler Sphinx  
renew

Riddles of death Thebes never  
knew.

Another Athens shall arise,

And to remoter time

Bequeath, like sunset to the  
skies,

The splendour of its prime;

And leave, if nought so bright  
may live,

All earth can take or Heaven  
can give.

Saturn and Love their long  
repose

Shall burst, more bright and  
good

Than all who fell, than One who  
rose,

Than many unsubdued.

Not gold, not blood, their altar  
dowers,

But votive tears and symbol  
flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death  
return?

Cease! must men kill and  
die?

Cease! drain not to its dregs the  
urn

Of bitter prophecy.

The world is weary of the past.

Oh, might it die or rest at last!

BRO. ARIES. 1-4444. The battle is indeed fought.

SOL. IN ARIES. 333-333. The victory is indeed won.

BRO. ARIES. Brethren, the Sun is arisen. Let us depart in joy.

SOR. SCORPIO. Let us depart in love.

MARS. Let us depart in peace.

*[The officers leave the Temple, MARS and SCORPIO escorting SOL in ARIES, ARIES and CAPRICORNUS following at the head of the Guard of PROBATIONERS.]*

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\* — March : Beethoven.

\* — Tune. Litany: Waddell.

- \* – Romance in G: Beethoven.
- \* – Polonaise: Vieuxtemps.
- † – Romance: Franz Ries.
- \* – Romance from 2nd Concerto: Wieniawski.
- \* – Papillon: Bohm.

# THE RITE OF SOL

## OFFICERS

SOL. *Leopard skin. Nemyss white-gold over white-sleeved robe. Spear.*

ARIES. *White robe, spear.*

LEO. *Red robe, spear.*

SATAN-TYPHON. *Violet robe.*

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. *Green robe.*

BESZ. *Black robe.*

FOUR PROBATIONERS..

*Sol is throned in the East; behind him is a black veil which conceals a great scarlet cross. Before him is a second*

veil. He is supported by Aries on the right, and Leo on the left. The other officers are without the temple, in waiting. In presentation in public, a third veil divides the temple from the congregation.

LEO parts the outermost veil, and advancing, recites chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon."

Before the beginning of years

There came to the making of  
man... etc.

... His life is a watch or a vision

Between a sleep and a sleep.

[Returns. A pause.

ARIES. 333-333.



LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the place?

LEO. The Temple of the Sun upon the Mountain of Abiegnus!

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the hour?

LEO. Sunset!

ARIES. It is the hour of sacrifice.

LEO. Brother Aries, what is the sacrifice?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

*[Silence.]*

SOL. I-22-22-1.

ARIES. Hark! it is the Summons of the King.

LEO. It is the Lord of Heaven that  
awakens the Children of the Light.  
*[They draw the veil—full light—and  
kneel.*

ARIES. Let us adore the Exalted One!

LEO.

Life of Life, thy lips enkindle

With their love the breath  
between them;

And thy smiles before they  
dwindle

Make the cold air fire; then  
screen them

In those looks, where whoso  
gazes

Faints, entangled in their

mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are  
burning

Through the vest which  
seems to hide them;

As the radiant lines of morning  
Through the clouds, ere they  
divide them;

And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou  
shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds  
thee,

But thy voice sounds low and  
tender

Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
From the sight, that liquid  
splendour,  
And all feel, yet see thee never,  
As I feel now, lost forever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou  
movest

Its dim shapes are clad with  
brightness,  
And the souls of whom thou  
lovest

Walk upon the winds with  
lightness,  
Till they fail, as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ARIES. Hail unto Thee, O thou that art exalted in thy strength, that travellest over the Heaven in Thy Bark in the Splendour of noon! [ARIES and LEO resume thrones.]

[A PROBATIONER recites the 12 fold Glorification of God from 963.]

[Enter SCORPIO-APOPHIS dressed in a filmy white robe, her hair in disorder.]

[ARIES and LEO rise and bow.]

ARIES. Hail thou! Whence comest thou?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. From the House of God.

ARIES. What bringest thou as an offering to our Lord?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The House of God is fallen. There is nothing left therein. Therefore I bring nothing but myself.

LEO. Let us burn her upon the altar of burnt offering.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the fire my tears would be dried up; and these tears are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the sacred crocodile.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the water my heart would be chilled; and this heart is of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us throw her to the winds from the Watchtowers of Silence.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the

wind my hymns would not be heard; and these hymns are of mine offering to the Lord.

LEO. Let us bury her in the consecrated mountain!

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. But in the earth the worms would devour my flesh; and this flesh is of mine offering to the Lord. Oh Lord, let thy servants return unto their thrones that I may worship Thee as I will.

SOL. 22-I-I-22.

[ARIES *and* LEO *return to their thrones.*

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS *plays her passionate melody, her siren melody, her despairing “Venus in*

*Tannhäuser” melody<sup>\*</sup> She clasps the feet and knees of SOL but he gives no sign of life.]*

*[At the end ARIES and LEO rise from their thrones—a pause.]*

ARIES. (*Loudly*). 333-333.

LEO. (*Louder*). 333-333.

ARIES. The hour of sacrifice is past.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The hour of sacrifice is to come.

LEO. The sacrifice is not accepted.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. The sacrifice is accepted.

ARIES. Depart from us, thou unclean thing!

ARIES *and* LEO *raise her and march*



*from the temple, ARIES leading, LEO following her.]*

*[ARIES and LEO re-enter and resume thrones—a pause.*

ARIES. 333-333.

LEO. 333-333.

ARIES. Brother Leo, this is of evil omen.

LEO. Brother Aries, it is indeed of evil omen.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice to-day.

ARIES. The sun is already setting.

LEO. The night birds are already

abroad.

ARIES. It grows very dark.

LEO. The path is too steep and dangerous for any pilgrims to come hither.

ARIES. There is no moon to-night.

LEO. I think there will be rain.

ARIES. Let us close the shrine.

LEO. The disk of the sun is not yet quite obscured.

ARIES. But no pilgrims can come now.

LEO. No pilgrims can come now. But it is the rule of the temple that the shrine is open unto the last spark of sunlight.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I beg that you will close the shrine with me.

LEO. It cannot be.

ARIES. Brother Leo, I know the rule. But evil will assuredly come to us from this.

LEO. Brother Aries, the Law may not be broken.

ARIES. Brother Leo, the Law is made so that the wise may break it at their need.

LEO. Brother Aries, in my heart is fidelity—fidelity—fidelity.

ARIES. Brother Leo, a god has whispered in mine ear: it is folly—folly—folly.

LEO. The sun will be obscured in a moment: and no pilgrims can come to-night.

ARIES. No pilgrims can come to-night.

LEO. There will be no more sacrifice.

ARIES. There will be no more sacrifice.

[SATAN-TYPHON, SCORPIO-APOPHIS, and BESZ enter silently in procession. The light grows momentarily dimmer.]

ARIES. Hail, brethren! Ye are come to adore the splendour of the sun?

SATAN-TYPHON. We are come to sacrifice.

ARIES. What are the offerings?

BESZ. Dancing.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Music.

SATAN-TYPHON. Silence and Stillness.

*[He prostrates himself and remains motionless.]*

*[SCORPIO-APOPHIS bows to SOL and plays an adoration.\*]*

*[BESZ dances in adoration in three-time.]*

*[SATAN-TYPHON rises and bows.]*

ARIES. Whence come ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. From the dwelling-place of the sun.

ARIES. Who are ye, brethren?

SATAN-TYPHON. I am the twin brother of the sun.

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the beloved of the sun.

ARIES. [*To BESZ.*] But who art thou, brother?

[*BESZ begins to stammer.*]

LEO. Who art thou?

[*They threaten him with their spears, BESZ crouches in terror and lurks toward West.*]

SATAN-TYPHON. I would have speech with my brother the Sun.

ARIES. It is well.

LEO. It is not well. There is danger

herein to my Lord.

*[He bars the way.]*

ARIES. Speech cannot harm our Lord.

LEO. Brother, if thou be indeed our brother, what wilt thou say?

SATAN-TYPHON. O Sun, my brother, is it thy will that I have speech with thee? For I lay with thee nine moons in the womb of our mother; for we have loved as none have loved; for I am closer knit with thee than light and darkness, or than life and death!

SOL. 22-I -I-22.

*[LEO gives way and returns to his throne, very sad.]*

[SATAN-TYPHON *advances to SOL and ARIES closes the veil on them.*]

[BESZ *jumps up and runs off crouchingly.*

*[The lights go out.*

[SCORPIO-APOPHIS *plays her serpent melody*<sup>\*</sup>.]

[LEO *recites.*

Mortals never learn from  
stories

How catastrophe becomes;  
How above the victor's glories  
In the trumpets and the  
drums

And the cry of millions  
“Master!”



Looms the shadow of  
disaster.

Every hour a man hath said :

“That at least is scotched and  
dead.”

Some one circumstance: “At  
last

That, and its effects, are  
past.”

Some one terror—subtle foe!

“I have laid that spectre  
low.”

They know not, learn not,  
cannot calculate

How subtly Fate  
Weaves its fine mesh,

perceiving how to wait;

Or how accumulate

The trifles that shall make it  
master yet

Of the strong soul that bade  
itself forget.

*[A dim red light dawns. BESZ enters, leading four PROBATIONERS who bear the Pastos. They place it before the altar.]*

ARIES. What is this offering?

BESZ. The eater of Flesh is my  
name.

ARIES. Oh, our Lord, our Lord! Arise  
in thy might, and let thine enemies be  
scattered!

*[ARIES and LEO draw veil. The throne has been cast down. On the black veil is a great red cross, whereon SOL has been crucified. Before him stands SATAN-TYPHON in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.]*

*[ARIES and LEO fall as if slain, SCORPIO-APOPHIS plays her murder melody<sup>\*</sup>]*

*[Meanwhile the PROBATIONERS advance, and under the direction of Typhon, who stabs SOL in the proper manner with the spear of SOL, take down SOL from the cross and lay him in the Pastos. They cover it. BESZ does his brutal demoniac dance upon the lid of the coffin.]*

*Exeunt OMNES exc. SOL. This ends in complete darkness. Silence. There is a flash of light, and the stage is shewn empty. Only a glimmer remains. Now SCORPIO-APOPHIS steals on to the stage, and plays a low secret melody.\* The red lights increase. She uncovers and embraces the corpse. Then covers it again, goes to the throne, and instals herself thereon. The green light dawns and glows brighter and brighter, as the red light dwindles and goes out.]*

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. 7777777.

*[The PROBATIONERS and other officers enter, erect.*

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. Children, array yourselves before me, and worship at my feet.

ARIES. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

LEO. Our Lord is slain. And who art thou that hast assumed His Throne?

SCORPIO-APOPHIS. I am the Mother of the Gods and the Sister of Time and the Daughter of Space. I am Nature that holdeth sway when the effort of man is exhausted..... Brother Leo, I am the goddess that cometh forth riding upon the Lion. Behold! I strike

thee with my wand, and inspire thee.

I command thee to declare me unto  
the multitude.

LEO.

Lo! in the interstellar space of  
night

Clothed with deep darkness,  
the majestic spaces

Abide the dawn of deity and  
light,

Vibrate before the  
passionless pale faces

Shrined in exceeding glory,  
eremite.

The tortoise skies in sombre  
carapaces

Await the expression and the  
hour of birth

In silence through the  
adamantine girth.

I rose in glory, gathered of the  
foam.

The sea's flower folded,  
charioting me risen

Where dawn's rose stole from  
its pearl-glimmering home,

And heaven laughed, and  
earth: and mine old prison,

The seas that lay beneath the  
mighty dome,

Shone with my splendour.  
Light did first bedizen

Earth with its clusters of fiery  
dew and spray,  
When I looked forth and cried,  
“It is the day!”

The stars are dewdrops on my  
bosom's space;

    The sun and moon are  
        glances through my lashes,  
Long, tender rays of night; my  
subtle face

    Burns through the sky-dusk,  
        lightens, fills, and flashes  
With solemn joy and laughter  
of love; the grace

    Of all my body swaying  
        stoops and dashes



Swift to the daisy's dawn of  
love: and swiftest,  
O spirit of man, when unto me  
thou liftest!

Dawn shakes the molten fire of  
my delight

From the fine flower and  
fragrance of my tresses!

Sunset bids darken all my  
body's light,

Mixing its music with the  
sad caresses

Of the whole world: I wheel in  
wingless flight

Through lampless space, the  
starless wildernesses!

Beyond the universal bounds  
that roll,

There is the shrine and image  
of my soul.

I am Nature and God : I reign, I  
am, alone.

None other may abide apart:  
they perish,

Drawn into me, into my being  
grown.

None other bosom is, to bear,  
to nourish,

To be: the heart of all beneath  
my zone

Of blue and gold is scarlet-  
bright to cherish

My own life's being, that is, and  
is not other;

For I am God and Nature and  
thy Mother.

I am the thousand-breasted  
milky spouse,

Virginal also : Tartarus and  
Gaia

Twinned in my womb, and  
Chaos from my brows

Shrank back abashed, my  
sister dark and dire,

Mother of Erebus and Night,  
that ploughs

With starry-sandalled feet  
the fields of fire;

My sister shrank and fell, the  
infernal gloom

Changed to the hot sweet  
shadow of my womb.

I am : that darkness strange and  
uterine

Is shot with dawn and  
scented with the rose;

The deep dim prison-house of  
corn and wine,

Flowers, children, stars, with  
flame far subtler glows

Formless, all-piercing, death-  
defying, divine,

A sweet frail lamp whose  
shadow gleams and shows.

No darkness, is as light is  
where its rays

Cross, interweave, and marry  
with the day's!

I am: the heart that flames from  
central Me,

Seeks out all life, and takes  
again, to mingle

Its passion with my might and  
majesty,

Till the vast floods of the  
man's being tingle

And glow, self-lost within my  
soul and sea

Of love, the sun of utter  
light, and single

Keen many-veined heart: our  
lips and kisses

Marry and muse on our  
immortal blisses.

I am: the greatest and the least:  
the sole

And separate life of things.

The mighty stresses

Of worlds are my nerves  
twitching. Branch and bole

Of forests waving in deep  
wildernesses

Are hairs upon my body. Rivers  
roll

To make one tear in my  
superb caresses,

When on myself myself begets  
a child,

A system of a thousand planets  
piled!

I am: the least, the greatest: the  
frail life

Of some small coral-insect  
still may tremble

With love for me, and call me  
queen and wife;

The shy plant of the water  
may dissemble

Its love beneath the fronds;  
reply to strife

With strife, and all its tiny  
being crumble

Under my rough and warrior  
husband-kiss,

Whose pain shall burn, and  
alter, and be bliss!

I am: no word beside that  
solemn one

Reigns in sound's kingdom to  
express my station,

Who, clothed and crowned with  
suns beyond the sun,

Bear on the mighty breast of  
foam Thalassian,

Bear on my bosom, jutting  
plenilune,

Maiden, the fadeless Rose of  
the Creation!



The whole flower-life of earth  
and sky and sea

From me was born, and shall  
return to me!

I am: for men and beings  
passionate,

For mine own self calm as  
the river-cleaving

Lotus-borne lord of Silence: I  
create

Or discreate, both in my  
bosom heaving:

My lightest look is mother of a  
Fate:

My fingers sapphire-ringed  
with sky are weaving

Ever new flowers and lawns of  
life, designed

Nobler and newer in mine older  
mind.

I am: I am not, but all-changing  
move

The worlds evolving in a  
golden ladder,

Spiral or helical, fresh gusts of  
love

Filling one sphere from the  
last sphere grown gladder;

All gateways leading far to the  
above.

Even as the bright coils of  
the emerald adder

Climb one by one in glory of  
sunlight, climb

My children to me up the steep  
of Time.

I am: before me all the years  
are dead,

And all the fiery locks of  
sunrise woven

Into the gold and scarlet of my  
head:

In me all skies and seas are  
shaken and cloven:

All life and light and love about  
me shed,

Begotten in me, in my  
moving moven,

Are as my tears: all worlds that  
ever swam

As dew of kisses on my lips: I  
am.

*[She draws LEO up to her. The  
others kneel in adoration.*

SCORPIO-APOPHIS *plays her soft  
voluptuous melody.\*]*

ARIES. Brother Leo, what is the  
hour?

LEO. The evening star is arisen.

ARIES. The sacrifice is  
accomplished.

LEO. What is the sacrifice?

ARIES. Man.

LEO. Who is the priestess?

ARIES. Woman.

LEO. Unto what God?

ARIES. It is hidden from me.

LEO. Let every man depart unto his house.

ARIES. I-333-I-I. LEO. I-333-I-I.  
SCORPIO-APOPHIS. 1-1-333-1.

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- \* — Liebestod from Tristan and Isolde: Wagner.
- \* — Romance: Max Bruch.
- \* — Andante Religioso : Thomé.
- \* — Mort d'Adonis: Waddell.
- \* — Canzonetta: D'Ambrosio.
- \* — Romance: Saint Saens.

# THE RITE OF VENUS

## THE OFFICERS

VENUS. *Blue Robe.*

TAURUS. *Orange Robe.*

LIBRA. *Green Robe.*

PISCES. *Crimson Robe.*

LUNA IN TAURUS. *Silver Robe.*

SATURN IN LIBRA. *Black Robe.*

*No officer has any weapon. Venus is throned, and on her right are Libra and Saturn in Libra, on her left Taurus and Luna in Taurus, while at her feet lies Pisces. Her throne is an*

*oyster-shell, as in the picture by Botticelli. Before it a veil. Without, an altar; and without the temple, a further veil.*

## PRELUDE

*Full light, VENUS, seated before altar, LIBRA and TAURUS at its sides.*

VENUS. 7777777.

LIBRA. 7777777.

TAURUS. 7777777.

VENUS. Brother Libra, I command thee to declare the Secret of Venus.

LIBRA            *recites*            Swinburne's  
"Hertha." [All present recline and  
*sleepy.*]

VENUS. Having ears they hear not.  
Brothers Taurus and Libra, let the veil  
be drawn. [*They do so.*]



# PART I

*[Twilight, VENUS is enthroned on high, swathed in masses of red hair and roses. The altar is covered with roses; there is a small flame thereon.]*

TAURUS *and* LIBRA *draw the inner veil apart. LIBRA returns and kneels.*

LIBRA.

Daughter of Glory, child  
Of Earth's Dione mild  
By the Father of all, the Ægis-  
bearing King!

Spouse, daughter, mother of  
God,

Queen of the blest abode

In Cyprus' splendour singly  
glittering.

Sweet sister unto me,

I cry aloud to thee!

I laugh upon thee laughing, O  
dew caught up from sea!

Drawn by sharp sparrow and  
dove,

And swan's wide plumes of  
love,

And all the swallow's swifter  
vehemence,

And, subtler than the Sphinx,

The ineffable iynx

Heralds thy splendour

swooning into sense,

When from the bluest bowers  
And greenest-hearted hours  
Of Heaven thou smil'st toward  
earth, a miracle of flowers!

Down to the loveless sea  
Where lay Persephone  
Violate, where the shade of  
earth is black,

Crystalline out of space  
Flames the immortal face!  
The glory of the comet-tailéd  
track

Blinds all black earth with  
tears.

Silence awakes and hears  
The music of thy moving come  
over the starry spheres.

Wrapped in rose, green, and  
gold,  
Blues many and manifold,  
A cloud of incense hides thy  
splendour of light;  
Hides from the prayer's  
distress  
Thy loftier loveliness,  
Till thy veil's glory shrouds the  
earth from night;  
And silence speaks indeed,  
Seeing the subtler speed

Of its own thought than speech  
of the Pandean reed!

[LIBRA *returns*.

VENUS. 7777777.

SATURN. Amen.

VENUS. 333-1-333-

LUNA. Amen.

VENUS. 1-55555-1.

LIBRA *and* PISCES. Amen.

VENUS. Brother Saturn, what is the  
hour?

SATURN. Twilight.

VENUS. Sister Pisces, from whose  
house are we come out?

PISCES. From the House of Death.

VENUS. Brother Taurus, what is stronger than death?

TAURUS. Love.

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is the place?

LIBRA. The Mountain of Venus, that hangeth from the navel of the Universe over the Great Abyss.

VENUS. Let us celebrate the Rite of Venus.

[LUNA *plays a waltz tune. The PROBATIONERS dance together.*]

VENUS. Children of Love, what is the hour?

ALL. [*A confused murmur.*] It is the hour of love.

*[ALL sink down together. The lights go out. A long pause.]*

## PART II

VENUS. (*Awaking*) 333-1-333.

*[Venus is brilliantly illuminated;  
the rest remain dark.]*

VENUS. Little brother, what is the hour?

PISCES. The dawn is at hand.

VENUS. Little brother, what is the place?

TAURUS. It is the holy mountain of our Lady Venus.

VENUS. Children, awake and rejoice.

LIBRA. Awake and rejoice.

PISCES. How shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. As our Lady hath



appointed.

LIBRA. As you like it.

PISCES. Wherein shall we rejoice?

TAURUS. In our Lady Venus.

LIBRA. In what you will.

TAURUS. Thy will, our Lady, and not ours be done!

PISCES. Mistress, let the adorations be performed!

VENUS. Children, array yourselves before me, and rejoice in the adorations of my beauty.

*[They form, each with his partner. Libra disappears behind veil, TAURUS recites invocation.]*

TAURUS.

Salutation to Hathor, holy cow in  
the pastures of Evening.

Salutation to Hathor, in the  
Mountain of the West; in the land of  
perfect Peace, Salutation.

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the  
corpses of the dead are enkindled at  
thy breath.

Salutation to Hathor, the child of  
Isis and of Nephthys!

Salutation to Hathor, the bride of  
Apis, of Apis that hath the beetle upon  
his tongue!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the  
corpses of the dead are enkindled at  
thy breath.

Salutation to Hathor, whose

necklace is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Amennti.

Salutation to Hathor, whose girdle is of the Souls of the blessed ones of Seb!

Salutation to Hathor, whose sandals are of the Souls of the blessed ones of Nu!

A devouring fire is thy soul, and the corpses of the dead are enkindled at thy breath.

*[Returns to his throne.*

VENUS. Brother Libra, art thou silent?

*[A pause.*

Brother Libra, where art thou?

LIBRA, *still hidden, recites from Swinburne's "Atalanta"*

We have seen thee, O Love,  
thou art fair; thou art goodly, O  
Love;

Thy wings make light in the air  
as the wings of a dove, etc.

... Famine, and blighting of  
corn,

When thy time was come to  
be born.

[LIBRA *appears and confronts her.*

All these we know of; but thee  
Who shall discern or  
declare? etc.

... Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?

Have mercy, mother!

VENUS. Nay, brother, thou art the chiefest of my chosen.

LIBRA. Alas.

VENUS. Yea, brother: in the end all turn to me, and all return to me.

Isis am I, and from my life are fed

All showers and suns, all  
moons that wax and wane;

All stars and streams, the living  
and the dead,

The mystery of pleasure and  
of pain.

I am the mother! I the speaking  
sea!

I am the earth and its fertility!  
Life, death, love, hatred, light,  
darkness, return to me—

To me!

Hathoör am I, and to my beauty  
drawn

All glories of the Universe  
bow down,

The blossom and the mountain  
and the dawn,

Fruit's blush, and woman, our  
creation's crown.

I am the priest, the sacrifice,  
the shrine,

I am the love and life of the  
divine!

Life, death, love, hatred, light,  
darkness are surely mine—

Are mine!

Venus am I, the love and light  
of earth,

The wealth of kisses, the  
delight of tears,

The barren pleasure never come  
to birth,

The endless, infinite desire  
of years.

I am the shrine at which thy  
long desire

Devoured thee with  
intolerable fire.

I was song, music, passion,  
death, upon thy lyre—

Thy lyre!

I am the Grail and I the Glory  
now:

I am the flame and fuel of  
thy breast;

I am the star of God upon thy  
brow;

I am thy queen, enrapcured  
and possessed.

Hide thee, sweet river;  
welcome to the sea,

Ocean of love that shall



encompass thee!

Life, death, love, hatred, light,  
darkness, return to me—

To me!

*[PISCES performs a sleepy sinuous  
dance by herself, and returns to  
Venus' throne lapsed into herself, and  
as if exhausted.]*

Rise, rise, my knight! My king!  
My love, arise!

See the grave avenues of  
Paradise,

The dewy larches bending at  
my breath,

Portentous cedars prophesying  
death!

*[She is interrupted by the Violin of the throned LUNA, who plays her unutterable melody\* PISCES manifests distress.]*

VENUS. Brother Libra, what is this song?

LIBRA

My soul is an enchanted  
boat,

Which, like a sleeping swan,  
doth float

Upon the silver waves of thy  
sweet singing;

And thine doth like an angel  
sit

Beside a helm conducting it,

Whilst all the winds with  
melody are ringing.

It seems to float ever, for  
ever,

Upon that many-winding  
river,

Between mountains, woods,  
abysses,

A paradise of wildernesses!

Till, like one in slumber bound,  
Borne to the ocean, I float  
down, around,

Into a sea profound, of ever-  
spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its  
pinions

In music's most serene  
dominions;

Catching the winds that fan that  
happy heaven.

And we sail on, away, afar,  
Without a course, without a  
star,

But by the instinct of sweet  
music driven;

Till through Elysian garden  
islets

By thee, most beautiful of  
pilots,

Where never mortal pinnacle  
glided,

The boat of my desire is

guided;  
Realms where the air we  
breathe is love,  
Which in the winds and on the  
waves doth move,  
Harmonising this earth with  
what we feel above.

We have past Age's icy  
caves,  
And Manhood's dark and  
tossing waves,  
And Youth's smooth ocean,  
smiling to betray:  
Beyond the glassy gulphs we  
flee  
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,

Through Death and Birth, to a  
diviner day;

A paradise of vaulted  
bowers,

Lit by downward-gazing  
flowers,

And watery paths that wind  
between

Wildernesses calm and  
green,

Peopled by shapes too bright to  
see,

And rest, having beheld;  
somewhat like thee;

Which walk upon the sea, and  
chant melodiously!

[VENUS *manifests distress*, PISCES  
*slips away to the throne of* LUNA.]

[LUNA plays her conquering  
melody.\*—

VENUS. Oh! Oh!

LIBRA. Holier than pleasure is pain;  
nobler is abstinence than indulgence;  
from sloth and faith we turn to toil  
and science; from the tame victories  
of the body to the wild triumphs of the  
mind.

VENUS. It is the ruin of the temple.

LIBRA. For from thee cometh the  
Utterance of the Present; but of the  
Future no word.

VENUS. And thou wilt?

LIBRA. The Word.

[SATURN *comes out and dances his dance, and falls, clasping the hem of LIBRA'S robe.*]

VENUS. Who is this? These are not my dances; these footsteps tread not my measures; not me he worships by the paces and pauses of his feet!

[LUNA *plays a wild and horrible melody.*<sup>†</sup>

[SATURN *drags LIBRA backwards into the dusk.*

[*The PROBATIONERS group similarly; MARS with MARS and VENUS with VENUS. Some, too, stand isolated.*]

VENUS. Brother Taurus, art thou faithful, thou alone?



TAURUS.           *[Seductively           yet  
ironically.]* Knowest thou not me?

VENUS. Yea, my beloved, Lord of all  
my doves.

TAURUS. Venus, our Lady!

VENUS. Come unto me!

*[She half rises and draws him to  
her.]*

TAURUS. Within the veil?

VENUS. There is no veil before my  
shrine!

*[She unfastens his robe. As it falls  
he leaps up with the Caduceus, as  
MERCURY, and tramples her beneath  
his feet.]*

TAURUS. In the Beginning was the

Word; and the Word was with God;  
and the Word was God!

*[All come forward; SATURN and  
LIBRA linked; LUNA and PISCES linked;  
and bow to him.]*

LUNA. The Treason is accomplished.

PISCES. The mind is nobler than the  
body.

SATURN. Friendship is holier than  
love.

LIBRA. Nature is overcome by wit.

PISCES. How shall we adore thee?

TAURUS. As you like it.

SATURN. What shall we sacrifice?

TAURUS. What you will.

[LUNA *plays a moto perpetuo*<sup>\*</sup> ALL  
*bowing in adoration to* MERCURY.]

LIBRA. Brother, what is the  
hour?

PISCES. Dawn.

LIBRA. Let us depart unto the work  
of the day.

ALL. Amen.

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<sup>\*</sup>— Romance in D: Beethoven.

<sup>\*</sup>— Polonaise in D: Wieniawski.

<sup>†</sup>— Witches' Dance: Paganini.

<sup>\*</sup>— Moto perpetuo: Ries.

# THE RITE OF MERCURY

## OFFICERS

MERCURY. *Violet Robe.*

FR. *and* SOR. GEMINI. *White Dancing Robe and Black Robe.*

VIRGO. *Green Robe.*

FOUR PROBATIONERS.

*Mercury is throned between the Twins. At the west of the Altar is Virgo, and his four attendants.*

# I

MERCURY. 22-333-333. [*Full light.*

The Speech in the Silence.

The Words against the Son of  
Night.

The Voice of Mercury in the  
Universe in the Presence of the  
Eternal Gods.

The Formulas of Knowledge.

The Wisdom of Breath.

The Radix of Vibration.

The Shaking of the Invisible.

The Rolling Asunder of the  
Darkness.

The Becoming Visible of Matter.

The Piercing of the Coils of the  
Stooping Dragon.

The Breaking Forth of the Light.

*[All being seated, the FOUR PROBATIONERS rise from among the other PROBATIONERS and march to the altar.]*

FIRST PROBATIONER. 333-333-22.  
Brethren, let us kindle the holy  
perfumes in honour of the most divine  
God.

ALL FOUR PROBATIONERS. *[While he does so.]* Hail unto the most divine  
Lord Mercury!

FIRST PROBATIONER. *[To FR. GEMINI]*  
Our Brother, child of the Voice, we  
ask Thee for thy help. Wilt thou purify

the Temple, that we may proceed with the Invocations?

FR. GEMINI. I am one with you, Brethren!

*[He rises and performs the Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram. While he does so, the FOUR PROBATIONERS stand facing the assembly.]*

FR. GEMINI. Let the rites of Mercury be celebrated.

*[They turn round, facing the altar again.]*

*[MERCURY reads Gemini and Virgo sections from 963 at altar.]*

*[The big lights are put out; only a small purple light remains.]*

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou Lord of Harmony! Master of the Right Will, Thou who hast brought unto us the divine seeds of self-knowledge—we, the humble Servants of the children of Thy voice, we call on Thee to lead us out of our Ignorance!

CHORUS OF THREE OTHER PROBATIONERS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!

FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, Divine Worker! Master of all that is Divine! Herald of all that is coming! Builder of our House! Holy art Thou, Thou that knowest the Supreme Mysteries!

CHORUS. We call Thee, O Thrice Holy!



FIRST PROBATIONER. O Thou, All Good, we call Thee!

VIRGO. I. [*Rising.*] Not Good alone, Brethren! But all complete in the perfect Equilibrium.

FR. GEMINI. Ay, The Balance must be kept even. Sister, let us invoke the Lord of Knowledge!

VIRGO. He gave unto you, children of His Voice, the Power of the making of fair things. Sing ye unto your Shepherd!

FR. GEMINI. [*Rises and stands before MERCURY.*] O Spirit, O Divine Messenger, Mighty One, most mighty circling and all comprehending Divine Bearer of the Wand, hail! Cœlestial,

æthereal, inter-æthereal, water like,  
air like, fire like, earth like, like unto  
light, like unto darkness, shining as do  
the Stars, moist, hot, cold Spirit, hail  
to Thee, ever laughing Child-God, all-  
knowing. Through Thee alone can we  
hope to reach Light and Truth.  
*[Returns to his seat.*

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly.*<sup>\*</sup>

*[A short pause.*

MERCURY. At the Ending of the  
Light,

At the Limits of the Night,  
Stood Mercury before the  
Unborn ones of Time.

Then was formulated the  
Universe;

Then came forth the Gods  
thereof,

The æons of the Bornless  
Beyond.

Then was the Voice vibrated;

Then was the Name declared.

At the Threshold of Entrance,  
Between the Universe and the  
Infinite,

In the Sign of the Enterer  
Stood Mercury, as before him  
The æons were proclaimed.

In Symbols did he record them;

In Breath did he vibrate them;

For between the Light and the

Darkness did he stand.

## II

### *The Temple in Darkness*

MERCURY.

O Light in Light! O flashing  
wings of fire!

The swiftest of the moments  
of the sea

Is unto thee

Even as some slow-foot  
Eternity

With limbs that drag and  
wheels that tire.

O subtle-minded flame of  
amber gyre,

It seems a spark of gold

Grown purple, and behold!

A flame of gray!

Then the dark night-wings  
glow

With iridescent indigo,

Shot with some violet ray;

And all the vision flames across  
the horizon

The millionth of no time—  
and when we say:

Hail!—Thou art gone!

The Moon is dark beside thy  
crown; the Sun

Seems a pale image of thy  
body bare;

And for thine hair  
Flash comets lustrous with  
the dewfall rare  
Of tears of that most  
memorable One,  
The radiant Queen, the veiled  
Paphian.

The wings of light divine  
Beneath thy body shine;  
The invisible  
Rayed with some tangible  
flame,  
Seeking to formulate a name,  
A citadel;  
And the winged heels are fiery  
with enormous speed,

One spurning heaven; the  
other trampling hell;  
And thou—recede!

O Hermes! Messenger of  
inmost thought!

Descend! Abide! Swift  
coursing in my veins

Shoot dazzling pains,

The Word of Selfhood integrate  
of Nought,

The Ineffable Amen! the  
Wonder wrought.

Bring death if life exceed!

Bid thy pale Hermit bleed,

Yet life exude;



And Wisdom and the Word of  
Him

Drench the mute mind grown  
dim

With quietude!

Fix thy sharp lightnings in my  
night! My spirit free!

Mix with my breath and life  
and name thy mood

And self of Thee.

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly*.<sup>\*</sup>

*[A short pause.*

FR. GEMINI. Master, be it thy  
pleasure to perform the Invocation of  
Mercury.

*[All PROBATIONERS rise and join the*

*four others in front of the altar.]*

MERCURY. [*Leaves throne.*] Majesty of the Godhead, Wisdom-crowned Thoth, Lord of the Gates of the Universe: Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou of the Ibis head: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Thou who wieldest the Wand of Double Power: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Thou who bearest in Thy left hand the Rose and Cross of Light and Life: Thee, Thee we invoke!

O Thou whose head is as an Emerald, and Thy Nemyss as the night sky-blue! Thou whose skin is of flaming orange, as though it burned in a furnace: Thee, Thee we invoke!

Behold, I am yesterday, to-day, and the brother of The Morrow! I am born again and again. Mine is the unseen force from which the Gods are sprung; that giveth life unto the dwellers in the watch-towers of the Universe.

I am the charioteer of the East, Lord of the Past and the Future. I see by mine own inward light; Lord of Resurrection, who cometh forth from the dusk, and whose birth is from the House of Death.

O ye two divine hawks upon your pinnacles, who keep Watch over the Universe! Ye who company the bier unto the House of Rest. Ye who pilot the Ship of Râ, ever advancing onwards unto the heights of Heaven!

Lord of the Shrine which standeth  
in the centre of the Earth!

Behold He is in me and I in Him!

Mine is the radiance in which Ptah  
floateth over his firmament.

I travel upon high.

I tread upon the firmament of Nu.

I raise a flashing flame with the  
lightning of mine eye, ever rushing  
forward in the splendour of the daily  
glorified Râ, giving my life to the  
dwellers of Earth.

If I say “come up upon the  
mountains,”

The Celestial waters shall flow at  
my word;

For I am Ra incarnate,

Khephra created in the flesh!

I am the image of my Father Tmu,  
Lord of the City of the Sun!

The God who commands is in my  
mouth;

The God of Wisdom is in my heart:

My tongue is the sanctuary of Truth

:

And a God sitteth upon my lips!

My word is accomplished each day,  
and the desire of my heart realises  
itself, like that of Ptah when he  
creates his works.

I am Eternal; therefore everything  
acts according to my designs, and

everything obeys my words.

Therefore I say unto Thee: come forth unto me from thine abode in the Silence, unutterable Wisdom, All-light, All-power ! Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Odin, by whatever name I call Thee, Thou art still un-named and nameless to Eternity! Come thou forth, I say, and aid and guard me in this Work of Art.

Thou, Star of the East that didst conduct the Magi! Thou art the same, all present in Heaven and in Hell. Thou that vibratest betwixt the Light and the Darkness. Rising, descending; changing ever, yet ever the same!

The Sun is Thy Father!

Thy Mother the Moon!

The Wind hath borne Thee in its  
bosom!

And Earth hath nourished the  
changeless Godhead of Thy Youth.

Come Thou forth, I say, come Thou  
forth

And make all spirits subject unto  
me!

So that every spirit of the  
firmament,

And of the Ether,

Of the Earth,

And under the Earth,

On dry land,

And in the Water,

Of whirling Air,  
And of rushing Fire,  
And every spell and scourge of  
God, may be obedient unto Me!

*[A pause.*

*[MERCURY goes to his throne.*

FR. GEMINI. I. Brother Virgo, didst  
thou hear the Voice?

VIRGO. Ay, Brother.

FR. GEMINI. Tell me, Brother, is not  
Mercury a great God?

VIRGO. Indeed, Son of Maia, the  
greatest of all Gods that tread upon  
the Milky Way.

FR. GEMINI. It is so.

SOR. GEMINI. Yet, Brother, there is



the Sun-God!

VIRGO. Is not Mercury the Sun-God, when hidden during the Night, among the souls of the dead? Hail unto Thee, Trismegistus, Hail unto thee!

SOR. GEMINI. Hail, O Sender of Dreams!

BR. GEMINI. Hail, O Supporter of Bacchus Infant!

MERCURY. Hail, Twins!

FIRST PROBATIONER. Thou art indeed the greatest of all Gods, O Mercury!

CHORUS. Hail, Mercury.

MERCURY. Yet, ye will betray me!

Bury me in a nameless grave!

I came from God the world to

save,

I brought it wisdom from  
above,

Worship, and liberty, and love.

So be my grave without a name

That earth may swallow up my  
shame!

[SOR. GEMINI *plays her saddest yet  
swiftest melody.*<sup>\*</sup>—

*[A pause.*

VIRGO. O, who art Thou, most  
lovely form that killeth me with the  
pleasure of Thy Vision?

MERCURY. I am thyself—that which  
is of thyself and dependent upon  
thyself.

VIRGO. Sister and Brother Gemini, kneel ye before the greatest of all Gods.

FR. GEMINI. Alas, Brother! Is the Speech greater than the Silence?

VIRGO. I. Brethren, kneel ye before the greatest of all Gods! [*None obey.*

MERCURY, I. Silence.... Thou hast no followers, Brother.

SOR. GEMINI. Behold thine handmaiden! Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God!

*[She walks to the throne.*

MERCURY. Peace upon thee, beloved!. . . But the Brethren say sooth. Even Mercury liveth not for

ever.

*[He recites.*

The light streams stronger  
through the lamps of sense.

Intelligence

Grows as we go. Alas: its icy  
glimmer

Shows dimmer, dimmer

The awful vaults we traverse.  
Were the sun

Himself the one

Glory of space, he would but  
illustrate

The night of Fate.

Are not the hosts of heaven in  
vain arrayed?

Their light dismayed  
Before the vast blind spaces of  
the sky?

O galaxy  
Of thousands upon thousands  
closely curled,

Your golden world  
Incalculably small, its closest  
cluster

Mere milky lustre  
Staining the infinite darkness!  
Base and blind

Our minion mind  
Seeks a great light, a light  
sufficient, light

Insufferably bright,

Hence hidden for an hour:  
imagining

    This vast vain thing,  
We call it God, and Father.  
Empty hand

    And prayer unplanned  
Stretch fatuous to the void. Ah!  
men my friends

    What fury sends  
This folly to intoxicate your  
hearts?

    Dread air disparts  
Your vital ways from these  
unsavoury follies;

    Black melancholies  
Sit straddled on your bended

backs. The throne

Of the unknown

Is fit for children. We are too  
well ware

How vain is prayer,

How nought is great, since all is  
immanent

The vast content

Of all the universe unalterable.

We know too well

How no one thing abides awhile  
at all,

How all things fall,

Fall from their seat, the  
lamentable place,

Before their face,  
Weary and pass and are no  
more. So we,

Since hope must be,  
Look to the future, to the  
chance minute

That life may shoot  
Some flower at least to blossom  
in the night,

Since vital light  
Is sure to fail us on the hideous  
way.

What? Must we pray?  
Verily, O thou littlest babe, too  
weak

To stir or speak,



Capable hardly of a thought, yet  
seed

Of word and deed!

To thine assured fruition we  
may trust

This weary dust.

We who are old, and palsied  
(and so wise!)

Lift up our eyes

To little children, as the storm-  
tossed bark

Hails in the dark

Some hardly visible harbour  
light; we hold

The hours of gold

To our own breasts, whose

hours are iron and brass:—

So swift they pass

And grind us down:—we hold  
the wondrous light

Our scattering sight

Yet sees, the one star in a night  
of woe.

We trust, and so

Lift up our voices in the dying  
day

Indeed to pray:

O little hands that are so soft  
and strong,

Lead us along!

[SOR. GEMINI *plays accordingly*<sup>\*</sup>—

[A pause.]

FR. GEMINI. Brother Virgo, wilt thou not join us who love not Speech?

VIRGO. Hail unto Mercury. He killeth Sol at the close of every Twilight, and hangeth up the sky of Night on the Tree of Heaven, fastened up with the Star-headed nails.

MERCURY. Brother Gemini, do Thou perform the dance of thy Virginal Sister.

[FR. GEMINI *dances*.

*[At the end of his dance, he falls before the altar. SOROR GEMINI and all PROBATIONERS circumambulate round him, then stop, facing MERCURY.]*

MERCURY. Come, Sister, no Divine

Being can be reached, save through Me.

*[He descends, and joins the PROBATIONERS, leading SOROR GEMINI by the hand.]*

*[VIRGO, left now alone before the empty shrine of MERCURY, walks slowly in front of it!]*

VIRGO. Hail unto the Lord Mercury!

*[A pause, during which all PROBATIONERS bend their heads low. MERCURY stands apart with SOR. GEMINI. VIRGO stands still before the shrine, hooded.]*

MERCURY. And this word I speak unto ye:

*[He is heard whispering.]*

# StiBeTTChePhMeFShiSS

*[A pause.*

MERCURY (*loudly*). Konx Om Pax!

*[Purple light off, white light on.*

*[He seats SOR. GEMINI upon his Throne. She plays her babe-music.\*]*

FR. GEMINI. The will of the Gods be accomplished!

*[All depart.*

---

\* — Hungarian Dance No. 2: Brahms.

\* — Sarabande: Bach.

\* — Scherzo: Tschaikowski.

\* — Berceuse: César Cui.

\* — Nocturne: G. Boyle.

# THE RITE OF LUNA

## OFFICERS

LUNA. *Silver Robe and Veil.  
Violin. Artemis. The Lady of the  
Moon.*

CANCER. *Amber Robe. Cup.  
Warden of the Holy Graal.*

TAURUS. *Orange Robe. Bow and  
Quiver. The Lord of the Bow.*

A NYMPH. *White Robe. The Head  
of the Dragon.*

A SATYR. *Black Robe. The Tail  
of the Dragon.*

PAN. *Black Robe, Tom-tom.*

*In the east Luna is throned, Cancer on her right, Taurus on her left. Beyond these the Satyr and the Nymph. At the apex of a descending Triangle, upon the earth, Pan.*

*One reciteth “The Twelfefold Certitude of God” from 963. The veil is withdrawn.*

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. 333-333-333.

CANCER. I. Brother Taurus, what is the hour?

TAURUS. Moonrise.

CANCER. I. Brother Taurus, what is

the place?

TAURUS. The Chapel of the Holy Graal.

CANCER. I. What is my office?

TAURUS. Warden of the Graal.

CANCER. I. What is my robe?

TAURUS. Chastity.

CANCER. I. What is my weapon?

TAURUS. Vigilance.

CANCER. I. Whom do we serve?

TAURUS. The Lady Artemis.

CANCER. I. How many are her servants?

TAURUS. Nine.

CANCER. I. Who are they?



TAURUS. Three for the dew; three for the rain; and three for the snow.

CANCER. I. Who are the great Officers?

TAURUS. Thyself, the Warden of the Holy Graal.

Myself, the Lord of the Bow.

A nymph, a satyr—

PAN. I. And Pan!

CANCER. Brother Pan, I command thee to honour our Lady Artemis.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

[PAN *recites chorus from Swinburne's "Atalanta."*

When the hounds of spring are

on winter's traces...

The wolf that follows, the fawn  
that flies.

TAURUS. The goddess stirs not.

CANCER. Silence is the secret of our  
Lady Artemis.

PAN. Hath no man lifted her veil?

CANCER. No man hath lifted her  
veil.

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. It is the hour  
of sealing up the shrine.

TAURUS. Let us banish the spirits of  
the elements.

*[Performs the Lesser Banishing  
Ritual of the Pentagram and returns.]*

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Let us banish the spirits of the planets.

*[Performs the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram and returns.]*

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333. Let us banish the holy Emanations from the One, lest our Lady's sleep be stirred.

*[He banishes the Sephiroth by the appointed Ritual.]*

Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333. Brother Taurus, the shrine is well guarded.

TAURUS. The shrine is perfectly guarded.

SATYR. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Hear me, Lord of the Stars!

For thee I have worshipped  
ever

With stains and sorrows and  
scars,

With joyful, joyful  
endeavour.

Hear me, O lily-white goat!

O crisp as a thicket of thorns,  
With a collar of gold for Thy  
throat,

A scarlet bow for Thy horns!

Here, in the dusty air,

I build Thee a shrine of yew.

All green is the garland I wear,

But I feed it with blood for  
dew!

After the orange bars

That ribbed the green west  
dying

Are dead, O Lord of the Stars,

I come to Thee, come to  
Thee crying.

The ambrosial moon that arose

With breasts slow heaving in  
splendour

Drops wine from her infinite

snows,

Ineffably, utterly, tender.

O moon! ambrosial moon!

Arise on my desert of  
sorrow,

That the magical eyes of me  
swoon

With lust of rain to-morrow!

Ages and ages ago

I stood on the bank of a river,  
Holy and holy and holy, I know,  
For ever and ever and ever!

A priest in the mystical shrine,  
I muttered a redeless rune,

Till the waters were redder than  
wine

In the blush of the harlot  
moon.

I and my brother priests

Worshipped a wonderful  
woman

With a body lithe as a beast's,

Subtly, horribly human.

Deep in the pit of her eyes

I saw the image of death,

And I drew the water of sighs

From the well of her lullaby  
breath.

She sitteth veiled for ever,  
    Brooding over the waste.  
She hath stirred or spoken  
never.

    She is fiercely, manly chaste!  
What madness make me awake  
    From the silence of utmost  
    eld  
The grey cold slime of the  
snake  
    That her poisonous body  
    held?

By night I ravished a maid  
    From her father's camp to the  
    cave.



I bared the beautiful blade;

I dipped her thrice i' the  
wave;

I slit her throat as a lamb's,

That the fount of blood leapt  
high

With my clamorous  
dithyrambs,

Like a stain on the shield of  
the sky.

With blood and censer and song

I rent the mysterious veil;

My eyes gaze long and long

On the deep of that blissful  
bale.

My cold grey kisses awake  
From the silence of utmost  
eld

The grey cold slime of the  
snake

That her beautiful body held.  
But—God! I was not content  
With the blasphemous secret  
of years;

The veil is hardly rent  
While the eyes rain stones  
for tears,

So I clung to the lips and  
laughed  
As the storms of death  
abated,

The storms of the grievous  
graft

By the swing of her soul  
unsated.

Wherefore reborn as I am

By a stream profane and foul,  
In the reign of a Tortured  
Lamb,

In the realm of a sexless  
Owl,

I am set apart from the rest

By meed of the mystic rune  
That reads in peril and pest  
The ambrosial moon—the  
moon!

For under the tawny star

That shines in the Bull above

I can rein the riotous car

Of galloping, galloping

Love;

And straight to the steady ray

Of the Lion-heart Lord I  
career,

Pointing my flaming way

With the spasm of night for a  
spear!

O moon! O secret sweet!

Chalcedony clouds of  
caresses

About the flame of our feet,

The night of our terrible  
tresses!

Is it a wonder, then,

If the people are mad with  
blindness,

And nothing is stranger to men

Than silence, and wisdom,  
and kindness?

Nay! let him fashion an arrow

Whose heart is sober and  
stout!

Let him pierce his God to the  
marrow!

Let the soul of his God flow  
out!

Whether a snake or a sun

In his horoscope Heaven hath  
cast,

It is nothing; every one

Shall win to the moon at last.

The mage has wrought by his  
art

A billion shapes in the sun.

Look through to the heart of his  
heart,

And the many are shapes of  
one!

An end to the art of the mage,

And the cold grey blank of  
the prison!

An end to the adamant age!

The ambrosial moon is  
arisen.

I have bought a lily-white goat

For the price of a crown of  
thorns,

A collar of gold for its throat,

A scarlet bow for its horns;

I have bought a lark in the lift

For the price of a butt of  
sherry:

With these, and God for a gift,

It needs no wine to be merry!

I have bought for a wafer of

bread

A garden of poppies and  
clover;

For a water bitter and dead,

A foam of fire flowing over.

From the Lamb and his prison  
fare

And the Owl's blind stupor,  
arise!

Be ye wise, and strong, and fair,

And the nectar afloat in your  
eyes!

Arise, O ambrosial moon,

By the strong immemorial  
spell,



By the subtle veridical rune

That is mighty in heaven and  
hell!

Drip thy mystical dew

On the tongues of the tender  
fauns,

In the shade of initiate yews,

Remote from the desert  
dawns!

Satyrs and Fauns, I call.

Bring your beauty to man!

I am the mate for ye all;

I am the passionate Pan.

Come, O come to the dance,

Leaping with wonderful

whips,  
Life on the stroke of a glance,  
Death in the stroke of the  
lips!

I am hidden beyond,  
Shed in a secret sinew,  
Smitten through by the fond  
Folly of wisdom in you!  
Come, while the moon (the  
moon!)

Sheds her ambrosial  
splendour,  
Reels in the redeless rune  
Ineffably, utterly, tender!

Hark! the appealing cry  
Of deadly hurt in the hollow:

—

Hyacinth! Hyacinth! Ay!  
Smitten to death by Apollo.  
Swift, O maiden moon,  
Send thy ray-dews after;  
Turn the dolorous tune  
To soft ambiguous laughter!

Mourn, O Maenads, mourn!  
Surely your comfort is over:  
All we laugh at you lorn.  
Ours are the poppies and  
clover!

O that mouth and eyes,  
    Mischievous, male, alluring!  
O that twitch of the thighs,  
    Dorian past enduring!

Where is wisdom now?  
    Where the sage and his  
    doubt?

Surely the sweat of the brow  
    Hath driven the demon out.

Surely the scented sleep  
    That crowns the equal war  
Is wiser than only to weep—  
    To weep for evermore!

Now, at the crown of the year,

The decadent days of  
October,

I come to thee, God, without  
fear;

Pious, chaste, and sober.

I solemnly sacrifice

This first-fruit flower of  
wine

For a vehicle of thy vice,

As I am Thine to be mine.

For five in the year gone by

I pray Thee give to me one;

A lover stronger than I,

A moon to swallow the sun!

May he be like a lily-white

goat,

Crisp as a thicket of thorns,  
With a collar of gold for his  
throat,

A scarlet bow for his horns!

CANCER. May our Lady Artemis be  
favourable!

TAURUS. May our Lady Artemis  
never be awakened!

[NYMPH *comes forward and dances  
her virginal dance.*

PAN. Of what worth is the gold in  
the mine?

CANCER. Brother Pan, be silent.

NYMPH. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN. [*Recites.*

Mother of Light, and the Gods!  
Mother of Music, awake!

Silence and Speech are at odds;  
Heaven and Hell are at stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I  
conjure; I constrain by the  
Snake and the Sword;

I am he that is sworn to endure  
—Bring us the word of the  
Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of  
Brightening, whose God was  
my sire;

By the Lord of the Flame and  
the Lightning, the King of the  
Spirits of Fire;

By the Lord of the Waves and  
the Waters, the King of the  
Hosts of the Sea,

The fairest of all of whose  
daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and  
the Breezes, the King of the  
Spirits of Air,

In whose bosom the infinite  
ease is that cradled me there;

By the Lord of the Fields and  
the Mountains, the King of the  
Spirits of Earth

That nurtured my life at his  
fountains from the hour of my  
birth;



By the Wand and the Cup I  
conjure; by the Dagger and  
Disk I constrain;

I am he that is sworn to endure;  
make thy music again!

I am Lord of the Star and the  
Seal; I am Lord of the Snake  
and the Sword;

Reveal us the riddle, reveal!  
Bring us the word of the Lord;

As the flame of the sun, as the  
roar of the sea, as the storm of  
the air,

As the quake of the earth—let it  
soar for a boon, for a bane, for a  
snare,

For a lure, for a light, for a kiss,  
for a rod, for a scourge, for a  
sword—

Bring us thy burden of bliss—  
Bring us the word of the Lord!

TAURUS. In vain thou askest speech  
from our Lady of Silence:

CANCER. Bear the Cup of Libation!

PAN. 333-333-333.

*[Recites.*

Roll through the caverns of  
matter, the world's irremovable  
bounds!

Roll, ye wild billows of ether!  
the Sistrion is shaken and  
sounds!

Wild and sonorous the clamour,  
vast in the region of death.

Live with the fire of the Spirit,  
the essence and flame of the  
breath!

Sound, O sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark,  
where the chained ones shall  
tremble and flee!

Gleam in the skies of the dusk,  
for the Light of the Dawn is in  
me!

Light on the forehead and life  
in the nostrils, and love in the  
breast,

Shine, O Thou Star of the

Dawning, thou Sun of the  
Radiant Crest!

Shine, O shine!

Flame through the sky in the  
strength of the chariot-wheels  
of the Sun!

Flame, ye young fingers of  
light, on the west of the  
morning that run!

Flame, O thou Meteor Car, for  
my fire is exalted in thee!

Lighten the darkness and herald  
the daylight, and waken the sea!

Flame, O flame!

Crown Her, O crown Her with

stars as with flowers for a  
virginal gaud!

Crown Her, O crown Her with  
Light and the flame of the  
down-rushing Sword!

Crown Her, O crown Her with  
Love for maiden and mother  
and wife!

Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is  
the Lady of Life!

Isis crowned!

CANCER. In vain thou invokest our  
Lady of the Moon!

TAURUS. Bear the Cup of Libation!

CANCER. 333-333-333.

PAN.

Must every star that saves the  
night

‘Gleam fearfully afar,  
Give no man love, but only  
light,

Or cease to be a star?

Nay, there's no man since time  
began

Through the ages until now,  
But won the goal of his set soul,  
A star upon his brow!

Oh! though no star serene as  
thou

Shine in my night forlorn,

Come, let me set thee on my  
brow,

And make its darkness morn!

PAN. [*Rises.*] Brother Satyr, scourge  
forth these that profane the sanctuary  
of our Lady: for they know not the  
secret of the shrine.

[SATYR *dances the dance of the  
scourge*, driving the officers down the  
stage, where they crouch.]

PAN. [*Goes to altar.*] Brother Satyr,  
I command you to perform the dance  
of Syrinx and Pan, in honour of our  
Lady Artemis.

SATYR. And in thine honour!

[*He dances the dance and falls  
prostrate in the midst.*]

PAN. [*Advancing to the Throne of Luna.*]

Uncharmable charmer

Of Bacchus and Mars,

In the sounding rebounding

Abyss of the stars!

O virgin in armour,

Thine arrows unsling

In the brilliant resilient

First rays of the spring!

By the force of the fashion

Of love, when I broke

Through the shroud, through  
the cloud,



Through the storm, through  
the smoke,  
To the mountain of passion  
Volcanic that woke—  
By the rage of the mage  
I invoke, I invoke!

By the midnight of madness,  
The lone-lying sea,  
The swoon of the moon,  
Your swoon into me;  
The sentinel sadness  
Of cliff-clinging pine,  
That night of delight  
You were mine, you were

mine!

You were mine, O my saint,  
My maiden, my mate,  
By the might of the right  
Of the night of our fate.  
Though I fall, though I faint,  
Though I char, though I  
choke,  
By the hour of our power  
I invoke, I invoke!  
By the mystical union  
Of fairy and faun,  
Unspoken, unbroken—  
The dusk to the dawn!—

A secret communion,  
Unmeasured, unsung,  
The listless, resistless,  
Tumultuous tongue!—

O virgin in armour  
Thine arrows unsling,  
In the brilliant resilient  
First rays of the spring!  
No Godhead could charm her,  
But manhood awoke—  
O fiery Valkyrie,  
I invoke, I invoke!

*[He tears down the veil.]*

*[LUNA plays accordingly.\*—*

*[A long silence.]*

CANCER. 333-333-333.

TAURUS. I. Brother Warden of the Graal, our task is ended.

CANCER. Let us depart, it is accomplished.

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\*  
— Chaccone; Bach.

# **THE RITES OF ELEUSIS: THEIR ORIGIN AND MEANING**

Aleister Crowley

(The *Bystander*, Nov 23, 1910, p  
384)

# The Rights of Eleusis

**A**mong the various accounts that have appeared of the character of the Rites of Eleusis, so-called, I find that very few people seem to understand intellectually what they were all about. It will be as well, therefore, if I make here a plain statement as to the exact nature of the rites. The ceremonies developed from very rude beginnings. The first one was in this wise. I happened to have a few friends in my room in the evening, among them the celebrated Australian violinist, Miss Leila Waddell. It struck me that we might pass the time by a sort of artistic dialogue; I read a

piece of poetry from one of the great classics, and she replied with a piece of music suggested by my reading. I retorted with another poem; and the evening developed into a regular controversy. The others were intensely interested in this strange conflict, and in the silence of the room spiritual enthusiasm took hold of us; so acutely that we were all intensely uplifted, to the point in some cases of actual ecstasy, an intoxication of the same kind as that experienced by an assistant at the celebration of the Mass or the performance of Parsifal, but stronger because of its naturalness and primitiveness.

It was subsequently decided to try

and tune everybody up to some definite, prearranged emotion, and we strung together a rough ceremony in honor of Artemis. This was so successful that it even impressed persons who had always been complete sceptics and scoffers. Having been of help in private, we endeavoured to reproduce the effects in public with greater elaboration.



# How to Write Rites Right

With regard to the genesis of the Rites of Eleusis I must explain that they did not spring fully armed from my brain, Minerva-like. The actual form which my ideas took was simply a question of convenience and compromise. It was necessary to have a series of some sort, and seven seemed to be about the right number, if we were going to get them done before people went away for Christmas. I might have chosen another sort of deities; but I thought that those associated with the days of the week would make it easier for everybody, and it certainly made it very much easier for me, because the

correspondences of colour, form, idea, number, and so on of the planets had been so very well worked out. Of the way in which the rituals were constructed, I must say a few words. Let us put ourselves in the position of the dramatist. Take, for example, the first ritual, that of Saturn. Working on tradition, just as Wagner did when he took the old Norse Saga for his world drama, we find Saturn as a black, melancholy God, the devourer of his children. Ideas of Night, Death, Black hellebore, Lead, Cypress, Tombs, Deadly Nightshade. All these things have a necessary connection with Saturn in the mind of anyone who has read the classics. The first condition

of this rite is, then, to make the temple a kind of symbolic representation of the sphere of Saturn. So the representative of Saturn wears the Black Robe. The time is declared to be midnight (though, as a matter of fact, it is only twenty minutes past eight — this is an ordinary theatrical convention; and masons will think of certain analogies in their own “Orgies”). If the brethren are fed, it is “on the corpses of their children” as Saturn fed on his. If they drink, it is “Pop-pyheads infused in blood” — symbols of sleep and death. Saturn further represents the earth, the plane of matter, humanity bounded by old age and death, humanity blindly

groping after illumination and failing to get it.

# **The Truth Behind the Veil**

It is, then, the primitive darkness of humanity that is represented in this ritual. Therefore, we have the despairing cry, "There is no God"; and as a logical result the suicide of the high priest, for there cannot be a priest without a God. It is the blackness of uttermost despair; and so the ritual ends. It is only in the second rite, the rite of Jupiter, who is etymologically and actually identical with the Hebrew Jehovah, that light breaks. But even in that rite, when the Supreme Power is declared, He is too exalted for anyone to approach Him; it is only by the work of the Divine Spirit that He is

made manifest; and this manifestation only takes place in the God-man whom some call Iacchus and others Jesus — again an etymological and mystical identity! This doctrine appears to me to differ from the orthodox doctrine of Christianity in one point only; it is not sectarian. I do not require Mr. John M. Robertson to tell me that the story of the crucifixion is merely a mystery play adapted from the rites of Mithras; the rite being symbolical of a spiritual truth, all nations that possess knowledge of spiritual things will have incorporated it in their rites under some name or other.

# **The Deadness of Dogma**

If my interpretation has been erroneous, let me be shown my error, and I will repent; but no sensible person can maintain for a moment that my interpretation is un-serious or irreverent. And my chief defense — my counter-attack — is that the orthodox methods of inculcating the doctrine in question have been so purely dogmatic and dull, that they have lost all vital force. Without art, truth becomes falsehood. Imagine anyone taking the teachings of the “Blue Bird,” and pounding them into a creed, and writing dull sermons about them! The unfortunate children who

had to learn them would begin to hate Maeterlinck bitterly. But let the sublime truths of Christianity be once again “clothed round by sweet art, with the spacious warm heaven of her imminent wings,” and there will be that true revival of religious life that everyone is blindly seeking.



# **CONCERNING “BLASPHEMY” IN GENERAL & THE RITES OF ELEUSIS IN PARTICULAR**

## **Pioneers, O Pioneers!**

**W**henever it occurs to anyone to cut a new canal of any kind, he will be well advised to look out for trouble. If it be the isthmus of Suez, the simple-minded engineer is apt to imagine that it is only a question of shifting so much sand; but before he can as much as strike the first pickaxe into the

earth he finds that he is up against all kinds of interests, social, political, financial, and what-not. The same applies to the digging of canals in the human brain. When Simpson introduced chloroform, he thought it a matter for the physician; and found himself attacked from the pulpit. All his arguments proved useless; and we should probably be without chloroform to-day if some genius had not befriended him by discovering that God caused Adam to fall into a deep sleep before He removed the rib of which Eve was made.

# **The Abuse of the Gutter**

Nowadays a movement has to be very well on the way to success before it is attacked by any responsible people. The first trouble comes from the gutter. Now the language of the gutter consists chiefly of meaningless abuse, and the principal catch-words, coming as they do from the mouths of men who never open them without a profane oath or a foul allusion, are those of blasphemy and immorality. The charge of insanity is frequently added when the new idea is just sufficiently easy to understand a little. There is another reason, too, for these three particular cries; these are the

charges which, if proved, can get the person into trouble, and at the same time which are in a sense true of everybody; for they all refer to a more or less arbitrary standard of normality. The old cry of "heresy" has naturally lost much of its force in a country nine-tenths of whose population are admittedly heretics; but immorality and insanity are to-day almost equally meaningless terms. The Censor permits musical comedy and forbids Oedipus Rex; and Mr. Bernard Shaw brands the Censor as immoral for doing so. Most people of the educated classes will probably agree with him.

# Insanity and Blasphemy

As for insanity, it is simply a question of finding a Greek or Latin name for any given act. If I open the window, it is on account of claustrophobia; when I shut it again, it is an attack of agarophobia.

All the professors tell me that every form of emotion has its root in sex, and describe my fondness for pictures as if it were a peculiarly unnatural type of vice. It is even impossible for an architect to build a church spire without being told that he is reviving the worship of Priapus. Now, the only result of all this is that all these terms of abuse have become entirely

meaningless, save as defined by law. There is still some meaning in the term "Forger," as used in general speech; but only because it has not yet occurred to any wiseacre to prove that all his political and religious opponents are forgers. This seems to me a pity. There is, undoubtedly, a forged passage in Tacitus and another in Petronius. Everyone who studies the classics is, therefore, a kind of accomplice in forgery. The charge of blasphemy is in all cases a particularly senseless one. It has been hurled in turn at Socrates, Euripides, Christ, El-Mansur, the Baab, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

# **The Morality Red Herring**

Legal Blasphemy is, of course, an entirely different thing. In the recent notorious case where an agent of the Rationalist Press Association, Harry Boulter by name, was prosecuted, the question proved to be not a theological one at all. It was really this, “were the neighbours being annoyed?” “was the man's language coarse?” and the Judge and Joseph McCabe agreed that it was. But in modern times no one has ever been prosecuted in any civilised country for stating philosophic propositions, whatever may be their theological implicatons. We have no longer the

Casuists of the Inquisition, who would take the trouble to argue from Bruno's propositions of the immanence of God that, if that were so, the doctrine of the Incarnation was untenable (and therefore he shall be burned). It is only the very narrowest religious sects that trouble to call Herbert Spencer an Atheist. What the man in the street means by Atheist is the militant Atheist, Bradlaugh or Foote; and it is a singular characteristic of the Odium Theologicum that, instead of arguing soberly concerning the proposition, which those worthies put forward, they always try to drag the red herring of morality across the track.

Of all the stupid lies that men have



ever invented, nothing is much sillier than the lie that one who does not believe in God must be equally a disbeliever in morality. As a matter of fact, in a country which pretends so hard to appear theistic as England, it requires the most astounding moral courage, a positive galaxy of virtues, for a man to stand up and say that he does not believe in God; as Dr. Wace historically remarked, "it ought to be unpleasant for a man to say that he does not believe in Jesus"; and my dislike to Atheism is principally founded on the fact that so many of its exponents are always boring me about ethics. Some priceless idiot, who, I hope, will finish in the British

Museum, remarked in a free-thinking paper the other day, that they need not trouble to pull down the churches, “because they will always be so useful for sane and serious discussion of important ethical problems.” Personally, I would rather go back to the times when the preacher preached by the hour-glass.

# **The Pot and the Kettle**

I have always been very amused, too, in this connection of blasphemy by the perusal of Christian Missionary journals, on which I was largely brought up. They are full from cover to cover of the most scandalous falsehoods about heathen gods, and the most senseless insults to them, insults penned by the grossly ignorant of our religious population. It is only in quite recent years that the English public have discovered that Buddha was not a God, and it was not the missionaries that found this out, but scholars of secular attainment. In America, particularly, the most

incredible falsehoods are constantly circulated by the Missionary Societies even about the customs of the Hindoos. To read them, one would suppose that every crocodile in India was fed with babies as the first religious duty of every Indian mother; but, of course, it is most terribly wicked for the Hindoo to make fun of the deities of the American. For my part, who have lived half my life in “Christian” countries and half my life in “heathen” countries, I cannot see much to choose between the different religions. Their arguments consist, in the end, of passionate assertion, which is no argument at all.

# Religion and Draw-Poker

There is an excellent story—much better known in India than in England—of a missionary, who was explaining to the poor heathen how useless were his gods. “See!” said he, “I insult your idol, he is but of dead stone; he does not avenge himself, or punish me.” “I insult your God,” replied the Hindoo, “he is invisible; he does not avenge himself, or punish me.” “Ah!” said the missionary, “my God will punish you when you die”; and the poor Hindoo could only find the following pitiable answer: “So, when you die, will my idol punish you.” It was from America, too, that I

obtained the first principle of religion;  
which is that four to a flush are not as  
good as one small pair.

# Orgies!

Still, I suppose it is useless to contest the popular view that anyone whom any fool chooses to call an Atheist is liable to conduct “orgies.” Now, can anyone tell me what orgies are? No? Then I must reach down the Lexicon. Orgia, only used in the plural and connected with Ergon (work), means sacred rites, sacred worship practised by the initiated at the sacred worship of Demeter at Eleusis, and also the rites of Bacchus. It also means any rites, or worship, or sacrifice, of any mysteries without any reference to religion; and Orgazio means, therefore, to celebrate Orgies, or

ceremonies, or to celebrate any sacred rites. It is really a poor comment upon the celebration of sacred rites that the word should have come to mean something entirely different, as it does to-day. For the man in the street Orgie means a wild revel usually accompanied by drunkenness. I think it is almost time that someone took the word Orgie as a Battle Cry, and, having shown that the Eucharist is only one kind of orgie to restore the true enthusiasm (which is not of an alcoholic or sexual nature) among the laity; for it is no secret that the falling away of all nations from religion, which only a few blind-worms are fatuous enough to deny, is due to the



fact that the fire no longer burns in the sacred lamp.

Outside a few monasteries there is hardly any church of any sect whose members really expect anything to happen to them from attending public worship. If a new Saint Paul were to journey to Damascus, the doctor would be called in and his heavenly vision diagnosed as epilepsy. If a new Mahomed came from his cave and announced himself a messenger of God, he would be thought a harmless lunatic. And that is the first stage of a religious propaganda.

# **The Stations of the Cross**

Now the real messenger of God can always be distinguished in a very simple way. He possesses a mysterious force which enables him to persist, heedless of the sneers and laughter of the populace. It then strikes the wiser people that he is dangerous; and they begin on the blasphemy and immorality tack. In the life of our Lord, this will be noticed. In the first place, there was just the contemptuous "he hath a devil," which was the equivalent of our "he's just a crank," but when it was found that this crank had adherents, men of force and eloquence like Peter, to say nothing of

financial genius like Judas Iscariot, the cry was quickly changed into wild accusations of blasphemy and allegations of immorality. "He is a friend of publicans and sinners." A sane Government only laughs at these ebullitions; and it is then the task of the Pharisees to prove to the Government that it is to its interest to suppress this dangerous upstart. They may succeed; and though the Government is never for a moment blind to the fact that it is doing an injustice, the new Saviour is crucified. It is this final publicity of crucifixion (for advertisement is just as necessary in one age as another) that secures the full triumph to him whom his enemies

fondly suppose to be their victim. Such is human blindness, that the messenger himself, his enemies, and the civil power, all of them do exactly the one thing which will defeat their ends. The messenger would never succeed at all if it were not that he is The Messenger, and it really matters very little what steps he may take to get the message delivered. For all concerned are but pawns in the great game played by infinite wisdom and infinite power.

# **Orderly, Decorous Ceremonies**

It is, therefore, a negligible matter, this abuse, from whatever source it comes. It should waste my time if I were to prove that the rites of Eleusis, as now being performed at Caxton Hall, are orderly, decorous ceremonies. It is true that at times darkness prevails; so it does in some of Wagner's operas and in certain ceremonies of a mystical character which will occur to the minds of a large section of my male readers. There are, moreover, periods of profound silence, and I can quite understand that in such an age of talk

as this, that seems a very suspicious  
circumstance!



*The Interpreter.*





# THE INTERPRETER

Mother of Light, and the Gods!  
Mother of Music, awake!  
Silence and Speech are at odds;  
Heaven and Hell are at stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I  
conjure; I constrain by the  
Snake and the Sword;

I am he that is sworn to endure  
—Bring us the word of the  
Lord!

By the brood of the Bysses of  
Brightening, whose God was  
my sire;

By the Lord of the Flame and  
the Lightning, the King of the

Spirits of Fire;

By the Lord of the Waves and  
the Waters, the King of the  
Hosts of the Sea, The fairest of  
all of whose daughters was  
mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and  
the Breezes, the King of the  
Spirits of Air,

In whose bosom the infinite  
ease is that cradled me there;

By the Lord of the Fields and  
the Mountains, the King of the  
Spirits of Earth

That nurtured my life at his  
fountains from the hour of my  
birth;

By the Wand and the Cup I  
conjure; by the Dagger and  
Disk I constrain;

I am he that is sworn to endure;  
make thy music again!

I am Lord of the Star and the  
Seal; I am Lord of the Snake  
and the Sword;

Reveal us the riddle, reveal!  
Bring us the word of the Lord!

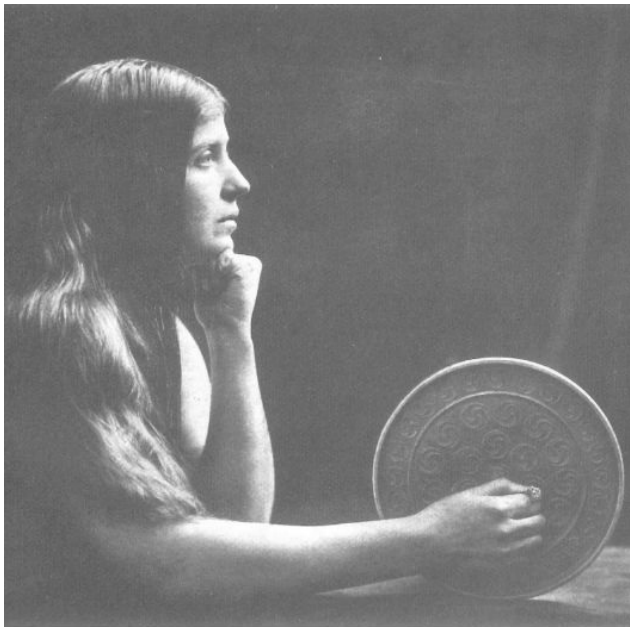
As the flame of the sun, as the  
roar of the sea, as the storm of  
the air,

As the quake of the earth—let it  
soar for a boon, for a bane, for a  
snare,

For a lure, for a light, for a kiss,

for a rod, for a scourge, for a  
sword—

Bring us thy burden of bliss—  
Bring us the word of the Lord!  
PERDURABO.



Miss Leila Waddell

# Thelema: A Tone Testament by Leila Waddell

*Andante con moto.*

*mp*

*cres.*

*f*

*tr*

*dim. e rit.*

*a tempo.*

*mp*

*f*

*mp*

*f*

*f*

tr tr tr tr *Allegro.*  
accel.

tr tr tr tr  
*sempre f*

*poco piu moderato.*

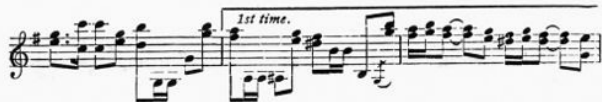
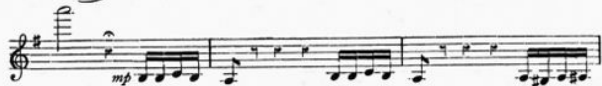
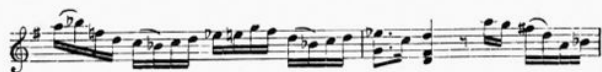
*rit.*

*f* *tr* *tr* *f*

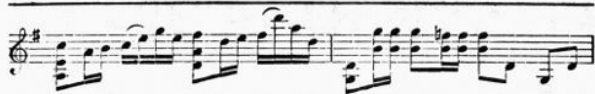
*tr* *tr*













# THE EARTH

THE child of miracle to the world,  
greeting.

I reach my hands to the leaves and  
dabble in the dew: I sprinkle dew on  
you for kisses. I kneel down and hold  
the grass of the black earth to my  
bosom; I crush the earth to my lips as  
if it were a grape. And the wine of  
Demeter flushes my cheeks; they burn  
with joy of youth.

Why should I greet the world?  
Because my heart is bursting with  
love for the world. Love, say I? Why  
not lust? Is not lust strength, and  
merriment, and the famine that only

the infinite can stay?

And why do I call myself the child of miracle? Because I have entered a second time into my mother's womb and am born. Because to the knowledge of manhood has come the passion, even the folly, of adolescence; with all its pride and purity.

It is for this that you see me lying upon the thick wet grass, unquenchable; or rejoicing in the fat black loam.

Now the manner of the miracle was this. In the beginning is given to a youth the vision of his mate. This one must he henceforth seek blindly; and

many are the enchantments and disenchantments. Through this his vision fades; even his hunger dies away unless he be indeed Elect. But in the end it may be that God shall send him the other half of that Token of Paradise. Then, if he have kept the holy fire alight, perhaps with much false fuel, that fire shall instant blaze and fill the temple of his soul. By its insistent energy it shall destroy even the memory of all those marsh-lights that came to greet it; and the priest shall bow down in the glory, and grasp the altar with his hands, and strike it with his forehead seven times. Now this altar is the earthen altar of Demeter.

Then understanding all things by the light of that love, he shall know that this is love, that this is the soul of the earth, that this is fertility and understanding, the secret of Demeter. Nay, (even!) the Oracle may speak in his heart and foretell or foreshadow the greater mysteries of Persephone, of Death the daughter of Love.

Those, too, who are thus reborn will understand that I who write these words am stretched on the wet earth on the day of Spring. It is night, but only the sea whispers of Persephone, as the stars intimate Urania whose mystery is the third, and beyond. My body is absorbed in scent and touch; for the consuming fire of my sight has



burnt itself out to blindness, and in my mouth is only the savour of an infinite kiss. The moist earth burns my lips; my fingers search down about the roots of the grass. The life of earth itself is my life: I shall be glad to be buried in the earth. Let my body dissolve into hers, putrefy in her reviving limbeck. He never loved who let them case him in a coffin from the supreme embrace.

It is from the earth, bride of the sun, that all bodily strength derives. It is no figure that Antaeus regained all his force when he touched earth. It is no pedantry and folly of the Hindus, who (fearing bodily lust) isolate their acolytes from earth, no futility their

doctrine of Prana and the Tamo-Guna. It is not mere faith healing, this hygiene of Father Kneipp, and his failures are those who retain decorum and melancholy, who follow the letter and not the spirit, coldblooded treaders upon earth instead of passionate lovers of its strength.

It is no accident of mythology that the Titans made war upon the Gods, and in Prometheus overthrew them.

It was when Canute failed to drive back the sea that his dynasty was lost to that Norman William who caught hold of Mother Earth with both hands.

When I was a child I fell; and the scars of the earth are on my forehead

at this hour.

When I was a boy I was hurt by the explosion of a buried jar of gunpowder; and the scars of the earth are on my face at this hour.

Since then I have been the lover of the earth, that wooed me thus roughly. Many a night have I slept upon her naked breast, in forest and on glacier, upon great plains and upon lonely crags, in heat and cold, fair weather and foul; and my blood is the blood of the earth. My life is hers, and as she is a spark thrown off from the whirling brilliance of the sun, so do I know myself to be a spark of infinite God.

Seek earth, and heaven shall be

added unto you! Back to our mother, drive the shining spade into her womb! Wrinkle her with your furrows, she will only smile more kindly!

Let your sweat, the sweat of your toil, which is your passion, drip like benediction from on High upon her; she will render corn and wine. Also your wife shall be desirable in your eyes all the days of your life, and your children shall be strong and comely, and the blessing of the Most High shall be upon you.

Then let your grasp relax in the satiety of death, and your weight shall cumber the earth, and the little children of the earth shall make merry

with you until the rose strike its root into your breast. Then shall your body be one again with the Mother, and your soul one with the Father, as it is written in the Book of the Law.

All this have I been taught by her whose purity and strength are even as Earth's, chosen before the foundation of Time. Lioness with lion, may we walk by night among the ruins of great cities, when, weary with happiness too great even for our immortality, we turn from the fragrance and fertility of Earth. And at the sunrise return where the peopled valleys call us; where, bronzed and buoyant, our children sing aloud as they drive home the spade.

Glory be to the Earth and to the Sun  
and to the holy body and soul of Man;  
and glory be to Love and to the Father  
of Love, the secret Unity of things!

Glory be to the Shrine within the  
Temple, and to the God within the  
Shrine, to the Word and to the Silence  
that bore it unto Him that is beyond  
the Silence and the Speech!

Also thanksgiving in the Highest  
for the Gift of all these things, and for  
the maiden in whom all these things  
are found, for the holy body and soul  
of man, and for the sun, and for the  
earth. AMEN.

FRANCIS BENDICK.



Aleister Crowley. The Sign of the Enterer





# **LIBER DCCCCLXIII**

A . . . A . . . Publication in Class B

Issued by Order of

D.D.S. 7° = 4° Præmonstrator

O.S.V. 6° = 5° Imperator

N.S.F. 5° = 6° Cancellarius

LIBER

ΘΕΣΑΥΡΟΥ 'ΕΙΔΩΛΩΝ

SVB FIGVRA

DCCCCLXIII

צטרות צטרה

Corona, Corolla ;

Sic vocatur Malchuth  
quando ascendit usque  
ad Kether.

*The Kabbala.*

(The Probationer should learn by heart the chapter corresponding to the Zodiacal Sign that was rising at his birth; or, if this be unknown, the chapter “The Twelfefold Unification of God.”)

|     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 93  | 108 | 123 | 138 | 153 | 168 | 1   | 16  | 31  | 46  | 61  | 76  | 91  |
| 107 | 122 | 137 | 152 | 167 | 13  | 15  | 30  | 45  | 60  | 75  | 90  | 92  |
| 121 | 136 | 151 | 166 | 12  | 14  | 29  | 44  | 59  | 74  | 89  | 104 | 106 |
| 135 | 150 | 165 | 11  | 26  | 28  | 43  | 58  | 73  | 88  | 103 | 105 | 120 |
| 149 | 164 | 10  | 25  | 27  | 42  | 57  | 72  | 87  | 102 | 117 | 119 | 134 |
| 163 | 9   | 24  | 39  | 41  | 56  | 71  | 86  | 101 | 116 | 118 | 133 | 148 |
| 8   | 23  | 38  | 40  | 55  | 70  | 85  | 100 | 115 | 130 | 132 | 147 | 162 |
| 22  | 37  | 52  | 54  | 69  | 84  | 99  | 114 | 129 | 131 | 146 | 161 | 7   |
| 36  | 51  | 53  | 68  | 83  | 98  | 113 | 128 | 143 | 145 | 160 | 6   | 21  |
| 50  | 65  | 67  | 82  | 97  | 112 | 127 | 142 | 144 | 159 | 5   | 20  | 35  |
| 64  | 66  | 81  | 96  | 111 | 126 | 141 | 156 | 158 | 4   | 19  | 34  | 49  |
| 78  | 80  | 95  | 110 | 125 | 140 | 155 | 157 | 3   | 18  | 33  | 48  | 63  |
| 79  | 94  | 109 | 124 | 139 | 154 | 169 | 2   | 17  | 32  | 47  | 62  | 77  |

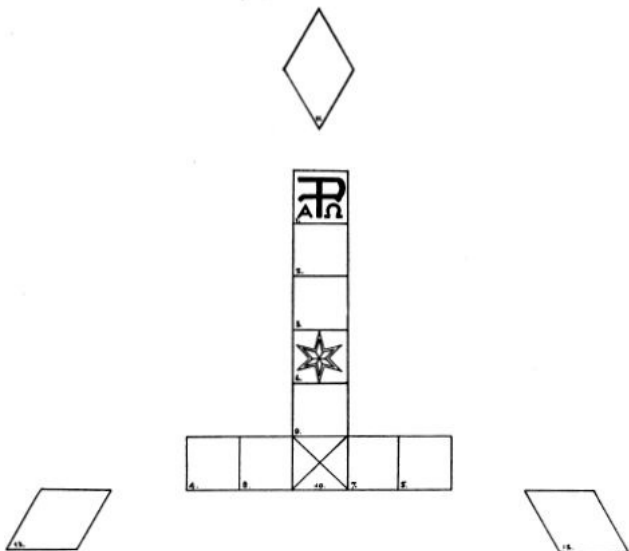


FIG. 1.

### The Triangle of the Universe.

Three veils of the Negative—not yellow; not red; not blue: but therefore symbolised by the “flashing” colours of these three; purple (11); emerald (12) and orange (13). Within their triangle of Yonis is the Lingam touching and filling it. Positive, as they are negative; in the Queen Scale of colour, as they are in the King Scale. Ten are the Emanations of Unity, the parts of that Lingam, in Kether,  $TARO = 78 = 6 \times 13$ , the Influence of that Unity in the Macrocosm (Hexagram). The centre of the whole figure is Tiphereth, where is a golden Sun of six rays. Note the reflection of the Yonis to the triad about Malkuth. Also note that the triangle of Yonis is hidden, even as their links are secret. From Malkuth depends the Greek Cross of the Zodiac and their Spiritual Centre (Fig. 2). For Colour

Scales see 777.

A...A...

Publication in Class A

# A NOTE UPON LIBER DCCCCLXIII

1. Let the student recite this book, particularly the 169 Adorations, unto his Star as it ariseth.

2. Let him seek out diligently in the sky his Star; let him travel thereunto in his Shell; let him adore it unceasingly from its rising even unto its setting by the right adorations, with chants that shall be harmonious therewith.

3. Let him rock himself to and fro in adoration; let him spin around his own axis in adoration; let him leap up and down in adoration.

4. Let him inflame himself in the adoration, speeding from slow to fast, until he can no more.

5. This also shall be sung in open places, as heaths, mountains, woods, and by streams and upon islands.

6. Moreover, ye shall build you fortified places in great cities; caverns and tombs shall be made glad with your praise.

7. Amen.



# THE TREASURE- HOUSE OF IMAGES

Here beginneth the Book of  
the Meditations on the  
Twelfefold Adoration,  
and the  
Unity of  
GOD.



The Chapter known as  
The Perception of God  
that is revealed unto man for a snare

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelfefold Snare          | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

ooo. In the Beginning there was Naught, and Naught spake unto Naught saying: Let us beget on the Nakedness of Our Nothingness the Limitless, Eternal, Identical, and United: And without will, intention, thought, word, desire, or deed, it was so.

oo. Then in the depths of Nothingness hovered the Limitless, as a raven in the night; seeing naught, hearing naught, and understanding naught: neither was it seen, nor heard, nor understood; for as yet Countenance beheld not Countenance.

o. And as the Limitless stretched forth its wings, an unextended unextendable Light became;

colourless, formless, conditionless, effluent, naked, and essential, as a crystalline dew of creative effulgence; and fluttering as a dove betwixt Day and Night, it vibrated forth a lustral Crown of Glory.

1. And out of the blinding whiteness of the Crown grew an Eye, like unto an egg of an humming-bird cherished on a platter of burnished silver.

2. Thus I beheld Thee, O my God, the lid of whose Eye is as the Night of Chaos, and the pupil thereof as the marshalled order of the spheres.

3. For, I am but as a blind man, who wandering through the noontide

preceiveth not the loveliness of day;  
and even as he whose eyes are  
unenlightened beholdeth not the  
greatness of this world in the depths  
of a starless night, so am I who am not  
able to search the unfathomable  
depths of Thy Wisdom.

4. For what am I that I durst look  
upon Thy Countenance, purblind one  
of small understanding that I am,  
blindly groping through the night of  
mine ignorance like unto a little  
maggot hid in the dark depths of a  
corrupted corpse?

5. Therefore, O my God, fashion me  
into a five-pointed star of ruby  
burning beneath the foundations of  
Thy Unity, that I may mount the pillar

of Thy Glory, and be lost in adoration of the triple Unity of Thy Godhead, I beseech Thee, O Thou who art to me as the Finger of Light thrust through the black clouds of Chaos; I beseech Thee, O my God, hearken Thou unto my cry!

6. Then, O my God, am I not risen as the sun that eateth up ocean as a golden lion that feedeth on a blue-grey wolf? So shall I become one with Thy Beauty, worn upon Thy breast as the Centre of a Sixfold Star of ruby and of sapphire.

7. Yea, O God, gird Thou me upon Thy thigh as a warrior girdeth his sword! Smite my acuteness into the earth, and as a sower casteth his seed

into the furrows of the plough, do Thou beget upon me these adorations of Thy Unity, O My Conqueror!

8. And Thou shalt carry me upon Thine hip, O Thou flashing God, as a black mother of the South Country carrieth her babe. Whence I shall reach my lips to Thy pap, and sucking out Thy stars, shed them in these adorations upon the Earth.

9. Moreover, O God my God, Thou who hast cloven me with Thine amethystine Phallus, with Thy Phallus adamantine, with Thy Phallus of Gold and Ivory! thus am I cleft in twain as two halves of a child that is split asunder by the sword of the eunuchs, and mine adorations are divided, and

one contendeth against his brother.  
Unite Thou me even as a split tree that  
closeth itself again upon the axe, that  
my song of praise unto Thee may be  
One Song!

10. For I am Thy chosen Virgin, O  
my God! Exalt Thou me unto the  
throne of the Mother, unto the Garden  
of Supernal Dew, unto the Unutterable  
Sea!

Amen,  
and Amen of Amen,  
and Amen of Amen of Amen,  
and Amen of Amen of Amen of  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Affirmation of God  
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Affirmations ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof. ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou snow-clad volcan of scarlet fire, Thou flame-crested pillar of fury! Yea, as I approach Thee, Thou departest from me like unto a wisp of smoke blown forth from the window of my house.

2. O Thou summer-land of eternal joy, Thou rapturous garden of flowers! Yea, as I gather Thee, my harvest is but as a drop of dew shimmering in the golden cup of the crocus.



3. O Thou throbbing music of life and death, Thou rhythmic harmony of the world! Yea, as I listen to the echo of Thy voice, my rapture is but as the whisper of the wings of a butterfly.

4. O Thou burning tempest of blinding sand, Thou whirlwind from the depths of darkness! Yea, as I struggle through Thee, through Thee, my strength is but as a dove's down floating forth on the purple nipples of the storm.

5. O Thou crowned giant among great giants, Thou crimson-sworded soldier of war! Yea, as I battle with Thee, Thou masterest me as a lion that slayeth a babe that is cradled in lilies.

6. O Thou shadowy vista of Darkness, Thou cryptic Book of the fir-clad hills! Yea, as I search the key of Thy house I find my hope but as a rushlight sheltered in the hands of a little child.

7. O Thou great labour of the Firmament, Thou tempest-tossed roaring of the Aires! Yea, as I sink in the depths of Thine affliction, mine anguish is but as the smile on the lips of a sleeping babe.

8. O Thou depths of the Inconceivable, Thou cryptic, unutterable God! Yea, as I attempt to understand Thee, my wisdom is but as an abacus in the lap of an aged man.

9. O Thou transfigured dream of blinding light, Thou beatitude of wonderment! Yea, as I behold Thee, mine understanding is but as the glimpse of a rainbow through a storm of blinding snow.

10. O Thou steel-girdered mountain of mountains, Thou crested summit of Majesty! Yea, as I climb Thy grandeur, I find I have but surmounted one mote of dust floating in a beam of Thy Glory.

11. O Thou Empress of Light and of Darkness, Thou pourer-forth of the stars of night! Yea, as I gaze upon Thy Countenance, mine eyes are as the eyes of a blind man smitten by a torch of burning fire.

12. O Thou crimson gladness of the midnight, Thou flamingo North of brooding light! Yea, as I rise up before Thee, my joy is but as a raindrop smitten through by an arrow of the Western Sun.

13. O Thou golden Crown of the Universe, Thou diadem of dazzling brightness! Yea, as I burn up before Thee, my light is but as a falling star seen between the purple fingers of the Night.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,

and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Renunciation of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelve Renunciations      |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O my God, Thou mighty One,  
Thou Creator of all things, I renounce  
unto Thee the kisses of my mistress,  
and the murmur of her mouth, and all  
the trembling of her firm young  
breast; so that I may be rolled a flame  
in Thy fiery embrace, and be  
consumed in the unutterable joy of  
Thine everlasting rapture.

2. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the soft-lipp'd joys of life, and the honey-sweets of this world, and all the subtilities of the flesh; so that I may be feasted on the fire of Thy passion, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

3. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the ceaseless booming of the waves, and the fury of the storm, and all the turmoil of the wind-swept waters; so that I may drink of the porphyry foam of Thy lips, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

4. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the whispers of the desert, and the moan of the simoom, and all the silence of the sea of dust; so that I may be lost in the atoms of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

5. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the green fields of the valleys, and the satyr roses of the hills, and the nymph lilies of the meer; so that I may wander through the gardens of Thy Splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

6. O my God, Thou Mighty One,

Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the sorrow of my mother, and the threshold of my home, and all the labour of my father's hands; so that I may be led unto the Mansion of Thy Light, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

7. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the yearning for Paradise, and the dark fear of Hell, and the feast of the corruption of the grave; so that as a child I may be led unto Thy Kingdom, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

8. O my God, Thou Mighty One,



Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the moonlit peaks of the mountains, and the arrow-shapen kiss of the firs, and all the travail of the winds; so that I may be lost on the summit of Thy Glory, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

9. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the goatish ache of the years, and the cryptic books, and all the majesty of their enshrouded words; so that I may be entangled in Thy wordless Wisdom, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

10. O my God, Thou Mighty One,

Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the wine-cups of merriment, and the eyes of the wanton bearers, and all the lure of their soft limbs; so that I may be made drunk on the vine of Thy splendour, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

11. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the hissing of mad waters, and the trumpeting of the thunder, and all Thy tongues of dancing flame; so that I may be swept up in the breath of Thy nostrils, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

12. O my God, Thou Mighty One,

Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee the crimson lust of the chase, and the blast of the brazen war-horns, and all the gleaming of the spears; so that like an hart I may be brought to bay in Thine arms, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

13. O my God, Thou Mighty One, Thou Creator of all things, I renounce unto Thee all that Self which is myself, that black sun which shineth in Self's day, whose glory blindeth Thy Glory; so that I may become as a rushlight in Thine abode, and be consumed in the unutterable joy of Thine everlasting rapture.

O Glory be unto Thee through all

Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.

## II

The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Conjuraton of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelve Conjuratons        |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O Thou Consuming Eye of  
everlasting light set as a pearl betwixt  
the lids of Night and Day; I swear to  
Thee by the formless void of the  
Abyss, to lap the galaxies of night in

darkness, and blow the meteors like bubbles into the frothing jaws of the sun.

2. O Thou ten-footed soldier of blue ocean, whose castle is built upon the sands of life and death; I swear to Thee by the glittering blades of the waters, to cleave my way within Thine armed hermitage, and brood as an eyeless corpse beneath the coffin-lid of the Mighty Sea.

3. O Thou incandescent Ocean of molten stars, surging above the arch of the Firmament; I swear to Thee by the mane-pennoned lances of light, to stir the lion of Thy darkness from its lair, and lash the sorceress of noontide into fury with serpents of fire.

4. O Thou intoxicating Vision of Beauty, fair as ten jewelled virgins dancing about the hermit moon; I swear to Thee by the peridot flagons of spring, to quaff to the dregs Thy chalice of Glory, and beget a royal race before the Dawn flees from awakening Day.

5. O Thou unalterable measure of all things, in whose lap lie the destinies of unborn worlds; I swear to Thee by the balance of Light and Darkness, to spread out the blue vault as a looking-glass, and flash forth therefrom the intolerable lustre of Thy Countenance.

6. O Thou who settest forth the limitless expanse, spanned by wings

of thunder above the cosmic strife; I swear to Thee by the voiceless dust of the desert, to soar above the echoes of shrieking life, and as an eagle to feast for ever upon the silence of the stars.

7. O Thou flame-tipped arrow of devouring fire that quiverest as a tongue in the dark mouth of Night; I swear to Thee by the thurible of Thy Glory, to breathe the incense of mine understanding, and to cast the ashes of my wisdom into the Valley of Thy breast.

8. O Thou ruin of the mountains, glistening as an old white wolf above the fleecy mists of Earth; I swear to Thee by the galaxies of Thy domain, to press Thy lamb's breasts with the

teeth of my soul, and drink of the milk and blood of Thy subtlety and innocence.

9. O Thou Eternal river of chaotic law, in whose depths lie locked the secrets of Creation; I swear to Thee by the primal waters of the Deep, to suck up the Firmament of Thy Chaos, and as a volcano to belch forth a Cosmos of coruscating suns.

10. O Thou Dragon-regent of the blue seas of air, as a chain of emeralds round the neck of Space; I swear to Thee by the hexagram of Night and Day, to be unto Thee as the twin fish of Time, which being set apart never divulge the secret of their unity.



11. O Thou flame of the horned storm-clouds, that sunderest their desolation, that outroarest the winds; I swear to Thee by the gleaming sandals of the stars, to climb beyond the summits of the mountains, and rend Thy robe of purple thunders with a sword of silvery light.

12. O Thou fat of an hundred fortresses of iron, crimson as the blades of a million murderous swords; I swear to Thee by the smoke-wreath of the volcano, to open the secret shrine of Thy bull's breast, and tear out as an augur the heart of Thine all-pervading mystery.

13. O Thou silver axle of the Wheel of Being, thrust through the wings of

Time by the still hand of Space; I swear to Thee by the twelve spokes of Thy Unity, to become unto Thee as the rim thereof, so that I may clothe me majestically in the robe that has no seam.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Certitude of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | Twelve Certitudes         |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O Thou Sovran Warrior of steel-girt valour, whose scimitar is a flame between day and night, whose helm is crested with the wings of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou four-eyed guardian of heaven, who kindleth to a flame the hearts of the downcast, and girdeth about with fire the loins of the unarmed.

2. O Thou Sovran Light and fire of loveliness, whose flaming locks

stream downwards through the aethyr as knots of lightning deep-rooted in the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou winnowing flail of brightness, the passionate lash of whose encircling hand scatters mankind before Thy fury as the wind-scud from the stormy breast of Ocean.

3. O Thou Sovran Singer of the revelling winds, whose voice is as a vestal troop of Bacchanals awakened by the piping of a Pan-pipe. I know Thee! O thou dancing flame of frenzied song, whose shouts, like unto golden swords of leaping fire, urge us onward to the wild slaughter of the Worlds.

4. O Thou Sovran Might of the

most ancient forests, whose voice is as the murmur of unappeasable winds caught up in the arms of the swaying branches. I know Thee! O Thou rumble of conquering drums, who lullest to a rapture of deep sleep those lovers who burn into each other, flame to fine flame.

5. O Thou Sovran Guide of the star-wheeling circles, the soles of whose feet smite plumes of golden fire from the outermost annihilation of the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou crimson sword of destruction, who chasest the comets from the dark bed of night, till they speed before Thee as serpent tongues of flame.

6. O Thou Sovran Archer of the

darksome regions, who shooteth forth from Thy transcendental crossbow the many-rayed suns into the fields of heaven. I know Thee! O Thou eight-pointed arrow of light, who smiteth the regions of the seven rivers until they laugh like Maenads with snaky thyrsus.

7. O Thou Sovran Paladin of self-vanquished knights, whose path lieth through the trackless forests of time, winding athrough the Byss of unbegotten space. I know Thee! O Thou despiser of the mountains, Thou whose course is as that of a lightning-hoofed steed leaping along the green bank of a fair river.

8. O Thou Sovran Surging of wild

felicity, whose love is as the overflowing of the seas, and who makest our bodies to laugh with beauty. I know Thee! O Thou outstrider of the sunset, who deckest the snow-capped mountains with red roses, and strewest white violets on the curling waves.

9. O Thou Sovran Diadem of crowned Wisdom, whose work knoweth the path of the sylphs of the air, and the black burrowings of the gnomes of the earth. I know Thee! O Thou Master of the ways of life, in the palm of whose hand all the arts lie bounden as a smoke-cloud betwixt the lips of the mountain.

10. O Thou Sovran Lord of

primaeval Baresarkers, who huntest  
with dawn the dappled deer of  
twilight, and whose engines of war are  
blood-crested comets. I know Thee! O  
Thou flame-crowned Self-luminous  
One, the lash of whose whip gathered  
the ancient worlds, and looseth the  
blood from the virgin clouds of  
heaven.

11. O Thou Sovran Moonstone of  
pearly loveliness, from out whose  
many eyes flash the fire-clouds of life,  
and whose breath enkindleth the Byss  
and the Abyss. I know Thee! O Thou  
fountain-head of fierce æthyr, in the  
pupil of whose brightness all things  
lie crouched and wrapped like a babe  
in the womb of its mother.



12. O Thou Sovran Mother of the breath of being, the milk of whose breasts is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of fire upon the blue bosom of night. I know Thee! O Thou Virgin of the moonlit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

13. O Thou Sovran All-Beholding eternal Sun, who lappest up the constellations of heaven, as a thirsty thief a jar of ancient wine. I know Thee! O Thou dawn-wing'd courtesan of light, who makest me to reel with one kiss of Thy mouth, as a leaf cast into the flames of a furnace.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time

and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Glorification of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelve Glorifications     |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O Glory be to Thee, O God my  
God; for I behold Thee in the Lion  
Rampant of the dawn: Thou hast  
crushed with Thy paw the crouching  
lioness of Night, so that she may roar  
forth the Glory of Thy Name.

2. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lap of the fertile valleys: Thou hast adorned their strong limbs with a robe of poppièd corn, so that they may laugh forth the Glory of Thy Name.

3. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the gilded rout of dancing-girls: Thou hast garlanded their naked middles with fragrant flowers, so that they may pace forth the Glory of thy Name.

4. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the riotous joy of the storm; Thou hast shaken the golddust from the tresses of the hills, so that they may chaunt forth the Glory of Thy Name.

5. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stars and meteors of Night: Thou hast caparisoned her grey coursers with moons of pearl, so that they may shake forth the Glory of Thy Name.

6. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the precious stones of the black earth: Thou hast lightened her with a myriad eyes of magic, so that she may wink forth the Glory of Thy Name.

7. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the sparkling dew of the wild glades: Thou hast decked them out as for a great feast of rejoicing, so that they may gleam forth the Glory of Thy

Name.

8. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the stillness of the frozen lakes: Thou hast made their faces more dazzling than a silver mirror, so that they may flash forth the Glory of Thy Name.

9. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the smoke-veil'd fire of the mountains: Thou hast inflamed them as lions that scent a fallow deer, so that they may rage forth the Glory of Thy Name.

10. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the countenance of my darling: Thou hast unclothed her of white lilies and

crimson roses, so that she may blush forth the Glory of Thy Name.

11. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the weeping of the flying clouds: Thou hast swelled therewith the blue breasts of the milky rivers, so that they may roll forth the Glory of Thy Name.

12. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the amber combers of the storm: Thou hast laid Thy lash upon the sphinxes of the waters, so that they may boom forth the Glory of Thy Name.

13. O Glory be to Thee, O God my God; for I behold Thee in the lotus-flower within my heart: Thou hast

emblazoned my trumpet with the lion-  
standard, so that I may blare forth the  
Glory of Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Beseechment of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelve Beseechments       | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O Thou mighty God, make me as a fair virgin that is clad in the blue-bells of the fragrant hillside; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may ring out the melody of Thy voice, and be clothed in the pure light of Thy loveliness: O Thou God my God!

2. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a Balance of rubies and jet that is cast in the lap of the Sun; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may flash forth the wonder of Thy brightness, and melt into the perfect poise of Thy Being: O Thou God, my God!

3. O Thou Mighty God, make me as a brown Scorpion that creepeth on through a vast desert of silver; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That



I may lose myself in the span of Thy light, and become one with the glitter of Thy Shadow: O Thou God, my God!

4. O Thou mighty God, make me as a green arrow of Lightning that speedeth through the purple clouds of Night; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may wake fire from the crown of Thy Wisdom, and flash into the depths of Thine Understanding: O Thou God, my God!

5. O Thou mighty God, make me as a flint-black goat that pranceth in a shining wilderness of steel; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may paw one flashing spark from Thy Splendour, and be welded into the

Glory of Thy might: O Thou God, my God!

6. O Thou mighty God, make me as the sapphirine waves that cling to the shimmering limbs of the green rocks; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may chant in foaming music Thy Glory, and roll forth the eternal rapture of Thy Name: O Thou God, my God!

7. O Thou mighty God, make me as a silver fish darting through the vast depths of the dim-peopled waters; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may swim through the vastness of Thine abyss, and sink beneath the waveless depths of Thy Glory: O Thou God, my God!

8. O Thou mighty God, make me as a white ram that is athirst in a sun-scorched desert of bitterness; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God I That I may seek the deep waters of Thy Wisdom, and plunge into the whiteness of Thine effulgence: O Thou God, my God!

9. O Thou mighty God, make me as a thunder-smitten bull that is drunk upon the vintage of Thy blood; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may bellow through the universe Thy Power, and trample the nectar-sweet grapes of Thine Essence: O Thou God, my God!

10. O Thou mighty God, make me as a black eunuch of song that is twin-

voiced, yet dumb in either tongue; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may hush my melody in Thy Silence, and swell into the sweet ecstasy of Thy Song. O thou God, my God!

11. O Thou mighty God, make me as an emerald crab that crawleth over the wet sands of the sea-shore; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may write Thy name across the shores of Time, and sink amongst the white atoms of Thy Being. O Thou God, my God!

12. O Thou mighty God, make me as a ruby lion that roareth from the summit of a white mountain; I beseech Thee, O thou great God! That I may echo forth Thy lordship through

the hills, and dwindle into the nipple of Thy bounty. O thou God, my God!

13. O Thou mighty God, make me as an all-consuming Sun ablaze in the centre of the Universe; I beseech Thee, O Thou great God! That I may become as a crown upon Thy brow, and flash forth the exceeding fire of Thy Godhead: O Thou God, my God!

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Gratification of God  
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Gratifications ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof. ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O Thou green-cloaked Maenad in labour, who bearest beneath Thy leaden girdle the vintage of Thy kisses; release me from the darkness of Thy womb, so that I may cast off my infant wrappings and leap forth as an armed warrior in steel.

2. O Thou snake of misty countenance, whose braided hair is like a fleecy dawn of swooning maidens; hunt me as a fierce wild boar

through the skies, so that Thy burning spear may gore the blue heavens red with the foaming blood of my frenzy.

3. O Thou cloudy Virgin of the World, whose breasts are as scarlet lilies paling before the sun; dandle me in the cradle of Thine arms, so that the murmur of Thy voice may lull me to a sleep like a pearl lost in the depths of a silent sea.

4. O Thou wine-voiced laughter of fainting gloom, who art as a naked faun crushed to death between millstones of thunder; make me drunk on the rapture of Thy song, so that in the corpse-clutch of my passion I may tear the cloud-robe from off Thy swooning breast.

5. O Thou wanton cup-bearer of madness, whose mouth is as the joy of a thousand thousand masterful kisses; intoxicate me on Thy loveliness, so that the silver of Thy merriment may revel as a moon-white pearl upon my tongue.

6. O Thou midnight Vision of Whiteness, whose lips are as pouting rosebuds deflowered by the deciduous moon; tend me as a drop of dew in Thy breast, so that the dragon of Thy gluttonous hate may devour me with its mouth of adamant.

7. O Thou effulgence of burning love, who pursueth the dawn as a youth pursueth a rose-lipped maiden; rend me with the fierce kisses of Thy



mouth, so that in the battle of our lips  
I may be drenched by the snow-pure  
fountains of Thy bliss.

8. O Thou black bull in a field of  
white girls, whose foaming flanks are  
as starry night ravished in the fierce  
arms of noon; shake forth the purple  
horns of my passion, so that I may  
dissolve as a crown of fire in the  
bewilderment of Thine ecstasy.

9. O Thou dread arbiter of all men,  
the hem of whose brodered skirt  
crimsoneth the white battlements of  
Space; bare me the starry nipple of  
Thy breast, so that the milk of Thy  
love may nurture me to the lustiness  
of Thy virginity.

10. O Thou thirsty charioteer of Time, whose cup is the hollow night filled with the foam of the vintage of day; drench me in the shower of Thy passion, so that I may pant in Thine arms as a tongue of lightning on the purple bosom of night.

11. O Thou opalescent Serpent-Queen, whose mouth is as the sunset that is bloody with the slaughter of day; hold me in the crimson flames of Thine arms, so that at Thy kisses I may expire as a bubble in the foam of Thy dazzling lips.

12. O Thou Odalisque of earth's palace, whose garments are scented and passionate as spring flowers in sunlit glades; roll me in the sweet

perfume of Thy hair, so that Thy tresses of gold may anoint me with the honey of a million roses.

13. O Thou manly warrior amongst youths, whose limbs are as swords of fire that are welded in the furnace of war; press Thy cool kisses to my burning lips, so that the folly of our passion may weave us into the Crown of everlasting Light.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Denial of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | Twelve Denials            |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O Thou God of the Nothingness  
of All Things! Thou who art neither  
the Formless breath of Chaos; nor the  
exhaler of the ordered spheres:

O Thou who art not the cloud-  
cradled star of the morning; nor the  
sun, drunken upon the mist, who  
blindeth men!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine  
understanding;

Guide me in the unity of Thy might,

and lead me to the fatherhood of  
Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in  
the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

2. O Thou God of the Nothingness  
of All Things!

Thou who art neither the vitality of  
worlds; nor the breath of star-  
entangled Being:

O Thou who art not horsed 'mid the  
centaur clouds of night; nor the  
twanging of the shuddering bowstring  
of noon!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine  
understanding;

Throne me in the unity of Thy  
might, and stab me with the javelin of

Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

3. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Pan-pipe in the forest; nor life's blue sword wrapped in the cloak of death :

O Thou who art not found amongst the echoes of the hills; nor in the whisperings that wake within the valleys!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Crown me in the unity of Thy might, and flash me as a scarlet tongue into Thine all-pervading

Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

4. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the Crown of the flaming storm; nor the opalescence of the Abyss :

O Thou who art not a nymph in the foam of the sea; nor a whirling devil in the sand of the desert!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Bear me in the unity of Thy might, and pour me forth from out the cup of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

5. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the formulator of law; nor the Cheat of the maze of illusion :

O Thou who art not the foundation-stone of existence; nor the eagle that broodeth upon the egg of space!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Swathe me in the unity of Thy might, and teach me wisdom from the lips of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in



the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

6. O Thou God of the Nothingness  
of All Things!

Thou who art neither the fivefold  
root of Nature; nor the fire-crested  
helm of her Master :

O Thou who art not the Emperor of  
Eternal Time; nor the warrior shout  
that rocketh the Byss of Space!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine  
understanding;

Raise me in the unity of Thy might,  
and suckle me at the swol'n breasts of  
Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in  
the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

7. O Thou God of the Nothingness  
of All Things!

Thou who art neither the golden  
bull of the heavens; nor the crimsoned  
fountain of the lusts of men:

O Thou who reclinest not upon the  
Waggon of Night; nor retest Thine  
hand upon the handle of the Plough!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine  
understanding;

Urge me in the unity of Thy might,  
and drench me with the red vintage of  
Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in  
the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

8. O Thou God of the Nothingness  
of All Things!

Thou who art neither the starry eyes  
of heaven; nor the forehead of the  
crowned morning :

O Thou who art not perceived by  
the powers of the mind; nor grasped  
by the fingers of Silence or of Speech!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine  
understanding;

Robe me in the unity of Thy might,  
and speed me into the blindness of  
Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in  
the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

9. O Thou God of the Nothingness  
of All Things!

Thou who art neither the forge of  
Eternity; nor the thunder-throated

womb of Chaos:

O Thou who art not found in the hissing of the hailstones; nor in the rioting of the equinoctial storm!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Bring me to the unity of Thy might, and feast me on honeyed manna of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

10. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the traces of the chariot; nor the pole of galloping delusion :

O Thou who art not the pivot of the whole Universe; nor the body of the woman-serpent of the stars!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Lead me in the Unity of Thy might, and draw me unto the threshold of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

11. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the moaning of a maiden; nor the electric touch of fire-thrilled youth :

O Thou who art not found in the hardy kisses of love; nor in the

tortured spasms of madness and of hate!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Weight me in the unity of Thy might, and roll me in the poised rapture of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

12. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the primal cause of causes; nor the soul of what is, or was, or will be:

O Thou who art not measured in the motionless balance; nor smitten by the

arrow-flights of man!

I deny Thee by the powers of mine understanding;

Shield me in the unity of Thy might, and reckon me aright in the span of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

13. O Thou God of the Nothingness of All Things!

Thou who art neither the breathing influx of life; nor the iron ring i' the marriage feast of death:

O Thou who art not shadowèd forth in the songs of war; nor in the tears and lamentations of a child!

I deny Thee by the powers of my understanding;

Sheathe me in the unity of Thy might, and kindle me with the grey flame of Thine all-pervading Nothingness;

for Thou art all and none of these in the fullness of Thy Not-Being.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.





The Chapter known as  
The Twelfefold Rejoicing of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | Twelve Rejoicings         |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |   | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou seven-rayed rainbow of  
perfect loveliness;

Thou light-rolling chariot of  
sunbeams;

Thou fragrant scent of the passing  
storm :

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou breath  
of the slumbering valleys;

O Thou low - murmuring ripple of  
the ripe cornfields!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till, as the mingling blushes  
of day and night, my song weaveth the  
joys of life into a gold and purple  
Crown, for the Glory and Splendour of  
Thy Name.

2. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou zigzagged effulgence of the  
burning stars;

Thou wilderment of indigo light;

Thou grey horn of immaculate fire:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou  
embattled cloud of flashing flame;

O Thou capricious serpent-head of  
scarlet hair!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till my roaring filleth the  
wooded mountains, and like a giant  
forceth the wind's head through the  
struggling trees, in the Glory and  
Splendour of Thy Name.

3. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou silken web of emerald  
bewitchment;

Thou berylline mist of marshy  
meers;

Thou flame-spangled fleece of  
seething gold :

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou pearly

dew of the setting moon;

O Thou dark purple storm-cloud of  
contending kisses!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till all my laughter, like  
enchanted waters, is blown as an iris-  
web of bubbles from the lips of the  
deep, in the Glory and Splendour of  
Thy Name.

4. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou who broodest on the dark  
breasts of the deep;

Thou lap of the wave-glittering sea;

Thou bright vesture of the crested  
floods :

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou native  
splendour of the Waters;

O Thou fathomless Abyss of  
surging joy!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till the mad swords of my  
music smite the hills, and rend the  
amethyst limbs of Night from the  
white embrace of Day, at the Glory  
and Splendour of Thy Name.

5. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou cloud-hooded bastion of the  
stormy skies;

Thou lightning anvil of angel  
swords;

Thou gloomy forge of the

thunderbolt:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou all-subduing Crown of Splendour;

O Thou hero-souled helm of endless victory!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness! till the mad rivers rush roaring through the woods, and my re-echoing voice danceth like a ram among the hills, for the Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

6. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou my God;

Thou opalescent orb of shattered sunsets;

Thou pearly boss on the shield of light;

Thou tawny priest at the Mass of  
lust:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou  
chalcedony cloudland of light;

O Thou poppy-petal floating upon  
the snowstorm!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till my frenzied words rush  
through the souls of men, like a blood-  
red bull through a white herd of  
terror-stricken kine, at the Glory and  
Splendour of Thy Name.

7. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou unimperilled flight of joyous  
laughter;

Thou eunuch glaive-armed before

joy's veil;

Thou dreadful insatiable One:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou lofty  
gathering-point of Bliss;

O Thou bridal-bed of murmuring  
rapture!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with gladness  
! till I tangle the black tresses of the  
storm, and lash the tempest into a  
green foam of twining basilisks, in the  
Glory and Splendour of Thy Name.

8. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou coruscating star-point of  
Endlessness;

Thou inundating fire of the Void;



Thou moonbeam cup of eternal life  
:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou fire-  
sandalled warrior of steel;

O Thou bloody dew of the field of  
slaughter and death!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till the music of my throat  
smiteth the hills as a crescent moon  
waketh a nightly field of sleeping  
comets, at the Glory and Splendour of  
Thy Name.

9. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O Thou  
my God;

Thou jewel-work of snow on the  
limbs of night;

Thou elaboration of oneness;

Thou shower of universal suns :

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou  
gorgeous, Thou wildering one;

O Thou great lion roaring over a sea  
of blood!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till the wild thunder of my  
praise breaketh down, as a satyr doth a  
babe, the nine and ninety gates of Thy  
Power, in the Glory and Splendour of  
Thy Name.

10. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O  
Thou my God;

Thou ambrosia-yielding rose of the  
World;

Thou vaulted dome of effulgent  
light;

Thou valley of venomous vipers :

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou  
dazzling robe of the soft rain-clouds;

O Thou lion-voiced up-rearing of  
the goaded storm!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till my rapture, like unto a  
two-edged sword, traceth a sigil of  
fire and blasteth the banded sorcerers,  
in the Glory and Splendour of Thy  
Name.

11. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O  
Thou my God;

Thou Crown of unutterable  
loveliness;

Thou feather of hyalescent flame;

Thou all-beholding eye of  
brightness:

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou  
resplendent everlasting one:

O Thou vast abysmal ocean of  
foaming flames!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till the stars leap like white  
coursers from the night, and the  
heavens resound as an army of steel-  
clad warriors, at the Glory and  
Splendour of Thy Name.

12. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O  
Thou my God;

Thou star-blaze of undying  
expectation;

Thou ibis-throated voice of silence;

Thou blinding night of  
understanding :

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white  
finger of Chaotic law;

O Thou creative cockatrice twined  
amongst the waters!

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till my cries stir the night as  
the burnished gold of a lance thrust  
into a poisonous dragon of adamant,  
for the Glory and Splendour of Thy  
Name.

13. Ah! but I rejoice in Thee, O  
Thou my God;

Thou self-luminous refulgent  
Brilliance;

Thou eye of light that hath no

eyelid;

Thou turquoise-studded sceptre of  
deed :

Yea, I rejoice in Thee, Thou white  
furnace womb of Energy;

O Thou spark-whirling forge of the  
substance of the worlds;

I rejoice, yea, I shout with  
gladness! till I mount as a white beam  
unto the crown, and as a breath of  
night melt into the golden lips of Thy  
dawn, in the Glory and Splendour of  
Thy Name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time

and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,

Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Humiliation of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelve Humiliations       | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O my God, behold me fully and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my searching is as a bat that seeks some hollow of night upon a sun-parched wilderness.

2. O my God, order me justly and

be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my thoughts are as a dust-clad serpent wind at noon that danceth through the ashen grass of law.

3. O my God, conquer me with love and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the striving of my spirit is as a child's kiss that struggles through a cloud of tangled hair.

4. O my God, suckle me with truth and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my agony of anguish is but as a quail struggling in the jaws of an hungry wolf.

5. O my God, comfort me with ease



and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all the toil of my life is but as a small white mouse swimming through a vast sea of crimson blood.

6. O my God, entreat me gently and be merciful unto me as I humble myself before Thee; for all my toil is but as a threadless shuttle of steel thrust here and there in the black loom of night.

7. O my God, fondle me with kisses and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my desires are as dewdrops that are sucked from silver lilies by the throat of a young god.

8. O my God, exalt me with blood and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my courage is but as the fang of a viper that striketh at the rosy heel of dawn.

9. O my God, teach me with patience and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my knowledge is but as the refuse of the chaff that is flung to the darkness of the void.

10. O my God, measure me rightly and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my praise is but as a single letter of lead lost in the gilded scriptures of the rocks.

11. O my God, fill me with slumber

and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all my wakefulness is but as a cloud at sunset that is like a snake gliding through the dew.

12. O my God, kindle me with joy and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before thee; for all the strength of my mind is but as a web of silk that bindeth the milky breasts of the stars.

13. O my God, consume me with fire and be merciful unto me, as I humble myself before Thee; for all mine understanding is but as spider's thread drawn from star to star of a young galaxy.

O Glory be unto Thee through all

Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Lamentation of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelve Lamentations       |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O woe unto me, my God, woe  
unto me; for all my song is as the  
dirge of the sea that moans about a  
corpse, lapping most mournfully  
against the dead shore in the darkness.

Yet in the sob of the wind do I hear  
Thy name, that quickeneth the cold  
lips of death to life.

2. O woe unto me, my God, woe  
unto me; for all my praise is as the  
song of a bird that is ensnared in the  
network of the winds, and cast adown  
the drowning depths of night. Yet in  
the faltering notes of my music do I  
mark the melody of universal truth.

3. O woe unto me, my God, woe  
unto me; for all my works are as a  
coiled-up sleeper who hath overslept  
the day, even the dawn that hovereth  
as a hawk in the void. Yet in the  
gloom of mine awakening do I see,  
across the breasts of night, Thy  
shadowed form.

4. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my labours are as weary oxen laggard and sore stricken with the goad, ploughing black furrows across the white fields of light. Yet in the scrawling trail of their slow toil do I descry the golden harvest of Thine effulgence.

5. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the hope of my heart hath been ravished as the body of a virgin that is fallen into the hands of riotous robbers. Yet in the outrage of mine innocence do I disclose the clear manna of Thy purity.

6. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the passion of my love is mazed as the bewildered eyes

of a youth, who should wake to find his beloved fled away. Yet in the crumpled couch of lust do I behold as an imprint the sigil of Thy name.

7. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the joy of my days lies dishonoured as the spangle-veil'd Virgin of night torn and trampled by the sun-lashed stallions of Dawn. Yet in the frenzy of their couplings do I tremble forth the pearly dew of ecstatic light.

8. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the aspirations of my heart ruin as in time of earthquake the bare hut of an hermit that he hath built for prayer. Yet from the lightning-struck tower of my reason do I enter

Thy house that Thou didst build for me.

9. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my joy is as a cloud of dust blown athwart a memory of tears, even across the shadowless brow of the desert. Yet as from the breast of a slave-girl do I pluck the fragrant blossom of Thy Crimson Splendour.

10. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all the feastings of my flesh have sickened to the wormy hunger of the grave, writhing in the spasms of indolent decay. Yet in the maggots of my corruption do I shadow forth sunlit hosts of crowned eagles.



11. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my craft is as an injured arrow, featherless and twisted, that should be loosed from its bowstring by the hands of an infant. Yet in the wayward struggling of its flight do I grip the unwavering courses of Thy wisdom.

12. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my faith is as a filthy puddle in the sinister confines of a forest, splashed by the wanton foot of a young gnome. Yet like a wildfire through the trees at nightfall do I divine the distant glimmer of Thine Eye.

13. O woe unto me, my God, woe unto me; for all my life sinks as the

western Sun that struggles in the  
strangling arms of Night, flecked over  
with the starry foam of her kisses. Yet  
in the very midnight of my soul do I  
hold as a scarab the signet of Thy  
name.

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbeful Bewilderment of God  
and the Unity thereof

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ I ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ adore ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Thee by the ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ Twelve Bewilderments ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆  
◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ and by the Unity thereof. ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

1. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou snow-browed storm that art  
whirled up in clouds of flame?

O Thou red sword of the thunder!

Thou great blue river of ever-  
flowing Brightness, over whose  
breasts creep the star-bannered vessels  
of night!

O how can I plunge within Thine  
inscrutable depths, and yet with open  
eye be lost in the pearly foam of Thine

Oblivion?

2. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou eternal incarnating immortal  
One?

O Thou welder of life and death!

Thou whose breasts are as the full  
breasts of a mother, yet in Thy hand  
Thou carriest the sword of  
destruction!

O how can I cleave the shield of  
Thy might as a little wanton child may  
burst a floating bubble with the  
breast-feather of a dove?

3. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou mighty worker laden with the  
dust of toil?

O Thou little ant of the earth!

Thou great monster who infuriatest  
the seas, and by their vigour wearest  
down the strength of the cliffs!

O how can I bind Thee in a spider's  
web of song, and yet remain one and  
unconsumed before the raging of Thy  
nostrils?

4. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou forked tongue of the purple-  
throated thunder?

O Thou silver sword of lightning!

Thou who rippest out the fire-bolt  
from the storm-cloud, as a sorcerer  
teareth the heart from a black kid!

O how can I possess Thee as the  
dome of the skies, so that I may fix  
the keystone of my reason in the arch

of Thy forehead?

5. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou amber-scal'd one whose eyes are  
set on columns?

O Thou sightless seer of all things!

Thou spearless warrior who urgest  
on Thy steeds and blindest the outer  
edge of darkness with Thy Glory!

O how can I grasp the whirling  
wheels of Thy splendour, and yet be  
not smitten into death by the hurtling  
fury of Thy chariot?

6. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou red fire-fang that gnawest the  
blue limbs of night?

O Thou devouring breath of flame!

Thou illimitable ocean of frenzied  
air, in whom all is one, a plume cast  
into a furnace!

O how can I dare to approach and  
stand before Thee, for I am but as a  
withered leaf whirled away by the  
anger of the storm?

7. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou almighty worker ungirded of  
slumber?

O Thou Unicorn of the Stars!

Thou tongue of flame burning  
above the firmament, as a lily that  
blossometh in the drear desert!

O how can I pluck Thee from the  
dark bed of Thy birth, and revel like a  
wine-drenched faun in the banqueting-

house of Thy Seigniory?

8. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou dazzler of the deep obscurity of  
day?

O Thou golden breast of beauty!

Thou shrivelled udder of the storm-  
blasted mountains, who no longer  
sucklest the babe-clouds of wind-  
swept night!

O how can I gaze upon Thy  
countenance of eld, and yet be not  
blinded by the black fury of Thy  
dethroned Majesty?

9. O what art Thou, O God my God,  
Thou seraph-venom of witch-  
vengeance enchaunted?

O Thou coiled wizardry of stars!



Thou one Lord of life triumphant  
over death, Thou red rose of love  
nailed to the cross of golden light!

O how can I die in Thee as sea-  
foam in the clouds, and yet possess  
Thee as a frail white mist possesses  
the stripped limbs of the Sun?

10. O what art Thou, O God my  
God, Thou soft pearl set in a bow of  
effulgent light?

O Thou drop of shimmering dew!

Thou surging river of bewildering  
beauty who speedest as a blue arrow  
of fire beyond, beyond!

O how can I measure the poisons of  
Thy limbeck, and yet be for ever  
transmuted in the athanor of Thine

understanding?

11. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou disrober of the darkness of the Abyss?

O Thou veil'd eye of creation!

Thou soundless voice who, for ever misunderstood, rollest on through the dark abyssms of infinity!

O how can I learn to sing the music of Thy name, as a quivering silence above the thundering discord of the tempest?

12. O what art Thou, O God my God, Thou teeming desert of the abundance of night?

O Thou river of unquench'd thirst!

Thou tongueless one who lickest up  
the dust of death and casteth it forth as  
the rolling ocean of life!

O how can I possess the still depths  
of Thy darkness, and yet in Thine  
embrace fall asleep as a child in a  
bower of lilies?

13. O what art Thou, O God my  
God, Thou shrouded one veiled in a  
dazzling effulgence?

O Thou centreless whorl of Time!

Thou illimitable abysm of  
Righteousness, the lashes of whose  
eye are as showers of molten suns !

O how can I reflect the light of  
Thine unity, and melt into Thy Glory  
as a cloudy chaplet of chalcedony

moons?

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Twelbefold Unification of God  
and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Twelve Unifications       | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

1. O Thou Unity of all things: as the  
water that poureth through the fingers  
of my hand, so art Thou, O God my

God. I cannot hold Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I plunge into the heart of the ocean, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

2. O Thou Unity of all things: as the hot fire that flameth is too subtle to be held, so art Thou, O God my God; I cannot grasp Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hurl me down the scarlet throat of a volcano, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

3. O Thou U nity of all things: as the moon that waneth and increaseth in the heavens, so art Thou, O God my

God. I cannot stay Thee; for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I devour Thee, as a dragon devoureth a kid, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

4. O Thou Unity of all things: as the dust that danceth over the breast of the desert, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot seize Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick up with my tongue the bitter salt of the plains, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

5. O Thou Unity of all things: as the air that bubbleth from the dark depths of the waters, so art Thou, O God my

God. I cannot catch Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I net Thee as a goldfish in a kerchief of silk, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

6. O Thou Unity of all things: as the cloud that flitteth across the white horns of the moon, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot pierce Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo ! though I tangle Thee in a witch-gossamer of starlight, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

7. O Thou Unity of all things: as the star that travellet along its appointed course, so art Thou, O God my God. I

cannot rule Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I hunt Thee across the blue heavens as a lost comet, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

8. O Thou Unity of all things: as the lightning that lurketh in the heart of the thunder, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot search Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I wed the flaming circle to the enshrouded square, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

9. O Thou Unity of all things: as the earth that holdeth all precious jewels in her heart, so art Thou, O God my



God. I cannot spoil Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I burrow as a mole in the mountain of Chaos, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

10. O Thou Unity of all things: as the pole-star that burneth in the centre of the night, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot hide Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I turn from Thee at each touch of the lodestone of lust, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

11. O Thou Unity of all things: as the blue smoke that whirleth up from the altar of life, so art Thou, O God

my God. I cannot find Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I inter Thee in the sarcophagi of the damned, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

12. O Thou Unity of all things: as a dark-eyed maiden decked in crimson and precious pearls, so art Thou, O God my God. I cannot rob Thee, for Thou art everywhere; lo! though I strip Thee of Thy gold and scarlet raiment of Self, there still shall I find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities, Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect Nothingness of Bliss!

13. O Thou Unity of all things: as the sun that rolleth through the twelve

mansions of the skies, so art Thou, O  
God my God. I cannot slay Thee, for  
Thou art everywhere; lo! though I lick  
up the Boundless Light, the  
Boundless, and the Not, there shall I  
find Thee, Thou Unity of Unities,  
Thou Oneness, O Thou perfect  
Nothingness of Bliss!

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all Space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.



The Chapter known as  
The Hundred and Sixty-Nine Cries of  
Adoration and the Unity thereof

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | I                         | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | adore                     | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Thee by the               |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Hundred and Sixty-        |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | Nine Cries of Adoration   |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |
| ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ | ◆ |

O Thou Dragon-prince of the air,  
that art drunk on the blood of the  
sunsets ! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou Unicorn of the storm, that  
art crested above the purple air! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning sword of passion,  
that art tempered on the anvil of flesh!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou slimy lust of the grave, that  
art tangled in the roots of the Tree! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou smoke-shrouded sword of  
flame, that art en-sheathed in the  
bowels of earth ! I adore Thee, Evoe! I  
adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scented grove of wild vines,  
that art trampled by the white feet of  
love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden sheaf of desires, that  
art bound by a fair wisp of poppies! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten comet of gold, that  
art seen through the wizard's glass of  
Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore

Thee, IAO!

O Thou shrill song of the eunuch,  
that art heard behind the curtain of  
shame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright star of the morning,  
that art set betwixt the breasts of the  
night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou lidless eye of the world,  
that art seen through the sapphire veil  
of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou smiling mouth of the dawn,  
that art freed from the laughter of the  
night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling star-point of hope,  
that burnest over oceans of despair! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou naked virgin of love, that  
art caught in a net of wild roses! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou iron turret of death, that art  
rusted with the bright blood of war! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bubbling wine-cup of joy,  
that foamest like the cauldron of  
murder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou icy trail of the moon, that  
art traced in the veins of the onyx! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frenzied hunter of love, that

art slain by the twisted horns of lust! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frozen book of the seas,  
that art graven by the swords of the  
sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou flashing opal of light, that  
art wrapped in the robes of the  
rainbow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple mist of the hills, that  
hideth shepherds from the wanton  
moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou low moan of fainting  
maids, that art caught up in the strong  
sobs of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I



adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fleeting beam of delight,  
that lurkest within the spear-thrusts of  
dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden wine of the sun, that  
art poured over the dark breasts of  
night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrance of sweet flowers,  
that art wafted over blue fields of air!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou mighty bastion of faith, that  
withstandest all the breachers of  
doubt! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver horn of the moon,  
that gorest the red flank of the  
morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou grey glory of twilight, that  
art the hermaphrodite triumphant! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou thirsty mouth of the wind,  
that art maddened by the foam of the  
sea! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou couch of rose-leaf desires,  
that art crumpled by the vine and the  
fir! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou bird-sweet river of Love,  
that warblest through the pebbly gorge

of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou golden network of stars,  
that art girt about the cold breasts of  
Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou mad whirlwind of laughter,  
that art meshed in the wild locks of  
folly! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou white hand of Creation, that  
holdest up the dying head of Death! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple tongue of Twilight,  
that dost lap up the lucent milk of  
Day! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou thunderbolt of Science, that  
flashest from the dark clouds of  
Magic! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou red rose of the Morning,  
that glowest in the bosom of the  
Night! I adore Thee, Evoe ! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou flaming globe of Glory,  
that art caught up in the arms of the  
sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou silver arrow of hope, that  
art shot from the arc of the rainbow! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou starry virgin of Night, that  
art strained to the arms of the

morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sworded soldier of life, that art sucked down in the quicksands of death! I adore thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bronze blast of the trumpet, that rollest over emerald-tipped spears! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou opal mist of the sea, that art sucked up by the beams of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red worm of formation, that art lifted by the white whorl of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty anvil of Time, that

outshowerest the bright sparks of life!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee IAO!

O Thou red cobra of desire, that art  
unhooded by the hands of girls! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou curling billow of joy,  
whose fingers caress the limbs of the  
world! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou emerald vulture of Truth,  
that art perched upon the vast tree of  
life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou lonely eagle of night, that  
drinkest at the moist lips of the moon!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou wild daughter of Chaos,  
that art ravished by the strong son of  
law! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou ghostly night of terror, that  
art slaughtered in the blood of the  
dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou popped nectar of sleep,  
that art curled in the still womb of  
slumber! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning rapture of girls,  
that disport in the sunset of passion! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou molten ocean of stars, that  
art a crown for the forehead of day! I

adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little brook in the hills, like  
an asp betwixt the breasts of a girl! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty oak of magic, that  
art rooted in the mountain of life! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling network of pearls,  
that art woven of the waves by the  
moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton sword-blade of life,  
that art sheathed by the harlot call'd  
Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou mist-clad spirit of spring,  
that art unrob'd by the hands of the



wind! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou sweet perfume of desire,  
that art wafted through the valleys of  
love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou sparkling wine-cup of light,  
whose foaming is the heart's blood of  
the stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver sword of madness,  
that art smitten through the midden of  
life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou hooded vulture of night,  
that art glutted on the entrails of day!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,

IAO!

O Thou pearl-grey arch of the world, whose keystone is the ecstasy of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silken web of movement, that art blown through the atoms of matter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou rush-strewn threshold of joy, that art lost in the quicksands of reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild vision of Beauty, but half seen betwixt the cusps of the moon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearl cloud of the sunset,  
that art caught up in a murderers  
hand! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou rich vintage of slumber,  
that art crushed from the bud of the  
poppy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou great boulder of rapture,  
that leapest adown the mountains of  
joy! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou breather-out of the winds,  
that art snared in the drag-net of  
reason! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou purple breast of the storm,

that art scarred by the teeth of the lightning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Pillar of phosphor foam, that Leviathan spouteth from's nostrils! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou song of the harp of life, that chantest forth the perfection of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou veiled beam of the stars, that art tangled in the tresses of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flashing shield of the sun, as a discus hurled by the hand of

Space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou ribald shout of laughter,  
that echoest among the tombs of  
death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfailing cruse of joy, that  
art filled with the tears of the fallen! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning lust of the moon,  
that art clothed in the mist of the  
ocean! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou one measure of all things,  
that art Dam of the great order of  
worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail virgin of Eden, that art ravished to the abode of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dark forest of wonder, that art tangled in a gold web of dew! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tortured shriek of the storm, that art whirled up through the leaves of the woods! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou dazzling opal of light, that flamest in the crumbling skull of space! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red knife of destruction, that art sheathed in the bowels of order! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore

Thee, IAO!

O Thou storm-drunk breath of the winds, that pant in the bosom of the mountains! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou loud bell of rejoicing, that art smitten by the hammer of woe! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red rose of the sunset, that witherest on the altar of night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou bright vision of sunbeams, that burnest in a flagon of topaz! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou virgin lily of light, that sproutest between the lips of a corpse! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,

IAO!

O Thou blue helm of destruction,  
that art winged with the lightnings of  
madness! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou voice of the heaving seas,  
that tremblest in the grey of the  
twilight! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou unfold of heaven, red-  
winged as an eagle at sunrise! I adore  
Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou curling tongue of red flame,  
athirst on the nipple of my passion! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou outrider of the sun, that  
spurrest the bloody flanks of the wind!



I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou dancer with gilded nails,  
that unbraidest the star-hair of the  
night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit pearl of rapture,  
clasped fast in the silver hand of the  
Dawn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou wanton mother of love, that  
art mistress of the children of men! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson fountain of blood,  
that spoutest from the heart of  
Creation! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou warrior eye of the sun, that  
shooteth death from the berylline  
Byss! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou Witch's hell-broth of hate,  
that boilest in the white cauldron of  
love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou Ribbon of Northern Lights,  
that bindest the elfin tresses of night!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, I  
AO!

O Thou red sword of the Twilight,  
that art rusted with the blood of the  
noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, I AO!

O Thou sacrificer of Dawn, that

wearest the chasuble of sunset! I adore  
Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, I AO!

O Thou bloodshot eye of lightning,  
glowering beneath the eyebrows of  
thunder! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou four-square Crown of  
Nothing, that circlest the destruction  
of worlds! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou bloodhound whirlwind of  
lust, that art unleashed by the first kiss  
of love! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou wondrous chalice of light,  
uplifted by the Maenads of Dawn! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fecund opal of death, that  
sparkiest through a sea of mother-of-  
pearl! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson rose of the Dawn,  
that art fastened in the dark locks of  
Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou pink nipple of Being, thrust  
deep into the black mouth of Chaos! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou vampire Queen of the  
Flesh, wound as a snake around the  
throats of men! I adore Thee, Evoe! I  
adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tender nest of dove's down,  
built up betwixt the hawk's claws of

the Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou concubine of Matter,  
anointed with love-nard of Motion! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou flame-tipp'd bolt of  
Morning, that art shot out from the  
crossbow of Night! I adore Thee,  
Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou frail blue-bell of  
Moonlight, that art lost in the gardens  
of the Stars! I adore Thee, Evoe! I  
adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou tall mast of wreck'd Chaos,  
that art crowned by the white lamp of  
Cosmos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly eyelid of Day, that  
art closed by the finger of Evening! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wild anarch of the Hills,  
pale glooming above the mists of the  
Earth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou moonlit peak of pleasure,  
that art crowned by viper tongues of  
forked flame! I adore Thee, Evoe! I  
adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou wolfish head of the winds,  
that frighteth the snow-white lamb of  
winter! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou dew-lit nymph of the Dawn,  
that swoonest in the satyr arms of the

Sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou mad abode of kisses, that  
art lit by the fat of murdered fiends! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou sleeping lust of the Storm,  
that art flame-gorg'd as a flint full of  
fire! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou soft dew of the Evening,  
that art drunk up by the mist of the  
Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou wounded son of the West,  
that gushest out Thy blood on the  
heavens! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou burning tower of fire, that art set up in the midst of the seas! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou unvintageable dew, that art moist upon the lips of the Morn! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou silver crescent of love, that burnest over the dark helm of War! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white ram of the Dawn, that art slain by the lion of the noon! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson spear-point of life, that art thrust through the dark bowels of Time! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!



O Thou black waterspout of Death,  
that whirlest, whelmeest the tall ship of  
Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou mighty chain of events, that  
art strained betwixt Cosmos and  
Chaos! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou towering eagle of lust, that  
art heaped up by the moon-breasts of  
youth! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou serpent-crown of green  
light, that art wound round the dark  
forehead of Death! I adore Thee,  
Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou crimson vintage of Life,

that art poured into the jar of the Grave! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou waveless Ocean of Peace, that sleepest beneath the wild heart of man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou whirling skirt of the stars, that art swathed round the limbs of the Æthyr! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou snow-white chalice of Love, thou art filled up with the red lusts of Man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fragrant garden of Joy, firm-set betwixt the breasts of the

morning! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou pearly fountain of Life, that spoutest up in the black court of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou brindle hound of the Night, with thy nose to the sleuth of the Sunset! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou leprous claw of the ghoul, that coaxest the babe from its chaste cradle! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou assassin word of law, that art written in ruin of earthquakes! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou trembling breast of the night, that gleamest with a rosary of moons! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou Holy Sphinx of rebirth, that crouchest in the black desert of death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou diadem of the suns, that art the knot of this red web of worlds! I adore thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou ravished river of law, that outpourest the arcanum of Life! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou glimmering tongue of day, that art sucked into the blue lips of Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore

Thee, IAO!

O Thou Queen-Bee of Heaven's  
hive, that smearest thy thighs with  
honey of Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I  
adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou scarlet dragon of flame,  
enmeshed in the web of a spider! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou magic symbol of light, that  
art frozen on the black book of blood!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou swathed image of Death,  
that art hidden in the coffin of joy! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red breast of the sunset,  
that pantest for the ravishment of

Night! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou serpent of malachite, that baskest in a desert of turquoise! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou fierce whirlpool of passion, that art sucked up by the mouth of the sun! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou green cockatrice of Hell, that art coiled around the finger of Fate! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou lambent laughter of fire, that art wound round the heart of the waters! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou gorilla blizzard Air, that  
tearest out Earth's tresses by the roots!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou reveller of Spirit, that  
carousest in the halls of Matter! I  
adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou red-lipped Vampire of Life,  
that drainest blood from the black  
Mount of Death! I adore Thee, Evoe! I  
adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou little lark of Beyond, that  
art heard in the dark groves of  
knowledge! I adore Thee, Evoe! I  
adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou summer softness of lips,  
that glow hot with the scarlet of

passion! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee IAO!

O Thou pearly foam of the grape,  
that art flecked with the roses of love!  
I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee,  
IAO!

O Thou frenzied hand of the seas,  
that unfurlest the black Banner of  
Storm! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou shrouded book of the dead,  
that art sealed with the seven souls of  
man! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore  
Thee, IAO!

O Thou writhing frenzy of love,  
that art knotted like the grid-flames of  
Hell! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore



Thee, IAO!

O Thou primal birth-ring of thought, that dost encircle the thumb of the soul! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Thou blind flame of Nothingness, as a crown upon my brow! I adore Thee, Evoe! I adore Thee, IAO!

O Glory be unto Thee through all  
Time  
and through all space: Glory,  
and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlasting. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen



The Chapter known as  
The Unconsciousness of God  
that is hidden from man for a sign

|   |   |   |   |   |                           |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|
| ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | I                         | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |
| ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | adore                     | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |
| ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |   | Thee by the               |   | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |
| ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |   | Twelfefold Sign           |   | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |
| ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |   | and by the Unity thereof. |   | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ | ✦ |

12. The Light of my Life is as the light of two moons, one rising and the other setting, one increasing and the other waning; the one growing fat as the other groweth lean, like a paunchy thief sucking dry a skin of amber wine. Yet though the light of the first devoureth the light of the second, nevertheless the light of the second disgorgeth the light of the first, so that there is neither the desire of light nor the need of light—all being as a

woven twilight of day and night, a madness of mingling moons. Yet I behold!

11. Now mine eyes are seven, and are as stars about a star; and the lids of mine eyes are fourteen, two to each eye. Also have I seven arms to do the bidding of the seven eyes; and each arm hath an hand of three fingers, so that I may rule the great ocean and burn it up with the Spirit of Flame, and that I may drown the fire in the Abode of the Waters. Thus I am rendered naked; for neither flame nor water can clothe me; therefore am I as a breath of wind blown over an Earth of Adamant, that knoweth neither sorrow nor rejoicing; then do I abide

as a River of Light between the Night of Chaos and the Day of Creation.

10. Two are the moons of my madness, like the horns on the head of a goat. And between them burneth a pyramid of flame, which consumeth neither but blindeth both, so that the one beholdeth not the other. Notwithstanding, when the one is lost in the water, and the other is burnt up in the flame, they become united in the form of a woman fashioned of Earth and of Air, who without husband is yet mother of many sons.

9. Now the Sons are in truth but one Son; and the one Son but a daughter draped and never naked; for her mother is naked, therefore is she

robed. And she is called the Light of my Love, for she is concealed and cannot be seen, as the Sun burneth over her and drowneth her in fire, whilst below her surgeth the sea, whose waves are as flames of water. When thou hast licked up the ocean thou shalt not see her because of the fire; and when thou hast swallowed the Sun surely shall the waters be driven from thee, so that though the fire be thine the water hath slipped thee, as a dog its leash. Yet the path is straight.

8. Along it shalt thou journey, and then shalt thou learn that the fear of death is the blood of the world. So the woman dressed herself in the shrouds

of the dead, and decked herself with the bones of the fallen; and all feared her, therefore they lived. But she feared life; therefore she wove a dew-moon in her tangled hair as a sign of the fickleness of Death, and wept tears of bitter sorrow that she should live in the blossom of her youth. And her tears crept like scorpions down her cheeks, and sped away in the darkness like serpents; and for each serpent came there an eagle which did carry it away.

7. “Why weep?” said the Balance swinging to the left. “Why laugh?” said the Balance swinging to the right. “Why not remain still?” answered the Hand that held the Balance. And the

Balance replied: "Because on my right laughs Death and on my left weeps a Virgin."

6. Then the voice of the Hand said to the girl: "Why weep?" And the maid answered: "Because Death maketh jest of my life." Then the Hand stayed the Balance, and at once the girl saw that she was Death, and that Death that had sat opposite her was in truth a motherless babe. So she took the child she had conceived in the arms of fear, and went her way laughing.

5. And the infant grew strong; yet its strength was in its weakness; and though to look at it from before was to look upon a man-child, from behind it

was a little girl with golden hair. Now, when the child wished to tempt a maid he faced and approached her; and when the child wished to tempt a man she turned her back on him and fled.

4. But one day the child met, at the self-same hour, Love; and the man, seeing a woman, approached her eagerly, and the woman, seeing a man, fled, so that he might capture her. Thus it came about that the child met the child and wondered, not knowing that the child had lost the child. So it was that they walked side by side.

3. Then that part of the child that was man loved and lusted for that part of the child that was woman; and each knew not that each was the other, and



felt that they were two and yet one, nevertheless one and yet two. And when one said: "Who art thou?" the other answered at the self-same moment: "Who am I?"

2. Soon becoming perplexed if I were Thou, or if Thou were I, it came about that the I mingled with the Thou, and the Thou with the I, so that six added to ten became sixteen, which is felicity; for it is the interplay of the elements. Four are the elements that make man, and four are the elements that make woman. Thus was the child reborn.

I. But though the man ruleth the woman, and the woman ruleth the man, the Child ruleth both its mother

and father, and being five is Emperor over the kingdom of their hearts. To its father it giveth four, and to its mother it giveth four, yet it remaineth five, for it hath of its father an half and of its mother an half; but in itself it is equal to both its father and its mother; for it is father of fathers and mother of mothers.

o. Therefore is it One Whole, and not two halves; and being One is Thirteen, which is called Nothing when it is All-things.

Amen  
without lie,  
and Amen of Amen,  
and Amen of Amen of Amen.

# WILLIAM NORTHAM,

## ROBEMAKER,

MR. NORTHAM begs to announce that he has been entrusted with the manufacture of all robes and other ceremonial apparel of members of the A.\*. A.', and its adepts and aspirants.

|        |                                         |        |
|--------|-----------------------------------------|--------|
| No. o. | PROBATIONER'S ROBE .....                | 500    |
| 1.     | " j, superior quality . . . . .         | 700    |
| 2.     | NEOPHYTE'S .....                        | 600    |
| 3.     | ZELATOR Symbol added to No. 2 . . . . . | 100    |
| 4.     | PRACTICUS " " 3 . . . . .               | 1 00   |
| 5.     | PHILOSOPHUS " " 4 . . . . .             | 1 00   |
| 6.     | DOMINUS LIMINIS " " 5 . . . . .         | 1 00   |
| 7.     | ADEPTUS (without) " " o or 1 . . . . .  | 300    |
| 8.     | " (within) .....                        | 10 00  |
| 9.     | ADEPTUS MAJOR .....                     | 1000   |
| 10.    | ADEPTUS EXEMPTUS .....                  | 10 0   |
| 11.    | MAGISTER TEMPLI .....                   | 50 0 0 |

The Probationer's robe is fitted for performance of all general invocations and especially for the I. of the H. G. A.; a white and gold nemmes may be worn. These robes may also be worn by Assistant Magi in all composite rituals of the White.

The Neophyte's robe, is fitted for all, elemental operations. A black and gold nemmes may be worn. Assistant Magi may wear these in all composite rituals of the Black.

The Zelator's robe is fitted for all rituals involving IO, and for the infernal rites of Luna. In the former case an Uræus crown and purple nemmes, in the latter a silver nemmes should be worn.

The Practicus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving II, and for the rites of Mercury. In the former case, an Uræus crown and green nemmes, in the latter a nemys of shot silk, should be worn.

The Philosophus' robe is fitted for all rituals involving O O, and for the rites of Venus. In the former case an Uræus crown and azure nemmes, in the latter a green nemmes, should be worn.

The Dominus Liminis' robe is fitted for the infernal rites of Sol, which must never be celebrated.

The Adeptus Minor's robe is fitted for the rituals of Sol. A golden nemmes may be worn.

The Adeptus' robe is fitted for the particular workings of the Adeptus, and for the Postulant at the First Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Major's Robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Evocations of the Inferiors, for the performance of the rites of Mars, and for the Postulant at the Second Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Adeptus Exemptus' robe is fitted for the Chief Magus in all Rituals and Invocations of the Superiors, for the performance of the rites of Jupiter, and for the Postulant at the Third Gate of the City of the Pyramids.

The Babe of the Abyss has no robe.

For the performance of the rites of Saturn, the Magician may wear a black robe, close-cut, with narrow sleeves, trimmed with white, and the Seal and Square of Saturn marked on breast and back. A conical black cap embroidered with the Sigils of Saturn should be worn.

The Magister Templi Robe is fitted for the great Meditations, for the supernal rites of Luna, and for those rites of Babylon and the Graal. But this robe should be worn by no man, because of that which is written: " Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine."

*Any of these robes may be worn by a person of whatever grade on appropriate occasions.*

# Mr. W. NORTHAM

## Robe Maker and Tailor

Begs to inform those concerned that he has been entrusted by the A. ∴ A. ∴ with the manufacture of the necessary robes and other appurtenances of members of the Society.

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ALEISTER CROWLEY (1875-1947) poet, mountaineer, secret agent, magus, libertine, and prophet was dubbed by the tabloids “The Wickedest Man in the World”

LON MILO DUQUETE is the author of sixteen critically acclaimed books (translated in twelve languages) on Magick and the Occult. He is the U.S. Deputy Grandmaster General of the O.T.O. He lives in Costa Mesa, California with his wife of 45 years, Constance.

Also in this series:

*The Best of the Equinox, Enochian  
Magick. Volume I.*

by Aleister Crowley, Introduction by  
Lon Milo DuQuette.

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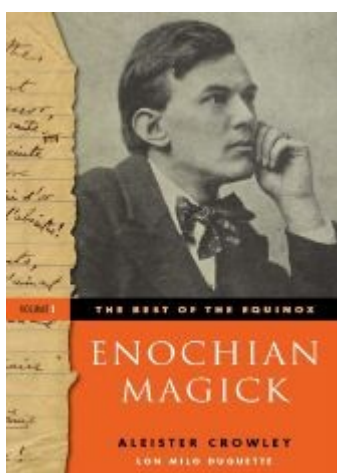
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**If you liked *The Best of the Equinox, Dramatic Ritual*, enjoy an excerpt from *The Best of the Equinox, Enochian Magick*, also by Aleister Crowley (c) 2012. Go to the next page to begin reading the sample.**



SECRET 1

THE BOOK OF THE EQUINOX

# THE BOOK OF THE LAW

ALEISTER CROWLEY

LON MILLO DUGUETTE

# Introduction

One does not need to be a practicing ceremonial magician to be interested in Enochian magick. The subject has something for everyone. Historians, scholars, and Hollywood filmmakers bask in the radiant person of its creator, Dr. John Dee, a towering figure who, along with being one of the most influential political advisors *to* (and *spy for*) Queen Elizabeth I, developed this complex magical system in 16<sup>th</sup> century England. Linguists, such as Dr. Donald Laycock (1936 — 1988) are fascinated with the ‘angelic’ tongue, a true language that

was allegedly ‘delivered’ by angels to Dee and his partner Edward Kelly<sup>1</sup> under extraordinary circumstances.

But if magick is your cup of tea — nothing compares to the breathtaking elegance of the Enochian system. My interest in Enochian magick began late in 1979 and I began practicing in earnest in the fall of 1980. It has remained the centerpiece of my magical work ever since. The text I would first use as my instruction manual was the same collection of documents you will find in the book you are reading at this moment — material that in the late 70s could only be found in the pages of Aleister Crowley's *Equinox*, vol. I<sup>2</sup>, or (in my

case) the newly published *Gems From the Equinox*<sup>3</sup>. There was very little else available at the time to supplement the Equinox material. Israel Regardie had published certain Golden Dawn papers<sup>4</sup> but frankly, at the time, they did more to obfuscate the subject for me than offer any helpful insight. As difficult as the Equinox Enochian material appeared to me, I proceeded to tackle it as if it were the first and last word on the subject. As my mastery of Enochiana grew, so did my appreciation of Crowley's profound grasp of his subject and what he chose to include in the Equinox.

There is enough information in the

documents herein bound for the student grasp the system, build and understand the various tablets and tools, and immediately begin a program of practical Enochian vision magick. However, I strongly encourage the reader who intends to engage in the practice to become acquainted with the several fine texts that have been published in the last 20 years, especially those written or edited by magicians who actually practice the art rather than those who simply write about it. I do not hesitate to point the reader to the online works of Mr. Clay Holden, and the writings of Geoffrey James, Stephen Skinner, David Rankine, David Jones, Robert

Turner, Frater W.I.T., and Joseph H. Peterson.

There is a singular shortcoming to the Equinox documents dealing with Enochian magick. There is little discussion of John Dee and Edward Kelly and the circumstances of the reception of the original material. My years of practice have convinced me that awareness of where it all came from is very important. In my book, *Enochian Vision Magick* (Weiser Books: York Beach, ME, 2008),<sup>5</sup> I spend a great deal of time integrating the early Dee and Kelly workings into the theory and practice of modern Enochian magick. I certainly do not intend to preface this book by

reprinting that rather thick volume, but rather, I hope with sheepish and mock humility that the reader who has not already purchased and read *Enochian Vision Magick* will do so at the earliest possible convenient moment.

In the early 1990s I was asked by Herman Slater of Magickal Childe Publishing to write an Introduction to his beautifully produced facsimile edition of some of the diaries of John Dee that were originally gathered and published in 1659 as *A True & Faithful Relation of what passed for many Yeers between Dr. John Dee and some Spirits*<sup>6</sup> What he wanted was simple enough — a brief introduction



to John Dee — who he was, what he was trying to do with his magick, and how the texts survived the centuries to be picked up by the adepts of the Golden Dawn in the late 1800s and then to Aleister Crowley in the first half of the twentieth century.

I did the best I could (at least for a young man at the beginning of his writing career). The print run of this expensively-produced edition was very small and unfortunately never saw a reprint or second edition. These many years later when I was asked to introduce the Enochian material from the *Equinox* for this *Best of the Equinox* edition I immediately thought, that even though my old

Introduction was originally written to comment on Dee's diaries, it would nevertheless also perfectly set the stage for this work. The publisher has agreed and so I have included it below.

Enochian magick isn't for everyone, but I hope whatever your involvement may be with this most complex and elegant magical art form — whether it is as practitioner, dabbler, or dilettante, that you will be touched by its beauty and transformed by its magick.

Lon Milo DuQuette

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1 Alternate spelling, “Kelley” also appears in the original documents.

2 *The Equinox I* (nos. 7 & 8). ed. Soror Virakam, (London. Reprinted York Beach, ME: Weiser Books, Inc. 1992.)

3 Aleister Crowley, Israel Regardie, ed. *Gems from the Equinox*. First printed (St. Paul MN: Llewellyn Publications, 1974. Subsequent revised editions New Falcon, 1992, and Weiser Books 2008).

4 Israel Regardie, ed. *The Golden Dawn: The Original Account of the Teachings, Rites & Ceremonies of the Hermetic Order*. (St. Paul MN: Llewellyn Publications, 1969 and numerous revised editions, the latest being 2002).

5 Lon Milo DuQuette. *Enochian Vision Magick — An Introduction and Practical Guide to the Magick of Dr. John Dee and Edward Kelley*. (York Beach, ME: Weiser Books) 2008.

6 *A True & Faithful Relation of what passed for many Yeers Between Dr. John Dee and*

*some Spirits...* (a transcription of Dee's Diaries from May 28, 1583 to April 2, 1587) ed. Meric Causabon. (London: 1659. Reprinted London: Askin Publishers, 1974. Newest edition, expanded with additional material by Clay Holden and Lon Milo DuQuette, NYC: Magicakal Childe Publications, 1992). pp vii - xii.

# **An Introduction to**

*A True & Faithful Relation of what  
passed for many Yeers Between Dr.  
John Dee and some Spirits...*

By Lon Milo DuQuette<sup>7</sup>

**O**n July 20, 1550 the academic community of Paris was ablaze with excitement. The auditorium of Rhemes College was filled to overflowing with the most learned men of Europe. Passionate young students crowded the eaves and pressed hungry ears to the windows to hear an unprecedented lecture on

mathematics.

The speaker was an extraordinary young Englishman whose commentaries upon the propositions of Euclid had stunned and delighted the great minds of the University at Louvain and court of Charles V at Brussels. Not yet thirty years old, he was being hailed as the “New Agrippa,” the heir to the great philosopher-magicians and the first English “Magus.”

His name was John Dee and he was destined to become the *ornament of the Age*, one of the most influential figures of Renaissance England — also one of the most vilified.

To adequately profile the life and

accomplishments of John Dee would require a series of tomes the size of the one you are now holding. Yet with very few exceptions, it has only been recently that biographers have begun to scratch the surface and explore the incredible details that have been denied to the public for over three hundred years.

He was mathematician, physician, mechanic, geographer, and chemist. He was tutor to royal families both in England and abroad. His private book collection at his home in Mortlake was Elizabethan England's great library. He was engineer, antiquarian, scientist and theologian. No vain dabbler, he was

master of these and a score of other arts and sciences. His inventions and contributions profoundly affected his world.

Why then is he not celebrated with the other luminaries of the Elizabethan period? Why has his name fallen through the cracks of the history of Western Civilization?

“Caller of Devils, Arch Conjuror, Necromancer, Invocator of damned Spirits, Sorcerer, Witch, Enchanter, Black Magician”... these were occupations also attributed to John Dee. These accusations dogged him throughout his lifetime and defined his reputation after his death.



I will not even attempt to elaborate on the details of this unbelievably eventful life. I leave that to two most excellent modern biographies: *Elizabethan Magic*<sup>8</sup> by Robert Turner, and especially Peter French's *John Dee, The World of an Elizabethan Magus*?<sup>9</sup> But a brief sketch at this point I think is in order.

John Dee was born on July 13, 1527 to Rowland Dee and Johanna Wild. The family (who could trace their ancestry to Roderick the Great, an early Prince of Wales) was not wealthy but could boast what could be called a middle class income. His father, a gentleman server to Henry VIII, was not without connections at

court.

In 1542 his father sent him to Cambridge where young Dee budgeted his time to enable him to routinely study eighteen hours a day. Four years later Henry VIII founded Trinity College and Dee received a fellowship as an under-reader of Greek.

At Trinity he also delighted in the study of engineering and mechanics and he volunteered to be a member of the stage crew in the production of the play PAX by Aristophanes. Amusingly, this was where his reputation as a black magician began. His unique mechanical innovations were responsible for seemingly miraculous stage effects. The illusion

of the Scabrous flying up to heaven with a man on its back provoked rumors of supernatural assistance — and indeed, the equipment constructed by Dee to accomplish this illusion incorporated advanced technology and invention not taught at Cambridge.

In 1547 he took his first trip abroad to consult with the learned men of the day in the Netherlands. A year later he received his Master of Arts from Cambridge and enrolled in Louvain. His reputation throughout Europe was startling. Scholars of many countries traveled to confer with him and invitations from kings and emperors were routinely, but politely, refused.

Back in England, however, his

reputation as a sorcerer was enhanced when, in 1555, the administration of Queen Mary had him imprisoned because of a false accusation of *Lawde vayne practices of calculing and conjuring* to enchant the Queen. He soon extricated himself from this fall from grace, and when Elizabeth was crowned in 1558 Dee was a frequent and welcome visitor at court. He was even given the honor of casting the horoscope determining the date and hour of the coronation ceremony — ironic, as his astrological practice was part of his problem with Queen Mary.

Elizabeth conferred often with Dee on matters of state, international policies and most importantly

England's adventurous explorations at sea. His knowledge of geography, history and science was unequalled and many of the remarkable achievements of the Virgin Queen should be credited to his sage council. She became his patron and protector.

This royal protection would be needed for as his reputation as a philosopher-magus grew so did rumors and accusations of black magic. The vulgar element saw his odd, eccentric genius as proof he was in league with the devil. His study of Hermeticism (a perfectly natural endeavor for a Renaissance scholar) was viewed by many with suspicion and fear. His house and library at

Mortlake were ransacked by a mob of neighbors in 1583 while he was on the continent, and he was slandered in print as “Doctor Dee the great Conjuror” by Protestant extremist John Foxe. Dee succeeded in halting the slander but the damage was done.

Dee obviously felt that the discretion he exhibited at home in England would be unnecessary on the more enlightened continent. For six years between 1583 and 1589 he and skryer Edward Kelley practiced various forms of cabalistic and angelic evocation quite openly.

Upon his return to England (at Elizabeth's request) he continued to be harassed and accused. Elizabeth was

too distracted with court intrigues to offer much support.

Dee's last years were unhappy. The plague claimed his third wife, Jane Fromand, who mothered all eight of his children. His own health failing, he was pressured by the plots of his fellows, to give up his position as Warden of Manchester College. He returned to Mortlake with his daughter Katherine who was to be his nurse in the last years.

In December of 1608 (or 1609) after King James I ignored Dee's attempt to clear his name by being tried as a conjurer, Dee died peacefully at Mortlake.

Meric Casubon did not intend to immortalize Dr. John Dee when he published portions of Dee's magician diaries in 1659. Quite the contrary, it is clear that he wished to diminish Dee's considerable reputation by perpetuating a portrait of a gullible and spiritually naïve academician whose unwholesome obsession with dreams of communicating with angels led to his social and financial ruin.

Titillating the reader with warnings that the material, "... might be deemed and termed A Work of Darkness," Casaubon set to work to destroy Dee's reputation. The reason he would spend the time and considerable expense to vilify the memory of a man



considered by many of his contemporaries to be the greatest mathematician and philosopher of his Age, can be discovered in the complex and dangerous intrigues surrounding the social/political/religious upheaval of the Puritan Revolution.

Throughout the Civil War and Commonwealth Period (1642-1660) Casaubon remained a loyal and vocal support of the Anglican Church. As a recognized and respected classical scholar he was stunned when in 1644, by order of the government, his position at Canterbury and accompanying salary was suspended.

Disenfranchised, he sought to avenge himself upon the Puritan

government by attacking one of the fundamental tenants of the faith: namely, the belief that individuals, independent of the offices and inspiration of the Church, could receive spiritual guidance directly from divine sources.

If Casaubon could demonstrate that even the great Dr. Dee was victim of diabolic deception, perhaps the spiritual *cause célèbre* of Calvin and Cromwell might also be no less a product of Satanic delusion. As he would hang if he publicly stated the latter, he chose to attempt to prove the former.

The government of the Commonwealth was indeed upset over

the publication of *A True & Faithful Relation of What Passed for many Yeers between Dr. John Dee... and Some Spirits ...* (as Casaubon titled the work). However, so many copies were initially printed and distributed that all official attempts to suppress it failed.

In the minds of the public, the rumors of Dee's involvement in “Black Magic” were true — confirmed by his own words, in his own diaries. Casaubon had succeeded in sacrificing the reputation of Renaissance England's greatest philosopher-magus upon the altar of vulgar expediency.

Nevertheless, we owe Meric

Casaubon a profound debt of gratitude; for no matter how unworthy his motives, his work has served as an ark — a time capsule which has preserved one of the most remarkable magical records of all time.

# **The Method of Science, The Aim of Religion<sup>10</sup>**

To the modern student of magick, *A True and Faithful Relation* ... is a treasure without equal. We experience almost voyeuristic self consciousness as the intimate nature of the record unfolds. We become eaves-droppers on the details of the most remarkable magical event ever recorded.

To Dee, magick was science. He took excellent notes; recording each experience with the precision of modern scientific notation. He did not wish to talk with Angels so he could bewitch his neighbor's cow or seduce the girl next door. He sincerely

desired more information about the laws of nature and the underlying principles of Creation.

Like Henry Cornelius Agrippa and Giordano Bruno, Dee was conscious of the fact that he was perhaps the most learned man of his day. Everything that was known to Man was known to him. He was the world's foremost authority on a score of subjects from geography to mechanics. Where does the man who knows more than another person on earth turn when *he* still has questions? The answer is *God*, or more accurately, God's messengers to humanity, the Angels who throughout biblical literature appeared to pious

men to teach the knowledge that was hidden from mortals. The Patriarch Enoch was once such person who found favor in the presence of God — hence Dee used the word “Enochian” to describe his efforts.

From 1582 to 1589 Dee and his “skryer,” Edward Kelly, plunged almost daily into the black obsidian mirror that was their doorway to the “angelic” world. Despite his somewhat dubious reputation, Kelly was a gifted clairvoyant. It was obvious from the earliest sessions that something extraordinary was taking place. Both men seemed genuinely surprised by the success of the initial contacts; the awkwardness of these

early sessions is touchingly amusing.

Questions concerning world politics and matters of State dominated these first encounters but as the sessions continued it became clear that the angels had an agenda of their own. Dee and Kelly were informed that the angelic world could be more easily accessed and communications more efficiently facilitated if the magician actually spoke the language of the angels. The communicating angels then proceeded, in the most complex and extraordinary manner, to teach them the angelic language. This event is without parallel in magical history. Israel Regardie in his massive work, *The Complete Golden Dawn System of*



*Magic*<sup>11</sup> writes:

*The Enochian Language is not just a haphazard combination and compilation of divine and angelic names drawn from the [Enochian] tablets. Apparently, it is a true language with a grammar and syntax of its own. The invocations are not merely strings of words and barbarous names, but are sentences which can be translated in a meaningful way and not merely transliterated.*

Eighteen invocations, or “Calls,” written in the Angelic language, comprise a system whereby the magician can access the unseen elemental universe underlying the phenomenal world. A nineteenth Call

is used to penetrate the spiritual world known in the system as the Thirty Aethyrs. These correspond roughly to the ascending planes of consciousness of the Qabalistic universe and were explored by the magician in the same manner as “path workings.

It is ironic that Dee and Kelly did not utilize much of the technical information dictated to them. They seemed to be almost entirely absorbed in the process of obtaining the data.

It would be over three hundred years before the material Dee and Kelly labored so hard to obtain would be organized into a magical system by Golden Dawn genius, S.L. MacGregor Mathers who recognized the intrinsic

value of the surviving diary material. The records found in *A True and Faithful Relation...* supplied the bulk of this information.

The two major branches of modern practical Enochian Magic (Elemental and Aethyric) were grafted by Mathers into the Adeptus Minor curriculum of the Golden Dawn. In 1898, Aleister Crowley joined the Golden Dawn and in 1900 attained the Grade of Adeptus Minor. The passion of his exploration of the Enochian system far exceeded the efforts of his predecessors and in 1909, while walking across the North African Sahara, he completed his systematic explorations of the thirty worlds of the

Aethyrs and chronicled them in his masterpiece, *The Vision and the Voice*. Hermetic scholars have seriously compared this document to the visionary works of William Blake and the prophetic writings of Ezekiel and Saint John the Divine.

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7 From the 1992 Magickal Childe Edition. Introduction copyright 1992 by Lon Milo DuQuette.

8 *Elizabethan Magic: The Art and the Magus*. By Robert Turner. (London: Element Books, Ltd.) 1990. Out of print but available used from numerous sources.

9 *John Dee, The World of an Elizabethan Magus*. By Peter French. (London: Routledge.) Reissue edition 1987.

10 “The Method of Science — The Aim of Religion” is the motto of Aleister Crowley's

*The Equinox.*

11 Israel Regardie, ed. *The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic*. (Las Vegas, NV: New Falcon Publications. 1985. 2<sup>nd</sup> edition 2008.)

## MAGICK IS DRAMA

*The Equinox*, in print from 1909–1919, was a magical journal published by Aleister Crowley and included Crowley's own A.'.A.'. laws, rituals and rites, reviews, and magical works by other important practitioners. Published as ten volumes, much of the material remains out of print today. Now, for the first time since Israel Regardie's selections *Gems from the Equinox* (1974) renowned scholar and U.S. Deputy Grandmaster General of the O.T.O., Lon Milo DuQuette, presents readers with his own selections, *The Best of the Equinox*.

Volume II brings readers the collected works on Dramatic Rituals. As Crowley wrote: "The object of them is almost invariably the invocation of a God, and that God conceived in a more or less material and personal fashion. These Rituals are therefore well suited for such persons as are capable of understanding the spirit of Magick as opposed to the letter."

Used with skill, dramatic ritual can trigger profound consciousness-expanding and self-transformational experiences.

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Aleister Crowley (1875–1947) poet, mountaineer, secret agent, magus, libertine, and prophet was dubbed by the tabloids, "The Wickedest Man in the World."

Lon Milo DuQuette is a bestselling author and lecturer whose books on Magick, Tarot, and the Western Mystery Traditions have been translated into ten languages. He lives in Costa Mesa, CA with his beautiful wife, Constance.

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