

Oasis Orator's Handbook



Published by Ordo Templi Orientis, U.S.A.

No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission. The editor has included revisions which are under copyright.

Layout & design by John Crow.

Deisgn copyright © 2001, Ordo Templi Orientis, U.S.A., all rights reserved. "An Intimation with Reference to the Constitution of the Order" copyright Ordo Templi Orientis, all rights reserved.

Contents

I:

Before the Beginning of Years	1
Et incarnatus est (sheet music)	3

II:

The Book of the Balance-Liber Libræ Sub Figura XXX	5
Invocation of Aphrodite	9
Pan to Artemis (Uncharitable Charmer)	11
Roll, Strong Life Current	13
Dolores [Notre-Dame des Sept Douleurs]	16
Isis am I	32
The Priestess of Panormita	34
We Have Seen Thee, O Love	41
My Soul is an Enchanted Boat	47
The Prayers of the Elementals:	
Prayer of the Sylphs	49
Prayer of the Undines	50
Prayer of the Salamanders	51
Prayer of the Gnomes	52
An Intimation with Reference to the Constitution of the Order	53
Qui bibit ex vino (sheet music)	59

III:

Abide With Me	61
The Magician	62
Invocation to Hecate	63
Anthem (from The Ship)	63
Abide With Me (sheet music)	69

Before the Beginning of Years

Chorus II from Atalanta in Calydon

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought,
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Et incarnatus est

H.K. 1131

I.

Aum.

Tomtom

II.

III.

de spir - ri - tu - i sanc - to ex Ba - ba - lon om - ni - bus ma - ter et

IV.

ho - mo fac - tus est Aum Aum

The Book of the Balance

Liber Libræ Sub Figura XXX

0. Learn first—Oh thou who aspirest unto our ancient Order!—that Equilibrium is the basis of the Work. If thou thyself hast not a sure foundation, whereon wilt thou stand to direct the forces of Nature?
1. Know then, that as man is born into this world amidst the Darkness of Matter, and the strife of contending forces; so must his first endeavour be to seek the Light through their reconciliation.
2. Thou then, who hast trials and troubles, rejoice because of them, for in them is Strength, and by their means is a pathway opened unto that Light.
3. How should it be otherwise, O man, whose life is but a day in Eternity, a drop in the Ocean of time; how, were thy trials not many, couldst thou purge thy soul from the dross of earth?

Is it but now that the Higher Life is beset with dangers and difficulties; hath it not ever been so with the Sages and Hierophants of the past? They have been persecuted and reviled, they have been tormented of men; yet through this also has their Glory increased.

4. Rejoice therefore, O Initiate, for the greater thy trial the greater thy Triumph. When men shall revile thee, and speak against thee falsely, hath not the Master said, “Blessed art thou!”?
5. Yet, oh aspirant, let thy victories bring thee not Vanity, for with increase of Knowledge should come increase of Wisdom. He who knoweth little, thinketh he knoweth much; but he who knoweth much hath learned his own ignorance. Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool, than of him.
6. Be not hasty to condemn others; how knowest thou that in their place, thou couldst have resisted the temptation? And even were it so, why shouldst thou despise one who is weaker than thyself?

7. Thou therefore who desirest Magical Gifts, be sure that thy soul is firm and steadfast; for it is by flattering thy weaknesses that the Weak Ones will gain power over thee. Humble thyself before thy Self, yet fear neither man nor spirit. Fear is failure, and the forerunner of failure: and courage is the beginning of virtue.
8. Therefore fear not the Spirits, but be firm and courteous with them; for thou hast no right to despise or revile them; and this too may lead thee astray. Command and banish them, curse them by the Great Names if need be; but neither mock nor revile them, for so assuredly wilt thou be lead into error.
9. A man is what he maketh himself within the limits fixed by his inherited destiny; he is a part of mankind; his actions affect not only what he calleth himself, but also the whole universe.
10. Worship, and neglect not, the physical body which is thy temporary connection with the outer and material world. Therefore let thy mental Equilibrium be above disturbance by material events; strengthen and control the animal passions, discipline the emotions and the reason, nourish the Higher Aspirations.
11. Do good unto others for its own sake, not for reward, not for gratitude from them, not for sympathy. If thou art generous, thou wilt not long for thine ears to be tickled by expressions of gratitude.
12. Remember that unbalanced force is evil; that unbalanced severity is but cruelty and oppression; but that also unbalanced mercy is but weakness which would allow and abet Evil. Act passionately; think rationally; be Thyself.
13. True ritual is as much action as word; it is Will.
14. Remember that this earth is but an atom in the universe, and that thou thyself art but an atom thereon, and that even couldst thou become the God of this earth whereon thou crawllest and grovellest, that thou wouldest, even then, be but an atom, and one amongst many.

15. Nevertheless have the greatest self-respect, and to that end sin not against thyself. The sin which is unpardonable is knowingly and wilfully to reject truth, to fear knowledge lest that knowledge pander not to thy prejudices.
16. To obtain Magical Power, learn to control thought; admit only those ideas that are in harmony with the end desired, and not every stray and contradictory Idea that presents itself.
17. Fixed thought is a means to an end. Therefore pay attention to the power of silent thought and meditation. The material act is but the outward expression of thy thought, and therefore hath it been said that “the thought of foolishness is sin.” Thought is the commencement of action, and if a chance thought can produce much effect, what cannot fixed thought do?
18. Therefore, as hath already been said, Establish thyself firmly in the equilibrium of forces, in the centre of the Cross of the Elements, that Cross from whose centre the Creative Word issued in the birth of the dawning Universe.
19. Be thou therefore prompt and active as the Sylphs, but avoid frivolity and caprice; be energetic and strong like the Salamanders, but avoid irritability and ferocity; be flexible and attentive to images like the Undines, but avoid idleness and changeability; be laborious and patient like the Gnomes, but avoid grossness and avarice.
20. So shalt thou gradually develop the powers of thy soul, and fit thyself to command the Spirits of the elements. For wert thou to summon the Gnomes to pander to thine avarice, thou wouldest no longer command them, but they would command thee. Wouldst thou abuse the pure beings of the woods and mountains to fill thy coffers and satisfy thy hunger of Gold? Wouldst thou debase the Spirits of Living Fire to serve thy wrath and hatred? Wouldst thou violate the purity of the Souls of the Waters to pander to thy lust of debauchery? Wouldst thou force the Spirits of the Evening Breeze to minister to thy folly and caprice? Know that with such

desires thou canst but attract the Weak, not the Strong, and in that case the Weak will have power over thee.

21. In the true religion there is no sect, therefore take heed that thou blasphemeth not the name by which another knoweth his God; for if thou do this thing in Jupiter thou wilt blaspheme *hwḥy*¹ and in Osiris *hwṣḥy*.² Ask and ye shall have! Seek, and ye shall find! Knock, and it shall be opened unto you!

1: Pronounced “Ye-ho-wau”

2: Pronounced “Ye-hesh-wau”

Invocation of Aphrodite

From *Orpheus*

Aleister Crowley

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 iynx¹
Heralds thy splendour swooning into sense,
When from the bluest bowers
And greenest-hearted hours
Of Heaven thou smilest 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-tailed track
Blinds all black earth with tears.

1: An imaginary animal, sacred to Venus.

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!

There no voice may be heard!
No place for any word!
The heart's whole fervour silently speeds to thee,
Immaculate! and craves
Thy kisses or the grave's,
Till, knowing its unworthiness to woo thee,
Remembers, grows content
With the old element,
And asks the lowlier grace its earlier music meant.

So, Lady of all power!
Kindle this firstling flower
The rainbow nymph above the waterfall
Into a mortal shade
Of thee, imortal maid,
That in her love I gather and recall
Some memory mighty and mute
In love's poor substitute
Of thee, thy Love too high, the impossible pursuit!

Pan to Artemis

(Uncharmable Charmer)

Aleister Crowley

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!

Roll, Strong Life Current

from *Orpheus*

Aleister Crowley

Roll, strong life current of these very veins,
 Into my lover's soul, my soul that is!
Thrill, mighty life of nerves, exultant strains
 Triumphant of all music in a kiss!
 Fade! fade, oh strenuous sense
 Into the soul intense
 Of life beyond your weak imagining!
 And, O thou thought, dissever
 Thy airy life for ever
 While the bright sounds are lifted up to spring
 Beyond this tide of being,
 Shadows and sense far fleeing
 Into a shadow deeper than the Ocean
 When passes all the mind's commotion
 To a serener sky, a mighty calm emotion!

The whole world fades, folds over its wide pinions
 Into a darkness deeper than its own.
Silence hath shattered all the dream-dominions
 Of life and light: the grey bird's soul is flown
 Into a soundless night,
 Lampless: a vivid flight
 Beyond the thrones and stars of heaven down hurled,
 Till the great blackness heaves
 An iron breast, and cleaves

The womb of night, another mightier world.
 Lost is my soul, and faded
 The light of life that braided
 Its comet tresses into golden fire.
 Fade, fade, the phantoms of desire!
Speed, speed the song of love upon the living lyre!

Lo! I abide not, and my lover's glory
 Abides not: in the swaying of those tides
Gathers beneath some mighty promontory
 One mightier wave, deep drowns it, and abides.
 Save that one wave alone
 Nought in the void is known,
That wave of love, that sole exultant splendour
 Throned o'er all being, supreme,
 A single-shining beam
Burning with love, unutterably tender.
 Ah! the calm wave retires.
 Down all the fearful fires
Go thundering to darkness, so dissever
 Their being from pure being, that the river
Of love is waveless now, and is pure love for ever.

Then mightier than all birth of stars or suns,
 Breaks the vast flood and trembles in its tide.
Serene and splendid shine the mystic ones,
 Exult, appal, reiterate, abide.
 Timid and fleet the earth
 Comes rushing back to birth,

Brighter and greener, radiant with gold
Of a diviner sun,
An exultation
Of life to life, of light to light untold.
I? I remain, and see
Across eternity
My lover's face, and gaze, and know the worth
Of love's life to the glowing earth,
The kiss that wakes all life unto a better birth.

Dolores

[Notre-Dame des Sept Douleurs]

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel,
 Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
 Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories,
 What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores
 Our Lady of Pain?

Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin;
 But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,
 And then they would haunt thee in heaven!
Fierce midnights and famishing morrows,
 And the loves that complete and control
All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
 That wear out the soul.

O garment not golden but gilded;
 O garden where all men may dwell,
O tower not of ivory, but builded
 By hands that reach heaven from hell;
O mystical rose of the mire,
 O house not of gold but of gain,
O house of unquenchable fire,
 Our Lady of Pain!

O lips full of lust and of laughter,
 Curled snakes that are fed from my breast,
Bite hard, lest remembrance come after
 And press with new lips where you pressed.
For my heart too springs up at the pressure,
 Mine eyelids too moisten and burn;
Ah, feed me and fill me with pleasure,
 Ere pain come in turn.

In yesterday's reach and to-morrow's,
 Out of sight though they lie of to-day,
There have been and there yet shall be sorrows,
 That smite not and bite not in play.
The life and the love thou despisest,
 These hurt us indeed and in vain,
O wise among women, and wisest,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Who gave thee thy wisdom? what stories
 That stung thee, what visions that smote?
Wert thou pure and a maiden, Dolores,
 When desire took thee first by the throat?
What bud was the shell of a blossom
 That all men may smell to and pluck?
What milk fed thee first at what bosom?
 What sins gave the suck?

We shift and bedeck and bedrape us,
 Thou art noble and nude and antique;
Libitina thy mother, Priapus
 Thy father, a Tuscan and Greek.

We play with light loves in the portal,
And wince and relent and refrain;
Loves die, and we know thee immortal,
Our Lady of Pain.

Fruits fall and love dies and time ranges;
Thou art fed with perpetual breath,
And alive after infinite changes,
And fresh from the kisses of death;
Of languors rekindled and rallied,
Of barren delights and unclean,
Things monstrous and fruitless, a pallid
And poisonous queen.

Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I hurt you?
Men touch them, and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice;
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,
These crown and caress thee and chain,
O splendid and sterile Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

There are sins it may be to discover,
There are deeds it may be to delight.
What new work wilt thou find for thy lover,
What new passions for daytime or night?
What spells that they know not a word of
Whose lives are as leaves overblown?
What tortures undreamt of, unheard of,
Unwritten, unknown?

Ah beautiful passionate body
That never has ached with a heart!
On thy mouth though the kisses are bloody
Though they sting till it shudder and smart,
More kind than the love we adore is,
They hurt not the heart or the brain,
O bitter and tender Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

As our kisses relax and redouble,
From the lips and the foam and the fangs
Shall no new sin be born for man's trouble,
No dream of impossible pangs?
With the sweet of the sins of old ages
Wilt thou satiate thy soul as of yore?
Too sweet is the rind, say the sages,
Too bitter the core.

Hast thou told all thy secrets the last time,
And bared all thy beauties to one?
Ah, where shall we go then for pastime,
If the worst that can be has been done?
But sweet as the rind was the core is;
We are fain of thee still, we are fain,
O sanguine and subtle Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

By the hunger of change and emotion,
By the thirst of unbearable things,
By despair, the twin-born of devotion,
By the pleasure that winces and stings,

The delight that consumes the desire,
 The desire that outruns the delight,
By the cruelty deaf as a fire
 And blind as the night,

By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
 Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
 Till the foam has a savor of blood,
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
 By the hands as they slacken and strain,
I adjure thee, respond from thine altars,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Wilt thou smile as a woman disdaining
 The light fire in the veins of a boy?
But he comes to thee sad, without feigning,
 Who has wearied of sorrow and joy;
Less careful of labor and glory
 Than the elders whose hair has uncurled;
And young, but with fancies as hoary
 And gray as the world.

I have passed from the outermost portal
 To the shrine where a sin is a prayer;
What care though the service be mortal?
 O our Lady of Torture, what care?
All thine the last wine that I pour is,
 The last in the chalice we drain,
O fierce and luxurious Dolores,
 Our Lady of Pain.

All thine the new wine of desire,
 The fruit of four lips as they clung
Till the hair and the eyelids took fire,
 The foam of a serpentine tongue,
The froth of the serpents of pleasure,
 More salt than the foam of the sea,
Now felt as a flame, now at leisure
 As wine shed for me.

Ah thy people, thy children, thy chosen,
 Marked cross from the womb and perverse!
They have found out the secret to cozen
 The gods that constrain us and curse;
They alone, they are wise, and none other;
 Give me place, even me, in their train,
O my sister, my spouse, and my mother,
 Our Lady of Pain.

For the crown of our life as it closes
 Is darkness, the fruit thereof dust;
No thorns go as deep as a rose's,
 And love is more cruel than lust.
Time turns the old days to derision,
 Our loves into corpses or wives;
And marriage and death and division
 Make barren our lives.

And pale from the past we draw nigh thee,
 And satiate with comfortless hours;
And we know thee, how all men belie thee,
 And we gather the fruit of they flowers;

The passion that slays and recovers,
The pangs and the kisses that rain
On the lips and the limbs of thy lovers,
Our Lady of Pain.

The desire of thy furious embraces
Is more than the wisdom of years,
On the blossom though blood lie in traces,
Though the foliage be sodden with tears.
For the lords in whose keeping the door is
That opens on all who draw breath
Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,
The myrtle to death.

And they laughed, changing hands in the measure,
And they mixed and made peace after strife;
Pain melted in tears, and was pleasure;
Death tingled with blood, and was life.
Like lovers they melted and tingled,
In the dusk of thine innermost fane;
In the darkness they murmured and mingled,
Our Lady of Pain.

In a twilight where virtues are vices,
In thy chapels, unknown of the sun,
To a tune that entralls and entices,
They were wed, and the twain were as one.
For the tune from thine altar hath sounded
Since God bade the world's work begin,
And the fume of thine incense abounded,
To sweeten the sin.

Love listens, and paler than ashes,
Through his curls as the crown on them slips,
Lifts languid wet eyelids and lashes,
And laughs with insatiable lips,
Thou shalt hush him with heavy caresses
With music that scares the profane;
Thou shalt darken his eyes with thy tresses,
Our Lady of Pain.

Thou shalt blind his bright eyes though he wrestle,
Thou shalt chain his light limbs though he strive;
In his lips all thy serpents shall nestle,
In his hands all thy cruelties thrive.
In the daytime thy voice shall go through him,
In his dreams he shall feel thee and ache;
Thou shalt kindle by night and subdue him
Asleep and awake.

Thou shalt touch and make redder his roses
With juice not of fruit nor of bud;
When the sense in the spirit reposes,
Thou shalt quicken the soul though the blood.
Thine, thine the one grace we implore is,
Who would live and not languish or feign,
O sleepless and deadly Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.

Dost thou dream, in a respite of slumber,
In a lull of the fires of thy life,
Of the days without name, without number,
When thy will stung the world into strife;

When, a goddess, the pulse of thy passion
Smote kings as they revelled in Rome;
And the hailed the re-risen, O Thalassian,
Foam-white, from the foam?

When thy lips had such lovers to flatter;
When the city lay red from thy rods
And thine hands were as arrows to scatter
The children of change and their gods;
When the blood of thy foemen made fervent
A sand never moist from the main,
As one smote them, their lord and thy servant,
Our Lady of Pain.

On sands by the storm never shaken,
Nor wet from the washing of tides;
Nor by foam of the waves overtaken,
Nor winds that the thunder bestrides;
But red from the print of thy paces,
Made smooth for the world and its lords,
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces,
And splendid with swords.

There the gladiator, pale for thy pleasure,
Drew bitter and perilous breath;
There torments laid hold on the treasure
Of limbs too delicious for death;
When thy gardens were lit with live torches;
When the world was a steed for thy rein;
When the nations lay prone in thy porches,
Our Lady of Pain.

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
 Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
 Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
 Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
 A thunder of lyres.

Dost thou dream of what was and no more is,
 The old kingdoms of earth and the kings?
Dost thou hunger for these things, Dolores,
 For these, in a world of new things?
But thy bosom no fasts could emaciate,
 No hunger compel to complain
Those lips that no bloodshed could satiate,
 Our Lady of Pain.

As of old when the world's heart was lighter,
 Though thy garments the grace of thee glows,
The white wealth of the body made whiter
 By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
 And branded by kisses that bruise;
When all shall be gone that now lingers,
 Ah, what shall we lose?

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
 And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
 With lithe and lascivious regret.

What ailed us, O gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain?
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain.

All shrines that were Vestal are flameless;
But the flame has not fallen from this;
Though obscure be the god, and though nameless
The eyes and the hair that we kiss;
Low fires that love sits by and forges
Fresh heads for his arrows and thine;
Hair loosened and soiled in mid orgies
With kisses and wine.

Thy skin changes country and color,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow duller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

On thy bosom though many a kiss be,
There are none such as knew it of old.
Was it Alciphron once or Arisbe,
Male ringlets or feminine gold
That thy lips met with under the statue,
Whence a look shot out sharp after thieves
From the eyes of the garden-god at you
Across the fig-leaves?

Then still, through dry seasons and moister,
 One god had a wreath to his shrine;
Then love was the pearl of his oyster,
 And Venus rose red out of wine.
We have all done amiss, choosing rather
 Such loves as the wise gods disdain;
Intercede for us thou with thy father,
 Our Lady of Pain.

In spring he had crowns of his garden,
 Red corn in the heat of the year,
Then hoary green olives that harden
 When the grape-blossom freezes with fear;
And milk-budded myrtles with Venus
 And vine-leaves with Bacchus he trod;
And ye said, "We have seen, he hath seen us,
 A visible God."

What broke off the garlands that girt you?
 What sundered you spirit and clay?
Weak sins yet alive are as virtue
 To the strength of the sins of that day.
For dried is the blood of thy lover,
 Ipsithilla, contracted the vein;
Cry aloud, "Will he rise and recover,
 Our Lady of Pain?"

Cry aloud; for the old world is broken;
 Cry out; for the Phrygian is priest,
And rears not the bountiful token
 And spreads not the fatherly feast.

From the midmost of Ida, from shady
 Recesses that murmur at morn,
They have brought and baptized her, Our Lady,
 A goddess new-born.

And the chaplets of old are above us,
 And the oyster-bed teems out of reach;
Old poets outsing and outlove us,
 And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.
Who shall kiss, in thy father's own city,
 With such lips as he sang with, again?
Intercede for us all of thy pity,
 Our Lady of Pain.

Out of Dindymus heavily laden
 Her lions draw bound and unfed
A mother, a mortal, a maiden,
 A queen over death and the dead.
She is cold, and her habit is lowly,
 Her temple of branches and sods;
Most fruitful and virginal, holy,
 A mother of gods.

She hath wasted with fire thine high places,
 She hath hidden and marred and made sad
The fair limbs of the Loves, the fair faces
 Of gods that were goodly and glad.
She slays, and her hands are not bloody;
 She moves as a moon in the wane,
White-robed, and thy raiment is ruddy,
 Our Lady of Pain.

They shall pass and their places be taken,
The gods and the priests that are pure.
They shall pass, and shalt thou not be shaken?
They shall perish, and shalt thou endure?
Death laughs, breathing close and relentless
In the nostrils and eyelids of lust,
With a pinch in his fingers of scentless
And delicate dust.

But the worm shall revive thee with kisses,
Thou shalt change and transmute as a god,
As the rod to a serpent that hisses,
As the serpent again to a rod.
Thy life shall not cease though thou doff it;
Thou shalt live until evil be slain,
And good shall die first, said thy prophet,
Our Lady of Pain.

Did he lie? did he laugh? does he know it,
Now he lies out of reach, out of breath,
Thy prophet, thy preacher, thy poet,
Sin's child by incestuous Death?
Did he find out in fire at his waking,
Or discern as his eyelids lost light,
When the bands of the body were breaking
And all came in sight?

Who has known all the evil before us,
Or the tyrannous secrets of time?
Though we match not the dead men that bore us,
At a song, at a kiss, at a crime—

Though the heathen outface and outlive us,
And our lives and our longings are twain—
Ah, forgive us our virtues, forgive us,
Our Lady of Pain.

Who are we that embalm and embrace thee
With spices and savors of song?
What is time, that his children should face thee;
What am I, that my lips do thee wrong?
I could hurt thee - but pain would delight thee;
Or caress thee—but love would repel;
And the lovers whose lips would excite thee
Are serpents in hell.

Who now shall content thee as they did,
Thy lovers, when temples were built
And the hair of the sacrifice braided
And the blood of the sacrifice spilt,
In Lampsacus fervent with faces,
In Aphaca red from thy reign,
Who embraced thee with awful embraces,
Our Lady of Pain?

Where are they, Cotytto, or Venus,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
With the blood of their bodies grown red?
Hast thou left upon earth a believer
If these men are dead?

They were purple of raiment and golden,
Filled full of thee, fiery with wine,
Thy lovers, in haunts un beholden,
In marvellous chambers of thine.

They are fled, and their footprints escape us,
Who appraise thee, adore, and abstain,
O daughter of Death and of Priapus,
Our Lady of Pain.

What ails us to fear overmeasure,
To praise thee with timorous breath,
O mistress and mother of pleasure,
The one thing as certain as death?
We shall change as the things that we cherish,
Shall fade as they faded before,
As foam upon water shall perish,
As sand upon shore.

We shall know what the darkness discovers,
If the grave-pit be shallow or deep;
And our fathers of old, and our lovers,
We shall know if they sleep not or sleep.
We shall see whether hell be not heaven,
Find out whether tares be not grain.
And the joys of thee seventy times seven,
Our Lady of Pain.

Isis am I

from *Tannhäuser*

Aleister Crowley

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, enraptured and posessed.
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!

The Priestess of Panormita

*Elaine Carr
(Aleister Crowley)*

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 made 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 grevious graft
By the swing of her soul unsated.

Wherfore 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 hath 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 lilywhite 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 dews
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:—
Hycinth! 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 lilywhite goat
 Crisp as a thicket of thorns,
With a collar of gold for his throat,
 A scarlet bow for his horns!

[*The Equinox*, vol. I, no. 2, page 209 & *The Winged Beetle*, page 47]

We Have Seen Thee, O Love

Chorus III from *Atalanta in Calydon*

Algernon Charles Swinburne

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.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath:
But Fate is the name of her; and his name is Death.

For an evil blossom was born
 Of sea-foam and the frothing of blood,
 Blood-red and bitter of fruit,
 And the seed of it laughter and tears,
And the leaves of it madness and scorn;
 A bitter flower from the bud,
 Sprung of the sea without root,
 Sprung without graft from the years.

The weft of the world was untorn
 That is woven of the day on the night,
 The hair of the hours was not white
Nor the raiment of time overworn,
 When a wonder, a world's delight,
A perilous goddess was born;

And the waves of the sea as she came
Clove, and the foam at her feet,
 Fawning, rejoiced to bring forth
 A fleshly blossom, a flame
Filling the heavens with heat
 To the cold white ends of the north.

And in air the clamorous birds,
 And men upon earth that hear
Sweet articulate words
 Sweetly divided apart,
 And in shallow and channel and mere
The rapid and footless herds,
 Rejoiced, being foolish of heart.

For all they said upon earth,
 She is fair, she is white like a dove,
 And the life of the world in her breath
Breathes, and is born at her birth;
 For they knew thee for mother of love,
 And knew thee not mother of death.

What hadst thou to do being born,
 Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
 A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
 Aphrodite, a mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
 A little respite from tears,
 A little pleasure of life;
For life was not then as thou art,

But as one that waxeth in years
Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;
Earth had no thorn, and desire
No sting, neither death any dart;
What hadst thou to do among these,
Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou, girt with sorrow of heart,
Thou, sprung of the seed of the seas
As an ear from a seed of corn,
As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
For division of soul and disease,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn?
What ailed thee then to be born?

Was there not evil enough,
Mother, and anguish on earth
Born with a man at his birth,
Wastes underfoot, and above
Storm out of heaven, and dearth
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
Wrecks from afar overseas
And peril of shallow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?

Thou shouldst not so have been born:
But death should have risen with thee,
Mother, and visible fear,
Grief, and the wringing of hands,
And noise of many that mourn;
The smitten bosom, the knee
Bowed, and in each man's ear
A cry, as of perishing lands,
A moan as of people in prison,
A tumult of infinite griefs;
And thunder of storm on the sands,
And wailing of waves on the shore;
And under thee newly arisen
Loud shoals and shipwrecking reefs,
Fierce air and violent light;
Sail rent and sundering oar,
Darkness, and noises of night;
Clashing of streams in the sea,
Wave against wave as a sword,
Clamour of currents, and foam;
Rains making ruin on earth,
Winds that wax ravenous and roam
As wolves in a wolfish horde;
Fruits growing faint in the tree,
And blind things dead in their birth;
Famine, and blighting of corn,
When thy time was come to be born.

All these we know of; but thee
Who shall discern or declare?
In the uttermost ends of the sea

The light of thine eyelids and hair,
The light of thy bosom as fire
Between the wheel of the sun
And the flying flames of the air?
Wilt thou turn thee not yet nor have pity,
But abide with despair and desire
And the crying of armies undone,
Lamentation of one with another
And breaking of city by city;
The dividing of friend against friend,
The severing of brother and brother;
Wilt thou utterly bring to an end?
Have mercy, mother!

For against all men from of old
Thou hast set thine hand as a curse,
And cast out gods from their places.
These things are spoken of thee.
Strong kings and goodly with gold
Thou hast found out arrows to pierce,
And made their kingdoms and races
As dust and surf of the sea.
All these, overburdened with woes
And with length of their days waxen weak,
Thou slewest; and sentest moreover
Upon Tyro an evil thing,
Rent hair and a fetter and blows
Making bloody the flower of the cheek,
Though she lay by a god as a lover,
Though fair, and the seed of a king.
For of old, being full of thy fire,

She endured not longer to wear
On her bosom a saffron vest,
On her shoulder an ashwood quiver;
Being mixed and made one through desire
With Enipeus, and all her hair
Made moist with his mouth, and her breast
Filled full of the foam of the river.

My Soul is an Enchanted Boat

From *Prometheus Unbound*

Percy Bysshe Shelley

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 pinnace 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 passed 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!

The Prayers of the Elementals

from *Trasnsendental Magic*

Eliphas Levi

Prayer of the Sylphs

Spirit of Life, Spirit of Wisdom whose breath giveth forth and withdraweth the form of all living things; Thou, before whom the Life of Beings is but a shadow which changeth, and a vapor which passeth; Thou who mountest upon the clouds, and who walketh upon the wings of the wind; Thou who breathest forth, and endless Space is peopled; Thou who drawest in Thy breath and all that cometh from Thee returneth unto Thee; ceaseless Movement in Eternal Stability, be Thou eternally blessed! We praise Thee and we bless Thee in the changing Empire of created Light, of Shades, of reflections, and of Images and we aspire without cessation unto Thy immutable and imperishable brilliance. Let the Ray of Thine Intelligence and the warmth of Thy Love penetrate even unto us; then that which is volatile shall be fixed, the shadow shall be a body, the Spirit of Air shall be a soul, the dream shall be a thought. And no longer shall we be swept away by the Tempest, but we shall hold the bridles of the Winged Steeds of Dawn, and we shall direct the course of the Evening Breeze to fly before Thee. O Spirit of Spirits, O Eternal Soul of Souls, O imperishable breath of Life, O Creative Sigh, O mouth which breathest forth and withdrawest the Life of all Beings in the Flux and Reflux, ebb and flow of thine Eternal Word, which is the Divine Ocean of Movement and of Truth. Amen.

Prayer of the Undines

Dread King of the Sea, who hast the Keys of the floodgates of Heaven and who enclosest the subterranean Waters in the cavernous hollows of Earth; King of the Deluge and of the Rains of Spring; Thou who openest the sources of Rivers and of Fountains; Thou who commandest moisture, which is like the blood of the earth, to become the sap of plants: We adore thee and we invoke thee! Speak thou unto us, Thine inconstant and changeful creatures in the great Tempests of the Sea, and we shall tremble before Thee. Speak unto us also in the murmur of limpid waters, and we shall desire thy love. O Vastness wherein all the Rivers of Being seek to lose themselves, which renew themselves ever in thee. O Ocean of infinite perfections! O Height which reflectest Thyself in the Depth! O Depth which exhalest thyself into the Height! Lead us into Immortality through sacrifice, that we may be found worthy one day to offer unto Thee the Water, the Blood, and the Tears, for the remission of Sins! Amen.

Prayer of the Salamanders

Immortal, Eternal, Ineffable and Uncreated Father of All, borne upon the Chariot of Worlds, which ever roll in ceaseless motion; Ruler over the Ethereal Vastness, where the Throne of Thy Power is upraised, from the summit of which Thine eyes behold all, and Thy pure and Holy ears hear all, hear Thou Thy children, whom thou hast loved since before the Ages began. Thy Majesty Golden, Vast and Eternal, shineth above the Heaven of Stars! Above them art Thou exalted, O Thou Flashing Fire! There Thou illuminateth all things with Thine insupportable Glory, whence flow the ceaseless streams of splendor which nourish Thine Infinite Spirit. This Infinite Spirit nourisheth all, and maketh that inexhaustable treasure of generation which ever encompasseth Thee, replete with the numberless forms wherewith Thou hast filled it from the beginning. From this Spirit arise those most Holy Kings, who surround thy Throne and who compose Thy court. O Universal Father! One and Alone! Father alike of Immortals and of Mortals! Thou hast created Powers marvellously like unto Thy thought Eternal and unto Thy venerable Essence. Thou hast established them above the Angels who announce Thy Will to the World. Lastly, thou hast created us third in rank within our Elemental Empire! There our continual exercise is to praise and to adore Thy desires! There we ceaselessly burn with Eternal Aspiration unto Thee! O Father! O Mother of Mothers, O Archetype Eternal of Maternity and of Love! O Son, the flower of all Sons! O form of all forms, Soul, Spirit, Harmony and Numeral of all Things! Amen.

Prayer of the Gnomes

O Invisible King Who, taking the Earth for Foundation, didst hollow its depths to fill them with Thy Almighty Power. Thou Whose Name shaketh the Arches of the World! Thou who causest the Seven Metals to flow through the veins of the rocks! King of the Seven Lights! Rewarder of the subterranean Workers! Lead us into the desirable Air and into the Realm of Splendor. We watch and we labor unceasingly, we seek and we hope, by the twelve stones of the Holy City, by the buried Talismans, by the Axis of the Lodestone which passes through the center of the Earth. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord! Have pity upon those who suffer. Expand our hearts, detach and upraise our minds, enlarge our natures. O Stability and Motion! O Darkness veiled in Brilliance! O Day clothed in Night! O Master who never dost withhold the wages of Thy Workmen! O Silver Whiteness! O Golden Splendor! O Crown of Living and Melodious Diamond! Thou who wearest the Heavens on Thy Finger like a ring of Sapphire! Thou who hidest beneath the Earth in the Kingdom of Gems, the marvelous Seed of the Stars! Live, reign, and be Thou the Eternal Dispenser of the Treasures whereof Thou hast made us the Warders! Amen.

An Intimation with Reference to the Constitution of the Order

(In the form of an address to a Magician)

Brother Magician, this degree, simple in appearance, is of the utmost practical importance to you; for it is the Grade symbolical of life. The higher degrees, from the Fifth upwards, are indeed but elaborations and explanations of this.

It is fitting, therefore, that you should be instructed in the Constitution and Government of our Holy Order; for by the study of its Balance you may yourself come to apprehension of how to rule your own life. For, in True Things, all are but images one of another; man is but a map of the universe, and Society is but the same on a larger scale.

Learn then that our Holy Order has but Three True Grades; as it is written in *The Book of the Law*: The Hermit, The Lover, and the Man of Earth.

It is but for convenience that these grades have been separated into Three Triads.

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

The Man of Earth takes no share in the Government of the Order; for he is not yet called upon to give his life to it in service; and with us Government is Service, and nothing else. The Man of Earth is therefore in much the position of the Plebian in Rome in the time of Menenius Agrippa. But there is this marked difference; that every Man of Earth is encouraged and expected to push on to the next stage. In order that the feelings of the general body may be represented, the Men of Earth choose four persons, two men and two women, from among themselves, to stand continually before the face of the Father, the Supreme and Holy King, serving him day and night. These

persons must not be of higher rank than your own; they must volunteer for this service at the conclusion of this ceremony; and therefore they give up their own prospect of advancement in the Order for one year, that they may serve their fellows. This is then the first lesson in our great principle, the attainment of honour through renunciation.

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

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

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

The next grade, that which lies between the Fifth and Sixth Degrees, is called the Senate. This is the first of the governing bodies, properly speaking, and here we begin to insist upon Renunciation. For within this body is the Electoral College of the O.T.O.

The principle of popular election is a fatal folly; its results are visible in every so-called democracy. The elected man is always the mediocrity; he is the safe man, the sound man, the man who displeases the majority less than any other; and therefore never the genius, the man of progress and illumination.

This electoral college consists of Eleven Persons in each country. It has full control of the affairs of the Men of Earth, appointing Lodge Masters at will.

It has however no authority over the Chapters of Rose Croix.

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

1. Some branch of athletics
2. Some branch of learning.

They must also possess a profound general knowledge of history and of the art of government, with some attention to philosophy in general.

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

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

The Grade of Grand Inquisitor Commander follows. Here every member has the right to a seat on the Grand Tribunal, which body decides all disputes and complaints which have not been composed by the Chapters of Rose Croix or the Lodge Masters. Its verdicts are without appeal, unless a member of the Electoral College give sanction to take the case to the Areopagus of the Eighth Degree. All members of the Order, even of higher grades, are subject to the Grand Tribunal.

The next grade is that of Prince of the Royal Secret. Every member of this degree is devoted to the Propagation of the Law in a very special manner; for this grade is the first in which the Beginning of the Inmost Secret is declared openly. He will therefore, by his personal exertions, induce one hundred and

eleven persons to join the Order, before he may proceed to the Seventh Degree, except by special order from the Supreme and Holy King.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Electoral College possesses one most singular power. Every eleven years, or in the case of a vacancy occurring, they choose two persons from the Ninth Degree, who are charged with the duty of Revolution.

It is the business of these persons constantly to criticise and oppose the acts of the Supreme and Most Holy King, whether or no they personally approve of them. Should he exhibit weakness, bodily, mental, or moral, they are empowered to appeal to the O.H.O. to depose him; but they, alone of all the members of the Order, are not eligible to the Succession.

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

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

I must now instruct you in certain important financial obligations of various grades.

The Electoral College of the Senate is vowed to poverty. All property, earnings, or salaries are vested in or paid over to the Grand Treasurer General. The members subsist on the charity of the Order, which is extended to them in accordance with their original rank in life.

These remarks apply equally to the Supreme Grand Council, and all higher degrees.

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

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

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

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

Qui bibit ex vino

H.K. 1131

Energico

Qui b - - bit ex vi - - no,
Qui b - - bit ex vi - - no,
si - - - ti - - et i - - ter - - um;
si - - - ti - - et i - - ter - - um;
qui au - - tem bi - - ber - - it ex,
qui au - - tem bi - - ber - - it,
vi - - no quam e - - go da - - bo ei, non
ex vi - - no quam e - - go da - - bo ei,
si - - - ti - - - et in æ - - ter - - - num,
in æ - - - in æ - - ter - - - num,
in æ - - - in æ - - ter - - - num.

Abide With Me

Henry Francis Lyte
(See sheet music on page 69)

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me, abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changes not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The Magician

From “*The Hymn of Honoriūs*”

Eliphas Levi
Translated by Aleister Crowley

O Lord, deliver me from hell's great fear and gloom!
Loose thou my spirit from the larvae of the tomb!
I seek them in their dread abodes without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

I bid the night conceive the glittering hemisphere.
Arise, O sun, arise! O moon, shine white and clear!
I seek them in their dread abodes without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

Their faces and their shapes are terrible and strange.
These devils by my might to angels I will change.
These nameless horrors I address without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

These are the phantoms pale of mine astonished view,
Yet none but I their blasted beauty can renew;
For to the abyss of hell I plunge without affright:
On them will I impose my will, the law of light.

Invocation to Hecate

from *Orpheus*

Aleister Crowley

O triple form of darkness! Sombre splendour!
Thou moon unseen of men! Thou huntress dread!
Thou crownèd demon of the crownless dead!
O breasts of blood, too bitter and too tender!
Unseen of gentle spring,
Let me the offering
Bring to thy shrine's sepulchral glittering!
I slay the swart beast! I bestow the bloom
Sown in the dusk, and gathered in the gloom
Under the waning moon,
At midnight hardly lightening the East;
And the black lamb from the black ewe's dead womb
I bring, and stir the slow infernal tune
Fit for thy chosen priest.

Here where the band of Ocean breaks the road
Black-trodden, deeply-stooping, to the abyss,
I shall salute thee with the nameless kiss
Pronounced toward the uttermost abode
Of thy supreme desire.
I shall illume the fire
Whence thy wild stryges shall obey the lyre,
Whence thy Lemurs shall gather and spring round,
Girdling me in the sad funereal ground
With faces turnèd back,

My face averted! I shall consummate
The awful act of worship, O renowned
 Fear upon earth, and fear in hell, and black
 Fear in the sky beyond Fate!

I hear the whining of thy wolves! I hear
 The howling of the hounds about thy form,
 Who comest in the terror of thy storm,
And night falls faster ere thine eyes appear
 Glittering through the mist.
O face of woman unkissed
 Save by the dead whose love is taken ere they wist!
Thee, thee I call! O dire one! O divine!
I, the sole mortal, seek thy deadly shrine,
 Pour the dark stream of blood,
 A sleepy and reluctant river
Even as thou drawest, with thine eyes on mine,
 To me across the sense-bewildering flood
 That holds my soul for ever!

Anthem

from *The Ship*

Aleister Crowley

I am that I am, the flame
Hidden in the sacred ark.
I am the unspoken name,
I the unbegotten spark.

I am He that ever goeth,
Being in myself the Way;
Known, that yet no mortal knoweth,
Shewn, that yet no mortal sheweth,
I, the child of night and day.
I am never-dying youth.
I am Love, and I am Truth.

I am the creating Word,
I the author of the æon;
None but I have ever heard
Echo in the empyrean
Plectron of the primal pæan!
I am the eternal one
Winged and white, the flowering rod,
I the fountain of the sun,
Very God of very God!

I am he that lifteth up
Life, and flingeth it afar;
I have filled the crystal cup;

I have sealed the silver star.
I the wingless God that flieth
Through my firmamental fane,
I am he that daily dieth,
And is daily born again.

In the sea my father lieth,
Wept by waters, lost for ever
Where the waste of woe replieth:
“Naught and nowhere!” “Naught and never!”
I that serve as once he served,
I that shine as once he shone,
I must swerve as he has swerved,
I must go as he has gone.

He begat me; in my season
I must such a son beget,
Suffer too the triple treason,
Setting as my father set.
These my witnesses and women—
These shall dare the dark again,
Find the sacred arc to swim in
The remorseless realm of rain.

Flowers and fruits I bring to bless you,
Cakes of corn, and wealth of wine;
With my crown will I caress you,
With my music make you mine.
Though I perish, I preserve you;
Through my fall, ye rise above:
Ruling you, your priest, I serve you,
Being life, and being love.

Here is corn!
Here is wine!
Life reborn,
The Deed Divine!

Thou, who art I, beyond all I am,
Who hast no nature and no name,
Who art, when all but Thou are gone,
Thou, center and secret of the Sun,
Thou, hidden spring of all things known
And unknown, Thou aloof, alone,
Thou, the true fire within the reed
Brooding and breeding, source and seed
Of life, love, liberty, and light,
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,
Thee I invoke, my faint fresh fire
Kindling as my intents aspire.
Thee I invoke, abiding one,
Thee, center and secret of the Sun,
And that most holy mystery
Of which the vehicle am I!
Appear, most awful and most mild,
As it is lawful, to thy child!

So from the Father to the Son
The Holy Spirit is the norm:
Male-female, quintessential, one,
Man-being veiled in Woman-form,
Glory and worship in the Highest,
Thou Dove, mankind that deniest,
Being that race-most royally run

To spring sunshine through winter storm!
Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

Glory to Thee from gilded tomb!
Glory to Thee from waiting womb!
Glory to Thee from virgin vowed!
Glory to Thee from earth unploughed!
Glory to Thee, true Unity
Of the eternal Trinity!
Glory to Thee, thou sire and dam
And self of I am that I am!
Glory to Thee, beyond all term,
Thy spring of sperm, thy seed and germ!
Glory to Thee, eternal Sun,
Thou One in Three, thou Three in One!
Glory and worship be to Thee,
Sap of the world-ash, wonder-tree!

Abide With Me

H.K.1131

σ σ
Aum. Aum.
Tom-tom (optional)

I.

A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - - tide.

II.

The dark - ness deep - - ens; Lord, with me a - bide.

III.

When o - ther help - ers fail, and com - forts flee

IV.

Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.

