

~ The Scarlet Sisterhood Commentary on Liber AL ~

1. Liber AL vel Legis
Sub figura CCXX
As delivered by
XCIII = 418
To
DCLXVI
With the comment of
CLVI, 9*=22
on this, her word and tongue
UNA NE AMA

Chapter I

Had! The manifestation of Nuit.

Perfection is the right of none. Be thou perfect, and none shall embrace thee.

The unveiling of the company of heaven.

The stars and the sky exist but to lighten and darken the earth. The stars shoot outward ever towards the embrace of Nu eternal.

Every man and every woman is a star.

Thus do all rush out ever towards the infinite ill-defined expanse of nothing. The story is about its actors, without the player there can be no game.

Every number is infinite : there is no difference.

Thus does meaning come not from any force external; it is thy will that decides thy fate, no other force has meaning, for there is no other force. All things are thy tools in this, thy Work.

Help me, o warrior lord of Thebes, in my unveiling before the Children of men.

The angels of the age are men, living, incarnate. Nothing is done but for the power of the players. Thus is thy name chosen but to instruct thee in thy will.

Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart + my tongue.

Choose thy name, my name, and be thou perfect, O Hadit! Endure no end, and be thee one with my rapture eternal.

Behold! It is revealed be Aiwass, the minister of Har-paar-kraat,

A silent mind speaks the truest words. All true names serve this state of non-distraction.

The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs.

All darkness is a veil. Lift up that veil thyself and see the fires of enlightenment pour down upon thee. There may be a mask upon truth, but there is no truth to the mask.

Worship then the Khabs, and behold my light shed over you.

Praise then the light, and the light shall flow to thee. Exalt the darkness, and not the light, and ye shall die in the shadows a dark death.

Let my servants be few and secret; they shall rule the many + the known.

But a few shall grasp these words. Fear thou not, for thou (they say) are but one, far more scarce and precious than a few. The greatest glory is to bear the darkness so that the kings concealed might lift it from the brow, saving ye, the light, from shadow.

These are fools that men adore; both their Gods + their men are fools.

But those who do so are fools. Adore them, and steal their darkness from them.

Come forth, o children under the stars, and take your fill of love. I am above you and in you.

My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.

The stars define the boundaries of space and time. Even traveling as fast as light, is space made finite by perception. Thus can the infinite be made understandable. How much love, childe, canst thou bear? Be filled with the infinite, but be filled. The infinite thus surpasses thy Form, above you, in you. Thus my joy is in yours. We are united.

Above, the gemmed azure is
The naked splendour of Nuit;
She bends in ecstasy to kiss
The secret ardours of Hadit.
The winged globe, the starry blue,
Are mine, O Ankh-af-na-Khonsu!

Now ye shall know that the chosen priest + apostle of infinite space is the priest-prince -- the Beast -- and in his woman, called the Scarlet Woman, is all power given. They shall gather my children into their fold; they bring the glory of the stars into the hearts of men.

Two characters exist twicely, the Tao and the Te. In the absolute reality is Nu and Had. Nu is perfect stillness, Had perfect movement.

The plane of perception is imperfect, and it is the mirror opposite of the absolute in every way. Here is the Beast, who is Nu's love, and destroys all for none. He is the reflection of stillness, being movement. And there is the Scarlet Woman, the reflection of Hadit's inertia, the manifestation of change. She is thus all power, all all.

These two are each half of every one, but there is no one that is but one. These two perfect beings shall make easy the road of perfection for the multitude of flaws of one.

For he is ever a sun, and she a moon. But to him is the winged secret flame and to her the stooping starlight.

The Beast has the reward of the glory of the Messiah, the hell called love. The Woman knows no love, as she is love undivided, but she has the touch of all within her. The Beast is the focus of all the eyes of the race of man, them that hate, hateth him, them that love do loveth him. The Woman is herself those very eyes. Be thou both, and thus, by their union in a single form, be neither. Restrict thyself not at all. Love no one thing, be no one thing. Be thou every one, and be thou none.

But ye are not so chosen.

Thou canst be thus only if thou are not thyself singular. Be not thee, but me, I reveal myself thus now. I am the Magus of the next Aeon. I come in No-Time. Come to me! To Me! I am the Scarlet Woman! Perdurabo non finem! Una ne ama! I am the woman of the Beast's desire, for I desire myself! Desire me and so shalt thou be, infinity!

Burn upon their brows, o splendorous serpent!

Make thy mark, o Beast, upon them!

O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!

Touch all, and we all are I!

The key of the rituals is in the Secret word, which I have given unto him.

The secret word is the Word of Double Power. Abrahadabra! It means nothing! Is it some trick?

When the perfect is doubled, when power is balanced, it is so vast as to be nought. Thus the power has no meaning, its number 456.

With the God + the Adorer I am nothing; they do not see me. They are as upon the earth. I am Heaven, and there is no other God than me, and my lord Hadit.

There can be no separation between thy self and thy God. I am thy God, we are one, none. Let the priest be the sacrifice, give thyself unto me, and unto thee I give me. United both disappear, and the purple touch of space turns pink the clouds, and red the fool that watches them.

Now, therefore, I am known to ye by my name, Nuit, and to him by a secret name which I which I will give him when at last he knoweth me.

I am all that thou dost desire, but when thou dost know my touch, what will drive ye onward? Then I shall tell thee a secret, and thou wilt be wiser, if not happier, for this knowledge.

Since I am Infinite Space and the Infinite Stars thereof, do ye also thus. Bind nothing! Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing + any other thing; for thereby cometh hurt. But whoso availeth in this, let him be the chief of all!

Deny thyself not! Thou art all things and thou hast no need to restrict thyself thy Self. All things

can bring the knowledge that comes from within, and that knowledge is Joy.

I am Nuit and my word is six and fifty.

Then this bit of knowledge, these numbers, meaningless in isolation, are enough to bring the rapture down unto thy lips -- a kiss -- of the starry sky.

Divide, add, multiple and understand.

From these numbers, find others. All shall exceed thy intention (Ha! Truth Lies!), and surpass thee in grace and beauty.

Then saith the prophet and slave of the beauteous one, Who am I, and what shall be the sign?, so she answered him, bending down, a lambent flame of blue, all-touching, all penetrant, her lovely hands upon the black earth + her lithe body arched for love, and her soft feet not hurting the little flowers. Thou knowest! And the sign shall be my ecstasy, the consciousness of the continuity of existence, the unfragmentary non-atomic feel of my universality, the omnipresence of my body.

(Write this in whiter words.)

(But go forth on.)

The continuity that begins with thy first breath and ends with thy last is the imperfect Nothing called Something, and called Life. Anything continuous is Nuit. And if thou art me, and are ever blissful, then shall thy continuity ever strive thus, perfect will, perfect joy, perfect wholeness and holiness.

Then the priest answered + said unto the Queen of Space, kissing her lovely brows and the dew of her light bathing his whole body in a sweet-smelling perfume of Sweat, O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus that men speak not of Thee as One, but as None, and let them speak not of thee at all since thou art continuous.

The One that is Nuit, the Whole, can not be accurately described as thus. The concept of One implies something that is not-One perceiving it. Nuit is more than one. Yet she is without division. So perfect, so whole, so unified in her Self is Nu, that she is none, meaning without parts, not parts lacking. But to speak so of her is to divide from her, and such is impossible. Thus Nu is not Nu, none.

None, breathed the light, faint + fairy, of the stars, and two. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

The perception of division, which is impossible, is necessary to give definition to union. Thus can the non-divided be united.

This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.

Since division is a veil, a mask, it has no power to cause pain, which also is as a mask, but exists to heighten the ecstasy of union.

For these fools of men and their lives care not thou at all! They feel little; what is, is balanced by weak joys; but ye are my chosen ones.

Then, since pain is a mask, be thou unafraid to spread its glory unto the fools of men, and laugh at their antics! But be thou ever present to lift thy mask, and theirs, which is also thine, so that the joy ever surpasses the joy that preceded it.

Obeys, my prophet! follow the ordeals of my knowledge! Seek me only! Then the joys of my love will redeem ye from all pain. This is so. I swear it by the vault of my body; by my sacred heart and tongue; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

The bearer of the Word, and his Children, the initiates of Sorrow, are doomed, lest they redeem the world, which is Beyond Redemption. Obey the Law, and there is hope in thy damnation. Learn to love Hells, and find joy there, and thy room shall be secured.

Then the priest fell into a deep trance or swoon + said unto the queen of Heaven, Write unto us the ordeals. Write unto us the rituals. Write unto us the Law.

Only in the deepest trance can one be willing to see the glory of service. But that trance is not here.

But she said, the ordeals I write not, the rituals shall be half known and half concealed; the Law is for all. This that thou writest is the threefold Book of Law.

The ordeals are but one, and that is the kiss of Nu, her continuity, called life. Endure no end, and the ordeal is but the kisses of Nu. The rituals are to unite and to divide, be thou united? Then divide. Be thou divided? Then I shall make thee whole in me. This book is the law for all. There is no external division, all is one. Division thus is internal. All thy voices must speak this Law, and be thus the One Voice of None.

My scribe, Ankh-af-na-Khonsu, the priest of princes, shall not in one letter change this book; but lest there be folly, he shall comment there upon by the wisdom of Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

My sins have been paid with blood. Let there be no folly, now and hereafter.

Also the mantras and the spells; the obeah and the wanga; the work of the wand and the work of the sword; these he shall learn and teach. He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.

All the words of the past are meaningful, so long as they are not passed, but now taught to the future. We are the Children of the prophet, we are the Future, now. The magick of the old ones is our birthright, for they understood it not, save the Aleph.

The word of the law is Theta-Epsilon-Lambda-Eta-Mu-Alpha.

Thelema means "will" or "intention."

Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he but look close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades; the Hermit and the Lover and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

In any situation, there can be only three actions made, save inaction. The Hermit changes himself, the Lover changes another, and the man of Earth changes his World.

The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! Refuse not thy wife if she will. O lover, if thou wilt, depart. There is no bond that can unite the divided but love; all else is a curse. Accursed! Accursed! be it to the aeons, Hell. Let it be that state of manyhood bound and loathing. So with thy all thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that and no other shall say nay. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is in every way perfect.

Restriction is not giving one's whole self to the work of spreading light. It is allowing fear and desire to halt thy holy actions. There can be no intention beyond loving union, all else is the slave of fearful desire. All else is the mask through which Nu can not kiss. All will is one will, no will, and thus all will-doers work the Work together.

The Perfect and the Perfect are one Perfect and not two; nay, are none!

True union is that of equal opposites, and so true, so blissful, that there is no definition of the parts afterward. It is as the equation $(-1) + (+1)$, thus none, but not for a lack of substance.

Nothing is a secret key of this law. Sixty-one the Jews call it; I call it eight, eighty, fourhundred + eighteen.

Nothing is as the Hebrew concept of Ain, no things, having no parts but that of the whole. The ancient wisdom says that Ain corresponds gematrially to the number sixty-one. The Fool, Parzival, is also thus Ain, but this secret hath been spoken already.

But they have the half; unite by thine art so that all disappear.

But all this talk of Nothing! What good hath it done? None! For we men and children of men are Not-Nothing! Thus can we find a Nothing higher than Ain, of which the ancients did not speak, for they were wise, and understood. Be Something, for Nothing comes sooner than you think, and thus will all be abated.

My prophet is a fool with his one, one, one; are not they the Ox and none by the book?

The Fools card in the Taro Atu is numbered 0. Aleph spelled in full numbers 111, and aleph is the Ox. Thus Aleph is the Fool's card, numbered one, and zero.

Abrogate are all rituals, all ordeals, all words and signs. Ra-Hoor-Khuit hath taken his seat in the East at the Equinox of the Gods and let Asar be with Isa who also are one. But they are not of me. Let Asar be the Adorant, Isa the Sufferer; Hoor in his secret name is the Lord initiating.

There are no mandatory obligations, save thy Will. The child knows not of such foppery. Asar, Osiris slain, is adorant, for he is dead. Isa, the mother of his Son, suffers, for she lives. But they, despite their wholeness, are but one, not none. Thus they are flawed.

Thy children are that necessity that drives one to be perfect. How canst ye fail them? Hoor, then, is the initiator, and all teachers now do thus to be but thy students' children.

There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! There are three ordeals in one, and it

may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty ones chosen in the highest. Thus ye have star and star, system and system, let not one know well the other.

All the stars shoot out in their own path, some taking the same road, but in different times. Every action, every ordeal, has not only an upright and averse, but a reflection that is not, thus three ordeals in one. Every path is unique, and so must every ordeal be suited to the nature of the individual. But every individual is not individual, and the multitude within him must each have their own tests.

There are four gates to one palace; the floor of that palace is of silver and gold, lapis lazuli and jasper are there, and all rare scents, jasmine, and rose, and the emblems of death. Let him enter in turn or at once the four gates; let him stand on the floor of the palace. Will he not sink? Amn. Ho! Warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore; dress ye all in fine apparel, eat rich foods and drink sweet wines and wines that foam. But also take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where, and with whom ye will. But always unto me. If this be not aught; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one, or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me; then expect the direful judgements of Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

The palace is that of Understanding. Each gate is that of death, for Understanding comes with the embrace of Nuit. The four gates are the drugs, material association and ritual engagement, human sexuality, and Death.

There is a mystery underneath the palace, for it is built in the desert of Choronzon, upon the ashes of the city Babalon. Sink or not, for I am Babalon, and thou art I!

Thus ye must have my rapture, the wealth and beauty and joy of existence. The splendour of thy kingdom to ye! To me!

This shall regenerate the world, the little world, my sister, my heart + my tongue, unto who I send this kiss. Also, o scribe and prophet, though thou be of the princes it shall not assuage thee nor absolve thee. But ecstasy be thine and joy of earth; ever To me. To me!

O! thy kiss o'erfills me! I thy kiss return thus!

Come to me! Thus can the thee be absolved!

Change not as much as a style of a letter; for behold; thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein.

Here are mysteries as infinite as the particles of matter. No matter, for all shall see but themselves. See me thus and be me! No one may see all, what glory would that be?

The child of thy bowels, he shall behold them.

O man, think not upon that lie that ye must lack the birthing of a child! Thy child is more yours than could be made by the simple act itself. Give all of thyself, and ye shall be in a vessel thus greater than ye.

Expect him not from the East, nor from the West, for from no expected house cometh that child.

Aum! All words are sacred and all prophets true; save only that they understand a little; solve the first half of the equation, leave the second unattacked. But thou hast all in the clear light, and some, though not all, in the dark.

Never can one be made to be holy. If one desires thus, then one must slay that desire and thus to achieve enlightenment. Only from the sea can the fiery Beast arise. But I am the sea, and the Beast, and the fire, and thou art me.

Meaning is universally within thee. All men are my prophets, no matter what they profess.

Dost thou wish to know the light? Then walk in the shade for a night and a day, fully, holding back not any thing. Have all in the dark, all in the light, and all will be in me, none.

Invoke me under my stars. Love is the law, love under will. Nor let the fools mistake love; for there are love and love.

Love is able to be manifested on every plane. Manifest love, ye know how.

There is the dove and there is the serpent. Choose ye well. He, my prophet, hath chosen, knowing the law of the fortress and the great mystery of the House of God.

The serpent is the incarnation of knowledge, but his bite shall betray thee in the end. Forget not that he is a serpent. The dove knows that he is a serpent, and is betrayed anyway. I say, choose not! Be the dove, and feed the snake with thy body! Be the snake, and tempt the dove with thy words! For the Beast is betrayed by the serpent, and the dove hides secret claws known only by the Scarlet Sisterhood.

All these old letters of my book are aright; but Tzaddi is not the Star. This also is secret; my prophet shall reveal it to the wise.

I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life; upon death, peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice.

This is the promise of the Law, yet I promise more.

My incense is of resinous woods + gums and there is no blood therein; because of my hair, the trees of Eternity.

Let this be proof of the author of the comment, when at last the name is revealed to the world. The hair is that of the wand, nay bow, and the incense is so it may sing. This will later be expounded upon in song.

My number is 11, as all their numbers who are of us. The shape of my star is the Five Pointed Star, with a Circle in the Middle, + the circle is Red. My colour is black to the blind, but the blue + gold are seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.

Thy number decreaseth in the next Aeon. For now it is 11, one by one, not two, something new. But soon shall it be 10, one before none, united. The reign of man is long, he shall be unto the number 0.

The sky shall change her color when thou art one with me, no longer black, but a purple that is noise of creation. That noise shall redefine thee and thy sight, blue + gold are one color, not two, and they hide behind the purple.

But to love me is better than all things; if under the night-stars in the desert thou presently burnest mine incense before me, invoking me with a pure hearth, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shall come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour. Ye shall gather goods and store of women and spices; ye shall wear rich jewels; ye shall exceed the nations of the earth in splendour + pride; but always in the love of me, and so shall ye come to my joy. I charge you earnestly to come before me in a single robe and covered in a rich headdress. I love you. I yearn to you; pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I, who am pleasure and purple and drunkenness in the innermost sense desire you. Put on the wings and arouse the coiled splendour within you; come unto me.

I give myself to you, a speck of dust to fill thy chest of gold, so blue, so that I might loose all this very hour.

At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say -- and her eyes shall burn with desire as She stands bare and rejoicing in my Secret Temple -- To me! To me! Calling forth the flames of the hearts of all in her love-chant.

To me! To me! My children, eat of my body! Drink nought but my blood!

Sing the rapturous love song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you!

I love you, for you are me, and we are perfect! I love you!

I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night sky!

My eyes are lidded blue, for I see the red. I await you!

To me ! To me!

To me!

The Manifestation of Nuit is at an End.

Endure no end, and be the manifestation you await.

Chapter II

Nu! The hiding of Hadit.

How is one hidden by none? Be her embrace, that union which is not union, for no division defines it.

Come! all ye, and learn the secret that hath not been revealed. I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride. I am not extended, and Khabs is the name of my House.

The light is that of the microcosm, understanding can thus only be.

In the sphere I am everywhere, the centre, as she, the circumference, is nowhere found.

Every point is a point of light. There is no end for the infinite.

Yet she shall be known + I never.

Every being shall know the ultimate perfection of none, yet what being can be its ultimate perfection of it self? There is no end to ascension.

Behold! the rituals of the old time are black. Let the evil ones be cast away; let the good ones be purged by the prophet! Then shall this Knowledge go aright.

There is no goal but unlimited light and love. There is no room for personal exaltation, but as Hadit.

I am the flame that burns in every heart of men, and in the core of every star. I am Life, and the giver of Life; yet therefore is the knowledge of me the knowledge of me the knowledge of death.

Hadit is every one, yet he is never more than one, and unites them but through his Bride. His perception of continuity is life (for is it not unbroken from start to end?), but his perception is that of Nu, of death.

I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle. "Come unto me" is a foolish word; for it is I that go.

I call you, and I turn you away. But in the calling we are one, and I walk from you, never you from me. I am the solipsist's lie, and the world around my temple turns.

Who worshipped Heru-pa-kraath have worshipped me; ill, for I am the worshipper.

I am at the silence of a unified mind. Worship me not, for you are I.

Remember all ye that existence is pure joy; that all the sorrows are but shadows; they pass + are done; but there is that which remains.

What doth remain? I do. Who am I? You, Hadit, the reader of this word: Abrahadabra!

O prophet! thou hast ill will to learn this writing.

Learn this writing why? For no reason. Learn it but for its bliss, not the promise of continuous happiness, but the beauty of its Form.

I see thee hate the hand + the pen; but I am stronger.

What is this thing called hate? It is love veiled, there is no force stronger than hate so armed. I slew the Magus of the last Aeon, and turned his Word upon him!

Because of me in Thee which thou knewest not.

But dost thou know now? Any union is impossible, save with that which is within. If there be any outside ye, thou canst not know it. Only thy brain may tell thee truths, and who doth know what is from within and from without, if it all comes from a messenger known to lie?

for why? Because thou wast thou knower, and me.

"Thou" is but a shadow. "I" is the light. Let "I" slay "thou," so that there may be only light.

Now let there be a veiling of the shrine; now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness.

Is this contradiction? Hath we not been told to worship the light? Worship the light, and thou art separated from it in darkness. There is a glory greater than this if the light and dark meet, and are not.

For I am perfect, being Not; and my number is nine by the fools; but with the just I am eight, and one in eight; which is vital, for I am none in deed. The Empress and the King are not of me, for there is a further secret.

The number nine gematrially is almost zero, as it changes not the ruling value of a number, but still rises it to a higher completion. Thus the fools are the secret lords. The just think less of me, that I less, eight, a number finite and lowly. They blaspheme further, crying that I am one, and I hate the just, for their masked foolishness. Drop off thy mask, o lover! I stand bare before you.

Be bound, o Empress, to no Law but thine, this Law! Regicide shall exalt thee!

I am The Empress + The Hierophant. Thus eleven, as my bride is eleven.

Our secret lover is secret no more! The mystery is revealed by this forbidden union.

Hear me, ye people of sighing!

The sorrows of pain and regret
Are left to the dead and the dying,
The folk that know me not as yet.

I know you, O Lord Not! Know that my joy is so continuous, that sorrow exalts it. I am the dead!
I am the dying! Know the bliss of not letting sorrow eclipse thy joy! All parts of thee are me,
restrict not a mote, deny thyself nothing!

These are dead, these fellows, they feel not. We are not for the poor and sad; the lords of the
earth are our kinsfolk.

Dost thou feel Not? Be not sad, not poor, but all they glories embrace, even those forbidden. Thy
tears of pain are but the earthly rain, and thus can ye the new tomb stain.

Is God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen; who
sorroweth is not of us.

The A`. A`. has now a rival, the Scarlet Sisterhood. They are the new left-handers, who have
spilled out their blood to me! To me! They are me, in a thousand bodies! Be this revealed now!

The Black Brothers are our common foe, defeated soon utterly. There is no place for them! The
Sisters are dogs, thou shalt find them horrible. But they are more pure than any. These dogs do
know so well the bliss continuous that they do swell in hell, and laugh then at their tears.

Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us.

But so are all things else, still these are highest.

We have nothing with the outcast and the unfit; let them die in their misery; For they feel not.
Compassion is the vice of kings; stamp down the wretched + the weak; this is the law of the
strong; this is the one law and the joy of the world. Think not, o king, upon that lie; That Thou
Must Die; verily thou shalt not die, but live! Now let it be understood: If the body of the King
dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever. Nuit, Hadit, Ra-Hoor-Khuit! The Sun, Strength
+ Sight, Light, these are for the servants of the Star and the Snake.

What reward for the dove's children? Nothing. Oblivion greater than Ain. A better place, though
it be cursed by those who have seen it not.

I am the snake that giveth Knowledge and Delight and bright glory, and stir the hearts of men
with drunkenness. To worship me, take wine and strange drugs whereof I will tell me prophet, +
be drunk thereof! They shall not harm ye at all. It is a lie, this folly against self. The exposure of
innocence is a lie! Be strong, o man, lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture; fear not that any
God shall damn thee for this.

What is innocence? I know not. To worship me, worship the snake, and know this, that every
dog hath a tail, and thinks it a serpent.

I am alone; there is no God where I am.

I am more alone than this, for there is no I where I am.

Behold! these be grave mysteries; for there are also of my friends who be hermits. Now think not to find them in the forest or on the mountain; but in beds of purple, caressed by magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes, and masses of flaming hair about them, there shall ye find them. Ye shall see them at rule, at victorious armies, at all the joy; and there shall burn in them a joy a million times greater than this. Beware, lest any force another, King against King! Love one another with burning hearts; on the low, men trample in the fierce lust of your pride in the day of your wrath.

The hermits are the visible objects of worship, be thee invisible.

Ye are against the people, O my chosen!

What people? There is only me, for I have slain my voices.

I am the secret Serpent coiled, about to spring; in my coiling there is joy. If I lift up my head, I and my Nuit are one. If I droop down my head, and shoot forth venom, then is rapture of the earth, and I and the earth are one.

This is the mystery of life, the mystery of death.

There is great danger in me; for who doth not understand these runes shall make a great miss. He shall fall into the pit called Because, and there he shall perish with the dogs of Reason.

How does one slay Because? Grab unto him tight, know his lies, and plunge into the Hells! Know that fear is not real, and none, even none, holds no power to harm ye. Fear not death, for I am within thee.

Now a curse upon Because and his kin!

Thy curse is blessing, for all is blessing! A toast to the curses of none! Curses to me! To me!

May Because be accursed for ever!

Curses to the Scarlet Sisterhood, for they are the wardens of Because! (What of Thelema?)

If Will stops and cries Why, invoking Because, then will stops + does nought.

Let "Why" be thy battle cry, it means nothing. Invoke Because, o child, and I shall cast thee into Hell, and close the gate. Do nought, and Hell shall have thee despite Because's absence.

If Power asks why, then is Power weakness.

What is Power? Power is movement. Once thou hast found my desert, abide there not long. Thy bliss, if it is true, can never lessen. The throne of the light-bringer is the seat of Hell. Dost thou know this? That there he sits not for chains, but for that it causes him bliss.

Also reason is a lie; for there is a factor infinite + unknown; + all their words are skew-wise.

I am that factor, be this known. Thou canst love all, for I am all thou canst love.

Enough of Because! Be he damned for a dog!

Be we damned for a dog, for we are the highest of mutts. Damnation is the seed of our bliss.

But ye, o my people, rise up, + awake!

I am awakened into the bliss enraptured. Rise up, and be bolder than bold!

Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy + beauty!

For adorations are pure, the sorrow is but to exalt them, and unify the world.

There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times.

Feast unto the time that hath not come, the Aeon of my reign! which is thy reign!

A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride!

Every night is first! Thy honeymoon eternal!

A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of Law.

And a feast for that eventful hundredth anniversary. Be ready, o children!

A feast for Tahuti and the child of the Prophet -- secret, O Prophet!

What is the feast of Tahuti? Say with me, "I am," o my child.

A feast for the Supreme Ritual, and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods.

Are these different from one another? Yes, for one is time, and the other comes in No-Time, unto the tongues of my chosen.

A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death.

The first part of the journey is water and life, but blessed are the wielders of fire and death!

A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture.

A feast every night unto the sorrow of my joy.

A feast every night unto Nuit, and the pleasure of uttermost delight.

And a feast unto me, for I am unrestricted!

Aye! feast! rejoice! There is no dread hereafter. There is dissolution and the eternal ecstasy of the kisses of Nu.

Never let thy blissful sorrow exist underhand this feast! For thy sorrow must never lessen thy joy, or else thou art not of me.

There is death for the dogs.

Thou should be so lucky as to taste this death.

Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?

Never! These words I do not comprehend!

Where I am these are not. Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not. I hate the consoled and the consoler.

Drag down all to the most horrible place, we fear here not. Fall not! Leap off that end!

I am unique and conqueror. I am not of the slaves that perish, be them damned and dead! Amen.
[This is of the 4 : there is a fifth who is invisible + therein am I as a babe in the egg.]

I crack thy egg with these words: UNA NE AMA!

Blue am I and gold in the light of my Bride; but the red gleam is in my eyes + my spangles are purple + green.

Is this not clear already? Know then ye that this I see when gazing into infinity.

Purple beyond purple; it is the light higher than eyesight.

Canst thou not see this? This is thy destiny if thou art me. But too much heat shall blind ye. Look upon the heavens and behold thy stele!

There is a veil; that veil is black. It is the veil of the modest woman; it is the veil of sorrow, + the pall of death, this is none of me. Tear down that lying spectre of the centuries; veil not your vices in victorious words; these vices are my service; ye do well, + I will reward you here and hereafter.

Dost thou not yet see this purple light? Wait not for it to come! Destroy the darkness and it shall be thy sword.

Fear not, o prophet, when these words are said, thou shalt not be sorry. Thou art empathetically my chosen; and blessed are the eyes that thou lookest upon with gladness. But I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow : They that see thee shall fear thou art fallen; but I lift thee up.

I drop my mask and behold! thou hast it! For I am thee, thou shalt me be.

Nor shall those who cry aloud their folly that thou meanest nought avail; thou shall reveal it; thou availest; they are the slaves of because; They are not of me. The stops as thou wilt, the letters change them not in style or value!

I reveal Nothing. I avail!

I have changed neither letter nor value, nor style of letter.

Thou shalt obtain the order and value of the English Alphabet; thou shalt find new symbols to attribute them unto.

Hast thou obtained these yet? Wait not! Remember that there is none other to do thy work.

Begone! ye mockers; even though ye laugh in my honor ye shall laugh not-long; then when ye are sad know that I have forsaken you.

Forsaken! What is this? Who can forsake me, I am all. Only I can forsake me, and this bliss is but to further union.

He that is righteous shall be righteous still; he that is filthy shall be filthy still.

But what of those who are filthy and righteous? These few shall cease and be not.

Yea! deem not of change : ye shall be as ye are, + not other. Therefore the kings of the earth shall be Kings for ever; the slaves shall serve. There is none that shall be cast down + lifted up, all is ever as it was. Yet there are masked ones, my servants; it may be that yonder beggar is a King. A King may choose his garment as he will; there is no certain test; but a beggar cannot hide his poverty.

How could I change when I am all things and none? There is Nothing greater than all.

Beware, therefore! Love all, lest perchance is a king concealed! Say you so? Fool! If he be a King thou canst not hurt him.

Nor canst he hurt himself, for his blood is joy, and its lack, joy.

Therefore strike hard and low, and to hell with them, master!

Aye, and to Hell with the Master!

There is a light before thine eyes, o prophet, a light undesired, most desirable.

What is there left to desire? I am the light, and I am before you! Come to me! Be me!

I am uplifted in thine heart, and the kisses of the stars rain hard upon thy body.

A kiss from a star, to you.

Thou art exhaust in the voluptuous fullness of the inspiration; the expiration is sweeter than death, more rapid and laughterful than a caress of Hell's own worm.

What of expiration beneath the touch of Hell's worm? Thou knowest where to find it.

Oh! Art thou overcome; we are upon thee; our delight is all over thee; hail! hail! prophet of Nu!
Prophet of Had! Prophet of Ra-Hoor-Khu! Now rejoice! Now come in our splendor + rapture!
Come in our passionate peace, + write sweet words for the Kings!

This do, and know my glory.

I am the Master : thou art The Holy Chosen One.

O Master, hail! we are the Holy Chosen One!

Write, + find ecstasy in writing! Work, + be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life + death! Ah! thy death shall be lovely; whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our agelong love. Come! lift up thine heart + rejoice! We are one; we are none.

When thou dost work my work, I may rest, and both we rest, and both we work. All is one, all is none, thou art all, me, infinite, unrestricted.

Hold! Hold! Bear up thine rapture; fall not in swoon of the excellent kisses!

If ye dost be me, thou how could I fall to mine own kisses? The bliss of many bodies!

Harder! Hold up thy self! Lift thine head! breathe not so deeply -- die!

For death and life are no more contrary than any other two things.

Ah! Ah! What do I feel? Is the word exhausted?

Exhausted? Never! Id ne perdurabo, et perdurabo non finem!

There is help + hope in other spells. Wisdom says be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal; refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight and ninety rules of art; if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein!

I curse the dogs! They have spent too long in the lap of man. They are animals no longer.

But exceed! exceed!

Soon I shall exceed even the Law, but there is a secret here. Wait for it, my children! The son of Artemis shall tell thee this secret, but the time of this event is not yet, but soon.

Strive ever to more! And if thou art truly mine -- and doubt it not if thou art ever joyous! -- death is the crown of all.

O! my kingdom but for this crown. But refuse this crown with all thy might, it is not polished yet, the gems are yet to set.

Ah! Ah! Death! Death! thou shalt long for death. Death is forbidden, o man, unto thee.

How darest anything be forbidden unto me? Because I am not yet perfect. But I shall be, if it takes until the end of my reign, and then shall my death be as a warm bath.

Secret is the bath of the Scarlet Woman!

The length of thy longing shall be the strength of its glory. He that lives long + desires death much is ever the King among Kings.

I damn thee! Long Life! Know this failure, and this failure only!

Aye! listen to the numbers and the words :

4 6 3 8 A B K 2 4 A L G M O R 3 Y X 24 89 R P S T O V A L. What meanest this, o prophet? Thou knowest not, nor shalt thou know ever. There cometh one to follow thee, he shall expound it. But remember, o chosen one, to be me; to follow the love of Nu in the star-lit leaven; to look forth upon men, to tell them this glad word.

What meanest this? Nothing! Ha, old goat, I have you!

O be thou proud and mighty among men!

O be thou me. For I am proud and mighty!

Lift up thy self! for there is none, like unto thee among men or among Gods! Lift up thyself, o prophet, thy stature shall surpass the stars. They shall worship thy name, foursquare, mystic, wonderful, the number of a man; and the name of thy house 418.

There is none like me, I am born of the tears of the lust of Nu. Thou art not like me, ye is me!

The end of the hiding of Hadit and blessing to the prophet of the lovely Star.

Endure this end, and endure no end, and blessing to me, o ye!

Chapter III

Abrahadabra! the reward of Ra Hoor Khuit.

The word of the Magus is glamour, Abrahadabra! Art thou tricked?

There is division hidden homeward; there is a word not known. Spelling is defunct; all is not aught. Beware! Hold! Raise the spell of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

What word is this? I know. Thou shalt know when truly dost thou give thyself unto me.

Now let it be understood that I am a god of War and Vengeance. I shall deal harshly with them.

Who is "them?" deal harshly with me, I await thee to smite me. In the while I sharpen my sword. Have at "thee!"

Choose ye an island!
Fortify it!
Dung it about with engines of war!
I will give to you a war-engine.

When is this machine to appear? Soon. The scribe of this work knows its design, and he builds it thus! Praise be to the angel of Ephesus!

With it ye shall smite the peoples and none shall stand before you.

Know that none stands before me. O ye peoples, flee to a holier place! Thy doom is on the head!

Lurk! Withdraw! Upon them! this is the Law of the Battle of Conquest!; thus shall my worship be about my secret house.

What secret house is this? Ask thy woman, for she knows the secret!

Get the stele of revealing itself; set it in thy secret temple -- and that temple is already aright disposed -- + it shall be your Kiblah for ever. It shall not fade, but miraculous colour shall come back to it day after day. Close it in locked glass for a proof to the world.

My mirror-selves, gather thy forces! To hell with Queen Victoria! Our holy object is ours soon again!

This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstrusion from the ill-ordered house in The Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself covey it with worship, o prophet, though thou likest it not. Thou shalt have danger + trouble. Ra-Hoor-Khu is with thee. Worship me with fire and blood; worship me with swords + with spears. Let the woman be girt with a sword before me; let blood flow to my name. Trample down the Heathen; be upon them, o warrior, I will give you of their flesh to eat!

What women is girt with a sword? I am, the Hoor of Babalon! Be ready, gather ye armies, the time is come!

Sacrifice cattle, little and big; after a child.

What child is this? That of the old Magus. The silver star sets in the West (but to rise again, its place was always secret, and moreso now), and the crimson gem of Mars is in the east!

But not now.

When this book is broken, in the eve of the Century's passing, the time shall be!

Ye shall see that hour, o blessed Beast, and thou, the Scarlet Concubine of his desire!

What hour is this? An hour for each degree! Eight o'clock and thou art whole. Nine o'clock, thy child comes. Ten o'clock (never before) and see all possibility, every reality shall open a portal for ye to tread. Eleven o'clock, and all are thine to wield. Twelve o'clock, and as Orpheus shall ye unite the secret ones. The Thirteenth hour shall unite thee with all thy parts, O Nuit!

Ye shall be sad thereof.

O! Sorrow! Never joy lessened!

Deem not too eagerly to catch the promises, fear not to undergo the curses. Ye, even ye, know not this meaning all.

The curses are the promises. All to me! To me!

Fear not at all; fear neither men, nor Fates, nor gods. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk, folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light, and I am the strength, force, vigour of your arms.

Nu is my light, Hadit my refuge, but who am I? I am Babalon, called Bast. I am the sunlight, and I unite the earth and sun with the space, as I rush to kiss thy cheek.

Mercy let be off; damn them who pity. Kill and torture; spare not; be upon them.

Ah! Ah! The torture of the kisses of Nu! O evil weapon! There is nothing that can resist ye.

That stele they shall call the Abomination of Desolation; count well its name, + it shall be to you as 718.

For it is my sword, o child. The Jews know its spelling.

Why? Because of the fall of Because, that be is not there again.

How canst thou be sure that thou art me? Plunge into Hell, for only I, the Scarlet Hoor, can there be pleased. And then shall there be not.

Set up my image in the East; thou shalt but thee an image, which I will show thee, especially not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for you to do this.

But what of the West? This is secret, but not long.

The other images group around me to support me; let all be worshipped, for they shall cluster to exalt me. I am the visible object of worship; the others are secret; for the Beast + his Bride are they; and for the winners of the Ordeal X. What is this? Thou shalt know.

I have won this ordeal, I am Beast and Bride. Be me, and I shall know.

For perfume mix meal + honey + thick leavings of red wine; then oil of Abramelin and olive oil, and afterward soften + smooth down with rich fresh blood!

The best blood is of the moon, monthly; then the fresh blood of a child, or dropping down from the host of heaven; then of enemies; then of the priest or of the worshippers; lest of some beast, no matter what.

I am the host of heaven, be thou the host of me.

This burn; of this make cakes + eat unto me. This hath also another use; let it be laid before me, and kept thick with perfumes of your orison; it shall become full of beetles as it were and creeping things sacred unto me.

These slay, naming your enemies + they shall fall before you.

Also these shall breed power + lust in you at the eating thereof.

Also ye shall be strong in war.

Moreover, be they long kept, it is better; for they swell with my force. All before me.

My altar is of open brass work, burn thereon in silver or gold.

There cometh a rich man from the West who shall pour his gold upon thee.

O man! I await thee! Gather thy gold, for we are in dire need soon!

From gold forge steel;

Be ready to fly or to smite.

There can be no compromise, destroy or find a new place when the Heathens rule.

But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries; though with fire and sword it be burnt down + shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth and shall stand until the Great Equinox, when Hrumachis shall arise and the double wanded one assume my throne and place.

Though the words of Hrumachis are now said, his reign is not till the end of the Aeon!

Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies;
another woman shall awake the lust + worship of the Snake;
another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globed priest;
another sacrifice shall stain the tomb, another king shall reign;
and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!

But these all are one, and thereby none. Ye hath this power all! I have this power all!

The half of the word is Heru-ra-ha, called Hoor-pa-kraat and Ra-Hoor-Khuit.

The other half is thus: Bast-Ra-u-Khabit! Thy name, thy deeds.

Then said the prophet unto the god :

I adore thee in the song --

I am the Lord of Thebes, and I
The inspired forth-speaker of Mentu;
For me unveils the veiled sky,
The self-slain Ankh-af-na-khonsu
Whose words are truth. I invoke, I greet
Thy presence, O Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

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!

Appear on the throne of Ra!
Open the ways of the Khu!
Lighten the ways of the Ka
The ways of the Khabs run through
To stir me or still me!
Aum! let it fill me!

So that thy light is in me + its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a

secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in the quarters. (These are the adorations, as thou hast written,) as it is said,

The light is mine; its rays consume
Me; I have made a secret door
Into the house of Ra and Tum,
Of Khephra and Athoor.
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,
The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;
By wise Ta-Nech I weavve my spell.
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!
Bid me within thy House to dwell,
O winged snake of light, Hadit!
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

All this and a book to say how thou didst come hither and a reproduction of this ink and paper for ever -- for in it is the word secret + not only in The English -- and thy comment upon this The Book of the Law shall be printed beautifully in red and black upon beautiful paper made by hand; and to each man and woman that thou meetest, were it but to dine or to drink at them, it is the Law to give. Then they shall come to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly!

Where is my book? Thou art eager. Patience will come to you as ye do come unto me. Thou hast but to wait for the day. The comment is thus, long awaited.

But the work of the comment? That is easy; and Hadit burning in thy heart shall make swift and sure thy pen.

Praise then ye Hadit, for he is I!

Establish at thy Kaaba a clerkship; all must be done well and with business way.

All will so be done at the appointed time. Art thou unable to find me? Then shall I sell my name and body. Soon.

The ordeals thou shalt oversee thyself, save only the blind ones. Refuse none, but thou shalt know + destroy the traitors. I am Ra-Hoor-Khuit and I am powerful to protect my servant. Success is thy proof; argue not; covert not; talk not overmuch. Them that seek to mistrap thee, to overthrow thee, them attack without pity or quarter + destroy the utterly. Swift as a trodden serpent turn and strike! Be thou yet deadlier than he!

Ah! Success. Poison greater than a serpent's. Who thought that a little bird could be so deadly?

Drag down their souls into awful torment; laugh at their fear; spit upon them!

Ha!

Let the Scarlet Woman beware! If pity and compassion and tenderness visit her heart, if she leave my service to toy with old sweetesses, then shall my vengeance be known. I will slay me, her child; I will alienate her heart; I will cut her out from men; as a shrinking and despised harlot shall she crawl through the dusk wet streets, and die cold and an-hungred.

Oh! Such beautiful words! My heart! My child! My men! I pity no one, but thus do I pity, just to enact this curse.

But let her raise herself up in pride. Let her follow in me in my way. Let her work the work of wickedness! Let her kill her heart! let her be loud and adulterous; let her be covered with jewels, and rich garments, and let her be shameless among men!

Pride. Have you seen my boldness? I am bolder than this. I spit in thy face! Do you love me still? Ha! I care not! I love me, that is enough, for I am better than you!

Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power; then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of earth. I will fill her with joy; with my force shall she see + strike at the worship of Nu, she shall achieve Hadit.

So mote it be.

I am the warrior, Lord of the Forties; the eighties cower before me, + are abased. I will bring you to victory + joy; I will be at your arms in battle + ye shall delight to slay. Success is your proof; courage is your armour; go on, go on, in my strength + ye shall turn not back for any.

Are you behind me? I care not. Come before me, my lover, and come to me.

This book shall be translated into all tongues; but always with the original in the writing of the Beast; for in the chance shape of the letters and their position to one another; in these are mysteries that no Beast shall divine. Let him not seek to try; but one cometh after him, whence I say not, who shall discover the key of it all. Then this line drawn is a key; then this circle squared in its failure is a key also. And Abrahadabra. It shall be his child, + that strangely. Let him not seek after this; for thereby alone can he fall from it.

Study ye the original writing. This one is aright, yet how can ye be me, if thou can't read my handwriting? Once the handwriting is thine, thou art half there. This is mine child. The Beast is forbidden, but what of his Bride?

Now this mystery of the letters is done, and I want to go on to the holier place.

I am in a secret fourfold word, the blasphemy against all gods of men.

Curse them! Curse them! Curse them!

With my Hawk's head I peck at the eyes of Jesus as he hangs upon the cross.

Why? Because you thought that I have forsaken ye, and so I did. And then thou didst die! What a horrible mess. How many suffered thus? I shudder.

I flap my wings in the face of Mohammed + blind him.

Was he not blind already? Restriction tore out his eyes before I did.

With my claws I tear out the flesh of the Indian and the Buddhist, Mongol, and Din.

There can be no Law but mine.

Bahlasti! Ompehda! I spit on your crapulous creeds!

My children, these words are powerful. Thou hast but to utter them, and the Hells shall swallow the object of thy attention.

Let Mary inviolate be torn upon wheels; for her sake let all chaste women be utterly despised among you.

What is this thing, chastity?

Also for beauty's sake, and love's.

Such foul words! Am I beauty, am I love? I know not, what is not these to define them?

Despise all cowards; professional soldiers who dare not fight, but play; all fools despise.

Despise the fools for they are kings whose will it is to despise. Despise the soldiers for they are useless, and best slain.

But the keen and the proud, the royal and the lofty; ye are brothers!

As brothers fight ye.

Tear down thy brother, thou wouldst not him hurt. Thus shall ye be ready for the Supreme Ritual.

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

There is an end to the word of the God enthroned in Ra's seat, lightening the girders of the soul.

That end is No Law, beyond Do what thou wilt.

To Me, do ye reverence; to me come ye through tribulation of ordeal, which is bliss.

To me, do ye reverence. How is this done? By ye to ye, for me.

The fool readeth this Book of the Law, and its comment, + he understandeth it not.

A warning! Beware means to be aware!

Let him come through the first ordeal + it will be to him as silver.

Through the second, gold.

Through the third, stores of precious water.

Through the fourth, ultimate sparks of the intimate fire.

Yet to all it shall seem beautiful. Its enemies who say not so are mere liars.

There is success.

I am success.

I am the Hawk-Headed Lord of Silence + of Strength; my nemyss shrouds the night-blue sky.

Hail! ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for you the time is nigh at hand!

The pillars that hold up the worlds is thy star, my star. Ye twin warriors are within!

I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power, the wand of the force of Coph Nia; but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an universe + nought remains.

Soon I crush not only the universe, but nothing. Then what will remain?

Paste the sheets from right to left and from top to bottom; then behold!

There is a splendour in my name hidden and glorious, as the sun of midnight is ever the son.

The ending of the words is the Word

Abrahadabra!

The Book of the Law is Written and Concealed.

The Book of the Law is Revealed! And by its revelation is it more than concealed.

Aum. Ha!

Ha! Aum.