

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

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

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

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

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

I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.

Hear me, ye people of sighing!

The sorrows of pain and regret

Are left to the dead and the dying,

The folk that not know me as yet.

Now let there be a veiling of this shrine: now let the light devour men and eat them up with blindness!

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.

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 all the quarters, (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:

The light is mine; its rays consume

Me: I have made a secret door

Into the House of Ra and Tum,

Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.

I am thy Theban, O Mentu,

The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!

By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;

By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.

Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!

Bid me within thine House to dwell,

O winged snake of light, Hadit!

Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!

Had! The manifestation of Nuit.

The unveiling of the company of heaven.

Every number is infinite; there is no difference.

Every number is infinite; there is no difference.

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

But she said: the ordeals I write not: the rituals shall be half known and half concealed: the Law is for all.

Yet she shall be known & I never.

Nu! the hiding of Hadit.

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

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

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 our 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 & the Snake.

<missing part>

May Because be accursed for ever!

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.

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

Ye shall be sad thereof.

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

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

Every man and every woman is a star.

Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!

But ye are not so chosen.

Every number is infinite; there is no difference.

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

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

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

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

He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.

The unveiling of the company of heaven

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

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!

Every man and every woman is a star.

Every man and every woman is a star.

Fortify it!

Abrahadabra; the reward of Ra Hoor Khut.

May Because be accursed for ever!

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.

Had! The manifestation of Nuit.

The unveiling of the company of heaven.

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

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.

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

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 am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy.

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

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 ink 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 chance to abide in this bliss or no; it is no odds. Do this quickly! This shall be your only proof. I forbid argument. Conquer! That is enough. I will make easy to you the abstraction from the ill-ordered house in the Victorious City. Thou shalt thyself convey 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 & 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!

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 be 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.

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

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!

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

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

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

Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. 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.

Also ye shall be strong in war.

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

But not now.

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

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

He must teach; but he may make severe the ordeals.

Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart & my tongue!

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.

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

Harder! Hold up thyself! Lift thine head! breathe not so deep -- die!

Yet she shall be known & I never.