



# ALEISTER CROWLEY

October 18th, 1875—December 1st, 1947



*Frieda Harris del.*

Alas the Master; so he sinks in death.  
But whoso knows the mystery of man  
Sees life and death as curves of one same plan.

*ALEISTER CROWLEY.*

*Do what thou wilt shall be the  
whole of the Law*



# ALEISTER CROWLEY

October 18th, 1875—December 1st, 1947



## *THE LAST RITUAL*

Read from his own works, according to his  
wish, on December 5th, 1947, at Brighton.



*Love is the law, love under will*



## HYMN TO PAN

Thrill with lissome lust of the light,  
O man! My man!  
Come careering out of the night  
Of Pan! Io Pan .  
Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea  
From Sicily and from Arcady!  
Roaming as Bacchus, with fauns and pards  
And nymphs and styrs for thy guards,  
On a milk-white ass, come over the sea  
To me, to me,  
Come with Apollo in bridal dress  
(Spheperdess and pythoiness)  
Come with Artemis, silken shod,  
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,  
In the moon, of the woods, on the marble mount,  
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!  
Dip the purple of passionate prayer  
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,  
The soul that startles in eyes of blue  
To watch thy wantoness weeping through  
The tangled grove, the gnarled bole  
Of the living tree that is spirit and soul  
And body and brain -come over the sea,  
(Io Pan! Io Pan!)  
Devil or god, to me, to me,  
My man! my man!  
Come with trumpets sounding shrill  
Over the hill!  
Come with drums low muttering  
From the spring!  
Come with flute and come with pipe!  
Am I not ripe?  
I, who wait and writhe and wrestle  
With air that hath no boughs to nestle  
My body, weary of empty clasp,  
Strong as a lion, and sharp as an asp-  
Come, O come!  
I am numb  
With the lonely lust of devildom.  
Thrust the sword through the galling fetter,  
All devourer, all begetter;

Give me the sign of the Open Eye  
And the token erect of thorny thigh  
And the word of madness and mystery,  
O pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,  
I am a man :  
Do as thou wilt, as a great god can,  
O Pan! Io Pan!  
Io pan! Io Pan Pan! I am awake  
In the grip of the snake.  
The eagle slashes with beak and claw ;  
The gods withdraw :  
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am borne  
To death on the horn  
Of the Unicorn.  
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan!  
I am thy mate, I am thy man,  
Goat of thy flock, I am gold , I am god,  
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.  
With hoofs of steel I race on the rocks  
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.  
And I rave ; and I rape and I rip and I rend  
Everlasting, world without end.  
Mannikin, maiden, maenad, man,  
In the might of Pan.  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Io Pan !



## *FROM THE BOOK OF THE LAW*

Every man and woman is a star.

Every number is infinite: there is no difference.

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

Obey my prophet! follow out 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 by the vault of my body: by my sacred tongue and heart; by all I can give, by all I desire of ye all.

The word of the Law is Thelema.

Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but 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.

The word of Sin is restriction.

Thou hast no right but do thy will.

Do that and no other shall say nay.

For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect.

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? Ho! warrior, if thy servant sink? But there are means and means. Be goodly therefore.

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 ought in sacrifice.

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

My colour is black to the blind, but the blue and gold are

seen of the seeing. Also I have a secret glory for them that love me.

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 heart, and the Serpent flame therein, thou shalt come a little to lie in my bosom. For one kiss wilt thou then be willing to give all; but whoso gives one particle of dust shall lose all in that hour.



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.

I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, 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 death.

I am the Magician and the Exorcist. I am the axle of the wheel, and the cube in the circle.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

Aye! feast! rejoice! there is no dread hereafter.

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

Where I am these are not.

Write, and find ecstasy in writing! Work, and be our bed in working! Thrill with the joy of life and death! Ah! thy



death shall be lovely: whoso seeth it shall be glad. Thy death shall be the seal of the promise of our age long love. Come! lift up thine heart and rejoice! We are one; we are none.

There is help and 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 ought joyous, let there be subtlety therein!

But exceed! exceed!

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

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

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



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.

But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down and shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox.

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

Also for beauty's sake and love's!

Despise also all cowards; all fools despise!

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

As brothers fight ye!

There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt.

*Love is the law, love under will.*

## *COLLECTS OF THE GNOSTIC MASS*

Lord visible and sensible of whom this earth is but a frozen spark turning about thee with annual and diurnal motion, source of light, source of life, let thy perpetual radiance hearten us to continual labour and enjoyment; so that as we are constant partakers of thy bounty we may in our particular orbit give out light and life, sustenance and joy to them that revolve about us without diminution of substance or effulgence for ever.

Lord secret and most holy, source of light, source of life, source of love, source of liberty, be thou ever constant and mighty within us, force of energy, fire of motion; with diligence let us ever labour with thee, that we may remain in thine abundant joy.

Lady of night, that turning ever about us art now visible and now invisible in thy season, be thou favourable to hunters, and lovers, and to all men that toil upon the earth, and to all mariners upon the sea.

Lord of Life and Joy, that art the might of man, that art the essence of every true god that is upon the surface of the Earth, continuing knowledge from generation to generation, thou adored of us upon heaths and in woods, on mountains and in caves, openly in the market places and secretly in the chambers of our houses, in temples of gold and ivory and marble as in the temples of our bodies, we worthily commemorate them worthy that did of old adore thee and manifest thy glory unto men. Oh Sons of the Lion and the Snake ! with all thy saints we worthily commemorate them worthy that were and are and are to come. May their essence be here present, potent, puissant, and paternal to perfect this feast !



## *GNOSTIC ANTHEM*

Thou who art I, beyond all I am,  
Who hast no nature and no name,  
Who art, when all but thou are gone,  
Thou, centre 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 mine intents aspire.  
Thee I invoke, abiding one,  
Thee, centre 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, in thy child!  
For of the Father and 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 deifiest,  
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 Earth unploughed!  
Glory to Thee from virgin vowed!  
Glory to Thee, true Unity  
Of the eternal Trinity!  
Glory to Thee, thou sire and dam  
And self of I am that I am!



Love is the law, love under will

