

THE WONDERFUL TEACHING.
BY ALEISTER CROWLEY.

“Lo, the mighty Prophet sate him down and spake magic words. Harken ye unto him!”

Is the toad in the Hole? For the soul has gone astray, a-whoring after strange gods. Men, indeed, there are who strive to-think! Fools are they; they know not the Teaching. They are blind and deaf and dumb and bereft of smell. But I know it. Harken! The Soul is a perfect hole, into which all things flow, fall and disappear.

A nest of intertwining boxes full of impressions—Cast them out!—full of aspirations—*Beware; devils are about!* full of strange beliefs in existence—*Madness, it dreameth!* I know it. Harken!

Verily, even as copulating beetles in a dung-heap, as couples in a punt on the river, but without the magic ecstasy of their union with the Mystic Essence of God, so is the Soul of man when it striveth to know that which lieth without its boundaries. Life is a cheat, a dream, a bilk. Put not your trust in it. It is not. I know it. Harken!

As a sleeping man sees visions in a dream and watcheth and careth not, so indeed a wise man goeth through life, watching, and caring not. Enjoy and pay not! Take what is offered and cast the cup away ere you drink the poisonous dregs. Say, “I dream,” and beware of waking. Thus may ye ever be blissful, neither joyful nor sad, neither brave nor cowardly, but ever content, seated on the sharp edge of a razor-blade. O Initiate, thus have I taught thee the Wonderful Teaching. I know it. Harken! Harken!

So I wrote with my finger in the mud beside the pavilion in the circus, and my soul was glad.

Amen, Amen.