

NEW YEAR, 1903.

O FRIENDS AND BROTHERS ! HATH THE YEAR DECEASED,  
AND YE AWAIT THE BIDDING TO FARE WELL ?  
HOW SHALL YE FARE, THUS BOUND OF FATE IN HELL ?  
HOW, WHOM NO LIGHT HATH SMITTEN, AND RELEASED ?  
YE TRUST PERCHANCE IN GOD, OR MAN, OR PRIEST ?  
AY ! LET THEM SERVE YOU, LET THEM SAVE YOU ! SPELL  
THE NAME THAT GUARDS THE HUMAN CITADEL,  
AND ANSWER IF YOUR COURSE HATH CHECKED OR CEASED.

PATH OF THE EIGHTFOLD STAR ! BE THOU REVEALED !  
ISLE OF NIRVANA, BE THE CURRENTS CURLED  
ABOUT THEE, THAT THE SWIMMERS TOUCH THY SHORE !  
THOUGHT BE YOUR SWORD, AND VIRTUE BE YOUR SHIELD !  
PRESS ON ! WHO CONQUERS SHALL FOR EVERMORE  
PASS FROM THE FATAL MISCHIEF OF THE WORLD.

FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY,  
WISHING YOU A SPEEDY TERMINATION OF EXISTENCE.