

Θελημα

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New Law  
of Man & Beast

Based on a literary piece by  
the great Thelemic thinker,

**Ayn Rand**

...a revision of a masterpiece of literature by Ayn Rand, adapted by Paidi tou Prophete, of the Heterodox Thelemic Church, to fit the liberational cause of **Θελημα**...



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**NEW LAW OF MAN & BEAST**

I am one who loves life.

I am one who does not sacrifice.

Virtue consists not of sacrifice.

Mine enemy sacrifices justice to mercy.

Mine enemy sacrifices independence to unity, and reason to hope.

Mine enemy sacrifices wealth to need; self-esteem to self-denial; happiness to duty.

Do not attempt to find us. We do not choose to be found. Do not cry that it is our duty to serve you. We do not recognize such duty: Do not cry that you need us. We do not need you or your malevolent God. Do not cry that you own us. You don't. We are the masters of our own minds.

We repudiate self-immolation.

We repudiate the creed of unearned rewards and unrewarded duties.

We repudiate the dogma that the pursuit of one's happiness is evil.

We repudiate the doctrine that life is guilt.

We are evil, according to your morality.

We are useless, according to your economics.

We are dangerous and to be shackled, according to your politics.

We wear no shackles.

You, the heathen minds ruled by superstition and myth, have nothing to offer us. We do not need you. You hypocrites, your time is past.

Through centuries of scourges and disasters, brought about by your religion, you have cried that God's law had been broken, that the scourges were punishment for breaking it, that men were too weak and too selfish to spill the blood that your hollow God demanded. You, the damned, have damned existence, you damned this earth, but never dared to question your hollow idol. The burned and the tortured took the blame and suffered your curses as reward for their nobility—while you went on crying that yours was the noble way, but humanity unworthy of it. And no one rose to ask the question: Good or ill?

You now bear the consequence of your ills. It is not man who is on trial and it is not human nature that will take the blame. It is your hollow idol and its hurtful law that is to go. Your law against human nature has reached its end! And if you wish to go on living, what you now need is to realize the New Law of man and beast; for man is a beast, and sacred as he is.

You have heard no recognition of value but for the godly or the masses. You have been taught that your inhumane "Divine Law" is a code of behavior imposed on you by whim of God, to serve God's purpose, to please either God or country—but not to serve your life or pleasure. Your pleasure, you have been taught, is immoral, your happiness evil, and any religion must be designed not for you, but against you, not to further your life, but to serve an unnatural God.

Happiness is the successful state of life, pain is an agent of death.

Happiness is that state of consciousness which proceeds from the achievement of one's gratification. A religion that dares to tell you to find

happiness in the renunciation of your happiness—to value the failure of your gratification—is an insolent negation of natural morality. A doctrine that gives you, as an ideal, the role of a sacrificial animal seeking slaughter on the altars of others, is giving you death as your standard. By the grace of reality and the nature of life, man is an end in himself, he exists for his own sake, and the achievement of his own happiness is his highest moral purpose.

But neither life nor happiness can be achieved by the pursuit of irrational whims. Just as man is free to attempt to survive in any random manner, but will perish unless he lives as his nature requires, so he is free to seek his happiness in any mindless fraud, but the torture of frustration is all he will find, unless he seeks the happiness proper to the true will (Thelema). The purpose of morality is to teach you, not to suffer and die, but to enjoy yourself and live.

No, you do not have to live, it is your basic act of choice; but if you choose to live, you must live as a god—by the work and the judgment of your supreme holy will (Thelema), not as a slave chained to the firm grip of a cruel master.

No, you do not have to live as a man, but as a hedonistic god; it is an act of moral choice. But you cannot live as anything else—and the alternative is that state of living death which you now see within you and around you, the state of a thing unfit for existence, no longer human and less than animal, a thing that knows nothing but pain and drags itself through its span of years in the agony of unthinking self-destruction.

No, you do not have to be a man, but a god whose will (Thelema)- which concerns him and him alone - without imposing on another's, is absolute. Today, savage enemies of happiness, your ranks grow thin. My holy masters have removed your sole means of survival—your victims.

We, the holy kings of the true will (Thelema), are now at magical war with you in the name of a single axiom, which is the root of our moral law (Thelema), just as the root of yours is the wish to escape it: the axiom that gratification of that will is the greatest good. And the way we win is not by destroying you, but by educating people.

Your law is invalid because it is unnatural. An atom is itself, and so is the universe; neither can contradict its own identity; but you would have an atom be a non-atomic when you deny the fact of evolution and Darwinism. No concept man forms is valid unless he integrates it without being corrupted by some unnatural “divine mandate” into the total sum of his knowledge. To enslave one's mind to any such lie is to confess an error in one's thinking; to maintain a contradiction is to abdicate one's mind and to evict oneself from the realm of reality. That you choose to live such a lie is your business; but do not get in the way of my royal brigade, or you'll get trampled underfoot! For my spiritual armies bear the magical banner of Babalon (the Scarlet Woman, or the woman willing to wear with pride the brand of whore in such a hypocritical sanctimonious society of outrageous unreason), and of “the Beast” (a man willing to admit that he is simply an animal, and that animal life is sacred) that sanctifies natural gratification; and powerful are these to crush the cruel spectres of the slave god!

Reality is that which exists; your unreal God does not exist; the unreal God is merely your unnatural masochistic desire that forces you to live a harmful and mentally unhealthy lie, an existence that abandons truth. Truth is the recognition of reality; natural true will (Thelema), man's only means of complete happiness, is his only standard of truth.

The most depraved sentence you can now utter is to ask: Whose reason? The answer is: Yours. No matter how vast your knowledge or how modest, it is your own mind that has to acquire it. It is only with your own knowledge that you can deal. It is

only your own knowledge that you can claim to possess or ask others to consider. Your mind is your only judge of truth—and if others dissent from your verdict, reality is the court of final appeal. Nothing but a man's mind can perform that complex, delicate, crucial process of identification which is thinking. Nothing can direct the process but his own judgment. Nothing can direct his judgment but his moral will (Thelema).

You, a superstitious heathen, a primitive who speaks of a 'spiritual instinct' as if it were some separate endowment opposed to the satisfaction of one's natural will—man's holy will (Thelema) *is* his moral faculty. A process of true will is a process of constant choice in answer to the question: What is Right and Wrong for *you*? Your individual happiness – not that of God or country, but that of you *yourself* - is all that matters.

Of course, the world needs its slaves. It's entirely your own choice: if you choose to continue to be enslaved by the restrictions of some imaginary God, instead of releasing yourself to the freedom and happiness of your own royal will, then you shall be a slave. As this is so clearly a masochistic choice, the most compassionate thing for the kings of their own free will to do would be to treat you with utter contempt; for this is what gratifies you.

A Thelemic process is a moral process. You may make an error at any step of it, with nothing to protect you but your own moral strength, or you may try to cheat, to fake the evidence and evade the effort of the quest of the true will—but if devotion to truth is the hallmark of morality, then there is no greater, nobler, more heroic form of devotion than the act of a man who assumes the responsibility of the true hidden will.

That which you call your God is something you're mistaking for your own inmost will, and your true will is your mind's choice to be enslaved by dogma or not, and it is the only will you have, your only

freedom, the choice that controls all the choices you make and determines your life and your character.

Willing to be free is man's only basic virtue, from which all the others proceed. And his basic trouble, the source of all his ills, is that nameless act which all of you slaves practice, but struggle never to admit: the act of suspending disbelief, the willful suspension of one's consciousness, the refusal to think—not blindness, but the refusal to see; not ignorance, but the refusal to know. It is the act of unfocusing your mind and inducing an inner fog to escape the responsibility of judgment—on the unstated premise that a hoped-for thing will exist if only you refuse to disbelieve, that God will be God just as soon as you pronounce the verdict 'It is.'

Adhering to faith is an act of stupidity, a wish to alter existence, an attempt to modify reality. But existence exists; reality is not to be changed to suit your fancy, it will merely force you in time to admit the inevitable truth, or to languish in delusion and error. By refusing to say 'It is not,' you are refusing to say 'I am.' By suspending your judgment, you are denying your person. When a man declares: 'Who am I to know?'—he is declaring: 'Who am I to live?'

We knowest! Because we, the royal Thelemites of the Gnosis of Self, are possessed of knowledge based on certainty, not faith.

This, in every hour and every issue, is your basic moral choice: being enslaved to immoral and ignorant faith, or being a master of your own life, your own royal will (Thelema) enshrined as sacred to yourself. Denial of reality and masochistic bondage to a false God, or acceptance of the facts of life and death, and liberation to do as you will, makes you happy. An end to the dogmatic lies of asceticism and sanctification through sacrifice and poverty and self-annihilation; and a new beginning in the liberating doctrine of sanctified self-indulgence!

To the extent to which man assimilates this dogma of holy egoism, the gratification of his will (Thelema) – which alone leads to happiness in the mind of the holy king – self-gratification is the premise directing his actions. To the extent to which he is bonded to some restrictive dogma, the premise directing his actions is unnecessary self-torture – which is what the true slave really wants, as he is a contemptible masochist! True kings are sadists, not masochists. They are strong-willed, not weak of will, and desiring of self-fulfillment not self-sacrifice.

You who prattle that morality is God-based and that man would be better off alone on a desert island— spare me. Just try to claim, when there are no victims to pay for it, that a rock is a house, that sand is clothing, that food will drop into your mouth without cause or effort, that you will collect a harvest tomorrow by devouring your stock today— and reality will snuff your faithful life out, as you so rightly deserve; reality will show you that life is a value to be bought and that autocratic free will (Thelema) is the only coin noble enough to buy it.

You say man's absolute moral injunction is: Thou shalt serve the Lord thy God. But a 'moral injunction' is a contradiction in terms; and your God is a fairy tale. Anyway the moral is the chosen, not the forced; the understood, not the obeyed. The moral is the good, and self-gratification is the only good but for the masochistic slave, whose painful sacrifices grant him his sick and unnatural fulfillment in misery and agony, as natural selection's way of getting its weakly-minded to self-immolate; but healthy true will accepts no commandments. Free will and self-gratification are the only law; and the law is for man, not man for the law.

My morality, the morality of self-fulfillment, is contained in a single axiom: man alone exists—and in a single choice: to live. The rest proceeds from these. To live, man must hold three things as the supreme and ruling values of his life: Free Will—

Passion—Self-esteem. Autocratic free will (Thelema), as his only tool of evolving—Passion (Agape), as his choice of the happiness which that tool must proceed to achieve—Self-esteem (Ego), as his inviolate certainty that his mind is competent to think and his person is worthy of happiness, which means: is worthy of living. These three values imply and require all of man's virtues, and all his virtues pertain to the relation of existence and consciousness: rationality, independence, integrity, honesty, justice, productiveness, pride.

Rationality is the recognition of the fact that existence exists, that nothing can alter the truth and nothing can take precedence over that act of perceiving it, which is thinking—that the mind is one's only judge of values and one's only guide of action—that logic is an absolute that permits no compromise—that a concession to the irrational invalidates one's consciousness and turns it from the task of perceiving to the task of faking reality—that the alleged short-cut to knowledge, which is faith, is only a short-circuit destroying the mind—that the acceptance of a mystical invention is a wish for the annihilation of existence and, properly, annihilates one's will.

Independence is the recognition of the fact that yours is the responsibility of judgment and nothing can help you escape it—that no substitute can do your thinking, as no pinch-hitter can live your life—that the vilest form of self-abasement and self-destruction is the subordination of your mind to the mind of another, the acceptance of an authority over your brain, the acceptance of his assertions as facts, his say-so as truth, his edicts as intermediary between your consciousness and your existence.

Integrity is the recognition of the fact that you cannot fake your consciousness, just as honesty is the recognition of the fact that you cannot fake existence—that man is an indivisible entity, an integrated unit of two attributes: of matter and consciousness, and that he may permit no breach

between body and mind, between action and thought, between his life and his convictions—that, like a judge impervious to public opinion, he may not sacrifice his convictions to the wishes of others, be it the whole of mankind shouting pleas or threats against him—that courage and confidence are practical necessities, that courage is the practical form of being true to existence, of being true to truth, and confidence is the practical form of being true to one's own consciousness.

Honesty is the recognition of the fact that the unreal is unreal and can have no value, that neither love nor fame nor cash is a value if obtained by fraud—that an attempt to gain a value by deceiving the mind of others is an act of spiritual predation on your part, your victims being masochists such as yourself, while elevating an imagined sadistic God to a position higher than reality, where you become a pawn among pawns (all comfortable satisfying their contemptible herd-need), a slave of their nightmarish epiphanies and evasions, while our intelligence, our rationality, our perceptiveness become the enemies you have to dread and flee—that you do not care to live as a slave to any God, least of all a slave to the stupidity of others, or as a fool whose source of values is the foolish minds themselves so easily fooled—that honesty is not a duty to the huddled herd, and not a sacrifice for the sake of others, but the most profoundly selfish virtue man can practice: his refusal to sacrifice the reality of his own existence to the deluded nightmares of others.

Justice is the recognition of the fact that you cannot fake the character of men as you cannot fake the character of nature, that you must judge all men as conscientiously as you judge inanimate objects, with the same respect for truth, with the same incorruptible vision, by as pure and as rational a process of identification—that every man must be judged for what he is and treated accordingly, that just as you do not pay a higher price for a rusty chunk of scrap than for a piece of shining metal, so

you do not value a rotter above a hero—that your moral appraisal is the coin paying men for their virtues or vices, and this payment demands of you as scrupulous an honor as you bring to financial transactions—that to withhold your contempt from men's moral weaknesses is an act of moral counterfeiting, and to withhold your admiration from their moral strengths is an act of moral embezzlement—that to place any other concern higher than justice is to devalue your moral currency and defraud the value in favor of the worthless, since only the good can lose by a default of justice and only the mob can profit—and that the bottom of the pit at the end of that road, the act of moral bankruptcy, is to punish men for their strengths and reward them for their weaknesses, that *that* is the collapse to full slavery, the heathen mass of the worship of death, the dedication of your mind to such ruinous self-destruction.

Productiveness is your acceptance of morality, your recognition of the fact that you choose to live—that productive work is the process by which man's will controls his existence, a constant process of acquiring knowledge and shaping matter to fit one's purpose, of translating an idea into physical form, of remaking the earth in the image of one's values—that all work is creative work if done by a free autocratic will, and no work is creative if done by an intellectual cow who repeats in uncritical stupor a routine he has learned from others—that your great work is yours to choose, and the choice is as wide as your mind, that nothing more is possible to you and nothing less is human—that to cheat your way into a duty that your true royal will desires, is to become a fearful prey of a sadist God, with no real hope but in a hopeless faith, and to adhere to a law at odds with your true royal will's gratification is to cut your motor and sentence yourself to another kind of motion: decay—that your work is the process of achieving your values, and to lose your ambition for values is to lose your ambition to live—that your body is a machine, but your true will (Thelema) is its driver, and you must drive as far as

your will can you, with achievement as the goal of your road—that the man who has no will is a machine that coasts downhill without control, at the mercy of any crashing boulder or wayward car, that the man who stifles his mind is a stalled machine slowly going to rust, that the man who lets a leader prescribe his course is a wreck being towed to the scrap heap, and the man who makes another man his goal is a hitchhiker no driver should ever pick up—that your gratification is the meaning of your life, and you must speed past any killer who assumes the right to stop you, that any value you might find outside your gratification, any other loyalty or love, can be only travelers you choose to share your journey with and must be travelers going on their own power in the same direction (i.e. Thelemites, the royal kings of holy will).

Pride is the recognition of the fact that you are your own highest value and, like all of man's values, it has to be earned—that of any achievements open to you, the one that makes all others possible is the creation of your own character—that your character, your actions, your desires, your emotions are the products of the premises held by your particular mind—that as man must produce the physical values he needs to sustain his life, so he must acquire the values of character that make his life worth sustaining—that as man is a being of self-wrought successes, so he is a being of self-wrought godhead—that to live requires an enormous sense of self-value, but man, who has no automatic value and no automatic divinity and must earn it by shaping his soul in the image of his moral ideal, in the image of Man and beast, the holy king he is born able to become, but must become by initiation (considering the ego to be absolute and not so limited as it seems)—that the first precondition of divinity is that radiant selfishness of soul which desires the best in all things, in values of matter and spirit, a soul that seeks above all else to achieve its own moral perfection, valuing nothing higher than itself—and that the proof of an achieved divinity is your soul's shudder of contempt for and rebellion

against the idea of a sacrificial animal (for he sympathizes with the beast and its ways, accepting as he does that he is just another beast, at one with, not at odds with, the true God that is Nature), against the vile impertinence of any creed that proposes to immolate the irreplaceable value which is your free will (Thelema) to pleasure and power, and the incomparable glory which is your existence to the blind evasions and the stagnant decay of others.

Who is the rare true king among the cattle? I am the king who has earned the thing you did not fight for, the thing you have renounced, betrayed, corrupted, yet were unable fully to destroy and are now hiding as your guilty secret, lest it be discovered that somewhere within you, you still long to say what I am now saying to the hearing of the whole of mankind: I am proud of my own value and of the fact that I wish to live as I will, to my full self-gratification as I see fit.

This will (Thelema)—which you share, yet submerge as an evil—is the only remnant of the good within you, but it is a will (Thelema) one must learn to deserve. His own happiness is man's only moral purpose, but only his own true will can achieve it. True will is not an end in itself. True will is not its own reward or sacrificial fodder for the appeasement of some unreal God. The good life is the highest reward of true will—and happiness is the goal and the reward of a good life.

Just as your body has two fundamental sensations, pleasure and pain, as signs of its welfare or injury, as a barometer of its basic alternative, life or death, so your true will has two fundamental drives, joy and passion, in answer to the same alternative. Your true will is an estimate of that which either gratifies your life or threatens it, lightning calculators giving you a sum of your profit or loss. You have no choice about your capacity to feel that something is good for you or evil, but what you will consider good or evil, what will give you joy or pain, what you will

love or hate, desire or fear, depends on your standard of value. Love is inherent in your nature, but the quality of its foundation is determined by your understanding of true will (Thelema), which is highly discriminating. Your capacity to passion is an empty motor, and all your finer qualities are the fuel with which your true will (Thelema) fills it. If you choose a mix of weaknesses or fairytale hopes and dreams, it will clog your motor, corrode your transmission and wreck you on your first attempt to move with a machine which you, the driver, have corrupted.

If you hold the hollow idol of God as your standard of value and the impossible as your concept of the good, if you long for rewards of which you are unworthy, for a fortune or a love you don't deserve, for a loophole in the law of causality, for a reality that becomes non-reality at your whim, if you desire the opposite of your animal existence—you will reach it. Do not cry, when you reach it, that it isn't even worth it; check your fuel: it brought you where you wanted to go.

Happiness is not to be achieved at the command of emotional whims. Happiness is not the satisfaction of whatever irrational wishes you might blindly attempt to indulge. Happiness is a state of unconditional joy—a joy without penalty or guilt, a joy that does not clash with any of your natural animal needs and does not work for your own destruction, not the joy of escaping from your mind, but of using your mind's fullest power, not the joy of faking reality, but of achieving rewards that are real, not the joy of a drunkard, but of an inspired tipsy bard of perfect eloquence. Happiness is possible only to a rational man, the man who desires nothing but rational goals, seeks nothing but rational values and finds his joy in nothing but rational actions.

Just as I deserve my life, neither by robbery nor alms, but by my own autocratic will (Thelema), so I do not seek to derive my happiness from the injury

or the favor of others, but earn it by my own achievement in satisfying my true will to enjoy a good life as I deem sacred. Just as I do not consider the pleasure of others as the goal of my life (as does the despicably meek slave), so I do not consider my pleasure as the ideal for the lives of others. Just as there are no contradictions in my doctrine and no conflicts among my desires—so there are no violations of the law of self-gratification and no conflicts of interest among true kings, who do not desire the unearned and do not view one another with a slavish compulsion, masters of ego who neither make sacrifices nor accept them.

The symbol of all relationships among such masters, the moral symbol of respect for such worthy human beings, is the witch. We, who live by our tremendous natural gifts, which are also magical talents and charms, not by loot, are witches, both in matter and in spirit. A witch is a mental master who earns what she gets and does not give or take the undeserved. A Thelemic witch does not ask to be rewarded for her failures, nor does she ask to be loved for her flaws. A great witch does not squander her body as fodder or her soul as alms. Just as she does not give her work except in trade for real benefit, so she does not give the values of her spirit—her love, her friendship, her esteem—except in payment and in trade for human qualities deserving of being loved, in payment for her own selfish pleasure, which she receives from lovers she can respect. The lazy heathen parasites who have, throughout the ages, reviled the witches and held them in contempt, while honoring the beggars and the looters, have known the secret motive of their sneers: a witch is an entity they dread—a woman of justice and strength.

Do you ask what moral obligation I owe to my fellow kings? None—except the obligation I owe to myself, to animals and to all of existence: respect where it is due, and contempt where deserving. I deal with kings as my nature and theirs demands: by simple logic in the light of the true will

(Thelema), both conscious and subconscious. I seek or desire nothing from them except such relations as they care to enter of their own voluntary choice. It is only with their full accord that I can deal with them and only for my own self interest, when they see that my interest coincides with theirs. When they don't, I enter no relationship; I let dissenters go their way and I do not swerve from mine. I win by means of nothing but logic and I surrender to nothing but logic, in the light of the true will (Thelema). I do not surrender my reason or deal with men who surrender theirs. I have nothing to gain from fools or cowards; I have no benefits to seek from human frailties: from stupidity, dishonesty or fear. The only value kings or slaves can offer me is the generous work of their inmost will (Thelema). When I disagree with a rational man, I let reality be our final arbiter; if I am right, he will learn; if I am wrong, I will; one of us will win, but both (whether king or slave) will benefit, each in her own unique way.

Whatever may be open to disagreement, there is one act of insanity that may not, the act that no man may commit against others and no man may sanction or forgive. So long as men desire to live spiritually herded, as cattle, no man may be initiate—I cannot emphasize enough – no, not any man can achieve either initiated apprehension or the status of spiritual royalty to qualify to so initiate others thereinto—for this is the true sacred bloodline, called Thelema, or the royal Will (or the “93” Current, that being the gematric value of both Thelema and Agape), and the loneliness of the absolute ego that determines his own such will, and while it is amidst orgies of massive numbers of friends at a feast that a spiritual king reigns in his true will, that king (Ra-Hoor-Khuit) is nonetheless the divine child (Hoor-pa-Kraat) that is forever alone in the belly of Babalon, the City of the Pyramids, which is nothing more or less than Heaven realized on earth.

To interpose the threat of physical destruction

between a man and his perception of reality, unless that man is a real threat to do the same to you, is to negate one's own worthiness to live; to force oneself to act against one's own expressed and obvious desire, is like forcing oneself to murder oneself, which is insanity since death cannot be an end but, logic follows, most certainly results in but another cause, to no possible final end, for every cause begets a cause. Death conceived as the final consequence of an ever-looping chain of predeterminate causes, is an alluring temptation to the king who is at the end of a long and well-lived life, but it is after all such a cheap glamour, a petty trinket quite unworthy of such a fearless king – it is unnatural to fear to face further struggles, as they lead to endless natural joys, and so well exceed the cost in pain and effort to experience.

Do not presume to tell me that your mind has convinced you of your right to force my will into submission! No true king would ever abdicate his well-deserved throne of happiness through self-gratification (unless deranged to self-loathing). Force is the fuel that drives will, the love or lust that underlies and propels the will, not the sickly, slavish compulsion of the self-destructive thug; in any case, morality ends where a gun begins. When you declare that men are better than animals and propose to view them through rose-coloured glasses, you not only falsely discern, but you also will in error, so that as a consequence of this you can no longer claim the sanction of reason. There can be no 'right' to destroy the source of rights, the only means of judging right and wrong: one's own mind, according to one's gratification, while in accordance with the free willful consent and unforced expressed desires of those involved (within the realm of reason). Compulsory insanity is outside the autocratic will (Thelema), only where it merely detracts from and does not assist the content of his intelligence to rise to the level of genius; but such a “disability” while it might impair the will and not actually prevent that will from realizing any measure of success at manifesting as some kind of

genius in an appreciable way, if only for beauty's sake, so long as it somehow enchances his experience and that of others in whatever way great or small, is no mortal blow to the truly elite status of your geniune nobility: if you claim to be a king then back it up with insights and achievements, as well as with manner and respect befitting royalty- for only *there* is any appreciable success.

To force a man to drop his own will and to accept your will as a substitute, with a gun in the place of a syllogism, with terror in the place of proof, with death as the final irrefutable argument, without reason—is to attempt to exist in defiance of reality. Reality demands of man that he act for his own rational interest; your gun (unless he is a grave threat to your natural existence, through substantial fault of his own) demands of him that he act against it. Reality threatens man with death if he does not act on his rational judgment; you threaten him with death if he does. You place him into a world where the price of his life is the surrender of all the joys experienced in life—and death by a process of gradual destruction is all that you and your system will achieve, when death is made to be the ruling power, the winning argument in a society of men. Be it a thug who confronts a traveler with the ultimatum: 'Your money or your life,' or a politician who confronts a country with the ultimatum: 'Your children's minds or your life,' the meaning of that ultimatum is: 'Your mind or your life'—and neither is possible to man without the other.

If there are degrees of foes, to measure in worth from incredibly stupid to beautiful of mind, it is hard to say who is the more contemptible: the brute who assumes the right to force the will of others or the moral degenerate who grants to others the right to force his will.

That is the moral absolute one does not leave open to debate. I do not grant the title of master and king of his own true will to men who propose to deprive

me of my free natural will. I do not enter discussions with intellectual infidels who think they can forbid me to think as I will. I do not place my moral sanction upon a murderer's wish to kill me. When a man attempts to deal with me by force, I answer him—by force.

It is only as retaliation that force may be lawfully used and only against the man who starts its use. I neither share his callousness nor sink to his concept of morality: I merely grant him his choice, destruction, and the *only* destruction he had the right to choose: his own. He uses force to seize a value; I use it only to destroy destruction. A holdup man seeks to gain wealth by killing me; I do not grow richer by killing a holdup man. I seek no values by means of reckless abandon, nor do I surrender my will to moral corruption.

In the name of all the nurturers who had kept you alive and received your baseless death ultimatums in payment, I now answer you, O usurper of wills, with a single ultimatum of our own: Our way or your wrath. You can choose either; you can't have both. We do not baselessly or recklessly initiate the use of force against others or submit to force at their hands, except in love and/or lust as it is called for. If you desire ever again to live in a truly Thelemic utopian society, it will be on our moral terms. Our terms and our motive power are the antithesis of yours. You have been using fear as your weapon and have been bringing threats of hell to man as his punishment for rejecting your unnatural God. How dare you threaten the Children of the Sun? We offer men millionfold ecstasy as their reward for accepting our natural, unrestrictive doctrine of holy objectivism, not even a religion but simply a lavish celebration, as a natural consequence of one's dedicated, intelligent, and impulsive autocratic will (Thelema), the will to be gratified and the will to gratify, to the sadists their due, and to the masochists every bit of theirs but with contempt to boot.

You who are the heathen worshippers of the non-existent—you have never discovered that achieving life is not the equivalent of avoiding death. Joy is not 'the absence of pain,' intelligence is not 'the absence of stupidity,' light is not 'the absence of darkness,' an entity is not 'the absence of a nonentity.' Building is not done by abstaining from demolition; centuries of sitting and waiting in such abstinence will not raise one single girder for you to abstain from demolishing—and now you can no longer say to me, the builder: 'Produce, and feed us in exchange for our not destroying your production.' I, a Haggai Howler in the world's dark night, am prophesying in the name of those whom you have burned & the tortured: Perish with and in your own empty dogma of God. Existence is not a negation of negatives. Worthlessness, not value, is an absence and a negation, weakness of will (Akrasia) is an impotent tool and has no power but that which we let it extort from us. Perish, because we know that a non-existent God cannot hold a mortgage over life and free will (Thelema).

Unless weak and/or a slave, you naturally seek escape from pain. We seek the achievement of happiness. You exist for the sake of avoiding punishment. We exist for the sake of earning rewards. Threats will not make us function; fear is not our incentive. It is not death that we wish to avoid, but life that we wish to live.

You, the petty primitives who have no concept of indifference, you who claim that fear and joy are incentives of equal power—and secretly add that fear is the more 'practical'—you do not wish to live, and only fear of death still holds you to the existence you have damned. You dart in panic through the trap of your days, looking for the exit you have closed, running from a pursuer you dare not name to a terror you dare not acknowledge, and the greater your terror the greater your dread of the only act that could save you: thinking. The purpose of your struggle is not to know, not to grasp or name or hear the thing I shall now state to your

hearing: that yours is the Morality of Death.

Death is the standard of your values, death is your chosen goal, and you have to keep running, since there is no escape from the pursuer who is out to destroy you or from the knowledge that that pursuer is yourself. Stop running, for once—there is no place to run—stand naked, as you dread to stand, but as I see you, and take a look at what you dared to call a God.

Damnation is the start of your God's rule, destruction is its purpose, means and end. Your God begins by damning man as evil, then demands that he practice a "good" life which is to be defined as against his nature and impossible for him to practice. It demands, as his first evidence of virtue, that he accept his own animal nature as depravity without proof. It demands that he start, not with a standard of value, but with a standard of evil, which is himself, by means of which he is then to define the good: the good is that which he is not.

It does not matter who then becomes the beneficiary on his renounced glory and tormented soul, a mystic God with some incomprehensible design or any passer-by whose rotting sores are held as some inexplicable claim upon him—it does not matter, the good is not for him to understand, his duty is to crawl through years of penance, atoning for the guilt of his existence to any stray collector of unintelligible debts, his only concept of a value is non-existent: the "good" is that which doesn't even really exist!

The name of this monstrous absurdity is Original Sin. But the real sin is a denial of natural volition: that which is outside the possibility of choice is outside the province of true morality. If man is weak-willed by birth, then he has no will, and no power to change it; if he has no will, he can be neither good nor evil; a robot is amoral. To hold, as man's sin, a fact not open to his choice is a mockery of morality. To hold man's nature as his

sin is a mockery of nature. To punish him for a crime he committed before he was born is a mockery of justice. To hold him guilty in a matter where no innocence exists is a mockery of reason. To destroy uncorrupted morality, nature, justice and reason by means of a single fallacious concept is a feat of evil hardly to be matched. Yet that is the root of your God.

Do not hide behind the cowardly evasion that man is born with free will, but with a 'tendency' to evil. A free will saddled with a tendency is like a game with loaded dice. It forces man to struggle through the effort of playing, to bear responsibility and pay for the game, but the decision is weighted in favor of a tendency that he has no right to escape. If the tendency is of his choice, he cannot possess it at birth; if it is not of his choice, his will is not free.

What is the nature of the guilt that your false prophets call his Original Sin? What are the evils man acquired when he fell from a state they consider perfection? Their myth declares that he ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge—he acquired a will (Thelema) and became a rational being. It was the knowledge of value and worthlessness—he became a moral being. He was sentenced to earn his bread by his labor—he became a productive being. He was sentenced to experience desire—he acquired the capacity of sexual enjoyment. The evils for which they damn him are reason, an iron will (Thelema), creativeness, joy—all the cardinal values of his existence. It is not his so-called “vices” (so you call them, all you desolate ones who despise your own nature) that their myth of man's fall is designed to explain and condemn, it is not his errors that they hold as his guilt, but the essence of his nature as a reasoning and royal animal.

Whatever he was—that robot in the Garden of Eden, who existed without volition, without values, without labor, without love—he was not man, but an uncomprehending zombie. “Original Sin” was in truth the best thing that ever happened to man, for

it actually made him not only a man but a god, in various forms until the end of the universal course, and then anew from destruction to creation to recreation to no end.

Man's fall, according to your false prophets, was that he gained the benefits required to live. These benefits, however, are supposedly his Sin.

His evil, they charge, is that he's just a deplorable beast. His guilt, they charge, is that he lives. But who is he that has the audacity to condemn the very things that make life worthwhile? Who is *he* to decide that I must comply to sacrifice my beloved sacred ways.

We honor the poor scapegoat who demonstrated more logic and reason than any of your perverse orthodoxies.

They call it a “morality of mercy” and a “doctrine of love for man”.

“No,” they say, “they do not preach that man is evil, the evil is only that devilish object: his carnal nature. No, they say, they do not wish to kill him, they only wish to make him lose his carnal nature. They seek to help him, they say, against his pain—and they point at the torture rack to which they've tied him, the rack with two wheels that pull him in opposite directions, the rack of the doctrine that splits his soul and body.

They have cut man in two, setting one half against the other. They have taught him that his flesh and his spiritual will (Thelema) are two enemies engaged in deadly conflict, two antagonists of opposite natures, contradictory claims, incompatible needs, that to benefit one is to injure the other, that his soul belongs to a supernatural realm, but his flesh is a miserable prison holding it in bondage to this earth—and that the “good” is to defeat his carnal nature, to undermine it by years of patient struggle, digging his way to that glorious jail-break which

leads into the freedom of the grave.

They have taught man that he is a hopeless misfit made of two elements, both symbols of death. A body without a soul is a corpse, a soul without a body is a ghost—yet such is their image of man's nature: the battleground of a struggle between a corpse and a ghost, a corpse endowed with some evil volition of its own and a ghost endowed with the stubborn blind faith that everything known to man is non-existent, that only the unknowable exists.

Do you observe what human faculty that dogma was designed to ignore? It was man's mind that had to be negated in order to make him fall apart. Once he surrendered reason, he was left at the mercy of two monsters whom he could not fathom or control: of a body moved by unaccountable instincts and of a soul moved by mystic revelations—he was left as the passively ravaged victim of a battle between a robot and a dictaphone.

And as he now crawls through the wreckage, groping blindly for a way to live, your false prophets offer him the help of a false morality that proclaims that he'll find no solution, and must seek no fulfillment on earth. Real existence, they tell him, is that which he cannot perceive, true will is the faculty of perceiving the non-existent—and if he is unable to understand it, that is the “proof” that his existence is evil and his will impotent.

The good, say the fanatics of “spirit”, is God, a being whose only definition is that he is beyond man's power to conceive—a definition that invalidates man's consciousness and nullifies his concepts of existence. The good, they contend, is common herd-society—a despicable trait which they define as a collective organism that possesses no physical form, a super-being embodied in no one in particular (except perhaps an imaginary friend called God) and everyone in general except yourself. Man's will, say these fanatics, must be

subordinated to the will of God, and to the will of common herd-society. Man's standard of value, they say, is the pleasure of God, whose standards are beyond man's power of comprehension and must be accepted on faith, and the sadistic injunction of God as defined by common herd-society, whose standards are beyond man's right of judgment and must be obeyed as a primary absolute. The purpose of man's life, they insist, is to become an abject zombie who serves a purpose he does not know, for reasons he is not to question. His reward will be given to him beyond the grave.

Selfishness—they claim—is man's evil. Man's good is to give up his personal desires, to deny himself, renounce himself, surrender; man's good is to negate the life he lives. Sacrifice, they lie, is the essence of morality, the highest virtue within man's reach.

Whoever is now within reach of my voice, whoever is man the victim, not man the killer, I am speaking at the deathbed of your mind, at the brink of that darkness in which you're drowning, and if there still remains within you the power to struggle to hold on to those fading sparks which had been yourself—use it now. The word that has destroyed you is 'sacrifice.' Use the last of your strength to understand its meaning. You're still alive. You have a chance.

'Sacrifice' does not mean the rejection of the worthless, but of the precious! 'Sacrifice' does not mean the rejection of the evil for the sake of the good, but of the good for the sake of the evil. 'Sacrifice' is the surrender of that which you value in favor of that which you don't.

If you exchange a penny for a dollar, it is not a sacrifice; if you exchange a dollar for a penny, it is. If you achieve the career you wanted, after years of struggle, it is not a sacrifice; if you then renounce it for the sake of a rival, it is. If you own a bottle of milk and give it to your starving child, it is not a

sacrifice; if you give it to your neighbor's child and let your own die, it is. If you give money to help a friend, it is not a sacrifice; if you give it to a worthless stranger, it is. If you give your friend a sum you can afford, it is not a sacrifice; if you give him money at the cost of your own discomfort, it is stupidity; if you give him money at the cost of disaster to yourself—that is the empty virtue of sacrifice in full.

If you renounce all personal desires and dedicate your life to those you love, you lose ultimate self-gratification: there must be Balance. If you devote your life to random strangers, is it an act of greater good? What if he deserves his plight? If you devote your life to serving men you hate—is that the greatest of the virtues? A sacrifice is the surrender of a value. Full sacrifice is full surrender of all values. If you wish to achieve full virtue, you must seek no gratitude in return for your sacrifice, no praise, no love, no admiration, no self-esteem, not even the pride of being virtuous; the faintest trace of any gain spoils your virtue. If you pursue a course of action that does not taint your life by any joy, that brings you no value in matter, no value in spirit, no gain, no profit, no reward—if you achieve this state of total fantasy in refuge from reality, you have achieved the maximum of moral and spiritual and natural degradation and devolution; and if your delusion is severe enough to blind you to all reality, then you will wither even as a ghost to the impossible non-existence you crave.

You are told that moral perfection is impossible to man—and, by this standard, it is. You cannot achieve it so long as you live, nor in death, but the value of your life and of your person is gauged by how closely you succeed in approaching that ideal non-existence which is individual death.

If you start, however, as a passionless blank, as a vegetable seeking to be eaten, with no values to reject and no desires to renounce, you will not win the crown of sacrifice. It is not a sacrifice to

renounce the unwanted. It is not a sacrifice to give your life for others, if death is your personal desire. To achieve the virtue of sacrifice, you must want to live, you must love it, you must burn with passion for this earth and for all the splendor it can give you—you must feel the twist of every knife as it slashes your desires away from your reach and drains your love out of your body. It is not mere death that the morality of sacrifice holds out to you as an ideal, but death by slow torture.

Do not remind me that it pertains only to this life on earth. I am concerned with no other. Neither are you.

If you wish to save the last of your dignity, do not call your best actions a 'sacrifice': that term brands you as immoral. If a mother buys food for her hungry child rather than a hat for herself, it is not a sacrifice: she values the child higher than the hat; but it is a sacrifice to the kind of mother whose higher value is the hat, who would prefer her child to starve and feeds him only from a sense of duty. If a man dies fighting for his own freedom, it is not a sacrifice: he is not willing to live as a slave; but it is a sacrifice to the kind of man who's willing. If a man refuses to sell his convictions, it is not a sacrifice, unless he is the sort of man who has no convictions.

Sacrifice could be proper only for those who have nothing to sacrifice—no values, no standards, no judgment—those whose desires are fantastical whims, blindly conceived and hardly surrendered. For a man of moral stature, whose desires are born of rational values, sacrifice is the surrender of the right to the wrong, of the good to the evil.

The creed of sacrifice is a morality for the immoral—a morality that declares its own bankruptcy by confessing that it can't impart to men any personal stake in virtues or values, and that their souls are sewers of depravity, which they must be taught to sacrifice. By its own confession, it is impotent to

teach men to be good and can only subject them to constant punishment for it.

Are you thinking, in some foggy stupor, that it's only material values that your morality requires you to sacrifice? And what do you think are material values? Matter has no value except as a means for the satisfaction of human desires. Matter is only a tool of human values.

To what service are you asked to give the material tools your good work has produced? To the service of that which you regard as evil: to a principle you do not share, to a person you do not respect, to the achievement of a purpose opposed to your own—otherwise your gift is not a sacrifice.

Your so-called spiritual morality tells you to renounce the material world and to divorce your values from matter. A man whose values are given no expression in material form, whose existence is unrelated to his ideals, whose actions contradict his convictions, is a cheap little hypocrite—yet that is the man who obeys your God and divorces his values from matter. The man who loves one woman, but sleeps with another—the man who admires the talent of a worker, but hires another—the man who considers one cause to be just, but donates his money to the support of another—the man who holds high standards of craftsmanship, but devotes his effort to the production of trash—these are the men who have renounced matter, the men who believe that the values of their God cannot be brought into material reality.

Do you say it is the spirit that such men have renounced? Yes, of course. You cannot have one without the other. You are an indivisible entity of matter and will. Renounce your true will (Thelema) and you become a brute. Renounce your body and you become a fake.

*Renounce the material world and you surrender it to evil.*

And that is precisely the goal of your false spiritual morality, the duty that your law demands of you. Give to that which you do not enjoy, serve that which you do not admire, submit to that which you consider evil—surrender the world to the values of others, deny, reject, renounce your self. Your self is your will (Thelema); renounce it and you become a chunk of meat ready for any cannibal to swallow.

It is your will that they want you to surrender—all those who preach the creed of sacrifice, whatever their tags or their motives, whether they demand it for the sake of your soul or of your body, whether they promise you another life in heaven or a full stomach on this earth. Those who start by saying: 'It is selfish to pursue your own wishes, you must sacrifice them to the wishes of others'—end up by saying: 'It is selfish to uphold your convictions, you must sacrifice them to the convictions of others.'

This much is true: the most selfish of all things is the independent mind that recognizes no authority higher than its own and no value higher than its judgment of truth. You are asked to sacrifice your intellectual integrity, your logic, your reason, your standard of truth—in favor of becoming a fake devotee whose standard is the greatest good for the greatest number.

If you search your God's restrictive “spiritual” law for guidance, for an answer to the question: 'What is the good?'—the only answer its false prophets give is 'The good of others.' The good is whatever others need, whatever *they* feel they feel they need, or whatever *they* feel they ought to feel they need. 'The good of others' is a magic formula that vainly promises to transform anything into gold, a formula to be recited as a guarantee of moral glory and as a fumigator for any action, even the slaughter of a continent. Your standard of virtue is not an object, not an act, not a principle, but an intention. You need no proof, no reasons, no success, you need not achieve in fact the good of others—all you need to know is that your motive was the good of others,

not your own. Your only definition of the good is a negation: the supposed good is the 'impossible good.'

Your God —who boasts that it upholds eternal, absolute, objective moral values and scorns the conditional, the relative and the subjective —your God hands out, as its version of the absolute, the following rule of moral conduct: If you desire it, it's evil; if others need it, it's good; if the motive of your action is your welfare, don't do it; if the motive is the welfare of others, then anything goes. Never mind that precious resources are wasted on this ingrate that never achieves anything in his life.

As this double-jointed, double-standard “Godly” command splits you in half, so it splits mankind into two enemy camps: one is you, the other is all the rest of humanity. You are the only outcast who has no right to desire or live. You are the only servant, the rest are the masters, you are the only giver, the rest are the takers, you are the eternal debtor, the rest are the creditors never to be paid off. You must not question their right to your sacrifice, or the nature of their wishes and their needs: their right is conferred upon them by a negative, by the fact that they are 'non-you.'

For those of you who might ask questions, your religion provides a consolation prize and booby-trap: it is for your own happiness, it says, that you must serve the happiness of others, the only way to achieve your joy is to give it up to others, the only way to achieve your prosperity is to surrender your wealth to others, the only way to protect your life is to protect all men except yourself—and if you find no joy in this procedure, it is your own fault and the proof of your evil; if you were truly “sainted”, you would find your happiness in providing a banquet for others, and your dignity in existing on such crumbs as they might care to toss you. They see you as the ingrate you let them make you out to be.

You who have no standard of self-esteem, accept

the guilt and dare not ask the questions. But you know the unadmitted answer, refusing to acknowledge what you see, what hidden premise moves your world.

You know it, not in honest statement, but as an occult uneasiness within you, while you flounder between guiltily cheating and grudgingly practicing a principle too vicious to name.

I, who do not accept the unearned, neither in values nor in guilt, am here to ask the questions you fear to consider. Why is it moral to serve the happiness of others, but not your own? If enjoyment is a value, why is it moral when experienced by others, but immoral when experienced by you? If the sensation of eating a cake is a value, why is it an immoral indulgence in your stomach, but a moral goal for you to achieve in the stomach of others? Why is it immoral for you to desire, but moral for others to do so? Why is it immoral to produce a value and keep it, but moral to give it away? And if it is not moral for you to keep a value, why is it moral for others to accept it? If you are selfless and virtuous when you give it, are they not selfish and vicious when they take it? Does good consist of serving trash? Is the moral purpose of those who are good, self-immolation for the sake of those who are worth far less?

The answer you fear to consider, the monstrous answer is: If you get what you obtain by any good fortune or ingenuity or by natural right, not in violation of the rights of others, then you deserve to enjoy it to your heart's content! But you prefer to believe the lie that parasites are worthy of the precious value of kings.

Such is the seedy core of your sleazy lie of a creed, the other half of your double standard: it is immoral to enjoy the fruit of your labor, you say, but moral to live by the labor of others—it is immoral to consume your own product, but moral to consume the products of others—it is immoral to earn, but moral

to steal—it is the heathen parasites who are the moral justification for the existence of the genius mind, but the existence of the masses of commoners is an end in itself—it is evil, so they insist, to profit by talent, but good to profit by sacrifice—it is evil to create your own happiness, but good to enjoy it at the price of the blood of the innocent beast.

Your law divides mankind into two castes and commands them to live by opposite rules: those who may desire anything and those who may desire nothing, the chosen and the damned, the riders and the carriers, the eaters and the eaten. What standard determines your caste? What passkey admits you to the moral elite? The passkey is commonality, lack of talent. Believe no such lie. You are in truth as worthy as you are in so many ways talented and unique.

Whatever the value involved, from the heathen perspective it is your lack of it that gives you a claim upon those who don't lack it. It is your common lack of ego that gives you a claim to rewards, because in their screwed up minds the ego of God is the only good, and mortal ego evil. If you are unable to satisfy your need, your inability annuls your right to satisfy it. But a need you are able to easily satisfy you renounce as “unholy”, when it is the very passion that makes life joyous at all.

By their assessment, if you succeed, any man who fails is your master; if you fail, any man who succeeds is your serf. Whether your failure is just or not, whether your desires are natural or not, whether your misfortune is undeserved or the result of your so-called vices, it is (in their estimation) misfortune that gives you a right to rewards. It is pain, regardless of its nature or cause, pain as a primary absolute, and martyrdom, so they say, that gives you a mortgage on all of existence.

If you heal your pain by your own effort, you receive no spiritual credit: your cold law regards it

scornfully as an act of self-interest. Whatever value you seek to acquire, be it wealth or food or love or rights, if you acquire it by means of your own natural talent, your senseless law does not regard it as a moral acquisition: you occasion no loss to anyone, it is a trade, not alms; an undeserved indulgence, not a sacrifice. The deserved belongs in the selfish, commercial realm of mutual profit; it is only the undeserved that calls for that moral transaction which consists of profit to many at the price of disaster to the rare unique genius. To demand rewards for your talent is deemed selfish and immoral; it is your commonality, and the extent to which you are cattle, that transforms your demand into a moral right.

A false morality that holds need as a claim, holds emptiness—nonexistence—as its standard of value; it rewards an absence, a defect: weakness, inability, incompetence, suffering, disease, disaster, the lack, the fault, the flaw—the worthless.

Who provides the account to pay these claims? Those who are cursed for being unique and talented, each to the extent of his distance from that unhealthy ideal. Since all values are the product of good work, the degree of your worth as an intellectual individual is used as the measure of your penalty; the degree of your faults is used as the measure of your gain.

Your false God, which is really just a popular sadistic demon beloved by a mass of dumb masochists, declares that the noble man must sacrifice himself to the irrational, the independent man to parasites, the honest man to the dishonest, the man of justice to the unjust, the productive man to thieving loafers, the man of integrity to compromising knaves, the man of self-esteem to sniveling weaklings. Do you wonder at the meanness of soul in those you see around you? The man who is worthwhile will not accept your false God; the man who accepts your God will not achieve any worth in the long run. It is the brilliant

mocking rebel that sides with reason over faith who achieves true will (Thelema).

Under a morality of sacrifice, the first value you sacrifice is morality; the next is self-esteem. When bland common need is the standard, every man is both victim and parasite. As a victim, he must labor to fill the needs of others, leaving himself in the position of a parasite whose needs must be filled by others. He cannot approach his fellow men with any hope of natural allowance except through one of two disgraceful channels: he is doomed to be both a beggar and a sucker, not because he is either but simply because he's not conformist.

The justification of sacrifice, that your spiritual regulation propounds, is more corrupt than the corruption it purports to justify. The motive of your sacrifice, it tells you, should be love—the love you ought to feel for every man. A law that professes the belief that the values of God are more precious than animal, a morality that teaches you to scorn a whore who gives her body indiscriminately to all men—this same divine prohibition demands that you abstain in body and soul from healthy natural gratification, that the more you suffer, the more your stature. The true kings are few and secret, but in their respective unique ways they ultimately rule over the masses that reject him for the very thing that makes him most special.

As there can be no causeless wealth, so there can be no causeless love or any sort of causeless emotion. An emotion is a response to a fact of reality, an estimate dictated by your standards. To love is to value.

The man who tells you that it is possible to value without values, to love those whom you appraise as worthless, is the man who tells you that it is possible to grow rich by consuming without producing and that paper money is as reliable as gold.

Observe that he does not expect you to feel a causeless fear. When his kind get into power, they are expert at contriving means of terror, at giving you ample cause to feel the fear by which they desire to rule you. But when it comes to lust, the loftiest & noblest of passions, you permit them to shriek at you accusingly that you are a moral sicko if you're capable of the slightest so-called "perversity". When a man feels fear without reason, you call him to the attention of a psychiatrist; meanwhile you abhor what is in the ultimate analysis perfectly rational and naturally meant to be regarded as very beautiful and sacred, the nature and the dignity and occultic power of genuine impersonal lust. From our view, the most fulfillment derives out of the maximum degree of value and is only limited to the extent of so-called "freaky" behaviour.

Love is the appreciation of one's values, the greatest reward you can earn for the moral qualities you have achieved in your character and person, as certain finer qualities make your love worth having. Your evil God demands that you divorce your love from values and hand it down to any vagrant, not as response to his worth, but as response to his pointless need, not as reward, but as alms, not as a payment for virtues, but as a blank check on failure. Your illogical God tells you that the purpose of love is to set you free of the bonds of what is loved, that love is superior to what is loved, that true love transcends, forgives and elevates every manner of natural instinct in Its inhuman "perfection". To love a man for his talents is paltry and animal, God tells you; to love him for his lack of ego is divine. To love those who are worthy of it is considered evil self-interest; to love the unworthy is somehow noble sacrifice. You owe your love to those who don't deserve it, and the less they deserve it, the more love you owe them—the more loathsome the object, the nobler your love is supposed by them to be—the more unfastidious your love, the greater your spiritual worth—and if you can bring your soul to the state of a dump heap that welcomes anything on equal terms, if you can cease to value moral

values for the cattle, you are canonized.

Such is your morality of sacrifice and such are the twin ideals it offers: to refashion the life of your desires in the image of an abhorrent ideal, and the life of your spirit in the image of a dump.

Such was your goal—and you've reached it. Why do you now moan complaints about man's impotence and the futility of human aspirations? Because you were unable to prosper by seeking destruction?

Because you were unable to find joy by worshipping pain? Because you were unable to live by holding insane martyrdom as your standard of value? Because the damage of your lies has damned you for ever?

The degree of your talent was the degree to which you broke your “holy” law, yet you believe that those who preach it are friends of humanity, you damn yourself and dare not question their motives or their goals. Take a look at them now, when you face your last choice—and if you choose to perish, do so with full knowledge of how cheaply so small an enemy has claimed your life.

The heathen cattle, who preach the infirm creed of sacrifice, are germs that attack us through a single sore: one's fear of relying on one's mind. They tell you that they possess a means of knowledge higher than the mind, a mode of consciousness superior to reason—like a special pull with some bureaucrat of the universe who gives them secret tips withheld from others. The heathen of “God” declare that they possess an extra sense you lack: this special sixth sense consists of contradicting the whole of the knowledge of your five. They demand that you invalidate your own free will and surrender yourself into their power. They offer you, as proof of their superior knowledge, the fact that they assert the opposite of everything you know, and as proof of their superior ability to deal with existence, the fact that they lead you to misery, self-sacrifice,

starvation, and destruction.

They claim that they perceive a mode of being superior to your existence on this earth. These fanatics call it 'paradise,' which consists of denying dimensions. To exist is to possess identity. What identity are they able to give to their “superior” non-existent “Heaven”?

They keep telling you what it is not, but never tell you what it is. All their identifications consist of negating: God is that which no human mind can know, they say—and proceed to demand that you consider it knowledge—God is non-man, Heaven is non-earth, soul is non-body, virtue is non-profit, perception is non-sensory, knowledge is unreasonable. Their definitions are not acts of defining, but of wiping out.

It is only the metaphysics of an idiot that would cling to the idea of a universe where a non-existent dream is a standard of identification. An idiot would want to seek escape from the necessity to name its own nature—escape from the necessity to know that the substance on which it builds its private universe is a lake of unnecessarily shed blood.

What is the nature of that superior world to which they sacrifice the world that exists? They curse matter, and any real value not their own. They wish men to profit by renouncing the earth, and to earn Heavenly Grace by renouncing all their value to them. Their non-material, perfect-market Republican worlds are realms where rivers run with milk and coffee, where wine spurts from rocks at their command, where pastry drops on them from clouds at the price of opening their mouth. On this material, profit-chasing earth, an enormous investment of virtue—of intelligence, integrity, energy, skill—is required to construct a railroad to carry them the distance of one mile; in their nonmaterial, perfect conservative world, they travel from planet to planet at the cost of a wish. If an honest person asks them: 'How?'—they answer with

righteous scorn that a 'how' is the concept of vulgar realists; the concept of superior spirits is 'Somehow.' On this earth restricted by limited resources and growing populations, and free will to produce as many children as you like, rewards are achieved by brilliance of thought; in their imaginary world free of such restrictions, rewards are achieved by wishing upon a star.

And that is the whole of their sinister secret. The secret of all their esoteric philosophies, of all their dialectics and super-senses, of their enigmatic signs and grips and tokens, mottoes and barbarous names, the secret for which they destroy civilization, language, cultures and lives, the secret for which they pierce their own eyes and eardrums, grind out their senses, blank out their minds, the purpose for which they dissolve the absolutes of reason, logic, matter, existence, reality—is to erect upon that plastic fog a single “holy” absolute: their wish upon a star.

Those who tell you that man is unable to perceive a reality undistorted by his senses, mean that they are unwilling to perceive a reality undistorted by their feelings. 'Things as they are' are things as perceived by your mind; divorce them from reason and they become 'things as perceived by your wishes.'

There is no honest revolt against reason—and when you accept any part of their creed, your motive is to get away with something your reason would not permit you to attempt. The freedom you seek is freedom from the fact that if you stole your wealth, you are a scoundrel, no matter how much you give to charity or how many prayers you recite—that if you sleep with a single partner, you're not a worthy wife, no matter how much or how little you feel that you love your mate next morning—that you are an entity, not a series of random pieces scattered through a universe where nothing sticks and nothing commits you to anything, but the universe of a child's nightmare where identities switch and swim, where the rotter and the hero are

interchangeable parts arbitrarily assumed at will—that you are a man—that you are an entity—that you *are*.

No matter how eagerly you claim that the goal of your faithful wishing is a higher mode of life, the insurgence against self is the wish for non-existence. The desire not to be anything is but herd-conformist laziness.

Your false prophets, the fanatics of “God”, have reversed causality in their consciousness, then strive to reverse it in existence. They take their emotions as a cause, and their mind as a passive effect. They make their emotions their tool for perceiving reality. They hold their desires as an irreducible primary, as a fact superseding all facts. An honest man does not desire until he has identified the object of his desire. He says: 'It is of value, therefore I want it.' They say: 'I want it, therefore it is of value.'

They want to cheat the axiom of existence and consciousness, they want their consciousness to be an instrument not of perceiving but of creating existence, and existence to be not the object but the subject of their consciousness—they want to be that God they created in their image and likeness, who creates a universe out of a void by means of an arbitrary whim. But reality is not to be cheated. What they achieve is the opposite of their desire. They want an omnipotent power over existence; instead, they lose the power of their will (Thelema). By refusing to know, they condemn themselves to the horror of a perpetual unknown.

Those irrational wishes that draw you to their false creed, those emotions you worship as an idol, on whose altar you sacrifice the value of the earth, that dark, incoherent voice within you, which you take as the voice of God or of your glands, is nothing more than the corpse of your mind. You fear death so; but you're already dead and don't yet realize it. And the state of your death is simply a perpetual nightmare.

An emotion that clashes with your reason, an emotion that you cannot explain or control, is only the carcass of that stale thinking which you forbade your mind to revise.

Whenever you made the mistake of refusing to think and to see, of exempting from the absolute of reality some one small wish of yours, whenever you chose to say: 'Let me withdraw from the judgment of reason the cookies I stole, or the existence of God, let me have my one irrational whim and I will be a man of reason about all else'—that was the act of subverting your inherently divine animal will (Thelema), the act of corrupting your mind. Your mind then became a fixed jury who takes orders from a secret underworld, whose verdict distorts the evidence to fit an absolute it dares not touch—and a censored reality is the result, a splintered reality where the bits you chose to see are floating among the chasms of those you didn't, held together by that embalming fluid of the mind which is an emotion exempted from thought.

The links you strive to drown are causal connections. The enemy you seek to defeat is the law of causality: it permits you no miracles. The law of causality is the law of identity applied to action. All actions are caused by entities. The nature of an action is caused and determined by the nature of the entities that act; a thing cannot act in contradiction to its nature. An action not caused by an entity would be caused by a non-existent thing, which would mean an unreal thing controlling a real thing, a nonentity controlling an entity, the non-existent ruling the existent—which is the universe of your false prophets' desire, the cause of their dogmas of causeless action, the reason of their revolt against reason, the goal of their morality, their politics, their economics, the ideal they strive for: the reign of the imaginary ideal.

The law of identity does not permit you to have your cake and eat it, too. The law of causality does not permit you to eat your cake before you have it.

But if you drown both laws in the blanks of your mind, if you pretend to yourself and to others that you don't see—then you can try to proclaim your right to eat your cake today and mine tomorrow, you can preach that the way to have a cake is to eat it first, before you bake it, that the way to produce is to start by consuming, that "all wishers have an equal claim to all things, since nothing is caused by anything. The corollary of the causeless in matter is the unearned in spirit.

Whenever you rebel against causality, your motive is the fraudulent desire, not to escape it, but worse: to reverse it. You want unearned love, as if love, the effect, could give you personal value, the cause—you want unearned admiration, as if admiration, the effect, could give you virtue, the cause—you want unearned wealth, as if wealth, the effect, could give you talent, the cause—you plead for mercy, not justice, as if an unearned forgiveness could wipe out the cause of your plea. And to indulge your ugly little shams, you support the restrictive dogmas of your primitive rainmakers, while they run hog-wild proclaiming that spending, the effect, creates riches, the cause, that machinery, the effect, creates intelligence, the cause, that your sexual "perversions", the effect, create your neuroses, the cause.

Who pays for the feast? Who causes the causeless? Who are the victims, condemned to remain unacknowledged and to perish in silence, lest their agony disturb your pretense that they do not exist? We are, the masters of the mind. We are the cause of all the values that you covet, we who perform the process of thinking, which is the process of defining identity and discovering causal connections. We taught you to know, to speak, to produce beauty or value, to desire, to love. You who abandon reason—were it not for us who preserve it, you would not be able to fulfill or even to conceive your wishes. You would not be able to desire the clothes that had not been made, the automobile that had not been invented, the money that had not been devised, as

exchange for goods that did not exist, the admiration that had not been experienced for men who had achieved nothing, the love that belongs and pertains only to those who preserve their capacity to think, to choose, to value.

You—who leap like a savage out of the jungle of your feelings into New York's Fifth Avenue and proclaim that you want to burn the lights, but to stop our reliance on oil—it is our wealth that you use while condemning us, it is our value that you use while damning us, it is our language that you use while denying the mind.

You fakers of God invented your Heaven in the image of our earth, omitting our existence, and promised us rewards created by miracle out of non-matter.

For centuries, the fakers had existed by running a protection racket—by making life on earth unbearable, then charging us for consolation and relief, by forbidding all the virtues that make existence possible, then riding on the shoulders of our guilt, by declaring production and joy to be sins, then collecting blackmail from the sinners. We, the men of the will (Thelema), were the unnamed victims of their creed, we who were willing to break their religious lies and to bear damnation for the sin of independent will—we who thought and acted, while they wished and prayed—we who were moral outcasts, we who were bootleggers of life when life was held to be a crime—while they basked in moral glory for the virtue of surpassing material greed and of distributing in selfless charity the material goods produced by—a Providence of fantasy.

Now we are chained and commanded to produce by savages who do not acknowledge us to be worth aught but sacrifice and death (the wages of sin being death so they say)—by savages who proclaim that our condition is a sin, then threaten to deprive us of the life we don't deserve (because of their imagined sin!), if we fail to provide them with

the goods we (so they assert) don't need. Now we are expected to continue running railroads and to know the minute when a train will arrive after crossing the span of a continent, we are expected to continue running steel mills and to know the molecular structure of every drop of metal in the cables of your bridges and in the body of the airplanes that support you in mid-air—while the tribes of your grotesque little god-fearing heathen fight over the carcass of our world, gibbering in “tongues” that there are no principles, no absolutes, no knowledge, no mind.

Dropping below the level of a savage, who believes that the spells he utters have the power to alter reality, they believe that reality can be altered by the power of the prayers they do *not* utter—and their doctrine is the lie, the pretense that nothing can come into existence beyond their dogmatic approval.

As they feed on stolen wealth in body, so they feed on stolen concepts in mind, and proclaim that honesty consists of refusing to know that one is stealing. As they use effects while denying causes, so they use our concepts while denying the roots and the existence of the concepts they are using. As they seek, not to build, but to take over industrial plants, so they seek, not to think, but to take over human thinking.

For centuries, the Christians have proclaimed that faith is superior to reason, but have not dared deny the existence of reason.

Their heirs have completed their job and achieved their dream: they proclaim that everything is faith, and call it a revolt against believing. As revolt against unproved assertions, they proclaim that nothing can be proved; as revolt against supernatural knowledge, they proclaim that no knowledge is possible; as revolt against the enemies of science, they proclaim that science is superstition; as revolt against the enslavement of

the mind, they proclaim that there is no will but God's.

If you surrender your power to perceive, if you accept the switch of your standard from the Thelemic to the Christian and wait for prayer-babies to tell you what to think, you will find another switch taking place before the eyes you have renounced: you will find that your prayer-babies become the rulers of everything, and if you then refuse to obey them, protesting that they are not the whole of mankind, they will answer:

“O ye of little faith, God will reward you in Heaven...”

...which is, of course, the same exact thing that Islamic extremists say, except that they like to spice it up with heavenly virgins.

If you doubt that such is their purpose, observe with what passionate consistency the Christians are striving to make you forget that a concept such as 'will' even exists outside of “God”. Observe the twists of undefined verbiage, the words with rubber meanings, the terms left floating in midstream, by means of which they try to get around the recognition of the concept of 'will.' Your will, they tell you, consists of 'reflexes,' 'reactions,' 'experiences,' 'urges,' and 'drives' (all of which quite evil)—so as to establish that they have the higher moral ground. Then they pounce, extracting from you promises and well-wishes and law-changes, all to accommodate their demands.

Make no mistake about the character of Christians. To undercut your free will has always been their only purpose throughout the ages —and power, the power to rule you by force, has always been their only lust.

From the rites of the jungle witch-doctors, which distorted reality into grotesque absurdities, stunted the minds of their victims and kept them in terror of

the supernatural for stagnant stretches of centuries —to the superstitious doctrines of the Middle Ages, which kept men huddling on the mud floors of their hovels, in terror that the devil might steal the soup they had worked eighteen hours to earn—to the seedy little smiling evangelist who assures you that your brain has no capacity to think, that you have no means of perception and must blindly obey the omnipotent will of that hollow idol called God: all of it is the same performance for the same and only purpose, to reduce you to the kind of pulp that has surrendered its will.

But it cannot be done to you without your consent. If you permit it to be done, you deserve it.

When you listen to a Christian's harangue on the impotence of the human will and begin to doubt your will, not his, when you permit your precariously semi-rational state to be shaken by any assertion and decide it is safer to trust his superior certainty and knowledge, the joke is on both of you: your sanction is the only source of certainty he has. The supernatural power that a mystic dreads, the unknowable spirit he worships, the consciousness he considers omnipotent is—yours.

A Christian is a man who surrendered his mind at its first encounter with the minds of others. Somewhere in the distant reaches of his childhood, when his own understanding of reality clashed with the assertions of others, with their arbitrary orders and contradictory demands, he gave in to so craven a fear of dependence that he renounced his rational faculty. At the crossroads of the choice between 'I know' and 'They say,' he chose the authority of others, he chose to submit rather than to understand, to believe rather than to think. Faith in the supernatural begins as faith in the superiority of others. His surrender took the form of the feeling that he must hide his lack of understanding, that others possess some mysterious knowledge of which he alone is deprived, that reality is whatever they want it to be, through some means forever

denied to him.

From then on, afraid to think, he is left at the mercy of unidentified feelings. His feelings become his only guide, his only remnant of personal identity, he clings to them with ferocious possessiveness—and whatever thinking he does is devoted to the struggle of hiding from himself that the nature of his feelings is terror.

When a heathen declares that he feels the existence of a power superior to reason, he *feels* it all right, but that power is *not* an omniscient super-spirit of the universe, it is rather the whim of any passer-by to whom he has surrendered his own. A heathen is driven by the urge to impress, to cheat, to flatter, to deceive, to force that omnipotent will of God (false thelema) on others. 'They' are his only key to reality, he feels that he cannot exist save by harnessing their will and extorting their unaccountable consent. 'They' are his only means of perception and, like a blind man who depends on the sight of a dog, he feels he must leash them in order to live. To control the consciousness of others becomes his only passion; power-lust is a weed that grows only in the vacant lots of an abandoned mind.

*Every monster is a fundamentalist, and every fundamentalist is a potential monster.*

A God-addict craves *obedience* from men, not their agreement. He wants them to surrender their consciousness to *his* assertions, *his* edicts, *his* wishes, *his* whims—as *his* will is surrendered to theirs. He wants to deal with men by means of faith and force—he finds no satisfaction in their consent if he must earn it by means of facts and reason. Reason is the enemy he dreads and, simultaneously, considers precarious; reason, to him, is a means of deception; he feels that men possess some power more potent than reason—and only their causeless belief or their forced obedience can give him a sense of security, a proof that he has gained control of the

“spiritual” endowment he lacked.

His lust is to command, not to convince: conviction requires an act of independence and rests on the absolute of an objective reality. What he seeks is power over reality and over men's means of perceiving it, their mind, the power to interpose his will between existence and consciousness, as if, by agreeing to fake the reality he orders them to fake, men would, in fact, create it.

Just as the Christian is a parasite in matter, who expropriates the wealth created by others—just as he is a parasite in spirit, who plunders the ideas created by others—so he falls below the level of a lunatic who creates his own distortion of reality, to the level of a leech of lunacy who seeks a distortion created by others.

There is only one state that fulfills the Christian's longing for Heaven, non-causality, non-identity: death. No matter what unintelligible causes he ascribes to his incommunicable feelings, whoever rejects reality rejects existence—and the feelings that move him from then on are hatred for all the values of man's life, and lust for all the evils that destroy it, A Christian relishes the spectacle of suffering, of poverty, subservience and terror; these give him a feeling of triumph, a proof of the defeat of rational reality. But no other reality exists. His much-hoped-for Heaven is a lie, and his Hell is a non-existent threat contrived to force the herd into compliance.

No matter whose welfare he *professes* to serve, be it the welfare of God or of that disembodied gargoyle he describes as 'The People,' no matter what ideal he proclaims in terms of some supernatural dimension—in fact, in reality, on earth, his ideal is death, his craving is to kill, his only satisfaction is to torture.

Destruction is the only end that the Christian's creed has ever achieved, as it is the only end that you see them achieving today, and if the ravages

wrought by their acts have not made them question their doctrines, if they profess to be moved by love, yet are undeterred by piles of human corpses slain as a direct consequence of their lying doctrine, their heinous God, their unjust rule of law, their hypocritical false values, their hypocritical community standards, their attack on the American right to free speech, their Crusades, their Inquisition, their mass-murderous burning of Witches, their book-burnings which robbed all posterity of countless pagan treasures, their complete and utter hatred of natural humanity, it is because the truth about their souls is that they are utterly ignoble and beyond hope of rescue. It is as simple as that: there is no hope for them nor a place for them in anything remotely resembling civilization.

You who're depraved enough to believe that you could adjust yourself to a fundamentalist's sick twisted patriarchal dictatorship and could please him by obeying his orders—there is no way to please him; when you obey, he will demand more orders more heinous than before; he seeks obedience for the sake of obedience and destruction for the sake of destruction.

You who are craven enough to believe that you can make terms with a fundamentalist by giving in to his extortions—there is no way to buy him off, the bribe he wants is your life, as slowly or as fast as you are willing to give it in—and the monster he seeks to bribe is the hidden ego in his own mind, which drives him to kill in order not to learn that the death he desires is his own.

You who are innocent enough to believe that the forces let loose in your world today are moved by greed for material plunder—the Christians' scramble for spoils is only a screen to conceal from their mind the nature of their motive. Wealth is a means of human life, and they clamor for wealth in imitation of living beings, to pretend to themselves that they desire to live. But their swinish indulgence in plundered luxury is not enjoyment, it is escape.

They do not want to own your fortune, they want you to lose it; they do not want to succeed, they want you to fail along with them; they do not want to live, and they want you to die with them; they desire nothing, they hate existence, and they keep running, each trying not to learn that the object of his hatred is not the Devil, the World, and Mankind (*our* trinity, equating to “The Beast 666” -primal man- , “Babylon” the Great Whore – primal woman - and the “Sacred Animal” of man and beast which is not sacrificed but treated as divine), but instead simply himself that he really hates most, when it is in actual fact that very self he'd be better off deifying – better by far than some impossibly outrageous unnatural ideal.

You who've never grasped the nature of evil, you who describe us as 'misguided hedonists'—may the demon you invented forgive you!—*you* are the essence of evil, yea, even *you*, the anti-life black-hearted spectre of antiquity, who seeks, by devouring the world, to fill the selfless emptiness of your soul. Oh yes and you want our money too. Yours is a conspiracy against the mind, which means: against life and man, against all reason, against science, against the planet, against nature, and against our pocketbooks.

It is a conspiracy without leader or direction, and the random little thugs of the moment who cash in on the agony of one land or another are chance scum riding the torrent from the broken dam of the sewer of centuries, from the reservoir of hatred for reason, for logic, for ability, for achievement, for joy, stored by every whining anti-human who ever preached the superiority of the 'heart' over the mind.

You have never discovered the New Era of divine man that has been upon you for the last century, the Age of Man & Beast, which is the era of the Devil so you say—and you cling to the outdated law of the barbaric times when a miserable form of human subsistence was produced by the muscular

labor of slaves. Christians have always been slaves, first as Jews they were slaves of Egypt, then those that recognized the Jewish demon in Christ became slaves to that. But you, you grotesque little atavists, stare blindly at the spaceships and advances in medicine around you and dream of enslaving the material providers who are scientists, inventors, and other geniuses.

You proclaim yourself unable to harness the forces of inanimate matter, yet propose to harness the minds of men who are able to achieve the feats you cannot equal. You proclaim that you cannot survive without us, yet propose to dictate the terms of our survival. You proclaim that you need us, yet indulge the impertinence of asserting your right to rule us by force—and expect that we, who are not afraid of that human nature which so repulses you, will cower at the sight of any lout who has talked you into voting him a chance to command us.

You propose to establish a community based on the following tenets: that you're incompetent to run your own life, but competent to run the lives of others—that you're unfit to exist in freedom, but fit to become an omnipotent ruler—that you're unable to earn your living by the use of your own intelligence (instead letting an imaginary divine friend – as forever enshrined in some red-letter bible – do your thinking for you), but able to judge politicians and to vote them into jobs of total power over arts you would prefer never to see, over sciences you refuse to accept, over achievements of which you have no potential, over the gigantic industries where you, by your own definition of your capacity, would be unable successfully to fill the job of assistant greaser.

This hollow idol of your cult of imaginary theism, this symbol of impotence—the congenital dependent—is *your* image of man and *your* standard of value, in whose likeness you strive to refashion your soul. 'It's only human,' you cry in defense of any depravity, reaching the stage of self-abasement

where you seek to make the concept 'human' mean the weakling, the fool, the rotter, the liar, the failure, the coward, the fraud, and to exile from the human race the hero, the thinker, the producer, the inventor, the strong, the purposeful, the pure—as if 'to feel' were human, but to think were not, as if to fail were human, but to succeed were not, as if corruption were human, but real virtue were not — as if the premise of death were proper to man, but the premise of life were not.

In order to deprive us of honor, that you may then deprive us of our cash, you have always regarded us as animals who deserve no moral recognition. Well that we are; but so are you too, only you won't admit it, denying Darwinism as you do.

The infamous times you call the Dark Ages were an era of intelligence on strike, when men of ability went underground and lived undiscovered, studying in secret, and died, destroying the works of their genius, when only a few of the bravest of warriors remained to keep the human race alive. Every period ruled by Christian and Muslim and Jewish heathens was an era of stagnation and want, when most men were on strike against existence, working for less than their barest survival, leaving nothing but scraps for their tyrants to loot, refusing to think, to venture, to produce, when the ultimate beneficiary of their properties and wealth, the final authority on truth or error, was the whim of some gilded degenerate sanctioned by theocracy as superior to reason by “divine right” and by grace of a club.

The road of human history was a string of blackouts over sterile stretches eroded by faith in a lie and by thuggish force, with only a few brief bursts of sunlight, when the released energy of the men of reason performed the wonders you gaped at, admired and promptly extinguished again.

But there will be no extinction, this time. The game of the fundamentalists is up. You will perish in and

by your own unreality. We, the men and women of enlightened reason and sanctified will (Thelema) will inherit the power of the nations of earth.

You, who dare to regard us as the moral inferiors of any wild-eyed “prophet” who claims supernatural visions—you, who scramble like vultures for unearned donations, yet honor a bunch of delusional fortune-tellers above a fortune maker—you, who scorn a businessman as ignoble, but esteem any posturing evangelist as exalted—the root of your standards is that primitive miasma which comes from primordial swamps, that cult of death called Christianity, which pronounces a man immoral by reason of the fact that he is alive. You, who claim that you long to rise above the crude concerns of the carnal body, above the drudgery of serving mere physical needs—who is enslaved by physical needs: the Hindu who labors from sunrise to sunset at the shafts of a hand-plow for a bowl of rice, or the American who is driving a tractor? Who is the conqueror of physical reality: the man who sleeps on a bed of nails or the man who sleeps on an inner-spring mattress? Which is the monument to the triumph of the human spirit over matter: the germ-eaten hovels on the shorelines of the Ganges or the Atlantic skyline of New York, minus two certain towers?

Unless you learn the answers to these questions—and learn to stand at reverent attention when you face the achievements of man's wonderful animal will (Thelema) —you will not stay much longer on this earth, which we love and will not permit you to damn. You will not sneak by with the rest of your lifespan. I have foreshortened the usual course of history and have let you discover the nature of the payment you had hoped to switch to the shoulders of others. It is the last of your own living power that will now be drained to provide the unearned for the worshippers and carriers of death. Do not pretend that Satan defeated you—you were defeated by your own evasions. Do not pretend that you will perish for a noble ideal—you will perish as fodder for the

haters of man.

But to those of you who still retain a remnant of the dignity and will to love one's life, I am offering a choice.

Choose whether you wish to perish for a lie you have never believed or practiced. Pause on the brink of self-destruction and examine your values and your life. You had known how to take an inventory of your wealth. Now take an inventory of your mind.

Since childhood, you have been hiding the guilty secret that you feel no desire to be “virtuous”, no desire to seek self-immolation, that you dread and hate your so-called divine law, but dare not say it even to yourself, that you're devoid of those moral 'instincts' which others profess to feel.

The less you felt, the louder you proclaimed your selfless love and servitude to others, in dread of ever letting them discover your own self, the self that you betrayed, the self that you kept in concealment, like a skeleton in the closet of your body. And they, who were at once your dupes and your deceivers, they listened and voiced their loud approval, in dread of ever letting you discover that they were harboring the same unspoken secret. Existence among you is a giant pretense, an act you all perform for one another, each feeling that he is the only guilty freak, each placing his moral authority in the unknowable known only to others, each faking the reality he feels they expect him to fake, none having the courage to break the vicious circle.

No matter what dishonorable compromise you've made with your impracticable creed, no matter what miserable balance, half-cynicism, half-superstition, you now manage to maintain, you still preserve the root, the lethal tenet: the belief that the Godly and the practical are opposites. Since childhood, you have been running from the terror of a choice you have never dared fully to identify: If

the practical, whatever you must practice to exist, whatever works, succeeds, achieves your purpose, whatever brings you food and joy, whatever profits you, is evil—and if the good, the Godly, is the impractical, whatever fails, destroys, frustrates, whatever injures you and brings you loss or pain—then your choice is to be Godly or to live.

The sole result of that murderous doctrine was to remove Godliness from life. You grew up to believe that Godly laws bear no relation to the job of living, except as an impediment and threat, that man's existence is an amoral jungle where anything goes and anything works.

And in that fog of switching definitions which descends upon a frozen mind, you have forgotten that the evils damned by your creed were the virtues required for living, and you have come to believe that actual evils are the practical means of existence. Forgetting that the impractical 'good' was self-sacrifice, you believe that ego is impractical; forgetting that the practical 'evil' was production, you believe that robbery is practical.

Swinging like a helpless branch in the wind of an uncharted moral wilderness; you dare not fully to be evil or fully to live. When you are honest, you feel the resentment of a sucker; when you cheat, you feel terror and shame. When you are happy, your joy is diluted by guilt; when you suffer, your pain is augmented by the feeling that pain is your natural state. You pity the men you admire, you believe they are doomed to fail; you envy the men you hate, you believe they are the masters of existence. You feel disarmed when you come up against a scoundrel: you believe that evil is bound to win, since the good is the impotent, the impractical.

Godliness, to you, is a phantom scarecrow made of duty, of boredom, of punishment, of pain, a cross-breed between your first despised schoolteacher then and your tax collector now, a scarecrow standing in a barren field, waving a stick

to chase away your pleasures —and pleasure, to you, is a liquor-soggy brain, a lustless monogamy, the stupor of a moron who gives his cash to some rich hypocritical evangelist, since self-gratification cannot be moral.

You, primitive heathen, who are half-rational, half-coward, you have been playing a con game with reality, but the victim you have conned is yourself. When men reduce their virtues to the approximate, then an evil lie acquires the force of an absolute, when loyalty to an unyielding purpose is dropped by the great, it's picked up by scoundrels—and you get the indecent spectacle of a cringing, bargaining, traitorous good and a self-righteously uncompromising evil.

At the end of your road of successive betrayals, stripped of weapons, of certainty, of honor, you commit your final act of treason and sign your petition of intellectual bankruptcy: you agree and hasten to proclaim that faith is your cardinal principle, that reason is on the side of your destroyers, but yours is the side of faith. To the struggling remnants of rational honesty in the twisted, bewildered minds of your children, you declare that you can offer no rational argument to support the ideas that created this country, that there is no rational justification for freedom, for property, for justice, for rights, that they rest on a God-given insight and can be accepted only on faith, that in reason and logic the enemy is right, but faith is superior to reason. You declare to your children that it is rational to loot, to torture, to enslave, to expropriate, to murder, but that they must resist the temptations of the body, and ignore logic, and stick to the discipline of remaining irrational, by conceding everything to churches and not sciences. (Case in point: stem-cell research.)

Then you wonder why your children rebel and join cults or become half-crazed delinquents, you wonder why the turmoils of a dying world keep creeping closer to your doors—and you blame it on

human stupidity, declaring that the masses are impervious to reason.

Every act of man's life has to be willed; the mere act of obtaining or eating his food implies that the person he preserves is worthy of being preserved; every pleasure he seeks to enjoy implies that the person who seeks it is worthy of finding enjoyment. He has no choice about his need of ego, his only choice is the standard by which to gauge it. And he makes his fatal error when he switches this gauge protecting his life into the service of his own destruction, when he chooses a standard contradicting existence and sets his ego against reality.

Every form of causeless self-doubt, every feeling of inferiority and secret unworthiness is, in fact, man's hidden dread of his inability to deal with existence. But the greater his terror, the more fiercely he clings to the murderous doctrines that choke him. No man can survive the moment of pronouncing himself irredeemably evil; should he do it, his next moment is insanity or suicide. To escape it—if he's chosen an irrational standard—he will fake, evade, blank out; he will cheat himself of reality, of existence, of happiness, of mind; and he will ultimately cheat himself of self-esteem by struggling to preserve its illusion rather than to risk discovering its lack. To fear to face an issue is to believe that the worst is true.

It is not any crime you have ever committed that infects your soul with permanent guilt, it is none of your failures, errors or flaws, but the lie by which you attempt to evade them—it is not any sort of Original Sin or unknown prenatal deficiency, but the knowledge and fact of your basic default, of suspending your mind, of refusing to think. Fear and guilt are your chronic emotions, they are real and you do deserve them, but they don't come from the superficial reasons you invent to disguise their cause, not from your 'selfishness,' weakness or ignorance, but from a real and basic threat to your

existence: self-destruction, because you have abandoned your weapon of survival, *self-love*.

The self you have betrayed is your true will (Thelema); and healthy ego is reliant on one's power to think. The ego you really need, that essential 'you' which you cannot express or define (i.e. Thelema), is not your emotions or inarticulate dreams, but your intellect, that judge of your supreme tribunal whom you've impeached in order to drift at the mercy of any stray shyster you describe as your 'feeling.' Then you drag yourself through a self-made night, in a desperate quest for a mystical fire, moved by some fading vision of a dawn you had dreamt and lost.

Observe the persistence, in mankind's mythologies, of the legend about a paradise that men had once possessed, the city of Atlantis or the Garden of Eden or some kingdom of perfection, always behind us. The root of that legend exists, not in the past of the race, but in the past of every man. You still retain a sense—not as firm as a memory, but diffused like the pain of hopeless longing—that somewhere in the early years of your childhood, before you had learned to submit, to absorb the terror of unreason and to doubt the value of your mind, you had known a radiant state of existence, you had known the independence of a rational consciousness facing an open universe. That is the paradise which you have lost, which you seek—which is yours for the taking.

Some of you will never know what I mean by the word Thelema. But those of you who have known a single moment of love (Agape) for existence and of pride in being its worthy lover, a moment of looking at this earth and letting your glance be its sanction, have known the state of being a king.

That choice is yours to make. That choice—the dedication to one's highest potential—is made by accepting the fact that the noblest act you have ever performed is the act of your will (Thelema) in the

process of accepting reality.

Whoever you are—whatever sort of primitive shaman, with nothing but your delusions to help you understand—the choice is still open to be a human being, but the price is to start from scratch, to stand naked in the face of reality and, reversing a costly historical error, to declare: I am, therefore I'll think.

Accept the irrevocable fact that your life depends upon your mind. Admit that the whole of your struggle, your doubts, your fakes, your evasions, was a desperate quest for escape from the responsibility of a volitional consciousness—a quest for automatic knowledge, for instinctive action, for intuitive certainty—and while you called it a longing for the state of an angel, what you were seeking was the state of an animal. Accept, as your moral ideal, the task of becoming what you really are, not whatever you think you want to be.

Do not say that you're afraid to trust your mind because you know so little. Are you safer in conceding everything to close-minded fundamentalists and discarding the little that you know? Live and act within the limit of your knowledge and keep expanding it to the limit of your life. Redeem your mind from the thieving lenders of authority. Accept the fact that you are not omniscient, but playing a zombie will not give you omniscience—that your mind is fallible, but becoming mindless will not make you infallible—that an error made on your own is safer than ten truths accepted on faith, because the first leaves you the means to correct it, but the second destroys your capacity to distinguish truth from error. In place of your dream of an omniscient automaton, accept the fact that any knowledge man acquires is acquired by his own will and effort, and that *that* is his distinction in the universe, *that* is his nature, his morality, and his glory.

Discard that unlimited license to evil which consists

of claiming that man is imperfect. By what standard do you damn him when you claim it? Accept the fact that in the realm of morality nothing less than perfection will do. But perfection is not to be gauged by God's commandments to practice the impossible, and your moral stature is not to be gauged by matters not open to your choice. Man has a single basic choice: to think or not, and that is the gauge of his virtue. Moral perfection is an unbreached rationality—not the degree of your intelligence, but the full and relentless use of your mind, not the extent of your knowledge, but the acceptance of reason as an absolute.

Learn to distinguish the difference between errors of knowledge and breaches of holiness. An error of knowledge is not a moral flaw, provided you are willing to correct it; only a Christian would judge human beings by the standard of an impossible, automatic omniscience. But a breach of morality is the conscious choice of an action you know to be wrong, or a willful evasion of knowledge, a suspension of sight and of thought.

Accept the fact that the achievement of your happiness is the only moral purpose of your life, and that happiness—not pain or mindless self-sacrifice—is the proof of your moral integrity, since it is the proof and the result of your loyalty to the achievement of your real values.

You are your own God now. It is the age where man's will (Thelema) becomes synonymous with true sanctity, when Darwinism is holy creed and science our global fundamental religion. The Beast is no longer sacrificed at the altar of man's mythological gods; instead, it is sacred, all animal life is sacred, the planet is sacred, and we humans are also sacred animals, not sheepish Christians who let themselves and their children get led to slaughter at the hands of such a hateful, atrocious monster as God – no, we are rather like the lions that savored the meat of Christians.

Happiness was the responsibility you dreaded, it required the kind of rational discipline you did not value yourself enough to assume—and the anxious staleness of your days is the monument to your evasion of the knowledge that there is no moral substitute for happiness, that there is no more despicable coward than the man who deserted the battle for his will (Thelema), fearing to assert his right to existence, lacking the courage and the loyalty to life of a bird or a flower reaching for the sun. Discard the protective rags of that vice which you called a virtue: humility—learn to value yourself, which means: to fight for your happiness—and when you learn that pride is the sum of all virtues, you will learn to live like a lion.

As a basic step of self-esteem, learn to treat as the mark of a conman anyone's demand for your money. To demand it for God (*his* God, not yours) is to claim that your life is his property—and loathsome as such claim might be, there's something still more loathsome: your agreement. Do you ask if it's ever proper to give to a con-artist? No—if he claims it as his right or as a moral duty that you owe him. Yes—if you're not self-destructive. Suffering as such is not a value; only man's fight against suffering, is. If you choose to help a man who suffers, do it only on the ground of his worth, of his ability to recover, of his intellectual record, or of the fact that he suffers unjustly; then your action is still a trade, and his worth is the payment for your help. But to help a man who has no worth, to help him on the ground of his suffering as such, to accept his faults, his need, as a claim —is to accept the mortgage of zero on your values. A man who has no worth is a hater of existence who acts on the premise of death; to help him is to sanction his evil and to support his career of destruction. Be it only a penny you will not miss or a kindly smile he has not earned, a tribute to a zero is treason to life and to all those who struggle to maintain it. It is of such pennies and smiles that the desolation of your world was made.

Do not say that my law of Thelema is too hard for you to practice and that you fear it as you fear the unknown. Whatever living moments you have known, were lived by the values of our law. But you stifled, negated, betrayed it. You kept sacrificing your worth to your God, and the best among men to the worst. Look around you: what you have done to society, you had done it first within your soul; one is the image of the other. This dismal wreckage, which is now your world, is the physical form of the treason you committed to your values, to your friends, to your defenders, to your future, to your country, and to yourself.

We Thelemites —whom you are now in certain grand occult ways at magical war against for the future of humanity —we had lived among you, but you failed to know us, you refused to think and to see what we were.

When you failed to give recognition to man's will (Thelema) and attempted to rule human beings by force—those who submitted had no mind to surrender; those who had, were men who don't submit. Thus the man of productive genius assumed in your world the disguise of a playboy and became a destroyer of wealth, choosing to annihilate his fortune rather than surrender it to guns. Thus the thinker, the man of reason, assumed in your world the role of a pirate, to defend his values by force against your force, rather than submit to the rule of brutality. Hail, all ye great minds of autocratic will (Thelema), my fellow masters, my fellow fighters, my fellow saints, my fellow kings, in whose name and honor I speak!

This country—the product of reason—could not survive on the morality of sacrifice. It was not built by men who sought self-torture. It could not stand on the Christian tyranny from which the founders of our country fled in the first place. It could not live by the Christian theocracy that damned this earth as evil and those who succeeded on earth as depraved. From its start, this country was a threat to the

ancient theocracy of Judaeo-Christianity. In the brilliant rocket-explosion of its youth, this country displayed to an incredulous world what greatness was possible to man, what happiness was possible on earth.

Neither he nor the rest of us will return until the road is clear to rebuild this country—until the wreckage of the morality of sacrifice has been wiped out of our way. A country's political system is based on its code of morality. We will strengthen America's leftist liberal system on the moral premise which had been its foundation, but which you treated as counter-cultural insurgency, in your frantic evasion of the conflict between that premise and your Christian conservative morality: the premise that man is an end in himself, not the means to the ends of others, that man's life, his freedom, his happiness are his by inalienable right.

You Christians who've lost the concept of a right, you who swing in impotent evasiveness between the claim that rights are a gift of God, a supernatural grace to be taken on faith, or the claim that rights are a gift of society, to be broken at its arbitrary whim—the source of man's rights is not divine law or congressional law, but the law of self-preservation. Animal Man is the only God. Rights are conditions of existence required by man's nature for his proper survival. If man is to live on earth, it is right for him to use his mind, it is right to act on his own free will, it is right to work for his values and to keep the product of his work. If life on earth is his purpose, he has a right to live as a rational being: nature forbids him the irrational. Any church, any gang, any nation that attempts to negate man's rights, is wrong, which means: is evil, which means: is anti-human.

Rights are a moral concept—and morality is a matter of choice. Men are free not to choose man's survival as the standard of their morals and their laws, but not free to escape from the fact that the alternative is a cannibal society, which exists for a

while by devouring its best and collapses like a cancerous body, when the great have been eaten by the stupid, when the rational have been consumed by the irrational. Such has been the fate of your societies in history, but you've evaded the knowledge of the cause. Just as man cannot live by means of the irrational, so two men cannot, or two thousand, or two billion. Just as man can't succeed by defying reality, so a nation can't, or a country, or a globe.

We, the men and women of Thelema, we who are masters not slaves, do not deal in blank checks or grant them. We do not live or work with any form of the non-objective.

So long as men, in the era of savagery, had no concept of objective reality and believed that physical nature was ruled by the whim of unknowable demons—no thought, no science, no production were possible. Only when men discovered that nature was a firm, predictable absolute were they able to rely on their knowledge, to choose their course, to plan their future and, slowly, they realized that they really didn't need the shamans to make the sun rise. So we came to realize, as we matured even more, that we didn't need any Church with empty coffers for us to fill in order to get into Heaven.

The man at the top of the intellectual pyramid contributes the most to all those below him, but gets nothing except his material payment, receiving no intellectual bonus from others to add to the value of his time. The man at the bottom who, left to himself, would starve in his hopeless ineptitude, contributes nothing to those above him, but receives the bonus of all of their brains. Such is the nature of the 'competition' between the strong and the weak of intellect. Such is the pattern of 'exploitation' for which you have condemned the strong will (Thelema).

Such was the service we had given you and were

glad and willing to give. What did we ask in return? Nothing but freedom. We required that you leave us free to function—free to think and to work as we choose—free to take our own risks and to bear our own losses—free to earn our own profits and to make our own fortunes—free to gamble on your rationality, to submit our products to your judgment for the purpose of a voluntary trade, to rely on the objective value of our work and on your mind's ability to see it—free to count on your intelligence and honesty, and to deal with nothing but your mind.

Such was the price we asked, which you chose to reject as too high. You decided to call it unfair that we, who had dragged you out of your hovels and provided you with modern apartments, with radios, movies and cars, should own our palaces and yachts—you decided that you had a right to your money, but we had no right to ours, that you did not want us to deal with you logically, but to deal, instead, with your gun. Our answer to that, was: 'May you be damned! Our answer came true. You are.

You did not care to compete in terms of intelligence—you are now competing in terms of brutality. You did not care to allow rewards to be won by successful production—you are now running a race in which rewards are won by successful plunder. You called it selfish and cruel that men should trade value for value—you have now established an unselfish society where they trade extortion for extortion. Your agenda is a legal crusade, against all the things of self-gratification, all the “ungodly” things, such as drugs, “obscenity”, prostitution, alcohol (in many counties in the southern United States it is illegal to sell alcohol at any time), all of you clamoring protestations to our gratification. You had said that you saw no difference between economic and political power, between the power of money and the power of guns—no difference between reward and punishment, no difference between purchase and plunder, no difference

between pleasure and fear, no difference between life and death.

You are learning the difference now. Some of you might plead the excuse of your ignorance, of a limited mind and a limited range. But the damned and the guiltiest among you are those who had the capacity to know, yet chose to ignore reality, those who were willing to sell their intelligence into cynical servitude to a lie: the contemptible breed of those idiot heathen dreamers who profess a devotion to some sort of 'God'— they are the doomed on this earth, theirs is the guilt beyond forgiveness.

Those who're making an effort to fail to understand me, at least know that you are not a concern of mine. I am speaking to those who desire to live and to recapture the honor of their soul. Now that you know the truth about your world, stop supporting your own destroyers. The evil of the world is made possible by nothing but the sanction you give it. Withdraw your sanction. Withdraw your support. Do not try to live on your enemies' terms or to win at a game where they're setting the rules. Do not seek the favor of those who enslaved you, do not beg for alms from those who have robbed you, be it subsidies, loans or jobs, do not join their team to recoup what they've taken by helping them rob your neighbors.

One cannot hope to maintain one's life by accepting bribes to condone one's destruction. Do not struggle for profit, success or security at the price of a lien on your right to exist. Such a lien is not to be paid off; the more you pay them, the more they will demand; the greater the values you seek or achieve, the more vulnerably helpless you become. Theirs is a system of white blackmail devised to bleed you, not by means of your sins, but by means of your love for self-satisfaction.

Do not attempt to agree to the terms of thuggish savages or to climb a ladder while they're holding it.

Do not allow their hands to touch the only power that keeps them in power: your living ambition. Defy them—destroy their anti-human base; they are a cancer on society. Use your mind and skill in private, extend your knowledge, develop your ability, but do not concede to them anything. Do not feed these leeches. Be the silent, incorruptible enemy they dread. Never volunteer a step in their direction, or a wish, or a plea, or a purpose. They are forever the enemies of mankind.

Do not help a holdup man to claim that he acts as your friend and benefactor. Do not help your jailers to pretend that their jail is your natural state of existence. Do not help them to fake reality. That fake is the only dam holding off their secret terror, the terror of knowing *they're* unfit to exist; remove it and let them drown; your sanction is their only life preserver.

Act as a rational being and aim at becoming a rallying point for all those who are starved for a voice of integrity—act on your rational values, whether alone in the midst of your enemies, or with a few of your chosen friends, or as the founder of a modest community on the frontier of mankind's rebirth. When the fundamentalists' reign collapses, deprived of the best of its slaves, when it falls to a level of ousted criminals, and Rabelais' liberating ideology of Thelema shatters the last ancient and outworn foundations of the evil empire that was theocratic religion—when the advocates of the morality of sacrifice perish with their final ideal—then and on that day we will openly reign.

We will open the gates of our great Babylon to those who deserve to enter, a city of sacred whores, holy hedonists, deified egoists, natural magicians and kings. With the banner of Θελημα (self-gratifying will) as our symbol—the sign of self-worship and self-love—we will move to reclaim this country and this world once more from the impotent savages who never discovered its nature, its meaning, its splendor. Those who choose to join

us, will join us; those who don't, will not have the power to stop us; hordes of savages have never been an obstacle to men who carried such a banner for such a worthy cause.

In that world, you'll be able to rise in the morning with the magic you had known in your childhood: that spirit of eagerness, adventure and certainty which comes from dealing with a rational universe. No child is afraid of nature; it is your fear of God that will vanish, the fear that has stunted your soul, the fear you acquired in your early encounters with the incomprehensible, the unpredictable, the contradictory, the arbitrary, the hidden, the faked, the irrational in men. You will live in a world of responsible beings, who will be as consistent and reliable as facts; the guarantee of their character will be a system of existence where objective reality is the standard and the judge. Your vices will be given protection, your hypocrisy and weakness will not. Every chance will be open to your value, none will be provided for your worthlessness.

What you'll receive from us will not be alms, or pity, or mercy, or forgiveness of sins, but a single value: justice. And when you'll look at fellow kings or at yourself, you will feel, not disgust, suspicion and guilt, but a single constant: respect.

Such is the future you are capable of winning. It requires a struggle; so does any human value. All life is a purposeful struggle, and your only choice is the choice of a noble goal. Do you wish to continue the battle of someone else's God or do you wish to fight for a kingdom we can rule together? Do you wish to continue a struggle that consists of clinging to precarious ledges in a sliding descent to an abyss, a struggle where the hardships you endure are irreversible and all your efforts bring you regression? Or do you wish to undertake a struggle that consists of rising from ledge to ledge in a steady ascent to the top, a struggle where the hardships are investments in your future, and the victories bring you irreversibly closer to the world of your true

natural ideal, and should you die without reaching full sunlight, you will die on a level touched by its rays? Such is the choice before you. Let your true will (Thelema) and your love (Agape) of existence decide.

The last of my words will be addressed to those heroes who might still be hidden in the world, those who are held prisoner, not by their evasions, but by their virtues and their desperate courage. My brothers and sisters in Thelema, check on your strengths and on the nature of the enemies who serve a false God against the welfare of humanity. Your destroyers fight you because of your endurance, your generosity, your innocence, your love—the endurance that carries their burdens—the generosity that responds to their cries of despair—the innocence that is unable to conceive of their ill and gives them the benefit of every doubt, refusing to condemn them without understanding and incapable of understanding such motives as theirs—the love, your love of life, which makes you believe that they are men and that they love it, too. But the tattered world of today is the world they wanted; life is the object of their hatred. Leave them to the death they worship. In the name of your noble devotion to this earth, leave them, don't exhaust the greatness of your soul on achieving the triumph of their misery.

In the name of the best within you, do not sacrifice this world to those who are its worst. In the name of the values that keep you alive, do not let your vision of man be distorted by the ugly, the cowardly, the mindless in those who have never achieved his title. Do not lose your knowledge that man's proper estate is an upright posture, an intransigent mind and a step that travels unlimited roads. Do not let your fire go out, spark by irreplaceable spark, in the hopeless swamps of the approximate, the not-quite, the not-yet, the not-at-all.

Do not let the Thelema that burns so fiercely in your chest extinguish, in lonely frustration for the

life you deserved, but have never been able to reach. Check your road and the nature of your battle. The world you desired can be won, it exists, it is real, it is possible, it's yours.

But to win it requires your total dedication and a total break with the world of your past, with the doctrine that man is a sacrificial animal who exists for the pleasure of others, but is in fact a sacred animal to be indulged and made happy. Fight for the value of your person. Fight for the virtue of your pride. Fight for the essence of that which is self: for your sovereign rational will (Thelema). Fight with the radiant certainty and the absolute rectitude of knowing that yours is the true law of life and that yours is the battle for any achievement, any value, any grandeur, any goodness, any joy that has ever existed on this earth.

You will win when you are ready to pronounce the oath I have taken at the start of my battle—and for those who wish to know the day of my return, I shall now repeat it to the hearing of the world:

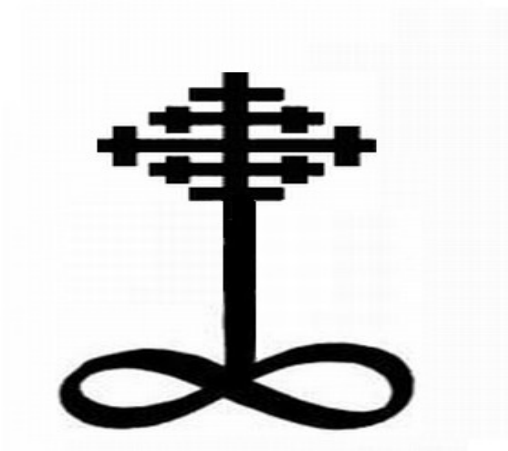
"I swear—by my life and my love of it—by my regency and my royal will (Thelema), that I will never live for the sake of another or his law, nor ask another to live for mine."

Everyone can, simply by resolving to do so, throw off the shackles of the slave-god religions, and become a supreme & holy king in his own right, a master among men, whose sole concern is to maximize his own sanctified gratification.

We are the proud royal few that rule over our own lives, and nurture our egos, and gratify our every spiritual and material desire. The slaves, who insist on being slaves, shall serve.



Ayn Rand



93.