

CHAPTER VII. THE STAR OF BABALON

By Frater Belarion

How shall I write of the mystery and the terror, of the wonder and pity and splendor of the sevenfold star that is BABALON, mother of abominations, drunken upon the blood of the saints? For here neither wit nor wisdom, nor even will alone, but only understanding and passive love avail.

What shall it avail the adept if he has conquered the fourfold elements, and spelled the riddle of the Sphinx? Here the price is the last drop of his life blood. He must go down like Moses, like Arthur and Tammuz into the dark land, following the swan Tuonella, into silence and winter and night. And there, before the dark mother of anarchy and abominations he shall be stripped of all power soever, until he is as naked and defenseless as a new born child, and in this he shall not prevail unless he yield all willingly, smiting the water of forgetfulness and partaking of the fountain of life, and of the bitter sweet mystery of understanding, and from that dark womb one shall be borne again, but it shall not be he.

She is the hag wife that was transformed by the chivalry of Gawain, Kundry that is overcome by the pure folly of Parsifal, Libann bride of Mannan, Life bride of Death. And in overcoming and surrender, and in the Tao that is beyond both of these shall he attain for she is the way to the crown.

But this mystery passeth speech. The mind reels and the intellect is smitten before even the idea of Woman and the dark Mother of Whom she is the bright shadow. But let the adept meditate on this: there are loves he has loved in this body and others, bright loves and dark loves, gay and sad, pure and perverse. And let him recall these loves in all the joy and sadness of illusion: in the wonder of morning and springtime, the glory of noonday and summer, the splendor of sunset and autumn. And let him distill these by subtle alchemy into the iridescent shape of heart's desire. Then let him consider this, that all men hold in their hearts the image of love, hymned by all poets, painted by all artists and sung in eternally great music. And this is patterned, as some say, after the image of the first love, the mother. But I say that that perfect image in the heart of man is patterned by the awful form in space time that shapes all women, the insatiable and eternal lust of Pan that is BABALON.

When let the adept meditate upon the first woman Lilith that devoureth her own children, and avatar of destruction, Venus, the whore averse, and let him likewise bend that shape of his dream. And let him look upon the Goddess that is the body of stars, and let him perceive that all these

are one. Then, with the serpent venom in his blood, and the lust unconquerable in his heart, let him invoke BABALON, yes, let him invoke BABALON.

And the adept will partake somewhat of this mystery in the continued devotion to any deity, since all gods are one.

Now it may be that the adept may have a mate upon the plane of earth, or among the elementals; and if he will, let him conceive of this mate as partaking of the nature of his deity, for herein is a subtle and beautiful practice of love. But woe unto him that confuses the planes, worshipping an image of clay while the sanctuary lies desolate and abandoned. For if his love be pure he shall attain the Infernal Rose, and partake of the sacrament of the Lord of Love, even as I, my brothers, even as I.

Now there is another mystery concerning BABALON that has been made known to me by my magical studies, and that is this, that BABALON is now incarnate on the earth in the form of a mortal woman. I do not know in whom or where she is incarnate. I do not know where or when she will manifest. That she is incarnate and that she will manifest; a banner before armies and a judgement of nations, I do know. There exists certain pertinent material on the subject which will be made available at the proper time. I may say no more on the matter at present.

Beyond this it is abundantly evident that the spirit of BABALON stirs in the women of the world. The demand for increased freedom, the rejection both of the tyrannical husband and the child lover, the increase of feminine polygamy and lesbianism, all indicate the development of a new type of woman, who will have a whole man or none. It is the business of the magician to develop himself into a man sufficient for the new woman that his own magical lust has engendered. It is his business to become a priest, in order that she may become the availing sacrifice that her nature demands. At the last it is a high mystery of this lance and the grail. It cannot be taught. Magick is a path, but for the end of the path there are no words, there is no language.

on whom you were incarnated.

It is through them that this work is possible. To them, to you BABALON, and through you to all men and women, it is dedicated.

Love is the law, love under will

Belialon.

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What shall it avail the adept if he has conquered the fourfold elements, and spelled the riddle of the Sphinx? Here the price is the last drop of his life blood. He must go down like Moses, like Arthur and Tammuz into the dark land, following the swan into Tuonella, into silence and winter and night. And there, before the ^{dark} mother of anarchy and abominations he shall be stripped of all power soever, until he is as naked and defenceless as a new born child, and in this he shall not prevail unless he yield all willingly, smiting the water of forgetfulness and partaking of the fountain of life, and in the bitter sweet mystery of understanding, and from that dark womb one shall be borne again, but it shall not be he.

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loves and dark loves, gay and sad, pure and perverse. And let him recall these loves in all the joy and sadness of illusion; in the wonder of morning and springtime, the glory of noonday and summer, the splendour of sunset and autumn. And let him distil these by subtle alchemy into the iridescent shape of heart's desire. Then let him consider this, that all men hold in their hearts the image of love, hymned by all poets, painted by all artists and sung in eternally great music. And this is patterned, as some say, after the image of the first love, the mother. But I say that that perfect image in the heart of man is patterned by the awful form in space time that shapes all women, the insatiable and eternal lust of Pan that is BABALON.

Then let the adept meditate upon that demon woman Lilith that devoureth her own children, and avatar of destruction, Venus, the whore everse, and let him likewise blend that shape to his dream. And let him look upon the Goddess that is the Body of stars, and let him perceive that all these are one. Then, with the serpent venom in his blood, and the lust unconquerable in his heart, let him invoke ^{AL} BABALON, yea, let him invoke BABALON.

And the adept will partake somewhat of this mystery in the continual devotion to any deity, since all gods are one.

Now it may be that the adept may have a mate upon the plane of earth, or among the elementals; and if he will, let him conceive of this mate as partaking of the nature of his humanity, for herein is a subtle and beautiful practice of love. But woe unto him that confuses the planes, worshipping an image of clay while the sanctuary lies desolate and abandoned. For if his love be pure he shall attain the Infernal Rose, and partake of the sacrament of the Lord of the Love (? Law T), even as I, my brothers, even as I.

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VIII OF FAMILIARS

To the adept who has established his balance in the sixfold star, and partaken of the nature of understanding, the service of familiars may be entertaining, instructive and even valuable towards the attainment of the great work. I quote from a certain secret document pertaining to the subject.

"The threefold work of the adept is a probation and preparation for illumination, and also for its own sake, and the permanent and practical value of its effects, is as follows:

1. Devotion to the highest intensified on all planes until it culminates in conjugal unions (as shown in Chapt VII). And the soul is to beget itself as a child for a new incarnation upon the body of the great goddess, as it is written. "O thou that hast formulated thy father and made fertile thy mother".

2. Acceptance of the devotion of a lower and partial being, such as a nymph or elemental in such wise that it is thereby redeemed and made a perfect soul through the death which it must pay as the price of union with man.