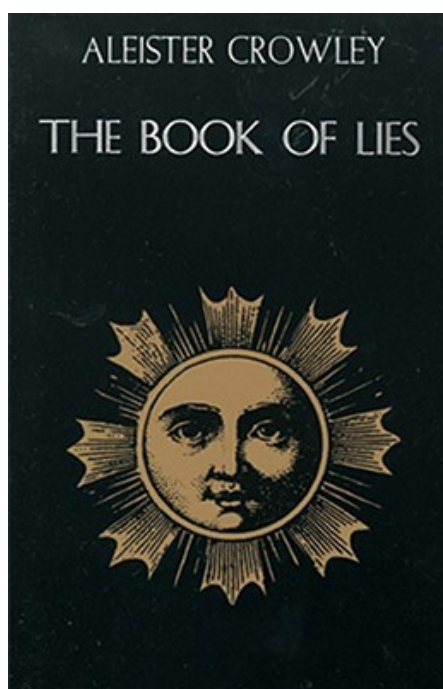




The Book of Lies

Aleister Crowley

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The Book of Lies Aleister Crowley

The Book of Lies (full title: *Which is also Falsely Called BREAKS. The Wanderings or Falsifications of the One Thought of Frater Perdurabo, which Thought is itself Untrue. Liber CCCXXXIII [Book 333]*) was written by English occultist Aleister Crowley (using the pen name of Frater Perdurabo) and first published in 1912 or 1913.

The book consists of 93 chapters, each of which consists of one page of text. The chapters include a question mark, poems, rituals, instructions, and obscure allusions and cryptograms. The subject of each chapter is generally determined by its number and its corresponding qabalistic meaning. Around 1921, Crowley wrote a short commentary about each chapter, assisting the reader in the qabalistic interpretation.

Several chapters and a photograph in the book reference Leila Waddell, who Crowley called Laylah, and who, as Crowley's influential Scarlet Woman, acted as his muse during the writing process of this volume.

The Book of Lies Details

Date : Published 2010 by Weiser Books (first published 1913)

ISBN : 9780877285168

Author : Aleister Crowley

Format : Paperback 196 pages

Genre : Occult, Philosophy, Nonfiction, Poetry, Religion, Thelema, Spirituality

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From Reader Review The Book of Lies for online ebook

Matt Evans says

INTRO:

Fascinating, often humorous, and mostly perplexing. Crowley was a modern-day mystic/pagan/occultist/Freemason, but mostly he seems to have enjoyed crafting paradoxes for the credulous.

The book consists of 91 paradoxes or little sayings. The spirt (but not letter) of which is meant to be koan-like. Kind of. Each of the 91 paradoxes has a commentary written by Crowley (who also calls himself Frater Perdurabo, Latin for Father Endurance).

Here's an example that will suffice for all:

LIE #16: THE STAG-BEETLE

Death implies change and individuality; if thou be
THAT which hath no person, which is beyond the
changing, even beyond changelessness, what hast
thou to do with death?

The birth of individuality is ecstasy; so also is its death.

In love the individuality is slain; who loves not love?
Love death therefore, and long eagerly for it.
Die Daily.

16A: COMMENTARY BY CROWLEY

This seems a comment on the previous chapter [i.e., Lie #15, The Gun Barrel:]; the Stag-Beetle is a reference to Keph-ra, the Egyptian God of Midnight, who bears the Sun through the Underworld; but it is called the Stag-Beetle to emphasise [sic; British variant spelling:] his horns. Horns are the universal hieroglyph of energy, particularly of Phallic energy.

The 16th key of the Tarot is "The Blasted Tower". In this chapter death is regarded as a form of marriage. Modern Greek peasants, in many cases, cling to Pagan belief, and suppose that in death they are united to the Deity which they have cultivated during life. This is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" (Shakespeare).

In the last paragraph the Master urges his pupils to practise [again, sic:] Samadhi every day.

16B: MY COMMENTARY

Samadhi: In HINDUISM is: a state of deep concentration resulting in union with or absorption into ultimate reality. In BUDDHISM is: the meditative concentration that is the final step of the Eightfold Path. in JAINISM is: spiritual self-fulfillment. Enlightenment.

Ecstasy: This comes from the Greek word "ekstasis," which itself comes from "existanai," which refers to a coming out of (a) place or to come out of. In its most literal sense, then, ecstasy refers to a kind of joyous

transcendence of self.

CONCLUSION:

Great fun and interesting if you're into this kind of thing. (Which I guess I obviously kind of am.) Also: learn a great new vocab word to describe the rumbling sound of gas in the intestinal tract: borborygmus. Say it to yourself a few times (or ten) and you'll understand where the word came from!

Dan Welch says

Definitely my favourite Crowley book so far. This book seems to possess an underlying stillness that transcends rational analysis. In fact Crowley makes numerous references to the paradox of parading the ineffable as literature.

An understanding of Zen\Sufism\Qabalah or Thelema is likely to add depth to the interpretation. Personally I've used passages from this book as koans with interesting results.

Probably not a good starter for someone new to Crowley, but nonetheless a remarkable collection of work.

Lynn says

I am just curious about this....

Just to set things straight-I'm an open-minded Christian and knowing his "legacy," I can't help but be curious about this dark person deemed as "evil."

I'll get around to reading this someday...but for now, I'm focusing on World Religions- Zoroastrianism, Islam, Judaism, Christianity, and later Buddhism, Hinduism.....etc...

update:

I am no longer "Christian," actually. I now consider myself more of a secular humanist.

Chris Feldman says

What happens when you blend Zen and Thelema?

Nothing.

Everything.

Both.

Neither.

All of the above.

None of the above.

Etc...

Fredstrong says

The Book of Lies is the book that keeps giving. It is the musings of a Master Western Occultist. At times deeply veiled in Qabalistic allegory, other times intuitively accessible to the layman. Crowley rattles off metaphysical riddles like Lao Tzu on absinthe. It's a good book for the beginner, because some of it will be accessible to everyone, but the more one learns of Qabalah, Gematria, Tarot, Astrology, and so on, the more they go back to TBOL, to be met with a forehead slapping AHA! It grows with the student of the occult, and never becomes sophomoric.

Warning: Crowley is very easy to spiral into. His books all cross reference each other and can obsessively suck one into Crowley. His system, Thelema, is "his system" and it is good to get exposed to other points of view as well. A great book to begin study of the Qabalah with is, The Mystical Qabalah, by Dion Fortune

STEEPED HORSEHAIR

Mind is a disease of semen.
All that a man is or may be is hidden therein.
Bodily functions are parts of the machine; silent,
unless in dis-ease.
But mind, never at ease, creaketh "I".
This I persisteth not, posteth not through genera-
tions, changeth momentarily, finally is dead.
Therefore is man only himself when lost to himself
in The Charioting.
Chapter 8

K.D. Rose says

Don't let the author's name scare you off. This is one of the most enlightened books around, but only for those who already have a very well versed foundation. If you can't stand Koans and don't like puzzles, this book is not for you. On the other hand, if you want some real esoteric knowledge and are willing to do the work to figure it out, it's a great read.

Julie Rylie says

The Book of Lies should be called *The Book of Crap*. It's so full of shit. I hated this crap! This is really crap, seriously. I regret the €8 I paid for this! I had so many better things to do with that money.

I was amazed by a sentence of this book (this one: "I slept with faith and found a corpse in my arms on awakening; I drank and danced all night with doubt and found her a virgin in the morning.") and I loved it so much I decided I had to have the book. It was supposed to be a book with aphorisms (and I freaking damn love it), I thought it was going to be so inspiring and full of meaning... After all it was just a bunch of CRAP. This guy really should have had been tested because I honestly believe he has severe mental problems. He writes a book with all this esoteric pile of shit that is of absolute no interest and then even comments on it, because as he said, he should make the book readable for the masses. baaaaaaaahhaahah I'm still deciding if I should really have read this without the comments or then read the comments and realize it's

just cuckoo stuff.

Oh well, never read this man. Never waste money on this because it's just the most boring and idiotic book of all times.

Michael Murdoch says

I'm not smart enough.

Amanda says

Behold, a scholar, an artist, a megalomaniac? Imagine how intense you must be to feel the need to create and then EXPLAIN your creation. There is something ridiculous about creating symbolic spiritual poetry and then analyzing it for the reader. Dear Aleister, I wish you'd left us some more mystery.

That said, I enjoyed this work. We aren't forced to read the analysis... which is indeed thought-provoking and intelligent. The poetry is often evocative and lovely, and it's definitely worth flagging some passages for use in invocation or prayer.

Hidden within its pages are earlier version of certain rituals as well, and it was interesting to compare this Star Ruby to later revisions.

3.5 stars rounded up. The book surprised me and I will read it again. It truly inspires me to be more creative. It isn't essential occult literature, but instead a lovely little reminder of the value of whimsy, that we are all human.

That Crowley wrote most of this inspired by, and in love with his muse LAYLAH... I desire to be so in love, so uncaring of what others think of me in love.

Foad says

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Jinsen says

one of the strangest, oddly cryptic, mystical, poetic and other worldly pieces of literature i've ever read in my life. everything is written as a poem and has so many strange and beautiful dimensions to it. its simultaneously evil and saintly and touches upon multitudes occult topics and historical lore... the beauty of the whole book is that it could be read by anyone and paint a different picture to whomever it was that reads it... for those not well versed in occult lore it would just come across as some absurd, strange, funny, outlandish gibberish... for those in the know it really takes them to some strange netherworlds as the verses have so many subtle references and hidden occult/magick symbolism and what not. read it. you'll be deranged for life like myself...

Cloud says

"o Universo, em si mesmo, é Luz."

"Esfomeado sê tu, Oh homem, pelo infinito: sê insaciável mesmo pelo finito; assim, n'O Fim tu devorarás o finito e te tornarás o infinito."

"Duvida.

Duvida de ti próprio.

Duvida mesmo se duvidares de ti próprio.

Duvida de tudo.

Duvida mesmo se duvidares de tudo.

Parece, às vezes, como se debaixo de toda dúvida consciente repousasse alguma profunda certeza. Oh, mata-a! Assassina a serpente!"

O ESCARAVELHO

Morte implica em mudança e individualidade; se tu fores AQUELE que não tem personalidade, que está além da mudança e mesmo além da imutabilidade, o que tu tens a ver com a morte?

O nascimento da individualidade é êxtase; assim também é sua morte.

No amor, a individualidade é morte; quem não ama o amor?

Ama a morte, pois; e deseja por isto avidamente.

Morre Diariamente.

Daniel Wesolowski says

Everytime I read this, I am amazed on the beauty of this words.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Love, I love you! Night, night, cover us! Thou art
night, O my love; and there are no stars but thine
eyes.

Dark night, sweet night, so warm and yet so fresh,
so scented yet so holy, cover me, cover me!

Let me be no more! Let me be Thine; let me be
Thou; let me be neither Thou nor I; let there be
love in night and night in love.

N.O.X. the night of Pan; and Laylah, the night
before His threshold!

Chad Oldham says

The book of lies! Or so-called. The first time i looked into this book about 7 years ago....everything in it was
completely opaque. It read like nonsense. Now...these riddles, puns, and metaphors have started opening up
for me.

Kkee says

Possibly drug-induced pablum. Good in fragments, preferably aloud on the subway.
