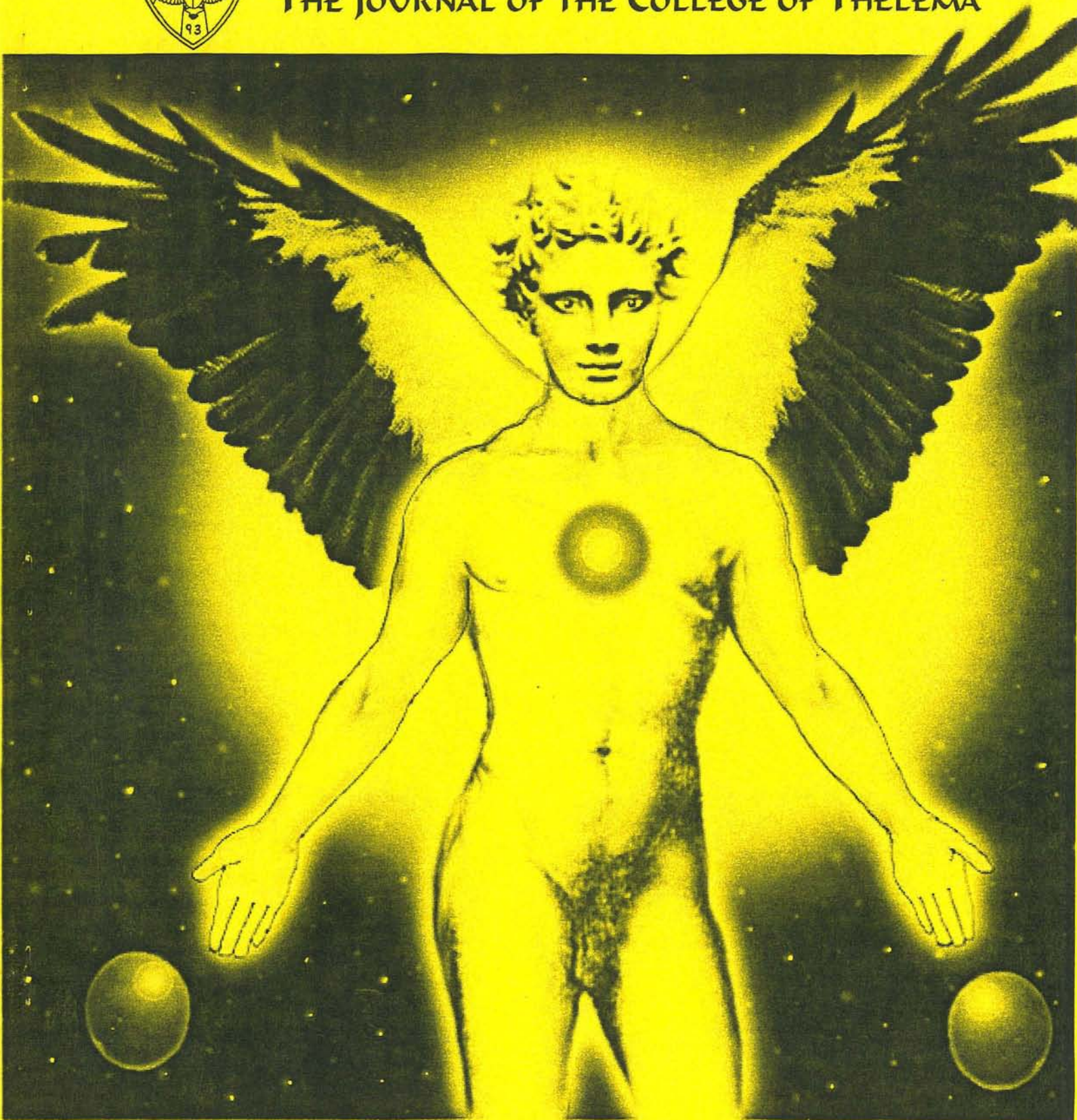




# BLACK PEARL

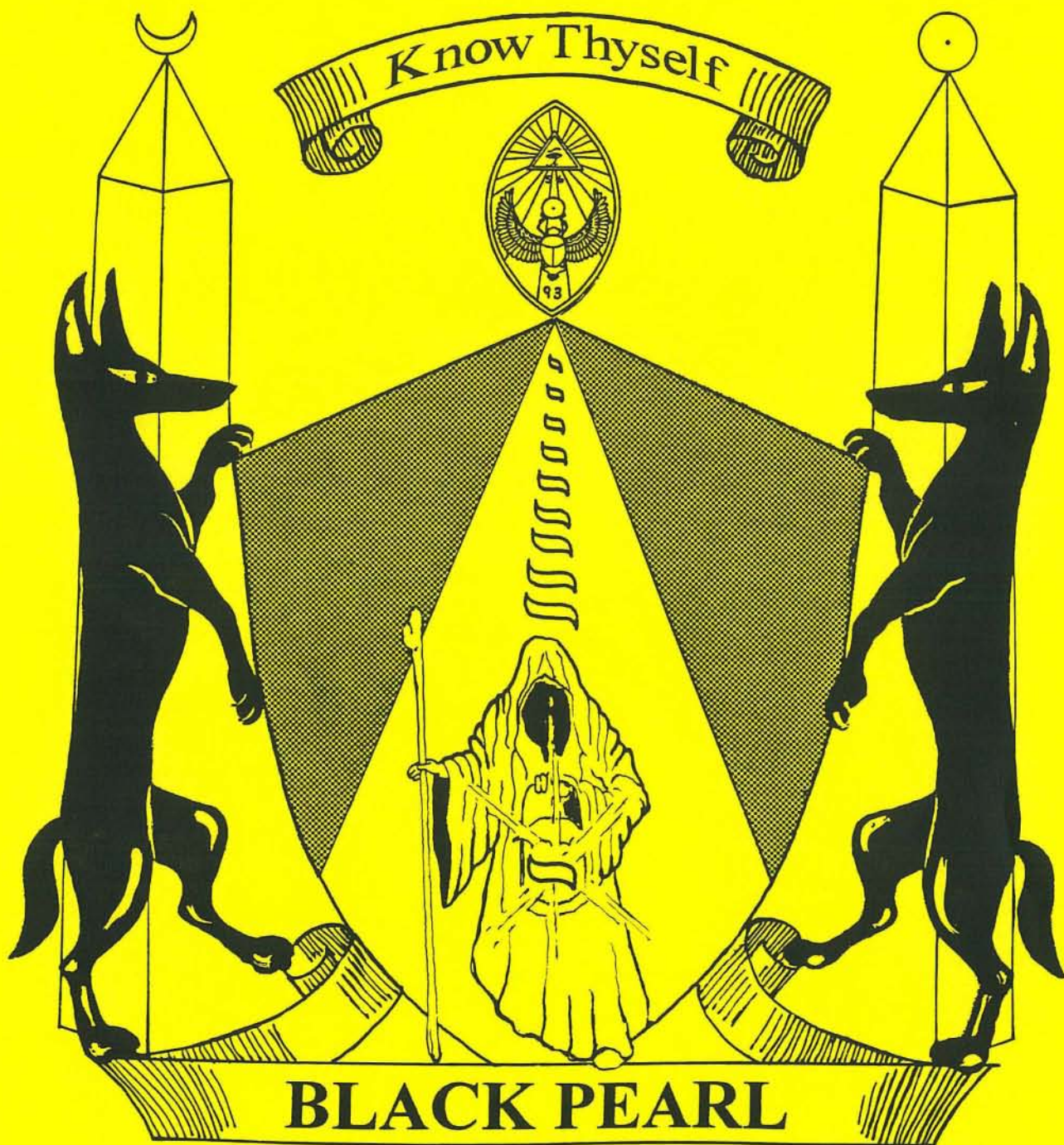
THE JOURNAL OF THE COLLEGE OF THELEMA



Autumn, 1999 E.V.

Vol. 1, No. 6







COLLEGE OF  
THELEMA



Founded in Service  
to the A.∴A.∴

# BLACK PEARL

## THE JOURNAL OF THE COLLEGE OF THELEMA

"I have descended, O my darling, into the black shining waters,  
and I have plucked Thee forth as a black pearl of infinite preciousness."

— *Liber LXV, Cap. III, v. 60*

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# THREE SONNETS

33

Full many a glorious morning have I seen,  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green;  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride,  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow,  
But out alack, he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.



29

When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon my self and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least,  
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,  
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



26

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit;  
To thee I send this written embassy  
To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's thought (all naked) will bestow it:  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect,  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,  
Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1609





## Editor's Letter **THE SUN OF THE SOUL**

*If an angel were ever to tell us anything of his philosophy I believe many propositions would sound like 2 times 2 equals 13. – G. C. Lichtenberg*

Somehow it seems fitting that this last issue of **BLACK PEARL** before the Western world's Millennium party should be devoted to ANGELS. Nothing – not even crystals, unicorns, or rainbows! – has so dominated New Age revivalism in the years leading to this event as has angel lore, bejeweling at least 5,000 years of known human interaction with these divine messengers. One would, at times, almost think that recognition of the Holy Guardian Angel's guidance in human life has become so commonplace as to be cliché. Alas! Were it only so! The Great Work of the A.:A.: would be so much farther along. But we are patient; and it may be admitted that there have been gains, as ever-expanding segments of the general populace respond ever more sensitively to intuition, a broader awareness of things spiritual, and the boisterous marriage of Will and Love.

I write this letter on the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of my admission as a Probationer in A.:A.:. Two decades ago last night, Soror Meral retrieved me from a redeye flight to SFO and drove me to her home in Dublin, where the simple-yet-decisive ceremony occurred the next day. I cannot conceive, at this late date, what my life would have been like in the absence of this undertaking. Though not always evident at the time, every other feature of my life in the score of years since has been secondary to and supportive of this single step.

For all that I have been blessed to experience and know during these years, I thank Soror Meral, and dedicate to her this issue No. 6 of **BLACK PEARL**, devoted to the topic of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

In this issue, we include several firsthand accounts of this K&C of the HGA. To my knowl-

edge, this is an unprecedented collation in the whole of occult literature. These contents also have forced this special issue to a larger size than usual (and we're taking a small financial battering on the mailed copies by doing so; donations are welcome as always!).

We have focused, in all of these articles, not so much on the **technique** of Thelema's adepts and their magick, but on their **experience**. Technique will vary. "None knoweth the Name of his brother's God, or the Rite that invokes Him." But, to an astonishing extent, there is a commonality in the reports of the consequent experience.

Even though Frater Yod's "Beginners" column does not appear in this issue (it was going to be on the Hexagram Ritual), nearly every article and poem is aimed at beginners just as much as at the more advanced student; for they speak of this shared **experience** of the deepest recognition of who and what we fundamentally are.

Five generations of personal accounts are printed here, of the K&C of the HGA or the aspiration thereto, beginning with remarks by Aleister Crowley, Karl Germer, and Phyllis Seckler.

Following these, "The Magical Record of Brother Proserpinus" is a modern tale of a brother of the A.:A.: who undertook to attain to the K&C of his HGA and succeeded. The anonymous author is one of Soror Meral's students. Almost a decade ago (with the author's agreement), Soror Meral charged me with the editing of this voluminous material for eventual publication. "This must be shared with the children who come after," she said. "You have to find a way." Though a small book was made ready from the diary manuscript, it has not yet been published for various reasons. We



are happy, however, to be able to print some of it in this issue. Please understand that these are but excerpts of the diary. In places, I have had to edit with a chain saw, and pack it into its pages with a shoehorn. Throughout the account run the rhythms of light and darkness which mark the twin phases of the Sun. The Name of Brother Proserpinus' HGA, no matter how it appeared in the original record, has been veiled here by the token Ψ.

Along more formal lines, this issue's "Ceremonial Magick" installment consists primarily of *Ritual VIII*, an official A.:A.: instruction, based on the Vision of the 8<sup>th</sup> Enochian Æthyr, which provides a method of aspiring to the K&C of the HGA. Except as part of *The Vision & the Voice*, it was never published in Crowley's lifetime. This present version was prepared for the Soror Estai A.:A.: lineage some years ago, and is now ordered published for the first time. (Its Imprimatur is that of the original authority for *Liber 418* from 1911, supplemented by the seal of modern officers of the Collegium Interior.) A similar version of *Ritual VIII* was published by others more recently in *THE EQUINOX* IV:1.

It is hoped that this collection of reports and instruction will be sufficient to keep you all busy with the Great Work until we have another No. 6 of **BLACK PEARL** five years from now, in Volume II. It is a pleasure to speculate on what new first-hand experiences of the K&C of the HGA may have been engendered between now and then.



Several readers have reminded us that way back in **BLACK PEARL** No. 1, in Quill's review column, they were promised the correct designs of A.:A.: robes for each grade. This information – most of which, by the way, had already been included in Appendix F of the Second Edition of *The Mystical & Magical System of the A.:A.:* – has been sitting in my "in" bin ever since, just waiting for an issue where we had space for it. I still haven't found an issue with enough room for the whole article.

Quill's offer was part of his challenging the authenticity of A.:A.: robe designs published in *Commentaries on the Holy Books & Other Papers*. In that book, no provenance was given for the designs. The distinguished editor, whom our reviewer praised generously on other matters, has a solid history of citing his sources. For the robe

designs in question, he gave none at all – except a statement on the back of the book's jacket calling the criticized article a "new paper." Quill therefore concluded that the paper was, uh, new! – of modern origin. Only in recent months has the editor come forward to explain that the designs were based on correspondence from Crowley to J.F.C. Fuller around the time the A.:A.: was founded.

**BLACK PEARL**'s criticism of the paper, therefore, is amended to one simple charge: He didn't cite his sources! But we have to paint ourselves with the same tarry brush because, in the above-mentioned Appendix F, we didn't cite our primary source either. It's time to correct that!

No one source has survived giving a complete, detailed description of all A.:A.: robe designs. The most complete single source in our possession is a half page of notes that Israel Regardie typed on behalf of Aleister Crowley when serving as his secretary 70 years ago. Regardie let me copy these notes in 1980.<sup>1</sup> They agree in every detail with the more obscure descriptions given in the *EQUINOX* ads, and with photographs from *circa* 1910. Here are the descriptive notes as Regardie received them from, and typed them for, Aleister Crowley:

- 0=0 White Tau-robe, no hood. Gold braid along bottom hem, cuffs, neck. Pentagram on front, hexagram on back.
- 1=10 Black with hood, no insignia
- 2=9 Add silver eye in triangle to hood
- 3=8 Add silver hexagram of 48 rays to hood
- 4=7 Add Calvary cross to breast
- D.L. Add 5-petalled rose to center of cross
- 5=6 (without) Same as Probationer, add symbol
- 5=6 (within) White robe, with D.L. insignia
- 6=5 As for 5=6 but red
- 7=4 As for 5=6 but violet

So now we have one set of designs from Crowley *circa* 1909, and another set two decades later (matching 1910 photos). How do we explain this? Well, A.C. isn't around to ask; but the most obvious explanation would be that he changed his mind soon after the Fuller correspondence. Since these designs are a great deal more beautiful, and are the last we know him to have adopted, they're the ones that we've adopted as well. — FRA A.H.

<sup>1</sup> Slightly inaccurate adaptations of these were circulated to College of Thelema students soon after.



## Aleister Crowley on . . . **ANGELS, PHALLUSES & THE SUN**

[What is the Holy Guardian Angel? This question, though only resolvable through each individual's experience, is, nonetheless, a reasonable and expected question from aspirants. To kick off this issue of BLACK PEARL, we are, therefore, providing some words by Crowley on this topic. Watch out, though! Crowley was known to provide different answers at different times, depending on what a particular student needed to hear. (For counterpoint to what follows you may want to read *Magick Without Tears*, especially Letters 42, 43, and 76.) First, from his appended notes to *Liber Samekh*:]

Tiphereth is the Sun, and the Angel is the spiritual Sun of the Soul of the Adept.

The Holy Guardian Angel is the Unconscious Creature Self – the Spiritual Phallus.

The Angel is 'King', the One who 'can', the 'source of authority and the fount of honour'; also the King (or King's Son) who delivers the Enchanted Princess, and makes her his Queen. He is 'Ruler', the 'unconscious Will'; to be thwarted no more by the ignorant and capricious false will of the conscious man. And He is 'Helper', the author of the infallible impulse that sends the Soul sweeping along the skies on its proper path with such impetus that the attraction of alien orbs is no longer sufficient to swerve it.

His Angel is indeed himself, with intimacy so intense as to become identity, and that not in a single Ego, but in every unconscious element that shares in that manifold uprush.

The main purpose of the Ritual [*Liber Samekh*] is to establish the relation of the subconscious self with the Angel in such a way that the Adept is aware that his Angel is the Unity which expresses the sum of the Elements of that Self, that his normal consciousness contains alien enemies introduced by the accidents of environment, and that his Knowledge and Conversation of His Holy Guardian Angel destroys all doubts and delusions, confers all blessings, teaches all truth, and contains all delights.

. . . the True Self of his subconscious self, the hidden Life of his physical life.

. . . this Name [of the HGA], understood rightly and fully, declareth the nature of the Angel in every point, wherefore also that Name is the formula of the perfection to which the Adept must aspire, and also of the power of Magick by virtue whereof he must work.

This then is the true aim of the Adept in this whole operation, to assimilate himself to his Angel by continual conscious communion. For his Angel is an intelligible image of his own true Will, to do which is the whole of the law of his Being.

[In this ritual, the magician's Will is to be] understood thoroughly as the dynamic aspect of his Creative Self. . .

. . . the Angel is in truth the Logos or articulate expression of the whole Being of the Adept, so that as he increases in the perfect understanding of His name, he approaches the solution of the ultimate problem, Who he himself truly is.

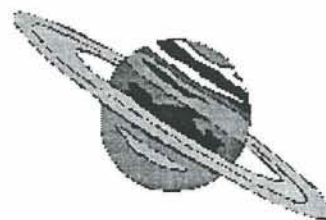
[In his New Comment to *The Book of the Law*, written during the 1920s, Frater To Mega Therion made additional comments upon the nature of the Holy Guardian Angel. Regarding Cap. I, v. 7, he wrote:]

. . . the "Small Person" of Hindu mysticism, the Dwarf, insane yet crafty, of many legends in many lands, is also this same "Holy Ghost," or Silent Self of a man, or his Holy Guardian Angel.

He is almost the "Unconscious" of Freud, unknown, unaccountable, the silent Spirit, blowing "whither it listeth, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." It commands with absolute authority when it appears at all, despite conscious reason and judgment. . .

This is the Task of the Adept, to have the Knowledge and Conversation of His Holy Guardian Angel, to become aware of his nature and his purpose, fulfilling them.





# LETTERS FROM SATURN

## Karl Germer's writings on the Holy Guardian Angel

[Besides Aleister Crowley, few other Western Adepts have made openly available their thoughts, perspectives, and experiences on the evolving process of their adepthood. A rare and valuable look into this territory is offered in the correspondence of one of the most private of Thelema's Adepts, Karl Johannes Germer – Frater Saturnus, who had been recognized by Crowley first as an Adeptus Minor  $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ , and then, some years later, as a Master of the Temple  $8^{\circ}=3^{\circ}$ . – FRA. A.H.]

[In response to specific questions concerning the Holy Guardian Angel, Germer wrote a long letter to Jane Wolfe (Soror Estai) on January 17, 1951. The following was originally printed in *IN THE CONTINUUM*, Vol. IV, No. 9 (Spring, 1991 e.v.), as part of Soror Meral's biography of Jane Wolfe:]

From my present knowledge I am sure that I reached Tiphereth ( $5^{\circ}=6^{\circ}$ ) in June, 1927. It was a great experience (you were in Paris at the time), but though I had in the years following some surprising – shall I call it 'manifestations' – I never realised that communications came from the HGA. It was only in 1946 – I think it was, or possibly 1945 – when I was actually taken by the hand and forced *against my will* to act in certain ways, which subsequently proved to have been extremely beneficial to me. That led to correspondence between AC and myself on the subject which deepened my understanding. – I must relate one special instance – in 1932, I think it was – when, on waking, a voice urged me to add up a certain passage in a Holy Book. I was surprised and wrote AC from Berlin – to London where he was – not telling him the solution of the Qabalistic secret but simply referring to it and asking him. I wanted to see if he, AC, had communicated it to me, or who? His reply showed that he had no idea what I was talking about. Then I wrote

**What we have to learn and make ourselves ready for, is to hear the speech in ordinary things of our lives.**

him and when I came to London shortly after, he said, "You are a great Qabalist," referring to this discovery. Since then he accepted it as a true discovery.

The main thing to understand is that an HGA is (1) not the 'Higher Self' but a separate individuality from one's self; (2) that it is a Being operating on higher planes. AC wrote me that he had (or is this in one of the 'Letters'?) analysed this point time and time again and always found that the HGA's interference was outside his own individuality.

In my present view, another point to observe is the formula  $0=2$ . Nuit says that she is divided for love's sake for the chance of Union. The two that are divided must unite in order to get through into the state of Zero, bliss, ecstasy, etc. This thought pervades LXV, VII<sup>2</sup> all the way through. (Passages like the following must be read in this light:–)

[The letter was interrupted at that point, and continued three days later, on January 20:]

I had to interrupt – was warned not to continue. However, you know the Holy Books, and the "Letters," and so should have all the information avail-

<sup>1</sup> This refers to what later became *Magick Without Tears*. – A.H.

<sup>2</sup> *Liber LXV* is *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente*. *Liber VII* is *Liber Lapidis Lazuli*. Along with *The Book of the Law*, these are the foremost of the exalted works that comprise the A.∴A.∴ Class A Documents. – A.H.



able. Here is one passage by AC which I will quote (Letter April 10, 1947):

The HGA is an individual, just as you and I are. But he lives in 4 dimensions, just as we do in 3 – a very rough summary. He belongs to a different *order* of Nature. Don't confuse with the "Higher Self" & such, which are merely part of one's own being.

The mistake we all seem to make when hearing about this HGA and the various stories about it is, I believe, that we expect to get to a stage where we can hear the voice, or get the vision, of another fellow, or of His Majesty the HGA, like when we are talking to someone on this plane. Soon after my experience in 1927, when my HGA noticed that I had no notion that he was talking with my soul, I was informed that in order to understand His language one has to adapt one's own speech and mode of thought to His plane. In other words, that one has to reach ever subtler spheres to be able to be in constant communication with Him. I did not follow this advice — out of stubbornness, aided, probably, by a specially earth nature.

AC gave me some practical examples of the HGA's intervention. One, in 1946, when his needle broke, and he was alone in Netherwood, could not make an adequate injection, was lying on the floor (I believe it was) and a man (I think it was Watkins) came through a blinding snowstorm without any apparent cause or reason, to his house a mile or two away, and found him prostrate; he phoned the one doctor who knew alone what was

**Intense practices and invocations make the soul capable to react and understand the language of the HGA better and clearer.**

needed and had it with him, who came and saved his life. A ¼ hour later and he would have been dead. — These are special cases. What we have to learn and make ourselves ready for, is to hear the speech in ordinary things of our lives.

You must know Napoleon's life. There was a vital step to be taken by him at a crucial period of his life. It think it was in 1799 (or before) when he had to step forward to proclaim himself at Versailles as what developed later the absolute leader of the French. He was afraid; did not dare do it; so his brother (I think it was) pushed him forward

and, if I remember correctly, raised his hand for the oath. It is in such cases as these that the HGA takes an active hand directly, using any available medium. Once you get the working of the universe on higher planes into your blood the apparent command and power of the HGA of such other media becomes quite natural.

I had such a type of experience in 1946 which led to an exchange of letters with AC about this HGA. — There is a well-known story about Socrates who sent him (negative, though) messages by a certain pain in the shoulder (with me it was during a certain phase in the arm). He called his HGA Diotima. With Dante it seems to have been 'Beatrice' whom he probably never met in life.

**...in order to understand His language one has to adapt one's own speech and mode of thought to His plane... to reach ever subtler spheres to be able to be in constant communication with Him.**

*Intense* practices and invocations make the soul capable to react and understand the language of the HGA better and clearer.

It may, perhaps, be good to add some further remarks. I am sure that AC's realisations in full consciousness have matured very slowly on this problem. His diaries show that his HGA often sent him the clearest messages through women like Ouarda the Seer, Mary d'Este, and other S.W.<sup>3</sup> and other media. He insisted on cross-questioning the messenger with all the analytical power of his brilliant mind, so that the party that tried to convey certain important things to him, became unwilling at the stupidity and had to give up.

We should all take courage from this and not despair if we have been a failure so far, but learn how to improve on our own state.

— If you knew how even 666 groped for light often enough, and not he alone, we all do! At the best we can attain to one single ray of light of those billions and trillions that are sent out by the Sun — without charge — daily. We can pick up only that particular ray that lies in our nature as an individual. The ray we can grasp is different from that of the next. Van Gogh's was different from Gauguin's, and so forth. Don't be disheartened! You

<sup>3</sup> Scarlet Women. — A.H.



ought not to be less than anyone else! You possess everybody's love, respect, and admiration! It is another thing that you are dissatisfied with *yourself*. Such a state is the very condition preceding a birth. Ask any artist, statesman, or even businessman when a great decision is at stake.

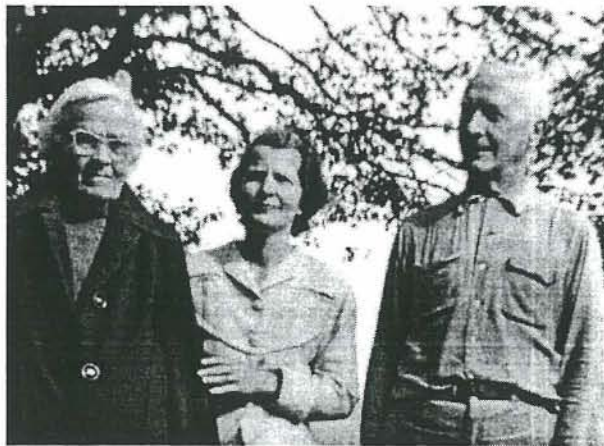
Adonai: I have grappled and am still grappling with this conception actively.<sup>4</sup> My present view is that 65 is a state which can only be attained through the HGA as an intermediary. It is here where the formula of  $0=2$  comes in, as mentioned on p. 1. The state of "being in love" can only be reached with the assistance of a second party (strictly speaking even the Narcissus-type comes in this category). In LXV the term Adonai is sometimes used as applying to both conceptions: 65 and HGA. But in several passages the distinction is very clearly shown.

— I have taken some pains to answer your doubts and uncertainty. The reason is that I myself have revolved this problem in my mind for twenty or more years. I have asked AC several times questions, but I would not have understood his answers; you must *understand* the subject from the inside out; each one must 'grope in the horror of the groves' all by himself; the solution comes at the end of all aspiration, or striving; as a sort of reward, not as a bribe in the beginning of the quest.

[Germer's letter to Phyllis Seckler (Soror Meral), dated July 7, 1952, was written from New York City in the immediate aftermath of her own attainment to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel on July 1. In the two letters from which the following excerpts are taken, we see Germer emerging as a mentor to the new, young Adept. Following three paragraphs dealing with business matters, he proceeded:]

Dear child: your questions go to the bottom of one of the deepest problems that have puzzled and tortured all initiated men and women from time immemorial, as you could find out from reading the records of the Saints (men or women), the

<sup>4</sup> What Fra. Saturnus discusses here is the exact meaning of the term 'Adonai' as used in *Liber LXV*, in comparison to other technical terms or identities. '65' in the next sentence probably refers to this, נֶאֱדָנָי. — A.H.



#### TORCHBEARERS OF THEIR GENERATIONS

A rare photograph depicting, from left, Jane Wolfe (Soror Estai), Phyllis Seckler (Soror Meral) and Karl Germer (Frater Saturnus). The picture was taken in 1957, near the end of Jane's life. Jane and Karl had been received into the A.:A.: by Crowley himself; Phyllis had been received into the Outer College (G.:D.:) by Jane, and into the Inner College (R.:C.:) by Karl, who was a Magister Templi.

great men of genius and so forth. I suppose it is the conflict with being human, with a body of flesh, and the fact that you have risen to or above Tiphereth<sup>5</sup> where the voice of the Secret Guide is gradually taking over and begins to speak to your soul. The 20<sup>th</sup> Aethyr, I think it is, initiates this phase. I am a very poor teacher along these lines. I had this experience in 1927. But I am so dull and dumb (have you seen my horoscope? If not I'll send you the main data.) with so much Earth weighing it down, that I paid no attention to the guide, and its voice, until, let me say, 1947-48!!! This may sound unbelievable to you. But then, my case may be different. My connection with A.C., the man, was so close and intimate, that I all the time thought that the impulses came from the man A.C., and, thinking so, I obstructed. The moment the man died, the interpretation changed. Do not

<sup>5</sup> Germer had intuited Soror Meral's reaching of the Adeptus Minor stage before this time. In a letter to Jane Wolfe dated June 24, 1952 — exactly one week before Phyllis' full experience of the K&C of the HGA — he wrote, "I find Phyllis's statement [about a certain matter] a definite message, to be heeded, as I have been doing, or trying to do, all along. You know that I have a high regard for P.'s attainment. I'm sure she has gone through  $5^0=6^1$  some time ago. I'm sure she is under guidance."



follow me, obstruction to the impulses and the Voice has become second nature to me, through so many years, and I may have suffered for this obstruction badly, very badly, and made my life miserable without need. Learn to follow the voice instantly, without questioning unduly. Did I quote that old saying of Mystics: "Perinde ac cadaver!"<sup>6</sup> If not, I repeat it and explain: the idea is that once one has heard the Voice of the HGA one must learn to follow INSTANTLY, even to the perishing of the "Cadaver" which is the mere body, and the rational mind which reasons against it.

I believe it is the hardest lesson to learn. I shall be happy if I can make one human's life happier for teaching a lesson, which I have too much failed to learn!

As you progress in the typing of Liber 418,<sup>7</sup> you will discover that the HGA grows ever more and more. In other words the path is unending. Your views and your understanding at this moment will not be the same as years hence. Do not think for one moment that AC's conceptions about this problem were the same when he was 50 as at 70!!! "Strive ever to more . . . and if thou art truly mine . . ." etc.<sup>8</sup>

All you can do is to remain in the intimacy of your HGA, train your finer senses and your soul to receive ever finer and subtler impulses; sometimes they appear, or may appear, atrocious (as you grow). Never mind. Your HGA looks farther ahead than mortals can. The only danger is that there are other beings in the invisible universe who are sent to (test or) thwart your true path; that is where constant inflaming yourself in prayer is so important, by the method that your HGA will indicate you.

Yes: one is alone in this task, it seems, as long as one does not fully realise the intimacy with one's constant companion. (See LXV, I: "There was a maiden. . . and therein she forgot her sighing

<sup>6</sup> Latin: "Exactly like the carcass." – A.H.

<sup>7</sup> She was, at the time, typing the manuscript of *The Vision & the Voice* for what was to become the Barstow edition published by Germer. – A.H.

<sup>8</sup> He quotes, from memory, *Liber Legis*, Cap. II, v. 72, hence the small errors. The quotation is given here exactly as in his original letter. – A.H.

and her loneliness!"<sup>9</sup> That particular verse, in that form, may apply to a special case, but it is universal in the general way.)

Some day, if it comes about, and if we should move the documents to the West I may be able to show you some of AC's records on similar matters, and how he disregarded messages which were given to him. We should all learn to do better and not make the same mistakes. Yes; but Liber VII is my favourite; do learn it. – Curiously enough to-day when I got your letter I had another from London, urging to print Liber Aleph. We will. – Do you have a copy of Liber LXXXI, The Tao Teh King? If you want, I'd like to send you one. It also should be reproduced.

I always like to answer your letters. I should have amplified on your special question re WTS.<sup>10</sup> You will find that your Guide is constantly around you, especially when He knows that you need his advice. He begins with subtle inspirations. If he perceives that you are not trained or fine enough to heed them, understand them, he fires heavier artillery though He dislikes the need for it; I have found that in cases where action was important, He had to almost materialise Himself, which is an effort, and takes away from your own nerves, I believe. So He had to almost shout at you.

[The following is from Frater Saturnus' letter to Soror Meral dated May 5-6, 1953, from Hampton, NJ. The first half page was a Qabalistic analysis of the Name of her Holy Guardian Angel, which she had disclosed to him. Germer then continued with one particular line of superb advice:]

. . . I like your spiritual growth. Leave yourself to your HGA and you can find no better guide for further progress. –

[Some business items were discussed for a few paragraphs, along with Karl's horoscope; then he set the letter aside overnight and continued writing the next day:]

<sup>9</sup> *Liber LXV*, Cap. I, v. 47: "There was a maiden that strayed among the corn, and sighed; then grew a new birth, a narcissus, and therein she forgot her sighing and her loneliness." It is a myth of Proserpina. – A.H.

<sup>10</sup> Wilfred T. Smith. – A.H.



In the early stages our primitive natures require actual, visible, sensible proof of an outer being contacting us. I remember in my early period I sometimes asked for a definite sign in order to (a) reassure me in a sort of weak phase (b) to give evidence that I was on the right track. Yet: (this is important in my case!) I never connected such signs as coming from a definite outer being, I just took it as from 'God' or such things. My conception of the HGA has probably only been condensed after AC's death. Funny? Unbelievable? It is so! The HGA has been taking almost violent, desperate means to bring me to the realisation of his existence and presence, and operation. But my hide was, and still is, too dense, so that A.C. once in the 1927 period wrote: "instead of a skin you have a carapace!" And this not as a joke, but rather in despair.

Be, and feel, happy that you are better constituted! Later, the messages become more subtle, and so that one cannot distinguish them from what we call 'conscience' in many cases. There are people who carry on definite conversations, they hear voice- or other type-messages; the difficulty remains, however, to verify the source.

Achad<sup>11</sup> got messages to the last; but they were, since his turning away from 666, not from his HGA, but its shadow, the Evil Persona. As it is hard to follow the voice of the HGA in later stages, because often things are demanded that seem outrageous, against all morals and ethics, there is the danger of falling prey to the sweet whisper of the other guy (cf. Jesus and the high mountain; in Achad's case it was the promise that he was to be the bloke of AL III:45 (the child)<sup>12</sup>, and AC seduced him, and fortified this conviction (a magical test!) by writing Liber Aleph.)

"Neglect not the Dawn Meditation!" is one of the most important injunctions of A.C. (I only repeat: I don't do it myself! I can't meditate.) It is well to practice this as a routine, so as to be prepared when the HGA arranges a phase for one of

the – let me call it – technical initiations or illuminations. Why do I mention this here? Because you write you were deep asleep when you got that one message and only wrote it up, partly, after waking. In my Concentration Camp phase I was alone in

my cell (when the crucial weeks came). I worked with hardly any interruption; sleep was broken up so that I never slept more than 3 hours at a time; and that "sleep" was light, and I snapped instantly back into work. If you read John St. John in Equinox I, you have the same idea; except that A.C. did his op[eration] by an effort of will and in 12 days. What I want to say is that such high water marks are secretly arranged by the HGA: then the conditions are right and will bring the result about. But the training of

one's mind to waken instantly and fully, at a touch, is always helpful.

Well, I better stop now. This is running into a sermon! It is so easy to talk to you.

**You will find that your Guide is constantly around you, especially when He knows that you need his advice... Leave yourself to your HGA and you can find no better guide for further progress.**

## STORM

Spreading, the sparks of intimate fire  
Course outwards from heavens' heart,  
As every crackle of the air preludes  
The rending of the Earth apart.  
'Ere the blast, the bolts descend,  
Snake-like, to stun watching eye –  
Liquid fire to the solid ground,  
A kiss to Mother Earth, from Father Sky.  
Jagged fingers of ethereal light descend,  
With life violent to bring the target death –  
In one brief moment of eternity,  
What was whole now is broken left.

Stabbing with each spirit lance,  
Earth and sky join the electric dance.

JESSE KRENZELOK



<sup>11</sup> C.S. Jones, 8<sup>0</sup>=3<sup>0</sup> A.:A.: – A.H.

<sup>12</sup> "Then will I lift her to pinnacles of power: then will I breed from her a child mightier than all the kings of the earth." (*Liber Legis*, Cap. III, v. 45) – A.H.





## THE WORSHIP OF NUIT

by Soror Meral

*"Oh, Light of Life in splendid rapture of delight/ Who fills my veins with life in majesty of might." – Meral, 1982*

How does one worship the Queen of Space? *Liber AL vel Legis* gives many clues, but it may take a lifetime before some of its words come to life as actual experience.

Certainly, one must start with love. This may be more than the love of one person for another (though this type of love can be a lesson in itself, even if it doesn't last very long). Love covers other areas of life, and may mean love of one's work or creativity, love for family and children, love for nature, and on and on.

But there is a further love that transcends all loves that we may know while wearing an earthly body. All love, of whatever kind, is a training to experience this transcendent love. Beautiful words have been written to give us an idea of it. One should immerse oneself in such classics as *Liber LXV* or *Liber VII* to begin understanding the love for Nuit, and of Nuit for a human.

There is an intermediate step in this Way of Love. It is the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. Students of Qabalah represent this step on the Tree of Life by the central sphere, Tiphereth. At this stage there are two entities, the aspirant and the Angel. Only above the Abyss do the two become one; but such enlightenment may not last long, for it is a state beyond human strength. The aspirant is soon thrown back into the sphere that represents the life's work.

The first stirrings of the Angelic voice may come to us through intuition. If a person isn't open to relying on this deep intuition, it may not be evident that the HGA can speak through the same voice. It is entirely possible to turn one's back on such whisperings and inspirations, especially when one's concerns are mostly materialistic, emotional, or intellectual; but the HGA's lessons persist. If

one becomes upset, unhappy, or miserable due to some behavior, it is certainly the HGA dealing out "tough love" so that one will make changes.

All this I have observed in myself, and when trying to understand others. It provides preamble, as I try to write of my own experiences with the HGA.

It was July 1, 1952 when my first acquaintance with the HGA occurred. I was raising my three children alone. Once they were in school, I was also in college, training to become an art teacher. I also had been typing Crowley manuscripts for Karl Germer so they would not become lost.<sup>1</sup>

My flesh creeps with cold faery light:  
The dew on the ground runs through my being  
And I am ecstatic here in this night,  
Opening as a flower to the God ever seeing.

– from *Mystical Marriage*, 1969

I was awakened by a light up my spine. I could vaguely understand that instructions had been given to me for some time before my awakening. What I could

remember of this was the name of the HGA and His instructions to enumerate this name with the aid of the Hebrew alphabet. Understanding this name took quite a few years; but the voice never really left me after this incident. There have been many occasions when I had help from the voice when it was obviously needed.

One goes on living a normal life, working and doing all the things to support oneself and one's children. The voice of the HGA is not needed in everyday circumstances. But one must go on refining oneself and one's reactions. One must study and learn about magical and mystical processes. "The God will not indwell a vehicle poorly prepared," as the ultimate advice states. When major lessons or ordeals were needed, they were supplied in order to continue this growth and refinement.

<sup>1</sup> This I did every summer for three years. Karl reproduced this typing on plastiplates from his home in Hampton, New Jersey.



Prior to this first awakening, I had been writing poetry inspired by various sorts of love that shadowed forth the major direction of my soul. Karl Germer thought that the K&C of the HGA happened in my case because I had a pure aspiration.

The event of the night, which I only too plainly described above, left me with such awe that I could scarcely speak of it without an inner trembling. It was six months before I could even write of it to Karl. Yet he knew from the tenor of my letters that this event surely must have happened. He therefore declared that I was at the level of 5<sup>0</sup>=6<sup>0</sup> in the A.:A.:.

The poetry continued, for there is not much to say about such an experience in ordinary language.<sup>2</sup> Also, many major contacts were vouchsafed me at various times. The most memorable of these was when I remembered my last death. It was like a vision, in that I was awake and conscious. I was in great pain in that former life, and was lying in bed in what must have been a garret (I could see the sloping roof and the beams above me). My bedclothes were quite dirty, for there had been no one to take care of me during this illness. Nor do I know what caused the pain, only that it was unbearable. Then the HGA appeared at my side. I left the body and the pain, and knew how intense and pure was the Angel's love. Such intensity is never experienced in life, and there are no words to describe it. One can only know that love is the key to such awakenings, and that we are here on earth to learn about this love.

When humans love in this mundane life, too many expectations are usually attached to it. A person may want security, or a partner who will enhance one's importance, or someone to manipulate to show one's power. Human love is usually conditional: Perhaps it is a desire for children, or for companionship that does not fade away. Perhaps a person is afraid to be alone, and requires that someone always be at hand to give support through thick and thin. There may even be a desire for conflict and disastrous situations, allowing for strange cruelties and abuse; but here we have not love, but sexual sadism. Humans mix up the biological urges of sex with what they wrongly suppose is love. *Liber AL* I: 41 is very adamant about

Chain me to Thy Will, Lord of Divine Liberty;  
Burn me with Thy Fire, Lord of Everlasting Desire;  
Consume me, fill me with Thy Sun of Beauty;  
Enflame me, name me with Thy Wanton Ire.  
Ravish me away to Thy Ruby Abode,  
This mortal shell, Thine emerald wings enfold.  
Until my will becomes Thine, O Master Soul of Mine  
And my ecstasy is ever Thy lovely cup of wine;  
My joy, Thy joy to see for all eternity,  
My desire and Thine, moving to seal our Affinity.

— from *Sacrifice*, 1946

this mistake as no coupling should be experienced unless there is love: "There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accursed! Accursed be it to the aeons! Hell."

Love is an intoxication of the spirit, an expression of transcendent spirituality. Sex is related to the lower animal (bodily) instincts. Each person must learn to distinguish between them. Also, for persons incapable of love; sex matters usually predominate: This may lead to abuse of women and pornography. Unconscious forces gain greater power when repressed for too long. Ideally, sex should be an expression of love between two adults, taking on the higher aspects of spirituality. The Gnostic Catholic Mass is a very fine instruction as to the procedures to be followed.

*Liber AL* teaches about love in every chapter. It would be well for the aspirant to study this Book very closely. Memorizing it is even better. One cannot experience the higher states of consciousness without the power of love. The love of the HGA is unconditional, and is so intense it could easily burn through an undeveloped soul. That this does not happen is because the HGA is mindful of his client's weakness, and will apply a remedy that will lead to a strengthening of the aspirant.

Learning how to love, what it means to one's very essence as a star, is the major lesson for humans today. When love has been purified – when one learns to love without conditions, and with fervor, purity, and intensity – then one is prepared to love Nuit as we are exhorted to do in *Liber AL*.

I feel there is no need for me to write more in this space, for many of my poems and other writings have been inspired by the HGA. I, as a small human, do not take credit for all that I have written, said, or done. I have simply tried to follow instructions as best as I can. Yes, when one has this sublime guidance, one must obey – and one does so from the most pure states of love.

<sup>2</sup> See *Strange Heart: Poetry of Soror Meral, 1946-1996* published by the College of Thelema. It is "a true love story about a woman and angel." – A.H.



"And yet, with all that, they remain themselves, who have eaten of the pomegranate in Hell."

— Liber CDXVIII, 8th Aethyr

Excerpts from . . .

## The Magical Record of BROTHER PROSERPINUS

during his Season of the Performance of  
The SACRED MAGICK of ABRAMELIN the MAGE

Bro. Proserpinus progressed, step by step, through the A.:A.: Grade system, completing, in turn, each of the assigned tasks. Upon completing the task of a Dominus Liminis, he was advanced by his Superior to the 5<sup>o</sup>=6<sup>o</sup> Grade of Adeptus Minor (Without). The task of this Grade is one, namely: to attain to the Knowledge and Conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

Initially he undertook to rework the chief tasks of each Grade he had already completed, Neophyte through Philosophus, "partly as a review, partly to identify those skills and tools which would best serve me in the task ahead," as he wrote. About three months into this process, and right after a long visit from his friend, Sor. A, his record shows him turning more specifically to the Great Work which was immediately before him:

On Tuesday night I took a long walk, to ..... and then back by a circuitous route. Many things worked their way into my soul during that time. It was also clear that the "work" with Sor. A was instrumental in effecting certain key changes in me, preparing me even further for what is to come.

We are so accustomed to viewing Tiphereth as hovering above us, in the great distance, a sun 93 million miles away. It is the Beauty of the Great Reward, the source of radiant light that shines above all of our Work, the fifth point of the Pentagram, the transcendence of our Microcosmic and elemental world. It is the place of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

This is what Tiphereth is when seen above us.

But what is Tiphereth when one is actually "there"?

It had never before struck me that the palace looks very different to the townspeople who live at the foot of its mountain, than to the King who dwells within it.

As a 5<sup>o</sup>=6<sup>o</sup> of the A.:A.:, I now am said to dwell in Tiphereth. The Task before me is to fulfill this by opening the dome of my warded Ruach to admit THAT which would shine along the Path of Gimel, or uplift me thereon unto ITSELF.

I found myself, on my walk, recalling and deeply feeling into the conception and births of my children, realizing that this was a living metaphor of my birth of myself from the chrysalis of my old shell. I also real-

ized that the recollection of these experiences is tremendously important in my 5<sup>o</sup>=6<sup>o</sup> process, in ways that I cannot yet perceive.

This "birthing" is very Yesodic. The Yesod energies are unquestionably rich and abundant. The state, though very free and fulfilled, is also very human, very parochial to my unique DNA. The subtle forces that manifest illusion fulfill it. I experienced this, and reflected on it at length, then assumed I would "shift," in my walking meditation, to the particular clarity of detachment that comes from Hod consciousness. But I did not. This evening, neither Hod nor Netzach *per se* were opened to me. They actually felt like steps backward. Then I recalled the essential formula of the Portal, and thus also of the Dominus Liminis – that Tiphereth is approachable neither from Hod nor Netzach, but only from Yesod, along the Path of Samekh. I had been "cast back" into Yesod, from which I could ascend.

I then queried inwardly what this shift, from Yesod to Tiphereth, would be. The answer came in a form not entirely unlike the advance unto Hod by the Path of Resh, but on a very different plane. There was a "detachment" or abstraction – words fail me – with the added characteristic that my consciousness rotated "upward" as into a different plane or dimension.

Then it was disclosed that (a way to view) the difference between Yesod and Tiphereth is as that between a member of humanity, and humanity itself – between Adam and Adam Qadmon. This struck me as being very profound. In Yesod I am very much the father celebrating the birth of his children, the forthflowing of his own DNA strain, glowing in the vitality of procreation. The involvement is very personal, emotional, vital, life affirming. In Tiphereth, the quality is equally life affirming. However, from here, I am Universal Humanity, interested no more nor less in my own children than in all – as though a Master, tending the garden evenly.

I'm moving toward the commencement of my forthcoming magical retirement. The elements are taking shape in my mind, and will be written as they shape up.

P.S. – There was a fulfillment of my manhood by the act of procreation, which is obvious and understand-



able. More surprising, though, is that it seems to have seeded my adepthood as well. Perhaps this is a fulfillment of Yesod in preparation for Tiphereth. In any case, I understand far better the traditional requirement that a man must fulfill his duties to family and as father before undertaking to study Qabalah.

*Four days before the scheduled commencement of the Operation of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage, Bro. Proserpinus brought together the fruits of his recent months of work – indeed, of many years of formal commitment to the Great Work – and developed the methods he would employ.<sup>1</sup> Finally he was ready to begin. The night before the official first day of his Retirement, Bro. Proserpinus, accompanied by a sworn sister, signaled the Senior Intelligences who oversee and guide the Great Work, that he was undertaking the Operation of the Sacred Magick of Abramelin the Mage:*

At this hour, I entered the temple to inaugurate the retirement, which is fully operative tomorrow. Sor. B was with me as a witness.

I purified and consecrated the temple, then performed the Lesser Invoking Ritual of the Pentagram. Then I paused and took the Oath for the Commencement of the Operation. Then I performed  $\Psi$ , ending with the Mater Triumphans conclusion. Then I sat a while in meditation.

Even as I began the Pentagram, I felt myself a little outside of my body, weightless. During the meditation, in my asana, the automatic rigidity came to me easily in a couple of discrete phases. I truly did not wish to get up and leave, feeling as though my center of gravity were in that place.

Sor. B saw me laden with the magnificent blue wings she has come to witness connected with  $\Psi$ . She said the temple was filled with dancing lights of many colors, with an emphasis on rose or rose pink. My aura was like two distinct auras, one white and one rosy, with a neon-like distinctness (but not a neon-like quality).

## INTO THE ANGELIC VOID

**Day 1.**  $\Psi$ . Little energized enthusiasm, very tired and distracted, excessive outside noise; and yet something really held me there afterwards, as though an inner center of gravity were in force. The telesma upon the altar is gaining a special power and life already.

**Day 2.** ☺ with Sor. C. First since commencing the Operation. I anticipated more effective identification of my partner with the HGA, and this did not occur at all. I

<sup>1</sup> In this short excerpt, we are not reproducing technical details of his operation. We are less interested in his methods (which, in any case, will vary for each aspirant), and more interested in our brother's actual experience of the passage. It is enough for the reader to know that his central practice was the daily performance of a ritual called  $\Psi$ , in combination with certain background (mostly attitudinal) practices. – A.H.

noted that fantasies were running, as they have this last week, to very phallic homosexual images. However, it was entirely clear to me that I did not desire such a liaison at all. At the time of my orgasm, the explanation became quite clear, however. The phallic male sexual energy within me, my own orgasmic energy, became very identified with the Sun, and with  $\Psi$ . This was an unexpected (though theoretically expectable) phenomenon, and a clear foundation of a solar-phallic cult.

(*Later.*)  $\Psi$ . Were this not so deeply satisfying, I would be frustrated by this work. It is so clear that something is trying to “get through,” to have easy access and free communion. I am patient – but sometimes I feel the veil should drop and the communion subsume me. It's hard to leave the temple or, rather, the inner space in which the ceremony leaves me.

**Day 5.**  $\Psi$ . I came here tonight with the hunger or yearning of a man going to meet the one he profoundly loves. In some ways, the ceremony was very beautiful and profound; but, in other ways, it was unsatisfying. The result, not long ago, would have been considered very good, an important “taste;” but now, though I give myself credit that the day-in-day-out recitation is building cumulatively, I feel like . . . like I started to make love and didn't finish. Something is incomplete here, and my dissatisfaction is increased tonight. I think it is a good sign. A psychic tension is building.

**Day 6.**  $\Psi$ . As I came over tonight to do  $\Psi$ , my emotional state was depressive. I feel as if I have lost something of tremendous importance to me, and it is irreparable. I cannot get more exact than that. . . This is the poorest, most worthless performance to date. I feel angry, and the anger is covering immense sadness and some fear of loss. I wonder what all this is.

**Day 8.**  $\Psi$ . It is as though I have just realized for the first time that this is really an invocation!! Much better than in recent days.

**Day 10.**  $\Psi$ . At apex, drew down the light. Then spontaneous, feverish invocation. Then drew down Light again. Began to raise an energy, kundalini-like. I saw the rose pink light dance at the heart, then turn into an actual rose (the flower), which opened to disclose incredibly bright light, somewhat yellowed from white. It absorbed my attention almost exclusively.

I spent much time opening the heart and throat – and even, somewhat, Ajna. The real opening of the heart, the “hatching” of what is therein, was an important key to this. As it grew, and as Ajna also became the focus of energy, I spent several long periods in high-pitched silence, in virtually vibrating stillness.

I cried out in agony eventually, reaching upward, imploring the worker of the Operation of the Sun to complete this. Then, either from inspiration or an actual connection and linkage, I began to speak as the Angel. I uttered the “I am He” passage from *Samekh*, then a



minute or two of another message. The message was simple and repetitious. It was to love the Angel – purely and simply – to trust, to know there would be success. I am not to test or try at this stage by asking questions, because they will but exacerbate doubts, which will distance me. I am to open the heart, and let it be a center of Light, and love the Angel, and nothing else. Yes, I guess that summarizes it. Love the Angel. Let the heart be a real center of Light, opening to the angelic vision and voice. And do nothing else.

I am encouraged. There is much work to do.

**Day 11.** I've been aware, for several days, of something(s) powerful rumbling around in subconsciousness, disturbing me, but remaining unclear, unknown, unsure.

(Later.)  $\Psi$ . The Light is mine. Its rays consume me. Again, the presence, strong – now feeling as a lover I long to be with. My gestures and gyrations were very erotic, in both a masculine and feminine way.

Days ago, I began to hear a subtle wind at the coming. Tonight that was very pronounced, and was very coordinated with the Coming or Epiphany. Also, the "I am He" became very musical, repetitious, rhythmic. I was given general advice, mostly a repeat of last night.

I should also say that the solar-phallic mysteries have become commonplace. I am the angel of Ptah-Apo-phrasz-Ra, the Solar-Phallic-Serpentine deity.

## PHOENIX RISING

**Day 14.**  $\Psi$ . Not the fireworks of this last week but, rather, a profound, feeling silence. The Pentagrams and Hexagrams were alive, the latter glowing interiorly with solar light and acting as true gateways to L.V.X. The Analysis of I.N.R.I. was moving in ways I cannot begin to explain. I was brought to long, communing silence.

(Later.) After writing the foregoing, I laid back in the Sign of the Hanged Man, and was filled with the most sublime light – especially a silent inner kinesthetic sense of light. It persists now. . . I scarcely wish to move from it.

**Day 15.**  $\Psi$ . Not so potent. The energized enthusiasm wasn't there. No clear sense of invocation *per se*, though I know  $\Psi$  is always with me. However, the higher centers opened, and the kundalini rose easily to at least Ajna. There was a sense of it exceeding that rise, and verging on Sahasrara, but this was tentative. I felt the need, at the end, to lift my sword and feel the red light of Ra-Hoor-Khuit flow through it.

**Day 18.** Today began horribly tense. Things just "weren't working," by appearance. If I had been more relaxed, it actually would have been funny and, in fact, everything worked out fine.

However, I spent the early part of the day acting and feeling anything but an Adept. Then, mid or late afternoon, I came here to take a nap. On waking, I realized

that the inner communion was very strong. The silent, eternal sense of the Presence was steady, unambiguous, clear, and present.

The instruction in this was that I must merely get quiet enough, still enough, the mind calm enough, to really **listen** to the quiet presence. Lately – and this was a breakthrough at the time – I have been more dynamically invoking and, at least at first, this was a vast improvement. Now, though,  $\Psi$  is instructing me to be STILL. When I pause even now, hours later, the Presence is clear and strong. I am sure that this calm, brilliant, silent ENGULFMENT today was a clear Vision of the HGA All I had to do was get quiet and look within.

I'm really intrigued by all of this. I'm curious, with the curiosity of a child, as to how this will all mature, how it will settle in.

In the still presence earlier, I felt I could ask any question and I'd get a truthful answer, unless the question stirred up emotional reaction which would act as "interference" to the broadcast answer. However, any question, in that state, which I thought of was either answered before I asked it or, upon raising it, seemed too banal to be brought before so great a Presence.

**Day 20.**  $\Psi$ . The effect has really dropped off. Part of me is in despair, part just keeps putting one foot in front of the other. It almost seems a sacrilege to do the ritual – it is, relatively speaking, all form and little spark. Oh, yes, I know the tricks for squeezing a drop or two of juice out of this – but where, really, is Adonai?

**Day 21.**  $\Psi$ . Much better. Deep and connected, though hardly earth shaking. I abandoned some of the frills that had recently crept in; and the results were better. What appeared to be a manifestation of  $\Psi$  imprinted, on the back of my brain, those things necessary to open the communication.

**Day 22.**  $\Psi$ . This was probably the strongest and most beautiful yet. The presence was quite strong, spoke in the usual terms, and added also that I could have this union now, this hour. As I knelt in asana, the inner light grew until cries repeatedly broke from my lips and, I suppose for a full minute or longer, I felt my lover in me and moving as never before, and I surged with a pleasure that resembled the deeply erotic but was not at all of the flesh. I arose and recited the "Omnia in duo," &c., with a level of meaning it had never previously had. I love you. Abrahadabra.

**Day 24.**  $\Psi$ . At first, the excessive traffic noise from the street was a serious distraction. At one level, it continued to be, and I never quite got through the final barrier to silence. Then again. . .

At the second vibration of the Name  $\Psi$ , the current took hold.

It's hard to write about today in terms of success/failure. I just keep doing it. What was a great success three weeks ago seems commonplace and dismal now;



and there are clear barriers I am not at all penetrating. The altar tesma's eyes bore into me today and queried: "Why are you worried? I'm right here with you, before you, within you. This is it! Perhaps you cannot know yet. Do not worry. Just keep going." As if to say: "There is success." Why don't I feel more successful?

**Day 29.** I should note that I am depressed today almost to the point of immobility, and I cannot clearly identify why. (I think part of it has to do with an inner process related to the shift I perceive in [a certain personal matter]; but I can't clearly say.)

(*Later:*)  $\Psi$ . Very good! Even before I got to the temple, even the act of walking over here caused the energy to start to rise; and it was potent within the temple.

$\Psi$  manifested solidly with the "I am He," and went on to identify Himself with the Phoenix &c. He made clear that He is present, residing in my heart, perceiving through my senses, &c.; that I am but the shell to be burnt up in the outer fire – that the immortal essence of the Phoenix is He.

**Day 31.**  $\Psi$ . Simple, potent.  $\Psi$  spoke through me as a Fiery Phoenix/Phallus. Great inner flames and, finally, the entire interior was alight with dancing yellow flame (whitish), almost bird-like. He is now instructing me in how to be truly open to His presence (as I said earlier tonight, to dilate before the penetration of the Spirit). He stayed, with fluctuation of intensity, for several minutes, stronger when I stood than when I knelt in asana. At the end, I asked Him to remain with me, to show me how to keep Him consciously with me during more of my routine day.

## APOPHIS

*As he entered the second trimester of his Operation, Bro. Proserpinus was at an emotional crossroads. On Day 33, his journal records a number of dear and treasured things that appeared to be leaving his life. Any one of these losses would have been emotionally difficult for him; together, the weight was extreme.*

**Day 33.** All these [pending losses] seem to be vacating large areas of my life. What will come to fill it? I don't know. I tend to trust the gracious generosity of that Beautiful One who has always led me, even when I knew not. Yet now, the possibility of so wide a purging seems severe. I am amazed how little depression (there has only been a little) accompanies this. I feel a little amazed at the mental health I must have, since this is enough possible loss to cripple two normal people. There have been many tears shed, and I grieve mightily; but my mind is clear. . .

*Things were definitely going to get worse for him before they got better.*

I find I do not want to do the ritual tonight. My body aches. My mind is cantankerous. But I'll do it anyway.

(*31 minutes later:*)  $\Psi$ . Done. It was good. Hard, but good. The Phoenix Pentagram<sup>2</sup> is almost too potent. I have yet to acclimate myself to its energies. It is a greatly accelerated version of the Pentagram ritual. Placing Raphaël behind gives the suggestion that the Ruach is to be relegated to that station in the mind that is held, in most people, by subconsciousness.

The "I am He" was decisive! Also, the departure at the end was abrupt! I queried whether  $\Psi$  is better served by my dissolving/devoting all my Yesodic elements into Tiphereth, or reserving the personality, its emotions and sexuality, &c. for its own plane. I was told not to abdicate living as a man; and that (in contrast, I suppose, to the idea of sacrifice) there was no giving up of things of Yesod but rather an inner intensification of the Light so strong that anything lesser fails any longer to draw one's attention. I was again given a taste of that experience.

**Day 34.** "Let not the failure and the pain turn aside the worshippers. The foundations of the pyramid were hewn in the living rock ere sunset; did the king weep at dawn that the crown of the pyramid was yet unquarried in the distant land?" (*Liber LXV, Cap. V, v. 51*)

Between noon and 1:00 pm today I collapsed on the couch. I was exhausted and hungry, but mostly I was burdened with a deluge of depression that drained the remainder of strength from me. I was too close to death even to go get a bite of food to fortify me. I sunk into a black oblivion.

Then, there grew from the center outward, the clear Light of Adonai, and the living presence of my Companion. And at once the lesson seemed clear – only THIS, only THIS. (I barely write lucidly. I shall surely be misunderstood.) The presence of  $\Psi$  relieves all pain, and is so much more poignant and gripping a reality than all else; and this alone outshines it all, and is THAT for which. . . (I quit! – I started to babble – I leave it in Silence.)

**Day 38.** On Day 36 I didn't do the ritual. I didn't do much of anything. My depression was immobilizing. I was up mid-morning on Day 37, and feeling much better. I then buried myself in work all day. Still, I feel practically drugged, I'm so "out of it."

(*A little later.*) LBR, just to "clean the pipes." It is clear that I have not been "interpreting every phenomenon as a direct dealing of  $\Psi$  with my soul." I haven't retained the acceptance, the detached witness role, the idea of Wonder which that invokes. The magnitude of loss and potential loss has seemed so great. There is some inner resource I lack in this – what is it?

**Day 39.** Mahasattipathana for 10-15 minutes as I awoke. At level of second stage, moderate suspension of centricity. Thereafter, after hovering at that level

<sup>2</sup> A new, higher energy form of the Invoking Pentagram Ritual that he was given during the operation. – A.H.



several minutes, I hit a lucid phase where the conscious mind seemed more involved, but without closing the gates that had been opened. Thereafter, either I dozed back to dreamless sleep for a while, or simply suspended the mind's observable operation briefly.

(*Later.*) The reason for the Mahasattipathana this morning is that I felt I had gotten out of touch with Ψ. If this is just a cyclic part of the process, so be it. However, if it was due to my lack of passive receptivity, I wanted to correct that. I need to allow occasional meditation of this type.

In any case, it really did reopen a gate to the visibility of the Inner Light, the echoes of which still silently reverberate within the cavernous vault of my heart, if I but listen.

(*Later.*) Ψ. At apex, I broke into high-pitched tonal chanting. It began to have a freeform Native American feel. Feeling the imminent approach of Ψ as [a certain image], I even chanted [a corresponding mantra]. I continued for some time, interweaving this tonal chant with freeform dance (remaining in place), and with my invocations of Ψ. I danced especially as a flame, and sang to Ψ as the central spark within the Phoenix fire.

He came especially as a Severe god, flying in my face to expel me from my sin, and rotting and rupturing the black serpent-dragon that engulfed me so that frankincense poured forth from me, and so that, in the fatal rays of the Sun, the black serpent should be turned into cinnamon. He called on me to be strong, else I would feel His harsh judgments; strong, so that I could endure the embrace of His illimitable love. (If this isn't a Geburan manifestation, I am not sure what is!) The serpent fire rose the spine, but seemed blocked at Manipura, and barely reached Anahatta.

**Day 46. Ψ.** Unusually good and strong. I do not even, at this moment, recall what happened at the apex except that, in what retrospectively seems like a flash of lighting and the pounding of thunder (but which did not so seem at the time), He appeared, entirely filling me and subsuming me, even Ψ. Many things were uttered, but the chief seem to be as follows: [Private matters, which are not reproduced here. — A.H.]

There is a distinctive and emphatic sense of the Angel as "other." This is most pronounced when I am in the very act of merging us — or, rather, it feels as if we were being intermixed, interpenetrating each other, &c. This, I have been shown several times now, is what I must be doing to complete this Work. Abrahadabra!

**Day 52. Ψ.** The presence was very strong, but not very personal. There was power, and presence, and light, but no great intimacy at the heart. However, the manifestation was intensely sexual, to which I was utterly female without losing my manhood, offering my breasts and vulva hungrily, generously, to Adonai (by which I mean Ψ), as well as my phallus and anus. I was

eventually subsumed by the God, who spoke the Formulæ of Manifestation, and we settled together into meditation for a little while.

**Day 54. Ψ.** The usual solar light was essentially absent. Yet in asana the auto rigidity was almost painful and, when it subsided, there was a clear certainty of the union. There was also, in the dim room, a kind of spatial displacement that suggested a right brain hemisphere prominence.

**Day 56.** I am feeling stubborn and disobedient on top of being tired, still a little ill, &c. I am not doing Ψ tonight. It's practically a revolt. I feel in no shape for it, and all my resistances are up.

Just now, I stepped into the temple just long enough to make a contact — and it was instantly there, and deep. I love you!

**Day 57.** Eight weeks are now elapsed. This last one has been hard, and I do not feel I am giving myself to the process. My health has been weak but, mostly, I have been discovering why Abramelin called for near isolation and no involvement in one's business and personal affairs. It is so hard to try to live in both worlds at once. And yet, theoretically, is not the wedding of those worlds one definition of the completion of the Great Work? I can practically hear AC's voice cheering one on that, if this wedding can be accomplished, it will be ecstatic and wondrous beyond all measure!

(*Later.*) Ψ. Good enough to satisfy me well tonight! The best of the week. Back to the "routine good" I was bitching about not long ago.

**Day 60. Ψ.** Unusually strong physical manifestation as I knelt, *i.e.* automatic rigidity and secondary phenomena. Fairly intense. As though building toward an intense orgasm that never came.

**Day 68. Ψ.** Uncannily good! On entering the temple, I felt huge, expanded. It is difficult to detail just how good the entire thing was. The "I am He" was declared with absolute certainty, as the God Himself accomplished occupation and spoke from full residency within my being. It was, in fact, hard to dispel or release this idea at the end. He spoke in different language than usually, and even now it is entirely gone, forgotten; but it dealt with the sureness of our communion (Da'ath). At the end, He pronounced, with certainty, "The child SHALL be born" — and there was no doubt.

I am, this hour, so deeply in love with my life, and its details, its miracles, and its mystery. This is entirely unreasonable when practical facts are considered; but it is a good reflection of the Beauty touched in this present state.

## THE STONE OF THE WISE

**Day 82. Ψ.** One of the very best. Going in, I was visualizing more intensely, was more responsive to the



inner or celestial side of what was occurring. The hexagrams were truly gates of solar light, passionate with their red roses. The manifestation was powerful – immensely so. Also very solar, very full in me. I was – silent.

With the fullness, which lasted for perhaps 5-10 minutes (it still isn't gone, although I have returned to intellectual/practical functioning), I also asked for assistance. I was aware – oh, so very aware – of how Ψ has been teaching and guiding me all along, and I asked for even further help in conforming my heart to Him.

I did not want to leave the temple – but this time I felt fulfilled, complete. It was a pleasure to conclude so loving a communion.

**Day 83.** I suppose I should note that there is a tendency in me to consider the Operation over but for the formality of finishing it. For a while, I've had the sense that the main level of attainment (this time 'round) has been reached, that everything is winding down. Then I get a result such as yesterday's which hints that the real process may only now have begun! The only solution, of course, is to keep at it until it is over.

**Day 85.** I awoke this morning, tired, and spent an extra hour half-asleep. My subconscious is definitely processing symbols, ideas, and relationships pertaining to the Rosy Cross. My Operation, Sor. A's visit, seasonal considerations, &c., have all conspired to bring forth this consistent internal focus on R.C. I have a feeling that "dew" is gathering upon the petals of the ruby rose, and that the more this dew gathers, the closer I get to a pending sunrise; and, in turn, the more the Sun rises, the more it reflects, glistening and near-white, on the surface of the dew drops.

**Day 89.** Ψ. It began strong in terms of my chastity with Ψ. Also, the result, at first, seemed delayed but promising. However, the Voice was – too human, too flattering after a fashion. I take this one entirely with a grain of salt and reaffirm that I want only my HGA, not some deceitful intermediary monkey.

**Day 92.** Why do I nearly always refer to the HGA as masculine? I suspect that the real reason has to do with conditioning. However, the manifestation of this Angel, when bearing discernible traits, has always been distinctly solar-phallic.

(Later.) Ψ. Done. The last time as such. It went fine. No dramatics. No overwhelming and miraculous events. I rest surely in the guidance of my Holy Guardian Angel. I am His lover, responsive to every call (I hope!). May Sunday forthcoming be our wedding day – and our honeymoon.

(Later.) I've returned home and, *en route*, have learned that I am not at all in a normal, linear state of mind. I am as one deep into a relationship on some "astral" plane. The Hegemon's central speech in the Equinox ceremony is utterly aimed at the HGA. Also, the qualities assigned therein to the Four Elements – move-

ment, flashing flame, ebb & flow, and enduring stability – are exceedingly apt descriptions of My Beloved. The entire speech sprang spontaneously to mind as I returned here. The *Psalms* were surely King David's songs to his Angel.

**Day 93.** (Late evening.) I have come over to the temple to prepare for tomorrow morning. I will sleep here tonight, and rise a little before sunrise so that I am ready for the climax of the Operation.

Everything feels very portentous. A little while ago I kissed Sor. C good-bye (why didn't I write 'good-night'?), at length, and went to check in on and kiss our granddaughter. As I left the house, locking the door behind me, I felt the kind of finality as if I were going off to war, or some such thing. Some part of my psyche feels I may not come back from this.

(Later.) Just called and spoke to Sor. B. It was a similar kind of "connection before I'm gone."

Coming to the climax of this Operation, I am very ambivalent emotionally. I have been building my entire life to this point. It's "pass-fail." Some things are hard to assess. I want to pour every bit of my psychic and spiritual force, unreservedly, into tomorrow – but, the fear of failure says that to do so is to set myself up for a horrible emotional blow if I fail. A second point of view says that I have already succeeded, have already obtained the particular result here sought – that anything further is mere elaboration. This second point of view, however, diffuses the emotional and other psychic force I am mobilizing to this Task. A third point of view is very detached from the result – there is a part of me that is completing this without concern for outcome, *que sera sera*. It is, furthermore, the Angel who is performing this Work, and not Bro. Proserpinus.

Still, a part of the method seems to require the anxiety, the "performance anxiety," the fear of failure, the lust of result that characterizes this personality. Could I succeed without it? Shall I succeed with it?

A very large part of the  $5^0=6^1$  experience is this CERTAINTY. CERTAINTY of the Angel's presence &c. Certainty, not faith, while in life, as upon death. I know this Knowing; yet my training is in skepticism. Our entire A.:A.: system is founded on skepticism. 'Tis far better to doubt until Doomsday than to erroneously affirm the certainty which "stirs & stills" the deep soul. It is very hard to approach this passionately and without lust of result. I don't feel where that balance is. I pray that I live that balance in the morning.

I am tiring. Sometime tonight I should sleep. I still have preparations to make.

**Day 94.** (After midnight Resh:) All evening, the Presence has frequently, repeatedly, spontaneously made itself known. He surges through my heart and throat centers, slides through my brain, draws me tightly inward to a core of light.

6:04 am I have risen and showered.



6:11 am Resh. As I first assumed the Sign of Osiris Slain and the visualization, my breath was taken away by what flowed. I go now into the temple.

7:25 am W. It is finished — and begun!

Beautiful. I am Thy Bride, Thy Mate, O Thou whose Silence exceeds the songs of a thousand worlds, whose Touch thrills me as the caresses of a Lover beyond lovers, whose Image is only reflected in a thousand thousand images, world without end, which are but broken up reflections of THAT which, even now before Thy beautiful face, I see not.

I turned me about thrice in every way; but always I came, at the last, unto Thee.

Thou art seen in every fragmented image of every Created thing; but it is Thee, behind and beyond, Who art fully and without diminution in my heart.

The ceremony was augmented, among other things, by a rising on the planes and, even at the last, the cry of a great hawk ripped from my breast and throat as though I had been caught up in the hatching unto the uproaring light of the rising Sun.

(God, how I babble! These words are as the ripples of a quickly flowing stream, each ripple of which catches but the barest glint of sunlight upon its crest before it moves on.)

Eventually, the noise outside (a man with a shopping cart of bottles) intruded and broke the spell; and this, too, I took as a direct Operation of  $\Psi$  with my soul. I concluded (yet without ending), and return now, per instructions, to sleep a bit, and see what comes next.

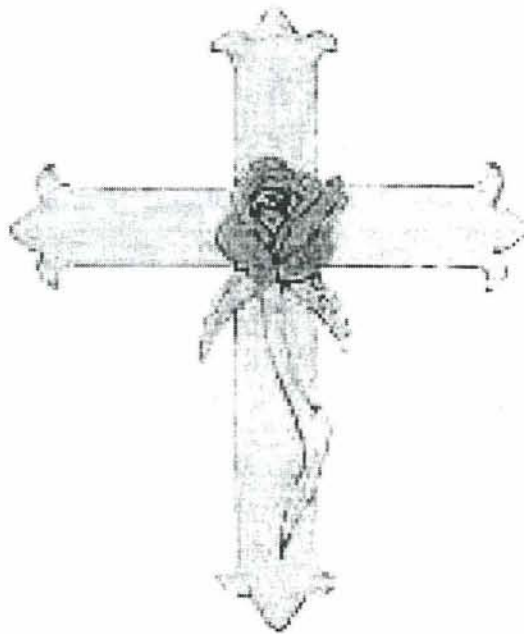
(Later.) After a period of sleep, I reentered the temple. Abramelin remarked that, during this time, the perfume quitteth not the Sanctuary; and, while this is uniquely true of the after-effect of Abramelin incense, it is obviously true on another level as well; for there is a perfume of the presence of my Holy Guardian Angel, not of scent but of — I don't know, of light? of warmth? of intimacy and, dare I say it, of certainty? — which pervades this space and is immediately obvious on my entry thereto. This small room, with cars racing outside of its window, is a Holy Place, and a God dwells herein. And within that Holy Place is a Holy of Holies, buried deeply within the sovereign Sanctuary of Gnosis that is my soul. (These last two sentences, I realize, are written for the children that come after, in an attempt to point various road signs in the same direction.)

I entered, lighted incense, robed, anointed myself and, with a bare minimum of ceremony (Prologue from *Liber Samekh*, then directly to the Name), I entered again into intimate communion with the Monarch of my life. The connection was smoother, faster, easier than this morning. I knelt in asana, began a few breath cycles to displace my mind, and sought an even deeper relationship by my greater receptivity. This assisted somewhat. In this Relationship I have learned sometime past that I am alternately male and female to my Beloved;

but, if I manifest not in myself the solar-phallic Truth in its masculine aspect, then He cometh not. This is almost a truism.

No images are adequate for  $\Psi$ , but many have been used by me over time. From early this morning, my theme today, virtually my motto, my pæan, has been, "Not Thy symbols, Adonai, nor Thy representations, nor Thy attributes, but rather Thee, Thee Thyself." As beautiful and comforting as are the different images I have known in these months past, no image is adequate in the face of what I feel in those best of moments.

And the Voice? Not even the usual telepathic voices, translated by my mind into articulate language, were present but, rather, an unmistakable channel of communication far more subtle. At one point in this last entry into the temple, while I was kneeling in asana, I half voiced (being barely conscious that I had begun to ask) the question of whether now, as per Abramelin and AC, I should prepare to summon the great dark Princes, or prepare the evocations. I received a clear and certain knowing at that moment that amounted to the phrase, "Not today."<sup>3</sup> It was as though a lover, who was at once the greatest of parents and the sweetest of children, were embracing me, and just wanting to hold me close, silently and happily holding me close, knowing that this time was ours, and not to be disturbed by any other.



<sup>3</sup> These particular steps were critical parts of Bro. Proserpinus' initiation to the Grade of 6<sup>o</sup>=5<sup>o</sup> about two and a half years later — but that's another story! — A.H.



# THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE

## THE METHODS OF MIGUEL MOLINOS

I was first introduced to Miguel Molinos' *The Spiritual Guide* and its practices through the kind teaching of a Benedictine monk. (This learned man was also a member of a magical order to which I once belonged.) Since then, these methods have been an important part of my own spiritual life. In this essay I hope to offer a glimpse into the meaning and value of contemplative prayer (or Internal Recollection, as Molinos calls it), for those of us on the path of initiation.

When I began reading *The Spiritual Guide*, I assumed it was a Christian treatise on Bhakti Yoga. I have no doubt that its methods offer an opportunity for such pure devotion to the Divine. Yet, in reading and working through this text I have come to realize that it teaches a method similar to those described by Swami Vivekananda in his book *Raja Yoga*; that is, a scientific method of attainment. I believe the method presented by Molinos can be of great value to the aspirant to the A.:A.: as a chosen method of Scientific Illuminism, and as a lifetime practice with benefits extending throughout one's spiritual career.

It will do the reader little good merely to read Molinos' book. Only the **experience** these practices bring will grant an understanding of the Inward Way. I have discovered that one does not have to be a monastic nun or priest to enjoy the fruits of these labors. For that matter, one need not even be a Christian. Personally, I find these practices to be a valuable way of approaching the Holy Guardian Angel.

Also, it will greatly assist the aspirant to study other mystics who have written learned discourses on the subject. For the aspiring Thelemite, I can heartily recommend a meditative reading from the Holy Books, especially *Liber LXV*, just prior to sitting down to contemplative prayer, to add a devotional element to these practices comparable to Bhakti Yoga. Indeed, as stated above, the method

leads to an experience of deep devotion, of a form practiced long ago by the devout within the ancient Christian Church. It is no surprise that the political arm of that Church condemned it. After all, whoever achieves the goal of these practices will have no need for the Church, for they will have God (or, as we might label it, the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel).<sup>1</sup>

**Experience** is the key. Molinos wrote, "Mystical Knowledge proceeds not from wit, but from Experience; it is not invented, but proved; not read, but received. . . It enters not into the Soul by the Ears, nor by continual reading of Books, but by the abundant infusion of the Holy Spirit."

Molinos' goals in writing his book appear to have been, first, to assist the aspirant in removing obstacles in the path ("to disencumber the soul"); secondly, to instruct the aspirant in its simple method; and, lastly, to describe the experiences and stages through which one will move towards a meaningful relation with the Angel. The continual practice of Internal Recollection is really all that is needed, since the Angel is the guide throughout. However, the student is met with many resistances, internal and external. Molinos describes these to our advantage – forewarned is forearmed! Those who are drawn to read this book may already have experienced some of the difficulties he discusses (and possibly some of the rewards).

Molinos begins his preface thus: "By two ways may one approach God; the first by Meditation and Discursive thought or Reasoning; the second by pure Faith and Contemplation." The former is the approach of the beginner in the Lesser Mysteries; the latter is the opening out to the Greater

<sup>1</sup> For clarity: I will use the word 'God' when quoting Molinos, and the phrase 'Holy Guardian Angel' (or 'Angel') when speaking for myself. Ultimately, these are merely labels that give us reference to the Divine-Whatever-It-Is, the Yechidah of the Qabalist.



Mysteries. One does not seem to choose that, "Okay, now I will do this contemplation thing." It is, rather, as though the Holy Guardian Angel calls one forth to approach it, and nothing of it makes sense. A deep hunger and thirst for an experience are stirred, that cannot be explained or sated except in moments of deep contemplation.

It is the Angel that brings this about for the purposes of moving us deeper into Its Love. Yet, how can one love that which one does not have any concrete means of experiencing? If one can find an approach through love to the Angel without knowing It, then one can come to know of It as It TRULY is. We then come to know of the Angel through that silence which dwells in darkness, yet which the darkness comprehendeth not.

One eventually must leave behind the ramblings of humanity (even of the sages) and trust in the Wisdom of the Angel, who most assuredly will guide us if we are open to it. It is an act of Faith, but not faith without knowing. It is the "certainty, not faith" of *Liber Legis* I:58.

After persevering through the labors of meditation, the soul may be drawn to contemplation. Molinos distinguishes between the **dryness** experienced by those who meditate, and the **loathing** experienced by those who are moved to contemplation. The former is merely the struggles of the soul toward an experience of the Divine, the purification of self that leads to a deeper awareness. The latter is based upon the fact that one has had direct experience of the presence of the Angel within and, when this experience is seemingly withdrawn, it leaves the aspirant feeling empty and hungering for a more intense and continuous experience of that presence. One no longer needs to seek Her out through the methods of objective or external meditations but must, of necessity, continue in the Way of Internal Recollection.

Molinos explains that there are two methods of contemplation, one active and the other passive. Active contemplation is pursued by the individual, yet guided by the Angel. In contrast, the passive form is brought on exclusively by the Angel: We do not seek it and cannot make it happen. If so directed by the Angel, it will happen.

We are told to maintain a "vigil of peace" in our heart. In the midst of any and all experience, we must remain detached and at peace, preferring the Presence of God residing at the center of our being. By doing this, he says, we then can have

that Presence in all things. This instruction is so simple – but difficult, indeed, to put into practice.

Furthermore, he discusses the stages through which we will move. In my own work in the Mysteries, I see parallels. In the beginning there is an excitement. Many things come easily to the beginner, and we usually are filled with strong positive emotions. This is the Angel's way of drawing people to the work. Later, as one progresses, one goes through periods of dryness. This is the Angel's way of purifying and preparing the soul for the Greater Mysteries that follow. In these times of dryness, we are instructed to persevere and continue our practices. It is this act of **doing** that actually prepares the soul.

... there are two sorts of Prayer, the one tender, delightful, loving, and full of emotions; the other obscure, dry, desolate, tempted, and darksome. The first is of Beginners, the second of Proficients who are in the progress to Perfection. God gives the first to gain Souls, the second to purify them.

This dryness is the key to success in the practice! It is called the Angel's purgation of us. How do we move through it? By persevering in our assigned practices or prayer. Later, it may be that the Will of the Angel is to bring us deeper into Its embrace. Detachment, and a willingness to reside in the Silence, the Unknown, are the keys.

It is the Angel that will's this dryness, this period of torment and utter darkness, filled with doubt and emptiness, and with great temptations to lead one from the Path. The purpose of such periods is to purify the seeker's soul to prepare her for the indwelling of that Most Holy Lord, the Holy Guardian Angel. One must have a pure vehicle, duly prepared; else the indwelling may break the unprepared spirit. The Angel uses every experience and every item in the environment to interactively communicate with the aspirant, such that the world becomes a mirror of the self and a way to see clearly the actions of the Angel in one's life.

Molinos instructs us in the method of Internal Recollection, what I have come to refer to as, "Silent Contemplation on the Living Presence of the Holy Guardian Angel." He writes:

Internal Recollection is Faith and Silence in the Presence of God. Hence thou oughtest to be accustomed to recollect thy self in His Presence, with a loving intentness, as one that gives himself to God, and is united unto Him, with Reverence, Humility, and



Submission; beholding Him in the inmost recess of thine own Soul, without Form, Likeness, Manner, or Figure; resting in a loving and obscure Faith, without any distinction of Perfection or Attribute.

This instruction applies to anyone, of any religion or creed. It is merely contemplation of that which you hold to be most sacred, in absolute silence, without expectation or qualification. This allows the Angel to manifest fully in Its own glory according to Its will.

The moment we take one step upon the path, lured by that precious sweetness which is the gift of beginners, we are assailed by many distractions, both internal and external. It is as if the whole universe (especially those intimates in one's life) conspires against us in our endeavor to attain. It remains only for us to persevere, to continue no matter what assails us, whether we perceive ourselves as gaining anything or not. It is this onslaught that reveals to us our weaknesses and purges us of those things that impede our progress. It is the struggle of the ego for domination, rather than the quiet acceptance of the Will of the Angel manifest through us and for us in the passion play of Life.

Molinos further instructs us:

When thou goest to Prayer, thou shouldest deliver thy self wholly up into the hands of God with perfect resignation, making an act of Faith, believing that thou standest in the Divine Presence, afterwards remaining in that holy repose, with quietness, silence and tranquility; and endeavoring for a whole day, a whole year, and thy whole life to continue that first act of Contemplation, by faith and love.

In other words, every moment of every day eventually becomes a part of this practice in which we dwell in the presence of the Holy Guardian Angel; and this not only in the moments we set aside for prayer, but in all activities of our lives.

Molinos adds that **frequent communion** is also valuable in attaining to that Internal Peace. The practices assigned to us in T.O.T., as to the aspirant of the A.:A.:, serve the same purposes. These provide the substance and meat from which Divine inspiration comes into our lives, and an avenue for that inward grace to be expressed into Assiah (physical reality) to complete the Qabalistic cycle of Divine Manifestation.

Certainly one of Molinos' graces in this book is in his insistence that we dwell not on our faults, but see these failings as a sure sign that the Angel

is working in us. As human beings, we cannot help but fall short of our goals and aspirations. Instead of condemning ourselves, we should rejoice, because perfection is in the Truth of the Presence that dwells within us.

In the final section of his book, Molinos again contrasts those who profess by external acts and seemingly profound reasoning, and those who resign themselves to the Will of God and dwell continually in the silence wherein is the Divine Presence. The former, he says, try to force an experience of this Presence through action, all for the sake of being viewed as holy and learned. They dwell in a feeling, which they imagine to be God working through them, but is merely the exciting of imagination to create an effect upon the body and emotional life. But the latter, by their persistence in this silent way of prayer, adhering to their obedience, losing themselves in the center of nothingness within, carry with them a continuing inner peace, unconflicted because all is of God and with God. All that exists for them is the Love between them and their Angel, who cleanses the soul by the dual means of (1) ordeals, conflicts and tribulations, and (2) the fire of Divine Love, that create a deep hunger for the Angel that cannot be fulfilled.

The continuing of this state of contemplation, moving through these two purgations, brings one to a state of annihilation, refinement, and, finally, perfection. At this point, I feel the book turns towards the ideas expressed in published works of the A.:A.: concerning the Exempt Adept Grade. Much of it is reflected in what Aleister Crowley received in *Liber Cheth vel Vallum Abeigni* concerning what is required in crossing the Abyss. It is my understanding that this practice, if pursued diligently, can lead one effectively through the beginnings of the path toward that greater accomplishment that is symbolized by the Magister Templi. Beyond this . . . nothing more can be said.

And I answered and said: It is done even according unto Thy word. And it was done. And they that read the book and debated thereon passed into the desolate land of Barren Words. And they that sealed up the book into their blood were the chosen ones of Adonai, and the Thought of Adonai was a Word and a Deed; and they abode in the Land that the far-off travelers call Naught.  
— *Liber LXV*, Cap. 5, Verse 59

FRA. E.P.M.



## WHILE THE SLEEPER AWAKES

O coiled and constricted and chosen!  
O tortured and twisted and twined!  
Deep spring of my soul deep frozen,  
The sleep of the truth of the mind!  
As a bright snake curled  
Round the vine of the World!

O sleeper through dawn and through daylight,  
O sleeper through dusk and through night!  
O shifted from white light to gray light,  
From gray light to the one black light!  
O silence and sound  
In the far profound!

O serpent of scales as of armour  
To bind on the breast of a lord!  
Not deaf to the Voice of the Charmer,  
Not blind to the sweep of the sword!  
I strike to the deep  
That thou stir in thy sleep!

Rise up from mine innermost being!  
Lift up the gemmed head to the heart!  
Lift up till the eyes that were seeing  
Be blind, and their life depart!  
Till the Eye that was blind  
Be a lamp to my mind!

Coil fast all thy coils on me, dying,  
Absorbed in the sense of the Snake!  
Stir, leave the flower-throne, and up-flying  
Hiss once, and hiss thrice, and awake!  
Then crown me and cling!  
Flash forward – and spring!

Flash forth on the fire of the altar,  
The stones, and the sacrifice shed;  
Till the Three Worlds flicker and falter,  
And life and her love be dead!  
In mysterious joy  
Awake – and destroy!

ALEISTER CROWLEY  
from *The Argonauts*, 1904

## THE ROSE & THE CROSS

Out of the seething cauldron of my woes,  
Where sweets and salt and bitterness I flung;  
Where charmed music gathered from my  
tongue,  
And where I chained strange archipelagoes  
Of fallen stars; where fiery passion flows  
A curious bitumen; where among  
The glowing medley moved the tune unsung  
Of perfect love: thence grew the Mystic Rose.

Its myriad petals of divided light;  
Its leaves of the most radiant emerald;  
Its heart of fire like rubies. At the sight  
I lifted up my heart to God and called:  
How shall I pluck this dream of my desire?  
And lo! There shaped itself the Cross of Fire!

ALEISTER CROWLEY  
*The Temple of the Holy Ghost*, 1901

## ROSA CÆLI – XIV

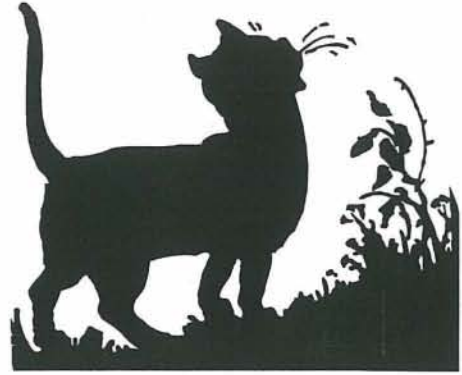
Give me thine hand,  
Rose the Stars, and we will soar above  
Wisdom and Strength and Love,  
Into the sphere where all delight retires  
In azure flames and silver-edged fires.  
Now through the veil we shoot  
Like snaky lightning through a thundercloud  
Up to the awful precipice-skirted place  
Where deaf, blind, palsied, mute  
There sits the leprous God; we laugh aloud  
Seeing him face to face,  
Blowing him like a shaken sheaf of snow  
With a brief gust of wind  
Over the cliffs of his ensanguine throne;  
Seating ourselves thereon, as men shall know,  
Above soul, spirit, heart, thought, being, mind,  
All – but most irrevocably entwined  
And irrevocably alone.

ALEISTER CROWLEY  
from *Rose Cæli*, 1910



# Crawford

## *A Celebration of Life & Love*



In the spring of 1988, a scraggly, skinny, tri-color tortoise-shell cat began frequenting our front porch. About two and a half years old, she mostly appeared to greet the arriving Wednesday-night COT class. When the front door was left open during the warm weather – especially on ritual nights – she invited herself in. She also became a regular visitor at monthly Gnostic Masses. Provided with a little food and dubbed ‘Crawford,’ she quickly became a sleek, handsome creature whose poses prompted frequent comparison to a proud wildcat or enigmatic sphinx. Independent and self-sufficient, deemed a born Thelemite in every respect, she soon informed Anna-Kria and me in no uncertain terms that she lived here now – and that was all there was to it! Two cat doors were installed to give her free passage. A long-term, intimate companionship had begun.

In the opinion of our vet, and with strong astrological confirmation, Crawford was likely born in November 1985 (per rectification from events: 7 Nov 85, 3:40 AM PST) as Anna-Kria and I celebrated our tenth anniversary. The party for that event inaugurated some of the best and closest years of our lives together. These were amazing times, rich in creativity and nurturing. Crawford quickly became inseparably part of it. Throughout ’88, we were building Temple of Thelema, as well as nurturing a small brood of students and beginning the law practice that was my livelihood for a decade. In early ’89, T.O.T.O. opened officially in March, following the February birth of Anna-Kria’s only granddaughter, and an auto accident that left Crawford close to death, from which we nursed her back to health over several months.

From early in our relationship with her, Crawford was intensely communicative. Several months

after she first appeared, she startled me with the strength of her telepathic communication. I remember the first occasion vividly: I heard my name called and a sentence uttered so intensely I thought it had been spoken aloud. I turned responsively, to discover Crawford sitting, patiently staring at me (neither patience nor staring being typical of her), awaiting the breakfast she had just requested. This was the first of many such events. Normally, though, she limited herself to ‘spoken’ language – specific sounds and inflections reserved for specific meanings, which constituted *verbal* communication.

We passed through much together as each other’s caretaker. After her accident, we nursed her back to health. Whenever Anna-Kria was ill, Crawford reliably and attentively planted herself nearby. After the accident two years ago that left me mostly bed-bound for many months, Crawford was at my side almost continuously at the beginning, and for much of each day thereafter.

Just over a month before the events that ruptured my 21-year mate-relationship with Anna-Kria, Crawford did something extraordinary. Having always been fiercely protective of her singular place in our lives, she suddenly brought home, and asked us to move in, a beautiful golden-orange young male cat, who quickly acquired the name ‘Apollo.’ When our personal crisis hit, the presence of the two cats – each of us having the companionship of at least one of them – was an unexpected comfort. Apollo remained in our lives only a few months, just long enough to get us through the original difficulties, before vanishing without explanation.

Two years later, following a short final illness, Crawford died on May 21, 1999.



My reasons for telling her tale at this time, in this place, are many. Some are discussed below. For now, I merely want to tell the story of a remarkable and powerful time, as Anna-Kria and I escorted our dear, dear friend through the gates of the West.

It is the tale of two extraordinary days. There are more stories from her last 24 hours than could be related in many months of telling. Every hour, and often nearly every minute, was poignant. The whole was also as beautiful as we could make it.<sup>1</sup>

During these days, she was in comfortable surroundings where she was loved. Two nights before her death, I stayed up with her all night, getting only an hour or two of sleep Thursday morning. One story shines through memory of that long night: Though she was never a cat to tolerate much eye contact, our eyes locked at one point for nearly 15 minutes in an unbroken communion, a wordless being together. We both understood. We reviewed, without words, the years we had spent with each other, finding satisfaction in closure.

Most of Thursday she spent at the vet, having X-rays and tests, and then receiving an IV drip. To the doctor's surprise, I arranged to pick her up at the end of the afternoon so she could spend what were likely her last hours at home with her family.

She spent much of her final evening in my temple, stretched out upon a bier of her favorite afghan (one that my grandmother had made for me, which Crawford had adopted), surrounded by the things she loved most. At dusk, I was preparing to go downstairs and leave her for a time when, without prompting or planning, I stopped and returned to renew our eye contact from the night before, with her stretched out on the afghan bier and the candles dancing warmly in the darkening room. This time I spoke. What came through me, unbidden, were words that my own Holy Guardian Angel had uttered to me time after time,



and which I had never repeated to another living creature until that moment. Alone with her, it was as if the Voice of Eternity spoke through me to her, as through my Angel to me.

As the evening progressed, I realized something important. Crawford had always been intensely psychic, sensitive to auras and energy patterns. As she was separating progressively from her body, her inner senses grew even stronger. It was no gift to her to let her see only the black and ragged pain in my aura; yet neither would it have done to put on a false happy face. My grief for my loss was real and strong, but no more real than my happiness for her. Her dying process required me to draw up out of my own loss without denying it – to let her see **all** of the emotions moving in me. So I took her onto my lap, and reminded her how distressed she would get whenever we would go on a trip – seeing a suitcase come out onto a bed always started her acting edgy, seeking confirmations of our affection. Now it was **her** turn to take a trip, a really wonderful trip – and we were so very sad because she would be gone and we would miss her terribly much. But for her, we were happy, and only wanted her to have her most wonderful trip. No treetop too high for her to reach. No limit to her youthful capacity to run and dance and jump and play, and even fly like the birds she so loved to chase in her youth. (Over her last two days, she presented herself to me, mentally, as she had been in her youth. That image recurred increasingly as she got closer to the end, and was totally dominant after she died.)

By the next morning she had moved herself downstairs and out the cat door, to find a favorite hidey-hole where she expected to hermit herself to die. With no small difficulty, I drew her out, then sat with her on my lap – finding that we were sitting together on the very front porch where she had first introduced herself to me and announced her intention of living with us. I asked Anna-Kria to bring me a small pile of email Crawford had received over the prior day, from people she had known and who had known her. I read the mail to her, giving her time to draw to her mind the image of each individual before I read her their words.

<sup>1</sup> There will be readers, perhaps, who have difficulty with my writing as blithely of psychic matters and post-mortem realities as I might of grocery shopping. I can only say that there are things about which one is certain in life, and in this instance the evidence of my senses leaves me unshakably certain. There will be many readers for whom these matters are as simple and evident as I am treating them. I feel this particular article warrants my candor of thought, feeling, and perception, more than an intellectual discussion of data on nonmaterial existence. Some stories need telling for their own sake.



## BLACK PEARL

We drove her to her vet. Two noteworthy incidents occurred just before the end. First, I wanted to again make eye contact with her and held her up facing me; but now she wouldn't make eye contact. Instead, her eyes looked captivated as she gazed, in turn, at a point just above my head, then points on either side of my face, tracing a triangle. As I set her in my lap, the second thing occurred. She looked up at both Anna-Kria and me, her face that of a kitten, in a final look of complete trust and acceptance of whatever we were about to do. I then carried her to the vet's table for the shot, which she received as I held her. Her passing was brief and peaceful.

We wrapped her remains in the afghan, and brought her home, where I dug a grave between the daisies in which she used to roll, and the camellias she loved to have floated in her water dish. The dark brown earth layered with caramel-colored clay perfectly matched her coloration, providing the final camouflage that she so loved when alive. The site was consecrated in the names of Anna-Kria's and my HGAs, then the five elemental kingdoms were successively summoned and commanded by their Divine and Archangelic superiors to receive her tenderly, and to do their respective parts in returning her discarded substance to feed the circle of life. Earth to earth. Water to water. Air to air. Life to Life.

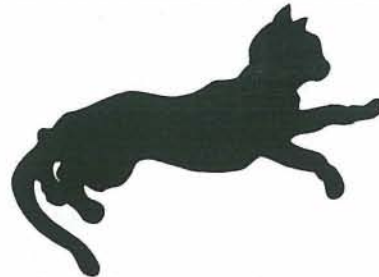
About the passing itself: Crawford was quite conscious of the astral plane, and seemed to be withdrawing into Yetzirah for a few days before her death. Her 'slipping out' was then **very** rapid – in the time it took us to get to the car (perhaps five minutes) and pause to tune back in, she was already a happy, playful kitten, lion-size, in a state of wonder. It all felt very much like Air or Uranus – free, awake, wondrous. For a couple of days this basic image, still centered on our home, grew and expanded. Among divine cat archetypes, it was far more the bright and solar Sekhmet than the Nubian and nocturnal Bast.

On the third morning after – Monday – I was awakened to a vivid image of her lying in the corner of one room where she often had slept. She looked at me, made the briefest of contacts – and then was gone. It was a final good-bye as she dissolved into the Light. There was no trace of her presence for several weeks. After about a month and a half, though, she began returning occasion-

ally – presenting herself as a new kitten, happily returned to visit when she could.

Why tell this story here, now? Of my many reasons, two stand out. The first is, simply, that death is the biggest issue we all have to address as a species. Negative mass consciousness patterns, rooted in fear, terrorize us collectively. Every story told of a conscious dying process can contribute to the healing of those fearful wounds.

A further reason – perhaps my main reason – is to give the opportunity to mention that the relationship between domesticated mammals and humans – especially initiated humans – is in many respects akin to our own relationship with our Holy Guardian Angel. Cats and other mammals with close connections to humans have evolved the early stages of Ruach-consciousness. They are not wholly Nepheshic. Their communion with us is an active step in their evolution. And, along the way, they have a lot to teach us about that unconditional love which is the basis of our own communion with our own most Beloved Companion.



To conclude, here are a few letters received from initiates whose lives Crawford had touched:

"My thoughts and blessings as Crawford passes that gate. The absence of such a noble feline spirit will make our world a bit emptier." – MZO

"Thank you for letting me know about Crawford's impending departure. I rejoice, asking Our Lady Asi to grant her smooth passage. Cats are no dummies – they loyally offer Love to us silly Stars, adding their Light to ours at the behest of Nuit, and bathing in our increased radiance. In gratitude for your Love and companionship – *bon voyage*, little Crawford." – CP

"I'm deeply saddened by your news regarding Crawford. Know that I'll be saying many prayers on her behalf to my goddess Bast, that she may know eternal joy and love. Please pass to Crawford my fondest wishes for her, and her next journey, and give her my many thanks for our moments together." – MS

"Sure wish I could be there to say farewell." – JL, Japan

JAMES A. ESHELMAN



# Qabalist's Qorner: 211 (and 666)

by Ike Becker

*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

Thus far, in this column, we have satisfied ourselves with numbers of well-established and universal importance: 93, 418, 11, 156, and 210. It is eminently useful for all students of our Work to have a familiarity with such catholic numbers.

Still, the best-known and most developed numbers are not the whole of gematria. "Every number is infinite; there is no difference" (*Liber L.*, Cap. I, v. 4). Each number is a thing unto itself with its own universe of meaning. Each student of Qabalah eventually must forge his or her own unique relationships with these numbers – as well as others to which he or she will be personally drawn.

This issue, we want to examine a generally unknown number, 211. Nothing in the available literature suggests that this prime number is of outstanding significance; but, on inspection, it proves a worthy symbol of the Holy Guardian Angel.

For example, consider the following words, all enumerating to 211, in their relationship to ideas commonly associated with the HGA:

- ארי (Ari) - My light
- ארי (Ari) - Lion
- גבור (Gibbor) - Strong
- הארה (He'arah) - A flash; lightning; illumination
- הדבר (ha-Davar) - The Word
- ויפקדהו (va-Yaph'qidehu) – "And he appointed him" (Gen. 39:4)
- חרג (Hahrag) - To shake, to tremble
- ירא (Yahreh) - To tremble (whether for fear, reverence, joy); terrible, dreadful, venerable, august, stupendous, admirable, wondrous
- מועצה (Mo'etzah) - Counsel

ראי (Ra'i) - Vision, appearance, sight, spectacle, example

A few other ideas are so closely associated that they take only a little reflection (if that) to see their mystical importance:

- אלפעל (Elpa'al) - To whom God is the reward
- ארוד (Arvad) - A wandering; place of fugitives
- אוד (Arod) - Wild ass
- גברו (Gavroo) - Prevailed, are mighty beyond (Gen. 7:19)
- אר (Ye'or) - A river; also, *yeor*, "a flood." (Cf. ירדן, "Jordan")
- ראי (Re'i) - Looking glass, mirror

Depicting a place of solitude and retirement reminiscent of mythic and mystic figures from Osiris to "Christian Rosenkreutz," we find:

- ארגז (Argaz) - Chest, coffer
- גחז (Gaḥar) - Hiding place

But beside all of these, there are three words that stand out from the rest, all spelled with the same three letters in the same order, Heh, Resh, Vav (הר). When pronounced *Hru*, they form the name of a great Supernal Archangel who presides over the works of the Magick of L.V.X. With different pointings, the same letters form the name *Heru*, or Horus, the God who is Lord of the Aeon, the "generic" for the Holy Guardian Angel. With ה understood as a definite article, the same three letters make *ha-ru*, "the turnings," an ancient and primal word that is a name of Kether, the Crown. In all three cases, the letters Heh, Resh, and Vav



symbolize the Sun (7) standing between the 5 (5 = 5) and the 6 (6 = 6), the Pentagram and the Hexagram – a perfect hieroglyph of the fulfillment of the Great Work.

Some other Hebrew words totaling to 211:

- אֶבְחַר (Avher) - I shall choose  
 דִּבְרָה (Dibbrah) - Words, precepts; thy word, thy speech, her speech  
 דִּבְרָה (Divrah) - Manner, mode, cause, reason  
 הַבָּרָד (ha-Barad) - The hail  
 הָרָאָה (Harah) - It has been shown  
 זֶרֶד (Zered) - Twig, sprig, stick  
 חָגַר (Hagar) - To gird on; encircle; make a supreme effort  
 חִגְר (Higger) - Lame

We conclude with two pairs of words showing common ideas. These are left to your intuition to frame in relation to what has been written above:

- רָוָה (Ravah) - To drink largely, to be satisfied with drink  
 רָוָה (Raveh) - Satiated (with drink), or fully irrigated (as a field)  
 רָטַב (Ratav) - To be wet, moist (especially the moisture of green plants)  
 רָטַב (Ratov) - Juicy, green, fresh

In the Greek we find equally interesting words, formed by metatheses of the same three letters:

- Ἴσις – Isis (who presides over the 13th Path of Gimel, the High Priestess, wherein the Holy Guardian Angel is manifest)  
 Ἰησοῦς – Jesus (see *Liber Legis* I:49 where he is equated to Osiris: Jesus as the sufferer, Osiris as the adorant)  
 ἰσο – Equilibrium

Finally, the Latin Simplex Qabalah also gives us worthy contributions to the same theme:

- COLLEGIUM ROSEÆ CRUCIS - Fraternity of the Rosy Cross (*N.B. Note its initials.*)

QUI DEDIT NOBIS SIGNUM - (He) Who gave us this sign (historically, a reference to the rood-cross)

SEPTEM LAMPADES ARDENTES – “7 lamps of fire” (Rev. 4:5; a reference to the charkas, &c.)

## <Concerning 666>

A reader has asked about the significance of 666, and how it can mean “beast,” and yet be “the number of a man” (Rev. 13:18).

In Greek gematria, 666 is the value of the phrase το μέγα θηρίον, *to mega therion*, which literally means “the great beast.”

I long have held that the conventional understanding of *Revelations* 13:18 is one more (of many) critical miscomprehensions of that wondrous apocalyptic canon of practical mystic teaching. *To therion* means any “beast,” particularly of the four-legged kind; but I think the term “the great beast” specifically means humanity: the Great Beast set in contrast to any other (lesser) beast (“the beasts of the field”). The passage in *Revelations* that gave infamy to the number 666 includes a phrase normally translated, “Here is wisdom [σοφία = חכמה]. Let him that hath understanding [νοῦς = בינה] count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man.” But the article “a” is gratuitous. It is not required, and is perhaps not even warranted, by the Greek *arithmos gar anthropou estin*, which, with equal accuracy, can be read: “for it is the number of Man.” That is, of humanity itself.

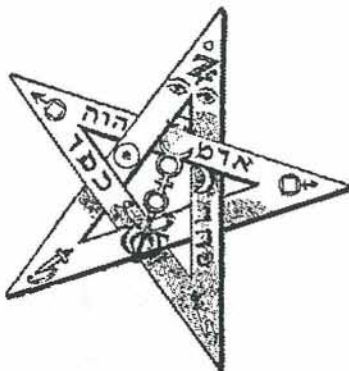
This passage, therefore, shows the emergence of a higher humankind from the “beasts” that walk on all four. It says that the Great Beast, humanity itself, is summarized by the number 666, which, among Qabalists, has long been the supreme number of the Sun, of light, and of the highest human genius. (The five chief numbers of the Sun are 6, 21, 36, 111, and 666.)

It shows the next great step for humanity as being this Work of the Sun.

*Love is the law, love under will.*







## THE STAR RUBY

### AN ANALYSIS (PART 2 OF 3)

When Aleister Crowley sent instructions on the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram to Agape Lodge O.T.O. members in the early 1940s, he ended with the following paragraph:

You can figure out for yourself the forms of the angels, or rather archangels. For instance, Raphael, commencing with an “R” will have a head of solar glory and the Pé which follows shows that the rest of him is martial: the “AL” which concludes the name (in the case of most angelic beings) indicates that they wield the sword and the balance.

He was applying (even in the last years of his life) the technique he learned in the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn by which magical images are formed from the Hebrew letters composing an angel’s name. The symbolism of the letters, from beginning to end, forms the image, from top to bottom of the figure. These images have magical integrity in the World of Yetzirah. The justification for their use for (Briatic) archangels is that the substance of the World of Yetzirah is used to forge a proper containment for the Briatic essence.

Thus, an image for Raphael (רפאל) would have a solar head (ר) and a martial body (פ). The אל consists of letters attributed to Air and Libra.

There is much reason to believe that Crowley would have used the same technique for composing images for the enigmatic Wardens of the Quarters in the Star Ruby: Iunges, Sunoches, Teletar-chai, and Daimonos. Even if he did not do so<sup>1</sup>, the modern student may wish to do so!

<sup>1</sup> I have never once seen a diary entry by Crowley indicating that he actually performed the Star Ruby ritual. This does not mean he never performed it, of course! – but it certainly means this ritual did not outright replace

Some students have intelligently objected that all four of these names are Greek **plurals**, implying groups of entities, not individuals. The limited discussion of them in *The Chaldean Oracles* is consistent with that. Despite its grammatical accuracy, I do not find this argument persuasive for two reasons. (1) The Guardians are placed in the ritual where Briatic (archangelic-level) entities are warranted – unless protection is not desired above the Yetziratic level. *Multiplicity* is a characteristic of Yetzirah, as *unity* is of Briah. (2) I no longer think Crowley actually intended these Guardians to be the specific entities mentioned in *The Chaldean Oracles*, though he certainly drew the **names** from that source. I think he simply wanted Greek names for a Greek ritual, and took the best he had at hand. It is up to the working magician to forge these into the effective magical receptacles of cosmic forces that this protective ritual requires.

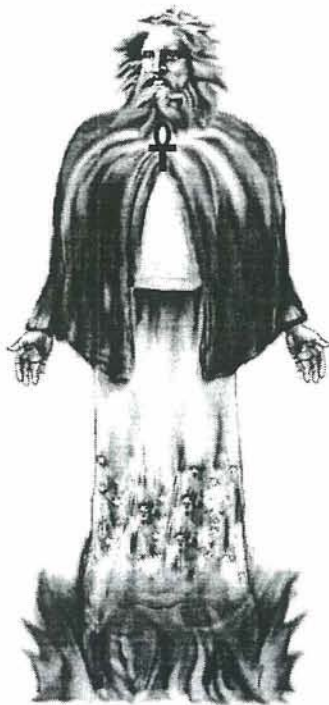
The technique of forming Theurgic images from the letters of a name can be applied to Greek, as well as to Hebrew, names. One merely has to find the Qabalistic equivalencies.<sup>2</sup> Mostly, the Greek letters partake of the same symbolism as their Hebrew cognates. However, based upon cultural differences between the Hebraic and Hellenic traditions, entities with Greek names will display stylistic distinctions best learned by the experience of encountering them, fortified by a breadth in the humanities.

the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram for him. In the last few years of his life, it was instructions on the LBR, not the Star Ruby, that he sent to his American students.

<sup>2</sup> These equivalencies are taught in the Second Order of T.O.O.T.O. Space considerations precluded the summary table originally planned to accompany this article.



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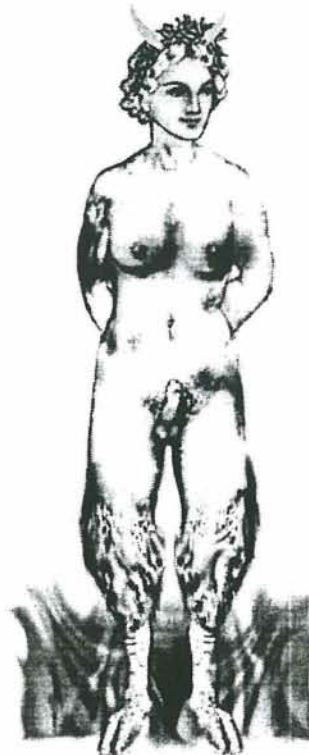
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Theurgic (or telematic) images of the Wardens of the Quarters in the Star Ruby, based on Greek letters composing their names. Artwork by Angela Wixtrom, from designs by James A. Eshelman. (Full color versions of Ms. Wixtrom's original artwork for these images can be viewed and downloaded online at: <http://www.thelema.org/gallery>)



### ΙΥΓΓΕΣ (Iunges)

- I ♀ A wizened elder male, gray-white hair and beard, eyes luminous with an ancient understanding. Narrow face. Pensive expression.
- Y ♂ The shoulders are broader than expected from the rest of the figure. From them flows a waist-length cloak, open at the front, *red-orange* in color, fastened at the throat by a copper clasp in the shape of an Ankh (†).
- ΓΓ ♂♂ The body is graceful, beautifully proportioned, slender. Beneath the mantle, a *pale blue* robe reaches to the ankles, interrupted by a belt of *silver* cord about the waist. *Silver* touches, looking like sparks of light, are woven sparsely into the fabric.
- E ⚡ The lower edge of the robe, approaching the feet, becomes brighter until it scintillates with silver starlight.
- Σ Δ About the feet dance open flames.

### ΣΥΝΟΧΕΣ<sup>3</sup> (Sunoches)

- Σ Δ A strong, invincible feminine countenance. The entire impression is fierce, fiery. Flame-colored hair seems to merge into an aureole of *scarlet* flame crowning the head.
- Y ♂ Upper body is sensuous, feminine, full-breasted, charged with an electrical earthen eroticism. A *red-scarlet* cape hangs loosely about bare shoulders, draping nearly to the ankles, joined to the main garment by copper fastenings in the shape of a Taurus sigil (♉).
- N ♀ Continues the sensuous, sexual attributes of the upper torso, which is garbed in a sleeveless, *blue-green* robe (here shown as snake-skin), bodice open-cut.
- O ♀ A long, gnarled staff of ash-wood, approximately the height of her body, atop which is a dark goat's head – either held fully upright in the right hand, or grasped low in the right hand, and angled upward across the body, the upper portion held in the left hand.
- X ☉ About the waist is a broad *amber* girdle, whereon is mounted a scarab.

<sup>3</sup> The name consists of letters corresponding to female zodiacal signs (and the most erotic of these), bounded by the letter for Fire. Only the E in the plural ending is an exception; but it depicts the goddess in Atu XVII. These considerations give the basic idea of the figure.

- E ⚡ The lower edge of the robe, approaching the feet, becomes brighter until it scintillates with silver starlight.
- Σ Δ About the feet dance open flames.

### ΤΕΛΕΤΑΡΧΑΙ (Teletarchai)

- T ♀ A dark *indigo* hood is drawn over the head.
- E ⚡ Youthful, humane face shines from within the folds of the hood, sincere, smiling, pensive, deeply understanding, radiating a dim stellar glory that inspires a sense of peace.
- Λ Δ The arms are each raised at the sides, about halfway to horizontal, so that they form the shape of the letter Lambda (Λ).
- E ⚡ On the breast hangs an 8-pointed star pendant cut from amethyst pieces edged in silver.
- T ♀ The *indigo* robe continues to the ankles.
- A Δ Narrow girdle of *bright pale yellow*. At its center, a topaz lozenge emblazoned with the Chi-Rho – the X being *silver*, the P *gold*.
- PX ☉ In the right hand, *golden-orange* solar sphere. ☾ In the left, a *silver* lunar sphere.
- AI Δ♀ Golden winged sandals, and an aura of bright yellow light about the feet.

### ΔΑΙΜΟΝΟΣ (Daimonos)

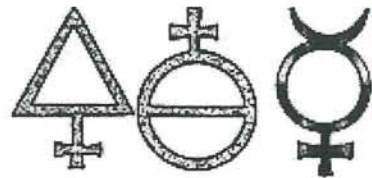
- Δ ♀ Beautiful, youthful face, serene and harmonious, expressing warmth and affection. Laurel wreath about the head.
- A Δ No decisive gender characteristic is discernible in the face. Medium-length blond hair. Face radiates its own luminosity. Two small golden horns emerge from the forehead.
- I ♀ Neck and shoulders are delicate, feminine.
- M ♀ Entire upper torso has a youthful, feminine softness, wholly free of body hair. Breasts are very round, though modest in size.
- O ♀ Hips, thighs, and buttocks are those of a youthful male. Body hair begins to be appropriately present. The phallus is erect, though modest in size.
- N ♀ Legs are very muscular and strong, covered with very dark hair.
- O ♀ Legs terminate in goat hooves.
- Σ Δ About the feet break forth open flames that illuminate the entire figure, casting sharp and dramatic shadows.

JAMES A. ESHELMAN



# MYSTERIUM CONIUNCTIONIS

## A RITUAL OF THE $O=2$ FORMULA



*Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.*

This ritual is to be used whenever desired, in order to attune the magician to the union of opposites in his or her nature.

**THE TEMPLE:** A large circle is traced on the temple floor, 13 feet in diameter.<sup>1</sup> A white pillar is placed at the southern edge of the circle, a black pillar at the northern edge. At the base of the white pillar, on its western side, burns a single candle. At the base of the black pillar, on its western side, rests a cup or basin of water. Incense of Abraelin, and none other, burns outside the circle.

**THE MAGICIAN:** The magician is attired in the robe of his or her degree.

### THE RITUAL

Stand in the center of the circle, facing East.<sup>2</sup> Assuming the sign of Mulier, intone:

A ka dua  
Tuf ur biu  
Bi a'a chefu  
Dudu nur af an nuteru

Perform the Lesser Banishing Pentagram Ritual of Earth, describing the circle on the floor while you circumambulate. Return to the center of the circle and face East, then say:

<sup>1</sup> In addition to other considerations mentioned by Fra. A.A., the Vault of the Adepts is a regular heptagon inscribed within a 13-foot circle. – A.H.

<sup>2</sup> You face East to symbolize your aspiration to the Unity, in Nothingness, of Nuit. – Fra. A.A.

O Nuit, continuous one of Heaven, let it be ever thus; that men speak not of Thee as One but as None; and let them speak not of thee at all, since thou art continuous!

None, breathed the light, faint & færy, of the stars, and two.

For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union.

This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all.<sup>3</sup>

Turn clockwise and advance in a straight line to the white pillar, taking up the candle. Face West, make the triangle of Fire  $\Delta$  before you with the candle, and say:

**I consecrate with Fire.**

Advance in a straight line (across the diameter of the circle) to the black pillar. Take up the basin of water. Facing West, asperse with the water, making the triangle of Water  $\nabla$  before you, and say:

**I purify by Water.**

Return to the center of the circle, facing West.

Next, you will begin reciting a series of 13 pairs of opposites (given below). For the first of each pair, raise your left hand to the South while uttering the word. For the second of each pair, raise your right hand to the North while speaking the word. Thus, after each pair of opposites is recited, you will be standing again in the sign of Mulier. (You should, as completely as possible, identify yourself with the words as you speak them, as if you are creating magnetic poles to your left and right – the pillars – with the force of this identification.)

<sup>3</sup> *Liber Legis*, Cap. I, vv. 27-30. – A.H.



## MYSTERIUM CONIUNCTIONIS

Then, concentrating and sending forth the energy of the unification of these opposites, give the Sign of the Enterer while intoning sharply:

### ACHAD!

Visualize the projection of the energy to the circumference of the circle, where it begins to transform the circle into a sphere of brilliant white light. Retire the right hand, in the Sign of Silence, to the lips.

The pairs of opposites are as follows:

Fire-Water  
Positive-Negative  
Light-Night  
Father-Mother  
Force-Form  
Therion-Babalon  
Osiris-Isis  
Ra-Hoor-Khuit—Hoor-paar-kraat  
Conscious-Unconscious  
Sun-Moon  
Red Lion-White Eagle  
Cross-Circle  
God-Man

With each pair, the intensity of the sphere's light increases, corresponding with the Will of your divided self to unite, with Love, into a circle of Naught. (You are finally allowing the magnetized poles to slam together, having increased their attraction to each other, and the tension between these opposites, through the previous words.) Assume the sign of Mulier, this time facing West to symbolize the attainment of Union, as if identifying with Nuit.

At the moment of climax, slowly brings your arms down to cross your breast, right over left, forming the sign of Osiris Risen, while intoning:

### IAO.

The opposed energies are drawn down with the arms, and concentrated in your heart (which is imagined to be the center of the sphere), where the

arms are crossed. When this Union is fully experienced, say:

**Love is the law, love under will.**

Then, turning clockwise to the East, again in the sign of Mulier, intone:

A ka dua  
Tuf ur biu  
Bi a'a chefu  
Dudu nur af an nuteru

The ritual is ended.

### NOTES:

- The sign of Mulier can also be considered as a representation of Baphomet, a symbol of the union of opposites.
- The technique used in the litany of opposites is not unlike the "negative confession" of *Liber Pyramidos*, where the magician identifies, in rapid succession, with "opposite" energies, or states of consciousness. Interestingly, this technique is sometimes used in hypnosis to deepen trance. It seems to be effective because the person is shifted so quickly between one state and another, that he or she "slingshots" past them into a deeper state altogether. This is exactly the object of this ritual, so one can readily see that the key to its proper performance is the effectiveness of the magician's identification with the opposites recited.
- Although pillars are used, they are not to be considered as strictly representative of the familiar Qabalistic-Masonic pillars. Some of the opposites recited fall readily into the Qabalistic attributions to the pillars; others, such as 'God' and 'Man,' do not. The point to be made is simply that the pairs can be considered opposites for the purpose of the ritual. They may not all be opposites along the same continuum, and they may not always be opposites!
- While the concept of opposites is clearly addressed in the Litany and by the presence of the pillars, the concept of Unity (as Ayin, יָאֵן)





is addressed in other aspects of the ritual. The circle/sphere is the most prominent of these. The circle is 13 feet in diameter, and since 13 is the number of אָחָד, *achad*, "Unity," the vibration of *achad* reaffirms the circle with each pair, and by the fact that there are 13 pairs. Multiplying 13 pairs by two words per pair (unity through duality), we get 26. This suggests that the nature of the ritual is related to the formula of Tetragrammaton (יהוה). However, this ritual is more explicitly based on one interpretation of the IAO formula, where "I and O are the opposites which form the field

for the operation of A" (see *Magick in Theory & Practice* under "The Formula of IAO."). Furthermore, by the end of the ritual you have built the sphere and have identified a point at your heart as the sphere's center. This is one final affirmation of union through love under will, as it represents the union of the point and the circle, Hadit and Nuit.

*Love is the law, love under will.*

FRA. A.A.  
(DAVID G. SHOEMAKER)

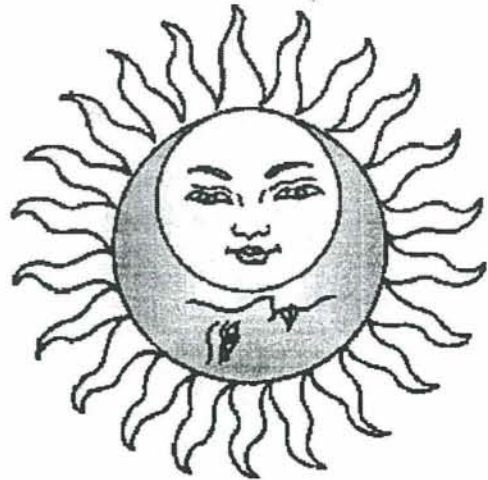
## LOCKED IN LOVE

O ineffable GOD without Name,  
I've invoked Thee, provoking thy flame.  
In the sensuous Form of my Lord,  
'Neath its veil, wailing gale, my soul roared.  
I desire the sweet fire of thy Being —  
Single spark, sail the dark sea of wonder!  
Thrice almighty in *all* things Thou art,  
Solar snake in the lake of my heart.

Now, before me the healing dawn light  
Wears the rose of the rising sun's beauty,  
While behind me the Foundation's might  
Bears the grail and the tale of life's duty.  
God's ambassador flames on my right,  
Scintillation elating the mind,  
While the backlit and boreal night  
On my left is the passion that binds me.

About me only blaze these things of sense.  
Within, thy star-stream column spawns events.  
So locked in love — a princess and her prince.

JAMES A. ESHELMAN  
*July 27, 1999*





# THE SLEEP OF SILOAM



Assigned to the Path of Mem, for the use of the Adeptus Minor, is the specific method called the "Sleep of Siloam." *Siloam*, or *Shiloam*, is commonly regarded as a variant pronunciation of שלם, *shalom* or *salem*, corresponding to "the marriage, or equilibration [ל], of Fire [ש] and Water [מ]." By this interpretation, then, the Sleep of Siloam is the "Sleep of Peace."

Yet the actual origin of this word is the Greek Σιλωαμ, the name of a pool in Jerusalem referenced in *John* 9, which reads, in part:

And as he [Jesus] passed by, he saw a man that was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, "Rabbi, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus answered, "Neither has this man sinned, nor his parents: but it is so that the works of God may be made manifest in him. I must work the works of the One that sent me, while it is day: for the night comes, when no one can labor. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world."

After thus speaking, he spat on the ground, and made clay from the spittle, and he smeared the clay upon the blind man's eyes and said to him, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. . . ." He departed, therefore, and washed, and came seeing.

What is extraordinary in this passage, saturated with mystically poignant phrases, is that Siloam (Σιλωαμ) enumerates to 1,081 — exactly the same as the Hebrew תפארת, Tiphereth! One who could not see was anointed by the Holy Guardian Angel, "the Light of the World," and then told to submerge himself in the Sphere of Beauty, the Sphere of the Sun; and, doing so, he gained sight.

It is in such a mystical pool that the Adept is to submerge herself, repeatedly and profoundly.

Crowley's best discussion of the Sleep of Siloam is given in *Liber Aleph*, Cap. 18, *De Somno Lucido* ("On Lucid Sleep"):

. . . to him whose physical Needs (of whatsoever kind) are not truly satisfied cometh a physical or lunar Sleep appointed to refresh and recreate by Cleansing and Repose; but on him that is bodily pure the Lord bestoweth a solar or lucid Sleep, wherein move Images of pure Light fashioned by the True Will. And this is called by the Qabalists the Sleep of Shiloam, and of this doth also Porphyry make mention, and Cicero, and many other Wise Men of Old Time.

Compare, o my Son, with this Doctrine that which was taught thee in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis concerning the Death of the Righteous; and learn moreover that these are but particular Cases of an Universal Formula.

We also find mention of this state in the Class A document, *Liber LXV* (Cap. IV, vv. 9-10):

In the garden of immortal kisses, O thou brilliant One, shine forth! Make *Thy* mouth an opium-poppy, that one kiss is the key to the infinite sleep and lucid, the sleep of Shi-loh-am.

In my sleep I beheld the Universe like a clear crystal without one speck.

In his commentary on these verses, The Master Therion wrote:

A garden usually symbolizes a place of cultivated beauty; Oriental poets use it to express a collection of poems or wise sayings. The immortal kisses are the tokens of the operation of "love under will" which is perpetual. The Angel calls upon the Adept to display his brilliance as if the Knowledge and Conversation were a transcendental sacrament beyond that implied in all acts. The opium poppy is a symbol of peace, exaltation, and delight, the giver of sleep, by which is meant the silencing of all possible distractions. The mouth of the Adept, the organ by which he is nourished, expresses his thoughts, and symbolizes his passion; by the kiss of this mouth is meant its surrender to



the Angel, the act of marriage, and this is the key to the infinite sleep and lucid. Sleep has been explained above [in reference to a prior verse]. It is infinite, being freed from the limitations of condition, and lucid as being characterized by pure vision. Shi-loh-am: the word means peace.  $\psi = \Delta$ ,  $\lambda = \underline{\Delta}$ ,  $\eta = \nabla$ . ☆.

The Angel explains that (in the reposeful ecstasy of love, I might even say in the orgasm of love, the reference is to the particular Samadhi of the attainment of the K. and C. of the HGA) in his 'sleep' he obtained the vision of the Universe as a continuous and immaculate phenomenon. This is contrasted implicitly with the effect of the same act on the Adept, to whom it simply means Union with Godhead. The Angel has found perfection in his own Adept: this completes Perfection.

The key, then, is that this "lucid sleep" arises from surrender to the union with the Holy Guardian Angel: Libra joining Fire and Water, the Angel and the Adept, to forge the Hexagram. *Shalom* also means "wholeness" or "completion."

Mention is made of a *Liber Siloam* (Liber 451). This document, if extant, has not been identified unambiguously. There are three theories on this. One theory is that *Liber 451* is the brief chapter in *De Arte Magica* on "Eroto-comatose Lucidity," a technique of producing repeated sexual satisfaction to the point of utter exhaustion. The sleep ensuing, all other things being in order, satisfies the

preliminary physical requirements mentioned in *Liber Aleph* above.

A second theory is that *Liber Siloam* is a ritual found in one of Crowley's private ritual books from about 1909 (excerpted below). The ceremony is a rather classic style of Temple preparation and preliminary invocation, rising in intensity, until the Holy Guardian Angel appears. One may then either extrovert awareness toward a work of evocation, or introvert awareness by inducing the Sleep of Siloam. Although the ritual has some interesting features, it is a very *yang* ceremony, which by style and action is more inductive of the conditions of Fire and Air than of Water. Although we suspect that this document is the original one intended to bear the name, *Liber Siloam*, it is not likely that many would find it effective in inducing the state of consciousness that we are discussing.

A third theory is that, although Crowley had the essential theory intact, he never wrote the document nor devised a specific technique for use by A.:A.: Adepts in this regard.

Implementation, therefore, must be left to the individual Adept. **What is important is the attaining of this particular trance state and partaking of the sublimity of the "marriage" with the Holy Guardian Angel.**

JAMES A. ESHELMAN

## INVOCATION FROM *LIBER SILOAM*

Holiest Lord of my Life  
Most desirable! Most beautiful!  
Thou whose kisses are penetrating as the fire,  
Subtle as the air, holy as the lustrous dew!  
Angel great and magnificent!  
Soul of Splendour!  
Aspiration of my Spirit!  
My true Self!  
I adore thee and I invoke thee!  
Manifest thyself visibly even unto mortal eyes!  
Be thou with me and of me!  
Forever beyond the ages!  
White Flame!  
Mighty River of the Waters of Eternity!  
Wind of the World!  
Mountain of my Universe!

Great Beauty and Harmony of Desire!  
Order in multiform motion!  
Silence from myriad musics!  
I adore thee and I invoke thee!  
All holiest Gods that are of me!  
All bright archangels!  
All angels strong and beautiful!  
All influences of the pure Spirit of the Elohim!  
All fountains of the Supernal Influx!  
Infinity in Unity! Unity in Infinity!  
I adore and I invoke!  
Khabs am Pekht!  
Konx om Pax!  
Light in Extension!

ALEISTER CROWLEY, 1909



## CEREMONIAL MAGICK, Part 6: Knowledge & Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel

**OPUS 6: The Knowledge & Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel** (*This is, ultimately, the sole purpose lawful in Nature; all other proper operations are those necessary prerequisites to its attainment*).

Each of the *opera* we have explored thus far in this series has been a building to, and preparation for, this one *opus*. The Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is the real, sole task of every man and every woman from the beginning of their journey on the mystical and magical way. However, of all magical operations that can be undertaken, none is more personal than this, none more individual. As G.:H.: Fra. O.M. wrote in *One Star in Sight*,

It is impossible to lay down precise rules by which a man may attain to the knowledge and conversation of His Holy Guardian Angel; for that is the particular secret of each one of us; a secret not to be told or even divined by any other, whatever his grade. It is the Holy of Holies, whereof each man is his own High Priest, and none knoweth the Name of his brother's God, or the Rite that invokes Him.

We do not even attempt, therefore, to provide a sample ritual for this task. What is golden and all perfection for one aspirant will be irrelevant to another. One's approach must rise from the depths of one's own soul, based on the nature and the needs of that soul. *One Star in Sight* continues:

The Masters of the A.:A.: have therefore made no attempt to institute any regular ritual for this central Work of their Order, save the generalized instructions in Liber 418 (the 8th Aethyr) and the detailed Canon and Rubric of the Mass actually used with success by FRATER PERDURABO in His attainment. This has been written down by Himself in Liber Samekh. . . They have taken

the only proper course; to train aspirants to this attainment in the theory and practice of the whole of Magick and Mysticism, so that each man may be expert in the handling of all known weapons, and free to choose and to use those which his own experience and instinct dictate as proper when he essays the Great Experiment.

As part of this present series, we might suggest that the student return to the outline in BLACK PEARL No. 1 and apply its checklists to this problem. Even this may be irrelevant to some; but there is an excellent chance something worthwhile will be learned in the course of discovering that fact!

We are taking this opportunity to publish the official A.:A.: self-initiation ritual to the 5°=6° Grade, *Ritual VIII*. Its sole purpose is the K&C of the HGA. Its method is a refinement – we would say, the quintessence – of the methods traditionally attributed to Abra-Melin the Mage.

*Ritual VIII* hardly constitutes “precise rules.” It is a highly elastic methodology that provides ample opportunity, and even requirement, for the aspirant to design her own unique approach.

Of course, even within this liberal, flexible approach, the methods of *Ritual VIII* may be foreign to what a particular aspirant requires. A new Minor Adept is certainly in a place to trust her inner guidance in designing the approach she will use.

*Ritual VIII* was originally published in EQUINOX I:5 (March 1911 e.v.), as part of *The Vision & the Voice*. During Crowley's life, it was never published separately. Nor did he ever given it, in print, any other title than *Ritual VIII*. It is assigned to the Dominus Liminis Grade, for the use of the Adeptus Minor. Crowley described the significance of its assigned number thus: “VIII. The Tarot card numbered 8, the Charioteer, the bearer of the Holy Graal, represents the Holy Guardian Angel.”

— FRA. A.H.





# RITUAL VIII

A.:A.: Publication in Class D

000. The light is come to the darkness, and the darkness is made light. Then is light married with light, and the child of their love is that other darkness, wherein they abide that have lost name and form. Therefore did I kindle him that had not understanding, and in the Book of the Law did I write the secrets of truth that are like unto a star and a snake and a sword.

00. And unto him that understandeth at last do I deliver the secrets of truth in such wise that the least of the little children of the light may run to the knees of the mother and be brought to understand.

0. And thus shall he do who will attain unto the mystery of the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel:

1. First, let him prepare a chamber, of which the walls and the roof shall be white, and the floor shall be covered with a carpet of black squares and white, and the border thereof shall be blue and gold.

2. And if it be in a town, the room shall have no window, and if it be in the country, then it is better if the window be in the roof. Or, if it be possible, let this invocation be performed in a temple prepared for the ritual of passing through the Tuat.

3. From the roof he shall hang a lamp, wherein is a red glass, to burn olive oil. And this lamp shall he cleanse and make ready after the prayer of sunset, and beneath the lamp shall be an altar, foursquare, and the height shall be thrice half of the breadth or double the breadth.

4. And upon the altar shall be a censer, hemispherical, supported upon three legs, of silver, and within it an hemisphere of copper, and upon the top a grating of gilded silver, and thereupon shall he burn incense made of four parts of olibanum

and two parts of stacte, and one part of lignum aloes, or of cedar, or of sandal. And this is enough.

5. And he shall also keep ready in a flask of crystal within the altar, holy anointing oil made of myrrh and cinnamon and galangal.

6. And even if he be of higher rank than a Probationer, he shall yet wear the robe of the Probationer, for the star of flame showeth forth Ra Hoor Khuit openly upon the breast, and secretly the blue triangle that descendeth is Nuit, and the red triangle that ascendeth is Hadit. And I am the golden Tau in the midst of their marriage. Also, if he choose, he may instead wear a close-fitting robe of shot silk, purple and green, and upon it a cloak without sleeves, of bright blue, covered with golden sequins, and scarlet within.

7. And he shall make himself a wand of almond wood or of hazel cut by his own hands at dawn at the Equinox, or at the Solstice, or on the day of Corpus Christi, or on one of the feast-days that are appointed in the Book of the Law.

8. And he shall engrave with his own hand upon a plate of gold the Holy Sevenfold Table, or the Holy Twelfefold Table, or some particular device. And it shall be foursquare within a circle, and the circle shall be winged, and he shall attach it about his forehead by a ribbon of blue silk.

9. Moreover, he shall wear a fillet of laurel or rose or ivy or rue, and every day, after the prayer of sunrise, he shall burn it in the fire of the censer.

10. Now he shall pray thrice daily, about sunset, and at midnight, and at sunrise. And if he be able, he shall pray also four times between sunrise and sunset.

11. The prayer shall last for the space of an hour, at the least, and he shall seek ever to extend

## IMPRIMATUR

### *Pro Coll. Summ.*

93	10°=1□
666	9°=2□
Saturnus	8°=3□

### *Pro Coll. Int.*

D.D.S.	7°=4□
Π.	7°=4□
O.S.V.	6°=5□
M.	6°=5□
S.e.S.	5°=6□



## RITUAL VIII

it, and to inflame himself in praying. Thus shall he invoke his Holy Guardian Angel for eleven weeks, and in any case he shall pray seven times daily during the last week of the eleven weeks.

12. And during all this time he shall have composed an invocation suitable, with such wisdom and understanding as may be given him from the Crown, and this shall he write in letters of gold upon the top of the altar.

13. For the top of the altar shall be of white wood, well polished, and in the centre thereof he shall have placed a triangle of oakwood, painted with scarlet, and upon this triangle the three legs of the censer shall stand.

14. Moreover, he shall copy his invocation upon a sheet of pure white vellum, with Indian ink, and he shall illuminate it accordingly to his fancy and imagination, that shall be informed by beauty.

15. And on the first day of the twelfth week he shall enter the chamber at sunrise, and he shall make his prayer, having first burnt the conjuration that he had made upon the vellum in the fire of the lamp.

16. Then, at his prayer, shall the chamber be filled with a light insufferable for splendour, and a perfume intolerable for sweetness. And his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, yea, his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, so that he shall be wrapt away into the Mystery of Holiness.

17. All that day shall he remain in the enjoyment of the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

18. And for three days after he shall remain from sunrise unto sunset in the temple, and he shall obey the counsel that his Angel shall have given unto him, and he shall suffer those things that are appointed.

19. And for ten days thereafter shall he withdraw himself as shall have been taught unto him from the fullness of that communion, for he must harmonize the world that is within with the world that is without.

20. And at the end of the ninety-one days he shall return into the world, and there shall he perform that work to which the Angel shall have appointed him.

21. And more than this it is not necessary to say, for his Angel shall have entreated him kindly, and showed him in what manner he may be most perfectly invoked. And unto him that hath this Master there is nothing else that he needeth, so long as he continue in the knowledge and conversation of the Angel, so that he shall come at last into the City of the Pyramids.

22. Lo! two and twenty are the paths of the Tree, but one is the Serpent of Wisdom; ten are the ineffable emanations, but one is the Flaming Sword.

Behold! There is an end to life and death, an end to the thrusting forth and the withdrawing of the breath. Yea, the House of the Father is a mighty tomb, and in it he hath buried everything whereof ye know.

## INVOCATION

*An Oath written during the Dawn-Meditation*

Aiwaz! confirm my troth with Thee! my will inspire  
With secret sperm of subtle, free, creating Fire!  
Mould thou my very flesh as Thine, renew my birth  
In childhood merry as divine, enchanted Earth!  
Dissolve my rapture in Thine own, a sacred slaughter  
Whereby to capture and atone the Soul of Water!  
Fill thou my mind with gleaming Thought intense and rare  
To One refined, outflung to Naught, the World of Air!  
Most, bridal bound, my quintessential Form thus freeing  
From self, be found one Selfhood blent in Spirit-Being.

ALEISTER CROWLEY



**THE VISION AND THE VOICE**  
**WITH ASTROLOGICAL & QABALISTIC COMMENTARY...**

**THE CRY OF THE 15TH ÆTHYR,**  
**WHICH IS CALLED**



1. There appears immediately in the Æthyr a tremendous column of scarlet fire, whirling forth, rebounding, crying aloud. And about it are four columns of green and blue and gold and silver, each inscribed with writings in the character of the dagger. And the column of fire is dancing among the pillars. Now it seems that the fire is but the skirt of the dancer, and the dancer is a mighty god. The vision is overpowering.

2. As the dancer whirls, she chants in a strange, slow voice, quickening as she goes: Lo! I gather up every spirit that is pure, and weave him into my vesture of flame. I lick up the lives of men, and their souls sparkle from mine eyes. I am the mighty sorceress, the lust of the spirit. And by my dancing I gather for my mother Nuit the heads of all them that are baptised in the waters of life. I am the lust of the spirit that eateth up the soul of man. I have prepared a feast for the adepts, and they that partake thereof shall see God.

3. Now it is clear what she has woven in her dance; it is the Crimson Rose of 49 Petals, and the Pillars are the Cross with which it is conjoined. And between the pillars shoot out rays of pure green fire; and now all the pillars are golden. She ceases to dance, and dwindles, gathering herself into the centre of the Rose.

4. Now it is seen that the Rose is a vast amphitheatre, with seven tiers, each tier divided into seven partitions. And they that sit in the Amphitheatre are the seven grades of the Order of the Rosy Cross. This Amphitheatre is built of rose-coloured marble, and of its size I can say only that the sun might be used as a ball to be thrown by the players in the arena. But in the arena there is a little altar of emerald, and its top has the heads of the Four Beasts, in turquoise and rock-crystal. And the

floor of the arena is ridged like a grating of lapis lazuli. And it is full of pure quicksilver.

5. Above the altar is a veiled Figure, whose name is Pan. Those in the outer tier adore him as a Man; and in the next tier they adore him as a Goat; and in the next tier they adore him as a Ram; and in the next tier they adore him as a Crab; and in the next tier they adore him as an Ibis; and in the next tier they adore him as a Golden Hawk; and in the next tier they adore him not.

6. And now the light streameth out from the altar, splashed out by the feet of him that is above it. It is the Holy Twelve-fold Table of OIT.

7. The voice of him that is above the altar is silence, but the echo thereof cometh back from the walls of the circus, and is speech. And this is the speech: Three and four are the days of a quarter of the moon, and on the seventh day is the sabbath, but thrice four is the Sabbath of the Adepts whereof the form is revealed in the Æthyr ZID; that is the eighth of the Aires. And the mysteries of the Table shall not be wholly revealed, nor shall they be revealed herein. But thou shalt gather of the sweat of thy brow a pool of clear water wherein this shall be revealed. And of the oil that thou burnest in the midnight shall be gathered together thirteen rivers of blessing; and of the oil and the water I will prepare a wine to intoxicate the young men and the maidens.

8. And now the Table is become the universe; every star is a letter of the Book of Enoch. And the Book of Enoch is drawn therefrom by an inscrutable Mystery, that is known only to the Angels and the Holy Sevenfold Table. While I have been gazing upon this table, an Adept has come forth, one from each tier, except the inmost Tier.



9. And the first drove a dagger into my heart, and tasted the blood, and said: καθάρως, καθάρως, καθάρως, καθάρως, καθάρως, καθάρως, καθάρως, καθάρως.

10. And the second Adept has been testing the muscles of my right arm and shoulder, and he says: fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis, fortis.

11. And the third Adept examines the skin and tastes the sweat of my left arm, and says:

TAN, TAN, TAN, TAN.

12. And the fourth Adept examines my neck, and seems to approve, though he says nothing; and he hath opened the right half of my brain, and he makes some examination, and says: "Samajh, Samajh, Samajh."

13. And the fifth Adept examines the left half of my brain, and then holds up his hand in protest, and says "PLA . . ." (I cannot get the sentence, but the meaning is: In the thick darkness the seed awaiteth spring.)

14. And now am I again rapt in contemplation of that universe of letters which are stars.

15. The words ORLO, ILRO, TULE are three most secret names of God. They are Magick names, each having an interpretation of the same kind as the interpretation of I.N.R.I., and the name OIT, RLU, LRL, OOE are other names of God, that contain magical formulæ, the first to invoke fire; the second, water; the third, air; and the fourth, earth.

16. And if the Table be read diagonally, every letter, and every combination of letters, is the name of a devil. And from these are drawn the formulæ of evil magick. But the holy letter I above the triad LLL dominateth the Table, and preserveth the peace of the universe.

17. And in the seven talismans about the central Table are contained the Mysteries of drawing forth the letters. And the letters of the circumference declare in glory of Nuit, that beginneth from Aries.<sup>1</sup>

18. All this while the Adepts must have been chanting as it were an oratorio for seven instruments. And this oratorio hath one dominant theme of rapture. Yet it applieth to every detail of the universe as well as to the whole. And herein is Choronzon brought utterly to ruin, that all his work is against his will, not only in the whole, but in every part thereof, even as a fly that walketh upon a beryl-stone.

19. And the tablet blazeth ever brighter till it filleth the whole Aire. And behold! there is one God therein, and the letters of the stars in his crown, Orion, and the Pleiades, and Aldebaran, and Alpha Centauri, and Cor Leonis, and Cor Scorpionis, and Spica, and the pole-star, and Hercules, and Regulus, and Aquila, and the Ram's Eye.

20. And upon a map of the stars shalt thou draw the sigil of that name; and because also some of the letters are alike, thou shalt know that the stars also have tribes and nations. The letter of a star is but the totem thereof. And the letter representeth not the whole nature of the star, but each star must be known by itself in the wisdom of him that hath the Cynocephalus in leash.

21. And this pertaineth unto the grade of a Magus, – and that is beyond thine. (All this is communicated not by voice, or by writing; and there is no form in the stone, but only the brilliance of the Table. And now I am withdrawn from all that, but the Rosy Cross of 49 petals is set upright upon the summit of a pyramid, and all is dark, because of the exceeding light behind.)

22. And there cometh a voice: The fly cried unto the ox, 'Beware! Strengthen thyself. Set thy feet firmly upon the earth, for it is my purpose to alight between thy shoulders, and I would not harm thee.' So also are they who wish well unto the Masters of the Pyramid.

23. And the bee said unto the flower: 'Give me of thine honey,' and the flower gave richly thereof; but the bee, though he wit it not, carried the seed of the flower into many fields of sun. So also are they that take unto themselves the Masters of the Pyramid for servants.

24. Now the exceeding light that was behind the Pyramid, and the Rosy Cross that is set thereon, hath fulfilled the whole Aire. The black Pyramid is like the back of a black diamond. Also the Rosy Cross is loosened, and the petals of the Rose are the mingled hues of sunset and of dawn; and the Cross is the Golden light of noon, and in the heart of the Rose there is the secret light that men call midnight.

25. And a voice: 'Glory to God and thanksgiving to God, and there is no God but God. And He is exalted; He is great; and in the Sevenfold Table is His Name writ openly, and in the Twelffold Table is His Name concealed.'

<sup>1</sup> Note that the corner letters in the table are all B = ♀.



26. And the Pyramid casts a shadow of itself into the sky, and the shadow spreads over the whole stone. And an angel clad in blue and scarlet, with golden wings and plumes of purple fire, comes forth and scatters disks of green and gold, filling all the Aire. And they become swiftly-whirling wheels, singing together.

27. And the voice of the angel cries: Gather up thy garments about thee,<sup>2</sup> O thou that hast entered the circle of the Sabbath; for in thy grave-clothes shouldest thou behold the resurrection.

28. The flesh hangeth upon thee like his rags upon a beggar that is a pilgrim to the shrine of the Exalted One. Nevertheless, bear them bravely, and rejoice in the beauty thereof, for the company of the pilgrims is a glad company, and they have no care, and with song and dance and wine and fair women do they make merry. And every hostel is their palace, and every maid their queen.

29. Gather up thy garments about thee, I say, for the voice of the Æthyr, that is the voice of the Æon, is ended, and thou art absorbed into the lesser night, and caught in the web of the light of thy mother in the word ARBADAHARBA.

30. And now the five and the six are divorced, and I am come again within my body.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 3, 1909. 9.15 to 11.10 a.m.

#### NOTES ON **OXO** by Fra. A.H.:

Aleister Crowley's visions of Æthyrs 15, 14, and 13, which we examine in this issue, are the core of his personal "initiation ceremony" into the 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup> Grade of Magister Templi. Additionally, all three of these visions began with Uranus opposite Neptune on the angles of the horoscope. As has been discussed in the two preceding installments, this powerful aspect (only 0°02' wide for the present vision) is inherently transformative, and its close square to Crowley's Sun is superbly descriptive of this event of crossing the Abyss.

Additionally, Venus is on the Eastpoint of the horoscope for the vision of the 15<sup>th</sup> Æthyr. While this is fitting for certain details of the vision (the dancer and the rose, for example), it is difficult to distinguish its influence from those of Venus-ruled Libra in the name OXO, discussed below.

The Moon is near Last Quarter. This is traditionally viewed as a weakening, unluminous phase. It is also a

<sup>2</sup> Since the examination in the amphitheatre I have been a naked spirit without garments or anything; by garments he means a body.

time when chthonic and disintegrative forces are more prevalent. Its Hecatean characteristics would not be ideal for most magical operations, but are exactly right for the breaking up and dismantling of Crowley's ego structure in the passages now before us.

Several exact planetary aspects appear in this chart. The ongoing Sun-Mercury conjunction (here only 0°03' wide) may be interpreted as "examination" – and we may read their partile sextile to Jupiter as, "examination passed!" There is also a close Moon-Pluto sextile, too flitting to have much influence in workaday life but, when concentrated into the framework of this vision, indicative of psychological transformation and deep withdrawal into one's psycho-emotional roots.

In both the Tropical and Sidereal zodiacs, the Moon is in Leo. Its symbolism is difficult to see; or, rather, symbols that might be leonine (the rose, the golden cross) are more clearly related to other factors in the horoscope and in the Æthyr's name. Overall, Leo is a constellation of royalty and of great light, corresponding to the Hebrew letter Teth (ט), the highest Path on the Tree of Life wholly below the Abyss. Teth symbolizes the climax of the Order of the Rosy Cross.

What is truly expressive of the nature of the vision are the Enochian letters forming the name of the Æthyr. OXO or  $\angle \Gamma \angle$  = **Libra, Earth, Libra** = Lamed, Tav, Lamed = 30 + 400 + 30 = 460. The number is not strikingly significant, but the symbolism of the individual letters decided the whole architecture of the vision! Libra (Atu VIII, Adjustment) provides the image of the dancer in the opening paragraphs, while X, Earth, Tav provides the symbolism of the Cross whereupon her Rose is centered.

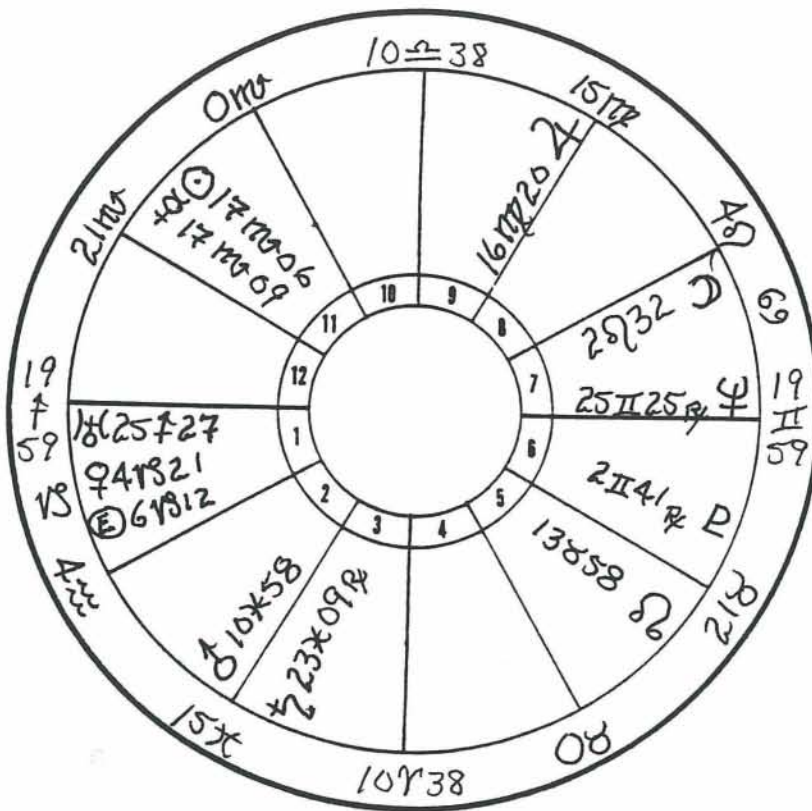
The other symbolism intrinsic to the Æthyr is its correspondence to **Geburah of Briah**. This is subtler than in previous Æthyrs, and is interwoven with the Libra/Justice themes of the name OXO. (The highest, name of sephirah 5 is Din, "Justice.") There is also a theme, in this vision, of the ordeal of trial. As well, the allegories in §§22-23 might be taken as expressions of the phrase, "Wisdom says: be strong," from *Liber Legis* II:70. There is also the scarlet flame, which is the first image of the entire vision, from which the rest unfolds.

§1: The language of this verse is drawn, in part, from *The Chaldean Oracles*. The scarlet flame, besides representing Geburah, is also the dancer, a form of the Scarlet Woman. The Alphabet of Daggers, first seen in the 19<sup>th</sup> Æthyr, perhaps signifies that the vision opens at the level of Yetzirah, as a veil for what is to follow.

§2: She is the goddess of  $\beth$ , Adjustment, an expression of Babalon weaving the fabric of experience from the threads of karma. It is She that "harvests" adepts for the Ordeal of the Abyss. In a sense, she is the engulfing, devouring Abyss. Her words outwardly portray technical methods confidential to the IX<sup>o</sup> of O.T.O. (to which Crowley was not admitted until three years later); but



THE 15<sup>th</sup> ÆTHYR: OXO



Sidereal Zodiac

11:10 a.m. ANGLES:

MC 9♍16

Asc 23♊12

EP 5♈03

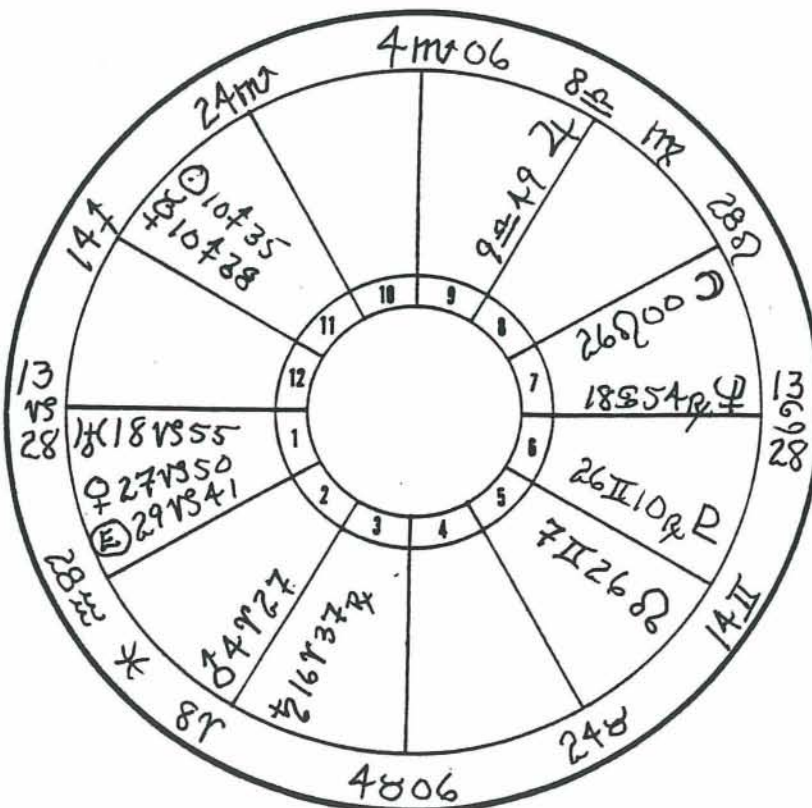
Vision of the 15<sup>th</sup> Æthyr

1909 December 3

9:15 a.m. LT

Bou Sâada, Algeria

35N12, 3E53



Tropical Zodiac

11:10 a.m. ANGLES:

MC 2♌45

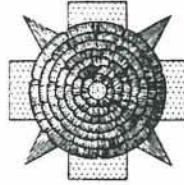
Asc 16♈41

EP 28♈32



they also refer to something much deeper than this. The reference to “heads” equates Nuit to Kali (כַּלִּי = 61 = נַיִם, Nuit), and caused Crowley to equate the dancer to Salome claiming the head of John the Baptist (Crowley was always a great fan of Wilde). The “waters of life” refer to Chesed – set in contrast to the “waters of death” that shall be encountered later.

§3: This rose of 7×7 petals is sacred to Venus, Libra, and Babalon. Its 49 petals, and single center, refer to the 50 Gates of Binah, or Understanding. The use of “crimson,” rather than the previous “scarlet” is significant, since crimson is the color attributed to Binah in Atziluth. The dancer reveals herself to be She Who Weaves the Cosmos, the avatar of Karma as was mentioned previously. This opening image consolidates all of the basic symbolism of the name OXO. The English form of the letters OXO infer the uniting of the circle (O) and cross (X) symbolism which is manifest in the Rosy Cross emblem.



§4: As Uranus and Neptune came exactly to the Horizon, and the Moon-Pluto aspect became exact, this rose (depicted above) was next perceived as an enormous amphitheatre. How enormous? From the proportion of our Sun to a ball, at least half the size of our Milky Way galaxy! We might best understand it actually to be the whole of the galaxy. (It was woven by the dancer, from the flaming fabric of her vestments. This tells us far more of who She is than all her other symbols!) The seven grades are 5°=6° Adeptus Minor, 6°=5° Adeptus Major, 7°=4° Adeptus Exemptus, 8°=3° Magister Templi, 9°=2° Magus, 10°=1° Ipsissimus; and the unnamed 11°=0° Grade – passing even beyond the normal numeration of the A.∴A.∴ Grades. At its center, into which the dancer gathered herself a moment before, is an emerald altar, that is in one sense the dancer herself (emerald being the color of Libra, as of Venus). It depicts *bhakti* (love, devotion) as the basis of worship (see *Liber Legis*, III:30 where “brass” is a familiar alchemical veil for copper, the metal of Venus). The altar’s symbolism is both complex and sublime. At the corners of its top surface are the heads of the four Kerubim, as seen on Atu XXI (which corresponds to the letter X in OXO). They are formed of stones that Crowley, in *Liber 777*, associated with Malkuth (the Kingdom of the Elements) and Chokmah (the circle of stars). Perhaps this shows that these emblems of elemental and zodiacal powers partake, at once, of both realms. The lapis lazuli floor resembles the star-strewn field of night and space itself, but cross-hatched; it is the body of Nuit, and a symbol of Binah. The “pure quicksilver” likely refers to the higher Mercury that is attributed to Chokmah, or which descends upon the Great Sea of Binah by the Path of Beth in the Vision of the Universal Mercury. By crude analogy, it

is the semen of the stars filling the soft folds of night, the condensation of stellar dew on the body of Nuit.

§5: Pan – the name of the familiar rural goat-god of the Greeks – is also their word for “all.” Pan is The All, here enigmatically veiled, like Isis. He is the Fifth Beast, above and in the midst of the Four Beasts, thus the symbol of the Quintessence that completes them and formulates the Pentagram from their quaternity. The members of each Grade adore him, of necessity, through their own projections, as an image of their respective hidden natures: as a man (Tiphereth: the heart of humanity), a goat (Geburah: Capricorn being the exaltation of Mars, and a symbol of strength and sexual ardor), a ram (Chesed: for Amoun), a crab (Binah: for Cheth, Cancer, maternity, etc.), an ibis (Chokmah: implying Thoth), and a golden hawk (Kether: for Heru-Ra-Ha). Those beyond even this “adore him not,” i.e., as The Not, or Negative (Ayin).

§6: This is one of the more important tablets in the paraphernalia of Dr. John Dee. Along with other tables and references that now follow, it can be seen as an altar centerpiece in the illustration opposite p. 230 in *THE EQUINOX* No. 7. It is also provided here, in three forms. Given the stellar symbolism that is so prominent in this vision, it is surely no accident that a 12-fold tablet was chosen, implying the zodiac.

§7: “The voice in the silence,” besides being a mystical term often expressive of the Holy Guardian Angel, is also a technical Qabalistic term. In *The 32 Paths of Wisdom*, Daleth (Venus, love) is called *chashmal*, חַשְׁמַל, a Rabbinical pun meaning “the speaking silence.” In its plural, it is also the name of the Angelic Choir of Chesed. In the vision, the words are heard to echo in the minds of the Adepts convened, and are therefore a reflection (that is, a projection) of what it stirs in their psyches. The reference to the Sabbath is to Saturn (Heb. *Shabbathai*), or Binah. “The Sabbath of the Adepts” of the 8<sup>th</sup> Æthyr refers to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

The last three sentences in this paragraph will require individual meditation if they are to be understood fully. The metaphors speak eloquently, at many levels. Water, oil, and wine require reflection, igniting, and distillation; compare them to the three Gunas, or to Salt, Sulphur, and Mercury. “Brow,” *inter alia*, refers to the Ajna (or “Third Eye”) chakra, attributed to the Moon, 2, the 13<sup>th</sup> Path. The 13 rivers of oil are mentioned in the *Zohar*, as flowing down the beard of God.

§8: The 12-fold table (which is the centerpiece of an altar at the midst of a galactic amphitheater) now discloses something of its relationship to the 12-fold zodiac. In a Mystery of the 9°=2° Grade of Magus that is mentioned again later, every star is attributed to an Enochian letter. The planetary Angels of the Holy Sevenfold Tablet were explained in *BLACK PEARL* No. 3, in our discussion of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Æthyr.



O	I	T
R	L	U
L	R	L
O	O	E

Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ
Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ
Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ
Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ

Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ
Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ
Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ
Ⲛ	Ⲛ	Ⲛ

The Adepti now admit him to examination for the next Grade. Each Adept employs words and symbols corresponding to one of the Grades.

§9: Tiphereth, 5<sup>o</sup>=6<sup>o</sup>, anatomically the heart and blood. Greek is the language of classic beauty. *Katharos* (repeated 6 times for Tiphereth) means "pure, open, free," etc.

§10: Geburah, 6<sup>o</sup>=5<sup>o</sup>, anatomically the right arm and shoulder, and the muscles in general. Latin is the classic language of military strength. *Fortis* (repeated 5 times for Geburah) means "strong."

§11: Chesed, 7<sup>o</sup>=4<sup>o</sup>, anatomically the left arm. Skin probably refers to the containing form, in contrast to the muscles within. The Enochian word *tan* (repeated 4 times for Chesed) was explained in the 17<sup>th</sup> Æthyr as that which "transformeth judgment into justice," the balances in counterpoint to the sword – presumably "mercy."

§12: The fourth Adept first examines the neck, corresponding to Da'ath, and is silent. The rest refers to Binah, 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup>, anatomically the right hemisphere of the brain. Sanskrit is the classic language of the oldest and deepest mysticism. *Samajh* (repeated 3 times for Binah) means "understanding" (from roots roughly translating, "to know together"). By this examination, he is approved for the 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup> Grade of Magister Templi.

§13: Chokmah, 9<sup>o</sup>=2<sup>o</sup>, anatomically the left hemisphere of the brain. Hebrew is the classic language of the Hidden Wisdom, the language of Solomon. *Palah*, פֶּלֶא (anagram of אֶלֶף, *Aleph*), means "wondrous, miraculous." It refers especially to the particular consciousness of Kether. By resequencing its letters, we get *ophel*, אֶפֶל, "thick darkness." Fra. O.M. did not, at this juncture, qualify for the 9<sup>o</sup>=2<sup>o</sup> Grade of Magus.

§§14-15: Mostly, this analysis speaks for itself. By Enochian gematria, based on the schema Crowley employed, *ORLO* = 168 = *Pir*, "Holy One" (as well as several elemental Divine and angelic names); *ILRO* = 198 = *busd*, "glory;" and *TULE* = 91 = *uran*, "elder." *Oit*, enumerating to the important number 93 (see BLACK PEARL No. 1, "Qabalists' Qorner"), is also the initials of the Enochian words *Olalám Imal Tutúlu* in *Liber VII*, VII:6.

§16: The Enochian I, Ⲛ, corresponds to Sagittarius, a symbol of aspiration, and of the path wherein is found

the Holy Guardian Angel. The three L's each correspond to Cancer, the final path opening unto Binah (through Ⲛⲓⲡ, implying the mysteries of 418; see BLACK PEARL No. 2).<sup>3</sup> The I and three L's enumerate to 84 = חֲנוּךְ, *Enoch* (lit., "initiated"). There is much, much more here for those who dig!

§17: See the illustration in EQUINOX 7, mentioned in reference to §6. Crowley's footnote refers to that diagram, where the table top is edged with Enochian letters. Every corner has an Enochian B, Ⲛ, the letter attributed to Aries.

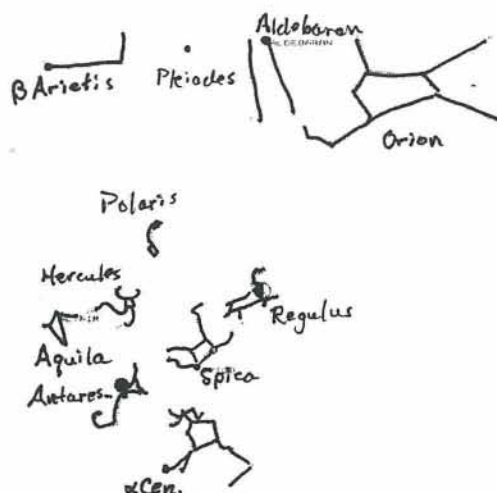
§18: This is the first mention of Choronzon, mentioned in John Dee's diaries in reference to the casting out of Adam from the Garden of Eden: "But Coronzon (for so is the name of that mighty devil), envying man's felicity, and perceiving that the subjectance of man's lesser part was frail and unperfect in respect to his purer essence, began to assail man, and so prevailed. By offending so, man became accursed in the sight of God, and so lost both the Garden of Felicity and the judgement of his understanding, but not utterly the favor of God." Much more of him will be said later, especially in respect to the 10<sup>th</sup> Æthyr. Transliterated as חֲוֹרֹנְזֹן, his name enumerates to 333, value of Greek words meaning "incontinence, dispersion, debauchery, wantonness, licentiousness." Ironically, in Enochian (spelled as Dee spelled it above) it enumerates to 599, as does *peripsax*, "heaven."

§§19-20: The illustration and table on the next page may give some small aid to the reader in exploring the mysteries of these paragraphs. As is stated in the vision, the primary Mystery pertains to the 9<sup>o</sup>=2<sup>o</sup> Grade, the field of operation of the fixed stars. (One must presume, as well, that the last sentence of §20 pertains to living stars as well. See *Liber L*, I:3.) "Him that hath the Cynocephalus in leash" is Thoth, again referring to Chokmah. But this Mystery is also reflected downward into the Sphere of Chesed and the 7<sup>o</sup>=4<sup>o</sup> Grade which Crowley then held. (Zodiacal mysteries are a major part of the traditional 7=4 initiation from the old Order.) These reflected teachings may be more accessible to the general reader, warranting some attempt at explanation such as that which now follow.

<sup>3</sup> When *The Book of the Law* was dictated, its title was given as *Liber L*. This is how it is written on the title page, from the original dictation; and, "Change not so much as the style of a letter; for behold! Thou, o prophet, shalt not behold all these mysteries hidden therein" (*L*, I:54). There is an evident relationship of the Thelemic pantheon to the Enochian hierarchies, especially through Babalon, so it would not be surprising at all if the title were, in fact, the Enochian word L – meaning "God, One, The First" – and corresponding to Cancer, Cheth, and the number 418 (see *L*, III:47).



# BLACK PEARL



STAR		SZ LONG (λ)	RA (α)	DECL (δ)
Sheratan	β Arietis	9Υ14	01 <sup>h</sup> 50 <sup>m</sup>	20N22
Alcyone	(in Pleiades)	5Υ15	03 <sup>h</sup> 42 <sup>m</sup>	23N50
Aldebaran	α Tauri	15Υ03	04 <sup>h</sup> 31 <sup>m</sup>	16N20
Rigel	β Orionis	22Υ06	05 <sup>h</sup> 10 <sup>m</sup>	8S18
Polaris	α Ursa Min.	3Π50	01 <sup>h</sup> 27 <sup>m</sup>	88N50
Betelgeuse	α Orionis	4Π01	05 <sup>h</sup> 50 <sup>m</sup>	7N23
Sirius	α Canis Maj.	19Π22	06 <sup>h</sup> 41 <sup>m</sup>	16S36
Regulus	α Leonis	5Ω06	10 <sup>h</sup> 04 <sup>m</sup>	12N24
Spica	α Virginis	29Π06	13 <sup>h</sup> 20 <sup>m</sup>	10S41
Toliman	α Centauri	4Μ52	14 <sup>h</sup> 33 <sup>m</sup>	60S28
Antares	α Scorpii	15Μ02	16 <sup>h</sup> 24 <sup>m</sup>	26S14
Ras Algethi	α Herculi	21Μ25	17 <sup>h</sup> 11 <sup>m</sup>	14N30
Altair	α Aquilæ	7Υ02	19 <sup>h</sup> 46 <sup>m</sup>	8N38

Note that the listed stars cannot all be above the horizon at one time, anywhere on earth. The view is, therefore, not of any viewable sky. It must be a view from space. Other than Polaris, the stars roughly form two opposing curves, raising the question of whether there is any place where they even approximate (by underlying) the horizon. There is. For the stars actually named, it is 51N36 – the latitude of London!

It is fascinating that this teaching regarding the fixed stars emerged in this specific vision. At the time, the Moon was approaching the bright star Regulus (Cor Leonis), and *exactly* culminated with it. The Sun, though 2° of longitude past the Aldebaran-Antares axis, was still so close as to rise *exactly* with Antares that morning. The Sun also set that day as Regulus and the Moon crossed the Midheaven. So, both luminaries were connected to some of the brightest of the named stars.

The stars in question are also closely related to each other zodiacally, as the appended table shows. Aldebaran and Antares (from ancient times the exactly opposed stellar pair that *defined* the parameters of the zodiac<sup>4</sup>) are at 15° Taurus-Scorpio. The Pleiades, Alpha Centauri, and Regulus form an exact T-square among themselves. The brightest star in Orion is in the same degree as the Pole Star, and Orion's second bright star is exactly opposite the brightest in Hercules. The "Eye of the Ram" is 2° from an exact square to α Aquilæ – but in exact square to part of the constellation. Of the

named stars, this leaves only Spica, at 29° Virgo, seemingly alone. It may be significant, though, that the "closest fit" of these stars to the London-area horizon is during the approximate time that the Midheaven is dominated by the bright star Arcturus – which is also at 29° Virgo. What is even more astounding is that Arcturus was on the Midheaven at the time that this present vision commenced – since, although at 29° Virgo of Sidereal longitude, it is 31° north of the ecliptic, and therefore is actually due south (*i.e.*, on the Meridian) when the MC's longitude is 11° Libra.

What all this means is not yet clear; but an astronomical framework has been identified by these parameters, which may be worth much further study to discern further Mysteries.

There is one other astronomical detail worth consideration. Looking back at the star map of the named stars and constellations, there is a large gap, or gulf, between Polaris and the Aries-Taurus-Orion group. As Crowley was, at this time, near the threshold of the Abyss, approaching the sephirah Binah, I wondered if this gulf had any significance. Five constellations fill that segment of space: Gemini, Cancer, Auriga, Perseus, and Andromeda. Now, Gemini and Cancer are attributed to the two Paths (ⴢ and ⴣ) opening unto Binah from lower sephiroth. The Tarot trumps attributed to those Paths are The Lovers and The Chariot. Auriga is the constellation called the Charioteer; and, in the esoteric Golden Dawn tarot which Crowley had previously learned, The Lovers are depicted as . . . Perseus and Andromeda.

§21-23: Mostly, these parables speak for themselves. I am stunned by their precision and power. The potential impact of the full descent of the L.V.X., or Hidden Light, upon any of us is enormous – even when the target is one Master of the Temple. We must have all four feet squarely on the ground! As well, the real governance of the world is by those who give freely of all that they have. As the Cry of the 30 Æthyrs says, *Tabâôri priáz ar tabas*: "Govern those that govern."

<sup>4</sup> By marking the precise centers of Scorpio and Taurus throughout all recorded history, Antares ("the Heart of the Scorpion") and Aldebaran ("the Eye of the Bull," or Bull's Eye) imply the Hebrew letters of Scorpio and Taurus, נ ו – that is, they spell the name Nu! Only two other stars share comparable standing in defining the ancient zodiac that was based on the actual stars: Regulus in Leo and Spica in Virgo. When the Yod and Teth of these signs are added to the equation, we have all four letters נ ו ך ך – Nuit.



§24: Black, remember, represents the **absorption** of all light. (Consider the 'black hole' formed from a collapsing star. Its analogy to the Magister is not far-fetched.) In this sense, it is not darkness, but all luminosity. (Actually, it is both at once.)

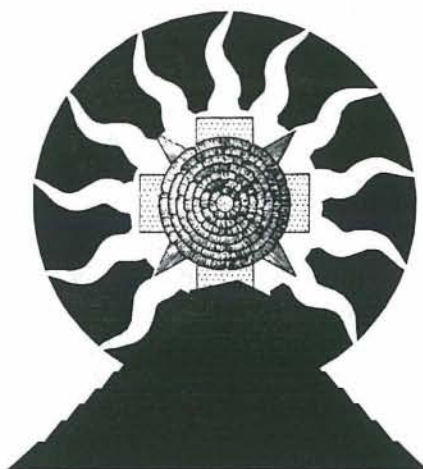
Sunset and dawn are shown, for this absorption into the Rose is at once death and birth. The Cross is incarnated life. The heart of the Rose is "the sun of midnight." Like many vivid passages in *The Vision & the Voice*, this one may well serve as the basis of meditation. (It marks the beginning of his descent through the planes, his transition back to his body, which is accelerated in §§26-27.)

§27: *Sabbath*, or "rest," is from the Hebrew *Shabbathai*, Saturn, the planet of Saturday; and the Sabbath

commences at sunset. The meaning is that he has been admitted among the initiates of the Sphere of Saturn, who are "at rest."

§28: Another beautiful, worshipful, rich metaphor, providing counsel concerning the Master's proper attitude toward incarnation, during his conscious return from the empyrean to his "rags of flesh."

§§29-30: This is 'Abrahadabra' spelled backwards. As Abrahadabra symbolizes the completion of the Great Work in the **uniting** of the 5 and the 6, so is Arbadaharba here used to signifying the **divorcing** of the Macrocosm from the Microcosm, of the Rose from the Cross. He is returned to physical, bodily consciousness.



## WHEEL

one look  
and I remembered who I was  
and who you are  
and what we could be

over and over  
like wheels in the sky  
a serpent catching its tail  
I remember  
and pray that this time  
I won't forget

cross my fingers and breathe  
your breath again  
sweet One made of dreams  
and truth  
I remember again

into the night of time  
alone again,  
faint recollection of warmth  
Angel kisses on my lips

a feeling not lost  
mornings light draws nigh  
inner vision recast in new form  
to remember again?  
a dance of two souls  
entwined, separate  
prisms of light

forms shift and vision fades  
memories a dry well  
a faint reflection of stars  
in the damp darkness

her eyes. . . oceans of light  
caress me again  
and I remember across time  
praying that I won't forget  
again

FRA. S.H.A.



# THE CRY OF THE 14TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED<sup>5</sup>



1. There come into the stone a white goat, a green dragon, and a tawny bull. But they pass away immediately. There is a veil of such darkness before the Æthyr that it seems impossible to pierce it. But there is a voice saying: Behold, the Great One of the Night of Time stirreth, and with his tail he churneth up the slime, and of the foam thereof shall he make stars. And in the battle of the Python and the Sphinx shall the glory be to the Sphinx, but the victory to the Python.

2. Now the veil of darkness is formed of a very great number of exceedingly fine black veils, and one tears them off one at a time. And the voice says, There is no light or knowledge or beauty or stability in the Kingdom of the Grave, whither thou goest. And the worm is crowned. All that thou wast hath he eaten up, and all that thou art is his pasture until to-morrow. And all that thou shalt be is nothing. Thou who wouldst enter the domain of the Great One of the Night of Time, this burden must thou take up. Deepen not a superficialities.

3. But I go on tearing down the veil that I may behold the vision of UTA, and hear the voice thereof. And there is a voice: He hath drawn the black bean. And another voice answers it: Not otherwise could he plant the Rose. And the first voice: He hath drunk of the waters of death. The answer: Not otherwise could he water the Rose. And the first voice: He hath burnt himself at the Fires of life. And the answer: Not otherwise could he sun the Rose. And the first voice is so faint that I cannot hear it. But the answer is: Not otherwise could he pluck the Rose.

4. And still I go on, struggling with the blackness. Now there is an earthquake. The veil is torn

into thousands of pieces that go flying away in a whirling wind. And there is an all-glorious Angel before me, standing in the sign of Apophis and Typhon. On his Forehead is a star, but all about him is darkness, and the crying of beasts. And there are lamps moving in the darkness.

5. And the Angel says: Depart! For thou must invoke me only in the darkness. Therein will I appear, and reveal unto thee the Mystery of UTA. For the Mystery thereof is great and terrible. And it shall not be spoken in sight of the sun.

6. Therefore I withdraw myself. (Thus far the vision upon Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert near Bou-Sâada.)

BOU-SÂADA.

December 3, 1909. 2.50-3.15 p.m.

## *The Angel re-appears.*

7. The blackness gathers about, so thick, so clinging, so penetrating, so oppressive, that all the other darkness that I have ever conceived would be like bright light beside it.

8. His voice comes in a whisper: O thou that art master of the fifty gates of Understanding, is not my mother a black woman? O thou that art master of the Pentagram, is not the egg of spirit a black egg? Here abideth terror, and the blind ache of the Soul, and lo! even I, who am the sole light, a spark shut up, stand in the sign of Apophis and Typhon.

9. I am the snake that devoureth the spirit of man with the lust of light. I am the sightless storm in the night that wrappeth the world about with desolation. Chaos is my name, and thick darkness. Know thou that the darkness of the earth is ruddy,

<sup>5</sup> The original publication erroneously gave this as UTI, both in the title and in the text of the vision. However, UTI is the name of the 25<sup>th</sup> Æthyr, not the 14<sup>th</sup>. The images in the first line confirm the name UTA. — A.H.



and the darkness of the air is grey, but the darkness of the soul is utter blackness.

10. The egg of the spirit is a basilisk egg, and the gates of the understanding are fifty, that is the sign of the Scorpion. The pillars about the neophyte are crowned with flame, and the vault of the Adepts is lighted by the Rose. And in the abyss is the eye of the hawk. But upon the great sea shall the Master of the Temple find neither star nor moon.

11. And I was about to answer him: "The light is within me." But before I could frame the words, he answered me with the great word that is the Key of the Abyss. And he said: Thou hast entered the night; dost thou yet lust for day? Sorrow is my name, and affliction. I am girt about with tribulation. Here still hangs the Crucified One, and here the Mother weeps over the children that she hath not borne. Sterility is my name, and desolation. Intolerable is thine ache, and incurable thy wound. I said, Let the darkness cover me; and behold, I am compassed about with the blackness that hath no name. O thou, who hast cast down the light into the earth, so must thou do for ever. And the light of the sun shall not shine upon thee, and the moon shall not lend thee of her lustre, and the stars shall be hidden, because thou art passed beyond these things, beyond the need of these things, beyond the desire of these things.

12. What I thought were shapes of rocks, rather felt than seen, now appear to be veiled Masters, sitting absolutely still and silent. Nor can any one be distinguished from the others.

13. And the Angel sayeth: Behold where thine Angel hath led thee! Thou didst ask fame, power and pleasure, health and wealth and love, and strength, and length of days. Thou didst hold life with eight tentacles, like an octopus. Thou didst seek the four powers and the seven delights and the twelve emancipations and the two and twenty Privileges and the nine and forty Manifestations, and lo! thou art become as one of These. Bowed are their backs, whereon resteth the universe. Veiled are their faces, that have beheld the glory Ineffable.

14. These adepts seem like Pyramids – their hoods and robes are like Pyramids.

15. And the Angel sayeth: Verily is the Pyramid a Temple of Initiation. Verily also is it a tomb. Thinkest thou that there is life within the Masters

of the Temple, that sit hooded, encamped upon the Sea? Verily, there is no life in them.

16. Their sandals were the pure light, and they have taken them from their feet and cast them down through the abyss, for this Æthyr is holy ground.

17. Herein no forms appear, and the vision of God face to face, that is transmuted in the Athanor called dissolution, or hammered into one in the forge of meditation, is in this place but a blasphemy and a mockery.

18. And the Beatific Vision is no more, and the glory of the Most High is no more. There is no more knowledge. There is no more bliss. There is no more power. There is no more beauty. For this is the Palace of Understanding: for thou art one with the Primeval things.

19. Drink in the myrrh of my speech, that is bruised with the gall of the roc, and dissolved in the ink of the cuttle-fish, and perfumed with the deadly nightshade.

20. This is thy wine, who wast drunk upon the wine of Iacchus. And for bread shalt thou eat salt, O thou on the corn of Ceres that didst wax fat! For as pure being is pure nothing, so is pure wisdom pure — <sup>6</sup>and so is pure understanding silence, and stillness, and darkness. The eye is called seventy, and the triple Aleph whereby thou perceivest it, divideth into the number of the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.

21. I am Hermes, that am sent from the Father to expound all things discreetly in these the last words that thou shalt hear before thou take thy seat among these, whose eyes are sealed up, and whose ears are stopped up, and whose mouths are clenched, who are folded in upon themselves, the liquor of whose bodies is dried up, so that nothing remains but a little pyramid of dust.

22. And that bright light of comfort, and that piercing sword of truth, and all that power and beauty that they have made of themselves, is cast from them, as it is written, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from Heaven." And as a flaming sword is it dropt through the abyss, where the four beasts keep watch and ward. And it appeareth in the heaven of Jupiter as a morning star, or as an evening star. And the light thereof shineth even unto the earth, and bringeth hope and help to them that

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<sup>6</sup> I suppose that only a Magus could have heard this word.



dwell in the darkness of thought, and drink of the poison of life. Fifty are the gates of understanding, and one hundred and six are the seasons thereof. And the name of every season is Death.

23. During all this speech, the figure of the Angel has dwindled and flickered, and now it is gone out.

24. And I come back in the body, rushing like a flame in a great wind. And the shew-stone has become warm, and in it is its own light.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 3, 1909. 9.50-11.15 p.m.

#### NOTES ON UTA by Fra. A.H.:

Uranus' opposition to Neptune was along the Meridian as this vision began. Its significance is the same as in the prior vision, which was obtained about four hours earlier on the same day. Similarly, the Moon is in the same phase, with the same significance. Nothing in the first part of this vision evinces her Leo position, despite the fact that she is exactly conjunct Regulus, "the Lion's Heart" or "Little King," the most important and characteristic star of the constellation.

Venus' proximity to the Midheaven is little evident, save through the continued (but not at all unexpected) symbol of the Rose. She culminates just before the end of the vision – perhaps around §3 or §4 – possibly coinciding with the appearance of the "all-glorious Angel."

UTA or  $\aleph/\lambda$  = Capricorn, Caput Draconis, Taurus = A'ayin, Gimel, Vav =  $70 + 3 + 6 = 79$ . The vision's first sentence confirms this spelling of the Æthyr's name, and that Crowley knew it at the time; for it is the Bull, and not the Angel nor Archer, that joins the Goat in flanking the great Dragon, his head upraised. Furthermore, the Capricornian symbols are quite evident in both parts of this vision, as will be elaborated in the individual paragraphs below.

The number 79 bears no particular significance. Were these letters enumerated as in Hebrew (וּטָא), they would add to 16, the value of בּוֹדֵד, "lonely, alone, isolated;" גְּבוּרָה, "elevated, exalted, high;" and יָ, "woe, alas," all of which seem quite descriptive.

This 14<sup>th</sup> Æthyr corresponds to Chesed in Briah. Candidly, there is little or nothing of Chesed evident in this vision. It is so obviously and entirely depicting Crowley's induction into the Grade attributed to Binah that no other correspondence makes sense. In support of Chesed symbolism I will, therefore, make only a single observation: It is the Exempt Adept who is inducted into the Grade of Magister. A very great deal that often is attributed to Binah is actually part of the experience of the Adept who is being drawn thereunto, and not of Binah itself. (As evidence, one can offer, for example,

that classic text of the 7<sup>o</sup>=4<sup>o</sup> Grade, *The Dark Night of the Soul* by St. John of the Cross.)

§1: Capricorn and Taurus on either side of the Dragon: These are symbols corresponding to the letters UTA, used as an entry key into the vision. They pass away after a moment, having served their purpose of "tuning the channel" on Crowley's inner receiving set.

Next follow symbols of Saturn-ruled Capricorn, the letter A'ayin, and Atu XV, The Devil. It is the function of A'ayin, 'the Eye,' to formulate those seemingly endless and successive veils that lie between normal and undraped perception.

"The Great One of the Night of Time" is the esoteric title of Atu XXI, The Universe, attributed to Saturn, which is both ruler of Capricorn and the planet corresponding to Binah. The "night of time" is eternity – a four-dimensional condition in which time is shed as a limiting condition. The term seems to be used here as a title of a serpent that has taken the place of the dragon, reaching from the depths of slime unto the vault of the stars. It is the serpent that rises from the Muladhara chakra (corresponding to Saturn among the planets, and Earth among the elements) through all the seven centers until it is also the self-devouring serpent of the Ayin Soph Aur, the perfection of all manifestation through the number Zero. In other words, it is Nuit. Its initial rising can be seen in Atu XXI of the Thoth deck. Against this is pitted the Sphinx, the sphincter or strangler, who is especially attributed to Malkuth and Tav. 'Glory' is Hod, or form, as 'Victory' is Netzach, or force; so that the combat between these two is that between the extremes of force and form.

'Python' is an anagram of 'Typhon,' who has importance in this vision. In the Latin Simplex Qabalah, both words enumerate to 86, as do the Latin words *serpens*, "serpent," and *draco niger*, "black dragon." As well, 86 is the value of the Latin *sapientia*, "wisdom."

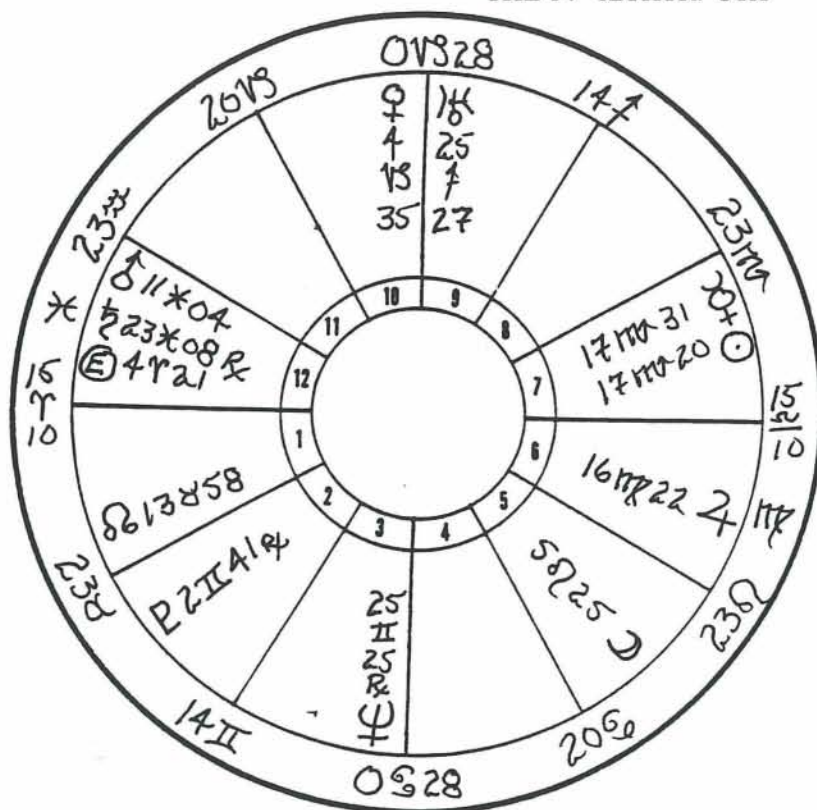
§2: The veil of darkness is of Saturn – of Binah, Tav, and Capricorn all in one. (The numerous sheer veils are especially characteristic of Capricorn.) Light, Knowledge, Beauty, Stability, and Kingdom are the sephiroth of the Middle Pillar of the Tree of Life: Kether, Da'ath<sup>7</sup>, Tiphereth, Yesod, and Malkuth. The "worm" has attained Kether, the Crown, and is the devourer of all. "That which was, is, and shall be" is a reasonably literal translation of the Divine Name יהוה, which enumerates to 26; the value of the sephiroth in the Middle Pillar,  $1 + 6 + 9 + 10$  (Da'ath having no number). The last sentence is from *The Chaldean Oracles* and means, primarily, not to confuse an external or superficial aspect of reality with its depths.

§3: Read these sentences carefully: They declare that the Adept is the Rose. By the Rose is meant his eternal, infinite aspect, which is ever unfolding love,

<sup>7</sup> Which, however, is not rightly counted a sephirah.



THE 14<sup>th</sup> ÆTHYR: UTA



Sidereal Zodiac

3:15 p.m. ANGLES:

MC 6♂26

Asc 23♂28

EP 10♂53

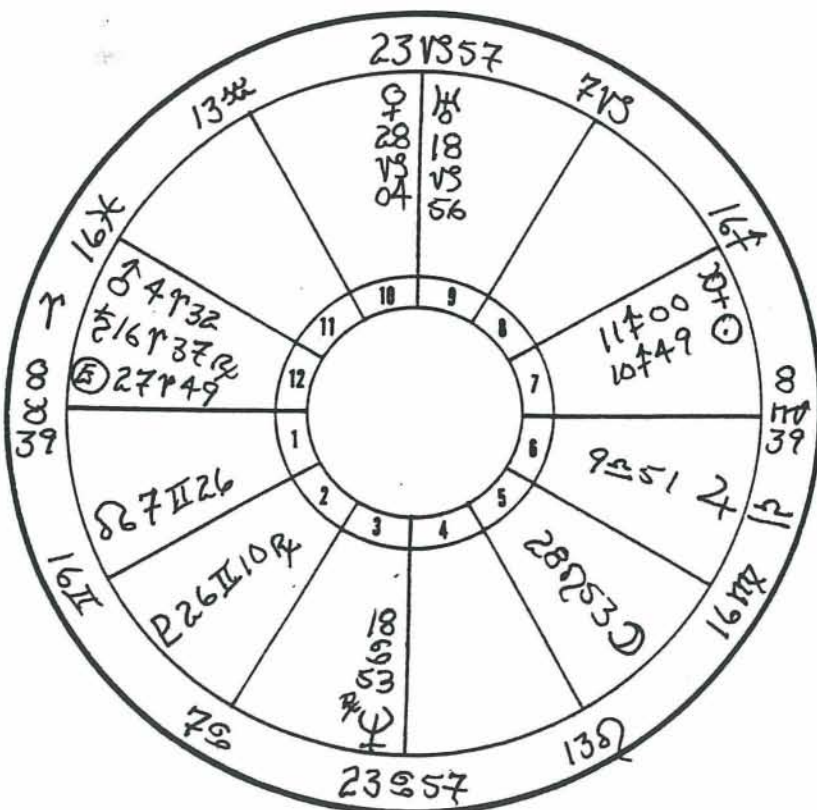
Vision of the 14<sup>th</sup> Æthyr

1909 December 3

2:50 p.m. LT

Bou Sâada, Algeria

35N12, 3E53



Tropical Zodiac

3:15 p.m. ANGLES:

MC 29♂55

Asc 16♂57

EP 4♂22



even as the Cross signifies his finite, incarnate aspect. (The Cross, or incarnation, is a symbol of the Man of Earth. The Rose is the essence of the Master. The Adept, who mediates between the heights and the depths, forges the union between these extremes in the symbol of their coition.)

The 'waters of death' are set in counterpoint to the 'Waters of Life' mentioned in the prior Æthyr. They correspond to Nun, Scorpio, and Atu XIII, Death. Nun = 50, linking it to the "50 Gates of Binah."

§§4-5: Classic apocalyptic and pre-transformational symbols, which are also common perceptual distortions when the Ajna chakra opens widely. Compare *The Book of Revelations*, especially Caps. 6 and 11. There is a further related passage, from the British Rose-Croix Masonic ritual, through which Crowley had passed years earlier: "It is the hour when the veil of the Temple was rent in twain and darkness overspread the earth, when the true Light departed from us, the Altar was thrown down, the Blazing Star was eclipsed, the Cubic Stone poured forth Blood and Water, the Word was lost, and despair and tribulation sat heavily upon us."

The angel appears both in this preamble, and as the central figure of the second part of the vision. He stands in the sign of Typhon-Apophis (see *Liber O*), one of four signs attributed to the 5<sup>o</sup>=6<sup>o</sup> Grade and to Tiphereth. It is a sign of destruction. It foreshadows the pending annihilation and desolation of the Adept. The star is Ajna, opened like the Eye of Shiva; for what now follows is symbolized by Night (N.O.X.), not Light (L.V.X.). The angel instructs accordingly, with words that have at once both literal and allegorical meanings.

§6: Crowley withdrew from the vision as instructed. In Chapter 66 of his *Confessions*, he recorded what he did for the six and a half hours intervening before he again invoked the Æthyr that evening:

"I must explain that we had climbed Da'leh Addin, a mountain in the desert, as enjoined by the Angel during the previous night. I now withdrew from the Æthyr and prepared to return to the city. Suddenly came the command to perform a magical ceremony on the summit. We accordingly took loose rocks and built a great circle, inscribed with the words of power; and in the midst we erected an altar and there I sacrificed myself. The fire of the all-seeing sun smote down upon the altar, consuming utterly every particle of my personality. I am obliged to write in hieroglyph of this matter, because it concerns things of which it is unlawful to speak openly under penalty of the most dreadful punishment;<sup>8</sup> but I may say that the essence of the matter was that I had hitherto clung to certain conceptions of conduct which, while perfectly proper from the standpoint of my human nature, were

impertinent to initiation. I could not cross the Abyss till I had torn them out of my heart.

"I remember nothing of my return to Bou Saâda. There was an animal in the wilderness, but it was not I. All things had become alike; all impressions were indistinguishable. I only remember finding myself changed. I knew who I was and all the events of my life; but I no longer made myself the center of their sphere, or their sphere the standard by which I measured the universe... I did not merely admit that I did not exist, and that all my ideas were illusions, inane and insane. I felt these facts as facts. It was the difference between book knowledge and experience. It seemed incredible that I should ever have fancied that I or anything else had any bearing on each other. All things were alike as shadows sweeping across the still surface of a lake – their images had no meaning for the water, no power to stir its silence."

These are the words of a Babe of the Abyss. They portray the state of mind that Crowley took with him back into the 14<sup>th</sup> Æthyr later that night.



The horoscope for his second entry into the vision of the 14<sup>th</sup> Æthyr shows the Moon approaching the eastern horizon. But it is Crowley's own planets which most dominate the angles of the hour. As shown in his natal horoscope in BLACK PEARL No. 1, he was born with an exact Saturn-Uranus opposition in partile aspect to his Sun. As this vision began, his Uranus was rising and his Saturn was setting. (This is the only actual Saturn influence associated with this very Saturnian vision, other than the Capricorn symbolism of the U in UTA.) His Mercury was also angular, on the IC, in *paranatel-lon*<sup>9</sup> to his Saturn and Uranus. This trio describes rather well this vision wherein his intellect is debased to liberate his higher perception's assimilation of the stark, unbuffered nature of reality.

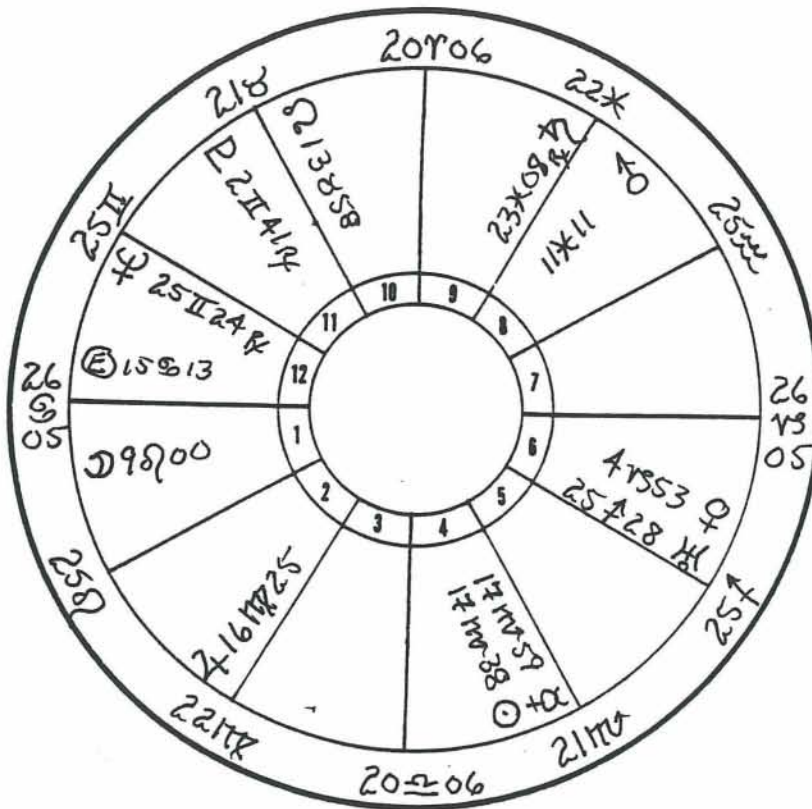
The Moon remained in Leo in the Sidereal zodiac, but had now entered Virgo in the Tropical. This one time (thus far), among all the visions thus far examined, a better argument can be made for the Tropical Moon than for the Sidereal. Themes of the Hermit, dryness, and bleakness can be regarded as Virgo symbols, as can the references to Iacchus and Ceres; and there were many symbols of Mercury, the planet ruling and exalted in Virgo. At the same time, we must add that most of these symbols are even better described by Saturn; while the Mercury symbols are more than explained by the partile Sun-Mercury conjunction, and Crowley's own heavily-configured Mercury being precisely angular at the start of the vision. In any case, the ardent, fiery, solar, egoic Leo energies of the Moon's Sidereal placement are entirely absent in this vision.

<sup>8</sup> He meant this literally. In England, in 1909, sodomy was illegal, and bore "the most dreadful punishment." As mentioned previously, the impact of Oscar Wilde on Crowley had not been slight!

<sup>9</sup> An important aspect especially among ancient Greek astrologers, and revived by modern researchers. In practice it simply means simultaneous angularity, independent of zodiacal aspect.



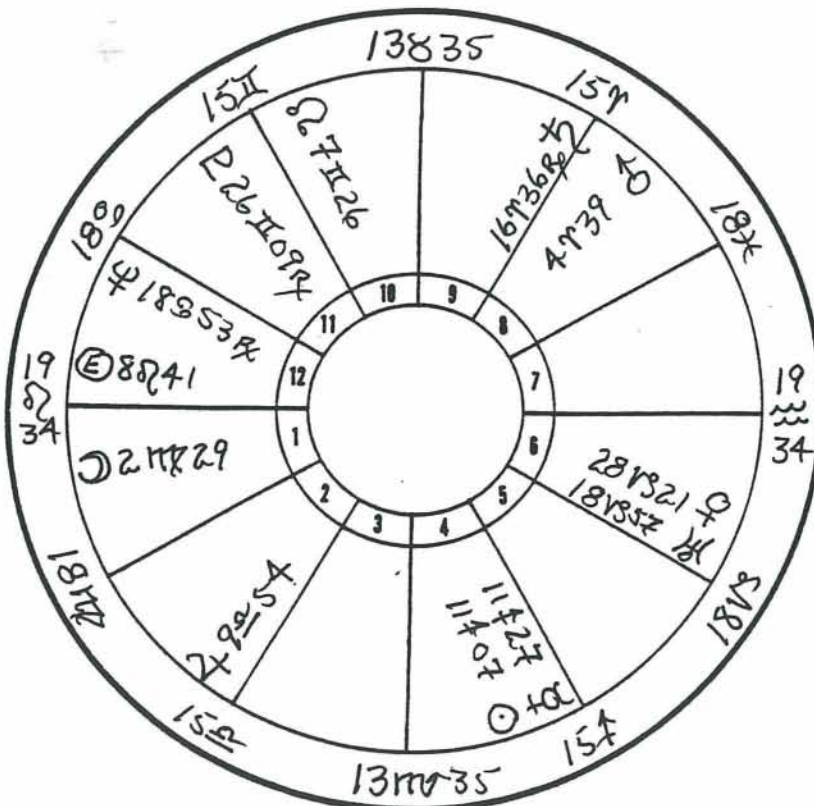
THE 14<sup>th</sup> ÆTHYR: UTA



Sidereal Zodiac

11:15 p.m. ANGLES:  
 MC 10♈56  
 Asc 13♈35  
 EP 6♈52

Vision of the 14<sup>th</sup> Æthyr  
 1909 December 3  
 9:50 p.m. LT  
 Bou Sâada, Algeria  
 35N12, 3E53



Tropical Zodiac

11:15 p.m. ANGLES:  
 MC 4♈25  
 Asc 7♈04  
 EP 0♈21



§7: Profound blackness is a constant symbol throughout this vision. It is the “thick darkness” meant by the Hebrew word *ophel*, and the “thick darkness its swaddling band” of *Job* 38:9, attributed by Qabalists to the letter Heh, which corresponds to Binah, the Mother.

§§8-9: The angel reminds Crowley that in symbols by which the Adept moves toward mastery, and by which the aspirant seeks adepthood, black is the color of the highest. (See the Editor’s Letter, “Ebon Sea of the Unknown” in *BLACK PEARL* No. 3.) The angel then describes himself in words that identify him with Hadit, the “sole light” that is the essential “spark,” or point of view, of each being. He further identifies himself with Chaos (Χαος), a name referred to Chokmah and the Father, representing the unformed potential that precedes the formulations of Saturn. He stands in the Sign of Typhon-Apophis as before, invoking the destruction, desolation, and annihilation that free. His last phrase is a restatement of the writings of St. John of the Cross.

§10: A basilisk (lit., “little king”) is a mythic serpent with a lethal glance. Crowley attributed it to Geburah. The meaning here is that the Quintessence attained in the equilibration of the elements opens a slaying eye, the Eye of Shiva; and that the waters of Binah are waters of death. Then follow symbols of initiations Crowley had previously undergone wherein symbols of Light marked his way, and drew his attention upward: the lamps atop the pillars of his Neophyte (0=0) initiation into the Golden Dawn, and the brilliant rose which illuminated the ceiling of the Vault of the Adepts in his initiation to the 5=6 Grade of the R.R. et A.C. Later, he came to know that Eye of Horus staring back at him from the profound of the Abyss. Yet here, in Binah, upon the Great Sea, there was no such light to be found; for the Supernal consciousness is that of a Night which exceeds the Adept’s brightest Light, even as vacuous space greets the pilgrim who ventures beyond the greatest heights of Earth’s atmosphere.

§11: The “great word that is the Key of the Abyss” is N.O.X. (See *BLACK PEARL* No. 5, for an explanation of N.O.X. and its number, 210.) The angel described this Night, which Crowley then invoked (a voluntarily act of embracing the Abyss). It engulfed him.

§§12-14: The Masters of the Temple, seen in the traditional hooded robe of the A.:A.:, appear like dark pyramids. They are without movement or sound; that is, without vibration. These three paragraphs concentrate the particular stark reality that it was most necessary that he see and understand to effect his initiation to this Grade. The “glory Ineffable” that they have beheld is *כבוד*, *kabod*, a word technically related to Kether.

§15: The Greek *πυραμς*, “pyramid,” enumerates to 831, as does *φαλλος*, “phallus.” The same number is the value of *θανατου*, “of death.” Crowley synthesized all of these meanings when he wrote of the pyramid

that, “It is also a Phallus which dies itself to communicate Life to others.”

In the Golden Dawn rituals, as in the A.:A.: Neophyte ceremony, the term “pyramid” sometimes is used to mean a three-sided pyramid-like structure (with a fourth surface for its base), properly called a *tetrahedron*. For complex reasons, the tetrahedron (which is formed entirely of Fire triangles) is regarded as a symbol of the letter Shin, *ש*. Shin is a symbol of Neshamah, or super-consciousness, and is an appropriate symbol of this Grade for that reason as well.

§16: An Egyptian sandal strap is in the form of an Ankh, the familiar hieroglyph for “life.” Thus, it is their Ankhs – their life-force, comprised of “light” – that the Masters have cast down into the realm of Ruach, or normal human consciousness. The Masters shod themselves in Light, that their feet might never touch anything **except** Light, until reaching this “holy ground” of Binah, to which is attributed the *Sekhel ha-Qadosh*, or Sanctifying Consciousness.

§17: “The Vision of God face-to-face” is normally attributed to Chokmah. The reference here must be to its shadow, cast into the Ruach and perceived by Crowley at an earlier stage, perhaps as one of the projections forged in the service of the Knowledge and Conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel.

§18: The Beatific Vision is the characteristic state of Tiphereth. (See Crowley’s *Little Essays Toward Truth*.) The triad of Sat-Chit-Ananda – Being, Knowledge, and Bliss – has been dissolved. The  $8^0=3^3$  Grade of Binah is defined most succinctly with the words: “Thou art one with the Primeval things.”

§§19-20: The attributes of Binah are dark, bitter, and deadly. They replace the Wine of Bliss. Also, salt has a strong relationship to Binah ( $\alpha$ ) as the salt sea, ( $\beta$ ) as Binah is the Root of Alchemical Salt among the Supernals, and ( $\gamma$ ) due to the cubical formation of salt crystals, a trait they share with crystals of lead (= Saturn). Understanding, Wisdom, and Being, the three Supernal sephiroth, are explained, though the secret characteristic of Chokmah was veiled from him. (Crowley later wrote in a margin note to his *EQUINOX* copy that the Chokmah traits would be speech, motion, and light, opposites to the three Binah characteristics of silence, stillness, and darkness.)

The numerical mystery implied is this: “The eye” is A’ayin, *א*, 70. The “triple Aleph” is *א* *ל* *א* = 111 times 3, or 333 (= Choronzon).  $70 \div 333 = .210$ , implying 210 = N.O.X., “the terrible word that is the Key of the Abyss.” In his personal grimoire, soon after receiving these visions, Crowley wrote further: “Note  $210 = 7 \times 6 \times 5$  &  $.210 = 70/333 = 7/3 \times \aleph$ . The Eye in the Triangle: so that the Night of Pan is That Light Ineffable.”

§21: “I am Hermes,” in Greek, is *Ερμης εἰμι* = 418. The reference is not to the lower Mercury of Hod, but



to the higher Mercury of Chokmah; thus he is "sent from the Father to expound all things," etc. Chokmah initiates Binah. (Being an angel, he is a messenger.) Note that, as this vision neared its end, the conjoined Sun and Mercury were approaching the IC.

The Masters are then described as in the deepest meditation, their awareness withdrawn entirely from the outer sensory channels of sight, hearing, etc.

§22: Their adepthood is shed, along with the "tendencies" (or Briatic projections, *sankharas*) which defined their distinctive humanity. Being forged from duality, these do not surpass the Abyss; but they do once more coalesce below the Abyss, "so that they can function as an Exempt Adept," Crowley wrote. "But their permanent function is in that grade to which their 'center of gravity' (so to speak) tends." Though the Master remains "above the Abyss," the Adept that he or she was is "thrown back" from the Abyss into that sphere of life that is most expressive of the underlying nature and the life work arising therefrom. (Crowley, for example, was manifest in Chesed, and Frater O.I.V.V.I.O. in Malkuth.)

Note that the "four beasts," the Kerubim, are designated as the wardens, or guardians, of the Abyss; that is, they guard the admission to the Third Order, even as they have warded the Path of Tav and the admission to the Vault of the Adepti in earlier stages. In the Thoth

Tarot, these four are shown, in different guises, in the trumps corresponding to Cheth (The Chariot) and Vav (The Hierophant). Also, in the World of Briah, the Kerubim are the Angelic Choir attributed to Binah. They appear in this vision with the flaming sword, even as twin Kerubim and such a sword were said, in *Genesis*, to guard the gates of Eden; for by Eden is meant the Supernal Triad, which is the true Holy of Holies.

A prediction at the end of this paragraph is worth noting. The last two sentences link 50, the value of the letter Nun, נ, with 106, the value of the word Nun, נון, and then with the idea of Death, the Tarot trump to which Nun is attributed. The penultimate sentence can be read that the term of Crowley's "understanding" – his time as an 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup>, or initiate of Binah – would be 106 "seasons." Crowley claimed that if these are taken as lunar months, it is exactly so. But if this is the case, he did not measure the 106 months from this December 1909 initiation, and he surely meant calendar months instead of lunar months. Since the date of his initiation to the 9<sup>o</sup>=2<sup>o</sup> Grade was October, 1915, and 106 months is 8 years, 10 months, he was measuring from December 1906, the month that he and Fra. D.D.S. were confirmed as 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup>. Crowley denied the Grade at the time, but in retrospect seems to have found it convenient to measure his attainment from that date.

## "Peace Unto You"

[This is a diary excerpt of a vision, received many years before its recipient ever began any sort of formal Path. It provides an excellent example of how such experiences precede, and often motivate, formal work. In hindsight, the aspirant (now an Adept, who prefers anonymity) views this as an early taste of the K&C of the HGA. Questions from a guiding companion are given in italics. – A.H.]

I have floated into an underwater cave and there is a yellow light.

*Is anyone else in the cave?*

Yes, there is a very old being. He isn't the same species as me. He is one of the ancient seers of our time, and this is the place I come to learn. I am one of his students.

*What can you tell me of his form? Is he humanoid?*

He has a human form but he is very comfortable under water. There is perfect peace in this place. I am feeling something he is sending, but there are no words in my vocabulary to describe the feeling. He communicates to me by transmitting feelings. He has been transmitting to me since I arrived.

The closest description I can give of the feeling is one of perfect peace and so much, so very much love to share. If I stay in his presence too long, his vibrations would shatter my being. When I've assimilated all that I can, when I am "full," I must leave.

*Does he have any message to give to us before you leave?*

Peace unto you. And if you understand those words to the fullness of their meaning, you need nothing, absolutely nothing, more.

*And where will you go when you leave this place?*

I will go to a place we would call a classroom, and I will pass on what he gave to me. That is my entire life: Absorbing from him, then passing it on.

**NOTES:** As I was emerging from the trance, I was aware that I was losing the fullness of the message "Peace unto you." I could feel myself struggling to retain it, but all I could hang onto were the words, and the memory of the overwhelming feeling of being loved more wholly than I had ever experienced in my life.



## THE CRY OF THE 13TH ÆTHYR, WHICH IS CALLED

ZIM ✠ ϥ 7 ε

1. Into the Stone there cometh an image of shining waters, glistening in the sun. Unfathomable is their beauty, for they are limpid, and the floor is of gold. Yet the sense thereof is of fruitlessness.

2. And an Angel cometh forth, of pure pale gold, walking upon the water. Above his head is a rainbow, and the water foams beneath his feet. And he saith: Before his face am I come that hath the thirty-three thunders of increase in his hand. From the golden water shalt thou gather corn.

3. All the Aire behind him is gold, but it opens as it were a veil. There are two terrible black giants, wrestling in mortal hatred. And there is a little bird upon a bush, and the bird flaps its wings. Thereat the strength of the giants snaps, and they fall in heaps to the earth, as though all their bones were suddenly broken.

4. And now waves of light roll through the Æthyr, as if they were playing. Therefore suddenly I am in a garden, upon a terrace of a great castle, that is upon a rocky mountain. In the garden are fountains and many flowers. There are girls also in the garden, tall, slim, delicate and pale. And now I see that the flowers are the girls, for they change from one to another; so varied, and lucent, and harmonious is all this garden, that it seems like a great opal.

5. A voice comes: This water which thou seest is called the water of death. But NEMO hath filled therefrom our springs.

6. And I said: Who is NEMO?

7. And the voice answered: A dolphin's tooth, and a ram's horns, and the hand of a man that is hanged, and the phallus of a goat. (By this I understand that nun is explained by shin, and hé by resh, and mem by yod, and ayin by tau. NEMO is therefore called  $165 = 11 \times 15$ ; and is in himself  $910 =$

$91 \text{ Amen} \times 10$ ; and  $13 \times 70 =$  The One Eye, *Achad Ayin*.)

8. And now there cometh an Angel into the garden, but he hath not any of the attributes of the former Angels, for he is like a young man, dressed in white linen robes.

9. And he saith: No man hath beheld the face of my Father. Therefore he that hath beheld it is called NEMO. And know thou that every man that is called NEMO hath a garden that he tendeth. And every garden that is and flourisheth hath been prepared from the desert by NEMO, watered with the waters that were called death.

10. And I say unto him: To what end is the garden prepared?

11. And he saith: First for the beauty and delight thereof; and next because it is written, "And Tetragrammaton Elohim planted a garden eastward in Eden." And lastly, because though every flower bringeth forth a maiden, yet is there one flower that shall bring forth a man-child. And his name shall be called NEMO, when he beholdeth the face of my Father. And he that tendeth the garden seeketh not to single out the flower that shall be NEMO. He doeth naught but tend the garden.

12. And I said: Pleasant indeed is the garden, and light is the toil of tending it, and great is the reward.

13. And he said: Bethink thee that NEMO hath beheld the face of my Father. In Him is only Peace.

14. And I said: Are all gardens like unto this garden?

15. And he waved his hand, and in the Aire across the valley appeared an island of coral, rosy, with green palms and fruit-trees, in the midst of the bluest of the seas.



16. And he waved his hand again, and there appeared a valley shut in by mighty snow mountains, and in it were pleasant streams of water, rushing through, and broad rivers, and lakes covered with lilies.

17. And he waved his hand again, and there was a vision, as it were of an oasis in the desert.

18. And again he waved his hand, and there was a dim country with grey rocks, and heather, and gorse, and bracken.

19. And he waved his hand yet again, and there was a park, and a small house therein, surrounded by yews. This time the house opens, and I see in it an old man, sitting by a table. He is blind. Yet he writeth in a great book, constantly. I see what he is writing: "The words of the Book are as the leaves of the flowers in the garden. Many indeed of these my songs shall go forth as maidens, but there is one among them, which one I know not, that shall be a man-child, whose name is NEMO, when he hath beheld the face of the Father, and become blind."

20. (All this vision is most extraordinarily pleasant and peaceful, entirely without strength or ecstasy, or any positive quality, but equally free from the opposites of any of those qualities.) And the young man seems to read my thought, which is, that I should love to stay in this garden and do nothing for ever; for he sayeth to me: Come with me, and behold how NEMO tendeth his garden.

21. So we enter the earth, and there is a veiled figure, in absolute darkness. Yet it is perfectly possible to see in it, so that the minutest details do not escape us. And upon the root of one flower he pours acid so that that root writhes as if in torture. And another he cuts, and the shriek is like the shriek of a mandrake, torn up by the roots. And another he chars with fire, and yet another he anoints with oil.

22. And I said: Heavy is the labour, but great indeed is the reward.

23. And the young man answered me: He shall not see the reward, he tendeth the garden.

24. And I said: What shall come unto him?

25. And he said: This thou canst not know, nor is it revealed by the letters that are the totems of the stars, but only by the stars.

26. And he says to me, quite disconnectedly: The man of earth is the adherent. The lover giveth his life unto the work among men. The hermit

goeth solitary, and giveth only of his light unto men.

27. And I ask him: Why does he tell me that?

28. And he says: I tell thee not. Thou tellest thyself, for thou hast pondered thereupon for many days, and hast not found light. And now that thou art called NEMO, the answer to every riddle that thou hast not found shall spring up in thy mind, unsought. Who can tell upon what day a flower shall bloom?

29. And thou shalt give thy wisdom unto the world, and that shall be thy garden. And concerning time and death, thou hast naught to do with these things. For though a precious stone be hidden in the sand of the desert, it shall not heed for the wind of the desert, although it be but sand. For the worker of works hath worked thereupon; and because it is clear, it is invisible; and because it is hard, it moveth not.

30. All these words are heard by everyone that is called NEMO. And with that doth he apply himself to understanding. And he must understand the virtue of the waters of death, and he must understand the virtue of the sun and the wind, and of the worm that turneth the earth, and the stars that roof in the garden. And he must understand the separate nature and property of every flower, or how shall he tend his garden?

31. And I said to him: Concerning the Vision and the Voice, I would know if these things be of essence of the Æthyr, or of the essence of the seer.

32. And he answers: It is of the essence of him that is called NEMO, combined with essence of the Æthyr, for from the 1st Æthyr to the 15th Æthyr, there is no vision and no voice, save for him that is called NEMO. And he that seeketh the vision and the voice therein is led away by dog-faced demons that show no sign of truth, seducing from the Sacred Mysteries, unless his name be NEMO.

33. And hadst thou not been fitted, thou too hadst been led away, for before the gate of the 15th Æthyr, is this written: He shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie. And again it is written: The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart. And again it is written that God tempteth man. But thou hadst the word and the sign, and thou hadst authority from thy superior, and licence. And thou hast done well in that thou didst not dare, and in that thou dost dare. For daring is not presumption.



34. And he said moreover: Thou dost well to keep silence, for I perceive how many questions arise in thy mind; yet already thou knowest that the answering, as the asking, must be vain. For NEMO hath all in himself. He hath come where there is no light or knowledge, only when he needeth them no more.

35. And then we bow silently, giving a certain sign, called the Sign of Isis Rejoicing. And then he remaineth to ward the Æthyr, while I return unto the bank of sand that is the bed of the river near the desert.

BOU-SÂADA.

December 4, 1909. 2.10-3.45 p.m.

#### NOTES ON ZIM by Fra. A.H.:

This æthyric excursion was undertaken the following day, at approximately the same time as he began UTA (just a little earlier). Therefore the angles are quite similar, but with Uranus and Neptune now approaching the Meridian rather than receding from it. Venus, too, is prominent for this more Edenic vision, and crosses the Midheaven as the vision progresses. Crowley's own Venus was on the western horizon as the vision began, perhaps helping set the tone for its beauty and harmony.

What is really quite different, though, is that Saturn conjoined the Eastpoint at the beginning. This seems a little strange, since this is far less a Saturnian vision than the two that preceded it. Saturn details are not absent from the vision, but they did express far more the flavor of Binah than of Tav.

The Moon phase remains the same as before, with the same basic meaning. Sun conjunct Mercury persists, and continues to show the "schooling" of the new Master – having shifted from examination to instruction.

Again, the Moon is in Sidereal Leo and Tropical Virgo; but this time it is the Leo that is most evident. Still, we cannot wholly credit the vivid Leo themes, with confidence, to the Moon's sign, given the prominence of Leo in the name of the Æthyr itself.

Completing this trio of Æthyrs describing Crowley's initiation unto Binah, this 13<sup>th</sup> Æthyr actually corresponds to **Binah in Briah**. It disclosed to him the most important instruction of the 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup> Grade.

ZIM or  $\text{P } \text{L } \text{E}$  = **Leo, Sagittarius, Aquarius** = Teth, Samekh, Heh =  $9 + 60 + 5 = 74$ .<sup>10</sup> Foremost, 74 is the value of  $\text{לָמַד}$ , *lamed*, the name of the 12<sup>th</sup> Hebrew letter corresponding to Atu VIII, Adjustment. Perhaps

most relevant to the present vision is that *lamed* literally means "to teach." Also, 74 is the value of  $\text{דַּע}$ , *dea*, "knowledge" (cf.  $\text{דַּעַת}$ , *Da'ath*.) Reversing these letters gives  $\text{עַד}$ , *od*, "eternity." Much of the doctrine of this Æthyr can be found in these three words.

The zodiacal correspondences to these letters are really striking! They are bright, transformative, evolving, vital, illuminating, and instructive. Set before you, from left to right, the Tarot trumps Lust ( $\text{L}$ ,  $\text{Q}$ ), Art ( $\text{D}$ ,  $\text{X}$ ), and The Star ( $\text{I}$ ,  $\text{W}$ ): These will confirm the basic feel or tone of the Æthyr. Their primary significance is as stated above, and as represented by a great Angel striding, as reconciler, between the polarity of Leo and Aquarius. Among other meanings of the Leo-Aquarius polarity, they are the Alchemical Lion and Eagle, or the Beast and Babalon. Though Aquarius is an Air sign to astrologers, its name literally means "the bringer of the waters," so that the polarization is of Fire and Water, even as it is of Day and Night (and Earth and the Heavens, and Light and Darkness – all the opposing pairs that characterize the operation of the Holy Guardian Angel in the opening lines of *Liber Samekh*).

§1: The waters are of Aquarius. The sheen upon them, reflecting glistening sunlight, refers to Sun-ruled Leo, beautiful and golden. Their union is fruitful, the sunlight inseminating the waters of life.

§2: Enter the third member of our cast: the Angel of Samekh/Sagittarius, corresponding to the I in ZIM. The rainbow is a common symbol of the Sagittarian Path on the Tree of Life (present in nearly every version of Atu XIV; or there is an iris). He is golden, and backlit by golden light, and walking on golden waters because he is the emissary of Tiphereth.

Yet, the Angel is most assuredly an emissary of Binah as well – or at least of the powers of Water. The reference to the 33 thunders comes from the 4<sup>th</sup> Enochian Call, which invokes Water: "I have set my feet in the south, and have looked about me, saying: are not the thunders of increase numbered 33, which reign in the second angle?" (The 'second angle' is the Water tablet, or Great Watchtower of the West.) Given the syntax of Enochian numeration, this "33" is probably read as "three, three" rather than "thirty-three"; it therefore especially refers to Binah as the Root of Water.<sup>11</sup>

§3: Crowley explained this paragraph as "a parable of the illusion of matter, whose vast horror is destroyed by the moving of the wings of initiation."

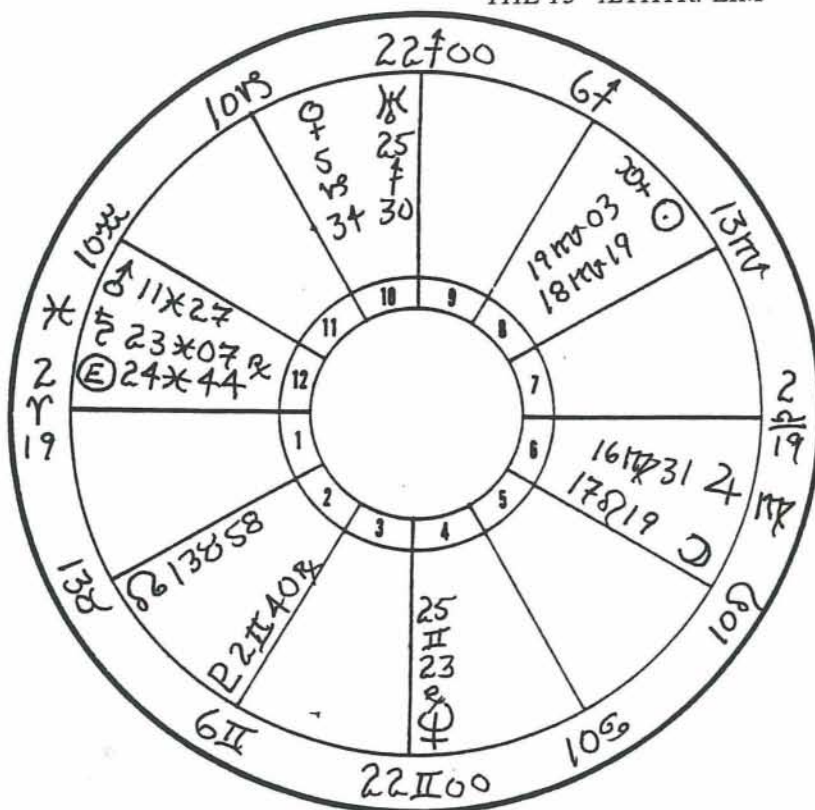
§4: The beauty of this vision is quite moving. Waves of golden light roll through the Æthyr playfully,

<sup>10</sup> When he first wrote his commentary on this Æthyr, Crowley still believed Aquarius corresponded to Tzaddi, as he had learned in the H.O.G.D. He therefore valued it at 90, bringing the total to 155.

<sup>11</sup> Similarly the other numbers in the 4<sup>th</sup> Call are probably best read as 9-6-3-9 – consciousness flowing from Yesod, to Tiphereth, to Binah, returning to Yesod – and 4-5-6, the central triad on the Tree of Life. So with all the numbers in all the other Calls.



THE 13<sup>th</sup> ÆTHYR: ZIM



Sidereal Zodiac

3:45 p.m. ANGLES:

MC 14♂42

Asc 3♂57

EP 19♂35

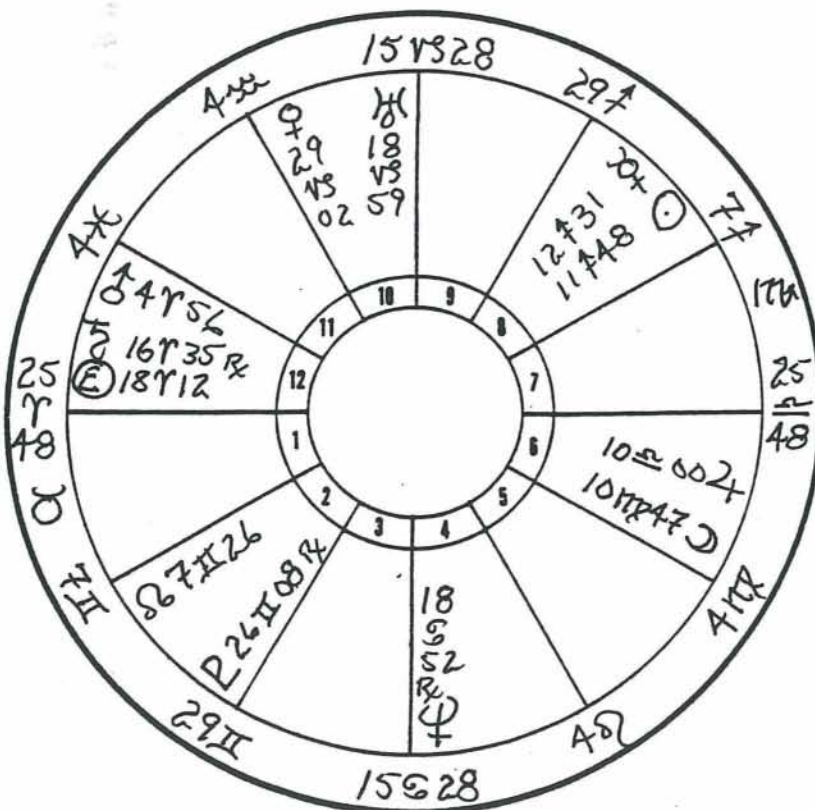
Vision of the 13<sup>th</sup> Æthyr

1909 December 4

2:10 p.m. LT

Bou Sâada, Algeria

35N12, 3E53



Tropical Zodiac

3:45 p.m. ANGLES:

MC 8♂11

Asc 27♂26

EP 13♂04



across the waters, about the Angel – and the scene begins to change. Crowley identified the setting as resembling the Alhambra, a beautiful Moorish palace in Granada, Spain. Like a setting drawn from subconsciousness in a dream, the location may not be particularly relevant *per se*. More significantly, this paragraph begins the instruction regarding a Master's garden, the personal Eden over which he or she is given to preside. The images should be brought clearly to the reader's imagination and allowed to dance there, to appreciate something of the real feel of this visionary experience.

§5: As Uranus and Neptune reached the Midheaven, the formal instruction of the Æthyr began.

Everything Crowley was shown was formed from “the water of death.” So beautiful, sunlit, and happy a scene confirms that the meaning of this phrase is not the conventional one most people might first suspect on hearing it. Perhaps the best expression of what it does mean can be found in the text of *The 32 Paths of Wisdom* attributed to the letter Nun, 50, Death: “It is called the Imaginative Consciousness, because it provides an Image to all created things that have an appearance, in a Form fitting to each.” ‘Imaginative’ is *dimyoni*, דמיוני, from the root דמה, “to imagine, think, meditate, remember.” These words describe the processes that the Master employs in “filling the springs” from which the garden blossoms forth and lives. An identically spelled root means “to be silent, to be quiet, to rest, to cease,” from which is derived the meaning, “to perish.”

The main idea is this: There is something that perseveres, without interruption, flowing eternally but assuming one image or form after another, seeking that particular form which is most fitting to its own nature.

§§6-7: *Nemo* is a Latin word meaning “nobody.” It is a generic name for those who have crossed the Abyss and gained admission to the City of Pyramids, losing themselves in the process.<sup>12</sup> In Latin, *nemo* enumerates to 41, as do *amor*, “love”; *Babalon*; and *fides*, “faith” (a technical term referring to Binah, “the parent of faith”). But we are here given a Hebrew spelling, and a Qabalistic code to explain it.

The spelling encoded into §7 is נהמע. This enumerates to 165. (The Greek Νεμο has the same value, which it shares with such words as ἀλοθεν, “from the sea,” referring to the Great Sea of Binah.) Pause a moment to consider the astrological correspondences of these four Hebrew letters: Scorpio, Aquarius, Water, Capricorn. We have already seen, many times, how

Nun, Scorpio, 50, Death is an important symbol of this Binah initiation, serving nearly as a monogram thereof. The remaining letters are that for Water – the element of Binah, the Mother, or Great Sea – flanked by the letters of the two zodiacal signs ruled by Saturn, Aquarius and Capricorn. The name is a nearly perfect talisman of all the letters describing this initiation of Binah, only the letter of Saturn herself, Tav, ט, being missing.

Tav is included, however, in another tetragram given in the text as commentary on the name. These letters – represented by the words tooth, horn (implying head), a hanged man, and a phallus – are Shin Resh Yod Tav, שרית. They enumerate to 910. Crowley focused on analyzing this number (in passages of the vision text that were added after the fact, in his handwriting rather than Neuberg's), but seems to have missed the fact that שרית is an actual Hebrew word. Pronounced *sarayath*, it means, “you have striven.” It was used in *Genesis* 32:29 in one of the most important passages in the history of the Hebrew people and their religion, when Jacob, having striven with his angel, was given the new name Israel, “one who has prevailed with God,” a name he transmitted to all his descendants: “And he said, ‘No more shall your name be called Jacob, but Israel (ישראל): for you have striven (שרית) with Elohim and with men, and have overcome.’”

We have quoted this in some detail because other elements of the Jacob story appear in the paragraphs following. This is not an isolated reference. The Jacob legend is somehow closely tied to the legend of Nemo. The exact connection is not completely evident to us; but we will give the parts, that others may dig deeper into it for themselves.

Rearranging the letters of שרית gives רשיה, *rashith*, “beginning.” One further clue is another word enumerating to 910, לחולדהם, *le-thol'dotham*, meaning “according to their generations.” (See *Genesis* 10:32.)

§§8-9: The Divine Name of Binah is *Tetragrammaton Elohim*, יהוה אלהים. This is also the Name of that Divinity who kept an eye on the Garden of Eden. It is the **only** Divine Name in *Genesis* during the time that Adam and Eve resided in the garden. Thus is it written, “Every man that is called NEMO hath a garden.”

This garden is the field of manifestation of the distinctive Work of the Master, expressed especially as the Master's disciples. (The Latin *neophytus*, “neophyte,” literally means “new plant.”) The diversity of such gardens is endless. Most of the instruction in this present vision concerns how the Master tends such a garden.

We are told that every “garden” of any kind that has ever flourished has been brought forth “from the desert” by a Master of the Temple. **Much is contained in this one idea, and should be sought out by every student.**

§§10-11: The metaphor of the “male child” should be understood according to the rules of primogeniture.

<sup>12</sup> This idea may be applied to mystical or religious texts that refer to “no man,” like the verse, “The night cometh wherein no man shall labor.” Beneath its surface meaning, this also may be understood as: the Night (N.O.X.) of Pan, approaches wherein Nemo, the Master of the Temple, *shall* labor.



Though sexist by modern standards, it communicates a basic idea in a language that was deeply ingrained in Crowley, his culture, and probably his cells. By “male child,” I think he need understand nothing more than “successor,” or “one who shall inherit.” It is the original Rosicrucian doctrine “that every member should look for a worthy person who, after his decease, might succeed him.” The difference is that the Rosicrucian – that is, the Adept, or member of the true Order R.:C.: – was to actively seek one out. The Master, on the other hand, is being instructed to work without attachment to the results, and with impassive certainty of the success.

§13: This is another reference to the Jacob story. Jacob named the site of his ordeal *Peniel* (פְּנִיֵּאל, lit. “the face of God”), “for I have seen God face to face.”

§§14-19: Other gardens are shown. The specifics are perhaps of no great significance. Crowley identified these as being in the Pacific Ocean (§15), Kashmir (§16), the Sahara (§17), and Scotland (§§18-19).

§20: At about this juncture – in the midst of these visions “most extraordinarily pleasant and peaceful” – Venus was crossing the Midheaven, adding her peaceful and pleasant energies to the mix.

§§20-21: Instructions is now given in how each that is NEMO tends his or her garden. The reader can likely examine the metaphors and symbols perfectly fine on his or her own, so we will only highlight a few points. The work is performed “in absolute darkness” – an idea that has been discussed previously – but a **lucid** darkness. The work is undertaken on the **roots** of each plant. Each plant requires a different kind of care, which often, outwardly, appears hurtful but is, in fact, the exact thing that it needs. (These are the ordeals. This metaphor should not be interpreted as giving the occult teacher license to effect cruelties.) This mode of care is the truest compassion, the providing to each thing that which it specifically needs. “This also is compassion: an end to the sickness of earth. A rooting-out of the weeds: a watering of the flowers. O my children, ye are more beautiful than the flowers: ye must not fade in your season” (*Liber Tzaddi*, vv. 26-27).

§§22-23: He is without lust of result. He works without attachment. He performs his role, fulfilling his function, and entrusts the development of its fruits – of later generations – to the hands of Eternity.

§§24-25: The reference is, again, to the Mystery of the 9<sup>o</sup>=2<sup>o</sup> Grade first mentioned in the vision of the 15<sup>th</sup> Æthyr.

§26: “The man of earth is the adherent. The lover giveth his life unto the work among men. The hermit goeth solitary, and giveth only of his light unto men.” This is one of the most important and useful passages in

all of these visions, so we repeat it in full. It is an explanation of *Liber Legis* 1:40.

§§27-28: The power of direct knowing was his.

I am troubled by this passage. It unambiguously links this power to the 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup> Grade; but in most cases, a fairly advanced Neophyte 1<sup>o</sup>=10<sup>o</sup> already will possess it, any answer that is truly needed coming spontaneously into the mind. It seems a disservice to imply that this capacity is linked only to so distant a goal as the Magistracy. Only the word “unsought” differentiates what is said here from what we commonly have seen among mature A.:A.: Neophytes. The usual phenomenon observed is that any necessary question that is asked will at once produce its answer in the asking.

§29: Crowley was given the definition of his own Work, the perimeter of his garden. This is expressed in terms of Wisdom, as if to say that it was a work of the sephirah Chokmah and the Grade of Magus at which he was most to toil. The remainder of the paragraph is a quite beautiful metaphor “concerning time and death,” that yields much fruit when taken into meditation.

§30: These instructions are standard (we are told) for each new Master of the Temple. They constitute a litany of the Rite of Initiation. He is then vested with his “working tools,” and given final advice on how to go forth. The five elements are given a new definition for this Third Order.

§§31-32: These 30 visions, he is told, partake partly of his essence, and partly of the inherent nature of the Æthyrs. (This is pretty much what we have been seeing in this astrological and other analysis. The beauty of the astrological method is that we often have a means of differentiating these from each other.) He is told that, beginning with the 15<sup>th</sup> Æthyr, only one who is NEMO will get a correct vision. Others may certainly get visions – but they will be such as to lead the aspirant astray, and perhaps even away from the *mysteria* altogether. They will not be understood aright.

§33: Crowley is reminded that he has not only such details as the Word and Sign of the 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup> Grade (their inner meanings), but was also vested with the Grade three years earlier, through his superior in the A.:A.:, G.:H.: Fra. D.D.S. (George Cecil Jones). Then a final, useful teaching: “Daring is not presumption.” Even a Neophyte can benefit to learn this differentiation!

§35: They give a formal gesture on departure, including the Sign of the 8<sup>o</sup>=3<sup>o</sup> Grade, which is the Sign of Mater Triumphans, or Isis Rejoicing: feet together; the left arm curved as if to support an infant, the thumb and index finger of the right hand pinch the nipple of the left breast, as if offering it.

His formal reception has been completed. Only a few details remain . . .

✍

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IN THE CONTINUUM is a Thelemic periodical, published biannually (1973-1996) by College of Thelema. For nearly 25 years, it was the leader and standard against which all other Thelemic educational periodicals were compared. It features writings by Aleister Crowley that are difficult or impossible to find in print, or which are basic to understanding Thelema and *Liber Legis*. The superior proven value of its instructional content fills a great need among all students of Thelema. Articles on Qabalah, tarot, magick ritual, astrology, psychology, Thelemic history, and other subjects assist the student to find his or her own True Will through self-knowledge. Included also are poetry by Crowley and others.

Altogether, 52 issues were published, divided into five volumes of ten issues each (except Vol. II, which had 12 issues). All issues are available. Each issue is \$5.00 postpaid, payment with order, and may be ordered in any quantity. (Due to rising postal costs, the cost to foreign subscribers, including postage, is now \$5.50 per issue if only one or two issues are ordered, or \$5.00 per issue for three or more issues.) Checks should be made payable to **Phyllis Seckler**.

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In 1909, Aleister Crowley published three small volumes of channeled mystical verse, for use by aspirants to the A.:A.:. The three-volume set was titled ΘΕΛΗΜΑ — **THELEMA**. One volume was issued to the Probationer; the next to the Neophyte; and the third to the Zelator. Except for the introductory History Lecture, all of the texts in these volumes were Class A Documents — the so-called “Holy Books of Thelema.”

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## THE COLLEGE OF THELEMA

Founded in service to the A.:A.:, the **College of Thelema** (a California Nonprofit Religious Corporation) seeks to guide the student to an understanding of the Law of Thelema. Most especially, this means a deeper understanding of oneself and of one's True Will. A personal teacher is assigned to each student. Successful completion of Course 1 is one way to fulfill the A.:A.: Student requirement. A combination of instruction techniques is employed, including seminars, written texts, and individual work.

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Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.