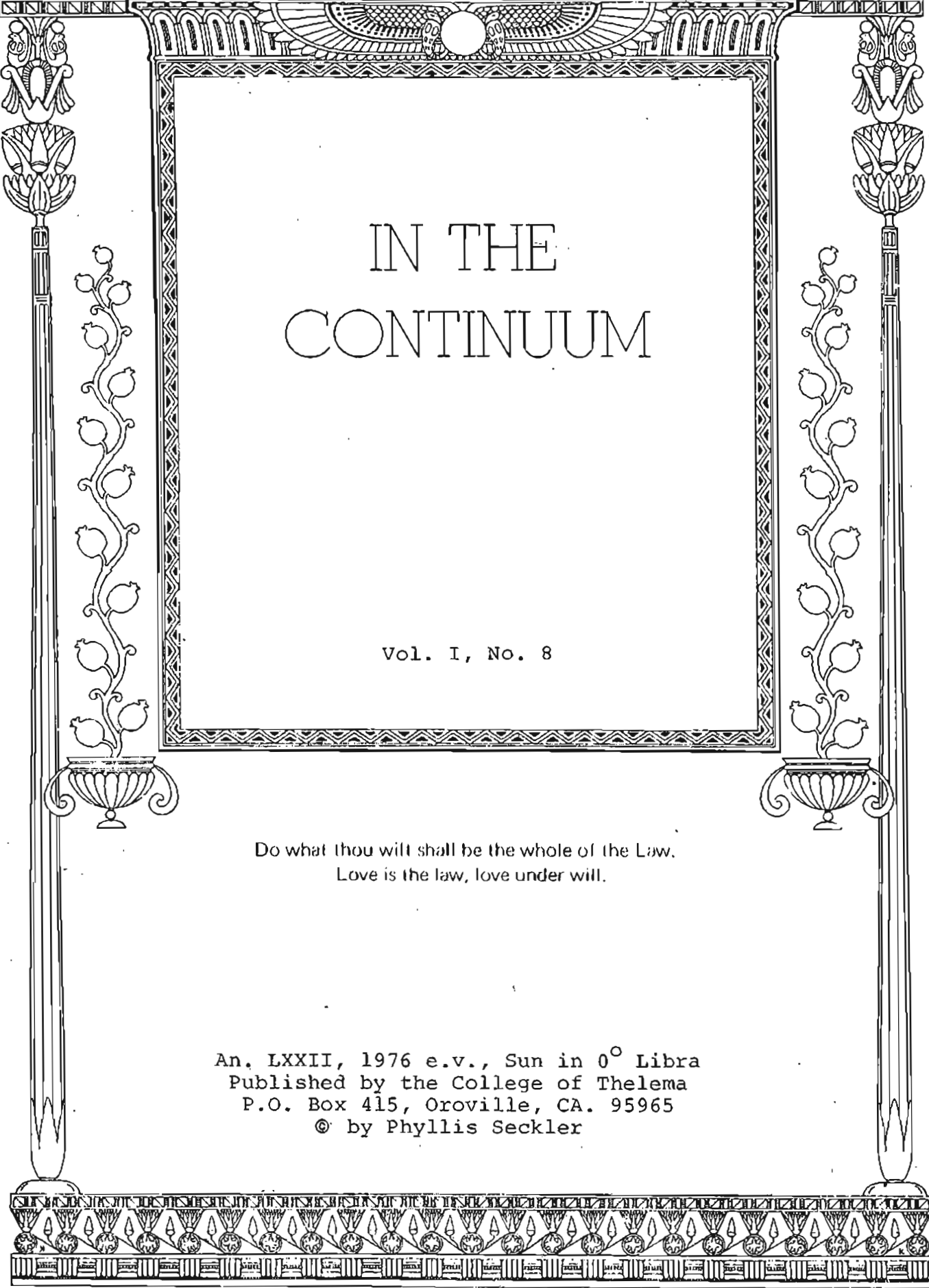




IN THE CONTINUUM

Vol. I, No. 8

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.
Love is the law, love under will.

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The College of Thelema
Founded in Service to
the A.:A.:.



our interest in Magick should be the Dawn of a New Life.

Determine now to rise above the deadly level of mortality:

to fit yourself to raise your fellow-men from that
abasement:

to learn the Mysteries of Esoteric Magick:

to master the Art of Living ("*Magick*" *Cap. XI.,*
par. I.):

to attain to the highest powers, the deepest wisdom,
by the development and guidance of the Will, with full

control of body and mind, and of those secret faculties which are still unknown to any but Initiates :

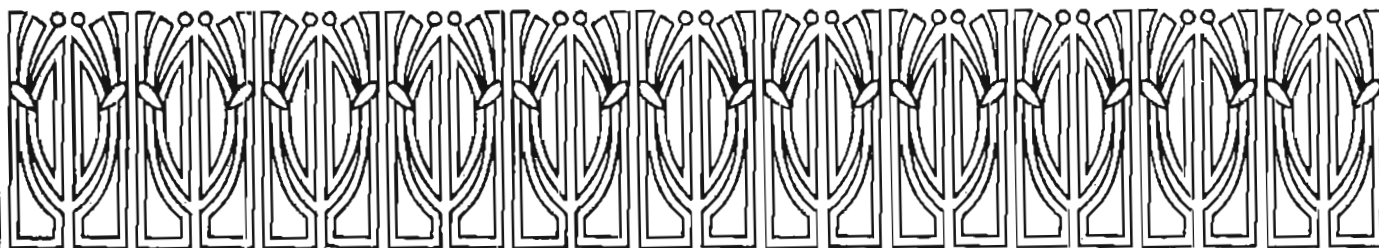
to enjoy the fullness of experience, the increasing ripeness of Age, with the perpetual energy of Youth :

to join the selfless Brotherhood of purified and chosen souls :

to partake of every Secret, every Sacrament of Nature :

to learn how to prepare, and to employ to the fullest advantage, the Elixir of Life: ("*Magick*" Cap. XX)

to aid the Master Therion in His Great Work, the establishment of the Law of Thelema.



THE REVIVAL OF MAGICK

by The Master Therion

The obvious course for one who wishes to write on Magick is to invoke the God Thoth, for He is Lord both of magick and of writing.

In truth, that is the very apt slip for our leash of silence. The word used by Sir Walter Scott for Magick is "gramarye", and a ritual of magick is a "grimoire", "grimorium", or grammar; all from gramma, a letter. Thoth, scribe of the Gods, was probably just a man called Tahuti - the Egyptian form of the Coptic word Thoth - who invented writing. Fust, one remembers, who invented printing, became Faust, the "black magician". The first great miracle of progress, after the conquest of fire, was this art of writing.

Magick then may be defined for our present purpose as the art of communication without obvious means. Curiously, the new harnessing of that form of fire - I use the word in its old magical sense - called electricity to the shafts of the car of progress was followed by a new art or rather series of arts of communicating without obvious means; the telegraph, the telephone, and now Hertz's discovery (exploited by one Signor Marconi) of wireless telegraphy.

Now no man doubts the existence of a supreme and illimitable power, whether he conceive of it as soulless, unconscious and mechanical, or as spirit, self-conscious, and self-willed. You may think the Sun to be God; some very ignorant and some very illuminated people have done so; but the fact is disputed by none, that the Sun, within the limits of its own system, is, physically speaking, the source of all light, heat, Energy in all its forms, as well as of the earth itself, Being or Matter in all its forms as we know it.

Now if we wish to obtain heat from the Sun, we can go and sit on Palm Beach; or we can dig up solar energy in the form of coal - and so on; in a hundred ways we can make communication with that material source of heat. Very good; magick pretends to be able to do the same thing with the Secret Source of all Being and all Form, all Matter and all Motion.

It claims to be able to draw water from the Fountain of All Things, according to its needs, by certain methods. And

though ordinary prayer is a part of Magick, this point is to be considered, that in the purely religious theory, God may or may not think it fit to answer prayer. This then is the great heresy of Magick - or of religion, if you happen to be a Magician! The Magician claims to be able to force a favorable answer. If he tries to make the Elixir of Life, and fails, he has simply failed. He is a bad Magician, just as a chemist is a bad chemist who tries to make Oxygen and fails. The chemist does not excuse himself by saying that it was the Will of God that he should not make Oxygen that day!

The explanation is simple. What the Magician calls God is merely the divine Emanation in himself. And the reconciliation with orthodox theology follows at once. The Magician is using the formula of Hermes Trismegistus, "That which is below is like that which is above, and that which is above is like that which is below, for the performance of the miracles of the One Substance". That is to say, in order to perform his miracle he must call forth his own God in the Microcosm. That is united with the God of the Macrocosm by its likeness to it; and the Macrocosmic force then operates in the Universe without as the Magician has made it operate within himself; the miracle happens. Now then it follows that unless the will of the magician be really at one with the Will of the Cosmos, this likeness does not exist, this identification does not take place. Therefore the magician cannot really perform any miracle unless that be already the Design of the Universe. So that he who sets out by saying, "I will impose my will on all things" ends "Thy will be done."

It is possible, indeed, to perform magic in other ways by other formulae, but all such efforts are mere temporary aberrations from the path; at the best they are mistakes; persisted in knowingly they become black magic; and in the worst event the sorcerer is cut off by his own act from the Cosmos, and becomes a "Brother of the Left Hand Path." This truth is taught by Wagner in Parsifal. Klingsor was unable to comply with the requirements of the Graal Knights; he could not harmonize Love and Holiness; so he mutilated himself, and was for ever debarred from even a possibility of redemption.

It was because the Church misunderstood this doctrine, and saw in magic but a rival power, that she strove with all the agony of fear to suppress it. Soon only charlatans dared to practice it, because they were known to be harmless. The whole thing fell into contempt.

When I was twenty-two years of age I devoted myself to the

attainment of adeptship, or whatever you like to call it. That was indeed the question: what should I call it? (For I am first of all a poet, and expert in the use of words.) I decided to call my life-work MAGICK. For this very reason, that it was fallen so utterly into disuse, I cut myself deliberately off from the modern jargon "theosophy", "occultism", and so on, all words with an up-to-date connotation. I would make my own connotation, and impose it on the world. The only chance of confusion was with prestidigitation, and that not being of the same universe of discourse, hurt no more than the homonymity of "box", "game" and a hundred other words. There was something of boyish defiance, too, no doubt, in my choice of the word. However, I labelled myself with it, and I used good gum!

It has been necessary to insist that Magick is done by an identification of the magus with the Supreme in order to show how in practice one goes to work.

There are two branches of this one tree; we may conveniently call them the Catholic and Protestant.

The Protestant method is that of direct prayer. As a child asks its father for a toy, so the magician asks God to cause rain, or whatever he may need at the moment. The prayer book is full of such spells, even to the extreme use of "Oh, Lord, who alone workest great marvels, send down upon our Bishops and Curates the healthful spirit of Thy grace". But there is no record of any favorable answer to this particular prayer!

In the supreme prayer of Christ in Gethsemane we find the advanced magician speaking. "If it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done." This ends in "My will, which is Thine, be done" for by-and-by Christ tells Pilate that if He wished He could have twelve legions of angels to defend Him. But he no longer wishes the cup to pass from Him; His will is one with the Father's.

Now, in order to persuade the God addressed that it is right to grant the prayer, ~~of in~~ order to convince oneself that one is asking for a proper miracle, one resorts to commemoration of other miracles wrought by that God in the past.

Thus the talisman made by Dr. Dee, which raised the tempest in which the Spanish Armada was destroyed, has figured upon it a symbolic image of a face blowing forth a great wind, and around it is the versicle "He sent forth His lightnings and scattered

them" - or some similar words. God is reminded that in the past He brought victory to His chosen people by raising a storm at the proper moment. There is, in legal phrase, a precedent for the miracle.

The conjurations of the Grimoires abound in this sort of recitation before the God of His previous exploits.

Here then is the link with the second form of magick - the "Catholic". For in Catholic magick the formula is this; the story of the God is enacted before Him; He is moved by the sight of His own sufferings or adventures (here we must remember that most Gods are deified men) and at the same time the sympathy of the actors with the God is stirred to its highest point.

The Bacchae of Euripides is a perfect example of this kind of ritual. In fact, almost all Greek drama of the classic period is of this kind. The "deus ex machina" speech at the end marks the identification complete.

Similarly, the Eleusinian Mysteries celebrated the adventures of Demeter; those of Adonis and Osiris and Mithras tell the story of the Sun, and thus invoke his power. J. M. Robertson goes further, and says that the story of the Last Supper, Trial and Crucifixion of Christ is not a history but a scenario. Nor is this view confined to rationalists and anthropologists of the type of Spencer, Frazer, and Grant Allen; many Christian mystics uphold it, and say that their reverence for the Logos is not lessened but increased by the identification of the legend of His life and death with that of the Cosmos.

I must again call attention to the necessity of this formula of identification in order to show the impossibility of evil in magick. Evil is synonymous with failure.

With the low class sorcerer who sells himself as a slave to some "devil" we have nothing here to do. That is the anti-thesis of magick. The aim is to command the spirits. Very well; suppose we begin in a gross, selfish, avaricious way, and try to get the spirits to bring us gold. We call Hismael, the Spirit of Jupiter. Nothing happens. We learn that Hismael will not be commanded by his proper Intelligence, Iophiel. So we call Iophiel. Equal recalcitrance on the part of Iophiel, who is only amenable to the orders of Sachiel, his Angel. Same story with Sachiel. We go to Tzadquiel the Archangel. Still no good; for Tzadquiel obeys none but El. Good; we invoke El, the God,

We must then become El; and having done so, having entered into that vast divine essence, we cannot bother any more as to whether we have any money. We have left all that behind. So then we see that to perform any miracle we must show a divine reason for it. I have often asked for money and obtained it; but only when the money was really needed for some manifestly cosmic benefit.

In fact, with whatever work one begins, one is led up to the Great Work. This is a logical process, and even if one were tempted to be illogical, and turn to Black Magic, those great forces whose names one has (perhaps ignorantly) invoked are invisibly about one, and bring one into line with a jerk - and none too gentle a jerk at that!

Eliphaz Levi defines Black Magic as the result of the persistence of the will in the absurd. One does not go mad on seeing the devil, because before invoking him one must be already mad.

It is extraordinary how the formula of Hermes Trismegistus holds throughout; Magick is but the extension of the microcosm in the macrocosm. And as the macrocosm is the greater, it follows that what one does by magick is to attune oneself with the Infinite. "In myself I am nothing: in Thee I am All-self. Dwell Thou in me! and bring me to that Self which is in Thee!" concludes the great prayer of the Rosicrucians.

This, however, explains why those who meddle with magick out of curiosity, or who try treacheries on magicians, find themselves in trouble.

The Magician is an expression of the Will of the Universe: the meddlers rebel, and suffer. To oppose a true Magician is as silly as to put your hand on a circular saw in motion. But the handless blames the saw.

I know of one modern Master who has been often attacked. In every case the attacker has come to absolute ruin. One woman came to him, a woman old and sly, and wormed herself into his confidence. He knew her for an enemy, and trusted her absolutely. He left her his check-book duly signed, and she embezzled his money. He left his wife in her care, and she tried to corrupt her. By-and-by it became obvious to the woman that the Master knew everything. He only smiled, and continued to trust her. So she went down with meningitis, and there was an end of her.

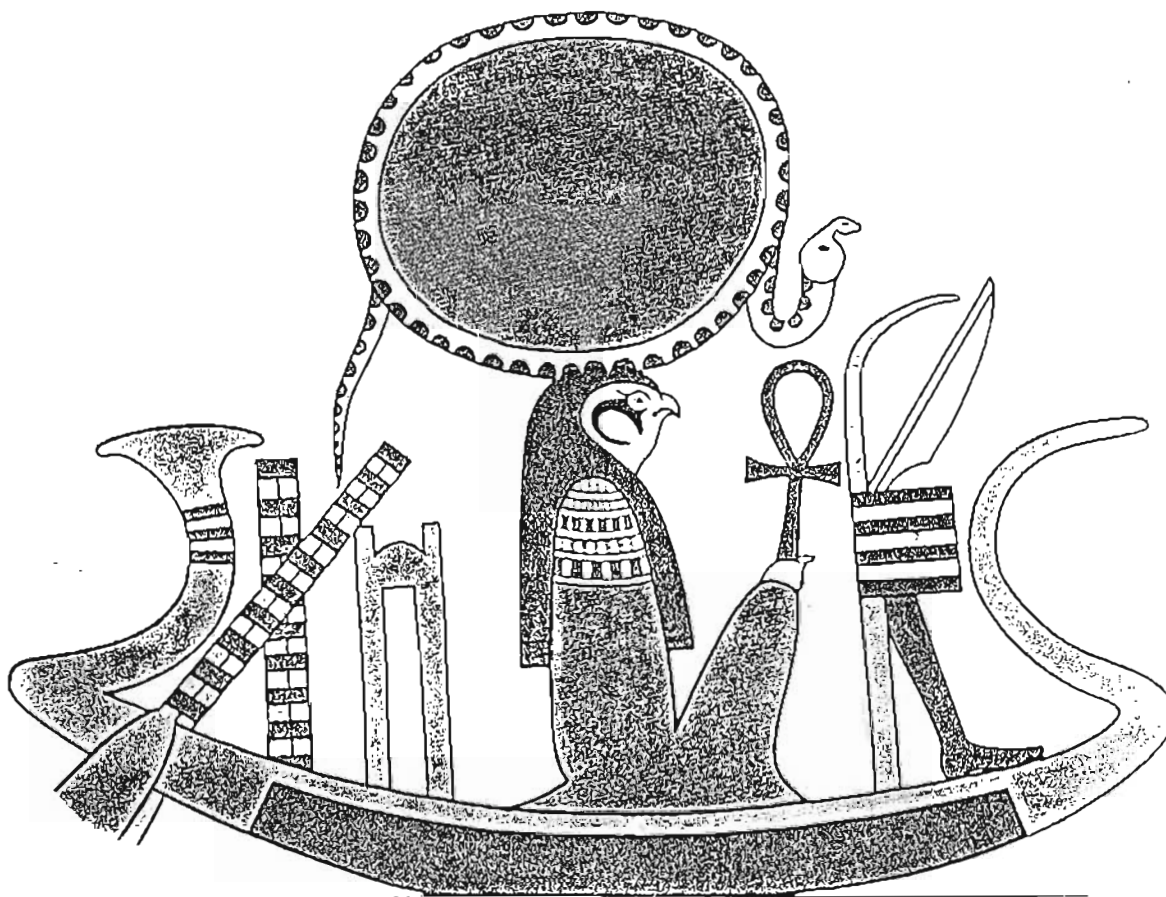
In such a case the only mistake the magician can make is to

defend himself in the normal manner. He leaves his castle; he will be slain. You must not go on to the enemy's ground. Perfect love, perfect faith, perfect trust, and you are unassailable. But use the weapons of the flesh, and you are lost.

Aleister Crowley

(To be continued.)

From THE INTERNATIONAL, Aug. 1917



Ordo Templi Orientis



September 22, 1976

Care Frater,

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

In the complexities of learning to live the Law of Thelema we often can get royally confused. You were asking if you should help X. of our Order, and you give as your reason your love of him. Further, you cite the injunction of the First Degree of the O.T.O., "-----should you at any time encounter any brother in nakedness, poverty, danger or affliction, and be instant to relieve or succour him."

The reply to your question must necessarily be complicated by many considerations. The problem of aid and of the freedom of the individual are inextricably combined, so it will be best if we consider both.

For instance, if, in your type of assistance, you encourage X to develop and to hang on to his weaknesses to the detriment of the rest of us, would you call this true assistance? Those very weaknesses may be the same ones which will trip him up inexorably later on his Path; whereas, if he faced them now and suffered somewhat in so doing, they might the more easily be overcome. If certain weaknesses are allowed to grow and develop when a person is on the Path to Initiation, the fall that can result may be fatal and may last through several lives while the seeker tries to straighten out his karma. Whereas, if they are tackled now, while they are recognisable and small, and even though the person involved suffers, the final results might not be so awful. Nature is cruel and favors the strong. Does not LIBER AL VEL LEGIS exhort us to be strong and then specifically says in Cap. II, v. 48, "Pity not the fallen! I never knew them. I am not for them. I console not: I hate the consoled and the consoler."? Can you tell if the person you are concerned about is one of the "fallen"? For it would indeed be poor policy to rob Nature of her just effects, and a fellow of his lawful Karma.

You object that Crowley was supported and helped by others in his later years. It is a bit of a failing, it is true, among many of our members to point to Crowley and claim a like license

to do as he did. If Crowley did it, the reasoning goes, then it is allright for me. (This is called being obsessed by the Demon Crowley). But such a weak one forgets that his own Path is very different from Crowley's Path. Let us look at the record:

Crowley squandered his fortune in printing his literary works. These writings will benefit mankind for centuries. He almost always took a loss when pricing the books for sale but this didn't stop him from having them done on the finest paper possible so that they would last.

Crowley also worked unceasingly to write and instruct the rest of us and did so without remuneration of any kind. His accomplishments, abilities and Initiations benefited others.

Karl Germer recognised the quality of Crowley's work and had the vision to see that Crowley needed aid to finish his Work in his later years. He and his wife Sascha sent him \$200. a month or over and sometimes large sums of money, just so that the writing and publishing could continue.

These three sacrificed themselves on the altar of mankind's need. Crowley could accept Germer's help in honesty and gratitude in the spirit in which it was given. All knew that without the freedom of the individual, life would not be worth living.

In another sphere of life, it is also true that Vincent Van Gogh's brother supported him. We have only to look at the quality and quantity of Vincent's work to realise that this was necessary - again for the sake of mankind - so that men might realize and see the particular kind of beauty that Vincent saw.

There are similar cases like this wherein a person deserves the support or aid of another, and it be the Will of the other to lend his assistance. A person may need a modicum of aid or assistance to discover his True Will. Or he may need some aid in accomplishing a Will already established and your Will might be in consonance with his - both of you perhaps having the general weal of all in the Order in mind. Each case must be judged on its own peculiar merit. You should ask yourself, "What is the quality and quantity of the work already produced by this person which would justify you in aiding him? Does the person know his Finite Will (at least) and is he striving without cease to accomplish it? If so, is he able to convey his purpose

to you clearly enough so that you can readily comply in freedom to assist him?

However, there are many cases in my experience and knowledge which do not at all justify any kind of assistance.

What then if the brother in poverty should hold his state over your head, saying that you are bound to support him because of your mutual interests? Would this not then be a great mischief? Again, this is not encouraged in the O.T.O. I refer you to the "Duties and Privileges" in LIBER CI, Blue Equinox.

Then too, an indulgent woman may aid or mother or financially support a grown man in the name of "love". But she may only be encouraging him to continue in a habit of alcoholism or in a habit of serious and severe personal selfishness. She may actually manifest a Kundry type as delineated in the opera "Parsifal" by Richard Wagner by aiding or abetting, allowing or condoning the serious weaknesses of the man she supposedly loves. She thus prevents him from accomplishing his True Will or even from finding it through his serious battle with the circumstances of life. Is this freedom or Liberty for either one? Such a so-called "love" only weakens her man further. Have you not noticed this in your experience?

Indeed, when money considerations enter into love then the partner who must foot the bill must face the fact that he or she may be "buying" sex. LIBER AL mentions love but does not use the word sex. And love must be "under will". Also, in verse 41, Cap. I., it says: "----There is no bond that can unite the divided but love: all else is a curse. Accursed! Accursed be it to the aeons! Hell."

The first thing anyone who tries to accomplish his Will must do is to eat and then to put a roof over his head. Should we condone the parasite who can not do this? I am not here talking of pregnant women, children, or of the aged and ill who have earned their way already by a productive and useful life for the benefit of the rest of us in our Order.

In aiding another you may be interfering with his Will to die as he will, or to suffer so that he can learn. Lessons which often carry much suffering and trouble are sent by the Holy Guardian Angel. It is an incontrovertible fact that people won't learn unless they suffer. A life of ease and happiness only produces the mediocrity. So then, would you be standing between the Angel and the individual by such aid? Worse still, you may

be jeopardising your own freedom. If a person is old and someone of the Order offers to take care of him, how much better it is for his independence if he can say, "Thank you, but I have already provided for my old age and though I know you offer this boon in what you think is love, still it is a karmic bond that would interfere with my personal Liberty and I would rather avoid it."

There are so many nuances in this thorny question of whether you can offer aid to another in a discreet fashion, of course, or whether by so doing you are interfering with his Liberty. We really ought not to encourage the parasite in our Society, no matter what his grade. For if this is to be an Order of free men and women we could not be free if even one of us is a slave or exploited by another or by the Order as a whole.

Then, too, is your desire to lend assistance tainted in any way by the martyr complex? This can be pretty subtle and deep within the unconscious mind. But mostly it works out like this: the person suffering from this complex has a set of fine ideals to help his fellow man. Then he puts these ideals into practice and he sees that his fellow man takes the assistance - becomes a real low-down taker - and gives nothing in return. The martyr becomes incensed when he realises that his protégé does not return the compliment and is not about to help anyone else at all. Even less is he grateful enough to the martyr to change his way of life and begin to accept and to live up to the martyr's ideals and high principles. The martyr then suffers a revulsion of feeling and his reactions may include resentment, hate, incrimination and a whole welter of terrible emotions. He may become self-righteous and proud and boast about his generosity and will criticise others. In fact, we could have a hell's broth. On this attitude, let me quote from LIBER ALEPH, p. 148.

DE STULTIS MALIGNIS

"My Son, there are Afflictions many and Woes many, that come of the Errors of Men in Respect of the Will; but there is none greater than this, the Interference of the Busy-Body. For they make Pretence to know a Man's Thought better than he doth himself, and to direct his Will with more Wisdom than he, and to make Plans for his Happiness. And of all these the worst is he that sacrificeth himself for the Weal of his Fellows. He that is so foolish as not to follow his own Will, how shall he be so wise as to pursue that of another? If mine Horse balk at a Fence, should some Varlet come behind him, and strike at his Hoofs? Nay, Son, pursue

thy Path in Peace, that thy Brother beholding thee may take Courage from thy Bearing, and Comfort from his Confidence that thou wilt not hinder him by thy Superfluity of Compassion. Let me not begin to tell thee of the Mischiefs that I have seen, whose Root was in Kindness, whose Flower was in Self-Sacrifice, and whose Fruit in Catastrophe. Verily, I think there should be no End thereof. Strike, rob, slay thy Neighbour, but comfort him not unless he ask it of thee; and if he ask it, be wary."

I think that we must each face the fact that we are bound by our tendencies. We are especially vulnerable in that part of our nature which "loves" or is emotionally dependent on another. We face a quagmire of contradictions and frustrations until and unless each of us works out his own Way in freedom to express his love, neither enslaving another by assistance, (so-called) nor withholding assistance truly deserved. Does a person love because he is in need of flattery, or emotional support, or of mothering, or of financial support, or for any of a thousand other extraneous reasons which really have nothing to do essentially with love? This is not pure love, then, is it? And if it is not, how can any assistance be rendered at all? The more such unhealthy dependence on others manifests, the more will that person be a slave to his own peculiar psychology of action and feeling and thinking. Ask yourself if anyone can be truly a Thelemite if he or she is a slave to his own worst tendencies and dependent on others to satisfy his hunger for satisfaction of these tendencies and is so dishonest as to name it "love"? Is he not a slave to his own lower nature and does he not enslave others in asking them to satisfy this lower nature?

As example we are only too familiar with the woman who uses the fact of a child as issue between the two of them as a bludgeon to limit the freedom of her mate.

And LIBER AL warns us about the man who will not let his wife work outside the home or in other ways find her own Will beyond childbearing and housekeeping. "41. The word of Sin is Restriction. O man! refuse not thy wife, if she will! O lover, if thou wilt, depart!"

In marriage or the love relationship or the Brotherhood relationship of Thelema various kinds of tyrannies can be too easily displayed and worked to the detriment of the beloved or of the friend or of the Order. This tyranny is all the more powerful when sex enters into the relationship since sex and fear are the two most potent forces to create images and

entities on the Astral plane and these effects can literally obsess the person who created them to the point of insanity. If love is not controlled and transcended and placed "under will" and dedicated to Nuit rather than to any one person and fear is not mastered by facing that which is feared, then we do not have Free men or women. We are instead harboring some monster in our midst who not only destroys himself but manages to destroy all around him who is not protected from such effects. This is why Nuit says in Cap. I, v. 52, "If this be not aright; if ye confound the space-marks, saying: They are one; or saying, They are many; if the ritual be not ever unto me: then expect the direful judgments of Ra-Hoor-Khuit!"

The verse on fear is also explicit. See Cap. III, v. 17. "Fear not at all; fear neither men nor Fates, nor gods, nor anything. Money fear not, nor laughter of the folk folly, nor any other power in heaven or upon the earth or under the earth. Nu is your refuge as Hadit your light; and I am the strength, force, vigour, of your arms."

Contemplating that verse, can you truly say that your desire to assist another was not born of the fear of public opinion if you did not?

All too often we see the weak person going down under the "love" tyranny or perhaps he goes down under fear. Is the person you desire to help in either of these conditions? Would it not be wiser to let him face his dependence on another person or his fear by himself?

Each person needs to enquire carefully if it be his Will to be enslaved by the need of another. Would he hinder his own or the protégé's growth? Psychologically, what cowardice is lurking in the person who even needs assistance? And are you going to feed that cowardice by supplying your assistance in the name of love? Are you enabling this person to shrink from the battle of Life and thus of true Liberty?

Many and subtle are the attempts to breach the bastions of Freedom for each individual. Many and subtle are the attempts to enslave another even in the name of assistance needed or given. Are we as free men and women to allow this in an Order dedicated to the freedom of each individual? If your true love enslaves you, or your brother likewise, can you cast him or her out? Can you strike your own blows in your own intimate life to gain your own freedom?

Also, there is this point: hasty and ill considered help could precipitate a crisis in your's and another person's life. This too, has its uses for growth but perhaps you should be prepared for unforeseen results. The true Magician controls as many variables as he can.

In the article by Crowley, "The Revival of Magick", we see some comments at the end about "perfect love, perfect faith, perfect trust." This attitude is probably behind the injunction from the First Degree which you cited. But it can be worked by an advanced Magician. The rest of us do not have controlled emotions and are likely to react when the "taker" among us takes all and then turns and spits in our face. If the emotions that will be caused by such an event would be too much for you, then perhaps you should be more prudent. As a note for students, the old woman mentioned was Crowley's mother-in-law, and when the events were happening, he didn't exactly react as described. He threw her out of the house at one point. She encouraged Rose, his wife, in her dipsomania and even supplied her with drink. It was only later on that he could win to such detachment as is described in the article. Some people would hold the resentment for life!

Think carefully, then, how can you accomplish either your own finite or Infinite Will if you are hobbled by the needs of another? Are you going to be truly free? Would some aid now lead to more aid later? If you do not have the courage to turn your back on a crippling dependence of someone else on you, then perhaps you are only drifting, a prey to your own emotions and tendencies and weaknesses and blind to the Light of Liberty. Also, perhaps you cannot really apply the scourge of Love, which is sometimes as necessary as the softness and ease of Love.

Plunge deeply then, into your own Unconscious and dig up all your motives! Dear Brother, may you settle your problem in the Light of Thelema, which is a Law of Liberty and of Love.

Love is the law, love under will.

Fraternally,

Moral

QABALIST'S CORNER

Some meanings for the number 220

There are 220 verses in LIBER AL VEL LEGIS
220 combines the 10 Sephiroth and the 22 Paths of the Tree of Life $10 \times 22 = 220$.

"i.e. The whole of the Law welded into one. Hence we may be sure that the Law shall stand as it is without a syllable of addition.

Note 10^{22} , the modulus of the universe of atoms, men, stars. See "Two new worlds." " (from THE QABALAH OF ALEISTER CROWLEY, page 45.)

Atu 20 - The Aeon - $\mathcal{W}$ - Shin

Atu 11 - Lust - $\mathcal{W}$ - Teth

$20 \times 11 = 220$ Also, $20 + 11 = 31$ or AL

(This connects the number 220 with the formula of LASH TAL - which equals $93 = \text{Thelema}$)

H - 5

E - 5

A - 1

R - 200

T - 9

220

See LIBER AL VEL LEGIS Cap. I, v. 6

"Be thou Hadit, my secret centre, my heart and my tongue!"

and v. 32 "-----by my sacred heart and tongue;"

and v. 53 "-----the little world my sister, my heart and my tongue, unto whom I send this kiss."

R - 200

3 - 3

Y - 10

X - 7

220

Resh - The Sun

Gimel - The High Priestess

Yod - The Hermit

Zain - The Lovers

See LIBER AL VEL LEGIS

Cap. 2, v. 76

A - 11

L - 30

L - 30

I - 10

S - 60

N - 50

O - 6

T - 9

A - 1

U - 6

G - 3

H - 5

T - 9

220

LIBER AL VEL LEGIS, Cap. 3, v.2

"----- Spelling is defunct; all is not aught."

By Aiq Bkr method: ABRAHADABRA = $1 + 2 + 2 + 1 + 5 + 1 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 2 + 1 = 22 = 22 \text{ Atu}$

PRELIMINARY INVOCATION

NOTHUNG

The crowns of Gods and mortals wither;
 Moons fade where constellations shone;
Numberless aeons brought us hither;
 Numberless aeons beckon us on.
The world is old, and I am strong --
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song!

Here, in the Dusk of Gods, I linger;
 The world awaits a Word of Truth.
Kindle, O lyre, beneath my finger!
 Evoke the age's awful youth!
To arms against the inveterate wrong!
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song!

Sand-founded reels the House of Faith;
 Up screams the howl of ruining sect;
Out from the shrine flits the lost Wraith;
 "God hath forsaken His elect!"
Confusion sweeps upon the throng --
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song!

Awake to wound, awake to heal
 By wounding, thou resistless sword!
Raise the prone priestcrafts that appeal
 In agony to their prostrate Lord!
Raise the duped herd - they have suffered long!
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song!

My strength this agony of the age
 Win through; my music charm the old
Sorrow of years: my warfare wage
 By iron to an age of gold: --
The world is old, and I am strong --
Awake, awake, O Sword of Song!

From THE SWORD OF SONG by Aleister Crowley

ORPHEUS

Liber Quartus vel Mortis

Unity uttermost showed,
I adore the might of thy breath,
Supreme and terrible God
Who makest the Gods and death
To tremble before thee:-
I, I adore thee!

O Hawk of gold with power enwalled,
Whose face is like an emerald;
Whose crown is indigo as night;
Smaragdine snakes about thy brow
Twine, and the disc of flaming light
Is on thee, seated in the prow
Of the Sun's bark, enthroned above
With lapis-lazuli for love
And ruby for enormous force
Chosen to seat thee, thee girt round
With leopard's pell, and golden sound
Of planets choral in their course!
O thou self-formulated sire!
Self-master of thy dam's desire!
Thine eyes blaze forth with fiery light;
Thine heart a secret sun of flame!
I adore the insuperable might:
I bow before the unspoken Name.

For I am Yesterday, and I
To-day, and I to-morrow, born
Now and again, on high, on high
Travelling on Dian's naked horn!
I am the Soul that doth create
The Gods, and all the Kin of Breath.
I come from the sequestered state;
My birth is from the House of Death.

Hail! ye twin hawks high pinnacled
That watch upon the universe!
Ye that the bier of God beheld!
That bore it onwards, ministers
Of peace within the House of Wrath.
Servants of him that cometh forth
At dawn with many-coloured lights
Mounting from underneath the North,
The shrine of the celestial Heights!

He is in me, and I in Him!
Mine is the crystal radiance
That filleth aether to the brim
Wherein all stars and suns may dance.
I am the beautiful and glad,
Rejoicing in the golden day.
I am the spirit silken-clad
That fareth on the fiery way.
I have escaped from him, whose eyes
Are closed at eventide, and wise
To drag thee to the House of Wrong:-
I am armed! I am armed! I am strong!
I am strong!
I make my way: opposing horns
Of secret foemen push their lust
In vain: my song their fury scorns;
They sink, they grovel in the dust.

Hail, self-created Lord of Night!
Inscrutable and infinite!
Let Orpheus journey forth to see
The Disk in peace and victory!
Let him adore the splendid sight,
The radiance of the Heaven of Nu;
Soar like a bird, loved by the light,
To pierce the far eternal blue!

Hail! Hermes! thou the wands of ill
Hast touched with strength, and they are
shivered!
The way is open unto will!
The pregnant Goddess is delivered!

Happy, yea, happy! happy is he
That hath looked forth upon the Bier
That goeth to the House of Rest!
His heart is lit with melody;
Peace in his house is master of fear;
His holy Name is in the West
When the sun sinks, and royal rays
Of moonrise flash across the day's!

I have risen! I have risen! as a mighty
hawk of gold!
From the golden egg I gather, and my wings
the world enfold.

I alight in mighty splendour from the throned
boats of light;
Companies of Spirits follow me; adore the
Lords of Night.
Yea, with gladness did they paeon, bowing
low before my car,
In my ears their homage echoed from the
sunrise to the star.
I have risen! I am gathered as a lovely
hawk of gold,
I the first-born of the Mother in her ecstasy
of old.
Lo! I come to face the dweller in the sacred
snake of Khem;
Come to face the Babe and Lion, come to
measure force with them!
Ah! these locks flow down, a river, as the
earth's before the Sun,
As the earth's before the sunset, and the God
and I are One.
I who entered in a Fool, gain the God by
clean endeavour;
I am shaped as men and women, fair for
ever and for ever.

Aleister Crowley

From THE COLLECTED WORKS, Volume 3.

FLIGHT OF THE SWAN

Slowly circling, slowly whirling,
Slowly the aeons revolve.
Brightly winging, brightly singing,
Brightly the swan evolves.

Faintly dying, faintly sighing,
The Being that is I dissolves
Into being, into seeing,
The swan that dips and dives.

Forever reeling, forever wheeling,
Forever the cycles revive
Of the daylight and the darkness,
Of the deaths and lives.

Always turning, always burning,
The shadow and light derives
From the dissolving, always evolving,
Swan-soul that always survives.

Meral

ETERNITY'S LAIR

Soft footfall echoes along the edges of space;
Eternal verity of love plagues the knower
As willful feet slowly stride apace
And athwart the ancient Ways of the viewer.

Oh, gentle leaves supported on stems
And trunks of trees deeply rooted in earth,
Leaves dappled with shade and shining rims
Glistening in sun. All beauty speaks forth.

Soft beauty of life suffuses the mind and soul
As I pace slowly through gentle air.
Like unto a raindrop, one part of the whole
Waits to merge in Water, soul laid bare.

The soul awaits, open to all, open to love
And dreaming to catch eternity in a kiss:
While stretching greenly farabove
The limbs of trees intertwine in bliss.

Nature awaits with open arms and tender smile
With direful thunder and lightening and heavy clouds;
With rain lashing and bending leaves while
The joyful heart welcomes all and sings aloud.

The birdsong and the delicate frog are there
Waiting as expressions of a soul bemused
By such perfections of form and who would dare
Strain forth all senses into eternity's lair.

Meral

June 28, 1976



CHAPTER II

1. I passed into the mountain of lapis-lazuli, even as a green hawk between the pillars of turquoise that is seated upon the throne of the East.
2. So came I to Duant, the starry abode, and I heard voices crying aloud.
3. O Thou that sittest upon the Earth! (so spake a certain Veiled One to me) thou art not greater than thy mother! Thou speck of dust infinitesimal! Thou art the Lord of Glory, and the unclean dog.
4. Stooping down, dipping my wings, I came unto the darkly-splendid abodes. There in that formless abyss was I made a partaker of the Mysteries Averse.
5. I suffered the deadly embrace of the Snake and of the Goat; I paid the infernal homage to the shame of Khem.

COMMENTARY

The previous chapter describes the effect wrought by the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel upon the outward appearance of things and the sensations caused thereby; it is the transmutation of the element of Earth, and the corresponding part of the soul, Nephesh. We now turn to the Element of Air, the faculties called Ruach, that is the mind considered as an instrument of intellectual apprehension, a machine proper to the analysis of impressions and their interpenetration in terms of conscious thought. The Work of attaining to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel being in Tiphereth, the centre of the Ruach, the result of success is to harmonize, concentrate, and glorify the medley of loose ideas which are suggested by the meaningless multiplicity of mental concepts.

1. Describes the passage of the Divine Consciousness (the Hawk) colored by love (green) into the world of starry space (lapis-lazuli, which is blue with specks of gold) by a balanced path from earth to heaven (the pillars of turquoise). The East is the quarter attributed to Air, and the Hawk is there seated, i.e., stable, not to be distracted by whatever thoughts arise in the mind.
2. Being now open to the whole Universe, the Soul hears whatever is spoken. (Air is the vehicle of sound).
3. A "Veiled One" (Isis) explains that no individual consciousness can be more than the sphere of which it is born and which constitutes its environment. It is equally supreme and vile, these qualities being illusions produced of artificial relations, which may be chosen at will.
4. The Godhead, in order to realise itself, must voluntarily submit to undergo the experience of imperfection. It must take the Sacrament which unites it with the dark glamour of "Evil", the counterpart of which exalts the "Sinner" to Godhead.
5. It accepts the formula of: (a) Duality, i.e., life as vibration. (a-1) Death. (a-2) The illusion of Knowledge. (b) Exile. (b-1) The Hunger of Lust. (b-2) Labour. It acquiesces in the shame of being a God concealed in animal form.

6. Therein was this virtue, that the One became the all.
7. Moreover I beheld a vision of a river. There was a little boat thercon; and in it under purple sails was a golden woman, an image of Asi wrought in finest gold. Also the river was of blood, and the boat of shining steel. Then I loved her; and, loosing my girdle, cast myself into the stream.
8. I gathered myself into the little boat, and for many days and nights did I love her, burning beautiful incense before her.
9. Yea! I gave her of the flower of my youth.
10. But she stirred not; only by my kisses I defiled her so that she turned to blackness before me.
11. Yet I worshipped her, and gave her of the flower of my youth.
12. Also it came to pass, that thereby she sickened, and corrupted before me. Almost I cast myself into the stream.
13. Then at the end appointed her body was whiter than the milk of the stars and her lips red and warm as the sunset and her life of a white heat like the heat of the midmost sun.

6. The object of this act is to realise the possibilities of one's unity by representing its wholeness as an infinite number of particular cases, just as one might try to get an idea of the meaning of 'poetry' by studying all available poems. None of these can be more than one imperfect illustration of the abstract idea; yet only through these concrete images can one get any understanding of what it means.
- 7-16. The river is the stream of thought. The boat is the consciousness. The purple sails are the passions that direct its course, and the woman is the pure Ideal which one seeks to make the constant occupant and the guiding principle of one's conscious life. This 'woman', though of gold, is only a lifeless image. The river is of blood; that is, the current of thought must be identified with the object of one's life, not a mere medium for reflecting every casual impression. The boat is of steel: that is, the consciousness must be able to resist the intrusion of all undesired thoughts. Loving this ideal, the Aspirant frees himself from all that binds him (shame), selfishness, etc. ("loosing my girdle") and loses his ego in thought itself. ("cast myself into the stream".)
8. He identifies himself with pure consciousness, immune from, yet floating upon the course of Thought, and devotes himself to this Ideal, with poetical and religious fervour.
9. He consecrates his creative energy to the Ideal.
10. This process destroys the superficial beauty of the Ideal. Its purity is corrupted by the contact of mortality.
11. Despite the disappointment, the Aspirant persists in "love under will". He gives himself utterly to Truth, even now when it seems so dark and dreadful.
12. The Ideal now breaks up into loathsome forms, no longer recognizable as the object of his love. He is tempted to abandon her, and to seek refuge from Consciousness by drowning himself in those distracting thoughts which surround him.
13. This despair suddenly vanishes. His ideal appears in its true form, a living woman instead of a dead image of gold. Her substance is now purer than starlight itself; her lips -

14. Then rose she up from the abyss of Ages of Sleep, and her body embraced me. Altogether I melted into her beauty and was glad.
15. The river also became the river of Amrit, and the little boat was the chariot of the flesh, and the sails thereof the blood of the heart that beareth me, that beareth me.
16. O serpent woman of the stars! I, even I, have fashioned Thee from a pale image of fine gold.
17. Also the Holy One came upon me, and I beheld a white swan floating in the blue.
18. Between its wings I sate, and the aeons fled away.
19. Then the swan flew and dived and soared, yet no whither we went.
20. A little crazy boy that rode with me spake unto the swan, and said:
21. Who art thou that dost float and fly and dive and soar in the inane? Behold, these many aeons have passed; whence camest thou? Whither wilt thou go?

the instruments of her speech and her caresses - are full of life and warmth as the sunset - i.e., they promise repose, love and Beauty (Hathor, goddess of the West). She is alive with the pure energy of the centre of the system to which the Aspirant belongs: i.e., she is the realization of the creative idea of which he has until now been only one part.

14. The darkness of the past disappears as his Ideal possesses the Aspirant; and his Ego dissolves in the ecstasy of union with her; he becomes the essence of all Joy.
15. Now then do his thoughts themselves become immortal; his consciousness is understood to be the vehicle of his physical life - instead of vice versa, as the uninitiate supposes. His passions are no longer symptoms of discontent, but identical with his individual life itself. There is thus no conflict with Nature. The Will is itself the Self.
16. My own conception of Nuit is the result of the Magical Operation which I performed to give life to the ideal which I originally had in my heart, adored, and resolved to realise. The whole passage describes the process of dealing with any given idea so as to bring it to perfection.
17. The swan is the ecstatic Consciousness of the Adept. It is poised in infinite space, supported by Air - i.e., the medium of thought.
18. In Ecstasy time does not count.
19. The Ecstasy moves from one sublimity of Joy to another; but there is no progress possible in perfection, therefore no aim to be attained by such movements.
20. The boy is the human reason, which demands measurement as the first condition of intelligible consciousness. Aware of time, he cannot understand why all this motion has not brought the swan nearer to some fixed point, or how the relation of the point of origin to its present position is not an ever-present anxiety. He cannot conceive of motion without reference to fixed axes.

22. And laughing I chid him, saying: No whence! No whither!
23. The swan being silent, he answered: Then, if with no goal, why this eternal journey?
24. And I laid my head against the Head of the Swan, and laughed, saying: Is there not joy ineffable in this aimless winging? Is there not weariness and impatience for who would attain to some goal?
25. And the swan was ever silent. Ah! but we floated in the infinite Abyss. Joy! Joy!
26. O silence! O rapture! O end of things visible and invisible! This is all mine, who am Not.
27. Radiant God! Let me fashion an image of gems and gold for Thee! that the people may cast it down and trample it to dust! That thy glory may be seen of them.

22. I reply that, apprehending the continuum (Nuit) as such, no "Space-Marks" exist.
23. The swan is of course silent: Ecstasy transcends expression. Reason asks the motive of motion, in the absence of all destination.
24. The Adept bringing this thought closer to Ecstasy, laughs, both for pure joy, and as amused by the incongruous absurdities of 'rational' arguments from which he is now forever free, expresses his idea thus: The free exercise of one's faculties is pure joy; if I felt the need of achieving some object thereby, it would imply the pain of desire, the strain of effort, and the fear of failure.
25. Ecstasy remains undisturbed. But the dialogue has caused the Adept to reflect more deeply on his state of bliss, so that the Ecstasy becomes motionless, realizing its perfect relation to the Infinity of the continuum. The Adept demands that ecstasy shall be constant.
26. Silence ends the imperfection implied in speech - all words being evidence of duality, of a breach of Perfection. Rapture: the end of the conflict between any two things; they are dissolved by Love; and losing the sense of the Ego which causes the pain of feeling its separateness from the All, its imperfection, the release from strain is expressed as rapture. "O end of all things visible and invisible!" This not only means that all things - being imperfect - are destroyed, but that this is their true end - *τέλος* - their perfection. "This is all mine, who am Not". The Adept is now possessed of all things, being come to the state called 'Not' which contains them all, and of which they are merely images. So long as he was a positive Ego, he was one of them, and opposed to them; they were not his. To make them his he must become the continuum in which all things exist potentially as members of any series that may be selected to illustrate any desired properties of its Nature.
27. The Adept is moved to manifest the Godhead which he has beheld by means of poetry. He foresees that the vulgar will be enraged, despise his books and stamp them under foot; but by their thus acting; their eyes will be opened to the glory of the God. This may mean that my Work may reawaken real religious fervour in those who have lost all faith and vision; their wrath against me will arouse them to realize that at the bottom of their hearts is the instinct that they are spiritual beings.

28. Nor shall it be spoken in the markets that I am come who should come; but Thy coming shall be the one word.
29. Thou shalt manifest Thyself in the unmanifest; in the secret places men shall meet with thee, and Thou shalt overcome them.
30. I saw a pale sad boy that lay upon the marble in the sunlight, and wept. By his side was the forgotten lute. Ah! but he wept.
31. Then came an eagle from the abyss of glory and overshadowed him. So black was the shadow that he was no more visible.
32. But I heard the lute lively discoursing through the blue still air.
33. Ah! messenger of the beloved One, let thy shadow be over me!
34. Thy name is Death, it may be, or Shame, or Love. So thou bringest me tidings of the Beloved One, I shall not ask thy name.

28. My religious work will not result in my being acknowledged as the Redeemer; but men will admit that the Spirit of the Sun God Horus has breathed upon them and infused their clay with life.
29. Horus will be recognized as the explanation of all those energies of the Universe which we know must exist, although our senses cannot perceive them. Men shall perceive Horus when they explore the mysteries of Nature - e.g., the Unconscious in Man, or the structure of the Atom. He shall compel them to admit that He is the Ultimate principle underlying all manifestation, against their old theories. (The exact meaning of 'Horus' in this passage must be drawn from CCXX, Cap. III).
- 30- The Boy is Ganymede, the eagle is the bird of Jupiter. Here
36. he is an image of the Adept.
30. He is pale, as having given his blood to his Work. He is sad, as understanding the Sorrow of the Universe. (His Work has itself made him aware of this). He is lying down, as weary and in doubt whether it be worthwhile to work. He is on the marble; that is, the hard bare facts of existence, despite all polish, hurt his flesh. He is in the sunlight: he sees only too clearly into Nature. His Angel shines upon him, but from inaccessible heights. He weeps: he whose duty it is to pour wine for the Gods, can but shed forth salt water upon the bare ground. He has laid down and even forgotten his lute. He cannot make music: he has even lost the memory that he could do so of old.
31. The Eagle symbolizes the influence of the Father of the Gods, also the highest form of Magical Life, and the Lordship of Air, i.e., power to rule the world of thoughts. This overshadows him so as to conceal his personality from sight.
32. Thus inspired, he resumes his music joyfully: the Air itself becomes still, that is, no thoughts disturb him, and it is blue, being filled with the spirits of holiness, love, and purity.
33. The Adept invokes the Word of his Angel to silence all personal thoughts.
34. He will accept this in whatever form it may appear; whether death itself be necessary to end the annoyance of the Ego, or Disgrace to make it ashamed to assert itself, or Love to destroy its ambitions.

35. Where is now the Master? cry the little crazy boys. He is dead! He is shamed! He is wedded! and their mockery shall ring round the world.

36. But the Master shall have had his reward.
The laughter of the mockers shall be a ripple in the hair of the Beloved One.

37. Behold! the Abyss of the Great Deep. Therein is a mighty dolphin, lashing his sides with the force of the waves.

38. There is also an harper of gold, playing infinite tunes.

39. Then the dolphin delighted therein, and put off his body, and became a bird.

35. His 'rational' prejudices will presumably ask - in such a case - "What of your magical ambitions? You are not the Master that you wanted to be; you are simply the slave of this Angel of yours - whatever that may mean - your personality smothered, your ambitions crushed, your sole occupation to echo his remarks, of which you do not even approve. You have destroyed your Self; you have earned the abuse of your friends; you have abandoned your career, and tied yourself to a woman's whims."
36. The Adept admits that his body and mind, left to their fate, have met with those disasters. But the intimacy with his Angel to attain which he deliberately dismissed all care of his personal affairs justifies his conduct; and the reproaches of his intellectual ideas are not realized as such: they are to him a stirring of the hair of the Beloved One (radiant energies of the Individuality of the Angel) that is, they call his attention to one of His Glories.
- 37- This passage is a parable with several applications.
44. 1. It describes the method of attaining Concentration by "the Ladders". (see Liber Aleph).
2. It indicates how to deal with people whom one wishes to initiate.
3. It gives a method for passing from one state of mind to another at Will. The main idea in all three matters is that one must apply the appropriate remedy to whatever malady actually exists, not some ideally perfect medicine. The first matter must be brought step by step through each stage of the process; it is useless to try to obtain the Perfect Tincture from it by making the Final Projection.
4. It describes the whole course of Initiation.
These four meanings demand detailed exposition, verse by verse.
37. (1) The Abyss is the Mind; the Dolphin the Uneasy Consciousness.
38. The harper is the teacher whose praise of the Path of the Wise induces the profane to seek initiation; he is the Guru who stills the mind by making it listen to harmonious sounds, instead of torturing itself by thinking of its pains and its passions. These sounds are produced by mechanical means; they refer to practices like Asana, etc.
39. Freed from its grossness and violence, the consciousness aspires to lofty ideals. It is, however, unable to keep quiet, and has little intelligence. It is trained by hearing

40. The harper also laid aside his harp, and played infinite tunes upon the Pan-pipe.
41. Then the bird desired exceedingly this bliss, and laying down its wings became a faun of the forest.
42. The harper also laid down his Pan-pipe, and with the human voice sang his infinite tunes.
43. Then the faun was enraptured, and followed far; at last the harper was silent, and the faun became Pan in the midst of the primal forest of Eternity.
44. Thou canst not charm the dolphin with silence, O my prophet!

the harmony of life - breath inspiring the reed, instead of muscle agitating metal. This refers to Pranayama, but also to apprehending that inspiration is in itself mere fluttering; it must learn the art of using every breath to produce harmony.

40. The consciousness now acquires divine and human completeness. The Faun symbolizes firm aspiration, creative power, and human intelligence. The wings of ideal longing are laid down; the thought accepts the fact of its true nature, and aims only at possible perfections. It now hears the harmony of the Universe as expressed in the human voice; that is, as articulate and intelligible, so that every vibration, besides its power to delight the senses, appeals to the soul. This represents the stage of concentration when, being fixed in meditation upon any subject, one penetrates the superficial aspect and attempts to reach its reality, the true meaning of its relation with the observer.
43. The final stage is reached. All possible positives are known to be errors from the Negative. There is Silence. Then the faun becomes the All. Gone is the limited forest of secondary ideas in which he once dwelt, and left in order to follow the Word that enchanted him. He is now in the World of Ideas whose nature is simple (primal) and are not determined by such conditions as Time. (A tree is an idea, being phallic and bearing branches.)
44. Practise Elementary Yoga until you are perfect: do not try to attain Nibbana until you know how.
37. (2) Men are ruled by pride and other passions.
38. They are best reached by praise of beauty, shown in its most glittering dress.
- 39- When taught to aspire, and clean up the baser appetites,
40. teach them the seven sciences.
- 41- Having instructed them until they are really complete and
42. ready for true initiation, tell them Truth.
43. Once they are on the Path, be silent; they will naturally come to Attainment.
44. Many are the virtues of Silence: but whoso is vowed to help men must teach them the Next Step.

37. (3) The dolphin signifies any state of mind that is uneasy, ill-content, and unable to escape from its surroundings.
38. Cure this by reflecting that it is the material of Beauty, just as Macbeth's character, Timon's misfortune, etc., gave Shakespeare his chance. Make your own trouble serve your theme of your own life as a sublime drama.
39. Your thought will thus become lyrical; but this will not satisfy your need. You will feel the transitory nature of such a thought.
40. Transform it by looking at it as a necessary and important fact in the framework of the Universe.
41. The lyrical exaltation will now pass to a deep realization of yourself and all that concerns you as an Inhabitant of Nature, containing in your own consciousness the elements of the Divine, and the Bestial, both equally necessary to the Wholeness of the Universe. Your original discomfort of mind will now appear as pleasant, since, lacking that experience, you would have been eternally the poorer.
42. Now interpret that experience "as a particular dealing of God with your soul". Discover an articulate explanation of it: compel it to furnish an intelligible message.
43. Follow up this train of thought until you enter into Rapture, caused by the recognition of the fact that you - and all else - are ecstatic expressions of a sublime Spiritual Spasm, elements of an omniform Eucharist. Truth, no matter how splendid, will now lose all meaning for you. It belongs to a world where discrimination between subject and predicate is possible, which implies imperfection; and you are risen above it. You thus become Pan, the All; no longer a part. You thrill with the joy of the lust of creation, become a virgin goddess for your sake. Also, you are insane, sanity being the state which holds things in proper proportion; while you have dissolved all in your own being, in ecstasy beyond all measure.
44. Do not attempt to cure a fit of melancholy by lofty ideas: such will seem absurd, and you will only deepen your despair.
37. (4) The dolphin is the profane.

45. Then the adept was rapt away in bliss, and the beyond of bliss, and exceeded the excess of excess.
46. Also his body shook and staggered with the burden of that bliss and that excess and that ultimate nameless.
47. They cried. He is drunk or He is mad or He is in Pain or He is about to die; and he heard them not.
48. O my Lord, my beloved! How shall I indite songs, when even the memory of the shadow of thy glory is a thing beyond all music of speech or of silence?
49. Behold! I am a man. Even a little child might not endure Thee. And lo!
50. I was alone in a great park, and by a certain hillock was a ring of deep enamelled grass wherein green-clad ones, most beautiful, played.
51. In their play I came even unto the land of Fairy Sleep. All my thoughts were clad in green; most beautiful were they.

- 38- Realizing his evil state, and delighting in the prospects
39. offered by initiation, he renounces all and becomes a pure Aspirant.
40. He learns that the Adept is not a perfection of what he feels to be the noblest part of him, but a Microcosm.
41. He completes the formation of himself as an image of the All.
- 42- He then understands all Things, and at last becomes the
43. All.
44. The profane cannot imagine what the Masters mean when they work with those nearest to them.
- 45- This passage describes the Adept's reaction to Rapture.
49. The main point is that all articulate description is futile.
45. Extravagant phrases attempt to record the Event
46. The physical body, its nerves trying to react sympathetically to the experience, and being charged beyond their capacity, is stricken.
47. The observer (others, or his own rational mind) misunderstands what is happening.
48. All this is altogether beyond expression.
49. Even the innocence of a child could not endure the impact of the Angel. A man, having fixed ideas of truth, finds it terrible when they are all shattered, as they are in this experience.
- 50- The park is the world of well-planted and carefully-tended
52. ideas: such as the scholar and the Man of Letters enjoy. Here I found a place where I could exalt myself (the hill-ock). Thereby was a ring (my poetry) in which were fairies (my characters, my phrases, my rhythm, etc.)
51. Playing thus, I reached a state of poetic ecstasy (Fairy Sleep). Here I was happy.

52. All night they danced and sang; but Thou art the morning,
O my darling, my serpent that twinest Thee about this
heart.
53. I am the heart, and Thou the serpent. Wind Thy coils
closer about me, so that no light nor bliss may penetrate.
54. Crush out the blood of me, as a grape upon the tongue of
a white Doric girl that languishes with her lover in the
moonlight.
55. Then let the End awake. Long hast thou slept, O great God
Terminus! Long ages hast thou waited at the end of the
city and the roads thereof.
Awake Thou! Wait no more!
56. Nay, Lord! but I am come to Thee. It is I that wait at
last.
57. The prophet cried against the mountain; come thou hither,
that I may speak with thee!
58. The mountain stirred not. Therefore went the prophet unto
the mountain, and spake unto it. But the feet of the prophet
were weary, and the mountain heard not his voice.
59. But I have called unto Thee, and I have journeyed unto Thee,
and it availed me not.
60. I waited patiently, and Thou wast with me from the beginning.
61. This now I know, O my beloved, and we are stretched at our
ease among the vines.
62. But these thy prophets; they must cry aloud and scourge
themselves; they must cross trackless wastes and unfathomed
oceans; to await Thee is the end, not the beginning.
63. Let darkness cover up the writing! Let the scribe depart
among his ways.

52. But all this took place during the night: my highest poetic rapture is as darkness to the light of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.
53. I am the feminine sense that accepts the embraces of the male H.G.A. I demand closer contact: even the light and bliss of Rapture distract me from Union with Him.
54. His presence must leave me no light of my own.
55. The End means "The True Self". Terminus is the Phallic Stone which lies beyond the mind (city) and its thoughts (roads). By this Union with the Angel I hope to come to the True Self, the fixed eternal creative individual.
56. Having attained the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel (by a male effort so to speak) the Adept becomes receptive, feminine, patient, surrendering his will wholly to that of his Angel.
- 57- It is equally vain to summon what one wants, or to go to
60. seek it. To do so is to assert its absence, and the truth is that it is with one all the time, if one will but kill out one's restlessness.
61. Realizing this, effort is at an end: one has only to enjoy.
62. As things are, though, one is so constituted as to be unable to rest in simplicity. One must go through the mill in order to learn how to wait!
63. The consciousness of the scribe, hitherto required that he might record the sayings of that part of his Being which we call 'the Adept' and of his Angel, is now released to attend to its normal affairs.

64. But thou and I are stretched at our ease among the vines;
what is he?

65. O Thou beloved One! is there not an end? Nay, but there
is an end. Awake! arise! gird up thy limbs; O thou runner;
bear thou the Word unto the mighty cities, yea, unto the
mighty cities.

64. The Adept and his Angel remain reposing in Rapture: they do not cease to exist when the scribe no longer perceives them. On the contrary, he seems rather unreal to them.
65. Union with his Angel is not the sole goal of the Adept. There is an "end", a Purpose proper to his individuality. The Angel therefore bids him withdraw from the Trances of Union. He is to assume the form of Hermes (runner - Word-bearer) and deliver the Word entrusted to him to the "mighty cities". This may mean "to the greatest minds of the world".