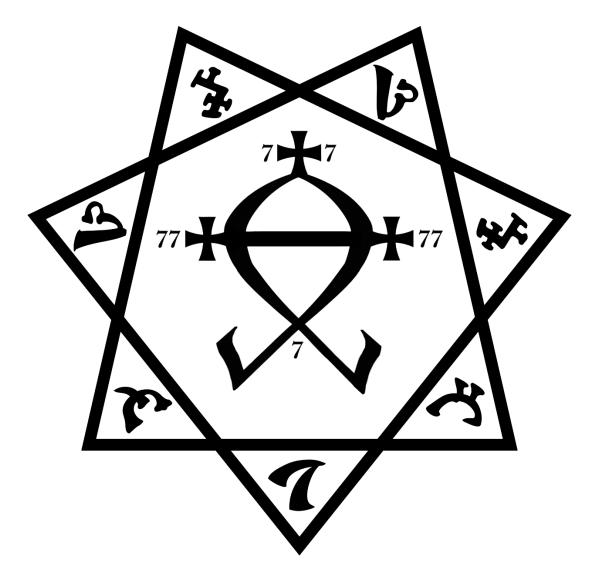
The Vision and the Voice

being of the Angels of the Thirty Æthyrs

(Mexico, 1900 and Algeria, 1909)

As delivered to Perdurabo and O.V.

Volume III: Notebook III (12th to 9th Æthyrs)

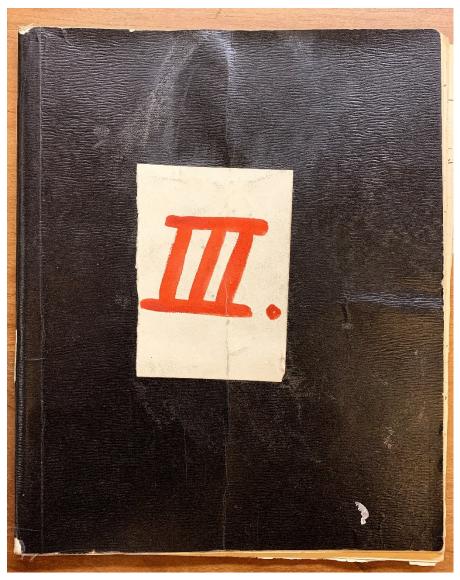


IN NOMINE BABALON





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The Vision and the Voice

Liber CDXVIII

(being the actual notebooks of the Angels of the Thirty Æthyrs)

Volume III: Notebook III (12th to 9th Æthyrs)

Double struck text (example) is crossed out in the manuscript, but included on the typescript. Slashed-out text (example) is indicative of another type of edit to the manuscript that is not a simple crossout and replace.

Greyed out text (example) is pencil additions, overwrites, etc. or a correction in a different ink or writing tool than the original version.

It is advisable to consult the source notebook page in these instances.

Pages 83-84 (10th Aethyr) "With a burning spear..." is followed by an anomaly not present elsewhere – it is not crossed out, it is not a pen out of ink, and some is legible. It is left for the reader to determine the words, and if that be wise given where it is in the document. It is noted in RED.

The purpose here is to make the material available, as it is and was and shall ever be, without second-guessing – search and see, and let the Aires be your guide! As it stands, it is truly a document of our heritage and demands in multiple places for no changes to be made.

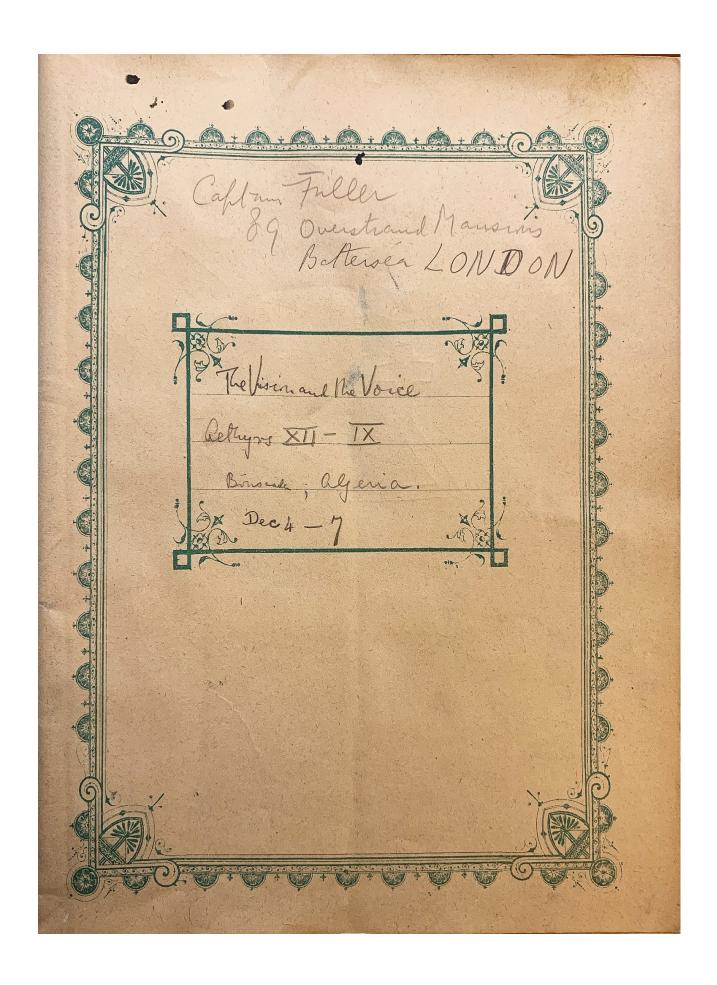
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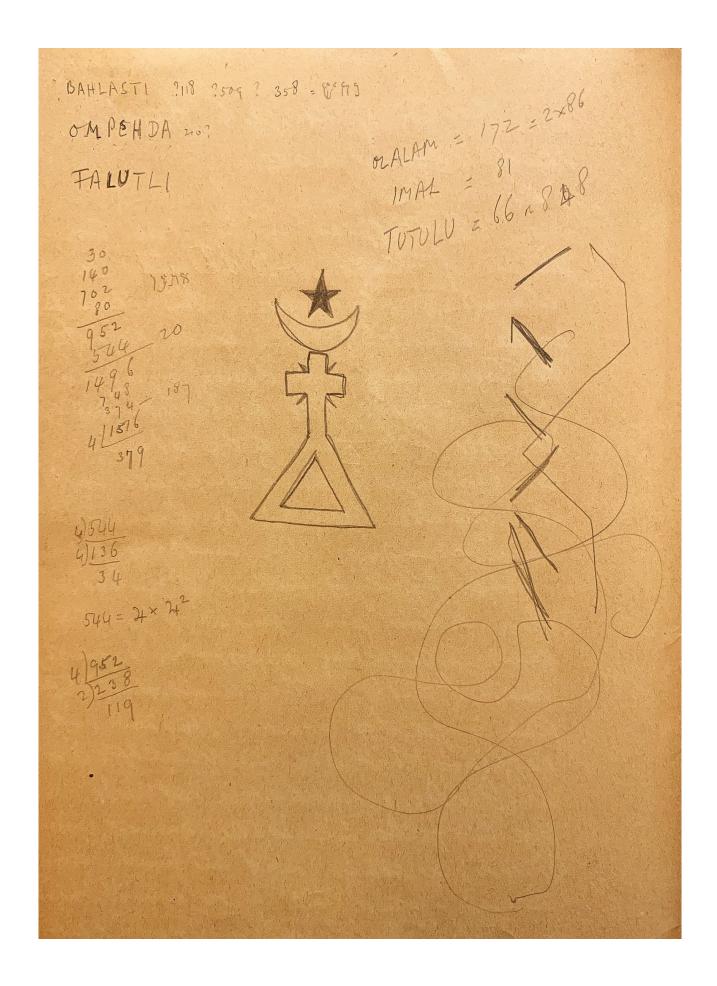




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Ne Con of the 12th Actyr, which is called LOE. New offer in he stone two follows of Flane, o in the widet is a charior of white fire. Mis seems to be he charin of he sweet key of the Tard, but it is drawn by four splinger, duesse like he four splinger upon he door the vails the adepts, Countercharged in heir component parts. the charist shelf is he lunar conscent, waning. The causes is sufconsent, wanning. The camps is suf-fortes by eight pillars of rowber. Then pillars are upright, o yet the campy alich her support is the whole vailt trught. The chariffeir is a man in golden armour, studded with sapphire, but over his shorlders is a white rope, t over hat a ret rope. Upon his goldes belact he beared for his cret a crab. And his hands are clasped apour a cape from alud todate a ruldy glow, cow faitly increasing, so that



The Cry of the 12th Æthyr, which is called LOE.

There appear in the stone two pillars of flame, & in the midst is a chariot of white fire. This seems to be the chariot of the Seventh Key of the Tarot, but it is drawn by four sphinxes, diverse, like the four sphinxes sphinx upon the door of the vault of the adepts, counterchanged in their component parts. The chariot itself is the lunar crescent, waning. The canopy is sup--ported by eight pillars of amber. These pillars are upright, & yet the canopy which they support is the whole vault of the night. The charioteer is a man in golden armour, studded with sapphires, but over his shoulders is a white robe, & over that a red robe. Upon his golden helmet, he beareth for his crest a crab. And his hands are clasped upon a cup, from which radiates a ruddy glow, constantly increasing, so that

even thing is blothed out by its glory, and Le aliste fire is filled with it. And Dere is a morrellow fertune in he Dire, ike ur to he furtune of Ra Horr Knit, but sublimated, as if he quit -- Wsend, that for fune along never burnt. For it had be relais & orluptuowness o humanity of b Good, and hi strength t freshues of weal the sucches of hones, the furity of sline-oil, the holines of hat oil which is made of wyork, + annauer + gallarfal. The Chansteer speaks in a lov, soleme vorie ane-insfiring, like a very large or very distant bell: Let him look upon the cup alose blood is unifled Reserve. for the wine of the cap is the blood of he sacit. Slog unto the Scarlet Woman, Babfood the roster of Boni-The hash spill heir blood in every coner the eart, o 6. she hash mayled it is the cup ther abreson. And * Bet Acept Bet, for land, one how

everything is blotted out by its glory, and the whole Aire is filled with it. And there is a marvelous perfume in the Aire, like unto the perfume of Ra Hoor Khuit, but sublimated, as if the quint--essence of that perfume alone were burnt. For it hath the richness & voluptuousness & humanity of blood, Aand the strength & freshness of meal, & the sweetness of honey, & the purity of olive-oil, & the holiness of that oil which is made of myrrh, & cinnamon & gallanjal. The charioteer speaks in a low, solemn voice, awe-inspiring, like a large & very distant bell: Let him look upon the cup whose blood is mingled therein, for the wine of the cup is the blood of the saints. Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, Babylon* the Mother of Abomi--nations, that rideth upon the Beast, for she hath spilt their blood in every corner of the earth, & lo! she hath mingled it in the cup of her whoredom. And

*Beth, Aleph, Beth, Yod, Lamed, Vau, Nun.

win he break of her kise han she fernented A, it had become the unit Athe Sacrament, he wind of the Sabbath, I in the Holy Assembly bath she found It out for her arrshippers, i they have beene I make hereon, so that face to face have by bobeld my Facter. Mu are her made worky to become fartakers of the 195ters of the the boly versel, for he blood is the left. to siteh she from age to age, or she righteon are never near of triver, oby her warders of formications she seduch he world. Therein is manifested he glory of my Father, who is truth. (Mis unil is such that its writer radiated through the cep, of I reel under he intoxi-- catin of it. & And every hought is destinged by it. It above alone, o its name is compasion. I understand by "Conpassion", the sacrament of sufcrief, fartaken & by he Time washippers of Nettighet Sesit is as extay in which these is no trace of

with the breath of her kisses hath she fermented it, & it hath become the wine of the Sacrament, the wine of the Sabbath, & in the Holy Assembly hath she poured it out for her worshippers, & they have become drunken thereon, so that face to face they beheld my Father. Thus are they made worthy to become partakers of the Mystery of her this holy vessel, for the blood is the life. So sitteth she from age to age, & the righteous are never weary of her kisses, & by her murders & fornications she seduceth the world. Therein is manifested the glory of my Father, who is truth. (This wine is such that its virtue radiateth through the cup, & I reel under the intoxi--cation of it. And every thought is destroyed by it. It abideth alone, & its name is Compassion. I understand by 'Compassion', the sacrament of suffering, partaken by the true worshippers of the Highest. And it is an ecstasy in which there is no trace of

pain. My passinity is like the quingup of he self to the beloved.) He voice continues: Mis 15 The Mister of Babyla, Kerroker of about a tion, I his is the eagster of her abulteries, for she had justed up herself to every their that level, t had beesee a fastaker in its caystay. And because the hath made berself he servant of each, herefore is she become the unitress Hall. bor a ger Can't how comprehend her glorg, Bearti-- fel art hor, O Boby los, o de inable, for there has y given by self to every thing that with, I they weakness hath subdued their strength. For in that union thon didst understand. Ment ore art this Laces Vader hud ui, o Bakyla, Lat, Merright. Mis is that which is written, to my god, in one last rapture les a abace to he foret, i her love is one, & she hak. Durdet the one love into intimite lover,

pain. Its passivity (=passion) is like the giving--up of the self to the beloved.)

The voice continues: This is the Mystery of Babylon, the Mother of abominations, & this is the mystery of her adulteries, for she hath yielded up herself to everything that liveth, & hath become a partaker in its mystery. And because she hath made herself the servant of each, therefore is she become the mistress of all. Not as yet canst thou comprehend her glory. Beauti--ful art thou, O Babylon, & desirable, for thou hast given thyself to everything that liveth, & thy weakness hath subdued their strength. For in that union thou didst understand. Therefore art thou called Understanding, O Babylon, Lady of the Night! This is that which is written, "O my God, in one last rapture let me attain to the union with the many." For she is Love, & her love is one, & she hath divided the one love into infinite loves,

I ead bre is one, I equal with the Ore, I herefore is she passed from the a searby the law the eslighter-- ment in to the anarty of skitade t farkners, for ever has wast she veil the brilliand of HerSelf? a Babylor Bobylor, Mon wight. Mother, that ridest upor he crowned Beat, let we be frunken apon the wine of the formications; les the Kisses wanton we unto death, hot ever I, My up beaver, may under stand. vor hory he raddy glow The apil was perceni for about And he Beaut whenon she nicht is the Lord of the City of the Pyracids, that I behelf is he for teent felly r. Now that is gove in the glow of the cap, I he type said: Not a get may-- est how inderstant he mysting of he Beat, for it ser tois well ast us to he aysty of his Sire, I fav hat are new-born into understanding are

each love is one, & equal with The

One, & therefore is she passed "from the
assembly & the law & the enlightenment unto the anarchy of solitude
& darkness. For ever thus must
she veil the brilliance of Her Self."

O Babylon, Babylon, thou mighty

Mother, that ridest upon the crownèd

Beast, let me be drunken upon the
wine of thy fornications; let thy
kisses wanton me unto death, that even

I, thy cup-bearer, may understand.

Now, through the ruddy glow of the cup, I may perceive far above, & infinitely great, the vision of Babylon. And the Beast whereon she rideth is the Lord of the City of the Pyramids, that I beheld in the fourteenth Æthyr. Now that is gone in the glow of the cup, & the Angel saith: Not as yet mayest thou understand the mystery of the Beast, for it pertaineth not unto the mystery of this Aire, & few that are new-born unto understanding are

Capable thereof.

The cap glows ever brighter + francier. And all my sence is un tead, being suites with extay. And he triple say ett: Blusted are he faints, that heir blood is unifled in the cup, I can rever be separate ong wire. For Boby la Me Beartiful, the Mother of abounation, hath saous by her holy cheis, abeset even point is a fauf, that she will not test from her adolteries until he blood of everything that with is gathered therein, I the wine thereof laid up I wa tured or consecrated, I worky to glad de he heart of my Father. For my Father is wear with the stress feld, & couch ust to ber bed. for shall this profest ung be the quinteseiner the dixin, o by he fraget hereof shall be rues his york, I so shall it be

capable thereof.

The cup glows ever brighter & fiercer. And all my sense is unsteady, being smitten with extasy.

And the Angel sayeth: Blessed are the saints, that their blood is mingled in the cup, & can never be separate any more. For Babylon the Beautiful, the Mother of abominations, hath sworn by her holy cteis, whereof every point is a pang, that she will not rest from her adulteries until the blood of everything that liveth is gathered therein, & the wine thereof laid up & matured & consecrated, & worthy to gladden the heart of my Father. For my Father is weary with the stress of eld, & cometh not to her bed. Yet shall this perfect wine be the quintessence & the elixir, & by the draught thereof shall he renew his youth, & so shall it be

eternally, as a f of age he worlds do dessolve + charge, + he unicerse infollet it self a a Rose, & shakeh It self up as the Goss that is bent into the cube. Las Mis is the county of Pan hat is played at night in The Mick frest. And Min is the my sten of Dion, sus Zapreus, that is celebrated upon the holy wome toin of Kilhairon. Led this is he Scort of the brothers of the Rosy Cross, & Mis is the heart of the For ritual that is accomplished in he vault of the Adept, that is busher à le montai of de Callers, ein He los how hin A briguer. At his is the meaning of the supper of the pasower, he spilling of the blood of he land, being a ritual otherark Boshers, for his have scaled up the Pyla with Bood, last the Hepl of Deal shoult enter horein. Me do by sher thenseles of from he con-Jan Ale Sait. New to they keep

eternally, as age by age the worlds do dissolve & change, & the universe unfoldeth itself as a Rose, & shutteth itself up as the Cross that is bent into the cube. And this is the the comedy of Pan, that is played at night in the thick forest. And this is the mystery of Dionysus Zagreus, that is celebrated upon the holy mountain of Kithairon. And this is the secret of the brothers of the Rosy Cross, & this is the heart of the Ritu ritual that is accomplished in the vault of the Adepts, that is hidden in the mountain of the Caverns, even the holy mountain Abiegnus. And this is the meaning of the supper of the passover, the spilling of the blood of the lamb being a ritual of the dark Brothers, for they have sealed up the Pylon with blood, lest the Angel of Death should enter therein. Thus do they shut themselves off from the com--pany of the saints. Thus do they keep

Menselves from compassion of from understacting, Docur sid are they, for they slist up their blood in their heart. And they keep themselve from he kise of any Mother Boby lon, + in their lovely fortresses they frag to the false woon. Set they bis tenselve tojeku with an oash, I wish a great Curse. Let of heir making they confine to fether, & They have four I wastery, I in heir could tow do they brev he harsh and of Illuing, runglet with for so & heir selfishmer. And They wake war upon the Holy one, sadaj fort heir belis in apor went apor every him that wiek. So that their false compassion is Called compassion, their folse waser-- standing it well under standing for his is their wort potent spell. for of their own for in to they forail, of in their lovely for trasser shoel they be exten up by Fine, that hath cheated hen to some him, t by he ham

themselves from compassion & from understanding. Accursed are they, for they shut up their blood in their heart. And they keep themselves from the kisses of my Mother Babylon, & in their lonely fortresses they pray to the false moon. And they bind themselves together with an oath, & with a great curse. And of their malice they conspire together, & they have power, & mastery, & in their cauldrons do they brew the harsh wine of delusion, mingled with poison of their selfishness. And they make war upon the Holy One, sending forth their delusion upon men, & upon everything that liveth. So that their false compassion is called compassion, & their false under--standing is called understanding, for this is their most potent spell. Yet of their own poison do they perish, & in their lonely fortresses shall they be eaten up by Time, that hath cheated them to serve him, & by the dem 79 3 x 2 x 2 x 2 x 13 = 156 = 12 x 13 He Unity of Kelter HVA ACLD for He is manfestiel in Her, blesser be she! also 15% is the number of letters in a Watch-Tower.

might devil Chorragon, their waster, who have is The Second Beath, for he blood hat hey have sprinkled on heir Blog, that is a bor against the Ayl Dear, is he key by which he entereth in. (I think the trouble with her feeple un hat they wanted to sebshirte the blood of some on the for their our blood, because they war fet to keep their for soudi ties, the Hufl sayen: And This is he word of dorble fower in he onie of the Master, wherein he Fine interpendenten he fax. Mis is It's sever interfre tation that way not be understood, saw only of them that understand. And for this is it he to fle P, lor of Poner, because there is no fower that may endure, Save only the fower that descended in this My charist, from Baby lon the City of Me Fifth Gates, the Sale of the Sol On [Aira aigur ain Rorover is On he key of the vailt that is 120, Sa also

mighty devil Choronzon, their master, whose name is the Second Death, for the blood that they have sprinkled on their Pylon, that is a bar against the Angel Death, is the key by which he entereth in. (I think the trouble with these people was, that they wanted to substitute the blood of someone else for their own blood, because they wanted to keep their personalities.)

The Angel sayeth: And this is the word of double power

The Angel sayeth: And this is the word of double power in the voice of the Master, wherein the Five interpenetrateth the Six. This is its secret interpretation that may not be understood, save only of them that understand. And for this is the Key of the Pylon of Power, because there is no power that may endure, save only the power that descendeth in this my chariot, from Babylon, the city of the Fifty Gates, the Gate of the God On [Aizel aigir num nun]. Moreover is On the Key of the vault that is 120. So also

dothe the day esty & the beauty derive from the Supernal Wisdom. But this is a my sten where begord theme understand-- inf. For widon is the Man, t under-- Standing the Woman, I not until thou hast ferfextly wasers book caust thou cefin to be wish. But I reveal un to Thee a my sten of the Serly 15, that not only are they bound up with the Seplerion, but also with the Pather. box, he place of the Lety is lister--fere trated & surrounded he unionse wherein the Sepliston are established, & Mentone is the order the telger worke order of the True of Life. And only in a few Places do they coincide. But the know--lefge of the Achyrs is deeper than He knowledge of the Sephiroth, for that in the Achys is wednested the knowledge of the aers, + of Othy wa. And to each shall it be given according to his capacity. (the has been saying certain secret things to

doth the Majesty & the Beauty derive from the Supernal Wisdom. But this is a mystery utterly beyond thine understand--ing. For Wisdom is the Man, & Under--standing the Woman, & not until thou hast perfectly understood canst thou begin to be wisē. But I reveal unto thee a mystery of the Aethyrs, that not only are they bound up with the Sephiroth, but also with the Paths. Now, the plane of the Aethyrs inter--penetrateth & surroundeth the universe wherein the Sephiroth are established, & therefore is the order of the Aethyrs not the order of the Tree of Life. And only in a few places do they coincide. But the know--ledge of the Aethyrs is deeper than the knowledge of the Sephiroth, for that in the Aethyrs is understood the knowledge of the Aeons, and of $\theta \dot{\epsilon} \lambda \eta \mu \alpha$. And to each shall it be given according to his capacity. (He has been saying certain secret things.) to

the uncovior and of he seen of a for sonal hature. bow a voice come from withoute: And Co! I saw you to the end. And a great bell begins to toll. Set there come six little dilleren out the floor of he diarrot , in heir hands is a veil to ful & transparent that it is bordly visble. Fir, when they fut it over he cop, he tryll bouring his head reverest, the light of the cap goe out entirely. And a ne glist he ap vanisher, it is like a swift sunset i de whole tire, for it was from the light of that ap alone hat it was lighted. And was the light is all gove out of the stone, of law Bor-Saata. 11.30 f.n. - 1.20 a.a. Der: 4-5, 1909.

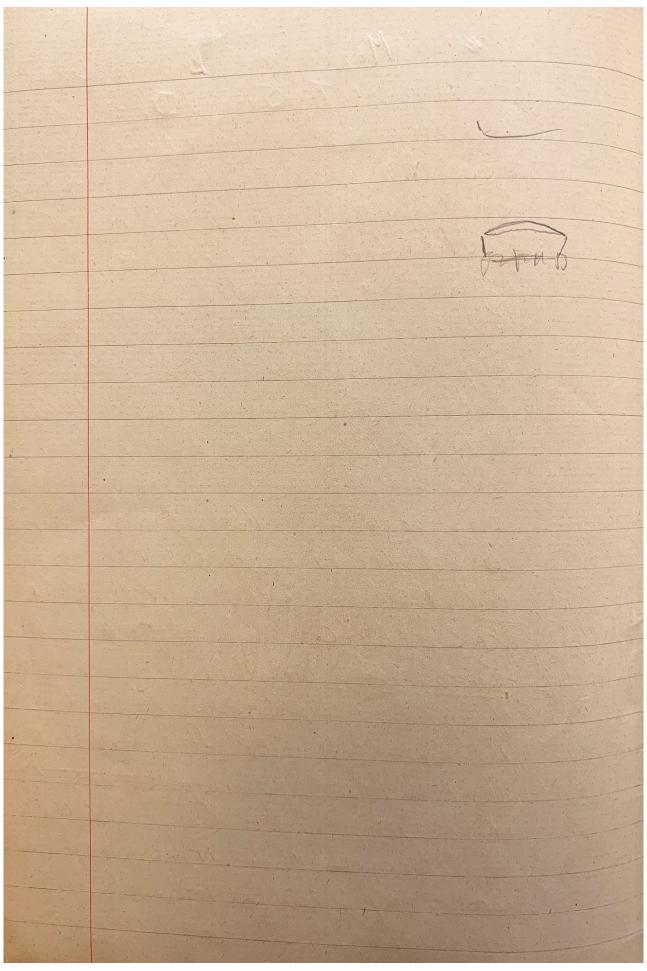
the unconscious mind of the seer, of a personal nature.)

Now a voice comes from without: And lo! I saw you to the end.

And a great bell begins
to toll. And there come six little
children out of the floor of the
chariot, & in their hands is a veil so
fine & transparent that it is hardly
visible. Yet, when they put it over
the cup, the Angel bowing his head
reverently, the light of the cup goes
out entirely. And as the light of
the Cup vanishes, it is like a swift
sunset in the whole Aire, for it
was from the light of that cup alone
that it was lighted.

And now the light is all gone out of the stone, & I am very cold.

Bou-Saâda. 11.30 p.m. - 1.20 a.m., Dec: 4 - 5, 19<u>09</u>.



Which is called 1KH. here affeors in the store named at les he Ranea & he wood. And it is rolled up, and belief it here appearet a quat host of Argel. Neis back how tremendors are their corner, which are surred t spears. Meg have units spon their beliefs I their heels; they are clad in complete armore, the least of their surros is like the breaking forth of a tremen-for storm of lightney. Act the least of their spears is like a great water-sport. Led on heir shields are the exist Tetraframma ton, ringed with flame, alife ted, black, sollow, + blue. And de heir flank and wast squadrons of elephants. And Defined them is their meters-ontiller. They has six upon the elephants are armed with the thurserbolt



The Cry of the 11th Æthyr, which is called IKH.

There appears in the stone immediately the Kamea of the moon. And it is rolled up, and behind it there appeareth a great Host of Angels. Their backs are turned towards me, but I can see how tremendous are their arms, which are swords & spears. They have wings upon their helmets & their heels: they are clad in complete armour, & the least of their swords is like the breaking forth of a tremen--dous storm of lightning. And the least of their spears is like a great water-spout. On their shields are the eyes of Tetragrammaton, winged with flame, - white, red, black, yellow, & blue. And on their flanks are vast squadrons of elephants. And behind them is their meteor-artillery. They that sit upon the elephants are armed with the thunderbolt

1000 of Zew. Dot in all that host There is no wother But they are not rating upon their arms, but these torfilant. And between hear we is the God Shu, whom out ne I did ust see, because his force filled the abole deligt. And indeed he is all visible in his form. Am does he come to the seer though and the seise; he is waterstood, so to speak, + I forceme that all this army is defended by for trusses, une might towers of rion upor he frost-- cer of the Actly r. And each tower is filled with womors in silver armour. It is expossible to decibe the feeling of tension; they are like our sweet waiting for the gum. And I fercine that an Ayel is Harding on either side of aciting, famel angel, and their captains is starting in Front Due. He too is clot in silver amour, t about

of Zeus. And Now in all that host there is no motion. But Yet they are not resting upon their arms, but tense & vigilant. And between them & me is the God Shu, whom before I did not see, because his force filleth the whole Æthyr. And indeed he is not visible in his form. Nor does he come to the seer through any of the senses; he is understood, so to speak, & I perceive that all this army is defended by fortresses, nine mighty towers of iron upon the front--ier of the Æthyr. And each tower is filled with warriors in silver armour. It is impossible to describe the feeling of tension; they are like oarsmen waiting for the gun. And I perceive that an Angel is standing on either side of me; nay, I am in the midst of a company of armed angels, and their captain is standing in front of me. He too is clad in silver armour, & about

win dowly arapped to his body, is a reflicting and so swift but any blow stack afaist him would be broken. At be speaked un to we then words: beleved, a wight guard against the terror of hings, the fastness of the Most High, he legions of Hernal vigilance; her are they har keep ward to avoid Day to might throughout the acoust test in hear is all the force of the wight Due, for here stirrett ut ne House of the aries of their belands. Belisch, he foundation the Holy Git, the towers of the bas how Mired. Behold the armie flight that are set against the outeremptines, the malie of Cho-- roazon. Behold hor worship -- pet is the wis for of the Marter hat be had set his stability in Ne ceausering Distrain + in

about him, closely wrapped to his body, is a whirling wind, so swift that any blow struck against him would be broken. And he speaketh unto me these words: -

Behold, a mighty guard against the terror of things, the \(\nsigma\) fastness of the Most High, the legions of eternal vigilance; these are they that keep watch & ward day & night throughout the æons. And Set in them is all force of the Mighty One, yet there stirreth not one plume of the wings of their helmets. Behold, the foundation of the Holy City, the towers & the bastions thereof. Behold the armies of light that are set against the outer--most Abyss, against the horror of emptiness, & the malice of Cho--ronzon. Behold how worship--ful is the wisdom of the Master, that he hath set his stability in the all-wandering Aire (??orain) & in

the diargeful Moon, In the paper flakes of the lighting both He uniter he word Eternity, I in the ways the sanctow hat he appointed test. By three to by three to by three to by three hat he was a firm the fourfation against the early wake hat is heed. For in he unwher rue is the charyfilmers of the humbers brought to wanget. For with whattocker uniber the will cover it, it appearet undranged. These things are stoken unto him that unterstander, that is a breatplate unto be elephants, or a who he towers from for is this unjuly host set only for defence, of whose fassel beyond their line, hat no help in thea. for went he hat unterstacked go fork un to the orterwast they is, I there must be speak with him that is set above he four fold terror, he Prines

the changeful Moon. In the purple flashes of lightning hath He written the word Eternity, & in the wings of the swallow hath he appointed rest. By three & by three & by three hath he made firm the foundation against the earthquake that is three. For in the number nine is the changefulness of the numbers brought to naught. For with whatsoever number thou wilt cover it, it appeareth unchanged. These things are spoken unto him that understandeth, that is a breastplate unto the elephants, or a corselet unto the angels, or a scale upon the towers of iron. Yet is this mighty host set only for defense, & whoso passeth beyond their lines, hath no help in them. Yet must he that understandeth go forth unto the outermost Abyss, & there must he speak with him that is set above the four-fold terror, the Princes

of End, with chorozo, he might sail, that inhabited the orternost Abyss. And none may speak with him, or widers tout him, but the servants of Boby los, Mot understand, that I bey that are, without understanding, his servants. Follow en teset not into the weath A man, or into the weind of man to conceive his wother. for the siskness Afte body is scall the subject of the beart is keepart, the lakes I the wist is washess. But in the ortermost Sbyss is subner the a pria troa it sukues of the will & subvers the essent of all, t here is heather word as thought where he wast of Its cause is the - flected. And whose fais en into the outerwost Dby ss, except he be of bear hat weters tand, holder out his hasts, I bouch he week wito Re diais of Chornzon. And a a Suil by wolked about he cath,

of Evil, even with Choronzon, the mighty Devil, that inhabiteth the outermost Abyss. And none may speak with him, or understand him, but the servants of Babylon, that understand, that & they that are, without understanding, his servants. For Behold! it entereth not into the heart of man, nor into the mind of man, to conceive this matter. for the sickness of the body is death, & the sickness of the heart is despair, & the sickness of the mind is madness. But in the outermost Abyss is sickness of the aspiration, & sickness of the will, & sickness of the essence of all, & there is neither word nor thought wherein the image of its image is re--flected. And whoso passeth into the outermost Abyss, except he be of them that understand, holdeth out his hands, & boweth his neck, unto the chains of Choronzon. And as a devil he walketh about the earth,

markel, the plated he flowers The earth, the comptek the fresh air, the maken poisonous the water, t he fledge of his aspiration, seeing that It wounted ever upwart as a gramed, I seeing that was stole it in a hollow, tube from beaver, ever that fire he turned up pringt had her, I fewer & destruction. And how, hat art ar heap of try fast in he an of the By raiseds, went understand these things. And nov a thing to hoppen, which is infortunated theer worsers, for he selly r hat is the foundation A he was attacked by he On termost Bly ss, and he orly way hat I can be press it is by faying hat the unicose wa taken, But the unions was not shaker. And that is the exact trut; so har the rational wand which is witurned - trip her spiritual things is Acht immortal, & he blasteth the flowers of the earth, & he corrupteth the fresh air, & he maketh poisonous the water, & the fire that is the friend of man, & the pledge of his aspiration, seeing that it mounteth ever upward as a Pyramid, & seeing that man stole it in a hollow tube from heaven, even that fire he turneth unto ruin, & madness, & fever, & destruction. And thou, that art an heap of dry dust in the City of the Pyramids, must understand these things.

And now a thing happens, which is unfortunately sheer nonsense, for the Æthyr that is the foundation of the universe was attacked by the Outermost Abyss, and the only way that I can express it is by saying that the universe was shaken.

But the universe was not shaken.

And that is the exact truth; so that the rational mind which is interpreting these spiritual things is offended;

but, being baned to dog, it settlethown hat which it don with understand, For the rational went indeed town--et, but werer understack Sawett unto with tracting; but he seer is of them hat understand. Set he tyll said: -Behold, the hath estab--listed his wery r his wifh t, t unto his merg is added splendown. And all have high both he ordered in beaut, the hat set them firely upon he eserval Rock, & therefrom he hat suspended his king som a one fear hat is set in a just of three core fearl t twelve. And the hat garnish - et it with the Four Holy living Greature for gaardian, of the hall quare hereix he seel of righterress, the hat burnished it with he fix of this ayel, & Me blish of this lovelines aformeth it, I win selijles t will wit had the water it

but, being trained to obey, it setteth down that which it doth not understand.

For the rational mind indeed reason-ed, but never understand attaineth unto Understanding; but the Seer is of them that understand.

And then Angel saith:-Behold, He hath estab--lished his mercy & his might, & unto his might is added victory, & unto his mercy is added splendour. And all these things hath he ordered in beauty, & he hath set them firmly upon the eternal Rock, & therefrom he hath suspended his kingdom as one pearl that is set in a jewell jewel of threescore pearls & twelve. And He hath garnished--ed it with the Four Holy Living Creatures for guardians, & He hath graven therein the seal of righteous--ness, & He hath burnished it with the fire of His angel, & the blush of His loveliness informeth it, & with delight & with wit hath He made it

kern at he heart, I he core herest is the secret of this being, that is the have is His have Generation. And Mis His stability had be unber 80, for that he price hereof is War. (1.5. V. D., Ferod = 80, Le umber of pê, he letter of Mars.) Bowan, Restore, O hor who art appointed to understand the seret of the Outermost Skyss, for in even settyr how must assume he wask & form of the Augel Kered. Has Hadst hor a have, hor west in wo - colly lost. Search, Meritore, it there be get one oup of blood that is not gathered into the cup of Baby low the Beautiful, for in hat little file of fast, if here could be one of the dood, it should be atterly ampt; ir should breed, scorpious or orpers, the cat of Thing. And I said unto the Augel: Is here wor one appointed as a warden?

merry at the heart, & the core thereof is the secret of His being, that is this name therein is His name Generation. And this His stability had the number 80, for that the price thereof is War.

(I.S.V.D., Jesod = 80, the number of pê, the letter of Mars.)

Beware, therefore, O thou who art appointed to understand the secret of the outermost Abyss, for in every Æthyr thou must assume the mask & form of the Angel thereof. Had Hadst thou a name, thou wert irrevo-cably lost. Search, therefore, if there be yet one drop of blood that is not gathered into the cup of Babylon the Beautiful, for in that little pile of dust, if there could be one drop of blood, it should be utterly corrupt; it should breed scorpions & vipers, & the cat of slime.

And I said unto the Angel:Is there not one appointed as a warden?

And he said: Flor Flor, lana sabachari. Such an extag of arguil jot / know it is but as he arguit of Gett seware. Let that is the last word of the sety. The outposts are faired, and before he seen extends the Outerwost Abyss. I am returned. Bor-Saada, Dei: 5, 1909. 10.10-11.35 And he said:-

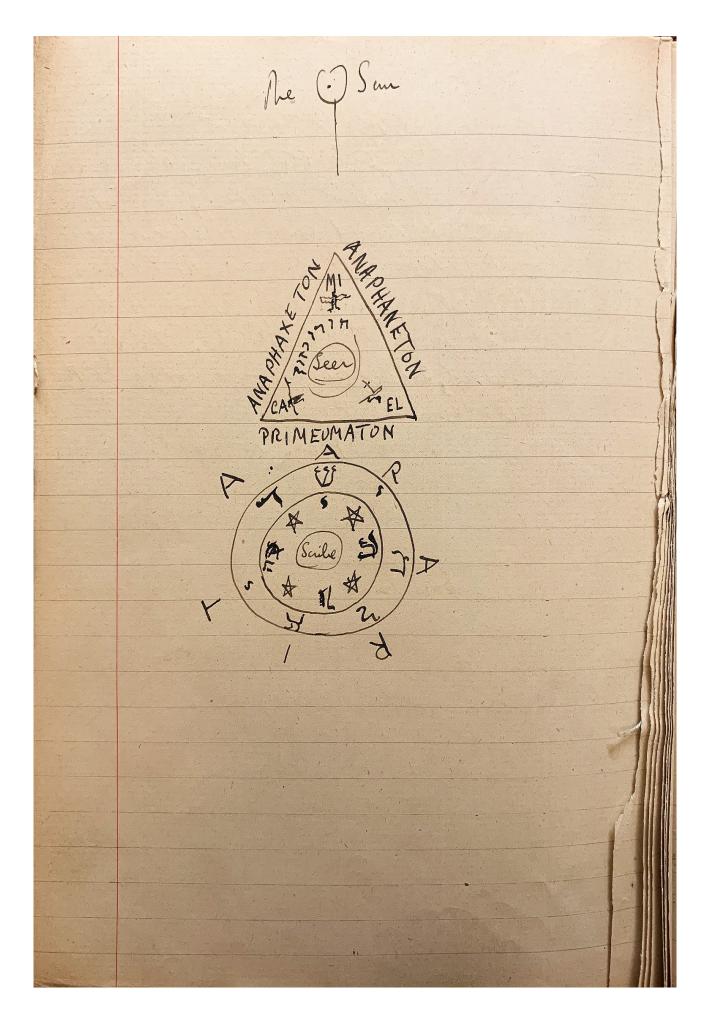
Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani.

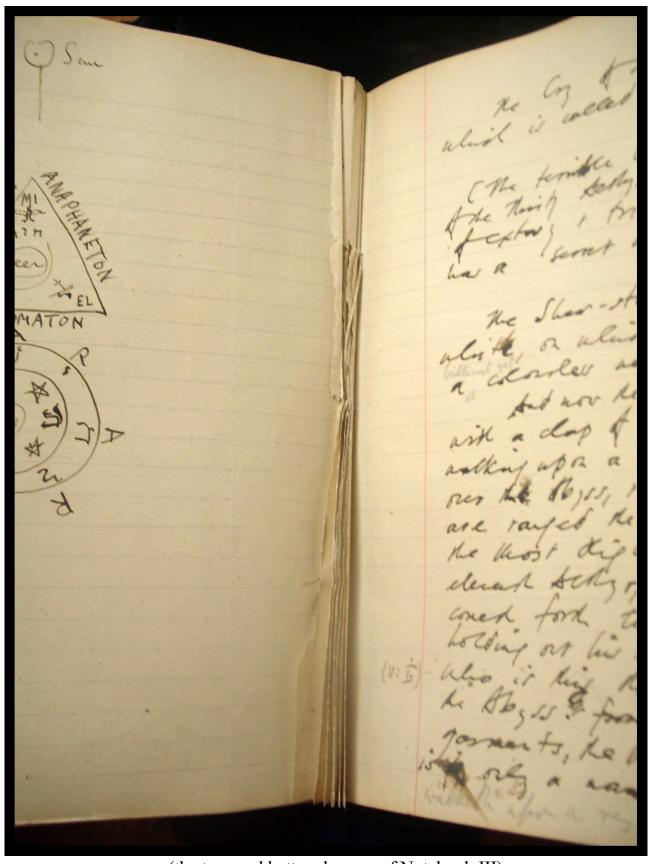
Such an ecstasy of anguish racks me that I cannot give it voice, yet I know it is but as the anguish of Gethsemane. And that is the last word of the Æthyr. The outposts are passed, and before the seer extends the Outermost Abyss.

I am returned.

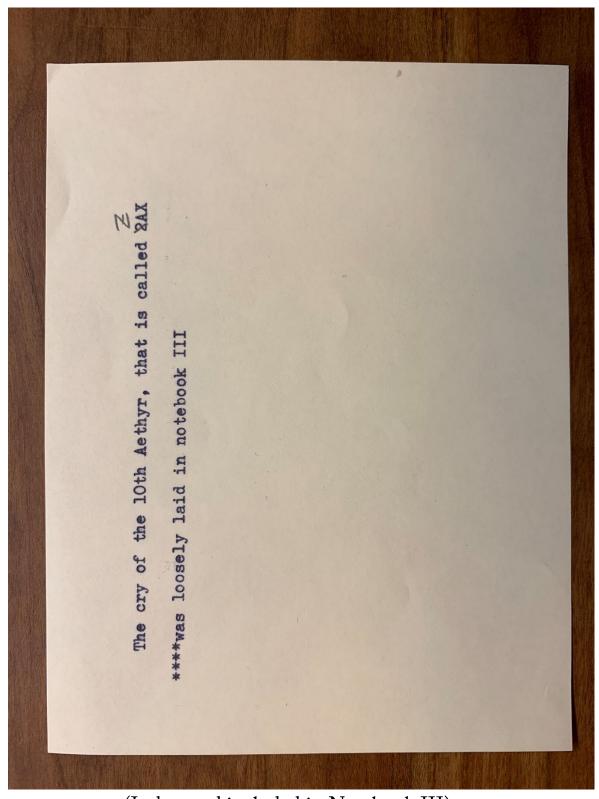
Bou-Saâda, Dec: 5, 1909. 10.10-11.35,

p.m. .





(the torn and battered pages of Notebook III)



(Index card included in Notebook III)

The cry of the 10^{th} Aethyr, that is called ZAX ****was loosely laid in notebook III

The Gy of the 10 h telly , hat is called 2AX. Mer is no being in the outerfork from the Nothingues of M. then he Devil of The Actyr, hat unglit fail Chorryon, couch about: Zazas Zazas Nasatanuba Zazas. I am he mater of Form, of from me all form proceed. I am 1. I have that my -- self up from the spent hings. My gold is safe in my treasure-chamber, Courbine, I wore shall tout them, some abile I shiver in the wind. He hated we I torwarted me. He would have stolen me from my self, but I show my selfup I work at him, even while he flaguet me. From me come leprosy & fox & flagae & concer & distern the falling sickness. Sh.



The Cry of the 10th Æthyr, that is called ZAX.

There is no being in the outer--most Abyss, but constant forms come forth from the nothingness of it.

> Then the Devil of the Æthyr, that mighty devil Choronzon, crieth aloud: Zazas Zazas Nasatanada Zasas.

I am the Master of Form, & from me all forms proceed.

I am I. I have shut my-self up from the spendthrifts, my
gold is safe in my treasure-chamber,
& I have made every living thing my
concubine, & none shall touch them, save
only I. And yet I am scorched, even
while I shiver in the wind. He
hateth me & tormenteth me. He would
have stolen me from myself, but I shut
myself up & mock at him, even while
he plagueth me. From me come
leprosy & pox & plague & cancer &
cholera & the falling sickness. Ah!

I will reach up to he Kneer of he Most High, o tear his challes with my teeth, or I will bray his terticles in a mor, tar, or make soison thereof, to stay the sow of men. Here the Spirit similated I foir think I can get any the Voice of trate P. I think that's all there [The Frater was seated in a severt place, covered completely by a black tobe, in he fosition called he "Thurderbolt." He did aft more or speak during the areway? Next Here he sombe un hallua: - nated, believing that before him was a booktiful contegu, alon previously ke had bout in Paris. Nos, she wood him with soft words I glames, but he knew there things for felusion of the davil, the world ast leave he ande. The fewor her larghed alfy I load. Upor he Sonbe breating

I will reach up to the knees of the Most High, & tear his phallus with my teeth, & I will bray his testicles in a mortar, & make poison thereof, to slay the sons of men.

[Here the Spirit simulated I don't think I can get any the Voice of Frater P.] more; I think that's all there is.

[The Frater was seated in a secret place covered completely by a black robe, in the position called the "Thunderbolt." He did not move or speak during the ceremony.]

Here Next the Scribe was hallucinated, believing that before him was
a beautiful courtesan, whom
previously he had loved in Paris.
Now, she wooed him with soft words
& glances, but he knew these things for
delusions of the devil, & he would not
leave the circle.

The demon then laughed wildly & loud.

Upon the Scribe threatening

hin, he ferligt proceeded, after a short felay.] They have called we the god flaighter, + I laugh when I will slag. Aid they have thought that I could alt smile, but I saile spor alion I would seduce, O wistable one, that can't not be by the foner of the Most High, know That I did indeed, treat hee, t is reperted we bor up self hundly before he great & terrible names whereby thou hast conjused of constrained we. But they have is more, of alout for, fordon. Let we come o fut my head bereath thy feet, that ! may since thee. For it those command-- wil me to bedience in the Holy Names, I cannot swere Mesestron, for heir first alaspering is greater han he noise of all wing transfets. But we hentore come in to thee wood my hands or Knees hat I way adors thet, o fortake

him, the Aethyr Demon proceeded, after a short delay.]

They have called me the God of laughter, & I laugh when I will slay. And they have thought that I could not smile, but I smile upon whom I would seduce, O inviolable one, that canst not be tempted. If thou canst command me by the power of the Most High, know that I did indeed tempt thee, & it repenteth me. I bow myself humbly before the great & terrible names whereby thou hast conjured & constrained me. But thy name is mercy, & I cry aloud for pardon. Let me come & put my head beneath thy feet, that I may serve thee. For if thou command--est me to obedience in the Holy Names, I cannot swerve therefrom, for their first whispering is greater than the noise of all my trumpets tempests. Bid me therefore come unto thee upon my hands & knees that I may adore thee, & partake

A they forgueness. Is not they many infi-I Here Chorogor Accupted to seture the Scribe of appealing to his Andl. But the souble refused to be teapted, + commanded the demon to continue with the Herry. Here are again a short oday. 7 Chorougos had no form, because he is he moker fall forms, i so tapidly be draight from me to the other as he was but think fit to sed ace Those whom he hateh, he serants of he Post High. beartiful coman, or of a wise rholy man, or of a scripert that writted upon the early realy to strug. Minton he is no self; he terror of farkner, & the bluther of might, & the feathers of the adder, + the towther-- ness of stale + staguant water, + The of thy forgiveness. Is not thy mercy infinite?

[Here Choronzon attempted to seduce the Scribe by appealing to his pride.

But the Scribe refused to be tempted, & commanded the demon to continue with the Æthyr.

There was again a short delay.]

Choronzon hath no form, because he is the maker of all forms, & so rapidly he changeth from one to the other as he may best think fit to seduce those whom he hateth, the servants of the Most High.

Thus taketh he the form of a beautiful woman, or of a wise & holy man, or of a serpent that writheth upon the earth, ready to sting.

And because he is himself, therefore he is no self; the terror of darkness, & the blindness of night, & the deafness of the adder, & the tasteless--ness of stale & stagnant water, & the

and the udders of the Cat of Vlaine, black fire of hatred; ist one thing but way hufs, fit, with all that, his torment is eternal. The sun broms him as he wishes maked apon the saws I hell, I he and cuts him bitesly to The bore, a harsh on wind, so that he is sore allisst. Sue unto we I from thee one out funter from he fure springs Me Sailersfused Jose Paradiose, that I way queuch my bead. I Car hardy go on. This but we spoken in he hatural voice of the Frater, which l'horozon simulated. The Scribe resisted the appeal to his fet, I conjused he demon to proceed by the name of the Bost High. Clarryon attempted also to sedue the famplus the scribe, also then of God, a he bown me Pent of field upon he wants of he Most High. I cham here in my paints of I word then from my purbances black fire of hatred '; not one thing, but many things. Yet, with all that, his torment is eternal. The sun burns him as he writhes naked upon the sands of hell, & the wind cuts him bitterly to the bone, a harsh dry wind, so that he is sore athirst. Give unto me, I pray thee, one drop of water from the pure springs of paradise, that I may quench my thirst.

[The Scribe refused]

-again he assumed the mask of Frater P.] Sprinkle water upon my head. I can hardly go on.

[This last was spoken in the natural voice of the Frater, which Choronzon simulated.

The Scribe resisted the appeal to his pity, & conjured the demon to proceed by the names of the Most High.

Choronzon attempted also to seduce the faithfulness of the Scribe, who then eursed him. A long colloquy ensued. Then was the Aethyr resumed. The Scribe cursed him by the Holy Names of God, & the power of the Pentagram.]

I feed upon the names of the Most High. I churn them in my jaws, & I void them from my fundament. for I am the Moster of the Triangh. by hand is three handred & thirty & litee, + that is three one. Be agilante therefore, for I wan thee Mat I am about to beceive the I shall say words that there will take to be he Con of he Addy , + thos will will unte then down, Miking there to be treat scents of Major four, & they will be orly my jesting with thee.
[Hen he Scribe invoked Augels, i he Holy Guardiae Angel of he Frater Perdusabo. The demon teplied: I know he have of the Angel of thee I they brother feed weeks,

t all they feedings with him are but

a cloak for they filly sorceries

I there the Scribe averned

that he knew everything, to ordered he leave to proceed. I Theor can't till we want hat I know not, for in me is all

I fear not the power of the Pentagram, for I am the Master of the Triangle. My name is three hundred & thirty & three, & that is thrice one. Be vigilant, therefore, for I warn thee that I am about to deceive thee. I shall say words that thou wilt take to be the cry of the Æthyr, & thou wilt wilt write them down, thinking them to be great secrets of magick power, & they will be only my jesting with thee.

[Here the Scribe invoked Angels, & the Holy Guardian Angel of the Frater Perdurabo. The demon replied:]

I know the name of the Angel of thee & thy brother Perdurabo, & all thy dealings with him are but a cloak for thy filthy sorceries.

[Here the Scribe averred

that he knew everything more than the demon, & so feared him not, & ordered

the demon to proceed.]
Thou canst tell me naught
that I know not, for in me is all

Knowledge: Knowledge is my name. Is not the heat Athe Great Serpent arisin into Knowledge Chorazon to containe with the call.] Know how that there is no log in the Frank Actly , where in to the other Cres, for Chorongon is Dupersion, r cannot fix his wind a prog any one thing for any length of time. These cant warter him is argument, I talkating ne; thon unt commanted, was thou it, to talk to Chorozon! He sought not to enter the circle, or to leave the trayle, Jet thos tedst prate of all the things. There he saile has tened The fearor with anyth & fair & hell. The demon replied: Mikest Thos, O fool, hat There is any anger tany frain that I am not, or any hell but his my spring. majes, majes, majes, all without control, all without reason.

Knowledge: Knowledge is my name. Is not the head of the Great Serpent arisen into Knowledge?

[Here the Scribe again asked \frac{1}{2} Choronzon to continue with the call.]

Know thou that there is no
Cry in the Tenth Æthyr like unto the other
Cries, for Choronzon is Dispersion, &
cannot fix his mind upon any one thing
for any length of time. Thou canst
master him in argument, O talkative
one; thou wast commanded, wast thou
not, to talk to Choronzon? He sought not
to enter the circle, or to leave the triangle,
yet thou didst prate of all these things.

[Here the Scribe threatened the demon with anger & pain & hell. The demon replied:]

Thinkest thou, O fool, that there is any anger & any pain that I am not, or any hell but this my spirit?

Images, images, images, all without control, all without reason.

The molice of Chorozon is not be molice, for being; it is the quality of malice, because he that box test himself " an I', hath in truth no self, & there are her har are faller under un fower, The share of the Blind The that booth hinself to be the Filiphtered The For there is no centre wothing but Dispersion. woe woe woe hoeefsed to him hat is led away by talk, o talkatue one. O hor hat bash under two-thirty books of widow tast more stuped han an out, by hime our talk is by orghand nearied, t by my talk art how befored & tricked, to Thou hat sagest that how shall en -- fare. Knowest thou how nigh thou art to destruction! For him that art he scribe hast not the understanding that alove availet against thorougions * Original, for anderstanding an wither forer. Thorough was always way some word hat I'd not represent his hought, because there is so perper link between his thought & speak.

The malice of Choronzon is not the malice of a being; it is the quality of malice, because he that boasteth himself "I am I," hath in truth no self, & these are they that are fallen under my power, the slaves of the Blind One that boasted himself to be the Enlightened One. For there is no centre,- nay, nothing but Dispersion.

Woe, woe, woe threefold to him that is led away by talk, O talkative one.

O thou that hast written two-and-thirty books of Wisdom, & art more stupid than an owl, by thine own talk is thy vigilance wearied, & by my talk art thou befooled & tricked, O thou that sayest that thou shalt en-dure. Knowest thou how nigh thou art to destruction? For thou that art the Scribe hast not the understanding* that alone availeth against Choronzon.

thought, because there is no proper link between his thought &

^{*} Originally, for 'understanding' was written 'power.'

Choronzon was always using some word that did not represent his

And wert how not protected by he Holy Name of Sot The circle, I world much Apor hel t tear thee. For when I made myself like an to a beautiful arman; if thos habst come to me, I would have rothed by body with the pox, or they have with cancer, + I would have ton of by testiles with my tech. And it I had seduced by tride, to Mor hadst bidder me to come into the arche, I world have transfed thel under fost, o for a housand years shouldest thou have been but one of the tape-worms that is in we. And if I hat seduced by pit, I how harst poured one from the arter without he arde, hen would I have blasted bee und flame. But I was not able to freinil against thee. - How bean tital are Re shadows of the ripples of the said. -- world God har (were deat -For know that I am froud + revergeful + losairios, + 1 frate even

And wert thou not protected by the Holy Names of God & the circle, I would rush upon thee & tear thee. For when I made myself like unto a beautiful woman; if thou hadst come to me, I would have rotted thy body with the pox, & thy liver with cancer, & I would have torn off thy testicles with my teeth. And if I had seduced thy pride, & thou hadst bidden me to come into the circle, I would have trampled thee under foot, & for a thousand years shouldest thou have been but one of the tape-worms that is in me. And if I had seduced thy pity, & thou hadst poured one drop of water without the circle, then would I have blasted thee with flame. But I was not able to prevail against thee.

-How beautiful are the shadows of the ripples of the sand. -

- Would God that I were dead. For know that I am proud
& revengeful & lascivious, & I prate even as

as how. For ever as I walked among he sows of God, I heard it said that Perdarabo could both will t Know & might learn at leigh to fare, But but that to keep silence he should herer lean. O that hat art So, read to speak, so slow to watch, Thor art I elivered over un to my fower for this. And now one word was severson un to me, & I could not speak it. behold the beart of the earth in her sought to be my waked self Knowst Mon that in my soil is atmost fear? And such is my force t my cumming, that a hung red times have I been read, to leap, o for fear have missed. And a howard times am I banked by Then of the City of the Practices, that set share for my feet. Here Rusulegge have I han be Most High, bit my will is broken, t my frenceses is marred by fear, of

as thou. For even as I walked among the Sons of God, I heard it said that Perdurabo could both will & know, & might learn at length to dare, But but that to keep silence he should never learn. O thou that art so ready to speak, so slow to watch, thou art delivered over unto my power for this.

And now one word was necessary unto me, & I could not speak it. I behold the beauty of the earth in her desolation, & greater far is mine, who sought to be my naked self. Knowest thou that in my soul is utmost fear?

And such is my force & my cunning, that a hundred times have I been ready to leap, & for fear have missed.

And a thousand times am I baulked by them of the City of the Pyramids, that set snares for my feet. More Knowledge have I than the Most High, but my will is broken, & my fierceness is marred by fear, & I

trust ever speak, speak, intlins A mod voice in my brain. "With a heart of funow fancier, Where of am Commander, WM a burning spear to And a horse of air To the aildeness / wander. [The idea was to keep the Souble busy uniting, so as to spring upor him. For ulile the Scribe talked, Chorozon had thrown said into the Circle & filled of up. But Charanjon could not Think fast or continuously, & so worked to the funce of quotation. The Scribe had written two or hne words of Ton o' Bestan; when Choron jon spray within the circle that heavest to him he had been filling up with said all this time , t leaped upor the Sorbe, throwing him to the earl. He Earflich took Have withis he wishe latter apor horasporumenton, I succeeded in

must speak, speak,
millions
of mad voices in my brain.
With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am Commander,
With a burning spear for thereore is
And a horse of air



To the wilderness I wander."

[The idea was to keep the Scribe busy writing, so as to spring upon him. For, while the Scribe talked, Choronzon had thrown sand into the Circle, & filled it up. But Choronzon could not think fast or continuously, & so resorted to the device of quotation.

The Scribe had written two or three words of "Tom o' Bedlam," when Choronzon sprang within the circle, (that interi part of the circumference of which that was nearest to him he had been filling up with sand all this time), & leaped upon the Scribe, throwing him to the earth. The conflict took place within the circle. The Scribe called upon Tetragrammaton, & succeeded in

compelling Choronga to tehen into his
triangle. By fait of anger to the
Area teaming him with the Magrick
shaffed be accomplish this. The
disconfited fewor wor continued.] All is tispersion. These are the qualities of things.

The text Actyr is the world

of objectives, I there is no substance I was returned le bear toful bornar who had before tempted the sable. The prevailed not.] The is more & terrible than Ra, + Kephra he Beeble is greater har Re Lion Man. I am a cold. [Here Choronzon wanted whereigh to ring lip nesterings Perd anaba. The scribe titused he report Mustening he remon. After a while the latter con trust: 7

compelling Choronzon to return into his triangle. By dint of anger & of threatening him with the Magick staff did he accomplish this. He then repaired the circle. The discomfited demon now continued.

All is dispersion. These are the qualities of things.

The tenth Æthyr is the world of adjectives, & there is no substance therein.

[Now returneth the beautiful woman who had before tempted the Scribe. She prevailed not.]

I am afraid of sunset, for Tum is more terrible than Ra, & Khephra the Beetle is greater than the Lion Mau.

I am acold.

[Here Choronzon wanted to leave the triangle to obtain

the shirt of the Frater Perdurabo. wherewith to cover his nakedness.

The scribe refused the request, threatening the demon. After a while the latter continued:]

I am commanded, aly I know hor, by him that speaket, were A thon, how little fool, I would lear thee link from limb. I would byte of thing ears those before began with thee. I would take they guts for fiddle-strugs at the Black Sabban. Thos didst make a great fight there in the circle; thou art a goodly hamor. [Then I cd the demon laugh lordy. The Finde said: Those court ast ham ore hair stray bead.] My head, of they body, 1/4 they sal, ar by our. I ther said the Serbe: Those hast no power. I over her for how how taken the Oath, + art bound in to the Why Le Boothers, & Resetox have I the fower to torture thee so long as those shall be.

I am commanded, why I know not, by him that speaketh. Were it thou, thou little fool, I would tear thee limb from limb. I would bite off thine ears & nose before I began with thee. I would take thy guts for fiddle-strings at the Black Sabbath.

Thou didst make a great fight there in the circle; thou art a goodly warrior.

[Then did the demon laugh loudly. The Scribe said: Thou canst not harm one hair of my head.]

I will pull out every hair of thy head, & every hair of thy body, & every hair of thy soul, one by one.

[Then said the Scribe: Thou hast no power.]

Yea, verily I have power over thee, for thou hast taken the Oath, & art bound unto the White Brothers, & therefore have I the power to torture thee so long as thou shalt be.

Then said the Jenbe unto him: Thos het.] Ask of the brother Perdundo, I he shall tell thee if I he. . This he said refused to do, saying that it was no concern of the bearing.] I have frevailed against he King for of the Father, i beforled his beard; I I have prevailed against he King for A he Son, I ton of his Mallew; but against the Kington of the Holy Ghost shall I strive to not prevail. The three slain toves are my threefold blas plemy afanist him; but their blood shall make fertile the sand; of writhe in blackness & horsor of hate, t formal ust. Then he bear thed to woke the scribe langl at the ajoit, I to kink that it was all rubbil, that he might feny the womes of God hat he had in shed to protect

[Then said the Scribe unto him: Thou liest.]

Ask of thy brother Perdurabo, & he shall tell thee if I lie.

[This the Scribe refused to do, saying that it was no concern of the demon's.]

I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Father, & befouled his beard; & I have prevailed against the Kingdom of the Son, & torn off his Phallus; but against the Kingdom of the Holy Ghost shall I strive & not prevail. The three slain doves are my threefold blasphemy against him; but their blood shall make fertile the sand; & I writhe in blackness & horror of hate, & prevail not.

[Then the demon tried to make the scribe laugh at Magick, & to think that it was all rubbish, that he might deny the names of God that he had invoked to protect

him; aleid, if he had least apor hom, for an instant, he had least apor hom, I shawed brough his spine at the Choringon succeeded at in his design.] In this Acting , is neither Alfuny ar end, for it is all hotel-pord, because of is of the wicked a earl & he danced in hell. And so long a it be horn-- ford, it wastereth little what was be written by the sex-green in compt-- Ible Jonbe. The horser of it will be Juan in another flace & time, & Kory another Leer, + that Feer shall be slavi, as a result of his revealing. But the present feer, who is not Pertarabo, seek nor the horror, because short up, I had no name. [Now was then some fusher farleg ig be twist the fewor The Simble, covering the Reportuse

him; which, if he had doubted but for an instant, he had leapt upon him, & gnawed through his spine at the neck.

Choronzon succeed not in his design.]

In this Æthyr is neither beginning nor end, for it is all hotch-potch, because it is of the wicked on earth & the damned in hell. And so long as it be hotch-potch, it mattereth little what may be written by the sea-green incorrupt-ible Scribe.

The horror of it will be given in another place & time, & through another Seer, & that Seer shall be slain as a result of his revealing.

But the present Seer, who is not Perdurabo, seeth not the horror, because he is shut up, & hath no name.

[Now was there some further parleying betwixt the demon & the Scribe, concerning the departure

not knowing if it were meet that The dewore showed depart. Then ha Seer took the Holy Ring, I wrote the have BABALON, that is theton over Ch URUNZUN, + he was no were wanter! Mis cy wa detaried or Dar: 6, 1909, botnew 2+4:15 pm, in a lovel colley of fire said, in he denst was Bon-Jaala. The Addyr was elikelt revised on the following day.) After the conclusion of the Ceremon, a great fire was kindled to printing the place, the Circle to Triangle were destroyed.

& the writing of the word, the scribe not knowing if it were meet that the demon should depart.

Then the Seer took the Holy Ring, & wrote the name BABALON, that is victory over ChURUNZUN, & he was no more manifest.]

(This cry was obtained on Dec: 6, 1909, between 2 & 4.15 p.m., in a lonely valley of fine sand, in the desert near Bou-Saâda. The Æthyr was edited & revised on the following day.)

After the conclusion of the Ceremony, a great fire was kindled to purify the place, & the Circle & Triangle were destroyed.

More by Scribe. Almost from the beginning of the cereaing was he scribe ourshaded, I he spoke a it were in spite of himself, remembering afterwards scarcely a word of two speases, Some of which were long, I seemingly seemingly eloquent. Ace he time he had a sense of being Protects from Chorozon, and his sense of seeing freventes his Knowing fear. Several time Did the Scribe Muater to get a curse upor Medeuroz, but ever before Le port whered he words of the aure dad he Seus By him. For huncel, be knowed us he words the curse. the is it went to second in Mir place that the Sonbe Several time whistled is a Majished monner, which herer before had be attempted, I be Jemor was apparent and der conflits Reseat. Now knowed he Soube hat

Note by Scribe.

Almost from the beginning of the ceremony was the Scribe overshadeowed, & he spoke as it were in spite of himself, remembering afterwards scarcely a word of his speeches,

some of which were long, & seemed to be seemingly eloquent.

All the time he had a sense of being protected from Choronzon, and this sense of security prevented his knowing fear.

Several times did the Scribe threaten to put a curse upon the demon; but ever before he pent uttered the words of the curse, did the demon obey him. For himself, he knoweth not the words of the curse.

Also is it meet to record in this place that the Scribe several times whistled in a Magical manner, which never before had he attempted, & the demon was apparently much discomfited thereat.

Now knoweth the Scribe that

he was wrong is holding much commerce win he felier: for Cherryon, in he confision r chaos of his thought, is much tempet & plene. And by silence can be be broyler to beg. For curnings dock be talk to object, I have he wir leaded to object, I have he wir leaded the way into asquarer with him. As hop Chorogo be earl beater is afament, get, & dirther try he obertion of him also world command him, dot he gain the creton. For Chroyn front of all things Correction , Silence: Le henfor who would command short will in scheme: this thus is he brought to be Min he scribe knowed; for Mat swee he obtaining the Accused Trust Athy, he had held course with Moragon. Det week par ded & ded he Otan Re aforanto has he

he was wrong in holding much converse with the demon: for Choronzon, in the confusion & chaos of his thought, is much terrified by silence. And by silence can he be brought to obey.

For cunningly doth he talk of many things, going from subject to subject, & thus he misleadeth the wary into argument with him. And though Choronzon be easily beaten in argument, yet, by disturbing the attention of him who would command him, doth he gain the victory.

For Choronzon feareth of all things concentration & silence: he therefore who would command him should will in silence: this thus is he brought to obey.

This the Scribe knoweth; for that since the obtaining of the Accursed Tenth Æthyr, he hath held converse with Choronzon. And unexpectedly did he obtain the information that he

after having by refused to arriver the Fluor's speecher. Austraction, Har he niet beg rater han be They extent to it, or even behold it an another. The auoust the further tealings of Chorongon with the Scribe will be found in the Record of Dunta Vincara.

after having long refused to answer the demon's speeches.

For Choronzon is distraction, & such is his fear of concentration that he will obey rather than be subjected to it, or even behold it in another.

The account of the further dealings of Choronzon with the Scribe will be found in the Record of Omnia Vincam.

He Gy of the 9th Actyr, which is welled 21P. The ferrite Cura best is to Call the Think telly is sounds like a song ha a sent meaning of blessing.] the Shear-stone is the not luners while the cox- Cross shows billiant get a coorles well & tight. with a clap of hunder, I I am walking upon a razor-edge of tight, suspended our the 16,55, + before the + above we de høst digl, like uch hose in Nee derest soly, but here is one that couch fork to west up upon the redge, holding out his arms to we , I saying: (V: I) - Who is they that could fork fin he Bbyss & from he place to rest Josman to, he habitation of him hat walled is the hours of the by to the weining Italy



The Cry of the 9thÆthyr, which is called ZIP.

[The terrible Curse that is the Call of the Thirty Æthyrs sounds like a song of ecstasy & triumph; every phrase in it has a secret meaning of blessing.]

The Shew-stone is of soft lucent white, on which the Rose-Cross shows a brilliant yet colourless well of light.

And now the veil of the stone is rent with as clap of thunder, & I am walking upon a razor-edge of light, suspended over the Abyss, & before me & above me are ranged the terrible armies of the Most High, like unto those in the eleventh Æthyr, but there is one that cometh forth to meet me upon the ridge, holding out his arms to me & saying:- (v. I.)- Who is this that cometh forth from the Abyss\(\frac{2}{3}\) from the place of rent garments, the habitation of him that is only a name? Who is this that walketh upon a ray of the bright, the evening star?

It seems a son from his hinging, with a test Chow. Refrain. The Chini - Glon unto lin hat is the cup of glory unto he one that is the diels the father of their love. Glory un to le stor, + glory unto le sucke, + In unt he sarrisman the sun. Did worship + blessing throughour the Acon who the warme of the Beat, four-square, by hi, underful. Who is his that travelled be tuck the bedy ? By he wings of trant? Who is his hat seeked he House of Le Vinga 4 the Chons or repeated. Refrain Mis is he that hat gave up (v. m. his wane. This is be also blood had beek gastised ich he cap of BABALON. Mis is he that siteth, a little pre of dry dut, a ke in the Brawners. Chows Refram

It seems a sort kind of song he's singing, with a kind sort of Chorus.

Refrain. The Chorus:- Glory unto him that is concealed, & glory unto her that beareth the cup, & glory unto the one that is the child & the father of their love. Glory unto the star, & glory unto the snake, & glory unto the swordsman of the sun. And worship & blessing throughout the Æon unto the name of the Beast, four-square, mystic, wonderful.

(v. II.) Who is this that travelleth between the hosts, that is poised upon the edge of the Æthyr ≩ by the wings of Maut? Who is this that seeketh the House of the Virgin?

The Chorus is repeated. Refrain.

(v. III.) This is he that hath given up his name. This is he whose blood hath been gathered into the cup of BABALON. This is he that sitteth, a little pile of dry dust, in the city of the Pyramids.

Chorus. Refrain.

the Kindle hat Pearl. Until he break (V. 101) tout that on dast. Until de this be terealed unto the brub, the sixfold I far become le radiait Triangle. Chow. Refrain Blased is not I ask how, withe, (v. V.) Blessed arthort would or mures ber who had taken he aguse of night, t constall-- set it into a pure sapplier-store also het taken he gold of the sur, i beature It into an infinite ringer had set he sappline herein, i fat it apor has tuger. alow. Refram Got, for 1 bring 40- one with we. Lik Jon swords t jour speans in solution-- hor, for the Mothers he Babe are on companion. Let the bargest be prepared in the palace of the King's Light tos dangliter. Let the lights be Kudled;

(v. IV.) Until the light of the Father of all kindle that death. Until the breath touch that dry dust. Until the Ibis be re-vealed unto the eCrab, & the sixfold sStar become the radiant Triangle.

Chorus. Refrain.

(v. V.) Blessed is not I, not thou, not he, Blessed without name or number who hath taken the azure of night, & crystall-ized it into a pure sapphire-stone, who hath taken the gold of the sun, & beaten it into an infinite ring, & hath set the sapphire therein, & put it upon his finger.

Chorus. Refrain.

(v. VI.) Open wide your gates, O City of God, for I bring no-one with me. Sink your swords and your spears in saluta-tion, for the Mother & the Babe are my companions. Let the banquet be prepared in the palace of the King's daughter. Let the lights be kindled;

Are not we the duldren of the Gilt."
Choms. Repair For his is he key stone of the folial (v. vii.) The King's daughter. Mis is the She of he Mulosophers. Mis is he Store hat is hidden in walls of the transports. Feore, feare, feare unto Him hat is throwed besein. Chou. Refram Now her we are found arohu he line of the army , t we are coul un to a polace of which every stone is a separate jewel, ris set with willion of moons. bod, fa woman sen joung to bejord imagination fair. The is like a diet of twelve years old. The has any tead ege-lids, + lorg lasker. Her eges are closed, or nearly closed. It is impossible to say aughing about ber. She is naked; her whole body is covered, with ful gold hairs, that are the clertin flame that are the spears

Are we not the children of the Light?

Chorus. Refrain

(v. VII.) For this is the key Stone of the palace of the King's daughter. This is the Stone of the Philosophers. This is the Stone that is hidden in the walls of the ramparts. Peace, Peace, Peace unto Him that is throned therein!

Chorus. Refrain

Now then we are passed within the lines of the army, & we are come unto a palace of which every stone is a separate jewel, & is set with millions of moons.

And this palace is nothing but the body of a woman, very young & proud & delicate, and beyond imagination fair. She is like a child of twelve years old. She has very dead eye-lids, & long lashes. Her eyes are closed, or nearly closed. It is impossible to say anything about her. She is naked; her whole body is covered with fine gold hairs, that are the electric flames that are the spears

trught t timber Angel, aloss breast-Kate are the scales of her skin. And be hair ofher beat, hat flows Dan to her feet, is the wing light belied by he seer in he sery, here is not one alied is worty to be conbased with her littlest fuges. rail. For oithough he may not partoke of the Sery, withouthe Essemblied freparation, ever he belolding this betyr from afor is the he fortaking of all the former Hollyrs. The Seer is lost in worder, Which is feare. And he ming of the horizon About her is a company of glorious Ardagel with joices hands, that stand + suig: Mis is he daryther of BABALOW he Beartiful, har she had bone un to Metaster of All. And not all hat she borne her. Mis is he Darfton the King. His

of mighty & terrible Angels whose breast-plates are the scales of her skin. And the hair of her head, that flows down to her feet, is the very light of God Himself. Of all the glories beheld by the seer in the Æthyrs, there is not one which is worthy to be compared with her littlest finger-nail. For although he may not partake of the Æthyr, without the ceremonial preparations, even the beholding of this Æthyr from afar is like the partaking of all the former Æthyrs.

The Seer is lost in wonder, which is peace.

And the ring of the horizon above her is a company of glorious Archangels with joined hands, that stand & sing: This is the daughter of BABALON the Beautiful, that she hath borne unto the Father of All. And unto all hath she borne her. This is the Daughter of the King. This

is the Virgin of Eternity. Mis is she has me Holy one had wrested from he Guart Time, of the finge of then that have overcome Space. Mus is she has is set upon the Throne of Juderstanding Holy, Holy, Holy is her hame, not to be spoken accord wer. For Kore they have called her, & rakkel, & Bitalel, & Persephone. And the focts have faqued songs about her the prophets have spoken vain things, the young wen have drawed vair of team; but this is she that immaalate the spoker. Morfor canus seru the glor hat defended her, for thought is, santer dead before her presence. Anadoration hemon is blank, & in The bost ancient books of Ragick are weither words to corpare her, ar Whe a reed in the teapers hat sweep the borders of her Rung ton, the opine Fea is the Virgin of Eternity. This is she that the Holy One hath wrested from the Giant Time, & the prize of them that have overcome Space. This is she that is set upon the Throne of Understanding. Holy, Holy, Holy is her name, not to be spoken among men. For Koré they have called her, and Malkuth, & Bitulah, & Persephone. And the poets have feigned songs about her, & the prophets have spoken vain things, & the young men have dreamed vain dreams; but this is she, that immaculate, the name of whose name may not be spoken. Thought cannot pierce the glory that defendeth her, for thought is smitten dead before her presence. Imagination Memory is blank, & in the most ancient books of Magick are neither words to conjure her, nor adorations to praise her. Will bends like a reed in the tempests that sweep the borders of her kingdom, & imagination Cannot figure so much as one fetal of he like that abesen she standet in The he lake of constal, in he sea of glass. Mis is she hat had be-- Fuket her hair with suce stars, he such breake of God hat move t Wrill its excellence. And she hak tired her hair with suce combs, aline for an anter the said seint have of God hat are not known even fre trycl, or fre Ash-agel, fre leader fre aruse the boot. Holy, Holy Holy art thou to blessed be they wave for ever, we to abou the bears are but he pelsais of the blood. -I am blind to deaf. My sight I hearing are exhausted. track. And here is a trembling from wither are. dords, or veils, et guide clivese

cannot figure so much as one petal of the lilies that whereon she standeth in the lake of crystal, in the sea of glass. This is she that hath bedecked her hair with seven stars, the seven breaths of God that move & thrill its excellence. And she hath tired her hair with seven combs, whereupon are written the seven secret names of God that are not known even of the Angels, or of the Archangels, of the Leader of the armyies of the Lord.

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, & blessed be Thy name for ever, unto whom the Æons are but the pulsings of thy blood.

I am blind & deaf. My sight & hearing are exhausted.

I know only by the sense of touch. And there is a trembling from within me.

Images keep arising like clouds, or veils, exquisite Chinese

For worie I forcelaire, I many Mertings & frent + delicate beauty, for such things are informed by Her Spirit for they are cast of from les in the world of the Right or stell the dead, that is earth. For every world is the shell or. excrement of he world above it. I could bear he Viscon. A vous comes I know not Whene: Blesset art hon, who hav seen i get hast ust believed. For herefore is it given unto hel to taste & swell & feel & hear & Know by the ciner sure, I by the inmost sense, so hot suenfold is By repture. by brain is so exhausted that all the fatific - comper appear, by findly sual reflix action; Meg are ust active him sat all. he fatifie by will. And is placing he shew-stone apor my forched,

ivor ivories, & porcelains, & many other things of great & delicate beauty, for such things are informed by Her spirit, for they are cast off from her into the world of the Qliphoth, or shells of the dead, that is earth.

For every world is the shell or excrement of the world above it.

I cannot bear the Vision.

A voice comes, I know not whence: Blessed art thou, who hast seen, & yet hast not believed. For therefore is it given unto thee to taste & smell & feel & hear & know by the inner sense, & by the inmost sense, so that sevenfold is thy rapture.

My brain is so exhausted that all the fatigue-images appear, by pure physical reflex action; they are not astral things at all.

And now I have conquered the fatigue by will. And by placing the shew-stone upon my forehead,

A seeds cool electric bull brough it capable of more rapture. And an Angel couch fork, t Chief your alists a black swartika, made of fine feloments of light that has been interfered with, And he taket me aside into a little drawber in one of the une towers. Mis diamber it furnished with maps the many my strail cities. Mere is a table to a strange lassop, that give light by justing four whenever of vortex - mis of Cuminon sucke. And he foints to he map of he Acthors, but are arranged as a Flaming Sword, so that he Thirt And he first wink out infinitely holy. And he says: It is ander in he Bolk of he hav, "Wisdom says, by hope wif her frisk by he sight t

it sends cool electric thrills through my brain, so as to refresh it, & make it capable of more rapture.

And now again I behold Her.

And an Angel cometh forth, & behind him whirls a black swastika, made of fine filaments of light that has been interfered with. And he taketh me aside into a little chamber in one of the nine towers. This chamber is furnished with maps, of many mystical cities. There is a table, & a strange lamp, that gives light by jetting four columns of vortex-rings of luminous smoke. And he points to the map of the Æthyrs, that are arranged as a Flaming Sword, so that the Thirty Æthyrs go into the Ten Sephiroth. And the first nine are infinitely holy. And he says, It is written in the Book of the Law, "Wisdom says, Be strong; then then canst thou bear more joy;" rapture, "If thou drink, drink by the eight &

much Pules of Art. And this shall Sefait unto the that there wast Vision wen lost or ferverted. For These Mysteries for hair not work by grate. Miseton must Moz note he tighest before those his shall be they rule: - A Morsail and me true shall how aftern the times. And thou shalt mate Ance he tall of the Seryr. And sel dag and all night, awake or a leep, I hall My beart be turned as a Come flower unto the light. And My bod; shall be the Temple of the Ross Cross. Mus shall by wand be open un to the higher t The exhaustrook for also That Cook upor this face I the live? fra, how tremblest, but from within because of the Koly

ninety Rules of Art:" And this shall signify unto thee that thou must undergo great discipline; else the Vision were lost or perverted. For these mysteries pertain not unto thy grade. Therefore must thou invoke the Highest before thou unveil the shrines thereof. And this shall be thy rule:- A thousand and one times shalt thou affirm the unity, & bow thyself a thousand & one times. And thou shalt recite thrice the Call of the Æthyr. And all day and all night, awake or asleep, shall thy heart be turned as a lotus-flower unto the light. And thy body shall be the Temple of the Rosy Cross. Thus shall thy mind be open unto the higher, & then shalt thou be able to conquer the exhaustion, and it may be find the words, for who shall look upon His face & live live?

Yea, thou tremblest, but from within, because of the Holy

Spirit that it I escended with theme heart, I shoken hee as an a pen in the ariad. My also treable that are without, and Mey are shaker from without by he early were of this pidgment. My have set their after how upor the earth, I they have I tauped and their feet upor her earl, I coned: It moved hot. Kinfox back bark offered and strong wo house whe the sea of santloned them. The she had speced her work to them that laster after her, & she hash don't hiself upor him. Then he they in torment, until by her quetail he earth is hatered like brittle glass, & dissolved like salt in he waters of the wery, so that they are Cast upon he air, to be blown about herein like seeds that shall take root in the earth, got turn heir affection upward to the sun.

Spirit that is descended into thine heart, & shaketh thee as an aspen in the wind.

They also tremble that are without, and they are shaken from without by the earthquakes of his judgement. They have set their affections upon the earth, & they have stamped with their feet upon the earth, & cried: It moveth not.

Therefore hath earth opened with strong motions, like the sea, & swallowed them. Yea, she hath opened her womb to them that lusted after her, & she hath closed herself upon them. There lie they in torment, until by her quaking the earth is shattered like brittle glass, & dissolved like salt in the waters of His mercy, so that they are cast upon the air, to be blown about therein like seeds that shall take root in the earth, yet turn their affections upward to the sun.

orfdart, frotoming tuckelle the rule. Is it not written, Change af so and as the style for the Deport theory for the Vision of the voice of the Nich Acry , that is coeled 21P are y Nen (how book wyself into any body by any will. On: 7 1709. Bor-Saida. 9.30-11.10. p.m. Da: 7, 1909.

But thou, be thou eager & vigilant, performing punctually the rule. Is it not written, "Change not so much as the style of a letter"?

Depart therefore, for the Vision of the Voice of the Ninth Æthyr that is (are?) called ZIP are is past passed.

Then I throw back myself into my body by my will.

On: 7th, 1909.

Bou-Saâda. 9.\(\frac{7}{30}(?)\)-11.10 p.m.,

Dec: 7th, 1909.

