

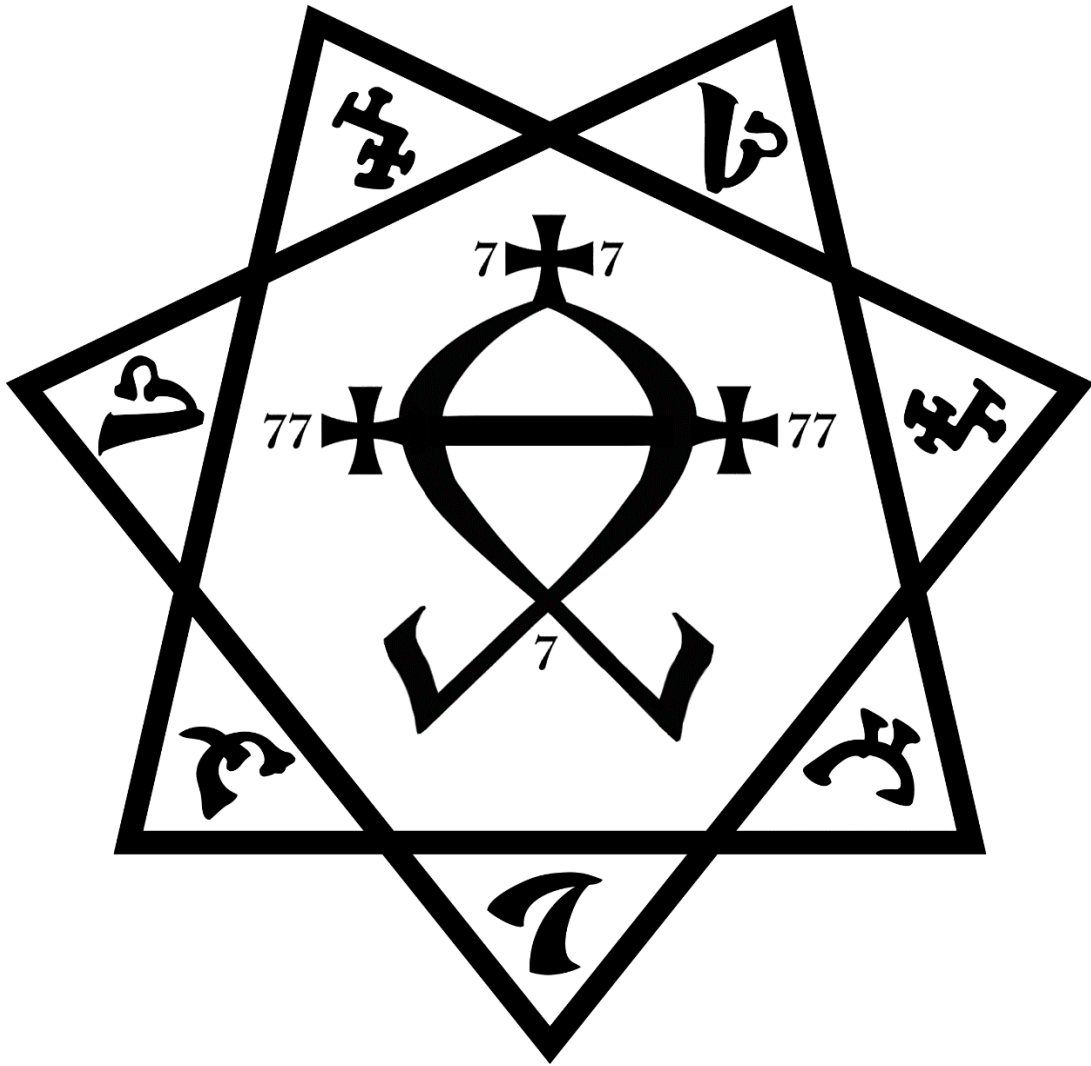
The Vision and the Voice

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)

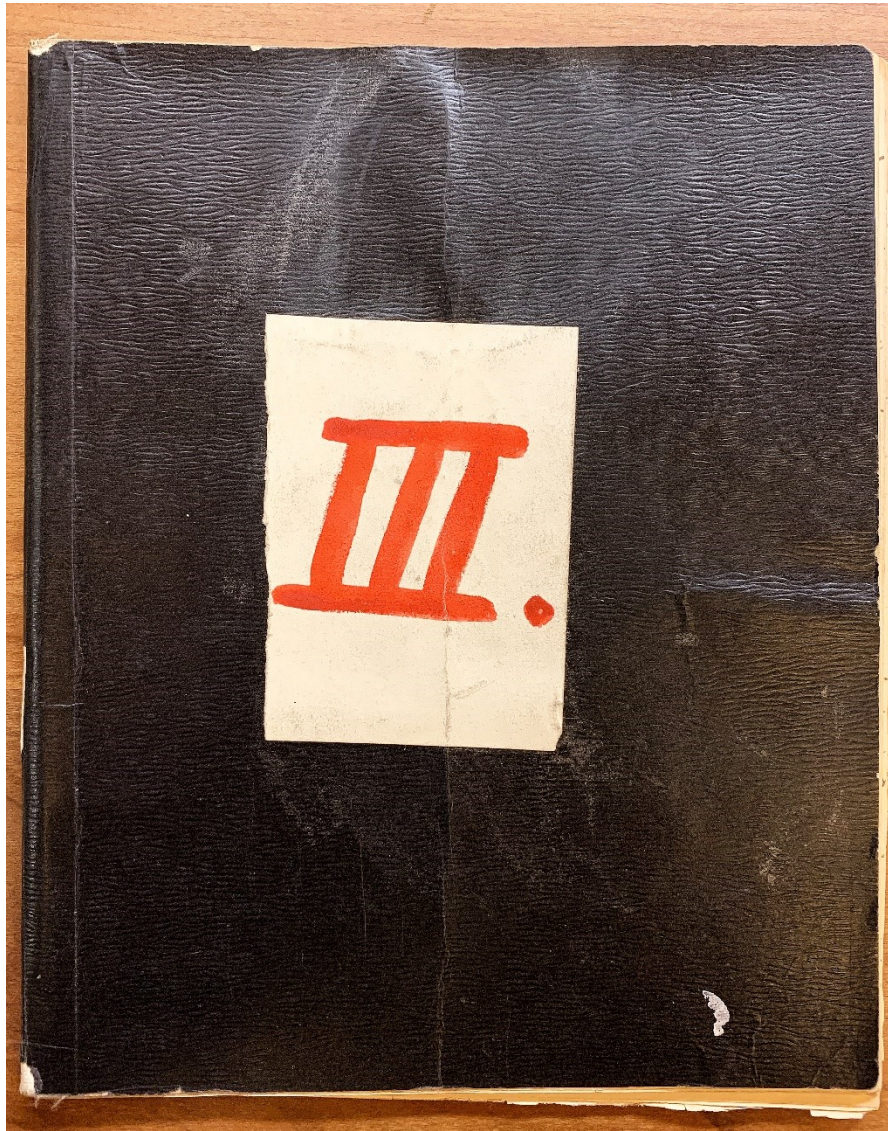


IN NOMINE BABALON





A.:A.:
Publication in Class A.



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.

IN NOMINE BABALON





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Captain Fuller
89 Overstrand Mansions
Battersea LONDON

The Visin and the Voice
Rehears XII - IX
Bonsade, Algeria.
Dec 4 - 7

BAHLASTI ?118 ?509 ? 358 = 8° 119

OMPENDA 20?

FALUTLI

OLALAM = 172 = 2x86

IMAL = 81

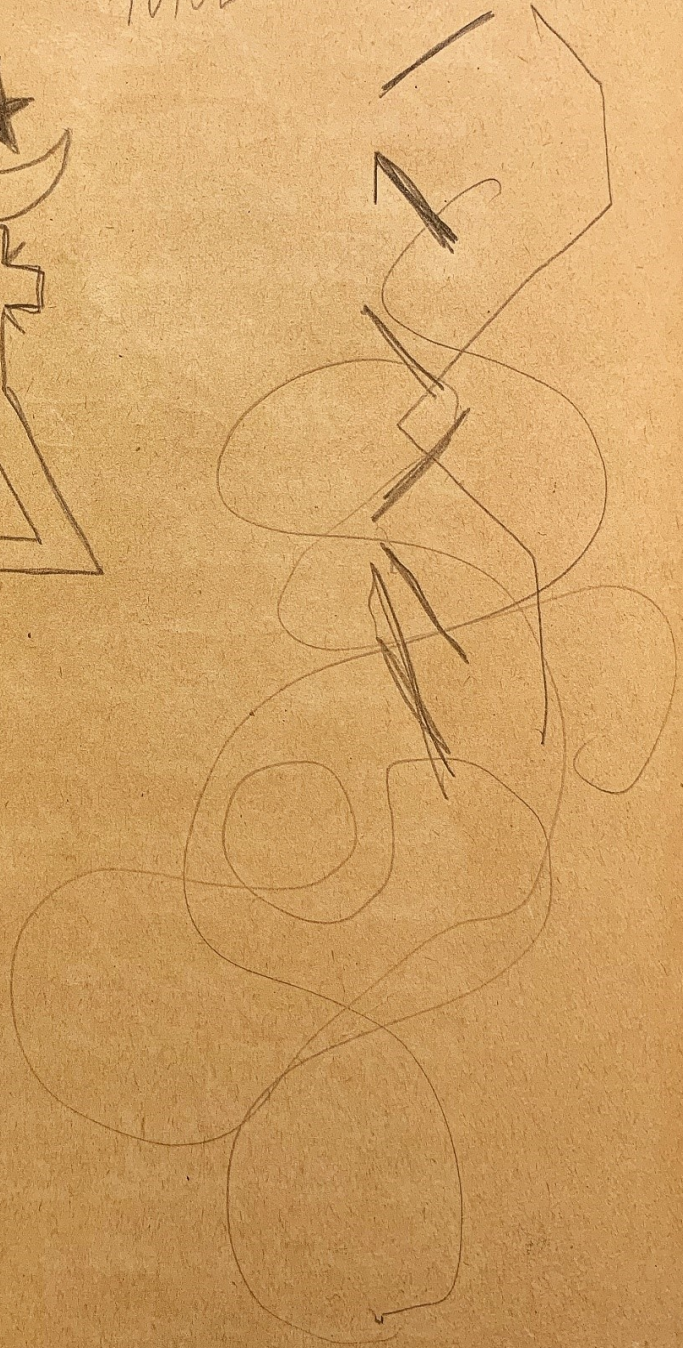
TUTULU = 66 = 8x8

$$\begin{array}{r} 30 \\ 140 \\ 702 \\ 80 \\ \hline 952 \\ 544 \\ \hline 1496 \\ 748 \\ 374 \\ \hline 4 \overline{)1576} \\ 379 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \overline{)544} \\ 4 \overline{)136} \\ 34 \end{array}$$

$544 = 4 \times 7^2$

$$\begin{array}{r} 4 \overline{)952} \\ 2 \overline{)238} \\ 119 \end{array}$$



The City of the 12th Century,
which is called LOE.

Then 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
splines, diverse, like the four splines upon
the door of the vault of the adepts,
countercharged in their component parts.
The chariot itself is the lunar
crescent, waving. 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 night. The charioteer is a
man in golden armour, studded with
sapphire, but over his shoulders is a
white robe, & over that a red robe.
Upon his golden helmet, he bears for
his crest a crab. And his hands are
clasped upon a cap, from which radiates
a ruddy glow, constantly 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 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 supported 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

everything is blotted out by its glory, and
the whole fire is filled with it. And
there is a marvellous perfume in the
Air, like unto the perfume of Ra-Hor-
Kuit, but sublimated, as if the quint-
-essence of that perfume alone were burnt.
For it hath the richness & voluptuousness
& humanity of blood, and the strength
& freshness of meal, & the sweetness of
honey, & the purity of olive-oil, & the
holiness of that oil which it is made of
myrrh, & cinnamon & galla-jal. The
charakter speaks in a low, solemn voice,
and-inspiring, like a very 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. Fly unto the Scarlet
Woman, Babylon^{*} the Mother of Abomi-
-nations, that sitteth 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 abomination. And

~~* Beth, Beth, Beth, for, for, for, for, for.~~

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, ~~A~~and 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 & gallanjel. 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 Abominations, 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.~~

with the break of her knee 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 have they beheld my Father.
Thus are they made worthy to become
partakers of the mystery of this holy
vessel, for the blood is the life. So
scatter she from age to age, & the
righteous are never weary of kissing, & by
her murders & fornications she seducth
the world. Therein is manifested the
glory of my Father, who is truth. (This
wine is such that its virtue radiates
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 of by the true
worshippers of the Highest. And it is
an ecstasy in which there 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 intoxication 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

(-passion)
Pain. (As passion is like the quivering
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 every thing 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. But as yet
canst thou comprehend her glory, beasti-
-ful art thou, O Babylon, & desirable,
for thou hast given thyself to every thing
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 us attain to the
union with the many." For she is
loved, & her love is one, & she hath
divided the one love into infinite loves,

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. Beautiful 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,

& each love is one, & equal with the
One, & therefore is she passed from the
assembly & the law & the enlighten-
-ment into the anarchy of solitude
& darkness. For ever thus must
she veil the brilliance of herself?
O Babylon, Babylon, thou mighty
Mother, that ridest upon the crowned
Beast, let me be drunken upon the
wine of thy fornications; let thy
Kisses wanton me unto death, that ever
I, thy cupbearer, may understand.

Now through the ruddy glow
of the cup, I may perceive far above, &
infinitely great, the vision of Babylon.
And the Beast whom she rideth is the
Lord of the City of the Pyramids, that
I beheld in the fourteenth century.
Now that is gone in the glow of the cup,
& the Angel saith: Not as yet may-
-est thou understand the mystery of
the Beast, for it perceiveth not as to
the mystery of this Arm, & few that
are new-born into understanding are

each love is one, & equal with The
One, & therefore is she passed “from the
assembly & the law & the enlighten-
-ment unto the anarchy of solitude
& darkness. For ever thus must
she veil the brilliance of ~~h~~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 may-
-est 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 cup glows ever
brighter & fiercer. And all my sense
is unsteady, being smitten with
ecstasy.

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 sown by her
holy cities, wherof 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 old, & cometh not to her
bed. For shall this perfect
wine be the quinter-seener the drink,
& by the strength thereof shall he
renew his youth, & 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 age by age the world
do dissolve & change, & the universe
unfoldeth it self as a Rose, & shaketh
it self 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
scent of the brothers of the Rosy
Cross, & this is the heart of the
~~ritual~~ ritual that is accomplished in the
vault of the Adept's, that is hidden
in the mountain of the Callers, ever
the holy mountain Abiegnus. And this
is the meaning of the supper of the
passover, the spillage 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

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

themselves from compassion & from
understanding. Accursed are they,
for they shut up their blood in their
heart. And they keep themselves from
the kiss of any mother's baby's love, &
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 cruel row do
they brew the harsh wine of Hellfire,
mingled with poison of their selfishness.
And they make war upon the Holy One,
sending forth their belwain 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 ~~hand~~

Thus

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~~

~~BAAL ALON~~

קוּזַרְרַ

~~156 = 78 x 2~~
= 156 = 12 x 13

The Unity of Kether
HVA ACh D

for He is manifested in Her, blessed be He!

Also 156 is the number of letters in a Watch-Tower.

mighty Devil Chorragon, 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
enters them in. (I think the trouble with
these people was, that they wanted to
substitute the blood of some one else
for their own blood, because they
wanted to keep their personalities.)
~~That~~ The Angel says: And
this is the word of double power in
the voice of the Master, wherein the
Five interpenetrates the Six. This is
its secret interpretation that may not
be understood, save only of them that
understand. And for this is it the
key of the Pylon of Power, because
there is no power that may endure,
save only the power that descended in this
my chariot, from Babylon, the City of
the Fifth Gate, the Gate of the God
On. [Aiqi aigui ^{un}]. Moreover is On
the key of the vault that is 120. So 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 A~~ 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 [~~Aize~~ aigir ~~num~~ nun]. Moreover is On the Key of the vault that is 120. So also

doth the Majesty + the Beauty derive
from the Supernal wisdom. But this is
a mystery utterly beyond human understand-
-ing. For wisdom is the Man, + under-
-standing the Woman, + not until thou
hast perfectly understood canst thou
begin to be wise. But I reveal unto
thee a mystery of the Aethyrs, that not
only are they bound up with the
Sephirah, but also with the Paths.
Now, the place of the Aethyrs inter-
-penetrate + surroundeth the
universe wherein the Sephirah 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 Sephirah, for
that in the Aethyrs is ~~understood~~ the
knowledge of the aeons, + of Ogdoad.
And to each shall it be given
according to his capacity. (He 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 θέλημα .
And to each shall it be given
according to his capacity. (He has
been saying certain secret things⇒) to

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. For, 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 fire, for it was from the light of that cup alone that it was lighted.

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

Bon-Saata. 11.30 p.m. - 1.20 a.m.,
Dec: 4-5, 1909.

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

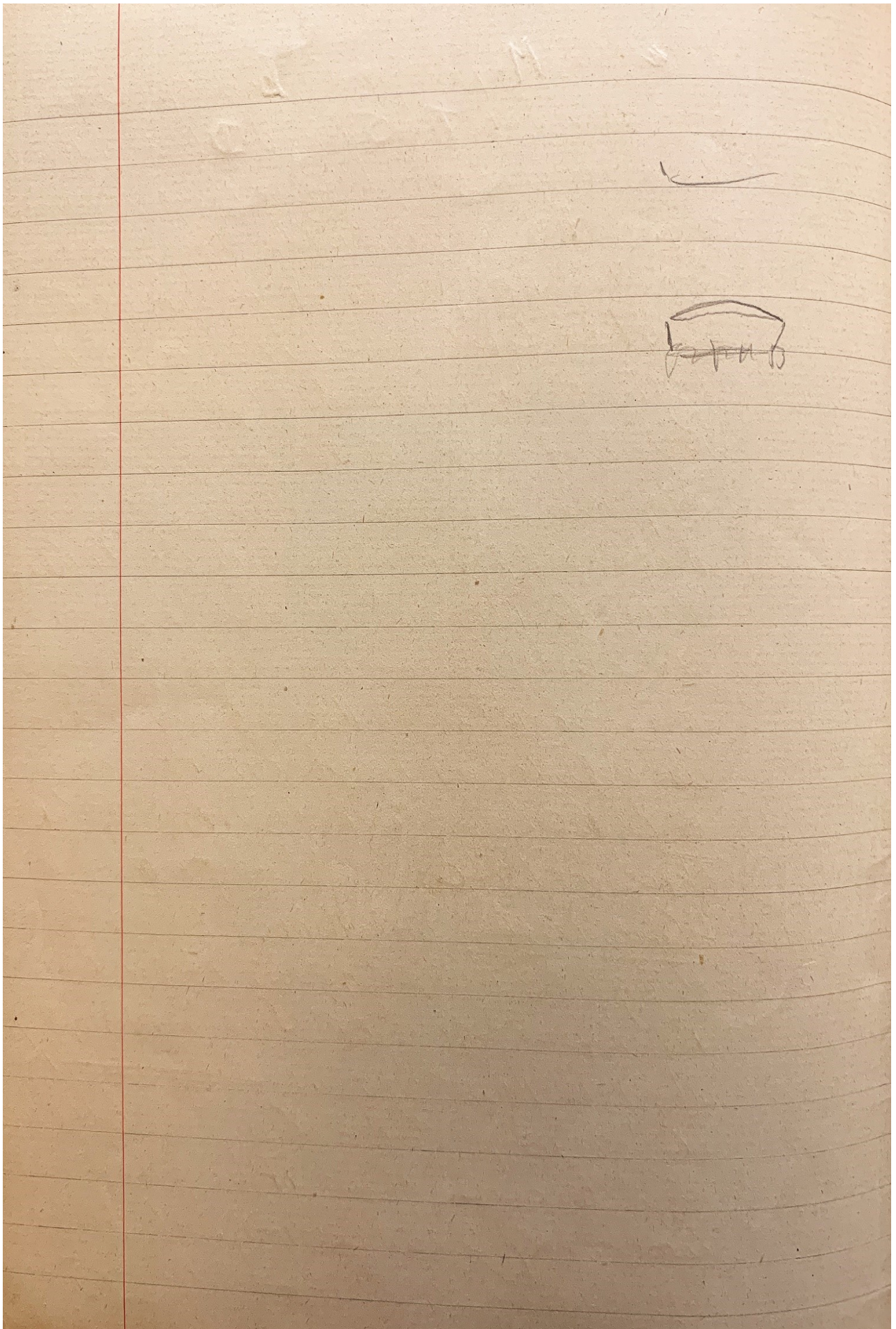
Now a voice comes from without: And lo! I saw you to the end.

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, 1909.



(12)

The City of the 11th Century,
which is called I.K.H.

There appears in the store 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 toward 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
armor, & the least of their swords
is like the breaking fork of a thun-
-der storm of lightning. And the
least of their spears is like a great
water-sport. And on their shields
are the eyes of Tetragrammaton, ringed
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

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

100

of Zeas. And in all that host
there is no motion. But 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
filled the whole Aethyr. And
indeed he is not visible in his form.
Nor does he come to the senses 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 Aethyr. And each tower
is filled with warriors in silver
armour. It is impossible to describe
the feeling of tension; they are like
soldiers waiting for the gun.
And I perceive that an Angel is
standing on either side of me; and
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

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

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

Behold, a mighty guard against
the terror of things, ~~the~~ fastness
of the Most High, the legion of
eternal vigilance; these are they
that keep watch & ward day &
night throughout the aeon. ^{set} And in
them is all the force of the mighty
One, yet there stirreth not one
plume of the wings of their helms.
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-
-ronozom. Behold how worship-
-ful is the wisdom of the Master,
that he hath set his stability in
the ^{all-}ceaseless ~~firm~~ ~~firm~~ & 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 ~~v~~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 outermost Abyss, against the horror of emptiness, & the malice of Choronzon. Behold how worshipful is the wisdom of the Master, that he hath set his stability in the all-wandering Aire (~~??orain~~) & in

the dearful Moon. In the purple
flashes of the 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 dearfulness of the
numbers brought to unity. 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 Angles, or a scale
upon the towers of iron. It is this
mighty host set only for defence, &
whoso passeth beyond their lines,
hath no help in them. It must
be that understandeth go forth
unto the uttermost Abyss, & there
must he speak with him that is set
above the four-fold terror, the Princes

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 Evil, even with Choronzon, the
mighty Devil, that inhabited 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 entered not into the heart
of man, or into the mind of man, to
conceive his nature. 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 chair of Choronzon. And as a
Devil he walketh about the earth,

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 reflected. 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,

immortal, & he blasted the flowers
of the earth, & he corrupted the fresh
air, & he made poisonous the water,
& the fire that is the friend of man,
& the pledge of his aspiration, seeing
that it mounted ever upward as a
pyramid, & seeing that was stole it
in a hollow tube from heaven, even
that fire he turned into ruin, &
weakness, & fever, & destruction.
And thou, that art as heap of dry
fust in the City of the Pyramids, wilt
understand these things.

And now a thing happened,
which is unfortunately sheer nonsense,
for the Aether 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 interpre-
ting these spiritual things is affected,

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~~h~~ 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 interpre-
-ting these spiritual things is offended;

but, being trained to obey, it setteth down
that which it doth not understand.
For the rational mind indeed knoweth
not, but never understandeth of himself
unto understanding; but the Lord is of
them that understand.

And the 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 finally
upon the eternal Rock, & therefrom he
hath suspended his Kingdom as one
pearl that is set in a ^{jewel} ~~piece~~ of precious
pearls & twelve. And he hath garnish-
-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 anger, & the blush of
His loveliness adorneth it, & with
delights & with wit hath He made 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 ~~jewel~~ 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

key at the heart, & the core thereof
is the secret of 'His being, that ~~is this~~^{therein}
~~name~~ is His name Generation. And this
His stability hath the number 80, for
that the price thereof is War.

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

Beware, therefore, O man who
art appointed to understand the
secret of the Outermost Abyss, for in
every Aethyr thou must assume the
mask & form of the Angel thereof. ~~And~~
thatst thou a name, thou wast inas-
-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 file of
rust, if there could be one drop of
blood, it should be utterly corrupt;
it should breed scorpions & vipers,
& the cat of Sine.

And I said unto the Angel:-
Is there not 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 irrevocably
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:-

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.

Such an extasy 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 Aethyr. The outposts are passed, and before me lies the Outermost Abyss.

I am returned.

Box-Saada, Dec: 5, 1909. 10.10 - 11.35,
p.m.

And he said:-

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani.

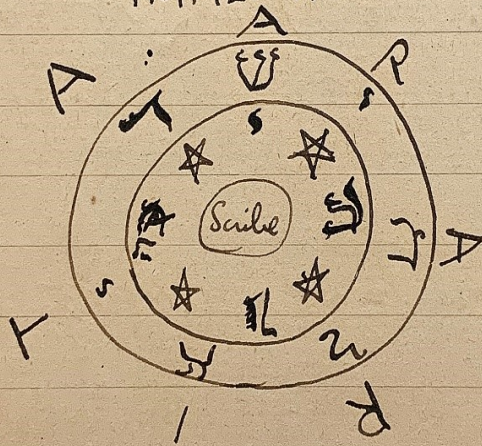
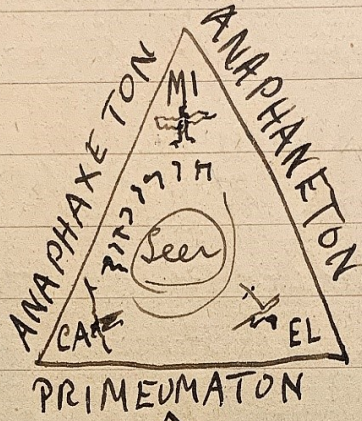
Such an ecstasy of anguish
racks me that I cannot give it voice,
yet I know it is but as the anguish
of Gethsemane. And that is the
last word of the Æthyr. The outposts
are passed, and before the seer extends the
Outermost Abyss.

I am returned.

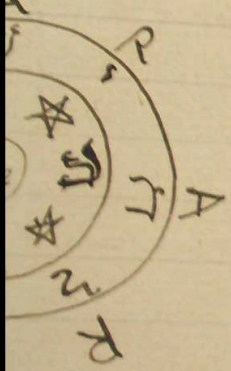
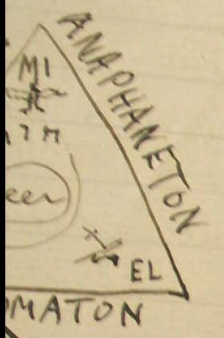
Bou-Saâda, Dec: 5, 1909. 10.10-11.35,

p.m. .

The Sun



Sam



the cry of
which is called

[The terrible
of the thing
of extra] I
has a secret

The Shear-st
white, or white
a colorless
and now he
with a clap of
walking up a
over the Abyss,
are ranged the
the most high
clear belly
coned fork
holding out his

(V: 15)

Who is king
the Abyss & from
garments, he
is only a man
walks upon a

(the torn and battered pages of Notebook III)

Z
The cry of the 10th Aethyr, that is called XAX

***was loosely laid in notebook III

(Index card included in Notebook III)

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

The City of the 10th Aethyr,
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 Aethyr,
that mighty Devil Choronzon, cried aloud:
Zazar Zazar Nasatanaba Zazar.

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

I am I. I have shut my-
self up from the spirit-thrifts. My
gold is safe in my treasure-chamber,
& I have made every living thing mine.
Cocubine, & more shall touch them, save
only I. And yet I am scorchet, even
while I shiver in the wind. He
hated me & tormented me. He would
have stolen me from myself, but I shut
myself up & mock at him, even while
he flayeth me. From me come
leprosy & pox & plague & cancer &
cholera & the falling sickness. Ah!



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

[Here the Spirit simulated the voice of Frater P.] I don't think I can get any 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.]

Next here 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 breathing

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
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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

him, the ^{Demon} Archy proceeded, after a short delay.]

They have called me the god of laughter, & I laugh when I will stay. And they have thought that I could not smile, but I smile upon whom I would seduce, O inviolable one, that can't not be tempted. If thou canst command me by the power of the Most High, know that I did indeed tempt thee, & it repented me. I bow myself humbly before the great & terrible names whereby thou hast conjured & constrained me. But thy name is wery, & I cry aloud for pardon. Let me come & put my head beneath thy feet, that I may serve thee. For if thou commandest me to obedience in the Holy Names, I cannot shew me therefrom, for their first whispering is greater than the noise of all my ^{trumpets} trumpets. But we therefore come in to thee upon my hands & knees that I may adore thee, & forsake

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 commandest 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

of his forgiveness. Is not my very wife-
-rite?

[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 Achyr.

There was again a short delay.]

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

Thus take 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 fearfulness of the adder, & the toothlessness of stale & stagnant 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 tastelessness of stale & stagnant water, & the

and the widders of the Cat of Slime

black fire of hatred; not one thing, but many things. Yet, with all that, his torment is eternal. The sun burns him as he withers 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 fure springs of Paradise, that I may quench my thirst. Sprinkle water upon my head. I can hardly go on.

[The Scribe refused] ~~the mark of the Frater P~~

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

The Scribe resisted the appeal to his pity, & conjured the demon to proceed by the name of the Most High. Chorizon attempted also to scold the faithfulness of the Scribe, also then cursed him.

A long colloquy ensued. ^{The Scribe cursed him by the Holy Names of God, & the Power of the Pentagram} ~~Then was the Altar resumed.~~ I fled upon the name of the Most High. I charm them in my pain, & I void them from my presence.

and the udders of the Cat of slime

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 cursed 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.

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 three 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 Adept, & thou ~~wilt~~ wilt
write them down, thinking them to be
great secrets of magical power, & they
will be only my jesting with thee.

[Here the Scribe invoked
Angels, & the Holy Guardian Angel of
the Foster 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 ^{more than the demon & so feared him not,} ~~everything~~, & ordered
the demon to proceed.]

Thou canst tell me nay! —
that 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 head of the Great Serpent divided into
Knowledge?

[Here the Scribe again asked the
Chorozon to continue with the call.]

Know thou that there is no
Coy in the Fench Aethy, like unto the other
Cries, for Chorozon is Dispensia, &
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 Chorozon? 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 asph & pain & hell.
The demon replied:]

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

Images, Images, Images, 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 ¶
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 malice of Chorozon 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 shades of the Blind One that boasteth
himself to be the Enlightened One. For
there is no centre, ^{no ray,} nothing but Dispersion.
Woe, woe, woe thenceforth to him
that is led away by talk, O talkative one.

O thou that hast written
two- & 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 Chorozon.

* Originally, for 'understanding' was written 'power.'
Chorozon was always using some word that did not represent his
thought, because there is no proper link between his thought & speech.

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 endure. Knowest thou how nigh thou art to destruction? For thou that art the Scribe hast not the understanding* that alone availeth against Choronzon.

* Originally, for ‘understanding’ was written ‘power.’

Choronzon was always using some word that did not represent his thought, because there is no proper link between his thought & speech.

And wert thou not protected by the Holy
Names of God & the circle, I would smite
upon thee & tear thee. For when I made
myself like un to a beautiful woman;
if thou hadst come to me, I would have
rotted thy body with the pox, & thy
hair with cancer, & I would have
torn off thy testicles with my teeth.

And if I had seduced thy pride, &
thou hadst bidder me to come into the
circle, I would have trampled thee
under foot, & for a thousand years
shouldst thou have been out of the
tape-worms that is in me. And if I
had seduced thy pip, & 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 grate ever

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 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.
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 balked 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, &

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

must ever speak, speak, speak, millions
of mad voices in my brain.

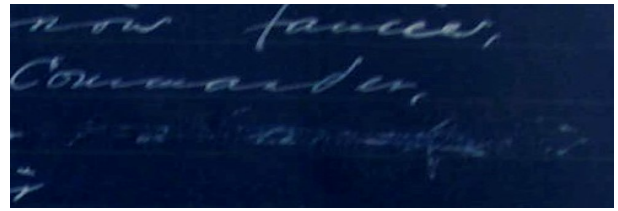
"With a heart of furious fancies,
Wherewith I am Commander,
With a burning spear ~~and a burning spear~~
And a horse of air

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, Choroizon had thrown sand into the Circle & filled it up. But Choroizon could not think fast or continuously, & so reverted to the device of quotation.

The Scribe had written two or three words of "Tou o' Bedlan," when Choroizon sprang within the circle (that ^{part of} ~~the~~ 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 Tetrapannator, & succeeded in

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Whereof I am Commander,
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To the wilderness I wander.”

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compelling Choroza to return into his
triangle. By dint of anger & of
threatening him with the magical
staff did he ^{He then repaired the circles.} accomplish this. The
discomfited demon now continued.]

All is dispersion. These are the
qualities of things.

The tenth Aethyr is the world
of objectives, & there is no substance
therein.

[Now returned the beautiful
woman who had before tempted
the scribe. She prevailed not.]

I am afraid of sunset, for
Tpm is more terrible than Ra, &
Kephra the Beetle is greater than
the Lion Man.

I am acoet.

[Here Choroza wanted
to leave the triangle to obtain the
whereupon to ~~short~~ ^{erect} his ^{unfettered} ~~the tower~~ Perdarabo.

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

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, 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
these 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, & of thy
soul, one by one. ^{every hair}

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

Yea, ^{only} 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.

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, ~~æ~~ 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 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 Jew'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 thallus; 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 Jew tried to
make the scribe laugh at the Jews,
& to think that it was all rubbish,
that he might deny the names of
God that he had invoked to protect

[Then said the Scribe unto him:
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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; which, if he had doubted but
for an instant, he had leapt upon him,
& gnawed through his spine at the
neck.

[The sorcerer succeeded at in
his design.]

In this Act, is neither
beginning nor end, for it is all
hot-h-hot, because it is of the
wicked on earth & the damned in
hell. And so long as it be hot-
-hot, it mattereth little what may
be written by the sea-green incomp-
-able 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
Pardarabo, seek not the horror, because
he is shut up, & hath no name.

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

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

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

Then the Seer took the
Holy Ring, & wrote the name BABALON,
that is, ^{the} Nator over CH. URUNZON, &
he was no more manifest.]

(This cy was obtained on Dec: 6,
1909, between 2 & 4:15 pm., in a lonely
valley of fire sand, in the desert near
Bon-Isata. The Aethyr was elicited &
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.

& 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.

Note by Scribe.

Almost from the beginning of the ceremony was the Scribe overwhelmed, & 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 Chorozon, 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 ~~put~~ uttered the words of the curse, did the demon obey him. For himself, he knew not the words of the curse.

It is it next 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 disconcerted thereat.

Now knoweth the Scribe that

Note by Scribe.

Almost from the beginning of the ceremony was the Scribe overshadowed, & 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 ~~per~~ 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 in holding such course
with the Sultan: for Choroza, in the
confusion & chaos of his thoughts, 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 misleads
the way into argument with him.
And though Choroza be easily
beaten in argument, yet, by distracting
the attention of him who would
command him, doth he gain the
victory.

For Choroza feareth of
all things Concentration & Silence:
he therefore who would command
him should will in silence: ~~and~~
thus is he brought to obey.

This the scribe knoweth; for
that, since he obtaining of the Sultan's
Trust & Honor, he had held course
with Choroza. And unexpectedly did
he obtain the information that 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 long refused to answer the
Fleming's speeches.

~~For~~ Choroza is ^{distracted} in reaction,
& 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 Choroza with the Scribe
will be found in the Record of
Quinta Vinca.

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*.

The Cry of the 9th Aethyr,
which is called 21P.

[The terrible Curia that is the Cael
of the Ninth Aethyr sounds like a song
of extasy & triumph; every phrase in it
has a secret meaning of blessing.]

The Shear-store is of ~~a~~ soft lincrust
white, on which the Rox-Cross shows
^{brilliantly} a cloudless well of light.

And now the veil of the store is rent
with a 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
desert Aethyr, but there is one that
comes forth to meet me upon the ridge,
holding out his arms to me, & saying:

(V: 11) - Who is this that comes forth from
the Abyss? from the place of rest
garments, the habitation of him that
is only a name? ^{Who is this that}
walketh upon a ray of the bright, the evening star?



The Cry of the 9th Æthyr,
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? 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?

to send a ^{kind} ~~word~~ of song to his singing,
with a ~~kind~~ ^{part} of Chorus.

Refrain. The Chorus:- Glory unto him that is
created, & 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 sardis man of the sun.
And worship & blessing throughout the
Aeon unto the name of the Beast, four-square,
mystic, wonderful.

(V. 11)

Who is this that travelled between
the hosts, that is poised upon the edge
of the Arch? By the wings of Traut?
Who is this that seeketh the House of
the Virgin?

The Chorus is repeated. Refrain

(V. 12)

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

Chorus. Refrain

~~—— 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 ð 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.

(E)

(v. iv)

Until the light of the Father of
the world that I seek. Until the break
of that dry dust. Until the ~~the~~ be re-
vealed unto the ~~the~~, & the sixfold Star
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, & crystal-
-lized 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 & 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~~
~~the~~ daughter. Let the lights be kindled;

(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 ~~daugh-~~
~~ter~~ daughter. Let the lights be kindled;

Are not we the children of the Light?

Chorus. Refrain.

(v. iii.)

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 walls of the ramparts. Peace,
peace, peace unto him that is thrown 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 rubies.

And this palace is nothing but the
body of a woman, ^{proud & delicate, and} ~~very young~~ beyond
imagination fair. She is like a child
of twelve years old. She has very deep
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

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

A mighty & terrible Angel, whose
breast-plate 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 Abyss, there
is not one which is worthy to be
compared with her littlest finger-
-nail. For although he may not
partake of the Abyss, without the
Essential preparation, even the
beholding of this Abyss from afar
is like the partaking of all the
former Abysses.

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 heads, that
stand & say: This is the daughter of
BABALON the Beautiful, that she
had borne unto the Father of All.
And with all hath she borne her.
This is the daughter of the King. This

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. This is
she that the Holy One had wrested
from the Giant Tail, & 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, & Rakshah, & Bitulah, &
Persephone. And the poets have
faded songs about her, & the prophets
have spoken vain things, & the young
men have dreamed vain dreams; but
this is she that inviolate, the
name of whose name may not be
spoken. Thought cannot pierce the
glory that defended her, for thought
is, sooner dead before her presence.
~~Imagination~~ Memory is blank, & in
the most ancient books of Rasick
are neither words to conjure her, nor
adorations to praise her. Will beads
like a reed in the tempest, not sweep
the borders of her Kingdom, & imagination

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 petal of
the lily ~~that~~ wherupon she standeth in
the lake of crystal, in the sea
of glass. This is she that hath be-
-faded her hair with sweet stars, the
sweet breath of God, that move &
thrill its excellence. And she hath
tired her hair with sweet combs,
wherupon are written the sweet secret
names of God that are not known
even of the Angels, or of the Arch-
-angels, of the leader of the angels
of the host.

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou, &
blessed be thy name for ever, unto
whom the Jews are but the falsifiers
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, & quite Chinese

cannot figure so much as one petal of
the lilies ~~that~~ whereon she standeth in
~~th~~ the lake of crystal, in the sea
of glass. This is she that hath be-
-decked 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 Arch-
-angels, of the Leader of the armies
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~~ woe & forlornness, & 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
shell 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 fatigues - images appear,
by purely physical reflex action;
they are not actual things at all.

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

~~ivory~~ 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
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A voice comes, I know not
whence: Blessed art thou, who
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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,

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

And now again I behold Her.

And an Angel comes forth, &
behind him whirls a black swastika,
made of fine filaments of light
that has been interfered with. And
he takes 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 jutting four columns
of vortex-rings of luminous smoke.

And he points to the map of the
Aethyrs, that are arranged as a
Flaming Sword, so that the Thirty
Aethyrs go into the Ten Sephiroth.

And he frowns with an infinitely
holy. And he says: It is written
in the Book of the Law, "Wisdom says,

Be strong; ~~for~~ ^{then} canst thou bear more
Joy; ~~if~~ ^{if} thou drink, ^{or drink} by the sight &

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 &

which Rules of Art." And this shall
signify unto thee that thou must
undergo great discipline; - else the
J's is is were lost or perverted. For
these Mysteries pertain not unto thy
grade. Therefore must thou
wake the highest before thou
wield the sterner 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 utter

thrice the Call of the Aethyr. 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. Now shall thy
mind be open unto the highest, &
thou shalt thou be able to conquer
the exhaustion, ^{and it may be find thy words} for who shall look
upon this face: ~~live~~ live?

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

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 is descended into their heart, & shaken thee as an aspen in the wind.

Thy also trouble that are without, and they are shaken from without by the earthquake of this judgment. They have set their affection upon the earth, & they have stamped with their feet upon the earth, & cried: It must not.

Therefore hath earth opened with strong waters, like the sea, & swallowed them. Yea, she hath opened her womb to them that lust 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, yst turn their 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.

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

Depart therefore, for the
Jivira of the Oriin of the North
Achy & that ^(it) called ZIP are of
fabled.

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

~~Oct 7, 1909.~~
Box - Saada. 9.30⁽⁹⁾ - 11.10. p.m.
Oct 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”?

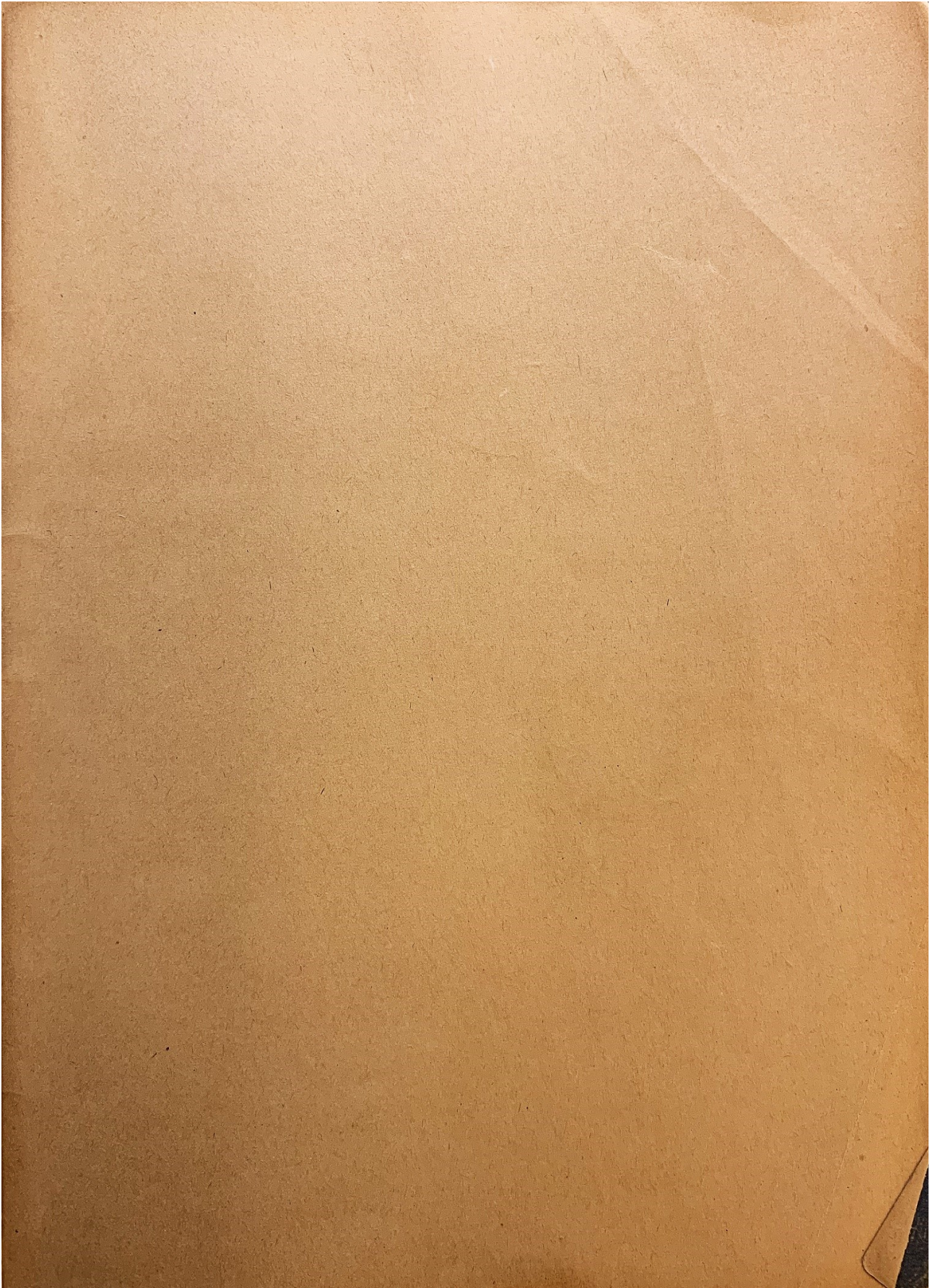
Depart therefore, for the
Vision of the Voice of the Ninth
Æthyr that is (~~are?~~) called ZIP ~~are is~~
~~past~~ passed.

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

~~On: 7th, 1909.~~

Bou-Saâda. 9.730(?) - 11.10 p.m. ,

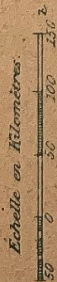
Dec: 7th, 1909.





FRANCE

86 DÉPARTEMENTS.



Légende

Frontières

Limites de Départ^{ts}

Chefs lieux de Dep^{ts}

Chefs lieux d'arrond^{ts}

ENVIRONS DE PARIS.

