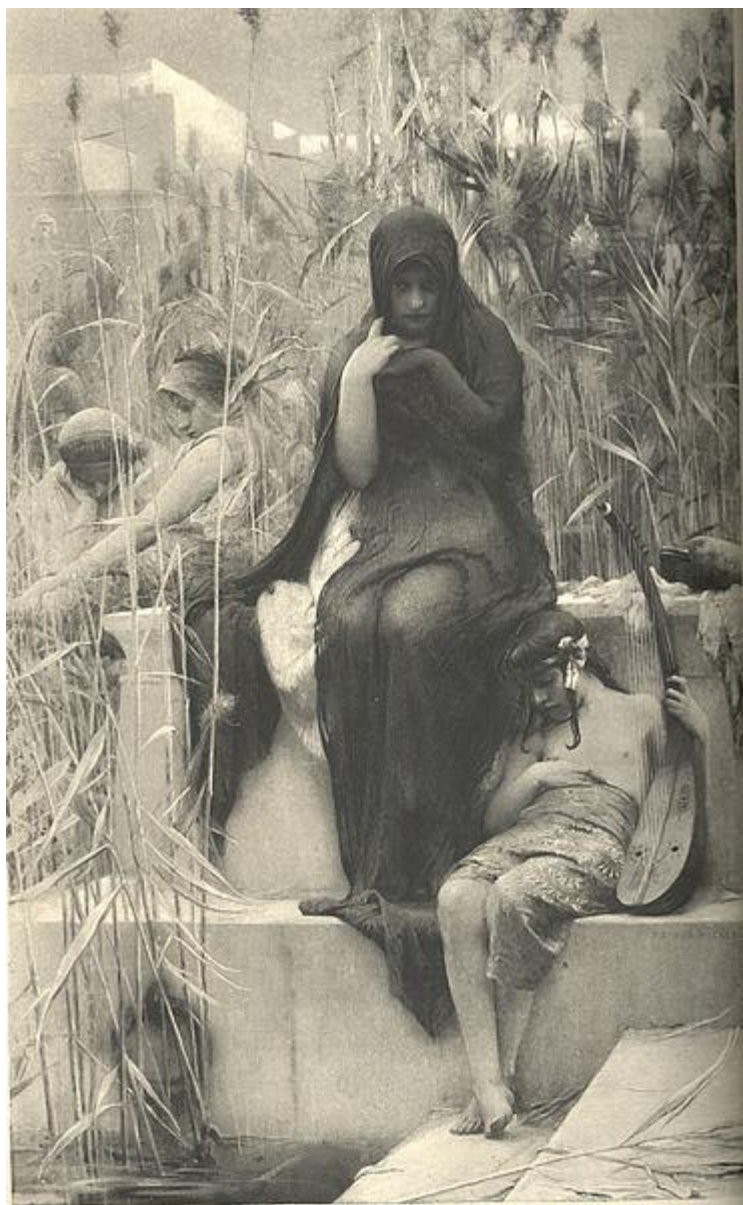


# Vault of Babalon:

## The Three Temples: Moon, Sun and Star





Arthur Hacker - By the Waters of Babylon (1888), public domain.

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“Come fairies Take me out of this dull world,  
For I would ride with you  
Upon the wind and dance  
Upon the mountains like a flame.” -- W.B. Yeats

**Dedicated to:** Mabel, called by some Star. Curiously, I set out to write a book about her and somehow wrote this book instead.

Special thanks goes to Alan Richardson, a man of truth, wisdom and integrity, who was kind enough to offer me writing tips, as well as being an inspiration to me. This book is indebted to him and his works.

**Editor:** Paul Joseph Rovelli, not only was the editor who pushed me to research and work harder, his input meshed with mine in a marriage of ideas that spurred this project to finish, and I couldn't have written about Sacred Marriage without his partnership.

## Author's Note

I find it interesting how a lot of artists, musicians, or writers set out to produce a vision/work and somehow the finished project is way off course than they had planned. I had wanted my book to be about Maiya Tranchell Hayes (Maiya Curtis Webb), who never liked attention and would have probably hated the idea. Gradually, I ended up writing a book on Sacred Marriage. I'm still not sure how that happened, but the journey of it was profound to me. This work comes from freedom of personal expression, and when it comes to writing a book based on the works of predecessors, others may not like it. This is my interpretation, a story for a new generation, and I seek to encourage others to add their voices as well, to carry the Mysteries ever forward.

## Introduction

“Above the Celestial Fire there is an Incorruptible Flame, ever sparkling, Source of Life, Fountain of all Beings, and Principle of all Things. This Flame produces all, and nothing perishes save that which it consumes. It reveals itself by virtue of itself This Fire cannot be contained in any place; it is without form and without substance, it girdles the Heavens and from it there proceeds a tiny spark which: makes the whole fire of the **Sun, Moon and Stars.**”  
—*Comte de Gabalis* [1913ev]

The concept of a divine spark buried within each person is central to the Western Mystery Tradition, and it was the purpose of the ancient wisdom to bring life to this silent guardian angel within in order to illuminate life on this earth for all. Not an instant attainment as feigned by modern aspirants, but it is a lifelong journey that consists of first stoking the fire and then refining it by the act of one's spiritual quest and ensuing struggles. It also requires constant studying to keep it lit, to stay on track, and most importantly, it demands laying yourself naked and open, and facing yourself as if the greatest light, and at the same time, a hideous demon, and then embracing it, owning it, and correcting it as you will. You are a god creating your own image, not the other way around. When

you realize that, you will be ready to stand atop the pyramid and see no difference, no separation from your contribution to creation. So, come with me, dear seeker, and let me point you the way. I can only lead you so far, the road narrows and my light is like the forgotten twinkle of the fey, the Shining Ones of old. Alone, from here on, you must pass through this inner fire and let it consume you until you are as fine as silver. This, my friend, is the first temple.

Next, this fine metal shall be tried by intellect until it is made gold upon entry to the second temple. Here, you shall shine as if illumined by the secret sun, but there is more, my seeker. So much more. Let the moon and sun wed, water and fire join.

Lastly, it is the “lofty ones” who shall be chosen to merge into the third temple as mercury, which reconciles salt and Sulphur. Here, you, if in a syzygy, will join your consort into a divine marriage and to congeal with one purpose. Yes, this is the goal, and the purpose of this book is to expound on the ideal of Hieros Gamos, a symbolic ritual that plays out with a marriage between participants representing deities, and this will be one version of it, with a look at it from ancient and modern perspectives.

AL I.50: "There is a word to say about the Hierophantic task. Behold! There are three ordeals in one, and it may be given in three ways. The gross must pass through fire; let



the fine be tried in intellect, and the lofty chosen ones in the highest. Thus ye have star & star, system & system; let not one know well the other!"

As you consider the above, I invite you to join me on this journey. Accept this invitation if you seek to experience a sacred bond with your significant other, even if only symbolically. Don't let the wording such as male or female get in the way, as in the end, the male must be balanced with the female, and the female with the male, whether within ourselves or in our partner, and each conjoined with the other, a whole being reconciled, and it isn't meant to alienate anyone in their sexuality. Focus on one acting as negative and one positive, and become a syzygy.

Imagine now that you want to undertake this venture. Ask yourself, are you committed to start the work as a couple, to face the three temples together and all their ordeals? If so, this book is to inspire a couple to marry in three temples (moon, sun, star), to unite Nefesh, Ruach, and Neshama, allegorically, in order to add a further dimension to the partnership. Hopefully, the pair will be motivated to make their own ceremonies to mark this change.

This introduction also details what went into creating the story and what foundation it bases itself on. I knew what I wanted to portray, and I

was getting hints all along as in the quote below, but these temples were like ruins I had to rebuild so that I could revive them for use within my creative eye. The way was pointed to, but I wondered if I could grasp the depth of what it implied, or would it all vanish like a mirage before I could see it clearly?

“One mounteth unto the Crown by the moon and by the Sun, and by the arrow, and by the Foundation, and by the dark home of the stars from the black earth.” —Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente

To begin with, what are the three temples? That is a long story; so let us begin with a brief look. A while ago, I began my quest for these three temples after rereading The *Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*, which left me wondering...what are they? How will I find them? They wouldn't leave my mind as if they beckoned from the other world; knocking on the walls of my side of reality to awaken and begin my journey.

“This day, today  
Is the Royal Wedding day.  
For this thou wast born  
And chosen of God for joy  
Thou mayest go to the mountain  
Whereon three temples stand.” —*The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*

In summary, a Venus/Babalon goddess figure accompanies Christian Rosenkreutz on his travels for seven days, which is also an allegory of the way of the adept. Venus and Sophia, who we will meet in the following chapters, are also linked by the symbolism of the path of the Empress, which links Binah, ‘Wisdom,’ to Chockmah, ‘Understanding’ on the Tree of Life; thus, forming the link between Jochim and Boaz. Also seen by some as Black Isis and Isis, which appeals to my interest in Dion Fortune, who thought every marriage should be a divine marriage.



Ed. Note: This depiction of the Masonic ‘tracing board’ shows the left hand pillar as capped by the Moon and the right hand pillar as capped by the Sun, with the overseeing eye being the same as found atop the pyramid, generating a field of stars. This is a glyph of the three temples; demonstrating the view of the City of the Pyramids.

It is said that the Black Isis resides in the nuptial chamber of the secret temple of Yod. She is the veiled or concealed one. I liked where this was going. But back to the three temples? Was it three

just because everything is three in alchemy?  
 Perhaps, but I knew there to be more. It is taught  
 that initiation into Her mysteries was three-fold  
 and consisted of a voluntary ritual death and  
 revival by a trial of the elements, and the  
 culmination of a sacred wedding.

“But the obscure words concerning the three temples  
 particularly afflicted me, which I was not able to make out  
 by any after-speculation, and perhaps should not have done  
 so yet, had they not been wonderfully revealed to me.”  
 —*The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz*

Unfortunately, the secret temples weren't  
 “wonderfully revealed to me.” I couldn't find any  
 mention of these three temples anywhere else until  
 I got a hint of it in Mozart's *Magic Flute*, which is  
 another take on the Chemical Wedding, and more  
 akin to my project, here, as it deals more clearly  
 with a moon, sun temple, and a syzygy. Not  
 satisfied, I searched on. I only found Aleister  
 Crowley mentioning one secret temple in *Liber Al  
 vel Legis*, yet what about the three ordeals in one?  
 Could I relate that to my temples? But I wanted to  
 see a more concrete correlation. Wasn't there  
 anything to the “three temple” concept? “For this  
 reason I am called Hermes Trismegistus; One in Essence  
 but Three in Aspect.”<sup>1</sup> It always come back to three.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Emerald Tablet*

Compare the next quotes. The one directly below sounds like one becoming an adept, and note the plural of “chambers” also in the first. Maybe there are three.

“26. Wherefore if they shall say unto you, Behold, he is in the desert; go not forth: behold, he is in the secret chambers; believe it not.” –Mathew 24:26

“62. At all my meetings with you shall the priestess say -- and her eyes shall burn with desire as she stands bare and rejoicing in my secret temple -- To me! To me! calling forth the flame of the hearts of all in her love-chant.” –Liber Al vel Legis

Yes, let me rejoice in the temple! I’m standing bare on this floor, whirling around saying “I’m here. Where shall I find my way?” I move towards the lit candle to better see. The shadows remain thick, but I banish them with my determination. Where can I find you? I’m searching night and day, perusing dusty obscure books. Piles arise around me like pyramids, but they are like empty tombs, so I pace in frustration. The ground is hard beneath my pale feet, yet my dreams are lofty. Still, that secret temple called to me, and I soon wrote about being led by Babalon from the moon to the “secret temple” in my book Daughter of the Mighty Ones<sup>2</sup>, but was that just alluding to the inner self, with there being only one so-called

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<sup>2</sup> My writing about a moon temple started unconsciously, but ultimately led to writing this book as well.

secret temple within one's body/mind/spirit? No matter what, I couldn't shake the idea of there being three. I even kept thinking back to the rumors of Dion Fortune planning to write a book on sun and then star magick after her *Moon Magic*, in which she died before completing the set, and even this one mentioned was finished by another in her stead. It is unfortunate. She was just getting started, and there was so much more for her to say. Grabbing this cut thread wavering in the Aethyr, I wanted my three temples to contain the moon, the sun, and the star, in honor of her and her circle, including her former teacher Maiya.

Who was she, this mysterious Maiya Tranchell Hayes; a woman who ran a lodge of the Golden Dawn, Alpha et Omega, of Brodie Innes's Amen Ra lodge in Edinburgh; a woman to whom Israel Regardie brought *Garden of Pomegranates* to for her opinion before he published it, though to her displeasure as she felt it betrayed secrets? Where are her diaries, her works? It is said that notebooks from the Alpha et Omega lodge are in Canada. Are any of these hers? What about her sex magick work that only a handful of Englishmen whisper about; She, whom the character Vivien Le Fay Morgan was cast after? Doreen Valiente tried to kill that character,<sup>3</sup> and I'm seeking to revive her,

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<sup>3</sup> Some say it was a political power move to kill this character as in "*The Death of Vivien Le Fay Morgan*." Even other DF authors state in their books that they used visualization to get the character to leave

to say no! Magick is alive, return it back to those who dance with the fairies. Stop killing the mysteries. Her mystique lives on. I had been seeking Maiya since I wrote my last book, and this led me on a quest. I sent a copy of *She of the Silver Star* to an author friend, who when discussing her, told me, “She is THE Priestess of the Silver Star,” and that Jane Wolfe had wanted her to take over the A.’A.’., but she turned it down for whatever reason. So, why is this not written down in public that I can find?<sup>4</sup> Why is everything about Maiya kept secret?

Even mainstream occult readers argue about Dion Fortune having met Crowley because of what she said in *The Mystical Qabala*, while others are sitting on the proof, and only slowly leaking it out. The truth is the truth, whether people like it or not; no matter they want to maintain of the image of the Dion Fortune that they want to uphold to the general public. I’m open to the proof coming out.

The guardians of her literary estate have kept it secret that Dion Fortune and her teacher Maiya had practiced sex magick; but why has this been this hushed? My English friends have been the only

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this world. All this superstitious fear or politics over a female fictional character? Really?

<sup>4</sup> My information comes from several anonymous English authors/adepts whom I believe are telling me the truth. Do your own research and maybe more info will come out.

ones talking about this. Sometime after Dion's death, a warden in the Society of the Inner Light, Mrs. Mann, burned most of her "Green Ray" work, and perhaps her budding Thelemic work as well? Some say the warden was a Jesuit infiltrator sent to sabotage the group. In my beloved ancient Ephesus, saboteurs burned most of the magick books. Now, in recent times, in England, they too burned them; these papers of Dion Fortune and who knows what else? Then you have, in the recently published book: *Brother Curwen, Brother Crowley: A Correspondence*, Brother Curwen telling Crowley that Fortune considered herself a follower of Crowley, even if Crowley himself were unaware (this was earlier, before their secret 'understanding') and then a long time later, taking back that statement when he broke off from Crowley. And what about this from *Remembering Aleister Crowley* by Kenneth Grant?

"My preoccupation with his writings left me with little time for - or interest in - anything else. So I hardly noticed such visitors as Frieda Harris or Dion Fortune. She had sent him a copy of her novel *Sea Priestess* in June 1944. On March 14th 1945 she had written to him:

"The acknowledgement I made in the introduction to *The Mystical Qabalah* of my indebtedness to your work, which seemed to me no more than common literary honesty, has been used as a rod for my back by people who look on you as Antichrist. I am prepared to dig in my toes and stand up to trouble if I have got to, but I don't take on a fight if I can help it nowadays because it wastes too much time.



"I am fully aware that there will come a time when I shall have to come out into the open and say: this is the law of the New Aeon, but I want to pick my time for that, because I propose to be in a strong strategic position when I do so, and if you give Mrs. Grundy advance information, I may not be properly entrenched when the inevitable blitz starts. Therefore I ask you not to mention my name for the present. I am at work on a book on the paths..."

On March 19th, 1946, Crowley wrote to Louis Wilkinson:

"...Dion Fortune is dead There was a very secret understanding, by which she acknowledged my authority..." - Kenneth Grant

In my opinion, she should have ended that secret about her "understanding" with Crowley. After all, Dion Fortune was for ending secrets in general; calling herself part of the "unholy trinity," as she was revealing secrets along with Crowley and Regardie. But those in the recent past, thinking they own her legacy, are trying to chain it. They want her to be as they wish her to be, not as she was, like Mrs. Mann. Even my own perception about her could be wrong. I only know that destroying her work distorts the picture and I'm trying to piece ideas together for a better understanding. I could be wrong as well, but I wanted her alluded to, halted and/or destroyed work to exist again on some deliberative level. Though, as I'm not her, I can only do it as a tribute and try to set the basic idea of the work in motion again, for those who want to explore and carry on

these ideas. Imagine that those books had been written. Where was she going with them? She started with the Black Isis (Moon temple), but the path ends on the other end with Isis (Star temple). Let's light that path now for those new to the occult; who do not know this path, or who stay stuck in the lower sphere of the moon. That is the starting point, not the end point. The yearning will call them, when it is time.

Stubborn and on a mission, I was convinced the ideas behind these unfinished books were my three temples. I had to do something with this knowledge, but I needed to see a confirmation in something concrete, perhaps from Crowley or someone else of his caliber, either obvious or hidden in their works, so that I would know I was on the right track. I ultimately wanted to marry the work of Fortune to Crowley, if you will, at least for my own purposes and for the unfinished road needing to be paved...a vision for my eyes, if no one else. This was my quest and I couldn't rid myself of it if I tried.

Then I said, "Aha," when I found this and it correlates somewhat to the three-fold initiation in the Isis Mysteries and the Holy of Holies.

"There were three buildings specifically for sacrifice in Jerusalem. The one facing the west was called "The Holy". Another, facing south, was called "The Holy of the Holy". The third, facing east, was called "The Holy of the Holies",

the place where only the high priest enters. Baptism is “the Holy” building. Redemption is the “Holy of the Holy”. “The Holy of the Holies” is the bridal chamber. Baptism includes the resurrection and the redemption; the redemption (takes place) in the bridal chamber.”

—*Gospel of Philip*

Were these my three temples that were calling to me from the Akasha, the three temples I couldn't stop thinking about? Kind of. It reminded me of times I laid in bed at night in my youth, hearing knocks on the ceiling, beckoning me to old temples long dormant. Now almost forgotten, I couldn't any longer heed them. Have I lost my way? When I was 19, a strange man came up to me on college steps, told me my aura was green and wanted me to join his fraternity. It made me think of *Demon Lover*, when one has the “occult green” color. This man wasn't meant to be on my present path. I walked away from past ties. I had new ones to make. I've been in various fraternities and have done better on my own. Another example: when I was a Chevalier in one group, an elderly German woman named Helen freaked out when I first was invited to meet the group, because I chose the East chair to sit in, saying they were told to await the one from the East. I was a shy young woman, and knowing she's reading too much into this, felt she was seeking too much from me, so I designed a ritual for their international convocation in Virginia Beach as a parting gift, something about being chains of light, and then I never spoke to

them again. One has to be careful not to get caught up in hype, even one's own. It was around the same time period that I saw this strange word 'Thelema' in a pagan booklet, and it spellbound me. I didn't understand what it was, but I knew it was the direction I was heading, so I walked along the shore past nearby A.R.E. center, where I would hang out, and felt I'd soon find my destiny wherever that odd-sounding word took me. Now, it's a couple decades later.

Perhaps either chance or hidden guides; even Secret Chiefs assisted me, because soon after I found some clues, I stumbled on a few footnotes in Liber 418, all that I needed to see and I smiled and did a little dance. I had found my "three secret temples," as I chose to call them, and I could now tell my tale. Maybe many others already knew this, but I was on my journey where I was just getting the pieces now in which to build my foundation and to raise it up to a book form so that I could teach it to others. To teach others, I must first teach myself.

Here is what I found.

.... Tribus annulis regna olisbon (30. "Refers to the Tree of Life; to be ruled by the three reciprocating Paths, d, e, p; that is, by the supernal love, by the Formula of Babalon and the Beast conjoined, and by that Formula at which is hinted in Liber AL. 1,2,3,4. all T.A.R.O.")—  
Liber 418

I included the formula below that he is referencing as well, for you, as I felt like I was on a sort of scavenger hunt, picking up shards left behind by those before me, and you can follow along to see the process I took.

AL:l.1 **"Had! The manifestation of Nuit."**

AL:l.2 **"The unveiling of the company of heaven."**

AL:l.3 **"Every man and every woman is a star."**

AL:l.4 **"Every number is infinite; there is no difference."**

Another puzzle. Still so far to go, I sighed, but I'm pondering, digging hour after hour. What does this mean? We are all that company of heaven, we are all that God manifesting on the body of Nuit.

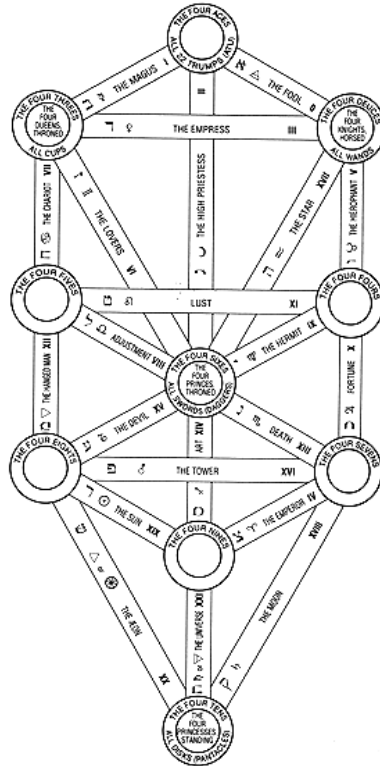
"The Beings who live Below, say that God is on High; while the Angels in Heaven, say that God is on Earth."  
—ZOHAR.

Profound is that statement. Awaken that spark, bring it down into you. Be that divine being. The ancients knew these secrets. It has something to do with exploring these "three reciprocating paths." Here is another mention from Liber 418.

And 32. "The union with his Mate first occurs In Yesod, of which p may be called the roof. Later we shall find the other marriages of e and d."

The chemical marriage starts in Yesod. That was plain enough to see. Now I was ready to explore all three: the moon, the sun and the stars (Tower, Lust, Empress). Therefore, the couple come

together in Yesod, but the temple or at least, its roof, is actually the Tower, where the “lightening flash” occurs. More on that later.



Look at the Tower (p), Lust (e) and Empress (d) positions on the diagram above and make note of them in your diary if you need to, or if you wish to explore the avenues provided and take them further or even down new corridors, readied for your individual expedition. Keep this handy as you read the story and see if you can see the other paths presented through the imagery.

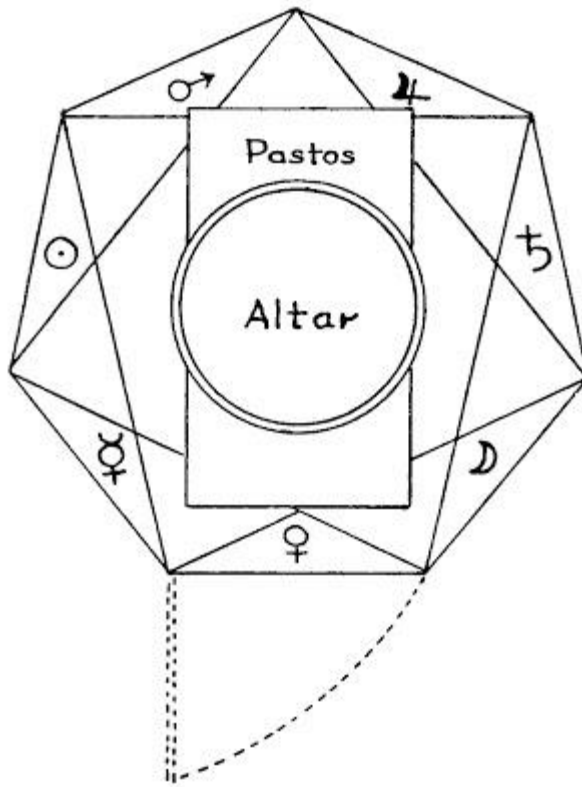
It was at this time, by chance, I had come across RJ Stewart's works and at first I was very excited, as if he and I both hooked into something in the Aethyr (though he doing so long before me) that was tangible, and I was finally seeing some validation by this talk of moon, sun and star spheres, but I was soon disappointed to see that he changed the correspondences of the "paths." He bases this change on William Gray's take on the Qabala, but I'm of a different school. No offense to him or those who follow that way. It isn't my tradition or training.

I am basing my occult science on that worked out by Aleister Crowley, as he came closest in my opinion to explain how the tree should be set up, and think to do otherwise would be to err for a non-adept like me to deviate, if I wish to keep the science as concrete as I can before joining it to my mystical nature in order to create my story. In other words, I need to follow my truth as it stands in my here and now, and from my level. From there, I am creating my version within these walls. Those who are on different paths or other levels can proceed as they will. For instance, they can do a 7-day trek on Samekh; whereas, this book is focusing on divine marriage, a fictionalized work on the symbolism, to kind of explore a working couple not walking the middle path as such, but

each going to one side (solve), and then together (coagula) in each temple as if moving out and up.

Back to the Chemical Wedding.... To go any further, I needed help from my guide, Venus, and her symbols to direct me, as she is who leads one on this journey. To validate that, I decided to call the book *Vault of Babalon*, alluding to the vault of Rosenkreutz, because it is not just a tomb, but the womb of Isis (Venus). This corresponds to the power of *The Empress* and the 3rd Key of the Tarot, being assigned to the Hebrew letter Daleth (d) which translates to "Door." The planetary sign of Venus is crux ansata. You must wear the ankh as a symbol of power and direction; the ancients whisper. Envision it emblazoned within you. It symbolizes those life forces within matter, such as within you, and behind that individualized lifeform that is you, there is the Sea of Life from which Isis rises. She is the divine spark within you, and that star that must be unveiled so that you can become conscious of your connection to all that is.





Vault of Adepti

Look at the passage below, which covers the depiction beautifully of how one would proceed if he or she was of this grade.

"[The Chief Adept] has Mars and Geburah at his right hand, and Jupiter and Gedulah at his left hand. He faces Venus in the West, the Evening Star, which represents the entry of the Candidate who has toiled all day until the evening. At even he enters the Western door of the planet Venus, that sole planet unto whose symbol alone all the Sephiroth are

conformed. ... [The newly admitted Adept] enters through the Green side of the Vault. Green is the colour of growth; let him see that he grows."  
 —William Wynn Westcott, The Symbolism of the Seven Sides

But alas, I'm no adept.<sup>5</sup> I am here to tell a story, to allude to the journey. "Oh, mystic mountain, I am humbled before your cave, my Redeemer, Myself, the trinity," I tell her from the vault door, where I'm not ready to enter. Does she hear me? I study the symbolism, it is carried within to guide me. Our journey in Divine Marriage is different, so we'll turn our focus a bit.



"The outer portion, the septagram, is the symbol of the outer order, and represents the ceiling of the Vault of the Adepts (5=6 grade, G.D.), and the symbol of Babalon, a holy name of Binah. It corresponds to the High Priestess of

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<sup>5</sup> I make no false claims. Let one's work speak for itself.

the Tarot, whose title in Thelemic Tarot decks is “Priestess of the silver star.”<sup>6</sup>

Also, note that the septagram is called a fairy star. Perhaps, the Shining Ones live on.

While writing this book, I had a dream<sup>7</sup> I was being taken to a secret underground chamber, where my clothes were removed by a stern woman in a funny white hat, while others watched from behind me. I was very aware of my nakedness, but I felt unafraid and unashamed. Then she put the red robe of Mars around me and told me I had work to do. I whispered to her my plan, and she scoffed at me; “It’s your first day and you are already making demands!” I had to chuckle at that. Regrettably, it was just a dream. I have a lot of work to do, indeed. As for demands; yes, I am demanding to do a few things. “I’m going to bring Morgan Le Fay back,” I tell that dream woman; allegorically of course. Those who have read my book Daughter of the Mighty Ones may notice the unborn girl, Binah Sophia Fay, born at the end is named Morgan (Fay), a new incarnation for modern times, like Marion Zimmer Bradley has done in her books, admitting in one short bio that

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<sup>6</sup> <http://symboldictionary.net/?p=1337>

<sup>7</sup> Many a nights, I was awoken from sleep to go downstairs and write. Other times, restless and between sleep where a dream woman talked to me.

she bases her character on Vivien Le Fay. It is also a story of the Empress Path and the Bride.

I'm ready. Give me that robe of Mars. I am here to do war. Let me be as Morrigan. This world was robbed of a vital gift from those who preceded me. Luckily some of it has survived and I see the seeds blooming. Some had sought to destroy the harvest. Hence, I'm writing this book, wondering about the rumored sex magick taking place among members such as Dion or Maiya Tranchell Hayes? Gone forever, I suppose. Those who read mainstream occult books will never know the sabotage that went on. So what is my authority to play with these ideas of moon, sun, and star, of love and divine union, you might ask? I do it as a priestess of Isis, of Babalon, and by those who have guided me on my occult path, within the validity of occult science backing it, as to the best of my present understanding. I'm doing it for myself. Others need not heed it and can scoff as they will. Sometimes, we have no choice what we write. It wants to come out, and we play host to our creation good, bad or mistaken. Some of it is unconscious, and I'm an imperfect vehicle trying to do it fairness.

What would have come from the union of Dion and Crowley? They were seeking to inspire more pagan attitudes, as Kenneth Grant suggested, to

accomplish the “mystical union of faun and fairy,” as I like to call it, and there are those who want to see this marriage, if you will, and I’m playing scribe, nothing more, of this imagined token. “And the Angel sayeth: Blessed are the saints, that their blood is mingled in the cup, and can never be separate any more.” —Liber 428. I see these adepts as being in the same “cup.” These adepts from Golden Dawn, and then later several also as a part of Crowley’s secret circle, as evidenced by found documents. See Alan Richardson’s book “Aleister Crowley and Dion Fortune: The Logos of the Aeon and the Shakti of the Age.” Their work is not separate, but mingled and alive within those who drink of this knowledge.

So, let us review. We have touched upon the three temples, the Chemical Wedding of Christian Rosecreutz, The Magic Flute and Liber 418, which not only describes the Aethyrs, but lays out the path of the divine marriage, the path of becoming an adept for those on that journey, along with Ambrosii Magi Hortus Rosarum (Aleister Crowley’s description of the Chemical Wedding), and lastly, the assumption of what Dion Fortune might have produced or was in the process of producing.<sup>8</sup> That’s quite a bit. What is missing?

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<sup>8</sup> In the preface of one of Dion Fortune’s books, there is a mention by SIL that her Sun Magic is a myth, though adepts associated with her work and/or her group right now whisper to me otherwise. Again, it

We need love. We need She who is behind the Mysteries. We need the Mysteries of Isis to carry us forward; both the science as below, and later the mysticism of it all. It ties together beautifully into a gift created by She for you, along with an invitation to accept it if you will. This is merely one take on it.

“Sirius B, the dark star or invisible companion of Sirius A, is equivalent to Nephthys, the sister of Isis. And when Sirius A, the visible star, takes its 72 day journey below the horizon of Earth into the underworld, it also becomes an invisible star. In the underworld it is Nephthys who Set thinks he is impregnating during the underworld journey of Isis....The ceremonies of the Mysteries are also intended to portray the higher evolution of man, his return to the divine source whence he came.” —*The Sirius Mystery* by Robert K. G. Temple

Keep that number 72 (the number of the Shemhamphoresch) in mind. As well, you will be meeting Isis and Nephthys (Black Isis), as well as Sophia, who has white and black aspects. They will guide the way as they have since the beginning and by whose initiates carry it forward. Picture now in your mind three mountains, one called Nephthys and the other Isis, and the third in between them, now collapsed and sunken, but it is that transcendent point where you must stand atop

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may have been fear that she was recognizing Horus. More research needs to be done and for those in the know to step forward with solid facts.

and become fully yourself. To do that, raise yourself up from the bottom of its ruins, where you are cast into its depths, but the way is up if you can orient and find your way out.

During my research, I had a problem with the suggestion of there being only 2 temples in Atlantis, a sun temple and a sea temple. Fire and water make sense, and there were sun and moon temples in different parts of the world like South America, and even temples correlating to Venus along with others. Even Plato suggested multiple temples, so the number 2 doesn't make sense. Even in Christian cathedrals, based on ideas they themselves have forgotten or have tried to secretly preserve, often have 3 towers or spires, except that the third or central is usually smaller or almost undetectable. Oftentimes, these towers can be pyramidal in shape. The theory is that the central pillar represents heaven exploding and collapsing, causing the sky to fall upon Atlantis<sup>9</sup> or paradise, and causing it to sink beneath the ocean. This story is resonated in other religions as well, including the kingdom of Dvaravati that sank and became a gateway to hell. This gate, when represented by Egyptian temples or Temple of Solomon, was marked by pillars suggesting palm trees. Interestingly, the sunken Hindu version of Atlantis, referred to as Atala, is said to mean both pillar and

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<sup>9</sup> [http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/atlantida\\_mu/esp\\_atlantida\\_4a.htm](http://www.bibliotecapleyades.net/atlantida_mu/esp_atlantida_4a.htm)

palm tree. Based on this information and not trying to pretend I know anything about Atlantis, I set my three Atlantean-inspired temples on three mountain peaks, where the middle one, the Star (Sothis/Isis) temple, is the collapsed one, the gateway to hell, and as above, so below, also the gate to heaven, and that is how the story is being presented. This mythological version of Atlantis is far reaching and found in cultures around the world, and this is carved in the stones and in the brickwork of ancient and modern buildings, and I feel it engrained in the foundation of this realm. It makes sense that there is a gulf to reaching the star temple. The access isn't even on this plane. That's why I went with this conceptual angle.

For the moment, let us pause and take a look at this story I'm about to tell you of Divine Marriage. Although the Mysteries are true and for the use of all, I am going to write it as a novel, a novel for Morgan Le Fay, for Maiya, for Crowley and Fortune, and for the "mystical union of faun and fairy." In this story, we will be soon be meeting a woman named Mezla<sup>10</sup> Black in modern times and then Matrona<sup>11</sup>, in her past life. Their two lives will merge and culminate in a modern day *chemical wedding* called the Gnostic Mass.

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<sup>10</sup> Descent of divine energy. Mezla going down, Matrona going up.

<sup>11</sup> Daughter, Bride, the Shekinah, and Eve. Some say even Morrigan. In early Welsh literature Modron {a version of Matrona}. The story lines were later merged, forming a link between Modron and King Arthur.



Now, you should be prepared for our journey. May you bode well. Pass within without fear in your heart, if you wish to be allowed to enter.

If you can do this, I invite you to attend this wedding and ask that you sign your name here in the guestbook, should you accept. The next wedding may be yours.

Guesbook: \_\_\_\_\_

## Chapter 1 (The Present)

Let me tell you a strange and curious story about a woman, Mezla Black, who once existed in our world. Cloaked in black, she moved in and out of groups, sometimes putting her unseen hand in them as she goes; seeing the corrupt goings on as well as their failings of service to initiates. So she beseeches the powers that be to make the Mysteries accessible to all. As humans are imperfect, help is imperfect, but the goals remain in place. Whether her story is true or not is unimportant. Let us for a moment imagine that it is. Hear it from her point of view.

“To me a book is a message from the gods to mankind; or, if not, should never be published at all.” -- Aleister Crowley

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In my darkened temple with black Egyptian statues surrounding my chalk-drawn circle, a figure moves past the flickering candles to where I'm seated on the floor, my bare feet tucked under me. Before me sits a simple altar of black, up above me is a glowing red lamp, and before me, a robed figure

with a black veil appears. Perhaps, it is the spirit of Maiya Tranchell Hayes. She used to attend Dion Fortune's Fraternity of the Inner Light meetings; covered in a veil and always seating herself in the east, then spiriting herself away once the lecture ended. A living representative of Babalon; that is how I see her, even if people say when she buried her Golden Dawn tools<sup>12</sup>, she was giving up. Perhaps, she was ending one chapter to begin another. She found a new mission and maybe it's not over.

I set out to find my own understanding of Maiya, who knew Dion Fortune better than probably anyone. I made her an archetype much like a modern Venus or Babalon.

I leaned over the silver bowl, from which I had brought in, that had gathered rain water on the terrace over the past few weeks, and I peered into green murky water. Soon, I met the reflection of a woman cloaked in green sitting in a forest, her face barely perceptible behind the murk. "Lift your veil," I say to her, "so I may know who you are."

Only silence, only separation. "Priestess, you who have gone before me, I am needing your help.

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<sup>12</sup> Doreen Valiente ended up with her tools when they were supposedly found buried, the same woman who wrote a story killing the character based on Maiya. Curious.

Shine your light, let me find my way, that I may lead the old initiates to you.” The image flickers.

“Is it you, Ishtar?” I implored the fire, which burned brighter. Ishtar was a motto she used. No answer. Some called her the Star, for short.

Shrouded in mystery, she sits away from me where there is no bridge, a watery plane I seek to traverse. My finger reached towards her and at once the surge of ripples destroyed the illusion, the veiled woman now gone and only myself remaining. It was never her at all, though there is some destiny between us.

“Where have you gone, Priestess of the Silver Star? Where may I find you?”

A fool’s errand. I was no sibyl, no oracle of old. I was a bony woman with a messy pony tail, wearing black pajamas, having recently cleaned my kitchen, and here I was pretending I knew anything about magick. I buried my face in my hands, unconcerned if I smeared my Egyptian-style make-up. Even that was an illusion.

“I will never find you,” I lamented. “Now, how will I find my way?” Then I knew. If I wanted to be a Priestess of the Silver Star, it was about me, not her. She was an adept in the City of the Pyramids, I was an ordinary woman in Manhattan,

New York. There was a gulf between us, and I'd never find her. I had to worry about my own path, though that path would continue to draw inspiration of wisdom from the books left behind by the greats. It just would have been nice to have some of this unwritten history of Thelema available for women like me.

I took out my red diary and decided to make some notes before I headed to work, so I curled up on the wicker loveseat by my small balcony, where I had a few potted trees, which I named for some reason, as if it mattered. Upon them, I hung flickering lights, and I imagined fairies dancing around them at night, as I needed nature, this connection in the middle of a concrete city. As I was gathering my thoughts, my eyes settled on a passage I wrote so long ago that I had forgotten it.

When I was in Kindergarten, I sat at my desk playing with my favorite Egyptian Hieroglyph jewelry, minding my own business, when the teacher called the name of the little boy sitting next to me. One's name is powerful, marking, and evocative, but this particular name hit me as if by truck, unsettling me. I couldn't move. My mind turned inward, sent me whirling, searching, trying to connect to the source of this name. The door was shut. I couldn't remember. What was the name she said? Dion. Now, why do I know that name and why did it jolt me?

That name has haunted me since I was six. I'd like to think I knew her, that we were once

acquaintances as silly as that sounds, but the familiarity is the Work. We only need to be concerned with this door I'm about to open. Let me tell you more of the curious story of me, Mezla Black, and the strange encounters I had with a veiled woman, leading me beyond time and space, but always bound by an unavoidable connection...the completion of one's or a group's work. "And now she lifts her head, and raises her hands to heaven, and cries: O Mother, wilt thou never have compassion on the children of earth? Was it not enough that the Rose should be red with the blood of thine heart." -  
*- Liber 418*

Here in the United States, called by some the emerging third temple, I am not far from the Goddess of Liberty erected upon the new Temple of the Sun, resting on the base of an 11-pointed star of magick. With the sinking of Atlantis, the physical temple was destroyed, but its etheric counterpart remains a light to the world. It is said the West gate of sunken Atlantis has become the East gate of the new temple, and She shines the pure creative fire of Alpha and Omega.<sup>13</sup> She is Isis, Ishtar, or Ashera to those who can see, and she is lighting the way for those of this time who are ready to steward the Mysteries. Whether this new temple fails depends on the abuses going on

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<sup>13</sup> Also written as a nod to the now dead fraternity that spawned many greats long ago, who paved the way and lit it as well.

and the darkness of superstition which may prevail instead.

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As I mentioned above, I was living in Manhattan where I worked as a bartender in a Gothic bar, an obscure hole in the wall, where a house band called Joy played. While working there, I met the keyboard player and singer, Aleister Moringstar, an intense musician who wore a unicursal hexagram around his sweaty neck as he played, his fingers pounding the keys. Light ricocheted off that necklace, mesmerizing me as I watched, unable to move. The customers grumbled at my inattention to them, but this man was as if tuned to a higher plane where his music was created. He played with confidence, as if the elements moved in sway with him; a magickian balanced unto himself. He commanded the stage like a pharaoh conquering a kingdom, his deep-set eyes focused inward to the gods, his potent muscles ready for war, and I not so secretly admired him as he played with raw emotion, his dyed purple hair along with his t-shirt drenched as he sang in his gut-gripping voice that could command angels. His lyrics tugged at my soul, spiraling me into realms of mystery. Deeper and deeper layers, he took me as if merging with my soul, as if opening doors I didn't know existed.

Then after enjoying their performance, near the end of my shift, I found an envelope on the counter, probably a hefty tip, I surmised. Oddly enough, when I stuck a finger in to take a peak, I spied an invitation to a wedding. For me? I don't think so. It must have been left by accident. I searched the dwindling crowd, wondering if someone might come back for it. A few tattooed women were laughing in the corner along with a couple of roadies finishing the last of their beers before heading their way out.

“Who is the lucky bride?” I sarcastically wondered aloud before going back to wiping the sticky counter. That was my only adventure; I quipped. My only escape later would be into one of my favorite Dion Fortune novels.

At the same time, at the other end of the bar, at a table for two, Al Morningstar<sup>14</sup> was resting after performing his set and speaking to a veiled woman in the dim room; yet her aura cast a faint glow, as if seeking to hold him spellbound. She was rambling on about temples, three of them, or something. He wasn't really listening because of exhaustion, I supposed. Who could blame him?

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<sup>14</sup> The character in *Ambrosii Magi Hortus Rosarum* is Christeos Morningstar, so I broke up the name into Al Moringstar and Christeos as the name of the Logos, and within Al himself as well.



Then I mused, was she some Babalon come to invite one to a Chemical Wedding? Though in jest, I felt myself turn white as a ghost. I froze, wondering if I should pack a basket of salt, water, bread and a rose and set upon my way to witness the chymical nuptials. Though the woman was veiled, I felt her eyes boring into mine. She was no ordinary guest to this bar.

Then I glanced at the table at her long fingers, and even though I was several feet away, I could make out three Thoth cards she pointed to: the Tower, Lust, and the Empress, and beside them was the same envelope. Behind its seal was a call to initiation.

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“Take it,” the mysterious presence said to Al, motioning towards the envelope with an elegant hand.

The blunt New Yorker tossed back a shot of bourbon, stared suspiciously and then asked, “What’s in it?”

Truth be told, he was hoping the mysterious woman brought a recording contract, but to his disappointment, he found an invitation to a

wedding. He scowled. He wasn't in the mood for this game.

“Who is getting married?” he asked, hoping for an executive at a record label or some inner circle to rub elbows with.

“You are.”

“Whoa!” he said with a chuckle. “This isn't Las Vegas and I'm not drunk enough, lady.”

Although the room was dark, the veil was thin enough to see her lips turn upwards in a smile, almost sinister. I could sense the sharpness of her teeth behind her curved lips.

“We'll talk again when you are ready,” she tells him before rising and heading to the door, as with a smooth flowing motion like a ghost.

“Crazy, lady,” Al mumbled as he turned to raise his empty shot glass to the bartender to get another one, when he caught her slipping a matching pearl-colored envelope like he had received into her apron pocket. Was she to be the bride? Al's mouth stared dumbfounded at the pretty bartender, who worked her way over to him. In high heels and short black shorts, she already would have taken his breath away hadn't it been for the strange business about weddings.

“Can I get you another?” the bartender asked, but he was at a loss for words. “I get it, the silent brooding artist type,” she teased with dimples dotting her cheeks, getting him another shot.

He simply nodded, but then his hazel eyes settled on a red book peeking out of a nearby shelf and he smiled. It was a copy of the Book of the Law.

Al was well adept in Crowley’s works. At that moment, while becoming aroused by her lithe body as she moved in her hip hugging shorts, he recalled something Aleister Crowley wrote called “Peaches.” He wracked his brain. Part of it went like this:

“Soft and hollow, how thou dost overcome the hard and full!

It dies, it gives itself; to Thee is the fruit!

Be thou the Bride; thou shalt be the Mother hereafter.” --

*Peaches*

## Chapter 2

### Sophia!

You of the whirling wings,  
circling, encompassing energy of God:  
you quicken the world in your clasp.

One wing soars in heaven,  
one wing sweeps the earth,  
and the third flies all around us.

Praise to Sophia!  
Let all the earth praise her!

-Hildegard of Bingen

Let us now focus on how this whole story began, and we will be going back to ancient times, where an ethereal woman sits motionless on a stone bench in the far end of a mystical rose garden, her white wings tucked at her back, her delicate feet upon rich soil scattered with gems of citrine. She pines for love, now divided, and the stones about her feet shine like her star-born children. Some of them say, “O great Goddess and Queen of all the worlds, wilt thou, after so long a time of desertion, once appear

again!” – Jane Leade, a Quaker. She calls out to them, but they cannot yet hear her.

“This is the Magickal History  
of the Dawning of the Light  
Begun are the Whirling Motions’  
formulated is the Primal Fire;  
Proclaimed is the Reign of the Gods of Light  
at the Threshold of the Infinite Worlds.” -- *A Note on  
Genesis*

Upon her glistening red head, she envisions a whirling white light (see above quote) encompassing the power of nature, becoming like a waterfall and falling down into the nape of her neck (That force of שכינה Shechinah is what we call Pistis Sophia, which descends and goes up), where it forms into a whirling blue ball (star temple), before overflowing and spilling out, and then continuing on to the heart, where the light turns golden (sun temple) and becomes a whirling disk of gold. Yet again, the light continues on its journey on its way to the groin, where it becomes a purplish ball of whirling light (moon temple), before descending and taking root in the dark

green, almost blackness at her feet.<sup>15</sup> She could disappear and reappear, as was not fully solid, though manifesting an image of herself on this plane, where she came to check on the development of her children.

“My feet are in the Earth, my loins (genitals) are in the Moon, my heart is in the Sun, and my head is in the Stars” – RJ Stewart

At this moment, she was rapt in her visualization when in that purple ball formed a yellow square and in that square lied a sleeping coiled serpent, though she was unaware. Little by little the snake with 22 scales stirred, sensing an awakening in its host. She had been repeating this exercise for some time, as it was taught to her children by the wise, and she hoped it would work for them, to awaken them to her calling from her real sphere of Chokmah, so faint, so far above. Reflected into this denser realm, she filled with pain, with longing to return, and at once, the serpent opened its eyes with a flash of light. So silently, she had been calling to him though she knew it not, and

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<sup>15</sup> The Middle Pillar ritual was practiced by many groups including Dion Fortune. *Tantra for Westerners: A Practical Guide to the Way of Action*

she was seeking him though she knew not he existed. They were two halves, known and unknown, depending on the depths of her travels.

Seeking to engage her, at once, the serpent materialized a vision of himself outside of herself so that she may meet him, but surprisingly he took on the image of a handsome man with blond wavy hair framing his noble countenance and luminous eyes. A short white tunic shrouded his body, leaving the exposed sinewy limbs and head radiating light. He was a handsome sun god, Warmth radiated to her coolness.

Sophia gasped at the sudden appearance, yet quickly became captivated, each pondering their familiarity with the other. She seemed like the shadow desiring to cloak the flame, and he the arrow-tipped flame longing to push into her darkness.

“One mounteth unto the Crown by the moon and by the Sun, and by the arrow, and by the Foundation, and by the dark home of the stars from the black earth.” -- *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente*

“Beloved,” he said, “So long have I been waiting for us to find each other!”

“We have only just met,” she assured him in her confusion, despite the magnetic pull to him, the

desire of his touch, to pull his golden head toward her for a precious kiss.

“Mine Angel, my love, do you not remember me? Here in this realm, we are far from what it is real, as if we are on the edge of a daydream. So, feel with your heart and body as well, where your mind has trouble going. We have long been seeking the other, Sophia,” he tells her, “I’ve been long a part of you, yet apart.”

“But, who are you?”

“I’m Christeos.”

“Ah, yes,” she whispered, her eyes closing to focus on distant memories, the Logos. “I know you,” yet the pain of division intensifies. All her sorrows are laid exposed, he is her sun to her moon.

He takes her hand into his, though this hand did not hold the density of the material world, and sits by her. But alas, he was starting to disappear; his image only maintained by their mutual thoughts though not the density of the material world, and sits by her, but alas he was starting to disappear, his image only maintained by thoughts and emotions. She fought to give him the love, the energy to hold him here, to keep him pressed against her chest. Though like opposite charges pulling at the other, seeking to merge and become



one and none, he let go of her hand and began to fade, their fingertips barely touching.

With the fervor in her heart growing, burning and desiring to envelope this missing flame, the twin half she longed to unite with, she pleaded, “Please. Stay. Where are you going?”

“Back from where I came, as you will not leave this realm to be with your love,” he lamented. “We need a marriage to unite us, but a marriage between a couple, and through them, we will journey home little by little until all our reflections become as one.”

At last, he vanished, returning to a sleeping serpent within her, and Sophia pressed her fingers to her outer form, anguished that she can’t embrace him, and she set out on her quest, to see her children one by one unite, so that in the end she and Christeos could be one as well, each waiting to be awakened within one’s self.

I, the fiery life of divine wisdom, I ignite the beauty of the plains, I sparkle the waters, I burn in the sun, and the moon, and the stars. - *Hildegard von Bingen*

## Chapter 3

### (Past life of Mezla and Al)

One day in early spring, a brown haired prince, Adam, filled with a lust for life, wandered a field of trees and buttercups beneath a hilltop to survey his dominion, which was for him, the guarded Castle of Ug.<sup>16</sup> Near the end of this property in a valley, he comes across a veiled woman weeping in the rose garden beside a bronze gate that he knew not where it went. Not many townfolk strayed this far into this territory, as it is mostly unknown for them. So who was she? Perhaps, a maiden mourning her lost love? Her lamenting cries tugged at his heart, and he dismounted his black horse and tied it to a birch tree; deciding to get a closer look. Upon glimpsing her delicate wings, he knew this was no ordinary person.

In hushed whispers in town, he had heard stories of such a person. The townfolk called her Sophia. They said while trapped on Earth, she feels the pain and suffering of her children, yet goes about teaching the Mysteries, as she has willed to do and must accomplish. And all the while the fiery

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<sup>16</sup> References initiation and name of castle in *Ambrosii Magi Hortus Rosarum*

Logos that is her lover pines for her return, as he has been waiting for her from the beginning of time. Join your hearts in love, she tells those who hear, and through you, I will be whole. They knew not what she meant, as they often failed in their own marriages. They hungered with an emptiness in their hearts, and in old age, they found their souls to be barren, as she sat there in her own barrenness. To take your fill and will of love is the mysterious trajectory for all souls and some would find their way as others could not at this time.

The vision of this woman is as a mirage to the prince and upon seeing her, he leaned against the tree, his knees buckling from the otherworldly beauty of her countenance. And through what little his eyes could penetrate of her veil, he swooned in rapture, as he admired her confident posture; a woman who knows her will.

He felt a duty to assist her. Slowly, as not to startle her, he approached her; falling on one knee on the dark earth with awe and respect.

“Dear Lady, how may I comfort you in your sadness?”

“Find your twin soul; that two may become as one flame. Only then will I be whole again.”

“I have no such love,” he tells her to her dismay.

And in his own sadness, he leaves her to her loss. But his dissatisfaction grows, like a grain of sand inside an oyster, as he keeps busy, tending his horses and overseeing his vineyards. But his mind constantly returns to the mysterious woman, as if her pining dwelled within his own heart.

Alas, unable to forget her, he starts visiting her at the mysterious gate; bringing with him, books of poetry, full of love and that he reads to her in hopes of easing her heart. He strives ever forward to bring to her, visions of beauty to replace the darkness of her suffering. Yet she will not move from her place of sorrow.

He then picks a dew-kissed flower from the rose bush and hands it to her. She accepts the bloom from him, and in return, she hands him a pearl-colored envelope, wherein he finds a wedding invitation.

She hands this to him; noticing his once soft and boyish features, turning from his youth and sharpening into those of a young man. And she says, "It is for a couple in love, who wish to become one in a mystical marriage," gleaming, as she speaks, "and as they unite as one, the Logos and I shall dwell in them. We will be 4 and then 2, yet 1."

“I have no such love,” he once again tells her; shoving the invitation into a book, while pulling out another of the books he had brought to read to her to comfort her in her pain.

She doesn't push him, as she wants to let him journey in his own mind and heart, and to understand his own longings stirring; even if quietly.

One day while reading to her, he was taken aback by what he read in the *Chymical Wedding*, a strange book he found in his father's library.

“Now as soon as I espied this sign I was the more comforted, as not being ignorant that such a seal was little acceptable, and much less useful, to the Devil. Whereupon I tenderly opened the letter, and within it, in an azure field, in golden letters, found the following verses written.

This day, today  
 Is the Royal Wedding day.  
 For this thou wast born  
 And chosen of God for joy  
 Thou mayest go to the mountain  
 Whereon three temples stand,  
 And see there this affair.  
 Keep watch  
 Inspect thyself  
 And shouldst thou not bathe thoroughly  
 The Wedding may work thy bane.  
 Bane comes to him who faileth here  
 Let him beware who is too light.”

Adam paused from his reading; contemplating the passage he had just read and then continued until he came to another quote that moved him, as if something within was tugging at him and urging him to action. But action of what?

“But the obscure words concerning the three temples particularly afflicted me, which I was not able to make out by any after-speculation, and perhaps should not have done so yet, had they not been wonderfully revealed to me.”

He shut the book. A sense of adventure roused him. The Mysteries called and lured him with their sweet siren songs. He closed his eyes, trying to see with the other sight.

“I must find these secret temples,” he proclaims. And she responds:

“There is only one way. I’m not certain you would be allowed to pass unto the temples. The way is long and arduous.”

He knelt down on the black earth, where her misty form spoke to him. He says to her, “Let me try. If only I knew where to begin. What are these temples?”

“To enter through this doorway, it must be in love... with love of life, beauty, art, liberty, and your partner or the quest of finding your angel.”

He puts the book in a sack and backed away.  
Without a lover of his own, he had not wanted to  
hear this talk of love.

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Through bush, through brier,  
Over park, over pale  
Through flood, thorough fire  
I do wander everywhere  
Swifter than the moone's sphere:  
And I serve the fairy queen.  
To dew her orbs upon the green-- *Midsummer Night's  
Dream* by Shakespeare

Meanwhile, nearby, there was a young woman  
named Matrona on a search of her own, and we  
will see let her continue our story from her point of  
view...

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I stared at the reflection of the mysterious woman  
in the murky pond;<sup>17</sup> mine Angel who harkens to  
me. But when I touch the cool water, the ripples  
disperse her and I'm overcome with grief.  
Heartbroken, I stood up; my body weighed down  
with emotion, and I pulled my green hood over my

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<sup>17</sup> In chapter 1, Mezla is looking down at her past life in a bowl of water and sees Matrona; looking up at her. We now see Matrona looking down into a pond to see Mezla looking up at her.

head and traipsed barefoot back through the woods. My feet caressed by damp moss and buttercups, marched steadily when suddenly, I capture sight of a figure of a man moving behind the trees. I freeze, but it was too late, a bird alerted him to my robed presence.

Upon spying me, despite my leaning into the arms of shadows to conceal myself, he presses against a tree trunk; as if steadying himself from the surprise at having his solitary journey interrupted. Our paths have collided under the Castle of Ug. For all I know, he is a prince in this kingdom. Probably a teen like me, though he stood tall and gallant, not like the bent workers of the fields I just journeyed across or the leathery seaman at the port from which I came.

“I see you,” I tell him, making out the image of a tanned boy, his hair tousled by the breeze. I look past his other features, as I focused on the noble countenance of his comely face. His features were somewhat sharp like a hawk, making him appear all the more spirited.

“Have you come from the other side?” he asked suspiciously, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, phantasms of his imagination seeming to play in his head.



“Are you a faun come to ravage me?” I demanded to know. My chin was raised in a commanding posture; banishing fear before it would chain to me to where I stood. I wanted the opportunity to flee, until I looked into his eyes. They were like whirlpools sucking me in to the depths of his soul.

“Don’t be alarmed, fairy,” he gently says to me; seeking to soothe me before I flee.

"By the mystical union  
Of fairy and faun,  
Unspoken, unbroken -  
The dust to the dawn! -  
A secret communion<sup>18</sup>  
Unmeasured, unsung,  
The listless, resistless,  
Tumultuous tongue!" – Aleister Crowley

“I’m not a fairy,” I tell him, though my fiery red hair peeking out from my hood must be telling him otherwise, as if I must be a true vision of the daughter of Morgan Le Fay.

“And I’m not a faun,” retorts this man in green. But I swear he is a son of Pan, if ever!

"Into my loneliness comes -

1. The sound of a flute in dim groves that haunt the

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<sup>18</sup> I see DF as fairy, AC as faun, and “secret communion” as the “secret understanding” between them, though its not what AC intended when he wrote it, merely my playing with the idea and putting in here as my recognizing their “communion.”

uttermost hills.

2. Even from the brave river they reach to the edge of the wilderness.

3. And I behold Pan. – Aleister Crowley

“Be on your way,” I warn him, each of us moving warily from side to side as if mirroring the other.

His face grimaces with a smile that creeps across his ample lips, as we continued our precipitous dance. I could sense a great joy emerging from his heart, as he teased me with his snide laughter; this unarmed woman challenging a strong prince.

“What is so funny?” I ask; betraying my own grin. But it was no use. I gave in to the farce that had developed and followed with a chuckle; only to blush with embarrassment.

“I’ve been hunting for what I knew not, until I saw you. I think you and I must be cut from the same fabric; our twin flame severed in two and tossed into this lonely forest.”

- I have been smitten with the reek of Thy mouth, that drinketh never wine but life.
- How the dew of the Universe whitens the lips!
- Ah! trickling flow of the stars of the mother Supernal, begone!
- I Am She that should come, the Virgin of all men. – Aleister Crowley

“I think you are a beast,” I snap, turning away, lest he see my cheeks turning red.

“And you a witch,” he replies, moving closer, “stealing my soul and enchanting me?”

“I assure you I cast no spell, no net to pull you in,” I tell him in mock horror, “You are free to go.” Irked by his insinuation, I stepped back despite the magnetic pull. My heart fought with my head; just a waif that I was; new to this land and in this untraveled territory.

“Okay, I’ll go,” he lamented, “but mark my words. Where you go, my thoughts will follow.”

Those words sent a cupid’s arrow into my heart; marked from here on out. Should I remove it, I’d die of a mortal wound.

“Just leave me with your name to carry with me, if you cannot not give me your heart.”

“My name is Matrona.”

“And I am Adam.”

"None, breathed the light, faint & faery, of the stars, and two. For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union." – *Liber al vel Legis*

“I must go!” I cry out, fleeing like a nymph of Pan. And he begins his chase; trying to grasp the material of my robe, and sometimes catching a fleeting touch of the skin on my cheek, while he laughs and chides me all the more, until we both tumble down onto the soft ground. Our bodies entangle as we roll several feet down the hill. And through exhausted gasps of breath, our eyes meet. We momentarily freeze, our lungs become still, as we find ourselves locked in mutual attraction; before finally remembering to exhale.

Neither of us dare move until I begin to laugh and he does not understand why. I had forgotten joy; forgotten the games of youth, and childhood memories. This very boy and I had played as children around the castle. But he was a prince and destined for greatness, and I was not royalty, as far as anyone knew. So our paths crossed only as my family was able to attend certain public functions.

Perhaps, it had something to do with this strange woman that was watching us in the woods, but a sensibility had been raised between us, as if a society of secret chiefs had decreed to revive the old ways that had faded before our time.

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Here we come a-piping,  
 In springtime and in May;  
 Green fruit a-ripening,  
 And Winter fled away.  
 The Queen she sits upon the strand,  
 Fair as lily, white as wand;  
 Seven billows on the sea,  
 Horses riding fast and free,  
 And bells beyond the sand.—Anonymous

With the return of these mysteries, and as the story goes, it is the first of May when the Earth is awash with tender blossoms and fresh green grass; bursting forth like limbs and breaking out of a dark sleep. It is a time when lovers both old and young seek to recall past vows or create new moments of tenderness in order to mark their awareness and celebration of mystical love. In the midst of the excitement, the town folk dress in green tunics decorated with moss and flowers as they make their way to the town square. Among them, Matrona, a teenage girl is chosen to be the ‘Flower Bride’, while Adam, the chosen boy is dressed with leaves sewn into his robe like the ‘Green Man’. And this lucky lad spies his Flower Bride exuding the softness and warmth of a blossoming rose, as she is leads on horseback. The magnificent beast’s muscles ripple, his strength guided by her firm hands on its reins. And Adam follows as if in a trance. By what fate or destiny was the young woman in the woods chosen for him? Song, pipe and dance accompany them, as they ascend the hill

of heather, overlooking the distant sea, where neighbor greets neighbor, lover woos lover.

The Flower Bride is in white, carrying a branch tied with ribbons and wild flowers. She is led to the pair of wooden thrones. Her name is said aloud “Matrona,” and her almond-shaped face framed with glistening red hair, beamed joy unto each direction. Beside her is led the handsome boy, the one she had dallied with in the woods. He steals a glance at her and turns away, his heart beating strongly. He remembers what his father once told him.

- First, prepare – Sacred Work
- Second, meet – The Glance
- Third, initiate – The Kiss

The kiss that weighed heavily on his mind, as it would any young lad danced in his heart until at the ceremony, where his dalliance was diverted. It is announced. “Today, the prince and princess shall die!”

Everyone cheers, while the young couple turn to each other with furtive glances. The clapping and dancing seemed out of place to the naïve couple. The shock kept them still. The smiles of their loved ones beseeched trust, adding to the confusion.

Holding up his hands to silence the crowd, the bald high priest brought them to a hush. No one dared defy him. This austere man with broad nose and thin lips surveyed the uncertain young man and demanded, “Will you die, prince, for this woman?”

Hesitating, Adam saw a hint of annoyance upon Matrona’s brow, and falling captive to the green of her eyes, simply nodding; momentarily forgetting the question until the horror of realization set in.

The priest in white then turned to her and asked, “Will you die, princess, for this man?”

Upon seeing her parents in the crowd nodding, she did as well, and so the boy and girl reached across to one another and joined hands; having no one else but each other to turn to now. Her hand trembled in his, but he gave it a squeeze. They were in this together, to be victims of this formidable priest with harsh lines around his gray eyes and humorless mouth.

They gulp as he raises the dagger and goes behind them. The crowd is silent; their fate sealed. The terrified youth shut their eyes tight, awaiting the cold steel, but instead the knife cuts the air around them, severing invisible bonds.

He says, “When the cut of liberation is made, you can then reconstitute and rebirth anew according to your will.”

Then he adds, “After today, you will no longer be yourself; that youth you once were has died, you can never go back. When you marry and become one, you are no longer yourself, but a pair that must join,” the High Priest announced, “You become more than you were, you are Twin Souls who will soon join as one.”

He passes the blade to the stoic prince, who readily takes it.

Then the old priest raises a golden cup. “It is in this cup that you birth that love under will, and you embark upon your journey as one, so fill your cup with life, love, liberty and light.”

The Flower Bride readily accepts the sacred cup; her hands still trembling.

“Now, be not two, but one,” the High Priest says bowing and backing away as they join the dagger into the cup.

Then the High Priest takes a piece of cloth from the altar and binds their hands. The crowd grew merry.



“Be as Ishtar,” they tell Matrona, “Bring back love and union to the land and to us!”

“Be as Dumuzi-Absu of the abyss,” they tell Adam, “and shepherd the heavenly stars.”

The priest tells them the story of Istar; of Inanna.

”From the Great Above, Inanna opened her ear to the Great Below.

My Lady abandoned heaven and earth to descend to the underworld.

She abandoned her office of holy priestess to descend to the underworld.” – *Inanna Queen of Heaven and Earth*

Now it is time for the Flower Bride to undergo an ordeal. Matrona makes her way to the nearby cave jutting out near the cliff’s edge, saying the words of Istar she was made to memorize.

“If I do not return

Set up a lament for me by the ruins.

Beat the drum for me in the assembly places.

Circle the houses of the gods.

Tear at your eyes, at your mouth, at your thighs....

Go to Eridu, to the temple of Enki.

Weep before Father Enki.

Father Enki, the God of Wisdom, knows the food of life,

He knows the water of life; He knows the secrets.

Surely he will not let me die.” – *Inanna Queen of Heaven and Earth*

“Surely, he will not let me...die?” She gulped.

What if poisonous snakes nestled in the dark near

her footsteps bite her, or a bear not happy to be disturbed charged her? Fears took ominous shapes, and she fought not to give them power. But deep inside, she is told someone is waiting for her.



Matrona hesitantly goes into the cavern mouth. She is to bring love to the land, to merge darkness and light. The opening is lit by torches and she can see the images on the walls. Striking, enchanting images, teaching her the secrets. Her fingers brush the cool walls, wanting to connect to this womb; this door of death, of life. Time to go deeper. She stepped into the blackness of the cave until she vanished, and they lamented, they beat the drums, they encircled the houses of the gods until by chance she might soon return. Meanwhile, dark

and unseen creatures moved at her feet or flapped above her.

If thou openest not the gate to let me enter,  
I will break the door, I will wrench the lock,  
I will smash the door-posts, I will force the doors.  
I will bring up the dead to eat the living.  
And the dead will outnumber the living.

To pass within, one must take courage. Taking a deep breath, she sets her robe on a dry spot, and walks bare into the void. She slipped into the muck, slimy things taunting her until she ceased seeing them as separate from her being; ceased distinguishing one thing from the next; ceased fearing, ceased loathing and learned to open her heart.



(the preceding picture and this one of faun and fairy/goddess are actual pictures from a secret cave wall in Huntsville, Alabama, unknown artist or year, but very sacred and personal to my journey).

Although woozy from whatever herbs they gave her, she goes in further; using her hands to guide her through crevices until she entered a wider space in what might have been the heart of it. Her feet fought for stable footing, and she worked her way to the flat bottom. There bathed in a secret light, as she sees two women awaiting her; one white and one black. Upon their heads sat a headdress looking like an empty throne. They stood proud and regal-like, and Matrona tried to recite something from her memory that her mother had taught her, something to show her reverence, even if it were a hallucination. It went like this:

*“Greatly renowned Isis ...  
through you, Heaven and Earth have their being;  
and the gusts of winds and the sun with its sweet light ...  
All who live on the boundless earth ... But the Egyptians  
call you ‘The Goddess’;  
for you are all other goddesses invoked by humankind.”*—  
Isidorus, ca. 100 BCE. Adapted from Vera Frederika  
Vanderlip (1972) in *The Four Greek Hymns of Isidorus and  
The Cult of Isis*. Toronto: Hakkert.

“What do you seek from me?” They ask in unison.

“To learn your Mystery,” she whispers, “so that I may take it back to my people.”

“Come closer if you fear neither heaven nor hell, pleasure nor pain.”

She first approaches the White Isis, the light aspect, who puts a hand on her head and says: “The one who loves nature as one’s self shall be initiated unto my mystery.” She hands her a black triangle with the apex pointing upwards.<sup>19</sup> Matrona bows in acknowledgement.

She then approaches the Black Isis, who says, “The one who adores me without fear is initiated unto my mystery.” She hands her a black triangle with the apex point downward. Matrona bows.

In unison, the White and Black Isis say, “To Pass, one must mediate the forces with love. When one’s will crystallizes within oneself, he or she is ready to be reborn and renewed. Remember this and give light to those who sit in the shadow of death and in darkness.”

Water from a stalactite above drips upon her head as if with the water of life and slides down her

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<sup>19</sup> THE ZELATOR: A MODERN INITIATE EXPLORES THE ANCIENT MYSTERIES.  
by Mark Hedsel

forehead; down her nose and unto her lips. The light fades, and she is once again in darkness. So she makes the journey over smooth rocks and shallow puddles, until a distant light beckons her return. At first a possible dangerous trek where she had envisioned frightening monsters and had transformed into wonderment. Her eyes try to focus on the harsh earthly light calling her back, and there waiting near the entrance was Adam, sitting against the wall, seeing that ordeal had passed, and they could now return as one. He helps her with her robe.

Upon finding their way out, she sees the aged priest hold up his hands to silence the crowd as she gets closer to the mouth, and when Matrona reappears fully into the light of day, he says, "Isthar has returned in this woman, back from the underworld to the above."

The couple walk toward the crowd, his arm around her, and they all proclaim:

"The king goes with lifted head to the holy lap,  
Goes with lifted head to the holy lap of Inanna,  
[Dumuzi] beds with her,  
He delights in her pure lap."  
(Sefati 1998: 105)

Now they must set out to consummate the marriage. In preparation, Matrona is bathed, perfumed and adorned with jewels before being set

in the chamber, while Adam and the priest make their way the bedchamber. The procession behind them sing love songs. At the doorway, the rich draperies are parted and fragrant spices entice him to enter. Adam offers her sumptuous gifts to eat and wear, while she imparts to him a ring, rod and line, emblems of royal power.

Their eyes lock and there is an electric charge in the air. Their yearning and anticipation fuels their growing desire. A mixture of awe and nervousness passes between them.

Before their union can take place, screams abound outside the temple. Thugs with crosses are knocking over statues, slicing the drapes, and fighting fist to fist, sword to flesh. People fleeing in panic. Matrona's crown removed, her robes covered in simple brown and she is stolen away by the priest for safety while Adam battled with his sword, fuming he never got his kiss, and the land became sorrowful and barren once more. The world saw sex and mating of souls as evil, they trampled down women seeking to keep them subservient, and the ancient rites once gain went underground, the mysteries hidden, and Adam swings his blade heroically, but is stabbed in the back, instantly killed, his blood spilling before the great Yew tree of the Great White Brotherhood and mixing with the waters at its roots.

Darkness everywhere. Matrona returned to the cave seeking the water of life, but the cave was dry and all the foliage around withered as well. She could not be consoled, her body withering as if from malnourishment. Too weak to move, she wilted like a flower as the light went out of the world, and dark ages would soon swallow up the land, and she died of a broken spirit.

Amid the great sadness, his body is burned, his ashes spread on the ground, some blowing in the wind, as if cradled by spirit arms until breathed back into form and set alight once more to complete the Great Work.



## Chapter 4

### (Present)

In his black and red decorated studio apartment, Al woke up with a start, tossing off his covers, having had the most amazing dream, but as the minutes passed, it seemed farther and farther away like a movie reel fading in the sun. Overcome by emotion, he sat up and placed his feet on the cold floor, as if testing the firmness of this reality. He buried his head in his hands, concentrating on his breathing. He tried to quell a panic attack.

What he saw was so real, a bride named Matrona, her beauty almost within reach, love granted and now denied as he was brutally cut down outside of a temple, and was now back to the present day in New York, sitting amidst half-written songs and music equipment, in a time period where he realized he had found her soul once again. The gravity of what he knew and felt weighed on him. There was no peace until he could go to the bar the next night and ask her out. It was his all-consuming desire.

As quick as he could, he threw on black jeans and a t-shirt, along with his black boots. Then he stumbled in his hurry to the bathroom and slicked his hair back; pausing momentarily in the mirror,

as if facing a fractal of his whole self: one projection in one time. Then he splashed water on his face, trying to focus on the here and now.

He locked his door, rushed down his stairs to take the nearby subway to the bar; pushing past crowds of people until the dingy place came into view. When he entered through the heavy wooden door, he spied her busy at work collecting empty glasses and shoving tips in her apron pocket. She immediately spotted him, looking burdened and tired as she. Tendrils of her hair fell out of her pony tail, like a wilting plant needing sun.

Contemplating her face, pale as if drained; green eyes reddened as if recently cried, he knew. She didn't need to speak. He knew she had the same dream, even if he didn't understand how that was possible.

At the same time, she thought, there he was, dressed in black with kind features, but penetrating eyes; there stood her prince, but it was a dream; nothing more: wasn't it?

At once, he hurried forward, took her in his arms, squeezing her tight to his chest, and her body trembled with emotion. His woody scent took her back to happier times long ago.

She gripped him back, as if to steady herself on her heels, and she breathed slow and deep, trying to reign in her feelings.

“It was awful,” she said to him, “You died.”

They both had, as well as their mission.

“I’m not letting go this time.”

He lifted her chin and pressed his lips firmly to hers, the kiss he had been denied, like kissing a soft flower moistened with a honeyed dew. Age-old sorrow dimmed from this budding light between worlds. It was enough to awaken the veiled woman sitting in the rose garden. From where she sat, part in our world, part not, Sophia saw the image on the Akasha and smiled. At the same moment, the serpent stirred within. Christeos and Sophia, together, both saw the young couple, and knew what must be done.

“It is they who we will prepare for the wedding. They are ready now.”

He agreed, “There had been no consummation, it must be redone.”

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Unfortunately, Al had a show to do, and Mezla had to finish her shift, so she mixed and poured drinks

as best she could with a mind that could not rest. He sang, pouring his heart out as if to her, and it was a notable change. There was a palpable difference in the atmosphere, and his fans whispered among themselves. A peculiar light seem to envelope them both; almost perceivable by the crowd, as if a curious *déjà vu* they couldn't quite put their finger on.

After the set and struggling to remember the words, Al searched and searched the crowd of mainly twenty-somethings and rocker wannabes; hoping the veiled woman would appear in the dark corner, to tell her the news and to vow his renewed interest in the temples. He wished he had listened better when she tried to tell him before. His heart called out to her, sending its message scouring the planes for her, and sure enough, there was a enigmatic woman sitting in the east,<sup>20</sup> a veil keeping her identity secret. With a graceful gesture, she welcomed him to sit with her, which he did, immediately scooting up to the table.

“I’ve come in search of the secret temples, to marry in the ways of the most ancient.”

“You seek the three-fold flame,” the voice spoke, “but this is a Sacred Union not to be taken lightly. This is not for mere romantic love affair or to gain

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<sup>20</sup> A reference to Maiya as well.

cosmic powers. It is a chemical wedding, an alchemical union of the highest form by the power of three, the number used in all alchemy.”

“And the only way is through love?”

She nodded. “And you think you should now enter the first door? You are ready to weave together two beings together as one?”

He contemplated only a moment and nodded. This was what he wanted most of all.

“The woman from my dreams,” he tried to explain, and the words became tangled, his mind whirling, his heart pining. “She was destined to be my bride before she was lost to me.”

“Then you will take the journey,” she assured him, “the uniting and merging of three; power (sexuality), love (heart), and wisdom (consciousness).”

“And if I do?”

“Then you will have attained.”

Al thanks her, and she leaves, as it is closing time. He goes to join Mezla for a drink at the bar. Their eyes lock, and inch closer and closer, the tiny golden hairs on her arms sending static to his. While she reaches for glasses, he reaches for her copy of the Book of the Law.

“Why am I not surprised?” she tells him, motioning to his acknowledgement of the book.

“We are in this age now,” he answers. “Our paths are still entwined.”

They toast to one another, clinking glasses of the Green Fairy before drinking it down. Soon, they wonder if it was drugged. The room around them starts to shift and break apart, a hologram falling apart. They slump against the other into a lucid dream or perhaps into another time and space...or they were somehow cast back into that time to undue the terrible wrong done to them.

## Chapter 5

### (Past)

There in the large tent outside the temple walls, I was the Bride to be readied for my throne with my groom, and who but that mysterious faun boy from the woods should be chosen as my bridegroom? Adam/Al is my Bridegroom as it was destined. That brings joy radiating through me. We were returned to the past, kind of an alternative reality needing to be worked out in a place I'm not sure even existed.

For a moment, memories flood back to me, including pictures of our old town festival with me sitting on the throne beside Adam. Our hands were tied together, while in our hearts young love was burgeoning. Even in the moment of our apprehension when faced with talk of our death, our eyes had lovingly met, and I trusted him completely; this valiant prince chosen about to embark on a journey with me. I trekked into that murky cave, facing my fears in order to bring hope back to our people. At the end of my ordeal, Adam had been waiting for me, ready to lead me back into the light and to our destiny before it was cut

short by dark forces. I had longed to be in his arms, to feel his warmth, his tenderness, and instead, I was left to cradle his bloodless body after the attack. I shuddered at the memory of the pain at that moment, and I fought back tears.

“I must be readied,” I whispered, needing to join my beloved once more. “There is still so much to do!”

Giggling kids start dancing around me singing this ancient song before my attendants chase them away.

Round about, round about,  
 In a fairy ring-a,  
 Thus we dance, thus we dance,  
 And thus we sing-a,  
 Trip and go, to and fro  
 Over this green-a,  
 All about, in and out,  
 For our brave Queen-a. – Anonymous

It is said the fairies knew about Divine Marriage, but the fading of the fairies is as the fading of an Atlantean priestess. Even if some seek to banish her, she knows the doors of return. Try to remember; the young children advise those who listen. And they surely know, for they are closer to lives once lived.



“Not so very long ago the greatest minds of the world believed in the existence of fairies, and it is still an open question as to whether Plato, Socrates, and Iamblichus were wrong when they avowed their reality.” – *The Secret Teaching of All Ages*

Hands gently bathe me in the moonlit water, and they duck me in the water, signifying the true mystery, the flooding and sinking of Atlantis and me arising once again. Then I'm patted dry, and my hair brushed and braided. Upon my body, my attendants paint near my pelvic region a moon, a sun over my heart and a star at the nape. Upon me is set a silk robe and upon my feet are sandals with silver crescents. I catch a reflection of myself, and barely recognize me. My hair red gold, each sparkle a star, and in my hand is placed the cup of Circe.

“Be Morgan Le Fay, come back!” they cry, “Be as Ishtar! Return magick to us!”

But there is really only one temple, the one to join the three, the three to find the one. I am led to the gate, where I wait.

“Then there was another passage called the Arrow by Day, and there was a most lovely lady all shining with the sun, and moon, and stars, who was lighting a great bowl of water with one hand, by dropping dew on it out of a cup, and with the other she was putting out a terrible fire with a torch. She had a red lion and a white eagle, that she had always had ever since she was a little girl.” – Liber XCV

## Chapter 6

### Moon

Matrona is waiting in the sacred garden outside the compound. The 9-sided temple itself rests on a raised platform in the center of a courtyard, where 3 black-veiled angels<sup>21</sup> appear with silver spears, and lead her through the bronze gate. A priestess of Isis comes to greet her. She is an elegant woman of some thirty years old, and she has the moon for a crown, and her sandals are silver. Tall and pale, her fluid movements beckoned Matrona to follow. Her dark hair is almost black, yet with a sheen as if with a spectral source. She leads Matrona down the avenue of the ram-headed sphinx, past the great sandstone pylons to the Lotus Court,<sup>22</sup> and in the midst of the moon-pool of silvery light were floating lilies of white and gold that bloom only at midnight.<sup>23</sup> The fragrance was ever so sweet, lulling her into a dreamy state.

Almost if floating, their feet light on the ground, the priestess in simple linen vestment, and Bride in

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<sup>21</sup> The three black-veiled angels are also found in Mozart's *Magic Flute*

<sup>22</sup> References *The Sea Priestess*

<sup>23</sup> *The Book of Lies*

shimmering blue, pass through the shadowed colonades; the way lit by torches, until finally they enter great hall where stood ancient pillars, filling Matrona with a sense of awe. Carved from heavy granite, painted black and white, they impressed upon her the immensity of her responsibility; above them, a painted scene of a starry sky on the ceiling, dotted by fiery stars.

She goes before the statute of Isis; fashioned out of black marble, but adorned with the same symbols of moon, sun and star that were tattooed onto the nape, over the heart and over the womb of Matrona's body.<sup>24</sup> And upon her forehead a jewel like a mirror, but reflecting a white light from the self-generating radiance of the fiery torches showing therein. Before her an ebony double cube hung with silver. How it shimmered! Upon it, a crystal bowl filled with crystal clear Nile water. In front of it, Matrona kneeled, as directed; exhibiting a reverent grace. She then<sup>25</sup> lights a stick of jasmine incense, as a tribute to the Goddess.

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<sup>24</sup> Not sure why I wrote this, I thought I might be making this up, but in *"The Secret Teachings of All Ages,"* Manly P. Hall references actual statues like this. Blew my mind.

<sup>25</sup> I have female enter the moon and the male enter the sun individually and then pass those energies in the chamber to the other. In the Star, they arrive together. There, the man is as the moon, the woman the sun.

“You must now sit, and contemplate the wisdom of silence.”

She is left alone to experience the solemnity of this Fourth Power of the Sphinx in the dimly lit room set before her; like a virgin field that is necessary to till, before you can plant anything in it. The air was filled with a quiet anticipating music. The importance of this moment did not escape her thoughts.

The priestess returns and motions for her to rise.

“Your old name served you well, but it is time to choose a new one.” the gentle woman tells her, her eyes lined with heavy black make-up. “What is your true name?”

Matrona nodded, still feeling as if half in a dream. There was only one name that beheld her duty. “Ishtar.”

“Welcome, Ishtar,” The priestess tells her, “By this marriage you are undertaking, thou wilt partake of the honors and glory of the Solar Light, and the whole world of darkness and ignorance will fly from thee.”

She welcomes the bride, as if her new initiate, to take her escort and stand before the statue of Isis, where she is left in the center of a circle. Women of all sizes and shapes with free flowing tresses,

also wearing nearly see-through linens began dancing around her, chanting:

“O daughters of Isis, adore the Goddess, and in her name give the call that awakens and rejoices. So shall ye be blessed of the Goddess and live with the fullness of live.”

– *The Sea Priestess*

After the dance, she is instructed in the tantric art of consummating the first marriage; the lunar mystery, which was for her to share her lower body with that of her betrothed. She is led to the chamber where her husband awaits, reclining in the bed in a simple red robe. He holds out his hand to her; beckoning her to move toward him. She gracefully slides into the bed beside him; his warm body scented and inviting. It is her task to bestow upon him the silver light.

“Star-Crowned priestess of the Moon,” he tells her, “Sex has become a sin on the earth, corrupted, and keeping souls broken and lost.”

She sits up and uncovers her robe; gently off her supple shoulders; revealing her breasts; the paps of Nuit’s garden; “Then I shall be Ishtar, returning from the underworld to let love and joy flourish again.”

He touches her rosy bathed skin and lines her neck with kisses, but once again, the thugs come to stop them. Dark whispers from outside the temple cry,

“Sin, sin.” They claw at the walls, desperate to keep the couple from joining. This time, the faery kingdom was ready and drives them back. No more shall we suffer the indolence of darkness; the ignorance that chains Mankind. The three angels that let them into the temple, fought with spears outside; successfully putting them off.

Undeterred, they pull closer to each other, pursing their lips to conjoin for a sumptuous kiss. They slowly entwine their bodies in a writhing caress, as they each glided through the other’s embrace; skin to skin; palm to skin and thigh to thigh. Matrona moved the palm of her hand; slowly down the front of his chest and below his navel, till she held his phallus; gently guiding it through her soft mounds of flesh and into her most private chamber. This electric and dynamic polar union danced till it found a natural and fixed rhythm, as if it was imitating the ebb and flow of the ocean tides with echoes that radiated into the spirit world. Together, they represented the earth, their bodies quaking like the crust over the fires, returning warmth and to this plane. He draws the current down, and she draws it back up as if to the sky where they release their energy. Their bodies glistening with droplets of dew, the waters of life.

But alas, they are not safe. A border is breeched, as the Christians returned with an army of superstitious shells, driven by fear, to inflict its

dark and unnatural taboos; strengthened with an angry frenzy; their fear and hatred of nature proving to be a terribly destructive force. The couple are pulled apart, as if the ‘Solve’ in an ancient alchemical practice. Forced to flee, the two hurry deep into the woods, running to the far end of the forest where Sophia had usually waited for her initiates in the past. But this time, she is nowhere found and suddenly they notice the appearance of three luminous doors; mysteriously before them.

Adam takes the door on the left; leading to a garden gate, before an expanse of wilderness, and he runs up a wet mound of fresh grass until he comes to a wall. He sees two children playing on the other side; the Sun beaming brightly over them.<sup>26</sup> They don’t seem to notice him, and he’s in no mood to alert them to his presence.

In the panic and confusion, Matrona stumbled through the right hand door to find herself in the King’s courtyard with two rams mulling about and a small lamb before a shield; the crest of which holds two eagles. But ultimately, she feels more trapped in this foreign castle with its absent king.

The two, hiding separately are each found in their respective hiding places. Adam is captured and brought to a castle tower, where he was set to be

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<sup>26</sup> The path of Resh on the Tree-of-Life

tried as a heretic. And unbeknownst to him, Matrona is taken from the courtyard below and thrown into the sea, to be drowned, as a witch.

At first the waves were too much for her, and she choked on salty water; coughing and spitting it out. Flapping her arms, trying to keep her head up, she gasped for air. Helpless, she would rise and fall on the sea as if no will of her own. Then a rip current pulled her under and out, but she fought back. She swam up and then sideways along the shore, even though her muscles ached from this frantic fight. For a moment the coldness urged her to be still and to stop struggling, but “he needs me,” she told herself, “He would not give up on his duty. Nothing good is ever easy won. Be a warrior, be a fighter!”

Tired, she wanted to cease struggling and give into her death, but with one last gasp, she rose to the surface and the waves carried her towards the coastline. She rose up from the sea beckoning towards the heart of her lover. Her feet sank in the wet sand, as she made her way to dry land, where she dropped in exhaustion. Witnesses either fled in terror at what they thought must have been a powerful witch; some falling to their knees as if witnessing Isis’s return. Hers was now the kingdom of Persephone; she being the mistress of the Moon.



Yes, their start was initiated in Yesod; where they first came together. But that wasn't the moon temple and the Tower was their true destiny. So that as with all the mysteries, there had to be an ordeal to foment their love and aid in revealing the true secret of their sexual congress. They would have much work yet to do, with their success not necessarily assured, as neither were given any guarantee they'd be strong enough to succeed.

Undeterred, Matrona dug her feet in and walked on. A little higher on the hill was the dreaded tower, so she gathered what energy she could muster and headed up the overgrown walkway, not letting the vines tangle around her ankles as she climbed the broken steps. Storm clouds encircled the decaying building with its leaning tower and she imagined a former time when this tower would have stood erect in bright glory. A strong wind threatened to push it even more to the side of which it was leaning; if not to topple it over completely. Her whole world seemed in ruins, and her face flushed with anger, and her fists clenched. She was ready for war.

Tower guards with swords drawn saw her approach, as she continued; covered in sand with seaweed dangling from her hair and her nostrils flaring. They feared her, as a goddess from the sea come to kill them and a few abandoned their post.

Echoing ancient words of Ishtar, she says,

“If thou openest not the gate to let me enter,  
I will break the door, I will wrench the lock,  
I will smash the door-posts, I will force the doors.  
I will bring up the dead to eat the living.  
And the dead will outnumber the living.”—Ishtar

The frightened young guards on each side opened the metal gate, fearful of this woman as their dark and superstitious fears rang in their minds. Such darkness rules this land; holding that woman is unclean and evil. “Evil, evil,” they whisper, yet afraid to deny her path, and they scurried away. But once safe from her glare, they began to devise a plan to destroy her.

Once inside the tower, Matrona climbs up to the top cell where a loosely chained Adam lays on the tiled floor. Upon his head, they had put a goat’s helmet with horns, as they mocked him and called him a devil.

“The Tower represents the emancipation of matter from the prison of attachment in the blindness of the aspirant. If the aspirant has prepared well, the energy nourishes and enriches. However, should the aspirant hesitate in accepting destiny and acquiescing to the force of this energy, then is he swept away in spite of himself and yet with anguish as the blindness is torn from him.

There is a certain interesting relation with the preceding Atu. As the Devil represents the truth that manifests at the very summit of experience, so does this card come to tear

even that down with its opposite. In this way the one becomes the all in perpetuity; as it pushes its light (L.V.X.) even further and further into the darkness in which it shrouds itself (N.O.X.).”— The Whole Tarot Workbook, Paul Joseph Rovelli

At first he is saddened by the sight of her, thinking she too was now captive and trapped like he had found himself, but with the kisses she placed upon his forehead, his eyes brightened and his lips found color, and he regained his hope.

“We are the house of god, the house divided.”

“Only love can unite it.”

“We must destroy the old and build anew. Unless we do, we will be destroyed with our destroyers and work will be all for nothing.”

“Do you love me?” <sup>27</sup>he asks, as he removes her robe with a gentleness that hides his languor.

She answered with heated breath and a hungry kiss, yearning for his love. But they are initiates and know not to embrace without propriety in the ‘house of God’—lest they create more chaotic phantasms in the world. So he stepped back in contemplation of the task before them and decided

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<sup>27</sup> Coagula

on an artful approach that more directly appealed to the divine will that was before them.

Their lips, first parted, spoke in prayerful tongue; following in union of tone and then pressing together, as two wills, now united in a sacred dance. The young lovers have now grown from their first fumbling and have become more skillful in harnessing and directing their holy passion.

She sits atop a stone bench, found in the East quadrant of the room; transforming it into the throne of Isis. And to Adam, she bestowed the power to the pharaoh. He stood before her and offered his phallus, which she took into her kteis; the L.V.X. as a lamp into the great N.O.X. Her womb lit up as a shrine, as his light radiated into her great depth and their embrace became a rhythmic chorus of song. They as one, traced the ancient circuit; him taking inspiration from the divine and she offering her delight unto the divine.

In this way, she brought the energy from her womb up the spine to mind's eye; conferring it to his mind's eye and down his spine and into her womb. She became Our Lady Babalon in deed, as he became completely, the Beast. The Logos emerges from them, as a child; being the central mystery of Tiphareth. Skin upon skin, heart to heart, their fiery passion comingled in the Cup of their fornication.

The scheming guards set the leaning tower on fire, as she took on the embodiment of the new moon; shining from above, upon the holy temple of their union. His light pushed into her in one last shrill of ecstasy and a lightening flash lashed out from the heavens above, as if to spell the dawn of a new age in a great violent gasp. This new Logos was as if a screaming child, but capable of tearing down the walls about them and once again, Adam and Matrona were on the run; fleeing the tower in a great panic. Yet, from this point forward, she will be forever, the moon, and he, the undying sun.

Fighting the smoke on the way out the crumbling tower, their eyes burned and the smoke choked them; disorienting them and once again, they were separated.<sup>28</sup> Each found a different way out and were quickly accosted by dark figures that pulled them into the cover of night, as if secret guardians to help them find their way.

Still wearing the horns, Adam went left, and she looking like a creature of death, went right.<sup>29</sup>

Separately, they were conducted toward the sun temple; running through the trees and raging through the long night until the morning rays, that would guide them, if they ever expected to reunite.

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<sup>28</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> Solve

<sup>29</sup> Devil and Death Atus

## Chapter 7

### Sun

In the morning, Adam wakes to find her resting up against a tree, with her hair tangled around her shoulders. He sits beside her, equally sore and battered. A few peaches had fallen and lie around them. Matrona takes a peach; peels back the fuzzy layer with her teeth and bites into its juicy flesh with Adam following suit—only biting right into the skin.

“This is difficult,” she admits, wiping the moisture from her lip, “finding myself, held in your arms; only to be violently torn away.”

“We will constantly be assaulted by the outside world, but we are merging and fortifying our metal so that we can withstand the onslaught once we return.”

Taking a deep breath, she gathers her strength. “Okay. Let us continue our work.”

Their arms entwined, their lips momentarily greeting the other. With the first part of them

married, they must work towards the next step. They take each other's hand, and he leads her through the ruins of a shrine. A stone altar of some forgotten faith has been whitened by the onslaught of the sun above, but still stained with sacrifice.

“We're not far now,” he assures her.

Atop the plateau of a volcanic mountain sat the sun temple with its large metal pylon gates located along the main procession way lined with stone lions. Their fierce faces warn off the profane. Giant clawed feet seemed to offer a promise of defense with the rumbling of the volcano behind them offering the lions their growl.

The guardians who brought them to this place, followed silently behind them and watched from the shadows unbeknownst to Adam and Matrona. For it was their silence that truly protected the mysteries. The gates are quickly opened, and the couple ushers themselves into the courtyard; outside the Temple of the Sun, which is aligned with massive palm trees. They pass a mandala depicting 4 directions on red granite blocks. And upon the giant entrance, a stone sign in the shape of a solar disc beckons them inside.

## Greek Key design



Priests in white robes lined with the Greek key design come out of the temple waving acacias in greeting. They proclaim:

“When virtue and justice  
have strewn the path of the great with glory,  
Then will the earth be the kingdom of heaven  
And mortals will be like gods!” – *The Magic Flute*

“He who treads the road full of care,  
Is purified by fire, water, air and earth.  
If he can overcome the fear of death,  
he soars heavenwards away from earth!  
Enlightened, he will then be able  
To dedicate himself entirely to the mysteries of Isis.” -- *The Magic Flute*

Matrona is greeted by courtesans who wisk her away in order to prepare her for her time in the Bridal Chamber. But no lesson needs to be extended to her, as it is he who must get the Sun mysteries to pass unto her. And so Adam is led



directly inside the six-sided temple, where he finds the sun roof letting the light stream in from the heavens above, and the pillars are brightly painted imitating palm trees. In the inner chamber before the raised altar is a black pillar and white pillar on either side. He comes between them as the third point.

One of the shaved priests says, “Opposition is harmonized and restored to unity. Creative power emanates from within me as a binary force. Without opposites, nothing could manifest. Profound is this secret.

Yet I hear whispers of dire warning. I understand if these forces are not held in balance, I would be drawn to one over the other, and thereby err. In that error, these forces would destroy me or reduce life to chaos. This is what you must remember.”

A handsome youth with a single braid on his shaved head steps forward and gives him a sheet of papyrus and then scurries back to the rows of priests on either side.

With piercing eyes, the priest commands: “Write your vows of balance. Write your faults and what may lead to your downfall. Then burn the paper, watching it transform to ash while the flame flickers and gives off sparks that shoot in all

directions. These sparks are the atoms of your paper; given up unto our lady.”

Adam takes his time and adds to the list one by one, and then he climbs the steps and adds the paper to the flames upon the altar. The paper blackens as it crackles.

“Imagine the atoms, then returning; combining as if on a creative mission, forming matter on the material plane. These assemble themselves and take on the appearance of a door, which appears between the pillars. It becomes solid in your mind’s eye. Challenge the right to enter.”<sup>30</sup>

He steps forward. “May I enter?”

An unseen voice yells, “Halt! What gives you the right to enter?”

Adam freezes. The Priest studies him, awaiting the answer.

Adam remembers what Sophia told him. “Love.”

With a nod, he says, “So be it.”

This priest, not bound by time or space reads a book from the New Aeon.

“Thou that art One, our Lord in the Universe the Sun, our Lord in ourselves whose name is Mystery of Mystery, uttermost being whose radiance enlightening the worlds is

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<sup>30</sup> *Tokens of Uraei*

also the breath that maketh every God even and Death to tremble before Thee—By the Sign of Light + appear Thou glorious upon the throne of the Sun.” -- *Liber XV*

He then says, “If you feel you are ready to proceed, imagine the All-Seeing Eye over a door, thick and heavy, visually open the door, a portal is revealed to you. Say the following...”

III,38: “So that thy light is in me; & its red flame is as a sword in my hand to push thy order. There is a secret door that I shall make to establish thy way in all the quarters, (these are the adorations, as thou hast written), as it is said:  
The light is mine; its rays consume  
Me: I have made a secret door  
Into the House of Ra and Tum,  
Of Khephra and of Ahathoor.  
I am thy Theban, O Mentu,  
The prophet Ankh-af-na-khonsu!  
By Bes-na-Maut my breast I beat;  
By wise Ta-Nech I weave my spell.  
Show thy star-splendour, O Nuit!  
Bid me within thine House to dwell,  
O winged snake of light, Hadit!  
Abide with me, Ra-Hoor-Khuit!”

“Peer into the emptiness, see your vision of the new aeon taking fruition in the void. What gift would you give to Mankind?”

He knew what to say. “May the light enter to educate this evolving world.”

Tremendous fiery rays, visible only to the seeing, flow to all corners, purifying and cleansing the earth, and then the “door” is closed.

“As an initiate of the sun, what name do you give yourself?”

“Adonis.”

The priest anoints his third eye, and he is taken to have his head shaved. Afterwards, he is given a golden robe for later use.

“We stand in the sun temple now,” the priest says, “but later, you two must enter the bedchamber together and without escort. It is your secret temple.”

He is bid well and led away, each now in a separate part of the temple until it is time for them to unite. They are each given to isolation for a deeper contemplation of the union before them. After a period of reflection, each their meditations are interrupted with the entrance of a patron who instructs them further on the Mysteries of the temple and what they must yet pass through. Then it is time to bathe and to don their new robes.

She is robed and armed with the scales of balance, as if holding the force of the Universe in her hands. And he is robed and armed with a lamp, as if the Hermit of ancient times; both leading to

opposite poles beside the altar—she to the left for the first time and he to the right for the first time. It is time for each of them to discover their opposite nature; she the power of will and he the union with the divine mother.

But she is as the holy feminine aspect of the fool, for she carries the scales in a blind manner; like a sphinx without a secret and waiting for her Lord to inform her of this part of the Mysteries. It is the light of his lamp that will fulfill the emptiness of her dark night.

And they must learn the discipline that is the dance of the kundalini, and the interplay between the ways of the Hermit and the Goddess, while the Hermit now understands himself and is ready to let go of what he clings to, ready to now marry his Bride on a higher level.

“As Adjustment (the complementary counterpart with this Atu) deals with the equilibration of opposites, so does the position of this path on the Tree-of-Life. The influence of Chesed on Geburah (Mercy and Severity respectively) add to this dynamic. In alchemy this is shown as a naturally occurring marriage of elements which is both creative and chaotic. It is up to the will of individual stars to add form and force to this.

This energy or force is the nature of this Atu. It is a combustible spontaneity that swells from a very primal area of the human psyche. And it is quite destructive as it can destroy or break down old patterns for grasping awareness

before supplanting them with new ones fashioned from the ashes of the old.

Leo which is attributed to this card, is the Cherub of Fire and ruled by the sun. The sun is the viceregent of God upon the earth. And Leo is the commanding general through which the sun operates. Hence this card clearly depicts great force in the power to command.” – Whole Tarot Workbook

As they walked to the secret temple, a small stone chamber hidden in back of the temple, they feel the earth floor left bare to be a reminder that the crust is thin over Hades, the vines are jutting out of the nearby Abyss ready to entrap them once they leave this temple and head ever closer to the heights of the next temple. For these heights are also the depths and the heavens themselves are above and below; only one way descends to Hell and the other arises to the starry sky.

For now, they are bathed in the midnight sun, and must focus on the task, even as a stray 3-headed dog passes through the halls. He pants as he restlessly guards the secret passageways.

Alone now in the candlelit chamber wafting of frankincense, they open their hearts, seeking the highest form of sexual union, which is turning sexual power into spiritual power, bringing duality together to become one transmateral union of the higher.

"For as thy blood is mingled in the cup of BABALON, so is thine heart the universal heart. Yet is it bound about with the Green Serpent, the Serpent of Delight." —Aleister Crowley

She kisses his chest; over his heart and mounts him, as Our Lady astride the Beast. And in this, his 'magickal rood' penetrates the 'mystical rose' and the scent carries them into song. Their goal is to transform the lust to spiritual energy,<sup>31</sup> as they sing:

"In the arms of Nu, the night sky  
embraces us all around.  
And light within, Hadit burns bright  
and without sound.  
Ra-Hoor-Khuit forever, be  
the strength, force and vigor  
of our arms!"

The Rosy Cross appears on the ceiling, as the sky for them seems to open up; the self-slain Ankh-af-na-Khonsu has now become the Sun—a star in a company of stars. Still, they each fall to slumber and each, into the seclusion of their own souls, as if to abandon the union they had only just formulated.<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>31</sup> Traversing the Scarlet Path

<sup>32</sup> The 3<sup>rd</sup> Solve

“I, Hadit, am the complement of Nu, my bride.” – Liber Al  
vel Legis



## Chapter 8

### The Star Temple

"You make the heavens tremble and the earth quake. Great Priestess, who can soothe your troubled heart? You flash like lightning over the highlands; you throw your firebrands across the earth. Your deafening command ... splits apart great mountains." (Sumerian)

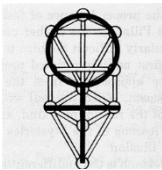
During the cover of night, they journey towards the ancient remains of the Star temple before the recessed mountain. What is left is ruins on a pile of rubble, with a newer Triptych (three-in-one) temple at the forefront, having three doors in the front, but many fallen stones and broken statues of torsos and limbs still littered the pathway as a reminder of what was. To the sides, bulls and other large animals graze in the sloping fields outside of the main gate, where a beautiful woman in blue with flowing white hair comes out to greet them and gives them a brief introduction. Curvy and strong, she oozed motherly love.

They are told it is not the "real" temple, as the Star Temple doesn't exist on the Earth and is not for those that would keep their mortal coil. These ruins here are a certain key to the Star Temple, but there is a danger here, as the path is uncertain and uneven. They are instructed in the ways of Da'ath

and how to straddle the aeon of time and not-time. And together, they must become as a babe in the womb of the Great Mother. For she is an Empress and rules over the Star Temple; though for the unworthy, there is a great creature of slime that will tear them apart.

“The path of the Priestess (last issue) carries us over the abyss and crosses the path of the Empress on its way to Kether (actually to Binah as the serious student of Magick will learn). The Empress is then the door leading us into the Supernal Triad. For this, the Hebrew letter Daleth, meaning 'door', is assigned. Her path connects Chockmah with Binah -- or the Father with the Mother.

The other major attribution to this card is the planet Venus. In astrology, this planet signifies love. And as with all the planets, it has an alchemical symbol displayed as ♀. But what's interesting to note is that this particular symbol touches all the Sephiroth on the Tree-of-Life.



Now, a magickal formula represents a process that the aspirant puts his or her psyche through. At least that's one way to describe it. Since Venus is interpreted as the planet of love (and also delineates aesthetic response) and her symbol touches on all the universe by its connection with all the Sephiroth on the Tree-of-Life, we then discover that the magickal formula delineated by this card is that of Love.

Any and all symbols included in this particular Atu must be inherently consistent with the above theme. Further, note the importance of the Goddess archetype in our psyche and its representative use of a feminine form in this card. And most particularly, be alerted to the suppression she endures in our collective if not also, our individual psyches.

It is good that we grow and strengthen ourselves with the will to control our own destinies; a relatively new theme in human sociology. But let us remember that the underlying formula is Love. It can be written as a simple mathematical equation that is represented by a fraction which places this love under will (e.g.: will).”—Whole Tarot Workbook

“We created this new Ruta, to keep the mysteries alive.” The blue-eyed High Priestess says. “But I tell you again, the real temple is not on earth, but in Sothis. That is why you cannot conceive of it. This is only a representation for you, the doorway. Whether you attain is up to you.”

Having stated their continued commitment to one another, they are prepared and taken to the outer hall, where the guests have all arrived for the ceremony and filled rows of benches. Standing in the center is a formidable man with harsh sea-worn features goes before the altar, and his blond consort at his side.

At the moment, it is time to present the honored couple. Gasps of awe and joy escape the lips of the attendees while they clap and cheer as Matrona walks down the aisle. Dressed in green with

emerald garland around her head, venous symbols adorn her robe. Around her neck is a strand of 72 pearls, and she felt like a queen with pomegranates lining the pathway at her feet.

They present her to Adam, dressed in simple green robe, a crown of green leaves on his head. Head held high, he had the countenance of a king. Balanced and just appearing, he commanded awe at his wife's side.

At the end of the aisle, they held hands and stood before the wise old priest. His skin looked tight, like the salted meats of old, but his eyes shone like a flame partially concealed within a dry husk, yet they twinkled with fatherly pride towards the couple before him. To him, they were a symbol of what could be.

Rising his arms to silence the guests, the ancient priest in blue robe is armed with a trident as in the olden days of honoring Poseidon. The trident, like the 3 mountains, was alchemical in nature, the three tines representing the passive lunar energies, active solar energies, and the starry serpent fire generated by balancing the two natures within. With the tip, he points to the 2 pillars standing at either end of the inner court.

“These are the four limbs of Nuit, the ceiling is her body,” he says, “dotted by stars of her initiates.

Beneath her body is Shu, the atmosphere,” he explains, “and the floor is the earth, Geb lying on his back holding her up.”

He paused for a moment, his face almost pained.

“Long ago, we lived on a triple mountain with three temples, but the weight of the former earth, Atlantis, was too great with abuses, and it could not be held up. This caused a fracture between Geb and Nuit, and the central peak collapsed, falling under the sea and creating the Abyss. Atlantis, thus, became doorway to hell. There was no longer love between heaven and earth.”

He points to the black and white pillar and continues, “When the center fell, we were left with Nephtys and Isis, the pillars at the entrance to Hades. You are to become the third point, the transcendent point, rising from Hades to Heaven, below reunited with above.

We must reunite Nuit and Geb, marry heaven and earth, and restore the structure to lift us up. We each do that piece by piece through each couple that marries and becomes whole.

Complete your third marriage. Transcend the 3 to become 1; transcend 3 to become none,” the Priest passionately proclaims. “Within yourself, let the snake, the Logos, which is three in one, stretch

forth through your spine up to your nape. With its head in Daath, awaken and open your eyes.”

Note: let us pause from the story for a lesson:

With the union of the heavenly Bride and Groom, this makes the virgin a pregnant mother, and with her, the father eventually unites himself with Sophia, and both become absorbed into the crown. The couple may wish to work with astral imagery, and perhaps design their own ritual from the following text, of she as Nuit, he as Hadit, or Sophia and Logos becoming concrete, or Shakti and Shiva, Babalon and the Beast.

As Shakti, she permits her consort to join with her in ritual, for it is only in the total loss of his “fixed identity” that she can be ever known or embraced. He must cross his own gulf and cease to hold onto who or what he thinks he is.

...and let us continue....

The priest anoints them and gives his blessing. Then they are taken to a subterranean chamber, but they stop just before the entrance. The woman with white hair backs away, bowing.

“This is where we leave you. The rest is up to you,” the priest says before he takes his leave as well. “Trust in yourself and each other.”

The couple are outside the Holy of Holies. On the doorway, he sees the names written on the ancient rock of the temple, בעל Baal and אשרה Asherah.

They have the instructions in their hands, and they let the weight of the commitment entrench in their minds. She nods when ready to begin.

They light the candles on the stone altar along with the rose incense. Smoke whirls around them.

She says to him, “I wear the star of Sirius and the moon is mine beneath my feet. The entrance to the shrine is the tomb of Osiris, the central path through the triangle of light.”

She wears the girdle of Venus, the seat of her power. She is both warrior and pleasure goddess. She is getting ready to create a new stage, working with the fixed and solvent, the latter devouring the other.

Matrona continues reading from the scrolls, “I am also Het-Hert, ‘house above the heavens.’”

“How do I enter?”

“The lock is the 4 gates of the universe. The key is the Ankh, immortal life, the rose and cross, and the symbol of Venus.”

Yet, she warns him the wisdom of old.

“I, Isis, am all that hath been that is or shall be,  
I, who made light from my feathers, The wind from my  
wings, No mortal man ever hath me unveiled! - Until now.”  
*Isis Invocation*

“I will do it,” says the priest, “I am thy sacrifice.”

They must leave this realm to get to the next level.  
They take a deep breath and continue. They must  
fear no door, no passing.

He kneels down before the altar of She, to be the  
sacrifice as if ready to enter the tomb of Osiris  
(womb of Babalon ). Before doing so, he must say:

“I pledge myself to hereby give myself to the great Work, which  
is so to exalt my lower nature that I may at length become more  
than human, and thus gradually raise and unite myself to my  
Higher and Divine Genius.” -- *Flying Rolls*

“Fear no death,” the Priestess tells him. Upon his  
bare chest, she paints the symbol the Crux Ansata,  
the symbol of Venus. Daleth is the secret gate  
leading out of the garden of Venus, the  
regenerating womb of the Great Mother, to the  
new life.



They must now find the secret temple. Adam and Matrona will arrive there without moving in space, by chariot (her), as if driven by the Hierophant (him).

He designates his Priestess, the Shekhinah, or divine wife of Binah, the “Third Logos in the heart,” and the couple are to represent god of the sun and the goddess of the black moon, and he readies himself before that tomb, the vault of Babalon where he is to die. Here, she is the Aqua Femina, she who is slayer of all gods and dissolver of all stars. Not only is she man’s womb, she is his tomb, and when he parts the veil he dies, giveth all to her.

He touches the rose that is she, is Babalon, the vault is her. The true marriage of matter with spirit, and those who come out of the vault are fit to be builders of wisdom. It is said the vault leads from the outer darkness of the Altar of Burnt Offerings and Purification to the Temple and the Holy of Holies.

The Gospel of Didymos Judas Thomas where it is written that Jesus answered his disciples with: (22) "*When you make the Two One, and when you make the inside like the outside and the outside like the inside, and the above like the below, and when you make the male and the female one and the same, so that the male not be male nor the female female; and when you fashion eyes in place of an eye, and a hand in place of a hand, and a foot in place of a foot, and a likeness in place of a likeness; then you will enter the kingdom.*"

"Arise, Priest. Arise, oh, my serpent!"

Adam says to her, "My bride, join with me as Shakti, and eternally dance as one. With Thelema (Will) from above, bring our bodies into union with the light."

When the groom lifts Venus's veil, he becomes her porter and becomes custodian of the Mysteries. He recognizes his female aspect, and she her inner male. The focus is on transcendent experience. With love, he enters her vault with a stroke, the alchemical furnace, the athanar and she is the cuburbite, into which the blood of the red lion mixes with the menstruum of the gluten to create first matter, upon it the seal of the fires of the heart. Their coital union in Daath is of Chokmah and Binah. In their simultaneous orgasm all things momentarily vanish because of the perfect union of opposites.

Through alchemy, they produce through water and fire, their child. They congeal their paths together.

Note, the Chymical Marriage of Occidental tradition as told in *Secrets of the German Sex Magicians*, the intent is "unification of Heaven and Earth." Working autoerotically, one unites the poles within himself and not projected onto his partner. Here, we project onto our partner.

Spent from love making, he enters the deep sleep, the lover who has withdrawn unto himself, embraced though by the Goddess, she who is the virgin on the inner, Aphrodite on the outer (yet as the Bridegroom of Hades, as even Sophia is Chokmah), who takes him into arms of death. Verily, there are thorns that come with the rose, and he is the dying god of vegetation, Tammuz or Adonis. See not the red lilies, a symbol of sacrificial blood of the beloved?

Fear not, she now as Isis who renews him, reborn, now fertile and potent. And also to reach that upper and higher soul, Neshama, the Divine Mother of the soul, where she has been waiting for him. She draws the backbone of Osiris on his body and breathes on it, she also breathes in his mouth. Finally, she feeds him the elixir of life.

When he saw her, his reflected Neshama, he said, "It is you, who have given me life, my mother, my physician, and in Da'ath, you have given birth to the Son of Man."

"Sothis is unveiled within you and are now connected to the heavens."

Note, one of the goals of marrying our bodies, of working with the idea of Neshama is to take the Ruach under control of your conscious will. Once this synthesis or unification of self is achieved, it is

transferred through sacrifice to the Neshama, to the higher, and then to take that ray from Neshama all the way back to the astral-emotional Ruach, so that you “know yourself” as if reborn whole, fully from that level of consciousness. Before you are blind, but now you see. The three aspects of Self have now been invoked, aligned and linked, and for what? For spiritual service. Not saying you have reached any grade, it’s about setting yourself up for that direction, making your commitment to follow that course whether in this life or the next.

As it says in Liber 418, you have now been cast into the sphere of Jupiter, to concentrate now on teaching others to “desire to become nobler, holier, worthier, kinglier, kinder and more generous.”

As they leave the temple, they are met by an imposing figure standing near the cliff’s edge. Her cloak billows in the wind. Behind her, they hear sounds of waves crashing. She invites them to step closer.

“So, my children,” says the priestess acting as Babalon, as Sophia, as Isis, etc, “make plans for the Perfect Temple – the Universal Temple (yourselves made whole), lit by the Holy Spirit of Truth and Justice, and into your heart will come that new dawn, Hrumachis, when those of the next Aeon are operating primarily from Neshama, their higher aspect. We’re not there yet. Lay down those steps now for whatever the seeds you wish to

plant, whichever holograph you leave to history, in place for the next generations, born of your own desire, happens by what you do today not tomorrow.

When you lay the foundation, those after you will build it, even if ten thousand years from now. As it is said, do not think of the next Aeon, focus on this one. Wise and true, but there are those (you) who are here or coming here soon, who are the builders and they will build, though you see it not. They begin to construct the stones in this Aeon, each tedious and heavy, and that “now” will birth tomorrow in due time. It’s all about now. There is no tomorrow without the dreams of today, and without dreams, the future is void, and I will leave it at that.”

The couple nods, taking those words to heart.

*“But your holy place shall be untouched throughout the centuries: though with fire and sword it be burnt down & shattered, yet an invisible house there standeth, and shall stand until the fall of the Great Equinox; when Hrumachis shall arise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place. Another prophet shall arise, and bring fresh fever from the skies; another woman shall awake the lust & worship of the Snake; another soul of God and beast shall mingle in the globèd priest; another sacrifice shall stain the tomb; another king shall reign; and blessing no longer be poured To the Hawk-headed mystical Lord!” (AL III:34).*

Crowley says, "Following him [Horus] will arise the Equinox of Ma, the Goddess of Justice, it may be a hundred or ten thousand years from now; for the Computation of Time is not here as There... Strength will prepare the Reign of Justice. We should begin already, as I deem, to regard this Justice as the Ideal whose Way we should make ready, by virtue of our Force and Fire."

She continues, "Some mistakenly think it's the Aeon of Ma'at or a double current, or the Age of Aquarius, and that's mistaken, and like many, I say one should concentrate on this Aeon. We are still in transition and not even evolved enough to consider the next Aeon, especially when birthing pains are still evident in this one. Plant the seeds today, make a better human in this Aeon, and he will be ready when the times comes to enter as a babe into the next.

Go back to your space and time, and continue the work as a congealed couple."

"At the ending of the Night

the limits of the Light

Thoth stood before the Unborn Ones of Time

Then was formulated the Universe

Then came forth the Gods thereof,

The Aeons of the Bornless Beyond.

Then was the Voice Vibrated.

Then was the Name declared.

At the threshold of Entrance,

Betwixt the universe and the Infinite,

In the sign of the Enterer, stood Thoth

As before him the Aeons were Proclaimed.” -- -- *A Note on  
Genesis*

## Chapter 9

**(present)**

### **Gnostic Mass**

She sits naked upon an altar, draped in a red crimson cloth, like a many breasted goddess in some ancient Hindu temple; between two pillars—one black and one white. She is the woman of the ancient mysteries that belong to no time and place, but the heart of humanity itself.

It is here in the present time that Al and Mezla carry on such work; now as priest and priestess performing the Gnostic Mass, seeking to teach a new generation a modern version of the chemical wedding. Gathered with them are the congregation of a new community of seekers; seated in the white pews and waiting for the ceremony to commence. The room is silent, the faces filled with awe and anticipation; knowing that history will fill the room and their memories on this day.

All eyes center on the bearded Deacon with glasses as he advances and bows before the open shrine, where the Holy Graal is exalted. He kisses the



Book of the Law three times, opens it, and places it upon the super-altar, atop where sits the Stele of Revealing with four candles on each side of it. Below the stele is a place for the Book of the Law, with six candles on each side of it. Below this is the Holy Graal, with roses on each side of it, and before it is the Paten, a circular plate holding the Cakes of Light.

Turning west, the solemn Deacon opens the ceremony standing between a small wooden altar of incense and a font and proclaims the Law of Thelema. “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. I proclaim the Law of Light, Life, Love, and Liberty in the name of IAO.”

The Congregation reply, “Love is the law, love under will.”

He then recites the Gnostic creed and the crowd give a resounding AUMN that reverberates throughout the room and for ages to come, as well as also vibrating within them. Pleased with this response, the Deacon goes to his place between the altar of incense and the font, faces east, and gives the sign of Victory; all imitate him.

Soon, the soft drone of some mystical chant is heard; coming from the speaker system, as the Priestess, Mezla appears dressed in white, blue and gold, and around her waist is a red cord, holding a

sword in its sheath. Then two acolytes, called “children,” enter from a side room, with the negative child on her left, the positive on her right, and then she alone ascends the steps of the High Altar. There, she places the Paten before the Graal, and having venerated it, she descends, and with the children following her, she whirls in a graceful serpentine manner involving 3 circles and advances to the Dark Cell in the West. Before this mysterious shrine, Mezla draws her sword, and pulls down the Veil that had covered it; revealing the silent Priest, Al, with his eyes still closed.

The Priestess says “By the power of Iron, I say unto thee, Arise. In the name of our Lord the Sun, and of our Lord.” In this way, as in ancient times, it is the Goddess that draws the God forth from the primordial darkness and into incarnation.

She then sheathes the Sword, and sets her attention on honoring her Priest, upon whom she has bestowed life. She first purifies him with a mixture of water and salt that she gets from the Children, and then enrobes him in red and gold, and finally crowns him with a golden uraeus, to mark the king he is.

Then kneeling before him, she begins the consecration of his trident lance. Arousing him, very gently, very slowly; running her hands up and down the shaft, invoking the Lord. Up and down,

up and down, 11 times; her fingertips eliciting an invisible fire, the three trident tines atop the lance representing the temples of the moon, sun, and star. Then she rises, and the Priest leads her to the high altar in the east and raises her up, where she sits erect and honored as if upon a throne, the Goddess returned to the holy altar as is her rightful place.

The ceremony concludes with the consecration and then consummation of the sacrament. With the uraeus crown upon his head, the Priest in a gold and red robe takes the Paten between the index and medius of the right hand, and the Priestess clasps the cup in her right hand.

Al, as the Priest says, “Lord most secret, bless this spiritual food unto our bodies, bestowing upon us health and wealth and strength and joy and peace, and that fulfilment of will and of love under will that is perpetual happiness.”

After the mass, the couple return to Mezla’s apartment, where upon the balcony they have a view of the Statue of Liberty, the third temple at the mouth of the Atlantic Ocean; being created once again upon a base of an 11-pointed star. Still, even they knew not what was coming to be, for the Lady of Liberty stands upon the ruins of Atlantis; rising as a Phoenix from what has been and soaring to what will be in an eternal and ecstatic

‘now.’ Will they fail yet again or have they turned the tides into this new Aeon? Time will tell all.

From the beginning of their journey into the Mysteries, Al and Mezla set out together to understand their congealed path; where to go from here, with the lamp they are holding out against the darkness. They have become as if some hologram; Adam and Eve in a new garden; engendering a new race and writing a new chapter in the history of mankind. The question they have answered: “Who are you?” And what remains? “What is thy will?”

Mezla Black took out her journal and wrote, “Fear no apocalypse or superstition. Stand up against those who would take away your liberty. It is time for us all to celebrate the marriage of the elements and the feast of the times; bestowing the principal of joy upon all of Mankind. We are the inheritors of these Mysteries, and we are all given the key to the unveiling of the Bride should one wish to accept her invitation.”

## Chapter 10

### Suggestions for Using the Ideas in this Book

1. Practice the Middle Pillar exercise in Chapter 1 of this book by yourself or with your partner. You may also wish to do it in reverse and then document your experiences in your diary along with any impressions or understanding you derive from it. As an alternative, it might be done as follows: first do the Middle Pillar ritual, read the book again, and then do it in reverse afterwards once you have a grasp of the ideas being presented. There are more complex versions that you may prefer to try.
2. For more serious practitioners, you may wish to seek out more technical formulas, for those who want to take Thelemic practices deeper. You may wish to visit <http://www.gclvx.org/> and do further research on your own.
3. It is prudent to keep a diary of your practices and independent studies. Seek out other books on magick, including those alluded to

in these pages. Information may come easy, but it's the practice that brings understanding and accomplishment.

4. Do your own scrying before or after the Moon, Sun, and Star Temple chapters. For Moon, study Devil, Death and Tower Thoth cards. For Sun, study Adjustment, Hermit and Lust cards. For star, I chose to concentrate on the female being the Chariot, the throne and Holy Grail, and he the Hierophant riding upon the Chariot, combined as one to “fly” over the Abyss to the Empress. Study these paths with your partner and write your experiences. Work it out in your own mind. I also give scrying ideas with using a bowl of water in *Traversing the Scarlet Path*.
5. Have a heart to heart discussion with your partner about what you wish to accomplish together as a union. Detail your spiritual aims with your mate, your desired direction. Is it the same? If not, can you meet in the middle, find common ground? If you share main goals that you want to put your time and energy into, then work on congealing your path together. Commit to them and stay focused. Start by doing daily rituals together or read books or poetry to inspire each other. Then set common goals you want to achieve by first writing them down and find a way to

mark their passing when you accomplish them.

6. Write your own story for the temples. What would you find in the moon temple? Describe what it looks like. What initiation would you find there? Repeat for the other temples.
7. Pathwork together. Mark your own course. There are many books on this topic to take this idea further.

## Final Note

Working together with Paul Joseph Rovelli, co-founder of the Gnostic Church of L.V.X., this church is the aim of our congealed path, the child we are birthing through our united labor. Upon it, our lamp is hung, our work begun, and we hope others continue and pass it along in the years to come.



Other Books by Soror Syrix

She of the Silver Star

Daughter of the Mighty Ones