



LIBER
CCXVIII
vel
SOPHIA



Ad Babalonis Amorem Do Dedico Omnia Nihilo

Issued by order of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Holy Ghost
Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis in Anglia
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000

Preface

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

Thelema was supposed to bring Force, Fire, and Leaping Laughter into the world, to inject it with new Life and a new understanding of Death, to give up once and for all the sadness and desperation of the previous Aeon, whose Law had been perverted and distorted by an oppressive Church, rife with scandals and misery.

At the time of writing these words, October 2018 e.v., it seems to me that a mere 114 years into the new Aeon of the Child Thelema is headed the very same direction, with its most visible organisation in the hands of old, tired men who are too weak to fight against tyranny and oppression any longer, letting their tiny kingdoms fall into the hands of zealots who value nothing else but the little power they so desperately crave to become kings of even smaller anthills.

I have considered many times if this isn't the fire and brimstone promised by Chapter III of *Liber AL vel Legis*. Not the righteous new crusade against the infidels¹ that the most vociferous of these so-called leaders are fermenting amongst their followers, but an internal infight for the fate of the Current itself: the prolonged birth pains of a Child that was born only half-formed.

As the world devolves into what seems more and more a re-enactment of the prelude to the horrors of WWII, as in the last century, proving that humanity never learns from the errors of the past, Thelema seems concerned only with injecting testosterone into its average follower, instead of building up a real counter-attack against the forces of Black Brotherhood looming ahead.

It does not have to be this way.

Changes can be enacted by finally correctly implementing the beautiful magico-mystical engine unlocked by the transmission of *Liber AL vel Legis* and the *Holy Books*, working the Gnosis of the Current, and exploring the new territories that have been revealed by a new map that has only be used sparingly so far.

¹ Read: everyone who does not conform to a unique worldview, which sounds incredibly Old Aeonic - but I suppose the irony is lost on those who adhere to it.

Liber CCXVIII vel SOPHIA is one of the first attempts under the aegis of *Ecclesia Gnostica Universalis in Anglia* towards manifesting these changes, and reifying Thelema to its true potential.

At the very beginning of my path, one of my first teachers told me that “*Do what thou wilt...*” begins with *doing*. And so while other Sovereign Sanctuaries are still waiting for those long-prophesied, but never-manifested female Initiates able to create a new ritual to embody other, different and yet fundamental, aspects of the Current, we are doing it - *hic et nunc*.

The Work never ceases.

Love is the law, love under will.



Tau Meithras

Zenith of London

Sol 2° Sagittarii, Luna 24° Tauri, Anno V:iv

OO

Introduction

*“...Oh, who am I who tower beside this goddess of the twilight air?
The burning doves fly from my heart, and melt within her bosom there.
I know the sacrifice of old they offered to the mighty queen,
And this adoring love has brought us back the beauty that has been.
As to her worshippers she came descending from her glowing skies,
So Aphrodite I have seen with shining eyes look through your eyes:
One gleam of the ancestral face which lighted up the dawn for me:
One fiery visitation of the love the gods desire in thee!”*

—“Aphrodite”, George William AE Russell

“John answered, saying to them all, “indeed I baptise you with water. However one comes who is mightier than I, the strap of whose sandal I am not worthy to untie. They will baptise you with the Holy Spirit, and fire.”

—Luke 3.16

ONE

Gnosis means direct experience of the divine. It is continuous and it is revolutionary. There is no one messiah, but an infinity of comings. So answer me this: why is there only one Gnostic Mass?

The Gnostic Mass serves two purposes. It is a calling and opening for the common man into the Mysteries; and its Mystery offers a concrete rejuvenation and

restoration. With the Gnostic Mass Crowley sought to create a one-size-fits-all access to the Mysteries. We are not sure it was ever fit for this purpose; it certainly is not today. It is outdated. It still offers rejuvenation (for its Formula is continuous); yet, for every newcomer that it draws into the Mysteries, it alienates another in turn. And none more so than women.

“Now since He is all, and all things are referred to Him, much confusion hath arisen, the Many overwhelming The One. And herein is the reason whereof: and every woman is not a complete image of God in due proportion. Consider these words attentively, and understand what they say not.”

—Liber C: Agape vel Azoth

We are searching for something to draw women to the Mysteries; we are no longer convinced that *Liber XV* alone is fit for this goal. For a certain kind of woman, or a woman in a certain place, it will work very well. And we do not dismiss nor denigrate these women, for I myself have been one of them. Yet this exclusivity is a problem, for it can offer women little more than a new and more gilded cage. And worse, for the egregore takes those it alienates and blames them, attributing it to their own repression. It knows nothing, has no eyes to see, the feminine path and the intimate, intricate god-given trauma of the masculine gaze.

Thelema is not a naked woman on the altar. It is the sublime ecstasy of the ever-whirring divine duality. It is our approach to this ever-whirring. Our experience of it, our relationship with it, as an individual which is in itself an ever-whirring multiplicity, for the individual is nothing more than a community of stars and cells. The woman on the altar served a purpose; it can still serve one. But it cannot be the end of our work, nor the centre. And this is why Thelema has stagnated since its conception; because it recognised the need for the worship of the goddess, and then found itself unable to enact it; because it feared Her coming.

TWO

Liber XV was designed to offer such a simple illustration of the divine *Formula of ON* that the average Russian peasant could understand it. Unfortunately, I think the average Russian peasant would understand it far better than the average Gnostic Mass-goer today.

This Gnostic Mass operates according to a misconception that abounded in the Victorian world: that the phallus was universal, and without equal counterpart.

These monumental Victorians found one path to the gnosis, and enshrined it as the only path. Yet, it is in the nature of gnosis itself that this is a false construction. Imagine a Church where initiation into the clergy came when one wrote and orchestrated a new mass. What a rich, exquisite Church that would be. A Church where, instead of dogma and authority, theology was a living breathing map of the worlds, sewn from the gnosis of the congregation.

In many ways it is of no surprise to me that the O.T.O. has *Liber XV* only as its Mass, and offers training and initiation only in the phallic path; because its central secret, that of ON, has been operated and understood almost exclusively from the perspective of the phallus – perhaps, can only be operated thus.

“For they understand not that man is the guardian of the Life of God; woman but a temporary expedient; a shrine indeed for the God, but not the God.”

—*Liber C: Agape vel Azoth*

Now, humans like to turn ineffable, incommunicable ideas into metaphor. See the Caduceus: two snakes, wrapped around one another. Picture not the single serpent shooting from the spine, but remember two. Two poles, two snakes, entwined whirring, inside each of us. We call these the masculine and feminine because at this stage in our culture these are the most evocative metaphors we have. Perhaps in time, as our understanding increases, we will be able to surmount this.

Liber XV celebrates the masculine initiation formula, the masculine path to power. It takes the masculine gaze. It celebrates the *Mysteries of ON*—which, though necessarily including masculine and feminine elements, offers subjectivity only to those in the masculine role. Thus we can gender-play the Mass, and this may be a fun and innovative way to viscerally remind the participants of those two snakes; but it is the masculine formula that is enacted nevertheless.

Even gender-played, Liber XV is not sufficient.

This Formula is a powerful and important one, one which huge swathes of our culture have taken as central. But it is not sufficient, and in trying to make it so, we have mimicked the slave religions, and deeply disadvantaged the growth of our own. What we need are rituals which celebrate the feminine mysteries, the feminine initiation formulae; we need rituals which celebrate any other mystery and formula than the singular, specific one used in *Liber XV*.

The Gnostic Mass relies on the Arthurian initiation structure. The Maiden calls forth and rouses the Fool to priesthood; the Priest redeems the woman and places her on the altar, where the primal divinity of the feminine reproductive organs is worshipped symbolically.

This formula cannot simply be switched, for it is an eternal zig-zag, spiralling. This formula assumes that woman is already fallen. Thus I asked myself, what would a mass look like that did not begin by assuming the innate fallenness of humankind?

THREE

I see two women, standing like pillars, and between them a seedling. I see Aphrodite and Psyche; Athena and Ariadne; Hera and the multiplicity of Zeus' consorts. I see Demeter and her daughter Persephone, and the faceless masses marching to the Mysteries. Sophia and Melissa have all these names, and none. Thus the ritual begins with Sophia testing the approaching pythoness, *in memoriam* of these ancient trials which have granted Sophia the sacramental right to consecrate others, for the sake of Her celebration.

Thus Melissa is not a Priestess; the Neophutos is not a Priest. There will be no mention of symbolic virginity in Our Lady's Temple. Melissa was open ere the rite began. With the peach pit, she made her own child. It is a simulacrum of the virgin birth, without that point-less signifier. The Holy Spirit hath impregnated Melissa--we have no need to go poking around to check the integrity of her symbolic hymen.

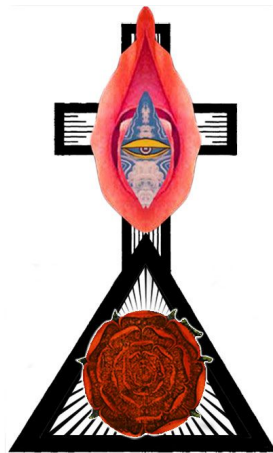
This is the *Foreshadowing of the Feather*. We are no longer Kundry; we have become Nulla. We are no longer Helen; we have become Sophia. Yet, this is not the movement of initiation; this is the step to be taken if we are even to begin the story.

For we do not have the new Formula. Not yet. We see the shape, the shadow; but the key has not yet been given.

So what does this immanent ritual do, this *Liber Sophia*, if it does not offer a Formula? It offers a celebration of the mysteries from the feminine perspective; it is that simple, and it is that revolutionary. It is a celebration. A readdressing of the balance. A ritual that seeks to approach the divine feminine, from the mundane feminine perspective. It offers a path to the mysteries, an avenue of gnosis; an indwelling. It aims to invoke and draw down Sophia by the same movement that it

evokes and pulls up Melissa, Priestess before such things were defined by masculine words; emissary of the Honey Bee.

This celebration *doesn't have a magical aim*; it is a mystical act, and as such is unassuaged of purpose. And yet, we do come before the Our Lady with a prayer, a desire, a hope. Like the fertility rituals of old we hope that by enacting Sophia's descent we might provoke a pentecost among us; all the while we recognise that Sophia already indwells among us, and we celebrate this coming with a Mystery play. It is thus that, in this rite, beauty is far more important than accuracy; so too are gnosis and revelation far more important than dogma and formulae.



Shin Melitodes
Zenith of Atlanta

Sol 2° Sagittarii, Luna 24° Tauri, Anno V:iv

O

Intimation

This is not a Mass.

It does not follow the formula of the Dying God, nor does it follow the
Formula of Woman-As-Vessel.

There is no Death and Rebirth, for we who are immortal have no need to
prove our immortality.

Yet there is a Birth; it is the birth of the Silent Child upon the flower, not
the birth of the Whispering Snake.

The word Mass is so defined that there may be no true Mass for Her;
since these things are thus, I call this Book not Mass.

This ritual has no Priest or Priestess.
This ritual has no Cup, nor Lance.

This ritual is not an act of Magick.
It is an offering, an act of devotion; it is a communication, a
promulgation of the coming of Our Lady.

It does not aim to do anything. It is entirely without intent, unassuaged
of purpose.

It is an expression of pure joy; an overcoming of fear.
It is the celebration of Apocalypse.

In Her Name BABALON.

I

Of the Furnishings of the Temple

At the summit of the Temple is an Altar. The Altar is filled all about with fruits² and flowers, with offerings and incense; the more plentiful, the better. Offerings may vary according to which aspect of the Godhead favour is sought from; the standard selection can be found in row 3 of *Liber 777*.

The Altar Cloth is of red and gold and white. On the left is a black candle; on the right a white candle. Raised is a candle of deep blue; and in the depths, a candle of red. Behind the Altar is a black pyramid, and at the top thereof is a vesica piscis, and behind the vesica piscis there extends a black cross.

At the foot of the Temple is a womb or cave, with a Veil; the Veil is decorated with a flower or mandala, or some other such vulvic beauty.

Consider the Furnishing of the Temple as an act of devotion and expression of Gnosis in itself. The highest principles are beauty, harmony, attentiveness. The aesthetics of devotion. Precision is less important than beauty; anathema is the '*community centre*' draped about with polyester rugs as curtains. The suggestions here are but a vague rubric, and should not be followed slavishly. We have no need for dogmatism or orthodoxy. These things are anathema. We are Gnostics. Our '*creed*' is of direct experience and our desire to manifest and communicate this within the mundane. Nothing more.

Revolution has more power than the thousandth repetition.

² Peaches, apples, figs and pomegranates are especially sacred to Our Lady.

II

Of the Officers of the Mass

Melissa and **Sophia** both wear simple, grecian dresses. Melissa wears black or very dark blue; Sophia wears white or cream.

Neophutos should be naked apart from a loincloth. His skin should be covered in ochre or red clay. His hair should be loose, and upon his head two horns. Neophutos may not wear any headdress with a single rising figure, such as the serpent crown. This is anathema to the operation.

A **Master of Ceremonies** should be employed, to see to mundanities of the rite: ushering the Congregants in and out; attending lights and incense; ringing the bell; supplying and removing props; coordinating the Celebration.

III

Of the Ceremony of the Introit

The congregation are admitted. Sophia sits upon the High Altar, looking down from Kether toward Malkuth. Melissa sits in Vajrasana (Thunderbolt pose), head bowed, at Yesod. Neophutos is enwombed in Malkuth.³

SOPHIA [*arms raised*]:

Our Lady, who treads upon this Earth

Hallowed be thy names.

Thy Queendom has come

Thy Will is done

³ The Temple is laid out cabbalistically, so as to reflect the Etz Chaim; the Stations of the Rite correspond with the Sephiroth.

On Earth, as it is in Heaven
Give us this day our daily wine
And forgive us our stasis
As we forgive those who are trapped in their cages
And lead us into temptation
For we shall deliver ourselves from evil.
In the name of the Mother, the Daughter, and the Fire Qadosh.

Congregants stand.

SOPHIA and all CONGREGANTS: I see Our Lady. Mystery of Mystery She watches and waits, like the waves or a womb. All-eternal, all-powerful, sole creator and nourisher of all that is and will be. I see Our Lord standing at Her side, Mystery of Mystery, and the fire in His breath is the fire in the mountains. I see Sophia, emissary of the highest; I see the quickening of Qadosh. I see Our Mother and Our Father bring forth a Daughter and a Son. I see the veils and the masks that we call Chaos and Babalon. I see, and my seeing makes me strong. Upon this sight sublime We shall build Our Church. I see Our Ancestors. They abide among Us. I see the power of the Living Blood; I see the Miracle of Incarnation. I see Our Life multitudinous, indistinct and atemporal. We are all that was, and is, and is to come. This is the Dawning of the Day of Be With Us.

Sophia descends the Tree via the Middle Pillar. She stands before Melissa and offers her a peach. Melissa eats the peach as Sophia speaks.

SOPHIA *[to Melissa]*:

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.
To all impressions thus. Let them not overcome thee: yet let them breed within thee.

The least of the impressions, come to its perfection, is Pan.
Receive a thousand lovers; thou shalt bear but One Child.
This Child shall be the heir of the Fate the Father.⁴

*Sophia leads Melissa to Tiphareth, where a pot of fertile earth awaits.
Melissa plants the peach pit in the pot.*

SOPHIA: Come forth into the garden. Here there is darkness but no sleep; silence but no peace; work but no reward.

Sophia leads Melissa to Da'ath; Melissa kneels.

SOPHIA: When thy dust shall strew the earth whereon She walketh, then mayest thou bear the impress of Her foot.

A great bell begins to toll (11). And in the hands of Sophia is a veil so fine and transparent that it is hardly visible. She places this over Melissa, bowing her head reverently. Sophia returns to the Altar, blows out the candles. Darkness.

SOPHIA: Yea, all is darkness now; and thou art Nulla.
Nulla Alogos. No woman, no word, in the garden of nothing.
Oh, my Nulla, She who tends the garden in the Night—see how these invisible flowers grow, darkly gleaming in the darkness. This to be lavished in V.I.T.R.I.O.L. ; this to be worshipped with sandalwood.
Sing to the night-time birds, Nulla. For thy Lord will come.

Drumming in the darkness.

Is there any here who can make the speech of No Woman?
Is there any here who would dare to share my place upon this crown,
glinting as a Sapphire Star?

⁴ *The Book of Lies*, Chapter 4.

*Slowly Melissa rises, removing the veil from her face to place it upon
her shoulders,
and comes to stand before Sophia.*

SOPHIA: Out of the eater came something to eat, and out of the strong
came something sweet.

MELISSA: What is sweeter than honey? And what is stronger than a
lion?⁵

*Sophia lights the candles on the altar; first the blue, then the red. After
she lights the black, Melissa takes her place in Binah. After she has lit
the white, Sophia takes her place in Chokmah.*

SOPHIA: A new star is born, yet the other is not diminished; a new
flame alight in the Holy of Holies, and her Sisters burn ever stronger.

Why am I jealous? Why do you presume? Why do we fear? We have been
taught untruth since the cradle. We stand equal—force shared between
us is not diminished, but burns brighter and more furiously within the
tension of the circuit.

IV

Of the Ceremony of the Opening of the Veil

SOPHIA: Thus, standing strong together as Sisters, we call down the
powers.

SOPHIA & MELISSA: [*in unison, with hands outstretched in the Sign
of Isis in Welcome*⁶] In the name of our Father Chaos, and our Son
Baphomet, and our Spirit, the Fire Qadosh.

⁵ *Judges 14.* This is a vastly superior illustration of the formula of Our Lady and the Beast whereon
She Rideth than that found in Atu XI, which simplified the formula ad absurdum.

⁶ See *Liber O, The Signs of the Grades.*

MELISSA: I emerged from the great womb already pregnant. With your love that shaketh death, the sweet scent of your whoredom like a seven-stringed instrument, the shaking begins; this shaking which I know will give the peace of satiate lust when He comes.⁷

SOPHIA: O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!⁸

Melissa descends; with the Sign of the Rending of the Veil⁹ and a great cry of AHA!¹⁰ she wrenches forth Neophutos. She leads him to Yesod, where she washes his feet. Thence, she brings him to Tiphareth and stands before him, holding an arrow against his chest.¹¹

MELISSA: There is a Swan whose name is Ecstasy: it wingeth from the Deserts of the North; it wingeth through the blue; it wingeth over the fields of rice; at its coming they push forth the green. In all the Universe this Swan alone is motionless; it seems to move, as the Sun seems to move; such is the weakness of our sight. O fool! criest thou? Amen. Motion is relative: there is Nothing that is still. Against this Swan you shot an arrow; the white breast poured forth blood. Men smote you; then, perceiving that you were Nemo, they let you pass. Thus and not otherwise you came to the Temple of the Graal.¹²

*Melissa removes the arrow and returns to Binah.
Neophutos kneels at Da'ath; all congregants kneel¹³*

Melissa: Despair! Despair! For thou mayest deceive the Virgin, and thou mayest cajole the Mother; but what wilt thou say unto the ancient

⁷ *The Cry of the 2nd Aethyr, that is called ARN.*

⁸ *Liber AL vel Legis.*

⁹ See *Liber O, The Signs of the Grades.*

¹⁰ AHA = Aleph - Heh - Aleph = 7. It is therefore a God-name of Venus. Interpreted by Yetziratic attribution, it is "*The Crossing of our Lady (Heh = the Supernal Mother) in the Air (Aleph).*"

¹¹ The Formula of the Dying God is reluctant to expire.

¹² *The Book of Lies*, Chapter 17.

¹³ All present must kneel, unless physically unable. To refuse to kneel is to claim the temporary body sovereign, which is nothing more than the reification of ego. We are divine; we kneel in awe.

Whore that is throned in Eternity? For if she will not, there is neither force nor cunning, nor any wit, that may prevail upon her.

Thou canst not woo her with love, for she is love. And she hath all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with gold, for all the Kings and captains of the earth, and all the gods of heaven, have showered their gold upon her. Thus hath she all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with knowledge, for knowledge is the thing that she hath spurned. She hath it all, and hath no need of thee.

And thou canst not woo her with wit, for her Lord is Wit.

She hath it all, and hath no need of thee. Despair! Despair!

Nor canst thou cling to her knees and ask for pity; nor canst thou cling to her heart and ask for love; nor canst thou put thine arms about her neck, and ask for understanding; for thou had all these, and they avail thee not. Despair! Despair!¹⁴

NEOPHUTOS:

[softly, with mourning] A ka dua

Tuf ur biu

Bi a'a chefu

Dudu nur af an nuteru.

Neophutos stands.

[a little louder, with acceptance] A ka dua

Tuf ur biu

Bi a'a chefu

Dudu nur af an nuteru.

Neophutos comes to stand before the Altar.

[triumphant] A ka dua

Tuf ur biu

Bi a'a chefu

¹⁴ *The Cry of the 2nd Aethyr, that is called ARN*

Dudu nur af an nuteru.

Melissa places her Neophutos upon the altar, and places her veil over him. She stands once more in Binah, with her left hand on Neophutos' left thigh. Neophutos places his finger on his lips, in the Sign of Silence.¹⁵

SOPHIA: Here remaineth only the Lord of the Aeon, the Avenger, the Child both Crowned and Conquering, the Lord of the Sword and the Sun, the Babe in the Lotus, pure from his birth, the Child of Suffering, the Father of Justice, unto whom be the glory throughout all the Aeon.¹⁶

V

Of the Office of the Collects

SOPHIA: Lady of Sorrow, that art the might of woman, that art the essence of every Mystery upon the surface of the Earth, continuing knowledge from generation unto generation, thou adored of us upon rivers and seas, within valleys and caves, secretly in our sleeping chambers and openly in our hearts, in temples of tears and flesh and bone as in these other temples of stone, we worthily commemorate them worthy that did of old adore thee and manifest thy glory unto women.

At each name Sophia, with her hand loosely cupped, marks a



Mary Magdalene, Aisha, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Hypatia of Alexandria, Sappho, Salome, Bathsheba, Helen of Tyre, Empress Theodora of Byzantium, Sei Shonagon, Morgan Le Fey, Vivian of the Lake, Gwenhwyfar, Esclarmonde de Foix, Lucrezia Borgia, Hildegard von Bingen, Queen Elizabeth I, Catherine of Siena, Simone de Beauvoir, Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Shelley, Berthe de Corriere, Colette, Ida

¹⁵ The Sign of Harpocrates: see *Liber O, The Signs of the Grades*.

¹⁶ *The Cry of the 2nd Aethyr, which is called ARN*.

Craddock, Marie Laveau, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Anna Kingsford, Moina Mathers, Rose Kelley, Leila Waddell, Mary D'Este Sturges, Leah Hirsig, Dion Fortune, Ithell Colquhoun, Pamela Colman-Smith, Frieda Lady Harris, Anais Nin, Marjorie Cameron, Phyllis Seckler, Helen Parsons-Smith, Nema Andahadna.

In addition, we commemorate all those ancient priestesses, prophetesses and pythiae whose holiness has been defamed.

Every woman burnt in the witch-trials.

Every mother. Every whore. Every crone.

Every woman that was and is and is to come.

In Our name BABALON

DEDIT!¹⁷

MELISSA: And now appears before my eyes great black Rose, each of whose petals, though it be featureless, is yet a devil-face. And all the stalks are the black snakes of hell. It is alive, this Rose; a single thought informs it. It comes to clutch, to murder. Yet, because a single thought alone informs it, I have hope therein.

I think the Rose has a hundred and fifty-six petals, and though it be black, it has the luminous blush.

Holy, Holy, Holy art thou!

Light, Life and Love are like three glow-worms at thy feet: the whole universe of stars, the dewdrops on the grass whereon thou walkest!

MELISSA: Before thee all the most holy is profane, O thou desolator of shrines! O thou falsifier of the oracles of truth! Ever as I went, hath it been thus. Again and again the fortress must be battered down! pylon must be overthrown! Again and again must the gods be desecrated!

MELISSA: Aha! Aha!

¹⁷ Dedit = "She gave". It is a secret quality of Our Lady. See *DEDIT!* in *The Drug and Other Stories*.

Yea! Let me take the form of Hadit before thee!

*Melissa kneels in adoration, her arms raised above her head;
congregation kneels. In adoration, Melissa sings*

A ka dua

Tuf ur biu

Bi a'a chefu

Dudu nur af an nuteru.

Nuit! Nuit! Nuit! How art thou manifested in this place! This is a Mystery ineffable. And it is mine, and I can never reveal it either to God or to man. It is for thee and me!¹⁸

VI

Of the Consecration of the Elements (Pentecost)

MELISSA: [*stands in the sign of Isis Rejoicing¹⁹; congregation stands*]:

O azure-lidded woman, bend upon them!

Hear the sound like the rushing of a violent wind as it fills the temple.

See these many tongues of fire rest, one upon each head.

And we are all filled with the Pneumatos Hagiou.

And we all begin to speak.²⁰

MELISSA and THE CONGREGANTS: Omari tessala marax,

tessala dodi phornepax.

amri radara poliax

armana piliu.

amri radara piliu son';

mari narya barbiton

madara anaphax sarpedon

andala hriliu. [x3]

¹⁸ *The Cry of the 2nd Aethyr, that is called ARN*

¹⁹ See *Liber O, The Signs of the Grades.*

²⁰ *Acts 2*

During the chant, Sophia descends to the womb via the Path of Lightning, pulls forth the bag of wine²¹ and brings it to the Altar, ascending via the Path of the Serpent. Once Sophia has completed her journey, the congregation may sit.

SOPHIA: The shedding of blood is necessary, for God did not hear the Children of Eve until blood was shed.²²

Blood is shed in Death; but is not blood also shed in the bringing of Life?

Does not blood flow with the pull of the Moon, as does blood dry in the heat of the Sun?

Sophia holds the bag of wine aloft toward Kether.

SOPHIA: the blood of the Mother; the blood of the Son.

Sophia hands the bag of wine to Melissa, who holds the bag aloft.

MELISSA: the life in the water; the two that are one.

Is this not the blood of my blood from whence springs life?

Is this not the quickening of all things?

Is this not the beginning and the end?

MELISSA [*Pouring wine over the head of Neophutos*]:

In the name of Our Lady and Our Lord do I anoint thee.

In the name of their Daughter and their Son do I anoint thee.

In the name of the three-in-one and the one-in-three, do I anoint thee.

Melissa holds the bag aloft.

²¹ The bag of wine will ideally be made of the bladder of an animal, or of animal skin. Inside there is wine sweetened with honey, and thickened with a crushed Cake of Light. This cake should be prepared according to the instructions given in *Liber AL*, with one difference; in civilised countries, where the option is available, the blood to be used is that of the placenta and afterbirth flow. If this is not available, menstrual blood will suffice.

²² *The Cry of the 2nd Aethyr, which is called ARN*

This is the Aeon of the Immortal Blood.

Melissa places the bag upon the altar.

VII

Of the Office of the Anthem

The congregation stand.

MELISSA [*arms raised and head thrown back*]:

Thou who art I, my secret flame
Who has these natures and these names,
Who art, when these still have not come,
Thou secret centre of the Sun
Thou hidden spring of all things known
And unknown, thou aloof, alone,
Thou, the true blood in the rood
Thou source and seed, thy breed and brood
Thou, Mother of all dark and light
Thou beyond speech and beyond sight,
Thee I invoke, my Bitter Sea
Rising roaring making free.
Thee I invoke, continuous one,
Thee, secret centre of the sun.
And that most holy mystery
Of which the vehicle are we
Appear in fire, appear in rain
For honey rises from the slain.

SOPHIA [*arms raised and head thrown back*]:

For of the Mother and the Child
The Fire Qadosh is both partaken

Tiresias, uncategorised, wild;
In man the woman does awaken.
Glory and worship in the highest
Thou shard that mankind deifiest
Being that race, that learned and lied
And still we find we are not forsaken.
Glory and worship be to thee
Our Mother of the Bitter Sea.

The congregation raise their arms in praise.

SOPHIA, and all on the right: Glory to Thee from chariot patient.

MELISSA, and all on the left: Glory to Thee from chalice ancient.

SOPHIA et al: Glory to Thee from chattel owned.

MELISSA et al: Glory to Thee from queen enthroned.

SOPHIA et al: Glory to Thee, thou regents bold
Progenitors of black and gold.

MELISSA et al: Glory to Thee, thee that I am
Thou lion and thou ailing lamb.

SOPHIA et al: Glory to Thee, thy way we pave
We sing in the nave and we sing in thy cave.

MELISSA et al: Glory to Thee, true Unity
Thou three in one, thou one in three.

ALL: Glory and worship unto Thee,
Our Mother of the Bitter Sea.

VIII

Of the Consummation of the Elements (Fear and Trembling)

SOPHIA *[in the Sign of Fire]²³:*

To the God OAI

Be praise

²³ See *Liber O, The Signs of the Grades*.

In the end and the beginning!

MELISSA [*in the Sign of Water*]²⁴: And that which thou hearest is but the dropping of the dew from my limbs, for I dance in the night, naked upon the grass, in shadowy places, by running streams. Many are they who have loved the nymphs of the woods, and of the wells, and of the fountains, and of the hills. And of these some were nympholept. For it was not a nymph, but I myself that walked upon the earth taking my pleasure. So also there were many images of Pan, and men adored them, and as a beautiful god he made their olives bear double and their vines increase; but some were slain by the god, for it was I that had woven the garlands about him.

Every man that hath seen me forgetteth me never, and I appear oftentimes in the coals of the fire, and upon the smooth white skin of woman, and in the constancy of the waterfall, and in the emptiness of deserts and marshes, and upon great cliffs that look seaward; and in many strange places, where men seek me not. And many thousand times he beholdeth me not. And at last I smite myself into him as a vision smiteth into a stone, and whom I call must follow.²⁵

Those Congregants who intend to communicate will advance one by one to the Altar.

*Each Congregant kneels before Melissa, who pours wine from the bag into their mouth. They rise, and stand before Sophia, who traces the Rose-Cross on their breast with Holy Oil.*²⁶

After the Celebration has finished, Sophia, with her hand loosely cupped, marks O over the congregants thrice, thus:

²⁴ See *Liber O, The Signs of the Grades*.

²⁵ *The Cry of the 2nd Aethyr, which is called ARN*

²⁶ Oil of Abramelin is traditional, though not fundamental.

SOPHIA:

Our Lady bless you. ○

Our Lady enlighten your minds and comfort your hearts and sustain your bodies. ○

Our Lady bring you to the accomplishment of your True Will, the Great Work; for this is Her Will, and we are all Her children. ○

As the officers were already present in the Temple when the Congregation arrived, so too they remain enthroned as the newly revived Congregation pour forth into the world.

FINIS