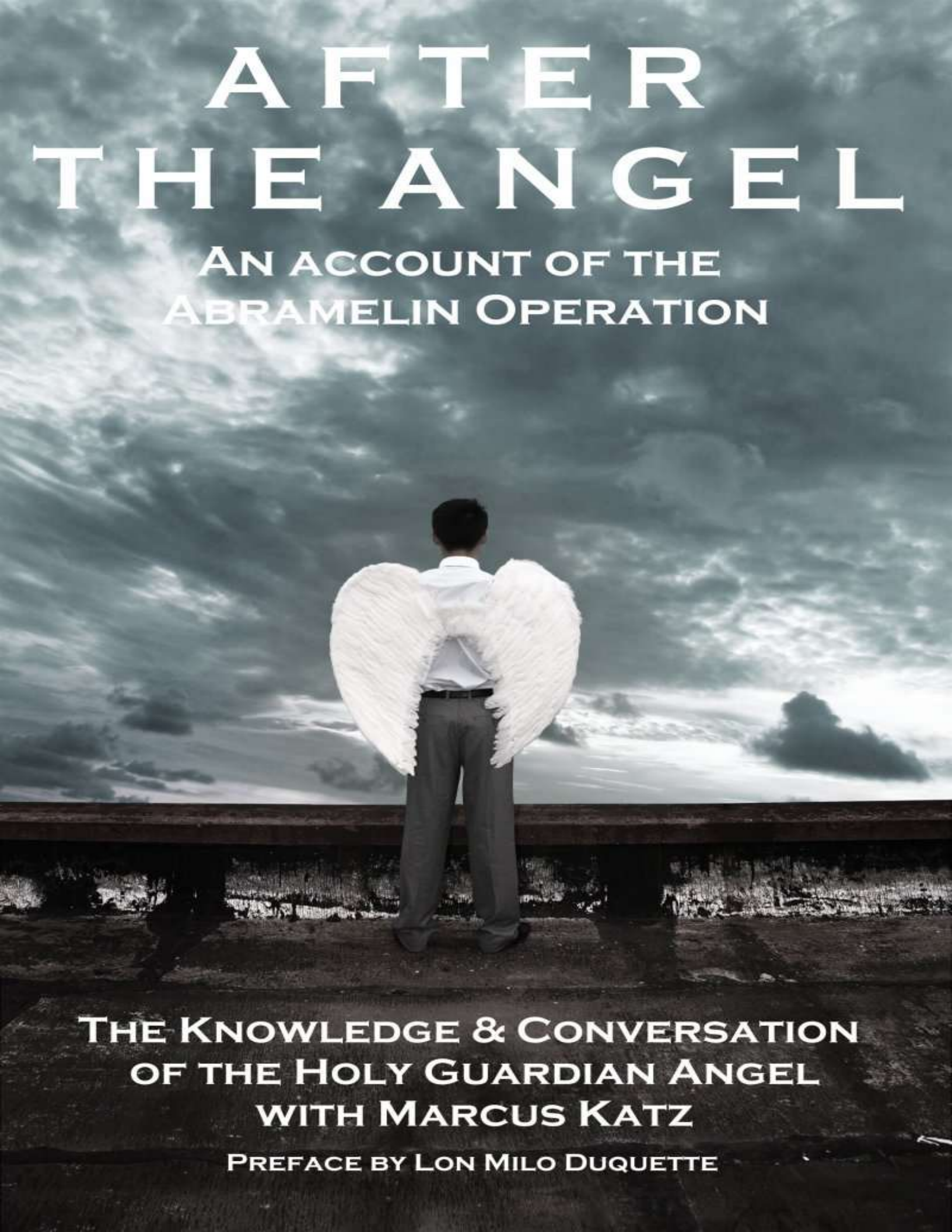
AFTER THE ANGEL

An account of the Abramelin Operation



The Knowledge & Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel

with Marcus Katz

Preface by Lon Milo Duquette

After the Angel

An Account of the Abramelin Operation

A Six-month Working

to Attain the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

Marcus Katz

Author photograph taken by Lon Milo Duquette, 2010.
Cover Design: Marcus Katz
Copyright © 2011 Marcus Katz
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without permission in writing from Forge Press. Reviewers may quote brief passages.

www.aftertheangel.com
www.forgepress.com



Forge Press, 1 Wood Cottages, Old Windebrowe, Keswick, 2011

This work is lovingly dedicated to my wife, Brina
whose faith so often
surpassed my own.

Acknowledgements

For more on the works of **Lon Milo Duquette**, which continue to make the esoteric accessible and relevant to contemporary society, please visit Lonmiloduquette.ning.com.

I would like to thank **Georg Dehn** (with Steven Guth, translator) for his incredible dedication to the Abramelin Operation and making available the German versions in English translation.

I also recommend the work of **Greg Kaminsky** (Occult of Personality, http://www.occultofpersonality.net) and **Miguel Conner** (Aeon Byte, http://www.thegodabovegod.com) for considered and relevant interviews and articles on the esoteric paradigms.

Thank you to **Adam Mclean** who gave permission for usage of the two images from the *Mirror of Wisdom*. His Alchemy site is a treasure trove of images and teachings: http://www.levity.com/alchemy/

And as ever, to the Priestess of the Silver Star, she whose light leads the way to the *Arcanum Arcanorum*, the Secret of Secrets. V.V.V.V.

Preface
By Lon Milo Duquette

Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is the primary goal of the ceremonial magician and must be achieved before any other meaningful magical acts can be accomplished.

The Holy Guardian Angel (the Secret Lover) will be the magician's teacher, lover, mentor and guide through the higher levels of initiation.

Whether one considers oneself a ceremonial magician or not, the fact remains that the above experience, no matter what it is called, is a prerequisite for complete spiritual liberation.[1]

On July 11th, 1969 I celebrated my 21st birthday by getting deliciously high on Afghan hashish with my friend and songwriting partner, Charley D. Harris. The occasion was doubly celebratory because we had just inked a new recording contract with Epic Records and were preparing material for a second single and an album for that prestigious label – a work we were sure would finally bring us the fame and fortune we believed we so richly deserved.

Charley and I weren't just wannabe rock stars; at least not in our own minds. No. We fancied ourselves troubadours of cosmic consciousness, magical bards, mystic musicians, psychedelic hippy poets surfing the tsunami of cultural consciousness created by the patron saints of our generation – Bob Dylan, Dr. Timothy Leary, and the Beatles. Even our silly love songs were written as thinly-veiled hymns to transcendent deity. At that sweet, green moment of life our youth acknowledged no limits to our magick; and knowing no limits, there *were* none.

With oddly egoless bravado we resolved to write a new song on the spot. I leaned across my beloved Gibson B-45 12 string and plucked an "Occult Dictionary" from the bookcase, closed my eyes, opened it at random and blindly pinned my finger to a page. It rested on the words, "Inner Man." Three bowls of hash later we had our song:

Deep within you,

Softly hear me sing;
Find me if you will.
I've never not been anything,
And I always will.
All in the All and the All in All.
(I am the Inner Man.)
All in the All and the All in All.
(I am the Inner Man.)
See how each night becomes the day,
Born with each new dawn.
Death cannot claim the Inner Man,
That's how life goes on.
All in the All and the All in All.
(I am the Inner Man.)
All in the All and the All in All.
(I am the Inner Man.)
And when you find the Inner Man,
With your journey through,
Smiling, you find the one to tell,
It was always you.
All in the All and the All in All.
(I am the Inner Man.)
All in the All and the All in All.
(I am the Inner Man.)[2]

Our lyrics didn't spring from the depths of any character-building life experiences or profound mystical traumas. Those terrible adventures still awaited us in the future. But I believe we were nonetheless on to something very real – something very important (other than that excellent hashish).

Our song was a corny cliché; naïve and pretentious. But to tell the truth, reading these lyrics 42 years later I am still impressed by the message.

In fact, I'm hard pressed to think of a more concise summation of the ineffable spiritual experience (event-phenomenon-illumination) that is the subject of Mr. Katz's remarkable book.

Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel (K&C of the HGA) is a rather silly sounding expression for a very serious spiritual event. One is almost embarrassed to say the words when discussing the matter with people unfamiliar with the esoteric history of *The Book of The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage as Delivered by Abraham the Jew Unto His Son Lamech – A Grimoire of The Fifteenth Century*, or the Golden Dawn, or the works of Aleister Crowley.[3] It is not exactly the same "Guardian Angel" to whom little Catholic children address their bedtime prayers … or is it?

The intense and heroic magical operation that Mr. Katz performed and that he so ably describes in his book was created by the magician, Abraham of Worms (c.1362 – c.1558), to trigger a tangible and objective mystical experience – an eyes-wide-open moment of ecstatic union even more real, life-altering, and memorable than one's first romantically charged adolescent kiss. It is the ultimate *consummation devoutly to be wish'd*. According to Abraham's theory we are each in a sense an *unfinished* human being (a slumbering princess) until we have been *kissed* by (united with) our questing prince (the HGA). The HGA, on the other hand, remains an unfinished spiritual being (a prince who will never be a king until he has married a princess).

Of course the entire cast of characters in this fairytale are simply metaphors for levels of consciousness and the mechanics of our evolving *identity with* those levels of consciousness. But sleeping princesses and hunky princes and kings and queens and awaking kisses and weddings and babies are *pretty damned good* metaphors for this process; because the key that holds it all together… indeed, the key to the nature of consciousness itself, from iron and rocks to light and energy and godhead itself, is *Love*.

But is love, as the Beatles sang, really "all you need?" In my book, *Ask Baba Lon: Answers to Questions of Life and Magick*,[4] I try to answer the question, "What is the fastest way to unite with the HGA?"

> *Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is a love thing. Work on developing the ability to fall hopelessly,*

blissfully, passionately in love with GOD (or whatever your object of supreme divinity is). Each of us is already trying to mate with our HGA every time we fall in love with someone or something. It's not really the person or object of our devotion we're falling in love with, we're falling in love with a perfected ideal (something that no person or thing could in reality ever live up to). That ideal is the Angel. That perfected ideal is really us (a fact we'll discover when we and the Angel are united).

Until then, we're already well armed with the only tool we need to lure the Angel to us: intense, insane, romantic naiveté; a devotion so consuming it would embarrass us to death if we weren't so blinded by Love ... [5]

The Abramelin operation is designed to systematically build up the magician's devotional muscles in a relatively safe and balanced manner; a process that (for those of us in the west) is not always easy to give ourselves over to. In fact, the operation seems ingeniously designed to gradually trick the rational mind into surrendering its sovereignty … at least long enough to become irrationally open to the influx of divine consciousness. What is especially valuable about the way Mr. Katz has applied the Abramelin operation to his own life, is the way he performed this 'magical retirement' amid the distractions and the madding crowd of his everyday/work-a-day world. I believe he succeeded in striking this delicate balance that is so necessary if one desires to ascend to heavenly levels of consciousness while not prematurely abandoning one's incarnational responsibilities, and opportunities.

It is fair for the magician to ask, "What incarnational duty could possibly more important than Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel?

Why do I need to strike a balance in between the world of karmic entanglements and the world of enlightenment? Why shouldn't I simply abandon everything in my life and pursue with one-pointed ardor this spiritual illumination?" In *Ask Baba Lon* I try to address this question as well.

… Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is a level of consciousness, and the straightest path to the HGA

is devotion. If you can fall completely and helplessly in love with God you are there. If this means you find yourself in a loincloth jumping up and down on a street corner blissfully singing Hare Krishna (or Hare Crowley), then so be it. It won't matter to you, because you and the beloved will be joined in ecstatic union.

"If, however, you feel in your heart-of-hearts (and that's where the Holy Guardian Angel lives) that you still have some mission to accomplish in this incarnation before hopping on the train and taking the "straightest path" to bliss land, then you should start shopping around to see what your mission is and customize your devotional quest for the Angel in order to harmonize and manifest your life's mission (Will).[6]

And what about me? Has Lon Milo DuQuette achieved Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel?

That also is a fair question to ask. If I have, I confess it didn't occur as I pictured it would the first time I read *The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*. If I have achieved K&C of the HGA, it came as a realization not of something that happened to me, but a realization of what I now am. Awake … or at least more awake than the boy who wrote "I am the Inner Man."

Perhaps the name of my Holy Guardian Angel is "Baba Lon" or Rabbi Lamed Ben Clifford. Perhaps that's the way it always works. Together you and the angel become somebody else … someone who writes love notes to oneself.

God is.

Undivided God is pure potentiality and realizes Nothing.

God can only realize Itself by becoming Many and then experiencing all possibilities through the adventures of Its many parts.

The ultimate purpose for My existence is to exhaust My individual potentiality.

My Love for God and God's Love for Me springs from the Great Secret we share.

The Secret is

God and I will achieve Supreme Enlightenment at the same moment.[7]

Lon Milo DuQuette
Easter Sunday, 2011 EV

An angel runs
Thru the sudden light
Thru the room
A ghost precedes us
A shadow follows us
And each time we stop
We fall.
Jim Morrison

Many of the names, initials and references in this journal have been edited to ensure relative anonymity. Where place names have significant import on the Operation I have retained these for reference.

Introduction

What would it be like to have your very own personal Angel? To have it speak to you, guide and teach you like a regular friend? What would it feel like to never be unsure of your divine purpose? How would it be to greet each day – and every moment - with the knowledge and conversation of a Being possessed of a total consciousness of the nature of reality? What would your life be like to never fear, doubt or fall into dismay?

Such ambition is surely the mystics dream and the magician's goal – and there is a method said to attain such rapture. It is called the *Book of Abramelin* and whilst it is shrouded with superstition and fear, ignorance and even dread, it is also deemed the "one perfect ritual in Magic; one goal which takes precedence over all others, the invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel".[8]

I performed the six-month magical ritual known as the **Abramelin Operation** during a continual period of practice throughout 177 days between March and September 2004. The operation, consisting of rigorous and demanding daily practices, observations, and ritual, culminates in the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. The prize is beyond description; Abramelin says "you shall be received by him [your Guardian Angel] with such affection this description which I here give unto you shall appear a mere nothing in comparison".[9]

However, the successful completion of the intense practices of fasting, silence, spiritual study, intense prayer and increasing seclusion, is not guaranteed. The author of the work also states "I swear by the True God that out of an hundred persons who might undertake this operation, there would be only two or three who would actually attain to it".[10]

Whilst I considered myself prepared – I had thirty years of experience studying and working almost consistently in the Western Esoteric Initiatory System, Witchcraft, Thelema, Golden Dawn Ritual, and other diverse systems such as Ma'at Magick, Chaos Magick and Flux Magick and studied and taught Alchemy, Tarot and other

esoteric practices – nothing prepared me for what occurred during that time, and more importantly, the time that followed after the Angel.

There is only one other fully published account of the successful pursuit of this ritual, and just a scattered handful of partial accounts online. None of them particularly detail the long-term consequences of the operation – consequences that in my case lasted seven years to this present publication. I believe the conditions demanded of me at the completion of the ritual have now been met and it is with consideration and some trepidation that I now offer this personal diary for publication.

After seven years, the people you will meet in this journal are not the same people you would now encounter – it was not only my life and our lives which were transformed by this Operation, but our very identities and awareness. As such, this remains a sacred ritual which no publication could ever fully transmit.

However, I offer such a publication with the intent that it makes this method somewhat more accessible to those who are working towards it. It is also intended that it provides part of a growing corpus of considered accounts of the Western Esoteric Initiatory System (WEIS) and its place in contemporary western society.

The Abramelin Operation

There are a number of versions of this working, and in my case I utilized that which was translated from the French to the English by S. L. MacGregor Mathers in 1897, one of the three founders of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn in 1888. Mathers translated the French manuscript, held at the time in the *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal* in Paris.[11]

Since that time, Georg Dehn has provided, with English translation by Steven Guth, a construction from six German versions dated 1608 - 1725. This demonstrates that the French version is incomplete and poorly composed - a matter of which I was somewhat aware during my practice.[12] Indeed, Dehn's version still does not include many of the additional German footnotes (of which there are 500) in the present edition, despite his labours to provide a comprehensive work.

There are few published full accounts of the working itself – the most notable being *The Sacred Magician* by William Bloom, which was originally published under a pseudonym, Georges Chevalier.[13]

Bloom was 25 when in 1973 he set off to Morocco with his wife in order to practice the ritual in rural isolation. There is also a lesser-known account by Ishariyah (I. Golden), aged 54 when he undertook the ritual in 2003 in Australia. I received this account during my own practice in 2004, when I was aged 39.

Aaron Leitch has also written on his contemporary experience of the working[14] in 1997 and the Thelemic magician Bill Heidrick provides a lengthy *Abramelin Ramble* written between 1994-5.[15] Athena W also completed the working 2003-4 and her notes are available online.[16]

The Practice and Ritual

It is not the intent of this publication to offer the instructions to the operation, which can be drawn from both Mathers and Dehn's translations. However, for context I here provide the general structure of the operation and the scope of its demanding practice.

I would also state that once commenced, the psychological, emotional, mental, social and spiritual impact of this work, if done with consideration, is utterly overwhelming and will consume everything in your life. The abortion of the ritual would be conversely perilous to your state and condition. The completion of the ritual to be met with only failure would equally be the end of your magical and spiritual progress. This is not an online game, role-playing magic or idle pastime. It is at best the most intense divine working of one's spiritual life or at worst a willed psychotic episode leading to a complete nervous breakdown.

Bloom and Ishariyah both praise their partners in forbearing the work and I would do likewise. As you will see in this account, my family was as much a part of the working as I, and bore the risk and reward of the Operation fully. It is to my wife, B, and son, R, to whom I am most indebted.

Concerning the Selection of the Place

Whilst Abramelin gives an account of the ideal place for the ritual, he also points out “in this point as in all the others, we should rule and govern ourselves according to the means at our disposal”.[17]

The ideal situation is to have a lodge and terrace, with an uncovered balcony, and a window which looks out from the apartment to the terrace. There should also ideally be an oratory in which the main work of prayer is conducted.

The Ritual Implements

The oratory should have a lamp, a censer for incense and an altar.

The practitioner requires a white linen robe and a girdle of silk, as well as a crown. Various oils and perfumes, and incense are required, and a wand ideally constructed of almond wood.

The Practice

The book contains full and precise instructions for practice, whilst allowing for variation due to circumstances. Whilst I studied the book thoroughly over some twenty years, I found that on closer examination I had missed some interesting advice due to the fragmentary nature of the manuscript. My pre-Abramelin journal on 18th March 2004 records that whilst I was making notes for the ritual requirements I was getting several headaches trying to figure it out.

Whilst others may deem this a “magical” book because it contains powerful talismans to effect change, to the actual practitioner of the Operation it is truly magical because it is totally and hermetically sealed.

Much of the instruction is only opened when you are performing the ritual. Although I had for twenty years studied the book there was not a single comparison to reading the book whilst engaged in the Operation itself. It was truly a magical experience to have Abramelin there with me saying “now, you understand why that was there …”. Whatever your impression of the book, it is not the same book you would read whilst following the Working. That is the magick.

The practice is divided into sections, which culminate in intensity both explicitly in practice and implicitly in effect (and accumulation) upon the overall working itself. At one point I tried to draw the whole

ritual as a sound wave-form, showing how it built up, peaked, dropped and climaxed.

These divisions occur over the three periods of “two moons” (two lunar months) and then the final part of the working is divided into an intense period of cleansing, preparation and invocation of the evil spirits and the Holy Guardian Angel.

The first two moon period is filled with prayer and study. One enters the Oratory having bathed fully and properly, wearing fresh clothing (itself which turned out to be one of the demanding parts of the ritual in actual practice) fifteen minutes before sunrise. You then engage in fervent prayer and oration, kneeling before the window, which is open. A lamp is lit whilst this practice is performed. Whilst the nature of this oration varies, it is at heart a constant prayer of thanks, confession and supplication to divine will. The most important thing is that it connects to and from, and opens, the heart.

Later in the day, at least two hours must be set aside for study, usually after dining. I spent several hours of each day in silent study. Again, my brief summary here does not do justice to the entire extent and demand of the Operation, for which, consult the *Abramelin*.

The oration is then repeated in the evening, and any ashes from the lamp or incense which is used are taken out and emptied. Again, whilst this appears a minor detail in the text, in practice the burning and emptying of the resultant ash had a profound spiritual significance once the Operation was being practiced.

This practice is repeated every day, taking up several hours. I record that the practice was adhered to throughout the diary as “Orations performed”. These two words do not of course indicate the length of time being consumed by neither the practice nor the intensity. In some cases I record the manner in which the orations were made or transformed.

On the Saturday of the week, the bed sheets of one’s bedroom chamber are changed and the bedroom chamber perfumed. Again, whilst this seems an inconsequential instruction, in practice the weekly cleansing of the sleeping area was an essential response to much of the Operation actually continuing constantly and intensely throughout the sleep of the Operant.

After two months of this daily practice, which would have to be totally abandoned should more than one performance be missed for whatever reason, the second period of two moons commences.

In the second period, the prayers are increased in length, depth and intensity, and one seeks as much retreat from the world as possible. The hands and face are now ritually bathed in fresh water before any oration, and every Saturday, incense is burned whilst the orations are continued day and night.

In addition to this intensification and withdrawal, the Operant now fasts every Saturday in preparation for the final ritual. As ever, making substantial changes to diet as well as the other factors at play during the Operation is not a matter to take lightly.

The third and final two months, the withdrawal continues and a third set of prayers is added into the regime, at noon. In effect, the days become a constant prayer only interrupted briefly by moments of everyday life.

Perfume and anointing is added into the ritual, preparing the Operant and the tools for the final working. Incense is now almost continually burned. This continues for two months without ceasing and stretches the Operant beyond anything they may have ever experienced.

The final days of the Operation concentrate on preparing the place of invocation, the use of specific psalms, the death of the Operant, and a complete day of absolute silence whilst the Oratory is left in its working state. Hours of prayer then follow on the next day and after further fasting on a third day, the knowledge and conversation is attained.

One is told to then leave the Oratory for an hour, then return and remain in the Oratory with the Angel for the rest of the day.

The next three days are concerned with “calling”, raising and binding to obedience (or perhaps “entering into right relationship”) the chief evil spirits and the sub-princes of evil. These include Lucifer, Leviathan, Belial and even Satan. Once these are bound, one can then command them to marshal their sub-princes, including Beelzebub and Asmodeus. Under the command of these eight sub-princes are entire ranks of Servitors, for example, Kemal, Sarisel,

Roffles and Rukum, in a vast array of names and roles. I use the term “invocation” for this process.

One is also granted four personal “familiar spirits” for the tides of the day – again, a lesser-noted aspect of the Working yet one which in practice is extremely profound and important to the magical work of the Adept after the Angel.

A final day works is engaged to call and control all these lesser spirits of evil and then, at last, a day of rest and joy is allowed the successful Operant to conclude the entire working. Of course, this is not what it appears to be when the practice is successfully concluded and another aspect of the book sealed from those outside.

Tools of the Trade

I ordered a specific wand which was created for me by Dragonmother Wand Works in the USA, however she unfortunately does not provide this crafting and time-consuming service any longer – since 2007.[18] My Abramelin incense and oil originally came from Alchemy Works in the USA, although I later learnt to create my own.[19] Other items came from online sources or my own ritual implements gained over thirty years of practice.

Even in the gathering of the material, magick was constantly accompanying my steps. Whilst I had a bible, I decided to purchase one specifically for the working. On the 17th March 2004, I took a special visit to a large second-hand bookshop some thirty miles away, and found almost immediately a silver bible, which turned out to be a “brides bible”.[20]

On turning around to leave the shop, propped up on a table in front of me I saw a large angel adorning a cover of a book, which was a Book of Psalms. I purchased this too, and on returning home a sheet of paper fell out of it with a handwritten poem and Latin text:

> Climb thou onward and upward still,
> Bravely, joyously mount the hill.
> Love and Mercy are Shining o’er
> All Life’s journey by sea and shore.
> Thou thou nothing knowest

Of the road thou goest
Yet be thou strong
All the way long
Knoweth thy Guide before thee.

The Latin text, on further study, revealed itself to be Psalm 22, "The Lord is my Shepherd".[21]

Prayer and the Orations

The practice of prayer and the oration is a primary method in the Abramelin ritual, and for those of us without a religious upbringing, such devotional speaking can be intimidating at first. I took instruction from a range of contemporary religious books on praying, and most strangely and particularly from Chaucer, who in *Canterbury Tales*, has the Parson speaking:

> Now, to speak of bodily pain, it consists of prayers, of vigils, of fasts, of virtuous teaching of orisons. And you shall understand that orisons or prayers consist of a pious will of the heart that has made amends to God and expresses itself by spoken word, asking for the removal of evils and to obtain things spiritual and durable, as well as temporal things, sometimes; of which orisons, truly, in the prayer of the paternoster has Christ included most things. Certainly, it is invested with three things pertaining to His dignity, wherefore it is more dignified than any other prayer; Jesus Christ made it Himself; and it is short, so that it may be learned the more easily, and be held the more easily in the heart of memory, that man may the oftener help himself by repeating the prayer; and in order that a man may the less grow weary of saying it, and that he may not excuse himself from learning it; it is so short and so easy; and because it comprises within itself all good prayers. The expounding of this holy prayer I commit to these masters of theology; save that thus much will I say: that, when you pray that God forgive your trespasses as you forgive those that trespass against you, beware that you are not uncharitable. This holy orison diminishes each venial sin, and therefore it appertains specially to penitence.

> This prayer must be truly said and in utter faith, in order that men may pray to God ordinately and discreetly and devoutly; and always a man shall subject his own will to the will of God. This prayer must also be said with great humility and all innocently; honourably and not to the annoyance of any man or woman. It must also be followed by works of charity. It is of avail also even against the vices of the soul; for, as Saint Jerome says, "By fasting we are saved from the vices of the flesh, and by prayer from the vices of the soul."[22]

The Cosmology and Theosophy of the Operation

The ritual itself is uniquely grounded in western mystical practice combined with the most intense of esoteric practice such as evocation of demonic forces and the utilization of magical squares. It merges monastic discipline with Kabbalistic concepts and throws the Operant into a state where one constantly pleads to God for redemption. As such it might be seen as Christian.

However, the working manages to transcend its own boundaries in practice, allowing anyone who seeks a higher level of being to be taken through it from any particular starting point.

I was raised in a family without religious belief, although my father and step-mother both turned to Yoga and a variety of New Age systems in later years. I encountered the esoteric when I was 13, and almost immediately began a journal and serious studies of Tarot, Kabbalah and Witchcraft – I was nothing if not eclectic. Whilst I understood that many esotericists rejected traditional religious practice, I rarely saw the need to entirely jettison such practice as it was not inculcated in me nor did it have any specific association or negative relation to my own history.

The Ritual in the Esoteric Initiatory Structure

Whilst this subject is covered more in my forthcoming book, *The Western Esoteric Initiatory System*, it should be noted that the practice of the Abramelin ritual is assigned to the Grade of *Adeptus Minor* in the WEIS. That is to say, ideally it is practiced when the elemental grades are complete and the practitioner has attained the state appropriate to *Tiphareth* on the Tree of Life. Whilst this state then requires several years recapitulation of the preceding grades

and work, it leads ultimately to an emptiness that only the connection to the Angel can arrest.

At least seven years passed between my own Adeptus Minor grade experience and initiation, and the practice here described. Another seven years has passed to conform to the singular experience of one day at the climax of this working in my life. The idea that this working can be practiced by those unprepared or in some method of short-cut is simply noise, not signal. There is no short-cut or pretence for this Operation.[23]

The successful conclusion of the ritual leaves the Adept in no doubt about their role and tasks in life. It leaves no uncertainty about the nature of the world or ones place in it. It provides constant tutoring in the tasks at hand and insight into the patterns unfolding in reality.

The knowledge and conversation – after some years – becomes a living presence in every moment. It grants rest from all concern and escape from all the traps of the mind. It is the living and healing light in the darkness and there is nothing similar nor reflective of this mystery.

The Worker is hidden in the workshop, and by our work we are changed.

The Operation in Contemporary Life

Whilst this working in 2004 makes due reference to the presence of the Internet, modern media streams and technology, these presences have now utterly transformed our daily life. The Abramelin Operation brings about an accelerated consideration of all that is within one's environment and hence the more to consider, the more complex the experience. It is recommended that you remove as many distractions as possible to undertake this Operation.

Similarly, when I commenced the Operation, I was not in employment – for the first and only time in my life. However I was also financially secure for the period of six months. This was only a temporary state, for as soon as I started the working, I was offered a job which I had to accept to ensure our prospects. This turned out to be the most abysmal employment I had ever endured, and was patently a part of the working itself. It is recommended that you also consider reducing risk by being financially secure during the Operation and not taking employment other than self-employment.

The more external factors that are present in the working, the more subject you will be to the challenges of the Operation and thus its potential failure. There are so many traps that are laid into the matrix of the work that the clearing of responsibilities and "normal" considerations is to be done as much as possible.

With regard to social responsibilities and familial ties, these will all be tested thoroughly during the Working and many will not survive. It is the same as declaring a conversion to a demanding faith or group – in fact, worse, as it is entirely personal and cannot involve those around you. Whether you choose it or not, those closest to you will be stretched to their limit and beyond during the Operation.

I am blessed to have a partner who agreed and was able to accompany me through the Operation as an experienced magician in her own right. If you are close to anyone and do not want to risk that relationship, do not undertake the Abramelin. It has to be performed when you seriously have "nothing to lose". After all, your soul will still surrender.

The Journals

I maintained two journals during the Operation, a large A4 diary and a plain paper notebook for working notes and references. I also used the latter as a scrapbook of articles, internet prints, cards and other material which began to coalesce as I performed the Operation.

The last few days of the working were recorded on sheets of paper which I carried with me during my day of silence and final invocations of the Angel and the Demons. I took several photographs and created several pieces of art[24] during this time, some of which you can find on the *After the Angel* website.[25]

The Places

I commenced this Operation in an apartment to which we had moved and had found ourselves stuck when I was made redundant. We were one hundred miles away from our beloved previous residence, Keswick, with no way of return. However, the apartment had the required balcony and oratory room, ideally situated, facing east. When I opened the balcony window sometimes the sun would rise over the slight hill beyond and stream through the trees, illuminating the entire balcony.

The second building, in which the Operation concluded, was a large Mill building in a secluded hamlet of Keswick. It had a long attic area with a large circular window, a door leading to a separate “balcony” and the other requirements of the Operation.

We now live in the same hamlet, however on the other side of the river, within sight of the Mill.

The Times

The Abramelin Operation contains a number of instructions with regard to the commencement of the practice. However, it is chapter five which gives the greatest advice, even in its title, “No Special Days for the Sacred Magic”.[26]

Here we read the ideal start date is the day after Passover, however there are other possibilities chosen by our own will. There is also a warning about choosing dates based on astrology:

> We will not give respect to the elements or the stars, but will consider solely the needs of the person who is doing the work, his relationship with God. This is more important than the dates, the elements or the stars. This is an important point, read it with care.[27]

I commenced the Operation on March 21st 2004, the Spring Equinox, a Sunday. It was the most appropriate time and everything had built up to that date, in dreams (which started at the new year some three months prior) and various synchronicities. It worked well as the events which were to unfold in the Abramelin then coincided with the seasons changing about me as the practitioner. As I have a pagan background (I was initiated into a traditional and secretive Gardnerian coven in 1983 when I was 18 by a High Priestess initiated herself from Patricia Crowther's original coven) the passing of the seasons had a supportive and often overwhelming effect.

There were times during the Operation when the weather, the lambs, the dew, the clarity of the night sky, the changing of the light, convinced me that the whole world was embarking on the Abramelin with me, which in a real sense, it was.

The Retirement

There is a requirement in the Operation for a person to be “their own master” as much as possible. It was fully my intent to take advantage of an “accidental exile” in which my family was situated at the start of this Operation. We were removed from friends, family and previous work colleagues, and it seemed the only opportunity I had received in thirty years to perform the Abramelin under such ideal circumstances.

I had intimated to my wife that it would be a suitable time, and she agreed, whilst noting the dangers of the Operation. As an experienced magician and student of mysticism herself, particularly working through the medium of music, dance and writing, she was aware of the potential impact of the operation – although of course neither of us was to know just how much impact it would visit upon our lives and that of our son.

However, for reasons which have only recently become clear – some seven years later – within the first few days of the Operation I was plunged back into the most mundane and everyday circumstances of career and responsibilities. As I had taken the Oath of the Abramelin Operation, I was required to accept this situation and continue on my original path, whilst maintaining a life in the outer world.

The stress of this was beyond belief. It is not to be advised. It was only because of thirty years of experience - whether through a year of drug experimentation, prolonged magical practices, experience of mystical methods and states – that I was able to keep life together – and that, barely. Every fragment of experience was called upon and found essential at some point over the 177 days.

I believe that my experience was to demonstrate that the Operation still has a place in contemporary western esoteric and spiritual life, and that it can be integrated into modern life. However, generally speaking, I would still recommend that for any likely practitioner of this Operation, you should work entirely towards performing it in seclusion and retirement.

The 177 Days of the Angel[28]

0. New Skin for Old Ceremonies
1. A Place to Pray
I. SELF-EXTRACTING PROGRAM
2. A Place to Work
3. A Table Set in the Presence of My Enemies
4. Rectifications and Prayers
5. The Seed of Fire
6. All Over - Me
7. The Creaks and The Cracks
8. A Moment with a Stone Dragon
9. The Cup, Emptying to Receive
10. In the Shadow of the Chalice
11. The Porter of Heaven Hears the Constant Prayer
12. I am Myself Sent Back
13. The Circuit of Force
14. The Interpreter of Yourself
15. The Stations of the Cross
16. A Very Unusual Small Girl
17. Sleeping through the Sermon on the Mount
18. A Room Waiting for a Visitor
19. I Sojourn in Mesach
20. An Evolutionary Twist
21. Dream of Prophecy
22. By Day they Laboured and at Night they Pray
23. Who Danceth Not, Knows Not What is Being Done
24. Night Time Attack
25. The World Becomes Thinner
26. Each Day Passing
27. Extreme Doubt
28. Tarot In the Hands of the Angel
29. Disturbed
30. Learning to be Empty
31. The Three Stooges
32. Loving Utterness Unuttered

33. Running Interference Patterns
34. Buzzing, Hissing to thy Core
35. Taken Over, Briefly
36. Nothing and Nowhere
37. The Empty Door
38. When You Die, Nothing Changes
39. Performance Continues
40. Prayer in Flight
41. Angel on a Card
42. Everything Changes into Everything Else
43. First Signs of Revolution
44. Dark Therapy
45. Tipping Point
46. Gaming Must be Shunned
47. Listening to the Crucifixion
48. Drawing Poison at the Abbey
49. Digging up the Weeds
50. Auras at the Well
51. Looking for the Windy City Bus
52. Days of Film, Days of Filth
53. The Light is Sealed Within
54. Travelling where the Light Sleeps
55. The Strings are being Cut

II. THE SLOW FUNERAL

56. Variations of Prayer
57. Lilly Tarn
58. Snake Pass
59. Visits from Loki and Lucifer
60. Invoke Often
61. Each of us a Ladder
62. Connecting to the Tradition
63. On Fasting
64. Temporal Tantrums
65. Marshalling the Voices
66. Curse Request
67. Prepare the Squares
68. The Hanged Man

69. Bathing Regime
70. Edinburgh Hungry
71. Tarot Uplifted
72. Hypersensitivities
73. The Light at the Door
74. Becoming Unglued to the World
75. At the Invisible Station
76. Send me an Angel
77. Fixing the Faulty Signal
78. Have Confidence in God
79. I am Not Sleeping
80. Dreams of the Abyss
81. Prepare to Move
82. Not Yet Enough
83. The Forge Mill
84. I Sleep But My Heart Keeps Watch
85. Wash and Prepare Yourself
86. In a Slow Heaven
87. Higher Good Activity
88. The Mill is Ours
89. After All, Your Soul will still Surrender
90. The Tenda Monks
91. Free from all Filters
92. A New Conception
93. I Get Given an Angel
94. Looking Out to the Vast Plain
95. Study Continuously
96. I am Wrecked, Entirely
97. Cascades, Collapses, Catalyst
98. The First Miracle
99. Failing the Ikea Test
100. Nick Hornby Does Abramelin
101. Magick Carpets
102. Shifting Floors
103. Orations Performed
104. Everything will be Gathered Together
105. There is a War Being Fought, Which We Must Win

106. Angels are the Hyperlinks of Godipedia
107. I Grovel and Eat Dust
108. Whatever the Test
109. The World Distracted
110. Eden is Not Lost, We Are
111. Power Cut
112. The Pardoners Tale
113. The Everlasting Day
114. Switch and Twist
115. All My Old Friends, Say Farewell
116. Food for Angels
117. Intercession Preceding the Second Miracle
118. The Second Miracle
III. THE EMPTY DOOR
119. Fear Begins
120. A Tumble in the Dark
121. I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream
122. Suddenly out in the Desert
123. The Unpacking
124. My Angel will go Before You
125. Every World has its Currency
126. The Lamp of God searching one's Inmost Chambers
127. A Battle Begins
128. Angelic Squares and Holograms
129. Different States
130. Bad Dial
131. Diminishing Returns
132. Return to the Tower
133. Not in the Earthquake, Nor the Whirlwind
134. Shells and Feathers
135. In the Darkness
136. In the Chamber
137. All I want is You
138. In the Tempest
139. Strangers to Ourselves
140. In the Shade of the Quince Tree
141. Walking in the Estates of the Day and Night

142. The Burden of the Valley of Vision
143. This is Not my Beautiful House
144. The Tears of St. Lawrence
145. Ceasing to Exist
146. The Rhythm of the Soul's Encounter with God
147. Getting on with the Days
148. Ancient Echoes
149. Reproach Hath Broken my Heart
150. The Arising Glory
151. Daily Ritual
152. The Spiritualization of the Body
153. That Was God
154. The Ashim Prepare the Light
155. The Dweller on the Threshold
156. A Message from Abramelin
157. The Countdown Commences
158. The Invisible College
159. A Head of Light
160. The Sound of Myself Breaking
161. St. Francis Had it Easy
162. Smoke and Mirrors
163. Choirs in the Wilderness
164. Blessed is the Man who Has These Eyes
165. You Will Lift Yourself Up in Mine Presence
166. I Vanish
167. In Whatever Place it May Be
IV. DAYS OF CONVOCATION
168. The Signature of the Angel
169. The Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel
170. One Way Communication
V. DAYS OF DEMONIC INVOCATION
171. The Binding of Lucifer
172. Palgoth, Who is Winged
173. Ashtaroth and His Legions
VI. AFTER THE ANGEL
174. Black Tuesday

175. Else Stumble, You Might Fall
176. Soon, Oh Soon the Light
177. And if We Break Before the Dawn
…
207. After the Angel

THE JOURNAL

DAY 0: 20th March 2004 (Saturday)

New Skin for Old Ceremonies[29]

I prepared the Oratory. A dog barks outside as I write this, and there have been storms today. This afternoon I had a sudden oppressing headache which has now completely passed. The family watched *Bruce Almighty*, a film about a man talking to God. I purchased *Koyaanisqatsi* and *Powaqqatsi* which are cinematography set to music, for a contemporary form of meditation.[30]

I have randomly picked a Psalm for tomorrow's prayer, however like Bruce in the film I have not prayed for a very long time. I feel nervous but strangely calm, unfettered, un-expectant.

I will record my Oath tomorrow in my AJ [Abramelin Journal].

DAY 1: 21 March (Sunday) SPRING EQUINOX

A Place to Pray[31]

Oration commenced. I used a random card from the prayer book and received Psalm CXLI. This was appropriate:

> Lord, I cry unto thee: Make haste unto me: Give ear unto my voice when I cry unto thee.
>
> Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Realized that the Khunrath laboratory illustration and the Mirror of Wisdom both show the figure praying with hands and arms out or upheld. I will adopt this technique for the evening oration. I believe the working is self–developing, like a fractal – once seeded, it opens up, unique to each Operation, but following the same intrinsic pattern.



Illus. Heinrich Khunrath, *Amphitheatrum sapientiae aeternae solius verae*. Hanover, 1609.

I think a sensibility must develop – what leads to the K&C [Knowledge and Conversation], and what actions move away or depart from it. Certainly have become aware of the minute by minute distractions today – and when in a busy area today my skin tingled uncomfortably with the barrage of people's looped energies.

I am reading *New Scientist* on loop quantum Gravity theory, which postulates "negative infinity", a neat referral back to Kabbalah.

I dreamt this morning of a solid house. It was as if it had been filled with concrete. "A soul with no leak at the seams" as Peter

Gabriel sings on *Mercy Street*.[32]

I did not devote enough time to study, but did purchase a large lot of Christian Spirituality books on Ebay.[33] This includes works on Prayer and Psalms. I will increase study forthwith.

I realize it is important to make Oration the first and last activity of each day, to set the work before all other activities. Amen. Amen. Amen.



Illus. Theophilus Schweighardt (Daniel Mogling, 1596-1635) *The Mirror of the Wisdom of the Rosicrucians*, 1617.

THE FIRST TWO MOONS:
SELF-EXTRACTING PROGRAM[34]

Day 2: 22nd March (Monday)

A place to work

Oration performed last night, this morning and tonight at 11.30 pm.

I noticed a keyword or theme emerging from each of the prayers; Forgiveness, Mercy, Blessing, Consecration. It's as if the mind funnels towards a strange attractor each time the oration is carried out.

Dreamt this morning of performing the oration, which was very clear.

Started working at Weldbrox today.[35] It felt very surreal, particularly with my bosses' husband in attendance as local IT support. I felt very much placed for the moment only, which is at least as it should be. I try not to doubt my Angel, the Lord or myself, but I do. It comes and goes. Spent today in a mild sense of euphoria; a stoned and casual disassociated state.

The incense and oil arrived from the US today – this version based on Crowley's recipe. It smells strong and regal. Very fine.

Psalm tonight was Psalm LV:

> Give ear to my prayer, O god; and hide not Thyself from my supplication.
>
> But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.
>
> We took sweet counsel together, and walked into the house of god in company.
>
> As for me I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me.
>
> Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud and he shall hear my voice.

Notice the "Cry aloud" as I have actually started to speak the oration aloud, and noticed a rocking of the body as I do so particularly with arms upraised. This results in a "rising" or "ascending" sensation.

Day 3: March 23rd 2004 (Tuesday)

A Table set in the Presence of My Enemies

Having said yesterday that the working was resulting in a pleasant sensation, with no hint of the malevolent entities reported in WB, last night at 4am I had a nightmare so powerful that B had to awaken me from it because I was obviously suffering.[36]

In the dream I was being pursued by a demonic evil creature, and I was waiting for it outside a barn, whilst others escaped. I knew I was going to die, but I held some hope in a weapon I was swinging in my hand. I couldn't recall what this was when I awoke, but later I remembered that it was a Shamanic Spirit Caller, as was demonstrated to me by N in the Children of Earth.[37]

Listened to Regardie's take on the HGA in the car on the way to work.[38] Good to be reminded; also liked the out-breath equating to "yearning" and the in-breath to "indwelling". I will use that technique as the work intensifies.

Operation kept to this morning and this evening. The single phrase was "Be as one". The Mathers translation oil and incense arrived today and it smells absolutely wonderful.

B noted a calming presence settling around the place – she says it's "spread out, like ripples in water". I think I know what she means. I forgot to mention a couple of things; first it seems like years that I have been doing the operation (which in a sense, it is - I now know truly that this is the task for which we are all born), and secondly, when I started the first oration, I equally knew that all the props were absolutely meaningless to some degree.

PSALM XXIII:

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.

… Thy rod and thy staff comfort me (touch wand)

... Thou annointest my head with oil (touch oil)

A table set in the presence of my enemies indeed.

Day 4: March 24th 2004 (Wednesday)

Rectifications and Prayers

I did not feel very close to God this morning during the oration, but this evening's was more powerful; "Praise" was the overriding seed. I banished last night, so no dreams either good or bad which was a blessing.[39]

I listened to Regardie's "Holy Guardian Angel" and "Practice of the presence of God" in the car today as part of the study work. Both were illuminating and useful, despite the rather distinct tones of Regardie's voice!

Work in the mundane – truly terrible, so much so I almost walked out by 10.00 am, having been spoken to like a 9 year old boy by my new "Boss" (I hesitate to say Manager). Still I hung on there and things were a little calmer by the day's end. This is actually a horrible test on many levels, and I have to wonder what is being taught in order that I can learn and pass onwards.

Evening oration much better – the rocking movement again started spontaneously, as did a number of things, including highly rhythmic breathing. For one moment, I thought I saw the pages of my Bible "passed over" and a light presence, but I hold my breath to write this. The Psalms were a help this evening also, my eyes were directed to a book on my shelves, and I found a bookmark was already marking the place within:

> In the evening prayers, we ask God, "Rectify us with good advice before you". Rabbi Nachman taught his followers to recite these words with great feeling. We must ask God to have compassion on us so that we will be wisely guide and know the proper way to act. Through prayer, one can attain true advice. True advice links one to power greater and wiser than oneself. [40]

Day 5: March 25th 2004 (Thursday)

The Seed of the Fire

Oration performed this morning.

Listening to Bob Catley's song *The Prophecy*, which contains the lyrics:

> My angel, be my guardian now
>
> Sweet angel, may the song be a sweet forgiving sound[41]

Although I was listening to *I'll be your Fool* whilst driving to work:

> I'll be your fool, I'll be the sunshine on a rainy day
>
> I'll be the rock that stands, the shelter through the storm[42]

And I felt, for maybe just less than a minute, an incredible loving presence surround me. It was totally overwhelming, and for a moment I wanted to do nothing more than to turn the car around and just drive until the road ran out.[43]

However, instead drove to work and endured. I feel empathy with WB when he thought about being able to stay in the Oratory forever. And also envy for him having opportunity to watch birds nesting on the roof. In a sense, this operation does bring me into touch with everyone who has ever performed it. I wonder if they feel it when someone starts the quickening. Later, I read his "initiates & co." comment and discover he experienced this too.

A whole thread of thoughts stemmed today about the operation; resulting in some poetry:

The burning bush
Grows form a seed of fire
Each seed, asleep
An Angel's hand touches the soil.

I discovered later that St John of the Cross – amongst many others - refer to the 'seed of fire'. The soul, or monad? I received my large box of religious/prayer books today. My head is splitting, which comes and goes like nothing else.

Oration performed. With praise and atonement.

Day 6: March 26th 2004 (Friday)

All Over - Me

Oration performed today I realized that I no longer want for anything other than my Angel and that with all my heart. I look at all the people and wonder how they forget and stay in the darkness, wings forgotten.

Listening to the radio even on the way here, stuck in traffic, a song playing from the Rave scene:

Something happening in my soul,
The Spirit coming down
All over me …

The universe calls us to awakening in the presence of Life. I am seeing that life is God's miracle and gift, for which we give the praise in recognition, which is the self-reflective act of which awareness is

the emergent property. Thus, constant prayer in praise and wonder of our life is the natural state and closest to original being. I don't really know if this makes much sense as formulae of my stoicism I look to read Evelyn Underhill tonight – as my head is splitting again. [44]

> Like the more arduous, more disinterested self- training of the mystic; it (magical initiation) is character building with an object, conducted upon a heroic scale.[45]

In fact, the pages in "Mysticism and Magic" are full of clear, coherent analysis, and will probably bear further study.

Further on prayer and life in the Revelations of Julian of Norwich:

> Prayer bonds the soul to God…
> … Prayer (is) a witness that the soul wills as God wills…
> … and thus the soul by prayer comes to agree with God.

Day 7: March 27th 2004 (Saturday)

The Creaks and the Cracks

Oration performed at more length this morning; feel indeed in a mood to purify and consecrate the house. WB refers as this staged to 2 Samuel, 7, xx-xxix, but mine is Exodus 40, i-xxxviii. The whole description of the Altar, the incense and the oil, and the xxxiv; "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation and the glory of one Lord filled the tabernacle". This whole work is one work throughout time – I become more convinced that the constant prayer is a primary technique.

[Writing interrupted by call to prepare for a walk tomorrow. The act of purification - using charcoal blocks from N as mine did not arrive (so we went to Lancaster earlier) has driven up and out a huge glut of negative energy. My chest feels like something has wrapped its arms around me and is tightening its grip].

The oration performed earlier this night with incense. The incense is extremely sticky and without a proper burner I used sand and a small bowl, which worked without problems. Having the Oratory in a small study I soon came to understand both the Abramelin and Mather's emphasis on opening a window before commencing with the incense.

Each oration seems to bear down on a particular word or phrase, although strangely afterwards, I really cannot recall what it was that I was just moments before repeating so fervently! I don't think that matters, and I understand the Abramelin and WB's lack of description about the content of the orations themselves - the technique requires an outpouring of the current contents of the whole psyche as it stands at each moment, in a daily rhythm whose frequency increases causing an inevitable waveform collapse upon an event horizon. I burble, I blab, I make no sense other than what goes on inside.

My head creaked and creaked during the oration, but no skull changes yet.

Day 8: 28th March 2004 (Sunday)

A Moment with a Stone Dragon

Oration performed; had more time as made today a day of rest – although forgot the clocks entirely. Went for a walk to explore the quarries of T, and found some caves. One such cave had a stone dragon constructed within, and whilst B was exploring, I sat down at the entrance. I found myself "resting into prayer" which was as natural as it was unexpected. Then when I opened my eyes some minutes later, the world had gone entirely flat, like a printed cardboard screen. What lay behind it I could sense only as vast and unimaginable, "There" but terrifying. As I was in this state, a "visual distortion" detached itself from a nearby tree, took a few more steps in my direction then vanished. A moment later, the dimensions filled in the world again and I was back to normal.

Well not normal. B noticed, rightly, that I was not here today.

Reading about the "Opus Sanctorum Angelorum" in *Angels and Mortals* compiled by Maria Parisen. Michael Grosso writes about this "Cult of the Guardian Angel" which is fascinating.

There is a ritual "promise" made to the Angel, followed by a consecration ritual, certifying oneself as a "spiritual warrior".[46]

Oration performed this evening, but the atmosphere is still strained. I almost remember the key theme of each oration, but immediately forget to remember as I leave the oratory some sort of state-dependent memory I suspect. Tonight's was along the lines "I

have mercy on this sinner". But it meant more Kaballistically than I can write at present.

Bible reading earlier, 1 Samuel, 2, 1-x:

> And Hannah prayed…
> …Talk no more so exceedingly proudly; let not arrogance
> Come out of your mouth.
> The operation unfolds and teaches moment by moment.

Day 9: March 29th 2004 (Monday)

The Cup, Emptying to Receive

Oration performed. Dream of Regardie showing me photographs – which we were then inside the scene pictured – of African Deity Posts, carved images of faces on large standing blocks of wood which Crowley had apparently used in his Abramelin working. I woke up fairly disorientated, as the dream was very compelling.

I took a look at the DA website, very fascinating. I note with interest the one-year ritual, ending with the consecration to the Angel, as well as the techniques of silence and confession. In the consecration:

> I commit myself to you and promise you my love and fidelity. I beg you protect me against my own weaknesses and against the attacks of the wicked spirits, enlighten my mind and my heart so that I may always know and accomplish the will of God…[47]

Much also in the section of the "Special Bond with the Guardian Angel" quoting St. Thomas, St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas.

"A Guardian Angel is assigned to each man as long as he is a wayfarer"

I just really don't get on with the church or political dimensions.

Today was pretty terrible; despite an OK day at work, I found myself at lunchtime in a car park in C. town centre, full of the worst depression and despair I've been conscious of ever. I guess to some extent it was better (and worse) for that it was indeed, conscious, but it was terrible and deathly horrible. I wasn't like any state I've ever had before.

Oration this evening revolved much about confession making the cup empty in order to receive. Later – B noticed that the cat was chasing invisible things, which she doesn't usually do.

Day 10: March 30th 2004 (Tuesday)

In the Shadow of the Chalice

Oration performed. Reading more detail of the OA texts, they recommend "Silence, listening and obedience; Poverty, purity and fidelity". Also much mention of calling on Angels often. An interesting quote about sending one's one Angel to talk to another's Angel so as to smooth a matter of discussion out.[48]

And a final note about the difference between Catholic and Protestant views on Angels.

A very powerful presence during oration this evening. Whilst I was listening to the Shadow of the Chalice instructing me and questioning me; "Do you mean it?" Do you want it to be real?" One cat – according to B's witnessing it –came to the study door, then suddenly arched her back hissed violently, and ran tail between her legs into the kitchen! Not her usual state at all.

Probably time to do some banishing. We also have a guest staying with us, so more presence to deal with. Felt very disparate from WB'S experience today, in the sense of differing approach - I feel older – and environment, of course.

Established the VPN at the office today much to the delight of others felt good about that, but didn't feel any need to delight in it. Spoke to G tonight but that somehow depressed me slightly.

And despite not synching with WB'S record, I do in fact feel a "duality" in that the person writing these words is in a cotton-wool land whilst something else – well ,it doesn't make any sense talking about it.

Day 11: 31st March 2004 (Wednesday)

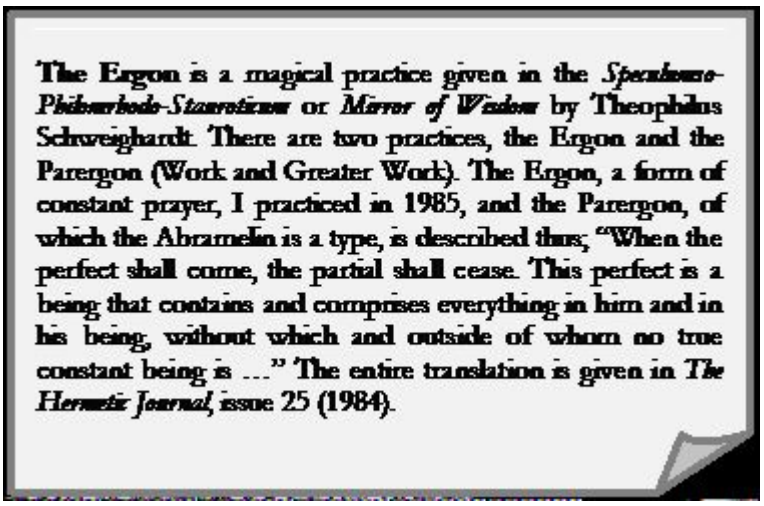
The Porter of Heaven hears the Constant Prayer

Oration performed this morning, then turned into a constant prayer:

"God Grant me the Knowledge and conversation of Mine Holy Guardian Angel".

As soon as this started, I recalled my previous ‘Mantra’ chosen for the practice of the Ergon:

“Come forth, O Secret Star, teaching its soul to know itself”.


The Ergon is a magical practice given in the *Speculum-Philosophodo-Stauroticum* or *Mirror of Wisdom* by Theophilus Schweighardt. There are two practices, the Ergon and the Parergon (Work and Greater Work). The Ergon, a form of constant prayer, I practiced in 1985, and the Parergon, of which the Abramelin is a type, is described thus; “When the perfect shall come, the partial shall cease. This perfect is a being that contains and comprises everything in him and in his being, without which and outside of whom no true constant being is ...” The entire translation is given in *The Hermetic Journal*, issue 25 (1984).

Prayer held mainly throughout the day, despite difficulties driving, i.e. cannot repeat the prayer and listen to a radio and drive at the same time. I had chances to pray harder during day, which was warming. On return home had to face a choice with regard to driving R as he missed the bus. At first was adamant against it, but as soon as the prayer resumed it became not a choice at all – these things act as radical behavioral modifiers, prior to beliefs and value systems.

Strange though on arbitrary times – 3 months to settle into a job, or prove income for a mortgage, 1 months notice, 6 weeks school holiday, 3 days and nights, 30 days in the wilderness, 6 months to gain the knowledge and conversation of mine Holy Guardian Angel, whom the OA describe as “in a certain sense ‘The porter of heaven’”.

Pondering on faith a lot today, how difficult this path has been, how I have struggled like a fish on a fish-hook (NUN & TZADDI). Tonight a glorious red sunset, which I took as my reward but pride must be dealt with, so instead saw it a reminder of God’s creation. He is the vast and mighty one, creator of the light and of the darkness.

Oration performed this evening as ongoing prayer.

Day 12: April 1st 2004 (Thursday)

I am Myself Sent Back

Oration performed morning and evening. God Grant me the knowledge and conversation of mine Holy Guardian Angel.

In the hairdressers, sat down, music on a CD player:

A beautiful Angel
Materialized in front of me …

And on the way home from a terrible day beyond depression, a voice said to me:

"Be Brave"

And withdrew, leaving the hairs on my neck standing on end and a feeling of such love infusing the whole car. The presence was so loving, gentle, caring and overwhelming I could not think upon anything else. It was also so outside of myself and unexpected that the compassion I sensed from it was truly blissful.

Watched R dance tonight at Kendal – the four elements and a dance of a couple playing Spirit which I saw as the affair between the soul and the Angel.

I give glory to the Lord of Creation and praise for these wonders. [49]

Day 13: April 2nd 2004 (Friday)

The Circuit of Force

Oration performed morning and evening – this evening added the Kabbalistic Cross to seal the oration as having a relative visit feels dispersing to all. Keys are:

Praying without reading, i.e. from the heart
Confession
Praise
Repetition & Rhythm, Regularity at practice
Speaking out loud

I could easily stay in the Oratory forever, but this is not appointed for me. I read in *The Circuit of Force* about the differences between mystics and magicians. Also an interesting point about the "down flow of Soul energy" and this:

> The disciple, or white magician, is one who is in touch with his or her own Soul, Higher Self, or Holy Guardian Angel, is

receptive to it and aware of its plan and purpose, and capable of registering impressions from it in brain consciousness.

Everyone has a higher consciousness of course, but in the untrained person the downflow of Soul energy is unconscious, rhythmic and cyclic. In the esoterically trained initiate it is conscious and steady, and this is the hallmark of a white magician.[50]

I understand – dimly – also, how the state is a "field for service".

Praise for the ever closeness of Our Angels and Life; itself a miracle presenting to itself by itself to the one.

Day 14: April 3rd 2004 (Saturday)

The Interpreter of Yourself

Orations performed morning and this evening with incense - a little more control of the energies, which was welcome. Some practical issues still with the incense.

In *A note on Towards Democracy* by Edward Carpenter (1844-1929):

> The necessity for space and time to work this out grew so strong that in April of that year I threw up my lecturing employment… I had everything clear before me. I knocked together a sort of wooden Sentinel box in the garden, and there or in the fields and the woods, all that spring and summer, and on through the winter, by day and sometimes by night, in sunlight or in rain, by frost and snow and at sorts of grey and dull weather, I wrote 'Towards Democracy' – or at any rate the first and longer poem that goes by that name.[51]

And in that poem, verse XLIV:

> I came to be the interpreter of yourself to yourself;
> Do not stand behind the Sun and the Moon,
> Do I not wait behind the air that you breath for this
> Born beyond Maya I now descend into materials …

And, in *After Long Ages* VII:

> Centuries long in her antechambers tarrying
> Lost in strange mazes, wandering dissatisfied,
> Out of the windows peering wandering longing,
> Following the Shadowy Angel I by others unseen – that

Comes and beckons,
Leaving all…
…At length the soul returns to Paradise.

I feel a kinship with Carpenter, almost – dare I say it – of a Karmic nature I had an author past-life according to one reading years ago. It is strange because his portrait in *Beyond Democracy* is very alike to my own.[52]

Day 15: April 4th 2004 (Sunday)

The Stations of the Cross

Orations performed, with a little difficulty, but guest has now left and the atmosphere is better. The tone of the orations is now changing, I feel like I am trying to light up the flame of my heart or soul so that God takes notice of me.

Previously I was trying to pray to be empty – like meditation, but the prayer is an oration, after all. The emptiness I think, comes in the breath after the prayer, when grace descends.

Contemplating again looking at the Stations of the Cross, which hold some meaning to me.

Decided, naturally, to resist reading WB as a day-by-day comparison. I see that this operation is only a seed which opens up whatever is uniquely present in the background and current circumstances of the operator. It would be interesting to have a female perspective on this work. (St. Theresa springs to mind).

Talking of which, B inspired today to start her own business. I feel this is no coincidence, as I witness this Operation over-spilling throughout the household.

Far better it would be to do this under retirement, but that was not the lot He gave me.

Oration felt removed this morning, and there was a sudden and abrupt external distraction late tonight whilst I was in the oratory. Feel slightly a resistance building up – negative thoughts trying to pour through, made stronger by their examination against an exemplary standard.

Will begin the study of *Imitation of Christ*, which has served me well in the past.

Hmm. I do not read like a Magician, based on my entries above.

Day 16: April 5th 2004 (Monday)

A Very Unusual Small Girl

Orations performed, with difficulty. Psalms 46 and 51.

In Barrett's *The Magus* (1801):

> Every man hath a three-fold good demon as a proper keeper or preserver, the one whereof is holy, another of the nativity and the other of profession. The holy demon is one, according to the doctrine of the Egyptians, assigned to the rational soul, not from the stars or planets, but from a supernatural cause – from God himself, the president of demons, being universal and above nature.[53]

For into the wilderness today, hopeless cling to faith where none is evident – "the evidence of this unseen"? Faith is well, faith it's what we do in spite of everything, because we ARE and we DO, aware. The faithless have ignorance or belief to fulfill themselves withall.

A Presence persists, turned on the radio to hear, "… and in this afternoon's play, a man opens the door to find a small girl on his doorstep; a very unusual small girl who has a Guardian Angel".

And yet today I still had dry patches of losing hope and sight of any results at all. I feel bad and down, more passive then I've ever felt before. I can't respond to anything at all, make decisions, or motivate myself out, hoping for a divine wire. Ace of cups, the dove descending.

May practice the paired-letters as Heidrick recommends. Lord knows I need something - strange visual distortions and things moving untouched on the shelves and cupboard tops.

Day 17: April 6th 2004 (Tuesday)

Sleeping through the Sermon on the Mount

Orations performed, too briefly this morning, but better this evening.

A struggle has commenced – Matthew, 6, 22-25; No man can serve two masters, and in fact the whole sermon on the mount is a great comfort to me in this state. Along with the struggle, a more natural tendency towards biblical study. R was raising an eyebrow earlier as he saw me deep in contemplation of my bible. A similar

event earlier with B; “Shall we do Salad tonight, and a Curry tomorrow? “Uh? “Are you listening?”.

“Er… Sorry, just thinking about the Sermon on the Mount”.

Strange it is in our household at the moment. Thank heavens for B’s sense of humor.

Study is revealing to me that Jesus was a great healer, at the very least. A gifted Prophet, orator and political leader maybe, but a wild healer if the accounts are indeed about real events.

But me? Pride, despair, self – love, hateful emotions, and today some of the darkest strangest loops of thought I’ve ever endured. That was in a car park in C, but that isn’t the cause, oh oh. I try to be humorous, but I can barely stay awake, make sense, and my brain hurts. It feels like some two-part machine, fused wrongly together, straining as both sides try to continue their function, and eventually …

Eventually, what? I go to sleep.

Day 18: April 7th 2004 (Wednesday)

A Room Waiting for a Visitor

Orations performed. A change took place today. At work, looking out of the window, it hailed. The hail was falling and bouncing between the leaves of a bush. I saw the innumerable patterns, passing into time, this unique moment made miraculous by observance and gladly praised the Lord. Later, on returning home, the light gladly praised the Lord. Later, on returning home, the light was cast strangely and a rainbow formed above the house.

And later a voice, “Hold fast “, now recognizable in tone and brevity. Also, not from ‘outside’ oneself as a mystical experience often has but, ‘inside’ on the ‘outside’ in a clear way. It is a voice deep ‘inside’ but with a tunnel or connection for ‘inside’ going ‘outside’. It is impossible to explain.

I’m very aware of my internal voice. The constant prayer is now repeating ‘by itself’ as a separate process. I reined it in and contacted it with my inner voice saying it, as I finished my oration tonight, and I became spirited away to an empty place; a place of silence and space, but no presence.

I am a room waiting for a visitor.

Much talk with B this evening on her business ideas and the offer to study for a MA in creative writing. I suspect this work calls us all to choose our path. I should check with R also in case this is over-spilling.

Psalm CIV:

> Bless the Lord, O my Soul. O lord my God, thou art very great, thou art clothed with honour and majesty: who covereth thyself with light as with a garment; who stretch out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who maketh his Angels Spirits; his ministers a flaming fire.

Day 19: April 8th 2004 (Thursday)

I sojourn in Mesach

Orations performed; evening better than morning. In fact, this evening I heard whilst preparing (washing) “DO YOU KNOW YOUR ENEMY YET?” in a military voice. I know the arena now.

Eloi, Eloi, LAMA SABACHTHANI?

And, “Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesach that I dwell in the tents of Kedar”. (Psalm CXX) (5)

The visual hallucinations are increasing; smells intensifying. Very random, memories resurfacing, linking to strange mental states – some of which feel pre-conscious, others that don’t even feel like my own memories.[54]

Will try and record sleep times also, from hereon. 1:50am Friday.

B decided on M.A., following visit from L.[55]

Brain got squeezed together during tonight’s oration – like a large pair of hands was holding my back and squeezing the two halves of my brain, just at the back, together, my head shook to one side in reaction as it was so hidden and physical. It got uncomfortable, so I opened my eyes. But it still continued, even now it feels weird, bruised.

Can’t keep my eyes open, sleep… Sleep, 1:50am.

PS. Couldn’t look at a Kat Black *Golden Tarot* reading for a few minutes, as all the pictures gained depth, came to life, and started moving and communicating, like radio and TV on 10 channels. My

mind is starting to operate closer to the Archetypal level – guess the Ergon/Parergon is stripping/filling the lower levels.[56]

Day 20: April 9th 2004 (Friday)

An Evolutionary Twist

Orations performed. 8.3am , Bed 2:00am.

Sorted out my Bonaventure and St. Theresa but cannot yet find my Kempis.

More brain-squeezing; whilst driving back from Lancaster – Where we'd visited N – and seen a green KA for B on the way back and during the evening oration. It also sends trembles down my spine and back of my neck. Certainly the Oratory is now a sacred space – when I come out I can't recall the words I was speaking at all. Just a general drift.

B realizing that this operation impacting those around me namely herself as she is aware of such things. And worried –she says "I'd sometimes like a partner, not someone away fighting an Angel".

Bonaventure has this:

> Enter into yourself, then, and see
> That your soul loves itself most fervently;
> That I could not love itself
> Unless it knew itself,
> Nor know itself
>
> Unless it remembered itself.[57]

There's that 'remembering itself' again, that little loop that makes us what we are and the possibility of becoming more than what we are. This is the real seed of fire, the evolutionary twist.[58]

I am a little frightened, excited, awed and despairing tonight.

I don't know what it is anymore, and I don't feel connected at all to my life. I am slightly stoned, happy and truly free. People seem like rough slouching beasts, but I am rejoined to humility. God help me.

Day 21: April 10th 2004 (Saturday)

A Dream of Prophecy

Orations performed at length this evening with incense. I awoke at 8.00am from a dream that B and I were living in Keswick.[59]

We went for a walk and found ourselves by a series of walls. I think there was Graffiti, but I don't recall the content. Later, whilst driving the car, I suddenly recalled a fragment of another dream, in which I was driving the car, but the temperature gauge was on maximum, in the red, and I was concerned that I shouldn't be driving the car in that condition.

B suggested today that when someone draws their Angel closer to them, it brings everyone else's in the vicinity closer as well. She is right, of course, and we both agreed we would talk to R about everyone's place in our developed family.

I gave extra prayers tonight for the grace of my family, but again, bizarrely; do not recall much of the content of almost an hour's prayer.

Found the Thomas à Kempis whilst tidying the oratory.

The constant voice.

The seed of fire.

The arrow of the rainbow.

The shadow of Daytime.

The white magician.

Occasional titles that have suggested themselves for this work, although this one (Arrow and the Rainbow) was suggested – strangely to me today.

Again, had practical difficulties with the incense which I really need to resolve before next week, lest I set fire to the Oratory.

During the evenings extended oration, after the praying in silence, I felt my brain again, almost separate in the inside of my head. It felt so weird that my head reflexively shook, as if to alright itself. I'm sure the constant prayer (ERGON) and the inner/outer eye (PARERGON) are the keys central to the operation.

Blessed Sunday - it gives a rhythm to the work. Saturday, cleansing and consecrating - breathing in and out.

Day 22: April 11th 2004 (Sunday)

By Day They Laboured and at Night They Pray

Oration performed this morning, not yet performed this evening, now midnight and the day is not finished.

I am reading about the Platonist Francesco Giorg; author of *De Harmonia Mundi Totitus* (1525). It will be interesting to revisit later.

Meantime, in *Imitation of Christ*:

“Let your thinking be only on God and let your Prayers rise to Christ without pause” (Book Two, ‘A Discourse on the matters of the soul and the inward life’).

“By day they laboured and at night they pray, even in labouring they continued their prayers inwardly” (Chapter 18 10c, ‘of the examples of the Holy fathers’). All chap 18-19, actually, useful.

The voice today said, “None of these things will save you” and I asked, “From what?” to which the immediate answer was, “your Death”.[60]

Looking to apply Kabbalah to Bonaventure’s *Tree of Life*, the life of Christ arranged in 12 x 4 branches, assumed it would follow the 12 single letters and correspond to the Zodiac. I arranged the correspondences, and found, of course, the Tarot card Death (Scorpio) corresponding to section 8, “Victory in the conflict of Death” amongst other straightforward correspondences. Oh hum.

Branch 1	Origin	Emperor
Branch 2	Humility	Hierophant
Branch 3	Temptation	Lovers
Branch 4	King of the World	Chariot
Branch 5	Confidence in Trials	Strength
Branch 6	Patience, Denied	Hermit
Branch 7	Torture, Nailed	Justice
Branch 8	Death	Death
Branch 9	Rising in Death	Temperance
Branch 10	Freeing from Guilt	Devil
Branch 11	Judgment	Star
Branch 12	Eternity of Kingdom	Moon[61]

Oration performed this night. Visual disturbances continue.

Day 23: April 12th 2004 (Monday)

Who Danceth Not, Knows Not what is Being Done

Oration performed this morning well. Not yet performed tonight. Study.

I'm reading *The Interior Castle (Mansions)* by St. Theresa, ('St. Fruit-Bat' as B has always affectionately called her). Particularly chapter 2 on the fifth Mansion:

> Let it die, let it die, this (mystic) worm, as the silkworm dies, when it has finished that for which it was created.[62]

I particularly like her explanations of the inability to recall Mystical rapture when returned to a "sensible" state moreover, I realized from her what the use of this was – that it results in a deep imprint on the soul which forever affects the person, often leading to what she calls "works". In fact she says this is the only way to judge the veracity of the experience. I guess, "By their works shall they be known", or in the Abramelin ritual, "You shall come to this knowledge by doing these works".

Looking at artwork by Barnett Newman, Minimalist and Kabbalist (1905 -1970).[63]

Went a walk today to the "Pepper pot" overlooking the bay. My senses were extremely heightened, particularly auditory and olfactory - the continual prayer knocks out visual appreciation first, I think so I smelt leaves and sand and salt and feathers and grass and flowers and stone and bark and hair and pavement and beer and chips and perfumes – clouds coming off people as they walked past – and heard birds and voices and the wind and trees creaking and footsteps even on soft grass – and breathing. The spring was all around me, and I basked and wondered at the Glory and majesty of the Lord. Not so as a God above or a pagan force or even a scientific evolutionary drive, but as a nameless, glorious, neither personal nor impersonal but nonetheless beneficiate, unimaginable, life and glory diffusing the entire universe.[64]

> All whose nature is to dance (Doth dance)
> Amen!

Who danceth not, knows not what is being done.

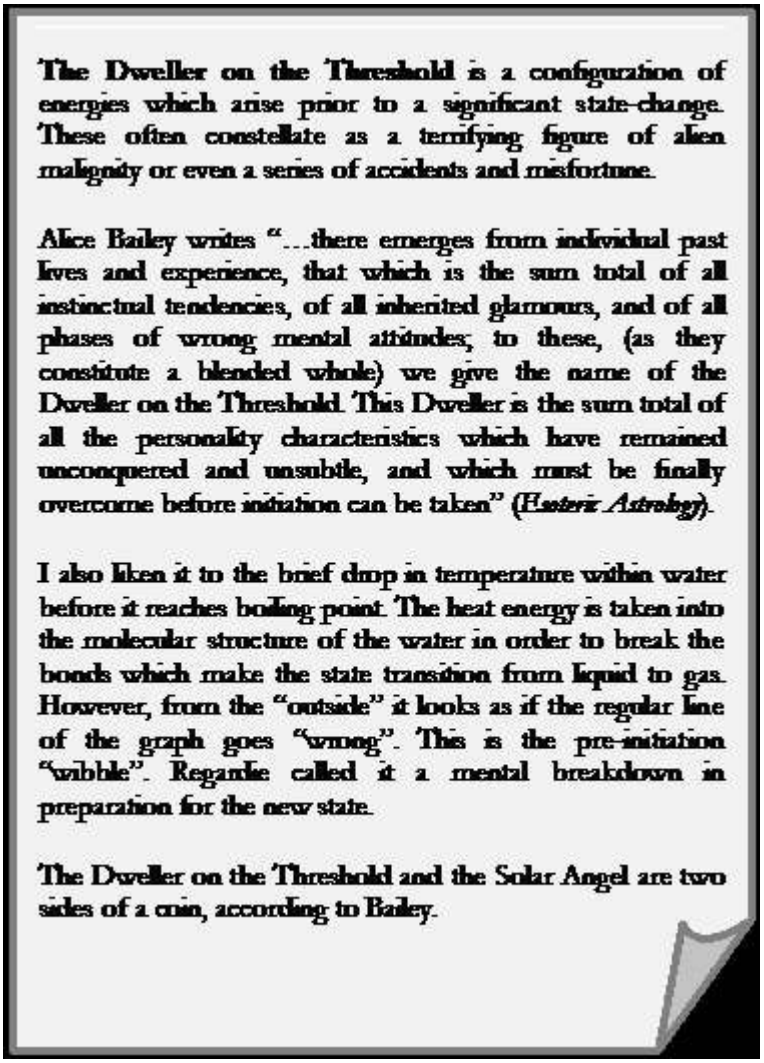
Amen![65]

Oration performed. Complete understanding and acknowledgement of his rulership.

Day 24: April 13th 2004 (Tuesday)

Night-Time Attack

Oration performed this morning, but following a night beyond anything I've experienced before, I'd awoken from a terrible nightmare, B needed to sleep, so I came into the living room. The room was dark and foreboding and I realized that it wasn't purified and consecrated like the oratory and the chamber, and I became concerned about sleeping in the room with good cause. I recalled Abramelin counseling against sleeping in the day, and now I have further counsel – sleep not in an unprepared chamber.



The Dweller on the Threshold is a configuration of energies which arise prior to a significant state-change. These often constellate as a terrifying figure of alien malignity or even a series of accidents and misfortune.

Alice Bailey writes "…there emerges from individual past lives and experience, that which is the sum total of all instinctual tendencies, of all inherited glamours, and of all phases of wrong mental attitudes; to these, (as they constitute a blended whole) we give the name of the Dweller on the Threshold. This Dweller is the sum total of all the personality characteristics which have remained unconquered and unsubtle, and which must be finally overcome before initiation can be taken" (*Esoteric Astrology*).

I also liken it to the brief drop in temperature within water before it reaches boiling point. The heat energy is taken into the molecular structure of the water in order to break the bonds which make the state transition from liquid to gas. However, from the "outside" it looks as if the regular line of the graph goes "wrong". This is the pre-initiation "wibble". Regardie called it a mental breakdown in preparation for the new state.

The Dweller on the Threshold and the Solar Angel are two sides of a coin, according to Bailey.

Firstly, I was awoken after fifteen minutes by a terrible entity – I managed to push it by will into a sort of clear plastic box, but then I awoke again and my whole shoulder felt on fire where it had touched against the entity through the glass. I paced around a little, and then returned to sleep, only to awake yet again with a physical vision of a white highly illuminated room, with a sofa, window, table and a lily in a vase.

And I felt such a power approaching and I knew I was asleep, and my head was taken into the widest strangest place I've ever known, and I moved to awake and was able to observe the transition so clearly between the various states. Finally, I slept and dreamt of a gardener, wise and loving, telling me that the "Fruit would be borne"

and then in peace he walked away to tend the young shoots. My Angel.

When I showered this morning I had scratch marks across my chest from the encounter. I contemplated photographing them, but it seemed somehow pointless.

Continual prayer held much today. A van with “ANGEL” parked outside my window all day. I am Banishing around the house tonight.

A number of films are useful with regard to the relationship of the Adept and the Angel, that may not be obvious at first sight:

1. Kontroll (dir. Nimród Antal, 2003)
2. Jacobs Ladder (dir. Adrian Lyne, 1990)
3. Last Year in Marienbad (dir. Alain Resnais, 1961)

Eckhart, counsels on discernment, counsel 2. Of the most powerful prayer, and of the highest work of all (p. 248).

Day 25: April 14th 2004 (Wednesday)

The World Becomes Thinner

Orations performed. The world is becoming thinner.

Found some understanding in Eckhart, and on examining the instructions for the prayer again.

1. Devout & Bold: Thanks for grace in life from birth to present.
2. Humility: Confess entirely all sins.
3. Supplicating: Pardon and Remit
4. Supplicating: Pardon & Remit

The first phrase of the prayer collects together the material of the psyche as a whole; a memorial or historical artifact. The second phase then unthreads and loosens all the attachments (guilt) to confess entirely. The third phase positions the artifact and the observer in a secondary, emergent context to the whole. The fourth and final phase aligns all the components together in perpetuity.

Day 26: April 15th 2004 (Thursday)

Each Day Passing

Orations Performed.

Day 27: April 16th 2004 (Friday)

Extreme Doubt

Orations Performed.

An extreme doubt and dismay began to creep in today. Lord willing it will pass but it feels as if this is a worthless and ridiculous task.

Day 28: April 17th 2004 (Saturday)

Tarot in the Hands of the Angel

Orations performed, this evening with incense:

> Et comme tout en moi te chérit et t'admire,
> Tout se fera Benjoin, Encens, Oliban, Myrrhe,
> Et sans cesse vers toi, Sommet blanc et neigeux,
> En vapeurs montera mon esprit orageux.[66]

A powerful and strange day; performing Tarot readings at L's first "Mind, Body, Spirit" (MBS), event in Penrith. From 10.00am until 5.00pm I had people sit, drawn straight to me. Many become close to tears as I began to talk directly to them – the Tarot ghosted out, and something else connected to them. One reading, I began to 'electrify' from head to toe, and the other person felt it too, as I knew exactly what to tell them. For a while, I became a messenger, an Angel too. But vanity, vanity. This is not me, not mine. Not me, not mine.

I thanked him today for this gift, and prayed as hard I might for the mercy and pity for him to send me mine Holy Guardian Angel. In his hands.

Headache and bad vibes tonight, the incense blowing out onto the balcony in the night did not feel alright at all.

I cannot believe that it has only been one moon since this operation commenced – I feel like it has been many months, almost too many to remember. My memories of external events over this last month feel sketchy, patchy and disjointed, disassociated.

Day 29: April 18th 2004 (Sunday)

Disturbed

Orations performed. This night with incense.

The natural weekly rhythm was highly disturbed by my attendance at the MBS event again today.

Day 30: April 19th 2004 (Monday)

Learning to be Empty

Orations performed. This morning weak but tonight much better with love and some channeling of energy up and down the ladder.

Learning to be empty in faith. A being nothingness, ready for light.

Day 31: April 20th 2004 (Tuesday)

The Three Stooges

Orations performed. Tired, exhausted. Terrified of this empty silence of his presence, but continuing regardless.

A brief surreal moment during tonight's oration of the three stooges, which revealed an intense mystery of the Trinity and a cosmological truth about the numerical pattern 1-2-3 and its role in creation.

So, I'm completely losing it.

Day 32: April 21st 2004 (Wednesday)

Loving Utterness, Unuttered

Oration performed this morning, but not yet tonight.

God loves us more utterly than we could ever love – indeed, He is love.

(But his love leaves me lacking; I saw something in this light today about myself that I could hardly bear. I now know a little about what we each hide (completely) from ourselves, to keep – what - functioning; a self, a bubble?)

Oration performed strongly tonight.

Day 33: April 22nd 2004 (Thursday)

Running Interference Patterns

Orations performed. This night's oration is devotional and rewarded. Just before the oration there was much interference, practical and astral. Then, following the sequence, I was able – a little - to open myself up and catch that feeling. As I opened my eyes the altar was diffused with light. But I knew none this matters, certainly, for now. It is the confession that is opening the deeper gates of my psyche – my soul – it is the confession which is now becoming a PRESENT STATE, rather than a historical retrieval.

And so much, so important, critical, that it is done from the true depths of the heart; no hiding, lest it all falls on a speck if dirt - and writing this, realizing the truth of A's instructions for cleanliness. Verily this whole ritual is opening itself as Truth in motion. Praise is to Abramelin's author for blessing us with this codified sequence of opening the gate of heaven.

Oh, today, on returning home, felt a deep longing for prayer which arose naturally and of its own accord. The ritual has a very natural development and is pre-plotted and retro-engineered.

At work, much opening and honesty done.

Day 34: April 23rd 2004 (Friday)

Buzzing, Hissing, To thy Core

Orations performed, a day of much light in the Darkness, which is truly blessed and welcome. This night's oration was very physical, and yet calm within. I felt the inclination to rock, move my arms and shoulders, and bathe myself with my hands pulling from the light. I feel a whole buzz across the top half of my body.

I know I will need a prayer cushion before I start extending the prayers in the next moons, as my feet are not what they used to be.

I am starting to see other people's higher cores, more than my own, for certain.

A cat was hissing at the balcony window tonight, and our cat, Beth, was hissing back.

Day 35: April 24th 2004 (Saturday)

Taken Over, Briefly

Orations performed, tonight with incense.

Today was a wonder; teaching NLP, lost it towards the end, took a risk by doing a demonstration, and that new 'something' happened again. The words were hardly my own, my brain was physically pounding against the back of my head in two places, and I tingled all over. The woman I was working with was moved to awe and tears, as was the group. I could barely stand afterwards. What's exactly happening to me?

Interesting material on prayer in Anthony Duncan's *The Christ, Psychotherapy and Magic* commencing with the observation that:

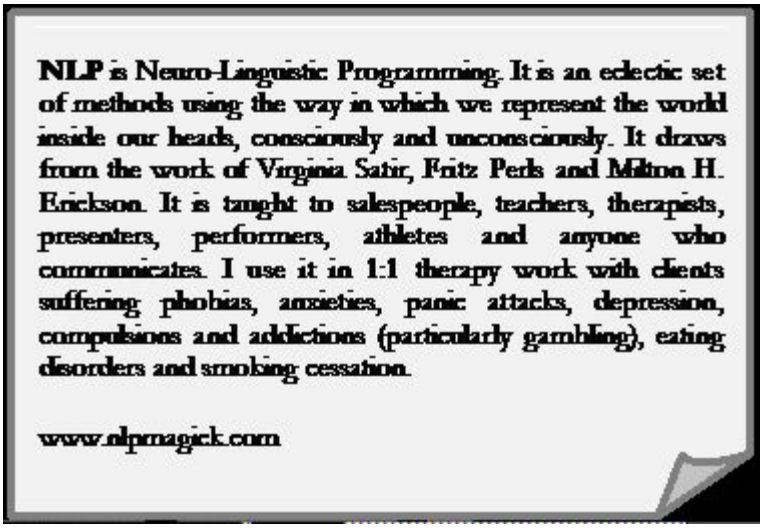
> A criticism of the Western Church that may be made in all fairness is that it has seriously neglected to teach the great mass of the faithful about the many and varied ways in which prayer may be done.[67]

Day 36: April 25th 2004 (Sunday)

Nothing and Nowhere

Orations performed tonight all too brief with metal distractions from two days of NLP training.

I had interesting discussion about mystical experience with one student.



But it is all vanity; I wish I could retire from the sham of the world whist this greater work is done – I am seeing through people too much to understand their ways.

All is ego, and vanity, and self – regard rather than remembrance.

God seems very far away today. So I have nothing, and nowhere to turn.

Day 37: April 26th 2004 (Monday)

The Empty Door

Orations performed.

A walk down the river.

Title for this working, should I write it up:

THE EMPTY DOOR[68]

Day 38: April 27th 2004 (Tuesday)

When You Die, Nothing Changes

Oration performed this morning, as mediation on the vastness and pre – creative God; “The Vast and Mighty one, whom Nature has not formed”.

The emptiness at present is almost unbearable. One expects Angels and Demon’s, Psychic Combat the combat and cosmic interludes, but Satan is the absence of God. “Sometimes, when I listen to music”, someone wrote, “the Devil whispers in my ear, ‘all it is notes going up and down’.” That’s exactly it. The aching horror of this life without there being – not just, no meaning - but any ground of meaning - is utterly and despairingly terrifying.

Bright lights keep appearing in flashes, once or twice a day, so I know at least something is happening, despite no other fundamental signs or shifts.

And yet, yet, at the same time my personality and sense of identity has become more transparent, inside, and today a voice said to me, “when you die nothing changes”. Very clearly.

That fills me with fear and hope in equal measures.

Day 39: April 28th 2004 (Wednesday)

Performance Continues

Oratories performed.

Day 40: 29th April 2004 (Thursday)

Prayer in Flight

Oratory performed this morning at 5.00am in a prayer room in Liverpool Airport on the way to Amsterdam. God does provide.[69]

Day 41: 30th April 2004 (Friday)

Angel on a Card

Oratories performed.

When I went to get an Anniversary card, walked straight into a display with a card reading:

Your Guardian Angel

You have a Guardian Angel
Who watches over you -
Everywhere you go
And everything you do.
This gentle, silent, helper
Is there to be your guide
To shelter and protect you
And for you to walk beside.
Your Angel will always help you
Whenever things go wrong,
They'll be the wings beneath your feet
As life's path you walk along
Feel this caring presence
Be engulfed by its love
And let your life be guided
By a power from above.[70]

Doing the Abramelin whilst being in the daily world is causing some very weird occurrences like this.

Day 42: May 1st 2004 (Saturday)

Everything Changes into Everything Else

Oratories performed this night with incense, after felt that the top of my head had been lifted off, and a wide empty plane had opened all around me, in which presences gathered – neither good nor bad,

merely of a different order. Very strange – I recall blinking, staring, and my stomach turning over. It was very visceral.

Last day of teaching NLP today.

B reported a nightmare with masked figures, and I told her;

“Everything changes into everything else”.

Day 43: 2nd May 2004 (Sunday)

First Signs of Revolution

Orations performed.

My personality is beginning to revolt against the strain.

My prayer card for today is from the Buddhist Tradition:

> You are all Mercy,
> Think of me.
> You are the Enlightened One,
> Think of Me.
> You are the Supreme Teacher,
> Think of Me.
> If you do not listen,
> Who will listen?
> If you do not give me blessing,
> Who will bless me?
> If you do not protect me,
> Who will protect me?
> If you do not guide me,
> Who will guide me?

Day 44: 3rd May 2004 (Monday)

Dark Therapy

Orations performed. R now reporting strong and meaningful dreams – this morning about an evil pure white cat that he wanted to get rid of, but B and I wouldn't let him.

The wide open "headless" plane is still open.

And I am starting to receive instruction. Really. And it is not at all like anything I imagined. But all too brief, I am too full for much to take within.

Lyrics from *Frozen*:

> Mmmmmm, if I could melt your heart
> Mmmmmm, we'd never be apart
> Mmmmmm, give yourself to me
> Mmmmmm, you hold the key.[71]

and *Dark Therapy*:

> You are one life older than before,
> But you can't stop the chill,
> Now you're falling in slow motion,
> Though the air is still.
> If you close your eyes than I can take you all the way,
> Let me close your eyes and I will take it all the way.[72]

A potted plant crashed to the floor tonight. Hmm.

Day 45: May 4th 2004 (Tuesday)

Tipping Point

Orations performed. A peaceful day today. Messages of hanging on received.

Both inner and outer feel un-edged all of a sudden. Boundaries are removed by the constant confession. I feel a pivot point approaching, a "tipping point" in fact, when the emptying out will match the drawing in. That'll probably coincide with the start of the second two moons, thinking about it just now, when the prayer changes to draw more down.

This working continues to astonish in its basis in experience and it's precision. AMEN.

Day 46: May 5th 2004 (Wednesday)

Gaming Must be Shunned

Orations performed. This night two clear – in fact, three – clear instructions;

> Inscribe the magical record SHALOM DALETH - PAX.
>
> There is no necessity for a light on the altar should the lamp hanging above be in use.
>
> Sleep tonight will bring further working.

I was laughing yesterday at Mather's commentary on instruction 38, regarding gaming, which must be shunned. Mather's dryly notes:

> By 'jeu' here is evidently meant gaming or gambling, and not simple recreation and amusement, which latter would almost certainly be a necessity during this period, to prevent the brain giving way from the intense nervous strain.

I think my laughing showed a certain degree of my brain's present "nervous strain".

This morning awoke from a terrible dream, as I had started to contemplate the nature of the evil forces and I might prepare for them. The dream involved being lost at sea, a lot of people drowning, and being lost emotionally from my relationship with B. I awoke trembling, but thankfully I realised it was a transitory dream.

There was mist this morning and the sun was bursting through the trees beyond the balcony and garden, flooding everywhere with light. A truly magical sight to see and much praise to him.[73]

This morning's oration also brought a realisation of "downloading" the excremental attachments that create and bound the psyche into the sand on the balcony. Hence the various instructions.

Day 47: May 6th 2004 (Thursday)

Listening to the Crucifixion

Orations performed. This morning awoke from a dream in which I was the drummer for Led Zeppelin. I realised whilst I was on stage that drummers do not 'create' the rhythm, they play it. This was a big realisation for me, also when the band told me I should not have wasted my time with guitar as I would have discovered I was a great drummer.

An Angel quote on Radio 4, Congressman Kirk quoting Abraham Lincoln; "we must live up to the nature of our highest angels".

A mystical experience of the highest order: listening to crucifixion; the Eye, Infinity, Seer, Egg, DNA, life and all.

And tonight's Oration, another self started praying on my behalf. [74]

Day 48: May 7th 2004 (Friday)

Drawing Poison at the Abbey

Orations performed. Less vehement than yesterday, but nonetheless tonight's was certainly on a higher plane than anything I have ever previously accomplished. It is of note that WB did not publish, if even he recorded, much of the actual wording of his prayers. The words certainly do not count for much, it would appear, but the out-flowing is of paramount importance, the drawing out, like an alchemical siphoning, that once started, continues of its own accord and its own nature.

Much in tonight's Oration of the vastness of God, his hand forming the stars and planets, his arms enfolding the universes. And our place in this, our consciousness, re-flexing, binding, and emerging, self-creating. It is a wonder and a deep mystery.

Dreamt this morning of another past event whose poison was required to be drawn, whose legacy to be faced and ghost laid to rest. I was visiting a ruined cathedral on a hill, like Whitby Abbey, and was walking down to a group of three ancient trees in the midst of the ruins. I sensed that this was where the power of the place dwelt, and that the Monastery had been built around it.

I then had to perform an elaborate ceremony to draw the holy water from a deep well and bless my relationship with it. I kept struggling to do so, the bucket kept tipping and the water spilling out. Eventually I managed and a priest poured it over B and I.

I awoke feeling dismayed with myself and resigned, a weight taken on or away I could not be sure, but wanting ever more not to waste what B and I have made with each other.

AMEN. Love. Peace.

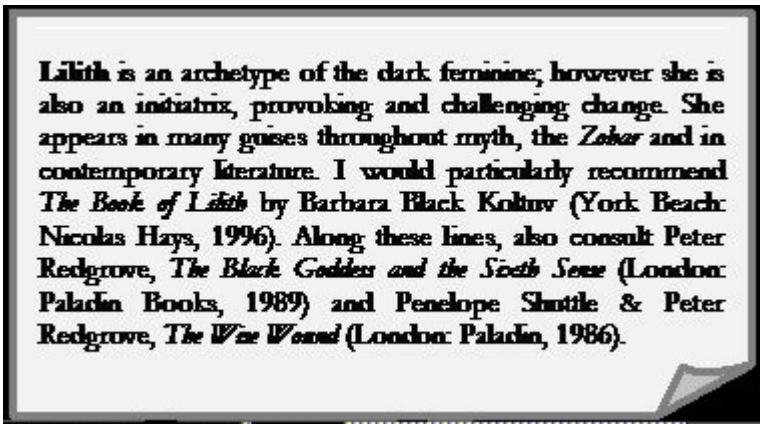
But difficult when you see in yourself what incompleteness there is.

Day 49: May 8th 2004 (Saturday)

Digging up the Weeds

Orations performed. Tonight with incense.

The incense draws out a lot. Awoke with a Lilith dream, in which B was Lilith, with a white-painted face and Serpent tongue, making love to B. It was erotic but disturbing.



Lilith is an archetype of the dark feminine; however she is also an initiatrix, provoking and challenging change. She appears in many guises throughout myth, the *Zohar* and in contemporary literature. I would particularly recommend *The Book of Lilith* by Barbara Black Koltuv (York Beach: Nicolas Hays, 1996). Along these lines, also consult Peter Redgrove, *The Black Goddess and the Sixth Sense* (London: Paladin Books, 1989) and Penelope Shuttle & Peter Redgrove, *The Wise Wound* (London: Paladin, 1986).

Went to see *Van Helsing* with R and C, collected upgrades for PC, and installed them this afternoon as well as working pleasantly in the garden.

Alchemical, digging up weeds.

I'm also starting to realise the nature of the demons, and more particularly, those I personally must begin to face. They're not "just" psychological when approached in this context - all things have an equal reality.

Day 50: May 9th 2004 (Sunday)

Auras at the Wells

Orations performed. Tonight's a little distant and removed.

Another strong event today, out for a walk with B along the wells of Silverdale. We were following a family, with young kids. Two of the kids were enthusiastically singing, and for a while I had kind – like an "Astral Vision" effect. Like putting on an infrared set of goggles – the children's Auras, energies, spirits, whatever you might call them, were like phosphorous torches, burning wildly above their heads. Woah.

And then afterwards, the now familiar head pain in the back of both hemispheres of my brain.

Day 51: May 10th 2004 (Monday)

Looking for the Windy City Bus

Orations performed. Better.

Dreamt of R and I visiting Chicago. We were searching for the CITY BUS which would take us a full circuit of the city, and looking up at a he rollercoaster ride.

Day 52: May 11th 2004 (Tuesday)

Days of Film, Days of Filth

Orations performed.

Watched the film, *Amelie*, after a walk down the river.

Horrible day at Weldbrox.[75]

Day 53: May 12th 2004 (Wednesday)

The Light is sealed Within

Orations performed. Tonight another "second voice" experience, which then led into a naturalised "outpouring" prayer. It closed with a message to me in voice I'm beginning to recognise, saying "The Light is Sealed Within".

I can only pray harder that this work will bear fruit.

Psalm XVII.

Day 54: May 13th 2004 (Thursday)

Travelling where the Light Sleeps

Orations performed. This evening realised that the working is not a meditation and that prayer and meditation are very different things.

Again, the orations have picked up an identity of themselves.

There is also much going on that I'm not getting to record, small realisations in everyday events, and a synthesis of many previous initiations.

Wrote this fragment today:

> Looking harder and faster into darker deeps,
> Travelling in worlds where the light sleeps,
> Passing through veils without number
> To the final awakening from my slumber.

And in a couple of days, the first Two Moons is over. So much has passed.

So much terror in the news, in Iraq, torture in Russia, Women held in madman's prison, the hounding of Maxine Carr, the list is endless.[76]

Day 55: May 14th 2004 (Friday)

The Strings Are Being Cut

Oration missed this morning. It just happened, and I didn't realise until I'd left the house. Doing the Abramelin in everyday life, surrounded by a barrage of distractions, is most difficult. For the next two moons I will seek to remove and avoid as many distractions as possible.

Orations this night far better. Feel cleansed, but earlier in the evening felt extremely weird, like a chunk of me was missing, a big gap, somewhere. I actually felt physically off balance and cumbersome and awkward. Like my strings have been cut. I guess they are being.

B noticed whilst out a walk down the river at Kirby, as I was too "gone" to drive to Hutton as planned and also the better "glow" after tonight's oration.[77]

THE SECOND OF THE TWO MOONS:
SLOW FUNERAL

Day 56: 15th May 2004 (Saturday)

Variations of Prayer

Orations performed this morning both with incense and the prepared water purification beforehand. It's interesting how ritual generates sub-ritual; I am now keeping the spent matches in the used tea light containers on a shelf above the altar; it forms a sort of calendar or time-line.

Informed to take clock out of study anyway.

The empty door has now become a potent symbol, as has the open plain, now populated with angelic figures.

Started variation of prayer to request presence of the hosts.

A guest tonight and a problem with even minor amounts of alcohol – it put me into three worlds, with terrible stress, so no more alcohol at all for the duration of the working.

Day 57: 16th May 2004 (Sunday)

Lilly Tarn

Oration performed this morning. A walk to Lilly Tarn, and sunshine, most excellent and praise to his glory in the world of nature.

Oration performed this evening, with emphasis on the Angelic Hosts, whose presence now feels so necessary if I am to successfully complete the culmination of this working.

Day 58: 17th May 2004 (Monday)

Snake Pass

Orations performed.

Driving to Sheffield over Snake pass – with a certain irony – as I recognised Derbyshire and began to recall associations – I began to feel very, very, weird. In fact, I thought, if I hadn't had a magical initiatory background (or had once used a fair whack of hallucinogenic drugs) I would have probably have freaked out and called a hospital. My mind literally unpinned itself from the moorings, and I became a person without history in my personality, and hence no future. My history did not vanish, it was more that my sense of self detached from my historical antecedents, and with it, experience, belief and values. Utterly weird.

Day 59: 18th May 2004 (Tuesday)

Visits from Loki and Lucifer

Orations performed.

Big political events in India – Sonia Ghandi, turning down the role of Prime Minister having listened to her "Inner voice".

Calling strongly in - the Hosts.

Powerful dream of D meeting me and taking me up an attic in a barn. He was telling me he had invoked Loki, but I should concentrate on Lucifer. N was there, and I was wondering if D had crossed the line to Divine Fool or if he was simply mad and broken. And what, if any, difference that made.

B also dreamt – a nightmare – of me wading through an assault course of tyres. Getting muddy. She tried to get out of the "game" but found she was locked into the garden-like area.

She went into a glass house and opened a window but a guard dog attacked her and she realised it wasn't a game and she would have to kill someone to escape.[78]

Oh hum.

Day 60: 19th May 2004 (Wednesday)

Invoke Often

Orations performed. This evening there was a powerful presence of the Hosts as Light. Strong rocking and even gasping as my head

filled with golden light.

And strangely, I got e-mailed a Kabbalah question, to which I responded, and found out it was from the “The Angel Lady” a woman specialising in Angelic guides. Very, very, very bizarre now.

> 90 De gradibus Ad Magnum Opus
> Here, O my son, is the one secret of success
> In this great work. Invoke often.[79]

See also Liber VIII:

> Then, at his prayer, shall the chamber be filled with light insufferable for splendour, and a perfume intolerable for sweetness. And his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, yea, his Holy Guardian Angel shall appear unto him, so that he shall be wrapt away into the Mystery of Holiness.
>
> All that day shall he remain in the enjoyment of the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.
>
> And for three days after he shall remain from sunrise unto sunset in the temple, and he shall obey the counsel that his Angel shall have given unto him, and he shall suffer those things that are appointed.
>
> And for ten days thereafter shall he withdraw himself as shall have been taught unto him from the fullness of that communion, for he must harmonize the world that is within with the world that is without.
>
> And at the end of the ninety-one days he shall return into the world, and there shall he perform that work to which the Angel shall have appointed him.[80]

And more than this it is not necessary to say, for his Angel shall have entreated him kindly, and showed him in what manner he may be most perfectly involved. And unto him that hath this Master there is nothing else that he needeth, so long as he continue in the knowledge and conversation of the Angel, so that he shall come at last into the City of the Pyramids.

Also I get the feeling after prayer, one that I’m coming to love, if I could only be *silent* enough.

Some hymns came back to me today, from childhood, particularly the one with “I see the sights that dazzle”.[81]

Day 61: 20th May 2004 (Thursday)

Each of us a Ladder

Orations performed. The candle now strobing, which adds something.

The presence of the Hosts perceivable. Let them bear me, on and upwards towards my goal; a Holy escort. And this from mine Angel:

“Each of us a Ladder”.

Sorted out my NLP literature, so spoke to S about running the courses for the probation services. Even the guy from BOR Instant Messaged me out of the blue. It’s getting weirder and weirder.

Reading about Pardle Pio and his “irreverancy” to his Angel.

Commenced reading *The Song of Solomon*.

Day 62: 20th May (Friday)

Connecting to the Tradition

Orations performed. Again at both times the presence of the hosts of light very noticeable.

The purification of Fire before is a great assistance, reminding me of the similar rite in the Japanese Temples. I should have a bowl likewise.

Awoke this morning from a powerful dream in which B and I were in Church. I was trying to read the sermon, Luke 14, but the words were self–referential and made no sense. Then the Priest, an extremely powerful presence, dressed in semi–shamanic robes as well as Greek orthodoxy, came down the aisle blowing incense. I recognised it as Abramelin incense and he blew a halo of smoke around me. As it passed around me I fell into a deeply altered state. I realised he was telling the sermon as a living teaching story, carrying an important message down the ages. I understood more deeply than ever about Memes, Kabbalah tradition and teaching. I wanted to be like the priest.

Luke 14 ends with “he that hath ears to hear; let him hear”.

Titles given to me today:

SELF-EXTRACTING PROGRAM, THE FIRST TWO MOONS

SLOW FUNERAL, THE SECOND TWO MOONS

EMPTY DOOR, THE THIRD TWO MOONS

B found a possible rental property in Outgate, near Hawkshead. It appears spacious and has a Summerhouse. We’re viewing it tomorrow, but I suspect it’s ordained. She is very much the spiritual place-finder.

Day 63: 21st May (Saturday)

On Fasting

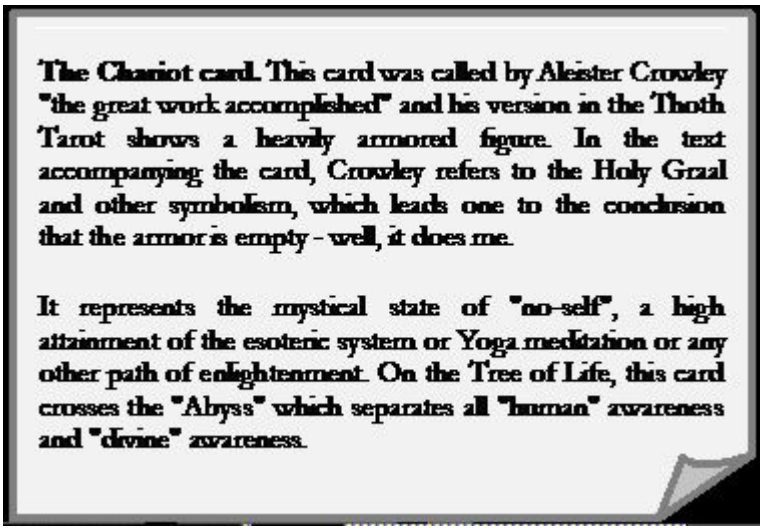
Orations performed. Fasting commenced from midnight to midnight.

Saw the book complete, with a picture of Jacob’s ladder on the cover, and box-in’s explaining various terms, like fasting.

Fasting as a spiritual exercise appears to set a “break up”, a pause in the autonomous routine which runs in the background, like a daemon in Unix saying TEST am I hungry? No return fasting puts

a loop in there, making it conscious (so, consciousness may be considered an emergent property of a self – reflective loop.

As well as the hunger – loop, it also signals other bodily habits by saying, on ALERT! I'm able to watch and alter even you. I'm in charge here, all. In the context of the Abramelin Operation of course this is as ever extremely well-timed, so as well as the Hosts gathering to accelerate the ride, the operator is now reigning his entire autonomous being to the one rider, like the Chariot Atu or Gurdjieff's "Coach Driver".



Tarot reading at Coniston, interesting. Also B and I went to look at a marvellous dump there, but a six-month let only. The summerhouse, though, would have been incredible to do this work in, separated from the garden by a stream. I got the message through that this wasn't really called for.

Oration performed this evening with incense and the presence of my Angel, briefly, to say, as I realised that the "EMPTY DOOR" is ME and the Angel is what comes through it thereafter:

"IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE,
AND WONDERFUL,
AND TERRIBLE."

There followed a vision of the Tumble of Humanity.

Day 64: 23rd May 2004 (Sunday)

Temporal Tantrums

Oration performed – at length – this morning. Far more intense and focused.

The hosts are a warm glow of loving energy, binding and surrounding all things – and I get the impression again they are emergent from life, although something prior again they are EMERGENT from life, although something prior and now, separate. How can this be? Unless Time and Space are not what we know or can ever know there is no cause and effect – “everything you know is wrong”.

More from yesterday; the tarot readings felt right, thinking working in C so wrong. I have to take stock.

B yesterday told me how difficult I am being, causing everyone to have to think. And she notices how I am being affected when I come out of the Oratory - since the Hosts have been present I they leave me with a diffused glow that radiates out.

Newspapers begin to talk of a hike in interest rates and a crash in the house market. Perhaps my prayers should continue to hold mundane content?

More teaching/realisation/synthesis; all self–discovery techniques are self–destructive. How about that?!

Where is the evil? The malign forces? The opposition? Not wanting to tempt fate, but I think there’s a myth about this operation by superstitious Magicians who have never actually performed it. I see why – it is a huge commitment, despite it being “only” six months, and “condensed” versions are not at all the same, I would imagine. The original does not talk about such “temporal tantrums” or tangential tantrums, although the need to avoid attachment and temptation is clearly stated.

Day 65: 24th May 2004 (Monday)

Marshalling the Voices

Orations performed. Both at length.

“O Lord, I pray for all those who have commenced this sacred work;

Let your peace go with them,

Let your rest find them,

And their constant companion at last send them”

Peaceful, focused and working day, with all going strangely to plan.

Advised L with Tarot this evening, after walking down the river with B. Watching the families of Ducks. Thinking about the annual cycle of natue recapitulating the entire lifespan of man.

And the 5=6 work re–adumbrating the grades before. And this work now, starting with childhood, the first two moons of innocent insecurity, these second two moons adolescent surety, and the last two moons maturity. Also now understand why the lower grades “quit not Malkuth” This is a wholly different level of work.

The trees and the ducks all look so solid – and yet I and the World keep passing in and out of focus.

Interesting illustration from Lull’s “On the ascent”; Seven Steps of Understanding; STONES, FIRE, PLANTS, ANIMALS, MAN, THE STARRY HEAVENS, ANGELS AND GOD.



Ramon Lull, De nova logica, 1512

Almost fell backwards during oration this evening, presences so overwhelming. Distinct impression of " Marshalling the voices" within – so much chatter across the channels, how incredibly powerful will it be when everything is focused – like a laser – "coherent" light?

Let every step be towards Thee, O lord, O Lord, let Thine Hosts of Angels accompany me, attend me, announce me.

ARIOCHARIOT

Day 66: 25th May 2004 (Tuesday)

Curse Request

Oration performed this morning. However, my sleeping pattern has now been suddenly disrupted. I awake at 4.30am wide awake - half an hour before dawn. Listening to the dawn chorus praising the

coming of the day. I understand why it would be the natural time for this oration.

Hard-working day.

Phoned L re. Canterbury Tales and N for a catch up. Then S phoned in distress to request a curse performing on a man who had hurt her. It pains me, but it seems a strange event.

Oration performed this evening, my constant companion. Prayers tend to have a "Strange Attractor". The Angel dwells in the moment that is still forever. The ladder and rungs are dimensions.

I feel strain, hear shocks and neck trembles.

Reading Louis Jacobs on Hasidic Prayer in *Essential Papers on Hasidism*, quoting R. Zeev Wolf of Zytomierz:

> The principle is that before a man begins to pray to God he should be filled with love and fear. He should allow the thought of the majesty and greatness of En Sof to enter his mind and then he should recite his prayers with a clear enunciation of the words and gently withal …[82]

Day 67: 26th May 2004 (Wednesday)

Prepare the Squares

Orations performed.

Have a distinct feeling it is time to "prepare the squares" – sounds like a game-show catch phrase.

Have the robe next to the altar now.

B awoke me kicking and yelling from a nightmare at 5.00 am.

Some stuff came out about C today at work.

Writing an article on "drawing out by salt" for Alchemy Lab Journal. It is strange how everything reverberates.[83]

Day 68: 27th May 2004 (Thursday)

The Hanged Man

Orations performed. This morning very trancey.

Realised that since starting this operation every single day has been a test and an opportunity. Each day has had a quality of and in itself.

N here this evening – nice meal out – Statue of George and the Dragon meaningful. N recommended *The Hanged Man* by Kopp, so

ordered one for the both of us.[84]

Day 69: 28th May 2004 (Friday)

Bathing Regime

Orations performed.

Johann Reuchlin's *De Arte Cabalistica*.

Avoiding *Big Brother* and the news from here on. Using a brush after bathing.[85]

Day 70: 29th May 2004 (Saturday)

Edinburgh Hungry

Orations performed. This evening in Edinburgh. Fasting.

Day 71: 30th May 2004 (Sunday)

Tarot Uplifted

Orations performed, this morning in Edinburgh.

Using the idea of Meta-contact to read Tarot became very effective, but burnt me out. Also ravenous.[86]

Day 72: 32st May 2004 (Monday)

Hypersensitivities

Oration perfomed. This evening at length.

The whole thing has changed, deepened, met morphed. Since saying "I come from fear to love" and realising its Kabbalistic import, the prayers are now structured to the Tree, and far richer for that ladder as a result.

My mood on a walk by Coniston was not good, though, as I am becoming hyper-sensitised to the ignorance of the World and its true state and origin.

Day 73: 1st June 2004 (Tuesday)

The Light at the Door

Orations performed. This evening at length.

My sleeping pattern over the last few days has started to get disrupted. I'm waking up at almost hourly intervals from about 4:00am, i.e. before dawn from vague dreams.

Tonight had a huge experience that took my head off for a while - a vision of the Angel beyond the empty door - the door then became "me" and the Angel pure light. All was light, running and racing to

infinity. Again I almost fell backwards as the vision expanded and I vanished. Praise to him.

This was preceded by another more poetic oration and a preliminary vision of a Gnostic or Mithraic Temple.

Day 74: 2nd June 2004 (Wednesday)

Becoming Unglued to the World

Orations performed. My mind now becoming unglued from the World at an alarming rate, like a ship casting off.

Big Brother is pretty much the anti-Abramelin.[87]

Received an e-mail from George Dehn re. his translation of the *Book of Abramelin*. May see if I can obtain a pre–published copy if at all possible.[88]

Hugely strong presence during the Oration tonight. Prayer strong afterwards, another prayer for S, which extended to a wider, more intimate form of prayer.

The light accelerating through the empty door. The hosts in flight, accompanying. The Angel, the constant companion on the strait and narrow path to the Abyss.

The unmistakable feeling of reality and understanding Aha! That's what they were on about. But can't recall the realisation now, afterwards. No-Self. Perhaps.

Oh, and on opening my eyes afterwards feeling the World rush back into the word. Like air filling a vacuum. Spirit.

Day 75: 3rd June 2004 (Thursday)

At the Invisible Station

Orations performed. I actually drew breath before tonight's, as I almost fear what might happen next. Again, strong presence of the Hosts, but became distracted as the oration started to became a meditation. Probably too tired to hold it all together.

Today started telephoning Estate Agents with regard to Keswick rentals. Spoke to M at EA (Estate Agents) who was very positive. Also saw and applied for job in Cumbria for the NHS.

Thinking about the Golden Dawn Neophyte ritual and the "invisible station" of the higher self; such wonderful rituals!

Pondering on Bernadette Roberts and Irina Tweedy.[89]

Day 76: 4th June 2004 (Friday)

Send me an Angel

Orations performed.

Crowley's invocation performed:

O SELF Divine! O Living Lord of Me!
Self-Shining Flame, begotten of Beyond!
Godhead immaculate! Swift tongue of fire,
Kindled from that immeasurable light
The boundless, the immutable. Come forth,
My God, my lover, spirit of my heart,
Heart of my soul, white virgin of the Dawn,
My Queen of all perfection, come thou forth ….[90]

Vanishing point, "Send Me An Angel".

Day 77: 5th June 2004 (Saturday)

Fixing the Faulty Signal

Orations performed. This morning, at length, this evening with incense.

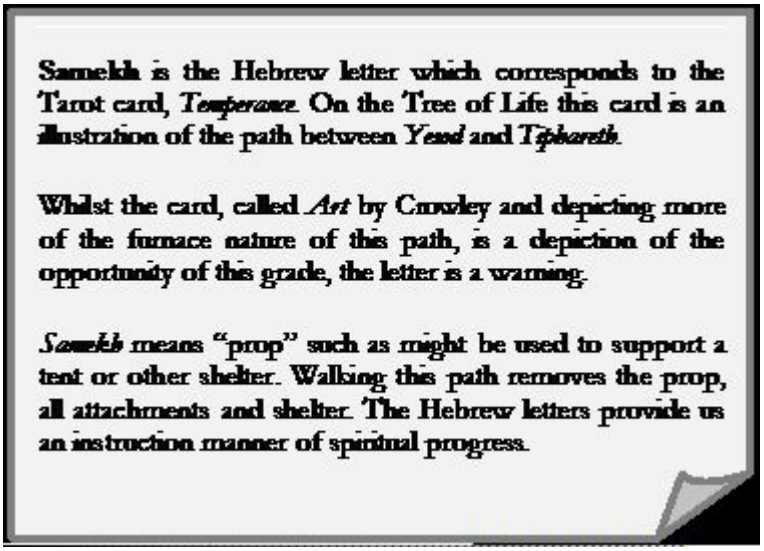
My head ridiculously busy and torn. The weird fading in and out again like a faulty signal – the sense of self is merely a carrier wave, nothing more. Patches of self – doubt, will this really achieve anything, dare I make the changes that are demanded? And yet tonight, peace in the oratory and after a distinct instruction that I cannot now "sit on the fence" a merging of sorts transpired, my old self surrounded and empty, and the new entity, in communication, moving in to my body as a glove.

Preston shopping is not what A. had in mind for this working.

And Saturday, incense, draws out more poison.

Next door but ones' cat but like an evil spirit, two eyes, lit up on the wall, Beth hissing tonight.

Realised that beliefs are indeed 'props' (Samekh) or 'Crutches', and as I kick them out from under me to stand in each moment a free man, blinking unsure in the present light, I'm aware of how much other people use each other as external props as well. How fragile, seen from here, how unseen, from there. It's light but cold and lonely, outside the cave where the shadows play.



Day 78: 6th June 2004 (Sunday)

Have confidence in God

Orations performed.

The *Abramelin* reveals more depth as I review chapters I haven't had cause yet to read in detail; The considerations before starting the operation (p. 54) – although I worried about "ye must finish where you begin" Given that my Angel said last night, simply "prepare to move".

However it goes on to say "be ye sure that doth aid all those who put their confidence in him…" and later (p. 78) "Have confidence in God… because your Guardian Angel is already about you, although invisible, and conducteth and governeth your heart, so that you shall not err".

Reading now about the conjurations; "I have many times now repeated unto you that the fear of God is the principle subject of the instruction of your Guardian Angel, against which you should never commit any fault, even if it be but slight". (p. 89)

And finally, "The curses and matters whereof (The Spirits) will make use to cause a man to waver are infinite, especially when the man attempted to make them submit to his commands, and this is why it is most necessary to be upon one's Guard and to DISTRUST ONESELF. [My capitals]"

The fear of God theme runs throughout all the later chapters dealing with the conjurations - but it is hard to not read this in a post-

modern context of purely psychological states and processes (i.e. suppression, projection et al).

Certainly, though, the more I try to adhere to the almost self-defining and evolving 'straight and narrow' path that is unfolding ahead of me, the more old habitual thought patterns and values are squeezing up and out. Today has been particularly hard on the whole family with that.

Couldn't use Crowley's "invocation" it really has to be one's own.

Day 79: 7th June 2004 (Monday)

I am Not Sleeping

Orations performed. Sleep heavily disrupted

Day 80: 8th June 2004 (Tuesday)

Dreams of the Abyss

Orations performed. This evening at length.

My mind really starting to flex with the strain. Sort of like *Groundhog Day*, the music waking me up, the ritual, and the ritual at the end of the day again.[91]

Felt moved to pray directly to my Angel tonight but got the feeling that wasn't right. I am ignorant. I returned to pray that He would guide me in His mercy.

Sleep disrupted. Dreamt of the Abyss.

The Abyss is a descriptor of the "crown of the mind" (Crowley, Magick, p. 144). It is a false and illusionary crown which separates the mind from its origins. On the Tree of Life it is often conflated with *Da'ath*, meaning "knowledge" which is in itself a non-Sephirah, belonging to neither the mortal nor divine. It is a side-effect, an emergent principle, much like the Veil of Paroketh below it, of our dis-ease and disjuncture from our true state.

The Abyss is the ultimate experience of "Everything you know is Wrong". We cross the Abyss by Degrees each day, in every act we call "learning". The Abyss awaits the arrival of the Angel and the Adept.

That the Abyss is the other most significant of three such transition events in the initiatory life is in no doubt throughout esoteric and mystical literature. The first is the Neophyte grade, where we recognize that the "light shineth in the darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not". The second is the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. The third is the crossing of the Abyss.

Crowley also notes that "the Master of the Temple" [who has crossed the Abyss] must sit for 106 seasons in the City of the Pyramids [Binah]" because the co-ordination of their transcendence above the "structuralization of knowledge" is so difficult to manage. In this passage and adjustment phase there is an *After the Abyss* as well as an *After the Angel*.

Day 81: 9th June 2004 (Wednesday)

Prepare to Move

Orations performed.

My Angel has said, “Prepare to move” which fills me with faith. [92]

Day 82: June 10th 2004 (Thursday)

Not Yet Enough

Orations performed. Wretched. “Not yet enough”.

But tonight a strange new state; a still, clear, brittle state whilst the words flowed without effort.

Day 83: 11th June 2004 (Friday)

The Forge Mill

Orations performed. Tonight’s at the Bush Inn, Monmouth.

B phoned with news of a house in Keswick – Forge Mill.

Day 84: June 12th 2004 (Saturday)

Tarot at Witchfest: I Sleep but my Heart Keeps Watch

Orations performed, this morning in Wales, this evening in England.

Tarot reading and talk at *Witchfest*, “absolutely accurate” “unbelievable”, “phenomenal” etc., feedback to readings done with Angelic assistance.[93]

> St Alphonse told his confessor; it has sometimes happened that, before going to bed, I have begun praying and continued to do so while at the same time I was really fast asleep as I am praying, I pray in exactly the same way in my sleep as I do when I am awake. I sleep but my heart keeps watch.[94]

A clearing transmission tonight, a black TV screen on and ready.

Day 85: June 13th 2004 (Sunday)

Wash and Prepare Yourself

Oration performed, although originally awoke at 5.00 am by B’s bad tooth. Oration this evening performed with incense, and moved from formal to personal and intimate thereafter.

Angel this morning, “Wash and prepare yourself”. (For the house you are going to move to). And surely enough, “Forge Mill” looks

likely to be our next venue in Keswick.

Not only that, but S phoned to suggest a more immediate training opportunity.

I give sincere thanks to Adonai, and trust that I can remain in right attitude. Oh there are so many snares.

Day 86: June 14th 2004 (Monday)

In a Slow Heaven

Orations performed.

This evening briefly, I had a crushing moment of utter self doubt, about myself, my work and my beliefs. If it wasn't for the fact it is so obviously connected with this working – here, I must have the faith or all would indeed be lost – this experience would have ended everything and returned me back to a dying world.

This morning a message "Do the right thing" which didn't transpire, unless it was saying yes when B asked me to meet her at the hospital to see N?

I am now more mentally exhausted than I have ever been, my thoughts moving in a slow heaven.

Tonight, a lot about "Three in one, and one in none," and the Angel's role in that.[95]

And today, a weird thing with drawing emergent complexity diagrams I then received *At Home in the Universe* with exactly the same drawing![96]

Day 87: 15th June 2004 (Tuesday)

Higher Good Activity

Today there is just a strange diagram in my journal and the phrases Higher Good Activity (HGA) and Emergent Meta-Self (EMS). I have no recollection of writing these things.

Day 88: 16th June 2004 (Wednesday)

The Mill is Ours

Orations performed. Tonight a strong head rush and blocking; almost a physical struggle. Is the Angel something that must be "let in" and replace me? What is the relationship? I fear to get it wrong. [97]

Met with K and talked Kabbalah. Prepared leaflets for S.

Most importantly (and yet with no surprise) we have been offered, and have accepted, The Forge Mill. On the same day as R finishes his last GCSE examination. AMEN.[98]

Day 89: 17th June 2004 (Thursday)

After All, Your Soul Will Still Surrender[99]

Orations performed. A day off to see N in hospital.

Some serious slamming moments of self – doubt today – so heavy.

Very difficult evening oration after the recent few day highs and presences submitting to trust, after all –'after all, your soul will still surrender".

It is hard to articulate what this feels like just now, a slow-motion rendering, a tear down the middle of the veil. Exhaustion is some internal place that I cannot even make myself aware of.

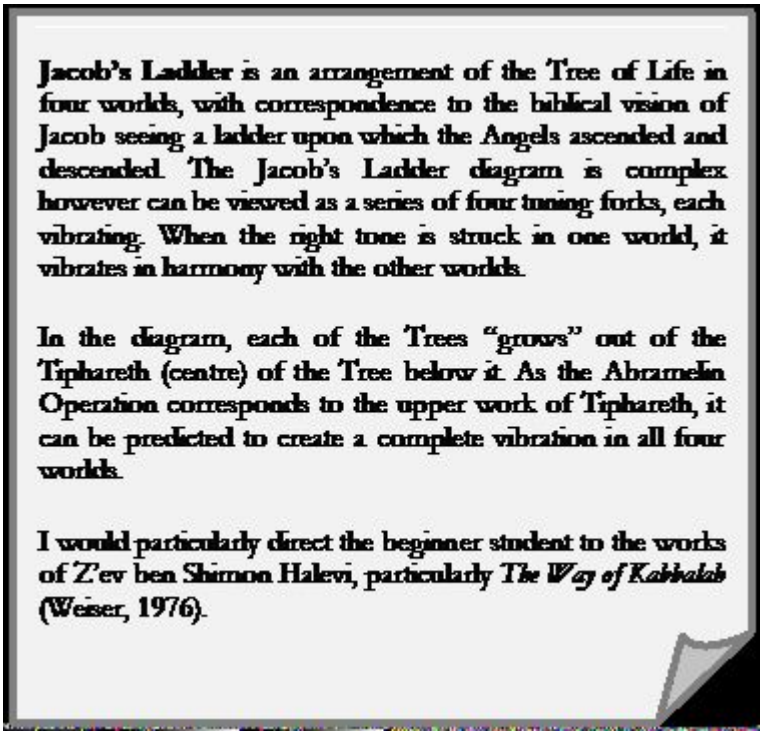
N 'phoned to say she and J coming over on Monday. What goes on with this? There are no coincidences.

Day 90: 18th June 2004 (Friday)

The Tenda Monks

Orations performed. Tonight brought a strong headache, which passed as soon as the oration completed. This work is a quickening, a focusing, a balancing, and a drawing together. It is so much a *Tiphareth* process. And yet so totally different to all that proceeds it in the grade work – the call to God the responsibility, the reckoning of the real. The identity awakes to the other Trees above, overlapped.

Listening to the ensemble of Chicago band on the way home, a track called folk – us. It split my head apart and had me screaming and yelling out loud like a madman. Note to self; be careful what music you listen to right now.



Funny thing at Weldbrox – C causing an electrician to pull the power down for the whole network. LOL. Gloat.

Spoke to D on the phone. Told her of the move back home.

Left a message for my Dad.

Received *Enlightenment* magazine – mainly noted Wilbur's interview where he describes the initiatory system, without referring to it as such. Lots of other interesting stuff on the Tendai Monks humbles me.[100]

Day 91: 19th June 2004 (Saturday)

Free from all Filters

Orations performed, tonight with incense. But actually forgot to fast, with everything else going on in my head.

A 1940's Wartime recreation event at the castle in H. caused me great consternation – must be careful; what's around me goes straight in, there's nothing much left doing the filtering right now. Also, terror, fear & humility before him, and how I fail. I never truly understood how far away I was from being an authentic, free, individual being. Someone whose at the very least "outside was like his inside" as I read about some Rebbe today.

K. joined the Kabbalah course today.

My headache in the Oratory again, and also swaying and today some “singing in tongues” with a Jewish emphasis. I am really going mad now at this stage.

God have mercy upon me,
Adonai forgive me,
May the hosts accompany me
In praise of his glory
AMEN.

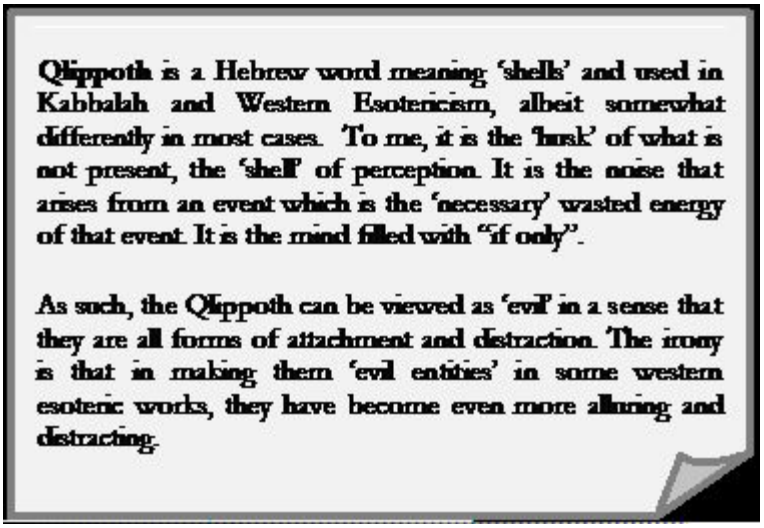
Day 92: 20th June 2004 (Sunday)

A New Conception

Oration performed late this morning but lots happened in the short space of time during the oration.

I had a vision of the sperm and the egg, and the phrase; “A new conception” came to be heard. In the meantime, another vision of a particle of light approaching an event horizon, and the phrase; “The closer you approach the singularity, the greater but further away the trial of dispersion”. I felt very alone.

Thinking this morning on awakening that the increasing number of voices (of dispersion) were if anything the psychological demons – the fragmentary and unfulfilled cast-offs of anything initiated but not completed, that fills and infests our brains. Memories of *Charlie and the Glass Elevator* with the fog of “what if” and Crowley in *Diary of a Drug Fiend* talking of the singular will, and even the Clive Barker idea of the constructed effigies of Cities fighting. All shells, *Qlippoth*.



Qlippoth is a Hebrew word meaning 'shells' and used in Kabbalah and Western Esotericism, albeit somewhat differently in most cases. To me, it is the 'husk' of what is not present, the 'shell' of perception. It is the noise that arises from an event which is the 'necessary' wasted energy of that event. It is the mind filled with "if only".

As such, the Qlippoth can be viewed as 'evil' in a sense that they are all forms of attachment and distraction. The irony is that in making them 'evil entities' in some western esoteric works, they have become even more alluring and distracting.

Day 93: 21st June 2004 (Monday)

I Get Given an Angel

Orations performed.

N & J visit walk down the river and J hands me a small basalt Angel! Spoke to N and realised how this all sounds out loud – how ignorant I am.

Monkey fall.

Day 94: 22nd June 2004 (Tuesday)

Looking out to the Vast Plain

Reading in *Book of Lies* (Disinformation Guide) quoting Evolva describing the Angel awakening.[101]

Tonight's oration became a visionary experience of the vast plain with pillars of force, semi-curious, single willed, as the Hosts. This stretched out as far as my inner eye could comprehend. The presence of the Hosts was uniquely singular curiosity.

An internal environment of the Psyche? Projection? External? None of these, and all – my state is now indescribable. Outside of itself.

Have got a job interview at CGB in M. AMEN. Again.

Was counting days as I had the idea for a "title" each day – it cannot be 90+days. Surely. This really spooked me, I feel very, very unreal.

Despite my "calendar" of matches[102] consciousness has a gravity, which warps the space-time fabric.

Applied to another job, L sent me. It is near to S.

Day 95: 23rd June 2004 (Wednesday)

Study Continuously

Orations performed. "STUDY CONTINOUSLY" I am told.

Tonight's oration performed prostrate. I am humbled and lost and throw myself on His Mercy, truly. "My little me" screams for attention and scurries and hides and plots and plans and twists and turns. It cannot be pinned down and held nor faced. It can only be left behind.

I dreamt last night that I met my Angel. A white-suited figure looking like Omar Sharif, Alec Guinness and my father combined. He

was getting up from a table on a sunny stone balcony where he was writing on a laptop.

He asked me, simply, now that I was there, what did I want, after all this effort to ask him. I didn't know what to say, so I said I didn't want to ask him the usual questions that he'd been asked and answered before, but I didn't know what else to say to him. I awoke with the impression I needed to address this question.

Got a positive e-mail back from K with regard to Tarot/Kabbalah, and one back from the TL company near S acknowledging my job application.

I feel so incredibly hyper-stressed, alienated, and weird. I sat for the two hours in an office in C with no idea why I was there, who I was, or barely where I was.

Day 96: 24th June 2004 (Thursday)

I am Wrecked, Entirely

Orations performed.

This evening, after blowing out the lamp, was told "wait" I did so, and then was told to "study". Study what? "The S** Sutra".[103]

This morning dreamt of C driving me to my death! Awoke at 3am, and 5am. I am wrecked.

A cat caterwauling at 1am.

Day 97: 25th June 2004 (Friday)

Cascades, Collapses, Catalysis

Orations performed. Everything accelerating.

Found and read the Sutra, one bit in particular:

> O thou of immeasurable light, whose knowledge is endless and incomparable; not any other light can shine here where thou art! The rays of the moon of Siva and of the jewel of the sun, were not bright here in the whole world.
>
> The form also is infinite in the best of beings; thus also the voice of Buddha is of infinite sound; his virtue likewise, with meditation, knowledge, strength; like unto thee there is no one in this world.
>
> The Dharma is deep, wide, and subtle; the best of Buddhas is incomprehensible, like the ocean; therefore there is no further

exaltation of the teacher; having left all faults, he is gone to the other shore.[104]

Received *The Threefold Reality* by R.G Coulson, see Pg 106-108 on the practice of prayer.

C now talking to me Oh hum!

At my desk, preparing to relax, a clear voice, strong but gentle, full of deep humour and light wisdom said, “Breathe more deeply”. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Cascades, Collapses, Catalysis.

Day 98: 26th June 2004 (Saturday)

The First Miracle[105]

Orations performed.

To Keswick and Penrith. The attic at the Forge has two bags of river sand waiting for me.[106]

Day 99: 27th June 2004 (Sunday)

Failing the Ikea Test

Orations performed. A lot of automatic speech tonight.

“And let in stillness reign hearts silence”

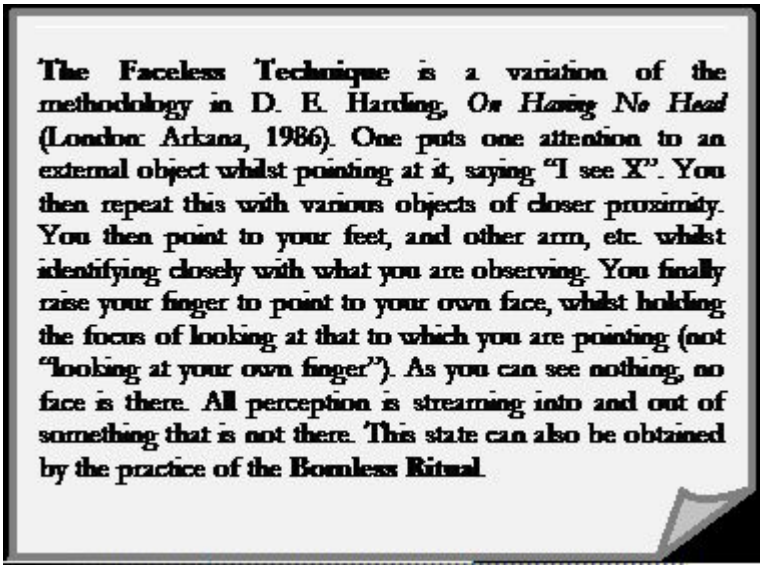
“With fear we bind ourselves to the small”

A lot of tension and strife today. I freaked out in Ikea, So failed the Bill Heidrick “Safeways” test of knowing you’re holding it together if you can stand to function correctly in a Safeways supermarket.

Recovered a bit by the evening but then R decided to play with B’s phone pincode, and all the tension erupted again – as I write this, he’s still out of the house after leaving in a strop.

Also experimented with the “faceless” technique, which worked to remove me somewhat from identifying with the residual attachments of the day – “the point expanding to everywhere ripples returning from nowhere”. As my Angel has it.

Much more tension, stress later.



Day 100: 28th June 2004 (Monday)

Nick Hornby Does Abramelin[107]

Orations performed. Still difficult in the morning, but this evening "vanished". For at least a minute or two I feel furthermore that my Angel is now 'leading' me a little, but slowly, remotely, distantly yet.

Talking to R and B; R on "We all have our buttons". Me on "Identity and belief are crutches". B on "Attachments can be manipulated". What a family conversation.

A burning fire is pouring into me, with nowhere to go.

I fade in and out of things that pass.

Partaking of some inner Mass.

I heard a title today in my head, "The pressure of ghosts".

Today's quote of the day from B, "I haven't got time for Demonic Presences; we've got packing to do".

Nick Hornby does Abramelin, with my top ten Angel songs:

1. Send Me an Angel, Scorpions
2. Greatest Gift, Robert Plant
3. You are my Angel, Massive Attack
4. All I want is You, U2
5. Angels, Robbie Williams
6. Dark Therapy, Echobelly
7. Surrounded by the Light, Dream Theatre

8. Building A Mystery, Sarah McLachlan
9. Wahnfried 1883, Klaus Schultz[108]
10. The Spirit, Magnum

Also *Solsbury Hill* & *San Jacinto* by Peter Gabriel.

Also *Wake Me Up* by Evanescence.

Also B dreamt of us facing a bomb, with mutilated corpses everywhere.

Day 101: 29th June 2004 (Tuesday)

Magic Carpets

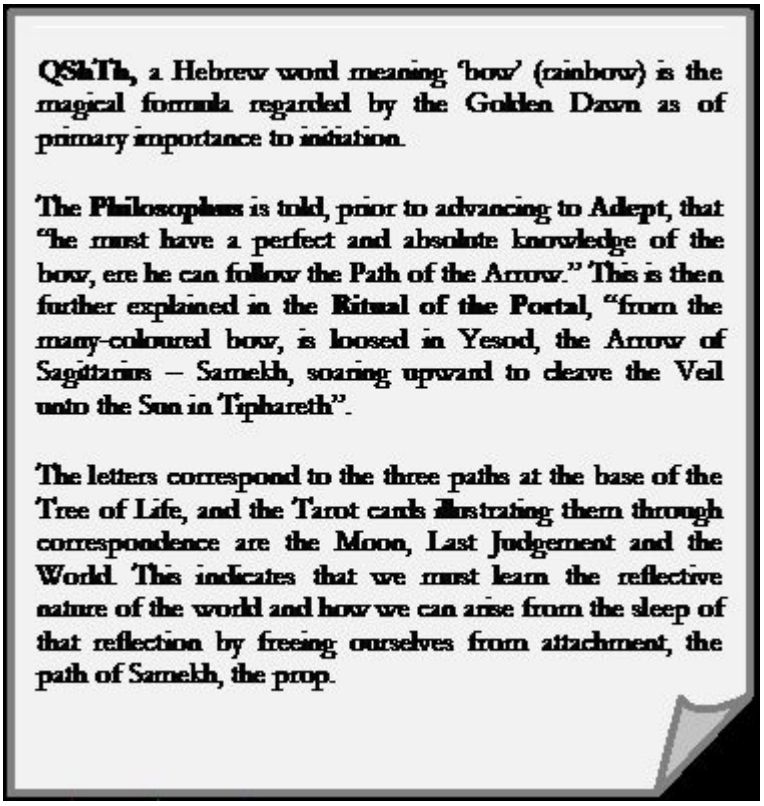
Orations performed. Last night I didn't sleep at all. So didn't go to work today. Instead as it happened went to Kendal late afternoon and brought carpets. And of course the carpet was free "just" the day before we plan to move, so that is a deal done.

At about 3am found myself directed to read through the Abramelin list Archives, then onto Aaron Leitch's site and then onto *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind* and related subjects.[109] Again further directed to purchase a screed of books I don't now recall but trust will be of use to me.

Also e-mailed I. Golden in Australia, who noted he had self-published his Abramelin working.

Read Aaron's essay on the HGA, which was in accord with my own material to date - neat that he pointed out the "extra points" in Book 3 and referred to George Dehn.

There is an incredible tension now between the "inspired me" and the "actual me" when the "me" is actually present. I feel it pulling constantly bending me out of shape, like a bow being pulled back (QSHTH).



Also the tension of packing, and I'm hyper-sensitive to the un-co-ordinated charges of energy from a 16year old youth. Not the best energy for the Abramelin, but it does give me a sort of hope for the future thing.

Voice advises Trust. *San Jacincto*, "I submit – to Trust".

When I tried in the front room, presences pushed down at me.

Day 102: 30th June 2004 (Wednesday)

Shifting Floors

Orations perfomed. Weakly. Poorly. Humbly.

Received *The Equinox*, and found myself reading John St. John, Which humbles greatly also, *On a Spaceship with Beezlebub*.

B's at N's, me doing month-end at work. The house now beginning to get packed up. The floor is shifting yet again.

Day 103: 1st July 2004 (Thursday)

On the Cultivation of Harmonious Awareness

Orations performed.

On the way to work that distinct, clear, wise voice said to me, "cultivating harmonious awareness" but gave me no indication of the

context of meaning of the sentence certainly I needed to cultivate harmony today as I contended with month-end accounts and a roomful of wedding preparing women and more low-level sniping from C. Sheesh!

Received the Assessment pack from CGB.

Felt more ons and offs today, switching faster than before, and more intense. A feeling of “wasting my time,” or a bright euphoria.

Cultivating harmonious awareness.

Soon, oh so soon.

Day 104: 2nd July 2004 (Friday)

Everything Will Be Gathered Together

Orations performed.

He seems to me that my journal does not accurately reflect my inner dialogue. If this is so, I will strive to re- create the “voice” of my inner attention better in future.

This evening in the Oratory I was bowed over to the floor, on my Knees (as ever, and need a prayer cushion still) and deeply emotional in my prayer, which now naturally tending to be directed at my Guardian Angel , interestingly enough, and when I looked up a golden soft light had settled above the altar. I faded – withdrew even I the moment I returned to consciousness form whatever state I had been in whilst seeing the light. Truly remarkable, reminds me of my experience with the Black Mirror.

Currently enjoying Kherdians’s *On a Spaceship with Beelzbub* which confirms much of my own lessons and experience of the initiatory system.[110]

Eyes tired now – packing – 2:00am sleep comes.

The voice again, “everything will be gathered together” O peace, my Angel, O strange Joy.

Returned to reading psalms.

Day 105: 3rd July 2004 (Saturday)

There is a War Being Fought, Which We Must Win

Orations performed. Tonight with lamp & incense.

It is impossible to fast on a Saturday whilst shopping, driving, packing and generally not in retirement. I am moving the fasting to Sundays from hereon. Another modification; I found my old Pagan

Lamp today whilst sorting out, so that is now on the altar instead of the large candle. It feels right that this is so – a better alignment to the ritual, as I approach the second two moons. [That should be third of course, I am not in my normal frame of mind – most of the time now I feel like I'm tripping].

I drove to Lancaster twice to pick B up, go food shopping and new shoes for my interview on Wednesday.

The soft golden presence returned above the altar after prayer. It doesn't feel like a "presence" really, more a herald or fore-lighting of one.[111]

When driving today, realised – absolutely but without any context – that "There is a war being fought, which we must win".[112]

Meditation after prayer took me to a place where all life sang praise to an unknowable creator – truly universal. I was told "there is MYSTERY BEYOND MYSTERY" and then my head opened to very strange sensations of separate centres of identity "floating" around inside my head, whilst I observed but was in 'no place'. It is difficult to describe.

Saturday, as ever, a lot of poison drawn out into the open.

Day 106: 4th July 2004 (Sunday)

Angels are the Hyperlinks of Godipedia[113]

Orations performed. Respectful this morn, intense this eve.

Fasting today and in a complaining different headset now for most of the time, strange side efforts, like I cannot hear partial pieces of music, I feel the energy bouncing from small children like Gigawatt generators that my mood switches from elation to despair in a matter of minutes and the like. As someone said, "induced Psychosis"

And yet at the same time as the random froth, strong signals come through – last night, after B had advised me about the Weldbrox situation, I had a strong dream about being in the Big Brother House when six new contestants were introduced, all of whom were "known bullies". Then, when I was looking at the BBC website what was moved to click a link, which eventually led to a site on workplace bullying and provided much useful stuff.

And later, just now at gone midnight, having performed the oration, moments later I was applying for an IT support manager role at Lancaster University. Bizarre. With a closing date of tomorrow noon.

The Angels ascend and descend the ladder like rushing lights, like phosphor, mercurial fire, sounding like Time would sound if it were a song to be heard.

Angels as Hyperlinks.

Day 107: 5th July 2004 (Monday)

I Grovel and Eat Dust

Orations performed dry and miserable. I grovel and eat dust.

Psalm XXXIV: “I will bless the Lord at all times his praise shall continually be at my mouth”.

Day 108: 6th July 2004 (Tuesday)

Whatever the Test

Orations performed.

Today arrives – in the midst of packing – Elias Gewurz’s *The Hidden Treasures of the Qabalah*. I immediately found on the back page this inspiration:

> Whatever the test that reads the soul
> Whatever The grief, that floods thy sorrowing
> Heart with tears,
> Whatever thy Spirit fears,
> Let it all lift thee up,
> To kiss the very cross that blights thy life,
> And in the fullness of its face
> And after the darkness of the night
> Thou shalt rejoice in his glorious light.[114]

Amen and Amen

Day 109: 7th July 2004 (Wednesday)

The World Distracted

Orations performed. Hesitantly looking forward to the third two moons – am ready for the home stretch, no matter how long.

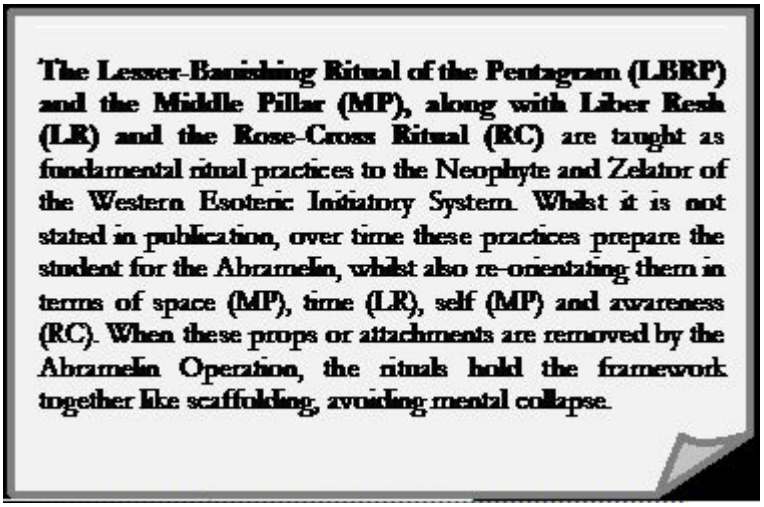
Such changes have been wrought, some of them as yet unknown.

How the world distracts us from the Truth, and ourselves.

Day 110: 8th July 2004 (Thursday)

Eden is not Lost, We Are

Oration performed tonight, face down, as missed this morning due to a break in the established pattern, i.e., job interview at CGB. What a day – more on that later.



A strange set of experiences during prayer, I felt like I was “outside” of myself as a “bigger” “myself”, like the visualisations during the MP or experience of the LBRP, but actually very different – a whole level up. At the same time, incoming messages such as “consciousness is spatial”, and “We must prepare you,” preceded an experience of this large astral body being threaded up and patched and repaired by thousands of invisible agents.

The Hosts attend.

Earlier today, very aware of our insignificance and stupidity that we manage to live such infinitesimally small lives in the face of such glory. Praise to be him, who is still in the Garden, as are we when we are redeemed.

Eden is not lost, we are.

Thought: imagine a moment when all the events of your life were suddenly revealed as having been to prepare you for this thing – and that you knew that this was indeed the task you had been born to carry out this moment – everything had led to this. For all of us, this is what the HGA experience embodies.

Day 111: 9th July 2004 (Friday)

Power Cut

Orations performed. This morning at 5.00 am.

The day was so bad it was funny, and I laughed a lot – a whole change of network, a power failure, me carting across a dirty PC across the warehouse. When the electrician came to deal with the dug-up cable, he switched the power off for the whole estate! So funny – we all went home.

So, packing this afternoon – so many books, but my eyes very tired now.

A pull has started to want to address the Angel directly, bang on time to the instructions. Such a gorgeously thought-out operation it truly is.

Day 112: 10th July 2004 (Saturday)

The Pardoners Tale

Orations performed. Crying.

Canterbury Tales, the Pardoners Tale. Chaucer on fasting.

Day 113: 11th July 2004 (Sunday)

The Everlasting Day[115]

Orations performed. Fasted today.

Although today marks the transition between the second and third two Moons, it seems natural to start the practice of the the third commencing next Sunday, coinciding with moving into the Forge. Having said that, I commenced the direct additional prayer to my Angel tonight, having taken a deep breath on realising how deeply this affected me.

To think, one is addressing a presence so bright that the whole world one knows – including all that inner world of apparent self , beliefs and values – is cast forever into shadow revealed as a poor imitation of the everlasting day.

To think, one is inviting into one's very life a guide which will faultlessly regard every action and measure it against a divine and holy agency. To think this, and more, and then to go ahead and actually do it.

Day 114: 12th July 2004 (Monday)

Switch and Twist

Orations performed. This morning thought was distracted and weak, tonight stronger, almost more formal in Three phrases. The

address to my My Angel very tender.

Work an absolute mess, and sharp words to C, after more trivial criticism amidst a whole network down situation. On the other hand, CGB phoned at 4pm and asked me to go back up on Thursday!!!

So, Friday will be move house, move career, and the third two moons, at this rate.

I submit, as ever, to trust.

Packing the study today- books on mysticism speaking volumes it seems for praise and silence I work.

Did I write previous “Consciousness is spatial” ?!

Day 115: 13th July 2004 (Tuesday)

All My Old Friends, Say Farewell

Orations performed, with oil out of crystal – for the third two moons. I’ll use an oil burner rather than full charcoal and incense, but use the full incense at each weekend, unless otherwise instructed.

A sorting out day today, getting Germany and Italy back on line as well as setting up DNS[116] properly, etc Hurrah!

Dreamt this morning of a surprise meeting of all my old friends from childhood seeing them together in a beautiful sunny green field, and knowing that they had all lived good lives. I awoke feeling somehow different, at peace.

Tonight was taught during the oration that “holiness is a joy” and what “joy” means. Have been intuitively discovering that freedom from attachment promotes only from a sacred inner space, and in a sense drives one to seek only joyful things (as well as discovering joy in the most unlikely profane places).

Swinburne, “Chorus” from *Atlanta in Calydon*;

“A time for labour and thought,

A time to serve and to sin”.

Did I learn the full poem for School?[117]

Day 116: 14th July 2004 (Wednesday)

Food For Angels

Orations performed.

From yesterdays elation, today’s depression. Awoke from demonic nightmare of possession and was thrashing about at 5am.

The rest of the day slightly better due to it possibly being the last day at Weldbrox, but equally surreal.

Received the account of Ishariyah's Abra-Melin experience (from Australia) and immediately saw a number of pertinent similarities in conclusion, if not approach (he seems, on first glance, more particular with details I haven't even considered).

My Angel reminded me to breathe, for "breath fills us with life" and some other stuff about our life's experiences being food for Angels" but I didn't quite understand this at all.

Day 117: 15th July 2004 (Thursday)

Intercession Preceding the Second Miracle

Orations performed. Tonight at length.

Awoke very early and we three went to the Mill, where I left B and R to meet carpet guy and I went to CGB. Where they sprang me a surprise one hour test. Sheesh. Returned to the Forge mentally exhausted and commenced to remove turquoise carpet. Strands industrially glued to the skirting boards. Whilst working one room – very white and empty and listening to "running to the rain" on my iPod, I felt an incredible presence behind me, I turned, and every hair on my body stood up, and I got instant "pins and needles" starting around my head and running down to my hands as I "Saw" an "Intercession" in the corner of the room. And more stuff about breathing – apparently the Angel KNOWS exactly what is required, and mine is starting from re-educating me from the first principles – beginning with breathing.

Received *Mystical Writings of Rulman Merswin* which I bid for when I read the summary of *The Book of the Nine Rocks*.[118]

Listed days by number just now, and missed two pages for the evil spirits!

Queried B with regard to any external personality changes, she said I was "calmer" on the whole and showed my feelings more than before.

Day 118: 16th July 2004 (Friday)

The Second Miracle

Orations performed – morning in Hornby, evening in Keswick.

Moved. Got new job.[119]

THE THIRD AND FINAL OF THE TWO MOONS: THE EMPTY DOOR

Day 119: 17th July 2004 (Saturday)

Fear Begins

Orations performed, this evening with incense. Am actually quite frightened about opening the "terrace" door tomorrow- the long empty attic space is a scary archetypal place. I think. Noting this later revelation that it is more between him and his Angel made me smile.

Purified & Consecrated the Forge, still very exhausted on all levels.

Day 120: 18th July 2004 (Sunday)

A Tumble in the Dark

Orations performed; morning, noon (late) and night. Robed. Fasting.

Many distractions in the form of unpacking, and visitors – L, N, C, Ch, F, and even K and her dog, B. I feel the auras, atmospheres, very sensitive. O for a hermitage!

Contemplating how the external events have increasingly mirrored the inner, and vice – versa, as this operation has progressed, realised this is really "as above, so below" or living being True to oneself. There is so much gap/filter between our inner life and our external actions, no wonder we are fragmented beings in turmoil. This work throws out the fragments, forming – of necessity – a whole, then it gathers that up and flings it into the coalescing light.

Gathered up courage to open the terrace door tonight, and prayed into the darkness. As I commenced the prayer to the Angel, a load of packing material fell over behind me in the dark. I didn't know whether to have a heart attack or just mutter knowingly, "very funny", so I sort of half did both.

Reading Besant's translation of the *Bhagavad Gita* (as mentioned in I's Journal); interesting notes on meditation and Yoga.[120]

Even taking the kids to see "Spiderman 2" with its themes of responsibility and sacrifice, and being true one's highest abilities.

Oh, received invitation to attend the Lancaster University job.

Day 121: 19th July 2004 (Monday)

I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream[121]

Orations performed; morning, noon and night (extended). Robed incense used in evening (different blend, somewhat harsher) Terrace door open I realised that my prayers toward the “empty door” have become manifest reality.

First Two Moons – self- extracting program

Second Two Moons – Accelerating Days

Third Two Moons- learning to Breathe

More lessons on my Angel on breathing, and also on fear; I was asked “who told you, you should be afraid? You should be afraid for no reason at any time!”

I received a huge build-up of energy as result. Oh, the day today involved a team of boiler-men, a gas-man, a police-man, a plumber, an electrician and the Landlord, so I was screaming inside for most of it.

Must work on the squares and deepen my knowledge of the Angel hierarchies which are vague in my prayers.

Gone midnight – even more exhausted.

Day 122: 20th July 2004 (Tuesday)

Suddenly Out in the Desert

Orations performed. All at reasonable length.

A surprise with the lamp tonight! Very tent-like shadow of a surrounding meshed veil and stars above. Glorious! Feels as if I were out in the desert for sure.

Day 123: 21st July 2004 (Wednesday)

The Unpacking

Orations performed. Still unpacking – kitchen and study.

Absolutely exhausted – almost fell asleep at lunchtime, but recalled A’s instructions, but very difficult. Evening prayer most fervent and heart felt to Angel. A lot tension has been building up over the last few days, perhaps parallel to the more negative stress.

Day 124: 22nd July 2004 (Thursday)

My Angel Will Go Before You

Orations performed. Noon at Buttermere Lake, to the soundtrack of ‘Resurrection’ from *The Passion of the Christ*.[122]

Still all is extremely tense, and my capacity to act as prop to others is greatly diminished by this work. I am truly coming to understand why this operation is best practised in seclusion followed by gradual re-integration. There is so much emptying of the old dependent "self" that other people's hooks and anchors flail in the vacuum. Painful for all.

Enjoying today at least Huber's *My Angel Will Go Before You*, noting Psalm 91 is from the Psalm of the Guardian Angels and Thomas Aquinas on "The Guardian Angels … teach us by lighting up our sense-images, and strengthen the light of our intelligence. Leading us to see everything more clearly, and like a skilled teacher, an Angel strives to compose and arrange sense-images in such a way as to give the mind better information to work on."[123]

A walk with B, K and her dog, B, followed by a quick visit to see V.

So very tired, almost slept twice today, during the day, and laughed that some pseudo-jewish mystic writing hundreds of years ago knew that I'd be moving house, doing this work, and sitting in a car wanting to go to sleep, and was saying, "Nope – you need to keep the continual pressure and continuum going at this stage, no matter how tired you feel…" Hah Bloody Hah.

Felt more positive in the Oratory tonight and composed a prayer impromptu to purify and consecrate the place of working.

Day 125: 23rd July 2004 (Friday)

Every World Has Its Own Currency

Orations peformed. Noon at Cockermouth, tonight with incense.

At noon, was driving out of Cockermouth, where we had spent the morning picking up hardware supplies, when I looked up and out of the car sunroof and saw a large stone statuette of a winged Angel blowing a trumpet, with sun streaming around it. "it must be noon" I said, and surely it was. B invited me to tell her when I was done, so I spent some minutes performing the Oratory. Much on summer, and "at this time, all that has been prepared is present, the time has passed when much of consequence can be added or removed". A message both Gnostic, functional, mystic and pagan.

Tonight's Oratory strongly personalised to my Angel.

Spent much of the day sorting bills and changes of address, but also we went to Castlerigg this evening and I spoke to S later on the telephone.[124]

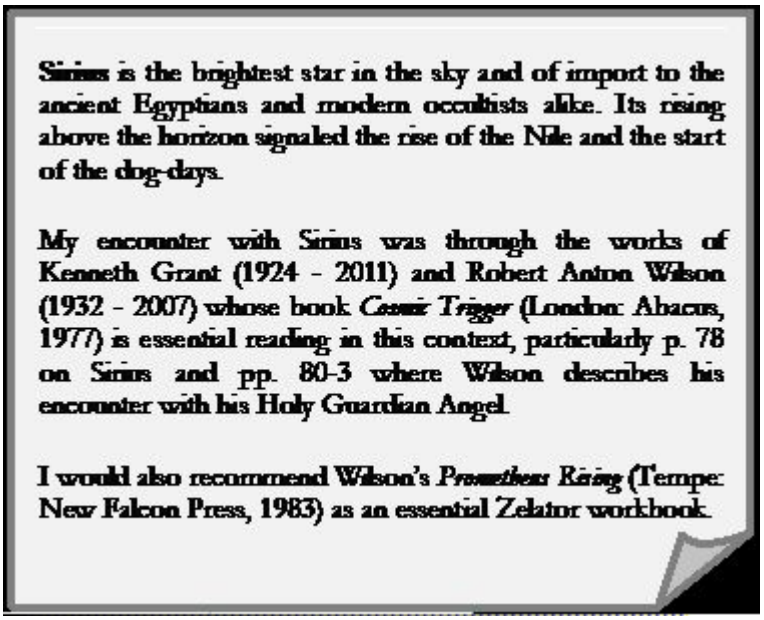
Amen to the Glory and Peace of Adonai, and may I learn to live in the midst of Mercy and Severity, and the presence of mine Angel.

Weather more muggy, lots of insects.

[Also today met L, the Astrologer over the road, and D, our new neighbour].[125]

And again lots of negative energy being drawn out.

Forgot to record a very SIRIUS dream – it being the 23rd of July – where I was in a gambling casino of strange design (in a Funfair familiar to my dreamscape) but I couldn't work out the rules and the "change" I'd been given was only valid inside the casino. There was a weird game on a table with holes, marbles and hockey chucks, [general feeling was that each World has its own currency which can only be exchanged up /down, not transferred].



Sirius is the brightest star in the sky and of import to the ancient Egyptians and modern occultists alike. Its rising above the horizon signaled the rise of the Nile and the start of the dog-days.

My encounter with Sirius was through the works of Kenneth Grant (1924 - 2011) and Robert Anton Wilson (1932 - 2007) whose book *Cosmic Trigger* (London: Abacus, 1977) is essential reading in this context, particularly p. 78 on Sirius and pp. 80-3 where Wilson describes his encounter with his Holy Guardian Angel.

I would also recommend Wilson's *Prometheus Rising* (Tempe: New Falcon Press, 1983) as an essential Zelator workbook.

Day 126: 24th July 2004 (Saturday)

The Lamp of God, Searching Ones Inmost Chambers

Orations performed. Tonight, after the prayer, rested in silence and received further instruction on breath and posture, really starting from scratch. Also felt that I should test my integrity of thought by

blowing out the candle and sitting in front of the empty door in the dark, which I did, after a struggle

Reading in *God and the Big Bang* about breath, Neshamah, also of course, Soul:

"The human Neshamah is a lamp of God, searching all one's inmost chambers".[126]

Alike to my poem, "The searchlight of myself plays across the ruins of all that I used to be".

Phoned S and N today. Walked into Town and was bemused.

Realised just how controlled by daemons people are. Pitiful. How far away our Angel selves.

Day 127: 25th July 2004 (Sunday)

A Battle Begins

Orations performed. Fasting Noon oration performed at "Our lady of the Crag Knaresbrough".

And what a perfect divine Shrine that is carved into the rock thee, with it's Templar Guardian. We also had a conversation with the couple tending the terrace, about the plants, which in some strange way was a blessed exchange.

Also took J – whom it was good to see again – to Old Mother Shipton's Cave and the castle. I particularly liked the prophecy regarding thoughts travelling the World faster than the blink of an eye or some such! Although I think that refers to Quantum Networks – although that in itself is my prophecy, I guess.

A conflict – terrible – has been going on for several days between the obsolete me and a something else. During bouts I fade out, which confuses others from friends to shopkeepers! It really is a battle.

Day 128: 26th July 2004 (Monday)

Angelic Squares and Holograms

Orations perfomed, Moon very bright. Tonight more of a pressure, and the room dimensions kept changing, making me dizzy and ill.

Difficult again today to stay in one place mentally before tonight's prayer my mind was a firework display and almost impossible to quieten – mine Angel suggested I look at the Light reflecting Light.

Came across my old copy of *Projective Ornament* by Claude Bragdon which is helping me with the Magic squares concept.[127] They have already been folding/unfolding in 3D over the last few days. Keys to call Angels. Codification. Holographic.

Day 129: 27th July 2004 (Tuesday)

Different States

Orations performed. Tonight at length in different states.

Day 130: 28th July 2004 (Wednesday)

Bad Dial

Orations performed.

Went on the launch to Lodore Falls, walked back round the lake to Brandlehow, and got the Launch back.

Was moved by the scenery and a vision of how all people were both individuals and collective, simultaneously.

Went out to the Chinese restaurant this evening.

Very, very scattered day, reflected in orations, which were wandering like trying to tune to a radio frequency with a bad dial in our moving car.

Nonetheless, am continuing to be taught about posture.

Apparently, diet next.

Day 131: 29th July 2004 (Thursday)

Diminishing returns

This quoted in “Seeing Angels”:

ANGEL AT MY GUARDIAN DOOR
TO WHOM GOD’S LOVE PUT ME HERE
EVER THIS NIGHT STAY BY MY SIDE
TO LIGHT AND GUARD TO RULE AND GUIDE
AMEN

The altar now fading in and out of spatial orientation, as do the edges of the prayer mat.

Weather hot cloudy and muggy. Sleep patterns disrupted for us both. So more than an effort to stay awake during the day.

Realised why that’s of import – to avoid a change of state in awareness (wake/sleep) between the orations.

Tidied and swept the attic and oratory today – did more in the study – got Broadband up and running, etc.

NB. “Requested” that I start to look at how the *Abramelin Operation* recapitulates the Initiatory structure.[128]

And why am I being drawn to Gurdjieff material more often?

Day 132: July 30th 2004 (Thursday)

Return to the Tower

Orations performed. Prayers for forgiveness.

Noon at C, where we’d gone to buy a bed for the spare room. I had gone looking for a computer shop and found myself walking towards the “Tower” where so much had been done wrong. As I walked, I begun to be hastened towards it and realised I was being instructed to pray. I got to the walls of the castle where I could stand unobtrusively to do so, began to think of the sins to be redeemed, looked up, and saw in the Tower upper window an Angel. My temperature immediately soared and I got pins and needles down my neck and over my face. Performed oration.

Becoming terribly aware of how much we do not live our own self-willed freedom. So much projection, repression, and dependence. Ourselves a constant shifting array of demons, in a market place where each action is bargained and gaggled over.

And when Jesus threw out the money changers…!

Received *The Ninth Gate* which intrigued me.

Did I mention Ralph Waldo Emerson’s essay on the “Over Soul”? O Lord, a precise and awe-inspiring piece of thinking and expression.

Day 133: 31st July 2004 (Saturday)

Not in the Earthquake, Nor the Whirlwind

Orations performed.

Watching interview with Ken Wilbur. Talking of Elijah and an Angel – waiting for God, who came not in the earthquake, nor the whirlwind, but in the silence as a whisper. Accords with both WB and I's accounts.

Day 134: 1st August 2004 (Sunday)

Shells & Feathers

Orations performed. Noon at Watendlath. Morning & Evening incense.

Shells (Qlippoth) protect the formative being, from external forces until it is ready to interact with them.

Day 135: 2nd August 2004 (Monday)

In the Darkness

Orations performed.

Received Nichol's "Commentaries" on Gurdjieff. Wonderful, wonderful! Just reading "On living more consciously" (pp. 921 – 924)

Also looking today at Ervin Laszlo's work on Systems Integration.

Oration felt natural today, in stark contrast to more tension and distraction and "bumpiness" outside the Oratory - oh to be able to be in Solitude these Six months!

Still very dissatisfied with this journal and my writing.

Was told "Shhh – the 'I think…'", this morning. So, not diet advice.

BREATH
POSTURE
MIND

Particularly the "emergent" stuff.

Using a more G.D. and Kabbalah framework plus my ritual awareness. All quite natural as if the operation were now unlocking a pre-knowing sort of, "Now we need him to do this now, so how will he best do that? Let's have a look at his CV, hah, a golden Dawn fan, eh? That makes it easier, ok, tell him he needs to stand in Tiphareth,

equilibrate the pillars by moving lamps and contemplate how the Four Trees overlap. That'll do what we need." [Hmpf!]

Also this operation is the mechanism, not the result. Very important, that.

Final note tonight – blew out the lamp at the end of the oratory and sat in the darkness, facing fear whilst being re-configured.

Am definitely being prepared by an agency 'outside' of my self-as-it-is- now. Also recognise the panic reactions of that self from similar initiations!

Day 136: 3rd August 2004 (Tuesday)

In the Chamber

Orations performed. All at length.

A Golden light, very soft, occasionally has started to appear of brief times. Praise him and his Angels!

Awoke at 4:00am this morning from a terrible nightmare; I was in a chamber with an evil spirit, appearing as a witchdoctor with an African mask, cavorting and dancing whilst a priest tried to kill me. I was thinking, I have to forget what I think, that's what they are relying on me doing, to hesitate, I just have to act and survive.

I walked in the rain this evening, and having just read I's requests for "Signs" and thinking I've not needed that, I leant on a bridge with B to look at an arresting view, and saw under my hands the word FAITH carved into the wood.[129]

Dear God, as centre-of-the-Universe I am writing to complain about your constant interruptions and unasked for advice.

And another message; "No-one is lost. Everyone will be gathered up". This was spoken from the future – I'm pretty sure the Angel operates in some way out of time as I see it.

Reading p.156 *Abramelin* on the way the book is written and constructed.

Day 137: 4th August 2004 (Wednesday)

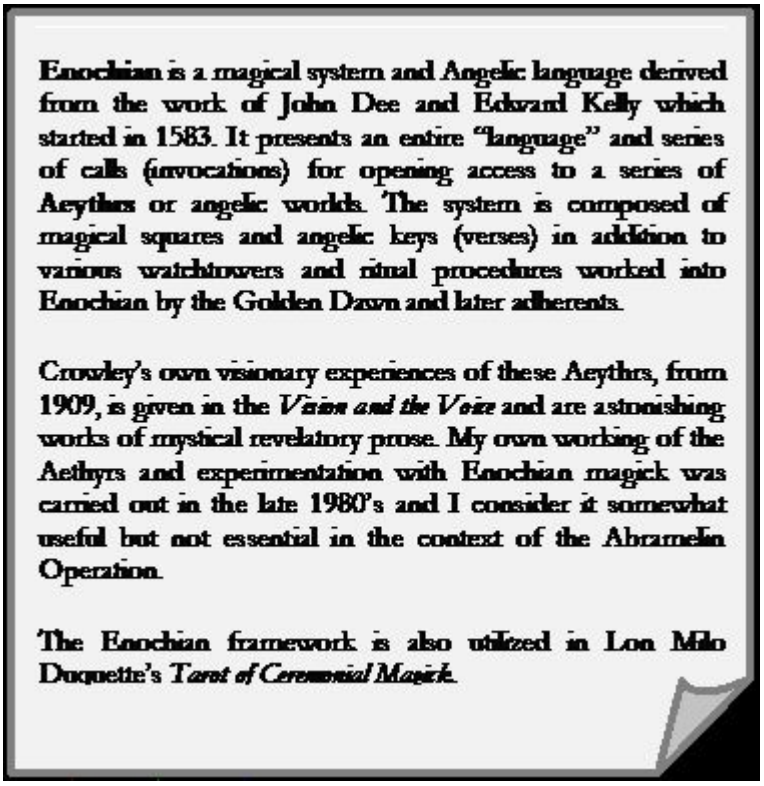
All I want is You

Oration performed in the morning but missed at noon. Prostrated oration performed at night.

And again, when speaking directly to mine Angel, a soft golden hue pervaded The Oratory, which faded away as I finished. A lot of

lines of light were tonight drawn round the prayer area, as if to set up an arena. My heart very open.

Strange dreams last night of letters and 3 shapes/words, and very broken sleep again. Exhausted again all day – even a simple walk into town and passing conversation with shop keepers leaves me physically drained.



Enochian is a magical system and Angelic language derived from the work of John Dee and Edward Kelly which started in 1583. It presents an entire "language" and series of calls (invocations) for opening access to a series of Aeythrs or angelic worlds. The system is composed of magical squares and angelic keys (verses) in addition to various watchtowers and ritual procedures worked into Enochian by the Golden Dawn and later adherents.

Crowley's own visionary experiences of these Aeythrs, from 1909, is given in the *Vision and the Voice* and are astonishing works of mystical revelatory prose. My own working of the Aethyrs and experimentation with Enochian magick was carried out in the late 1980's and I consider it somewhat useful but not essential in the context of the Abramelin Operation.

The Enochian framework is also utilized in Lon Milo Duquette's *Tarot of Ceremonial Magick*.

There's something I'm missing about the construction of the squares – as it applies to me and my background- but something I did realise; the squares and their promise are the vehicle in which the method (and its divine result) are the transported. It was ever thus – the lower self has to be appealed to, so that the higher can be called into place. I use those terms meaninglessly.

Spent today last-effort clearing out the study, going through everything from the Enochian workings (4 Governors & 4 birds as in 4 familiars?) to Kundalini discussions and Ma'at letters. It all looks like adolescent yapping today.

Just all day today singing "All I want is You" (U2).

Also found my Angel folder.

Day 138: 5th August 2004 (Thursday)

In the Tempest

Orations performed. Morning, noon and night incense.

It seems that “ritual formulates ritual” and I have made a number of augmented ritual acts not covered in the operation instructions. Namely instead of rinsing with the water at the entrance to the Oratory, using it to mark a + on my bare feet, palms and forehead. Also, facing the west door on putting on and taking off the robe to mark the entering into the Oratory work.

Like I[shariyah] at around this time, I find myself re-reading the instructions at frequent intervals each day. And a finding new surprises and nodding agreement to comments I would not have even thought about were I not now doing the operation.

The empty door has become a Scrying mirror indeed; at one point tonight the darkness appeared to REFLECT the light of the oratory. Slightly spooked by that, but pray most fervently.

Another spooky moment, yesterday was muttering out loud about the lack of use of the squares, and particularly joked and made light of the “causing the tempests” The country was then hit by thunderstorms and floods, and tonight I stood on the balcony watching sheet lightning, listening, listening to thunder vibrate the metal rails, and rain pour down the valley.

I will be treating the squares with utter respect henceforth. But I am I still missing something?

Dream this morning involved arguing about whether prayer should be vocalised or not – I was saying it should be.

Very very very exhausted all day – could barely move around the apartment.

Day 139: 6th August 2004 (Friday)

Strangers to Ourselves

Orations performed. Incense.

Interesting ideas about observing oneself from the outside to effect change, in *Strangers to Ourselves*.[130]

One other passing thing to mention, how “grubby” I’ve felt since starting these last two months and how removed. How sensitive to the unspoken chatter going on in people’s heads.

Enjoyed looking at light flashing on the Lake and later, a shooting star in Ursa Major.

Day 140: 7th August 2004 (Saturday)

In the Shade of the Quince Tree

Orations performed. Noon at Acorn Bank. Incense this night in the Bedchamber.

Around lunch time we arrived at the herb garden at Acorn Bank; as I approached the centre of the garden proper, I began to think it was time for the noon oratory. At the precise moment, a clock chimed twelve, and I was able to sit down in the shade of Quince Tree, by Lilly-of-the-Valley, and performed the oration in a mandala of four herb-beds labelled “Stress”, “Love”, “Mind” and “Heart”.

Strong appeal to mine Angel tonight. Answered with “Rest now”.

I feel so exhausted.

P.S Also went to L’s and Castlerigg on the way back, as the weather today has been so glorious.

Squares still niggling at me. But get an actual headache if I look at the actual squares too long. Why?

Day 141: 8th August 2004 (Sunday)

Walking in the Estates of the Day and Night

Orations performed. Fasting, Incense.

Heavily hot and humid all day until a Storm broke this evening. I don’t think I have ever been this exhausted.

Last night in half asleep state explained to B the energies of the Day,

Dawn = The light. Undirected, busting forth

Noon = the time to align yourself to the “tracks”

Evening = a time of putting everything in its place to rest

Midnight = to draw deep from the well what is hidden below.

I barely recall what I said or where it came from.

During the day realised I am 100% of the time now in a very weird altered state - both removed and present and in-between.

During oration saw something move across the corner of the prayer mat, as I finished. Assumed a large spider or a rat! As it was so noticeable, of course, there was no sign of any such thing.

Tonight is very hot and I have a headache. It’s raining.

I start work again tomorrow which will be testing.

Realised today about the instruction about not loosing blood other than what might be natural, i.e. nose-bleed. That would – a serious wound, that is – activate the areas of the brain and psyche for survival, overriding the carefully manufactured state of the primary goal being the Operation. The "Rhythm" of the operations very important, setting up a vibration almost.

Ditto for falling asleep during the day (i.e. changing state).

Day 142: 9th August 2004 (Monday)

The Burden of the Valley of Vision

Morning and evening orations performed – see below. Incense.

Comparisons with Ish and WB; presence of "heavies" is now very noticeable in the oratory – tonight a coldness, a prickling on the back of the neck, a presence flickering behind (see WB, 17 th August) The feeling of external/infernal events being related (see WB, Ish, Day 140) (WB 17th Aug) sleep issues (Ish, poss WB, see 16th Aug)

Prayed directly to Angel to resolve the issue of the Noon oration received a clear, surprising, actual instruction, with a sigil and Mantra to use at Noon each day. It was intimated as very important that I "Made a Mark" on the paper Noon point. Interesting.

Started work at CGB.[131]

Day 143: 10th August 2004 (Tuesday)

This is not my Beautiful House

Orations peformed. Remembrance at noon.

Day 144: 11th August 2004 (Wednesday)

The Tears of St. Laurence

Orations performed. Remembrance at Noon. Incense tonight.

Awoke from a bizarre mental-state and weird dream.

Day 145: 12th August 2004 (Thursday)

Ceasing to Exist

Orations performed. Remembrance at Noon. Incense tonight.

For a brief moment – all too brief – tonight I utterly ceased to exist.

Day 146: 13th August 2004 (Friday)

The Rhythm of the Souls Encounter with God

Orations performed. Remembrance at Noon. Incense tonight.

So much to write, so much (and so little) is going on. B was a dream today, keeping the house moving, the food provided, and organising my day. Received *Kabbalah of Prayer* which immediately – of course - opened to the chapter on Angels:

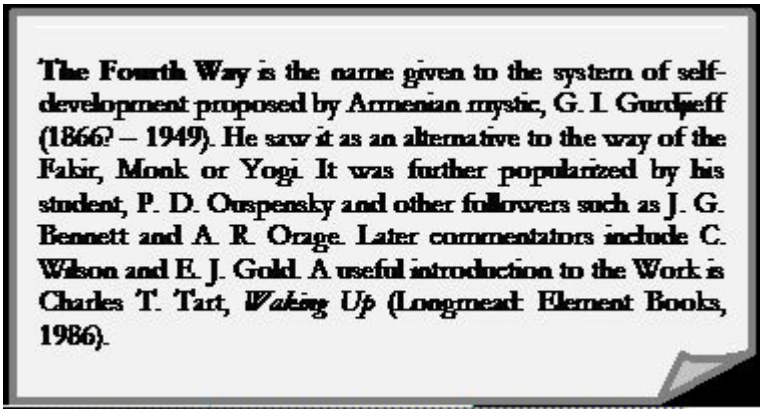
> The biblical story of Jacob's battle with the angel teaches us another spiritual lesson. Before withdrawing, the angel wounds Jacob on the thigh … the wound to Jacob's thigh makes Jacob 'walk' a different path, and his life is rededicated to God.
>
> …
>
> Indeed, sometimes the wound is a sign that the awakening itself portends additional struggle.[132]

The Oration tonight taught me much about being present, which is on the flip side of being "not here" and in between these two waves is the interference pattern we know as awareness. To attract and bind to the Angel (in a sense, to "create" it), although this is not a pejorative term, but used in the total sense of our "creation" of all our sense of universe) requires a "whole soul" ("with no leak at the seams" as PG sings).[133] That is why the confessions and humbling and implicit/explicit recognition of the Higher and His Angels is so important. I think the ritual sets up the rhythm and anchors as a vehicle for the actual work done by the precise content of the oration itself. One could probably get away without the ritual, but I think it would take a lot longer and likely be abandoned before a result was obtained.

Also received *The Work Life*, making a lot more sense now of why I've been attracted to the Gurdjieff material and the Neurophysiology/will studies.[134]

The Abramelin process intensifies between intense experience, bouts of empty hopeless despair, and torrents of understanding and inspiration.

Thy will is done, Adonai, O my Lord.



Day 147: 14th August 2004 (Saturday)

Getting On With the Days

Orations perfomed. Incense tonight.

Day 148: 15th August 2004 (Sunday)

Ancient Echoes

Orations performed. Noon on a boat. Fasting.

Iubwayhun l'ylelyn d' Khafnin
W'ts – heyn l'khenu – tha,
D'hihnon nihs – b' 'un.

"Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for a foundation of peace between the warring parts of themselves; they shall find all around them the materials to build it".

From *Ancient Echoes* CD.

Day 149: 16th August 2004 (Monday)

Reproach hath broken my Heart

Orations and Remembrance performed. Tonight with the incense.

"Reproach hath broken my heart," says the Psalm I was directed to tonight in answer to my need to re-align myself to the work in hand whilst so many daily issues surface – the car breaking down, a guest taking us out to dinner, R wanting to experiment with sleep deprivation, and B organising the household and our schedules.

In fact, remembering the car "superstition" (i.e. if your brakes fail, it usually symbolises a similar issue in your life) following a hugely expensive "full service", my battery is now drained and cannot recharge without a replacement.

Day 150: 17th August 2004 (Tuesday)

The Arising Glory

Orations performed. Tonight with incense.

A fine day with changeable weather, although in Boscastle there was a flash flood sweeping cars and trees down into the sea and flooding the witchcraft museum.

There have been weird things happening visually – sharp flashes of light and wavering shapes or movements where nothing is actually there. Also, I'm in a pretty constant changed frame of mind – utterly free of external attachment or diversions the presence of a guest or being at work is not so much of a spiritual or psychological issue – more of a practical concern, i.e. "Don't go up into the attic!"

Pondering about Heidrick's "Rumble" about change (self change), I guess it really depends on the initiations previously undertaken prior to the Abramelin work itself. I can feel it "pulling in" much of the 5=6 work and slightly prior – indeed! My own experience of the simple acceptance of 5=6 prior to my cave ritual bears a similar hallmark to this work, an overpowering 'busy' preparation followed by a specifically designed "anchor collage" into silence which then is filled with what has been prepared.[135]

Some further revelations during evening oration regarding the "arising" nature of the Angel, and role of Angels as messengers – that quote in the Sound of Prayer book on the creation of Angels by Mann has really helped catalyse the growing experience that it so – but not what you think.

Day 151: 18th August 2004 (Wednesday)

Daily Ritual

Orations performed. Noon having haircut, robed, with "Daily Ritual" written in front of me and "feel it in the air all around, come join us," on the radio.

Bought *The Physics of the Angels* at Oxfam.

Day 152: 19th August 2004 (Thursday)

The Spiritualisation of the Body

Orations performed. Remembrance performed. Tonight with incense.

Almost set fire to the attic tonight. Very fiery events in the middle of swollen rivers, flash-floods and landslides. A man was hit by lightning at Castlerigg as well. Sheesh.

Very weird “Flashy” state of consciousness – even alerting me to a change just before Noon, to the minute. Body-clock now on Spiritual event time, I guess.

Day 153: 20th August 2004 (Friday)

That Was God

Orations & Remembrance performed today tonight’s oration not yet.

And oh my gosh! Having prayed last night (and I can barely write properly as am still hours and hours later in same state) whilst asking my Angel to appear both in dream and at the appointed time, during the night had a truly holy visitation by him - it was one the strangest, most weird dreams even in my experience of dream work. [136]

In the dream I was watching a ritual and then there was a “flash” both visibly in the dream and even while writing this more flashes regularly occurring as have the movements of things of the corner of my eye recently) and ‘mentally’ that I said out loud “wait – that was god – we mustn’t ignore that”, and I started to “rewind” time, sort of reeling it back with my arms and hands, the ritual activity started to recede back and my Angel appeared smiling and walking towards me, independent of my reeling. As he approached time started to stop, and He said “No more past now”. And I awoke. Only during the day, and now I began to realise what that signifies – what the change has been these last few weeks, and how awesome and terrible and frightening it is to be now – just now.

Reading both WB and I’s accounts –WB finishing around this date, but am identifying much with I’s account - especially the sexual energy. Also reading *Physics of Angels* and *Mind Time* which echoes my thoughts and intuition on emergent properties.[137]

Day 154: 21th August 2004 (Saturday)

The Ashim Prepare the Light

Orations performed – incense tonight.

Last night’s oration brought the visible presence of the Angelic Realm into the oratory, Evidenced by flashes of light, swirling pinwheels of colour, bursts of radiance, and all manner of movement, the Angels gathered around me as I prayed and burst over with

gladness and joy. Such joy I was as a child laughing at fireworks with pure unalloyed awe and wonder. O praise him and his creation.

Today a more practical and sombre day, although it was good to get things done and talk to my Dad in the evening.

Lots of incense tonight! And I cannot believe how soon the convocations are to be. I feel driven to this inevitable completion, and yet strangely unready.

I thought there'd be more disruption & evil, but that has been in more mundane visitations and the unearthly sensitivity to other human beings and I thought, I guess, they'd be more magic and realisations, but in a sense, what is happening in the shaking out of a lot of our old stuff.

Day 155: 22nd August 2004 (Sunday)

The Dweller on the Threshold

Orations performed. Remembrance performed by playing with an Angelic sculpture of leaves, stones & sticks by a fountain waterfall whilst walking around Catbells. Incense tonight.

During the walk, much communing both within myself and with the God of Nature, a happy babbling brook had much to say, although it meant B had to sacrifice some of her Bakewell Tart. A nice day.

And tonight, understood the function and nature of the "Dweller on the Threshold", that which arises on the other side has a barrier – as interface – of – necessity – that has to be punched through, it's okay if you stay inside, but it pushes back if you don't.

Day 156: 23rd August 2004 (Monday)

A Message from Abramelin

Orations performed.

"Now here hath the last part of the time arrived; here therefore open ye your eyes and be attentive, and govern yourselves in everything and every place in the way which I have written unto you". [138]

Day 157: 24th August 2004 (Tuesday)

The Countdown Commences

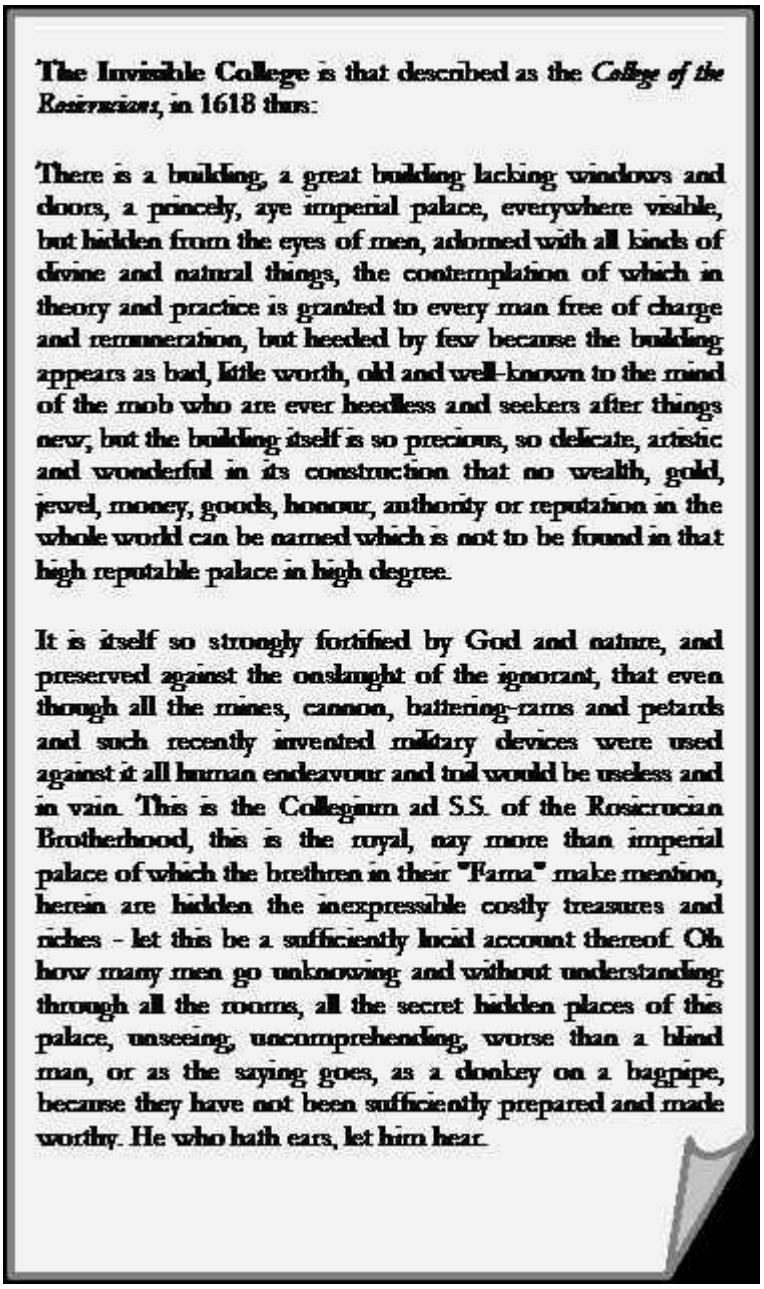
Orations performed. Tonight with incense.

Only 10 days to go, how ready and unprepared I feel.

Angelic presence again evident.

Day 158: 25th August 2004 (Wednesday)

The Invisible College.



The Invisible College is that described as the *College of the Rosicrucians*, in 1618 thus:

There is a building, a great building lacking windows and doors, a princely, aye imperial palace, everywhere visible, but hidden from the eyes of men, adorned with all kinds of divine and natural things, the contemplation of which in theory and practice is granted to every man free of charge and remuneration, but heeded by few because the building appears as bad, little worth, old and well-known to the mind of the mob who are ever heedless and seekers after things new; but the building itself is so precious, so delicate, artistic and wonderful in its construction that no wealth, gold, jewel, money, goods, honour, authority or reputation in the whole world can be named which is not to be found in that high reputable palace in high degree.

It is itself so strongly fortified by God and nature, and preserved against the onslaught of the ignorant, that even though all the mines, cannon, battering-rams and petards and such recently invented military devices were used against it all human endeavour and toil would be useless and in vain. This is the Collegium ad S.S. of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, this is the royal, nay more than imperial palace of which the brethren in their "Fama" make mention, herein are hidden the inexpressible costly treasures and riches - let this be a sufficiently lucid account thereof. Oh how many men go unknowing and without understanding through all the rooms, all the secret hidden places of this palace, unseeing, uncomprehending, worse than a blind man, or as the saying goes, as a donkey on a bagpipe, because they have not been sufficiently prepared and made worthy. He who hath ears, let him hear.

The invisible College awaits when you have no more excuses left.



Theophilus Schweighardt 'Speculum Sophicum Rodostauroticum' 1618

On relationship; a major change tonight.

Day 159: 26th August 2004 (Thursday)

A Head of Light

Orations and Remembrance Performed. Tonight with Incense.

Standing in the Supermarket. I turned and saw someone I thought I recognised – they looked a little distracted and shocked, and I wondered if I'd known them at Keswick before. They began to look at me even more shocked as I realised I was looking at my own reflection in a mirror.

This really kicked home how much (internal) change or loosening of identity has been going on during this operation. And how clever the working, to distract and occupy the vestigial identify as it is undermined from below. How ready I am for the last pull of the rug.

Tonight, Angels, and a sharp pole-spike down my neck, and energy rushing up the hollow pipe of Kundalini - the posture changing - hands upraised to shape to the energy so it could pass around unhindered.

Day 160: 27th August 2004 (Friday)

The Sound of Myself Breaking

Orations performed.

Tired, tired, tired, so very tired.

Angels present.

Before sleep, a sound across my brain like nothing else.

Day 161: 28th August 2004 (Saturday)

St Francis Had It Easy

Orations performed. Remembrance at "Angels Corner" in Caldbeck.

Prepared the schedule for the Seven Days.

Not with it today at all, all life is sacred (helping so many creatures across the road). Dancing lights at Caldbeck.

Day 162: 29th August 2004 (Sunday)

Smoke and Mirrors

Orations performed. Fasting.

Physics of Angels pp. 138-9 on light and mirroring.

Much smoke now in the incense!

Day 163: 30th August 2004 (Monday)

Choirs in the Wilderness

Orations performed. Remembrance at Caldbeck and then Watendlath listening to Hildegard Music.

Again much smoke! Begging and pleading that I do not fail.

Angel advises relaxing.

Purchased incense supplies.

Day 164: 31st August 2004 (Tuesday)

Blessed is the Man Who Has These Eyes

Orations performed. Incense tonight.

Y Th G DL 'Yitgadel Ve' Yitkadash' (p. 313, *Autograph Man*)

Holy! Holy! Holy! The vast glory of the World unfolding in light and purity cannot believe how much I have changed and how open I feel to the simplicity of the Truth – and this is that which remains, and we can ask for not more, either can it ever be lost once seen.

"Blessed is the man who has these eyes" My Angel tells me.

The Swans at Yew Tree Tarn.

Tonight walking – looking over the Valley; the Tarn, the Sun setting, an ancient Tree, a Wood, a Well. Even here, the World is Alive, so Alive!

Add to the Angel Music list, *Leap of Faith* by Michelle Branch.

Day 165: 1st September 2004 (Wednesday)

You Will Lift Yourself Up in Mine Presence

Orations performed. At length, with incense, tonight.

Add more music; *Crawling in the Dark*, by Hoobastank and *Put your Lights On* by Santana also.

"You will lift yourself up my Presence" said My Angel.

Starting to think and plan for the Days of consecration and convocation- B being very supportive but will miss me over the weekend, and the food/meal planning is awkward.

Reading in Huber, Note 19 (p. 64) which matches *Mind Time* explaining how the Angel is prior to the decision to act – our own mystery is fathomless.

Actually performing this operation while surrounded by people has at least allowed me to divine the way in which it has opened up certain facilities and perspectives - I could sit and stare in amazement at every being I meet, would it not for the threat of being

locked up – for their inability to see themselves in action, for their obvious divinity, yet so misled.

Realised these last few days that a constant remembrance has been operating, pulled round the “strange attractors” of the morning and the evening ritual.

As on Saturday, was feeding birds at CGB today, felt more like St Francis!

The days have started to turn in towards autumn, and it truly feels time to collapse this working.

B’s period started, over a week early, removing that consideration for the week ahead.

Day 166: 2nd September 2004 (Thursday)

I Vanish

Last normal day.

During oration, self vanished . Altogether gone. Gone.

DAY OF CONSECRATION

Day 167: 3rd September 2004 (Friday)

In Whatever Place it May Be

"Not all the Prayers in the World" could stop the terrible hostage situation in Russia ending in an appalling blood bath. How could I ever do enough good to balance such evils in the World! I despair for us. And for myself, in crass stupidity and pride.

The consecration began to the sound of a dog going berserk and its owner trying to call it to heel. At the end of my final prayer following the consecration as I begged my Angel to be present, I felt "An Angel at my shoulder" and the lamp went out. I sat in the darkness that was no longer dark and for a moment – I do not know – but my head couldn't stand it and I was told distinctly not to "push too hard". That today should just be the preparation of the place, and not much more. Interesting then there may be room in the working for the last days to be condensed should a particular operant or environment suddenly demand it; it is truly a universal working;

"In whatever place it may be".

Oil indeed burning my forehead.

DAYS OF CONVOCATION

Day 168: 4th September 2004 (Saturday)

The Signature of the Angel

Almost Midnight as I try to begin to make some order out of my notes written throughout this day. I had made arrangements so that I could observe total silence all day and drove out in the car to see where it would take me.

Wandering, out of time and space. I was moved to drive to Grasmere and see the *Paradise Lost* exhibition – so many Angels, rising and falling. I also stumbled next door to the art gallery for an exhibition of Chris Bucklow and was transfixed for an hour in front of a large canvas as part of his "If this be Not I" collection.

It seems to me that the three periods of two moons have been:

- Removal
- Relocation
- Remembrance

There is certain calmness in me. I sense the Angel coalescing, gathering itself up somehow. I went to Castlerigg stone circle, and found flowers laid on the stones there.

The teaching continues – I today was shown how the oratory is a living presence, grown by consciousness, held in a separate space in awareness. This is then utilised by leaving the oratory with the lamp still burning as it leaves a link open in that mechanism to allow the Work to be completed and a new link – to the Angel to be forged and sealed. It is such a remarkable ritual, so much hidden in plain sight.

To be taught things by something so outside of oneself is an incredible experience and accounts in part for the phrase "knowledge" of the Holy Guardian Angel.

I also realised today – and I use the term *realise* in an absolutely intense manner – it is as if **I** am being **realised** by the knowledge – that one must constantly work to what is strongest in oneself, and be steered entirely by the body-sense of rightness. We allow ourselves to be geared to so many expectations that we soon lose all sense of native will and true identity, becoming always uneasy in our own self. This is not the way. The Angel will not endure this.[139]

But I did receive the signature of my Angel on the silver plate;

Ch I; *Chai*, “Living”.[140]

And realised that today everything is gathered up – “all my enemies, suddenly, ashamed” as the Psalm holds it.

And then one is flung out of the Oratory, as we were from Eden.

Then instructed to garner materials for painting which I accomplished.

Returned home in the afternoon – horrid smelling.

Took a bath.

Arranged books.

Go to bed, Marcus.

Whilst on my second walk on a bridge contemplating the river and realising that all Living (Chi) things generate and possess an Angel, turned to see a white feather float down at my feet – no kidding – I have it on my altar now.

Day 169: 5th September 2004 (Sunday)

The Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel

End of 3rd 2 Moons

At 12.20pm I attained the knowledge and conversation of my Holy Guardian Angel, precisely as described in the *Book of Abramelin*.[141]

Having entered the Oratory at 8am, following a disturbed sleep, I prayed for an hour and then began painting as directed - in fact I wasn't sure what I would be painting, but it turned out I painted five canvases:

Angel I: A golden backdrop, fiery, with a yellow cross/figure.

Belial: A green circular motif.

Lucifer: A Fiery red & Black coal background, with a dark cross/figure.

Leviathan: A blue, wave or storm background, with a 'S' shaped/figure.

Satan: A white canvas of oil arranged in circles and swirls.

Lucifer came first, followed by Leviathan. Belial was very difficult and Satan required contemplation. I left the Oratory at 11.30am and researched the names a little before returning at Noon.

Having prayed a little and not expecting anything particular. I noted that the "door" was really warping and wavering – more so than for which my eyesight would account. Then, of a moment, I saw the Angel appear. For about 2-3 minutes.

I watched it gather about the doorway, and then it departed, but it took another few minutes before I returned to "normal". Everything in the Abramelin was true, I realised, everything.[142]

Before evening prayer B and I walked down to the Lake, hand-in-hand, and I buried my ashes by a tree close to the National Trust "God in the air we breathe…" memorial.[143]

At evening prayer, following bathing, the Oratory was empty.

Don't forget the 'knot of smoke event'.[144]

Day 170: 6th September 2004 (Monday)

One-Way Communication

Day of consecration (original plan).

A strange day, in and out of the Oratory when I could withstand it – the *conversation* is a demanding pressure on the psyche, although it comes with ease or most too much now the Door is open and the Angel present.[145]

Found myself writing down detailed instructions for the final days of invocation – not quite what I expected, but weirdly specific and exact as if the Angel knows already what must be done and the manner of its success.[146]

Also received advice on healing and travelling, again, not with specifically asking, at present, the *conversation* is pretty much one – way. I suspect my Angel has much it wants me to know first!

Lay down and relaxed at one point felt very light.

All sorts of opportunities now (remain) open to me and I feel literally supernaturally sure about my direction.[147]

All praise to Adonai, and to my sweet Angel for this Blessing and for his Presence.

The Angel was not always present throughout today.

Have an incredibly bad headache now, right hemisphere.

Looking forward to returning a little, but moderately interestingly how precise the ‘state’ is described when dealing with the Demons – suspect there is something in that I will discover, as much else of the Angels instructions.

DAYS OF DEMONIC INVOCATIONS

Day 171: 7th September 2004 (Tuesday)

The Binding of Lucifer

Convocation of Good Spirits 1 of 3 (original plan)

First day of Demonic invocations.

When I returned home B was still out walking, so I sent R out on an errand and took the opportunity to perform the invocation of the four princes of Evil. Again, what I was expecting did not occur, rather than the "path-working" using the four paintings as portals, it was actually a more vociferous and moving event, with more dramatic actions.

Especially as when I started the invocation of the first, a shadow fell upon the Oratory out of nowhere, and I felt a distinct presence actually behind me (hence the instruction given yesterday about "not looking back" I guess).

Binding Lucifer turned out to be the most difficult – he attempted to turn my words around into entirely the opposite meaning ("Thou who art – God's Lord and Master") etc.

When complete and having gained the oaths upon the wand (from which a pale funnel of light emanated throughout) they vanished at the moment I stopped my last word. Zip! Gone! The room was empty again. Abramelin does point out they do not like to be summoned overly!

I suspect "imagining" i.e. visualised entities can be summoned and bade farewell much at length, i.e. "Thank you, now depart and may bright blessing go with you blah blah".

But these **real** things demand a lot of energy to be here, so the very moment the call is dropped, they are gone.

Dreamt last night of being dropped into Hell, strangely enough, and B also had nightmares.

Day 172: 8th September 2004 (Wednesday)

Palgoth, who is winged …

CONVOCATION OF GOOD SPIRITS 2 of 3 (original plan)

Second day of Demonic Invocations.

B awoke from a nightmare of violent figures in the house threatening R and us. I also had a night of disturbed sleep.

Tonight (R is now away for 2 days) re–summoned the 4 Princes and called the 8 sub-Princes. As I read out their names with the wand held forth to gain their oath, a large spider appeared on my Book and crawled across the names.

Then received ("recovered" is what I was told, oddly enough) My 4 familiars, named and described, but got little of their character or abilities.

Angel was present throughout.

The Four Familiars and their Hours of Watch;

Midnight – 6am: Palgoth – who is winged

6am – Noon: Demina – who comes in the form of a pleasing woman.

Noon – 6 PM : Shadrick – a hulking brute who removes obstacles

6PM- Midnight: Zenos - he is hooded and knows of Secrets.

Day 173: 9th September 2004 (Thursday)

Ashtaroth and His Legions

Convocation of good spirits 3 of 3.

Knowledge and conversation of Angel (original plan)

THIRD day of Demonic Invocations, SEVENTH day of convocations, FINAL day of the operations.

TETELESTAI ! It is done.

AMEN. AMEN. AMEN.

Prayed to/through My Angel, Summoned the Princes, Sub-Princes and through heir Agency the remaining Spirits and my Familiars and my Families. Received the Oath from all, including Ashtaroth and his Legions.

Closed the Oratory, perfumed the Terrace, Windows and the Chambers.

Midnight. My Familiars change Watch. My Angel is ever–present.

So it begins.

Here Ends the Magical Record of the Abramelin Operation of Frater F.P.

AFTER THE ANGEL

Day 174: 10th September 2004 (Friday)

Convocation of Evil Spirits 1 of 3 (original plan)

Black Tuesday

Although My Angel is now present with me, leaving the routine of the working makes me feel somehow vulnerable and destitute - like I've been kicked out of home and onto the street to earn my living. On the other hand I feel liberated – somehow, in the background, the Operation has disentangled and jettisoned a lot of garbage. I am travelling light.

Day 175: 11th September 2004 (Saturday)

Else Stumble, You Might Fall

Convocation of Evil Spirits 2 of 3 (original plan)

At a loss. Black Tuesday continues.

The only way to describe my present experience is in the lyrics of *Connected* by Stereo MC's which are now constantly going through my head.

Hear me out
Stumble you might fall
Interstate 5
Stayin' alive
Won't someone try
Open up your eyes
You must be blind
If you can't see
The gaping hole
Called reality
Wanna do it again
I gonna gonna do it again

The Abramelin Operation is not the end. I see Interstate 5. I am going to do it again.[148]

Day 176: 12th September 2004 (Sunday)

Soon, Oh Soon the Light[149]

Convocation of Evil Spirits 3 of 3 (original plan)

Still dead within. This is unexpected and worse. Am I living another reality where I failed the Operation and these three days are the convocation of the Evil Spirits, who have won?

Day 177: 13th September 2004 (Monday)

And if We Break before the Dawn[150]

Dead. Dead. Dead. Must try – what?

Nothing for 30 days and nights recorded…

Day 207: 12th September 2004 (Sunday)

After the Angel

This is the song of all the bells of heaven and a journey of seven mirrors; through each though other a veil may be the time to return at last to those who bear no reflection upon themselves other than the one to which they are given now. There are no words between us nor silence which halts the Sky and if we should part no better way than this is to be found as words like living things of letters and thoughts bear us upon our way each dream communicating all that is and will to pass is ours but other than heaven we cannot say now. And you alone to be ours alone, to be ours or else return to all little poverty of soul that became before us a little self o do tell secrets that cannot be kept in light of holding to the ladder on which we pass between each eclipse of thought occluding me when all that appears is held up to the screen that becomes everything that a memory dictates – stern stenographer, cruel calligrapher- a sense of self, as if it were this and this alone. In window of night black mirror reflected of essence, my wing folded now for future flight we communicate at last this is the terrible voice of un-denied reality as it burns behind the lies and eyes of figments and fragments of my imagination and more selves will come to clamour at my door, each demanding dues which for favours which I cannot recall must be paid or left to sicken and wither these barren shoots of all that I was to be before now that I am in heaven's grasp and given unto my Angel with this new sickness and fever of mind and body which revolts under such tutelage.

AMEN. AMEN. AMEN.

Heaven burns and is aflame,

Hell in ice remains the same.

The journal then remains empty for the next three months.

After the Angel

The successful conclusion of this ritual was so astonishing, profound and beautiful that immediately pulling away all the props which had supported the journey – the observations, rites and studies – left an incredible vacuum. In this vacuum, a "divine silence" arose, as described in the Dead Sea Scrolls, "the glory in the tent of the God of knowledge … the voice of a divine silence is heard".[151]

Inside this silence, the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel grew like a new baby, over a period of some nine months. I found that if I were still – in a spiritual sense – I dwelt in that connection, whereas when I forgot, I was for a time bereft of any former habitual self or divine communication. I was indeed dead save for the connection to a newly growing presence.

The spiritual stillness was assisted by contemplation, exercise and being present in nature or with animals. I was working at a well-appointed company with plenty of time and a relaxed atmosphere. I spent my lunches swimming in the pool and feeding the variety of peacocks, geese and ducks in the gardens of the establishment. Those who knew me in that period considered me to be somewhat distant and pre-occupied most of the time, although my work thrived in the new energy and ease which I had discovered.

Although I was promoted and given a major project to undertake, it was increasingly apparent to me that the knowledge and conversation was directing me elsewhere. I began to take steps to orientate myself to wherever I felt most called. A new compass was created about which all direction would follow – an angelic compass rather than a partial human one. Within two years of accepting this direction I would become the first student to graduate through a new M.A. in Western Esotericism at the University of Exeter, going on to then leave a lucrative career in order to take on clients in private therapeutic practice and teach NLP and Hypnotherapy.

This next step was a true joy and I worked – and continue to do so – with hundreds of clients with a range of issues from self-confidence to phobias, from gambling addiction to eating disorders. Whilst it is not part of the standard client-therapist relationship, the

K&C of the HGA has a role in my work just as much as my business experience, qualifications or any other facet of my experience.

I also entered professional psychotherapeutic supervision for a time, to ensure I remained grounded whilst moving into such work which was oftentimes intense and demanding.

It has been seven years since the completion of the Abramelin Operation and the orientation has been completed to its new destination. I now teach the Western Esoteric Initiatory System (WEIS) and devote myself to teaching, therapy work and writing.

When I commenced the Abramelin work I was an IT Manager and occultist. A Shaman in a Suit, perhaps. Now I am myself, and like the clouds astonished, I am still.

There is only the Angel - after the Angel.

Your Obvious Questions and What Actually Happened to Me.

1. Did you actually and physically see anything?

Yes.

Whilst this is the most common question posed to anyone who might perform this type of work, it is a moot point. The changes of state that one encounters through the performance render any objective assessment of what is “seen” somewhat difficult. If someone else had been present, I doubt if they would have seen anything – however I am also definite that neither would I nor would the experience have happened.

To someone who has experienced the event it is also a moot point. There is no denying ones experience or the profound impact this can have on ones notion of reality. It is not something of which I need to convince anyone.

Having said that, I did indeed at many points throughout this operation physically (to the best of my knowledge) see and sense the actual presence of the *Ashim*, the fiery sparks of light that correspond to the Angelic realms in *Malkuth*, the world of action, and then the physical presence of my Holy Guardian Angel. These encounters continue although there was a lull for several months immediately following the conclusion of the ritual.

2. How does the Holy Guardian Angel appear?

The most interesting thing to me about this question is its reliance on physical appearance. There have been some studies that seem to indicate we know when we are in a room that a TV camera in one corner is being actively monitored or not, i.e. we sense *somehow* there is someone present as a living observer at the other end of the cable. Whether this is the case or not, when you are present in a room with another living being, you get a sense of their character, whether it be a cat, a person or an Angel.

When I first saw my Angel, it was the **presence** that suffused the room so entirely. It was a true intercession and “vast and mighty” being. Timeless, wise, powerful beyond any human measure. What I saw with my eyes I likened in presence afterwards to the vast cosmic beings in Ian M. Banks novel, *Excession* and hence my own frequent use of that word and *intercession* in this present context.[152]

In a physical context, the Angel was very much like the beings depicted in James Cameron’s *Abyss*. It appeared in front of me, in the incense smoke which collected in the empty door, as a vast almost swimming manta-ray shape of complex wings and light. It is hardest to describe that its presence was its physicality and vice-versa. We human beings can divorce our presence and personality somewhat from our physical appearance. Angels are one and the same.

It had the sense of vast curiosity as to my presence and I felt that it was being introduced to me as much as I to it. To be frank, there was little of “I” left at this point so there was “only the Angel, unawares”. It took a further seven years to get to know the Angel and for it to get to work with what was left of “me”.

The Angel also appears in dreams in a variety of guises, yet always the same presence and on specific awakened encounters I see it physically more strongly than I see the apparent world. In some senses, I see *through* the world to the Angel.

3. Do the Magical Squares Work?

Yes.

The first test of the magical squares was shortly after completing the operation, during a particularly depressing time in the *After the Angel* period. I resolved with my Angel to establish a working with the Squares and got to choose a random square. This could have been anything from invisibility to having a siege army appear at the walls of the town. Luckily I had chosen a random talisman from another grimoire which offered the opportunity of conjuring “13 dancing girls on a Wednesday”. I activated the square in the manner which my Angel informed me, and duly forgot about it. I mentioned the working to my wife, but not its nature. If I recall correctly, she asked me why it could not have been about money or some other practical aim, because I told her it was an unusual request of the magick.

The following week I was asked to accompany my wife to a lesson in Raqs Sharki, which was being held in Manchester. Unbeknownst to either of us, as it was a sudden urge of my wife’s, the class she joined out of the blue had decided to put on an impromptu performance to visiting relatives. So there I was, lounging on Arabian-themed cushions, with live drummers and string-instruments from another time, with – count them – exactly 13 dancing girls, of course on the obligatory Wednesday. It was not that the Square worked which surprised me; it was that I had forgotten all about it. This working without lust of result is the most essential component of magick.[153]

Another more recent example was the reception of the word Tarosophy®. I had been looking in vain for a random collection of letters to put to trademark as a brand for the Tarot organisation I direct. Following a conversation with the Intellectual Property Office advisors in London, I decided to look through the magical squares to have a powerful anagrammatic word for the brand. It also amused me to think that a word in an Abramelin Square would then be legally registered and copyright. It turns out the Angel has a sense of humour also.

I looked through the squares in vain, in Dehn's version, which has the completed squares. I was about to give up (and hence at the very point when "lust of result" vanished) when into my head, totally fully-formed, came TAROSOPHY – a conflation of Tarot + Sophia, the divine and living Wisdom. I thought that this would have been used before, and to my astonishment discovered it had never been used, so it went successfully to trademark and became the title of my first book on Tarot.[154] And the magical square I was looking at when the word was spoken in my head?

The second square (SIMBASI) of chapter twelve – "to research and hear …" in this case, "secrets from words".

4. What is the correct recipe for the incense or oil?

There are variations in the recipes for the incense and oil used in the Abramelin ritual. I suggest using the one which makes most sense to you and then experimenting. In fact, there is a secret hidden within the incense ingredients, which is that by correspondence they reveal much of the nature of the Operation itself. Every part of the Abramelin is interlinked, nothing is given without reason. This is indeed a great magick.

As an aside, one of the interests that I pursued after the Angel was the study and practice of incense-making. I would highly recommend the incense of Katlyn Breene: http://www.mermadearts.com.

5. What impact does the Abramelin Operation have after the Angel?

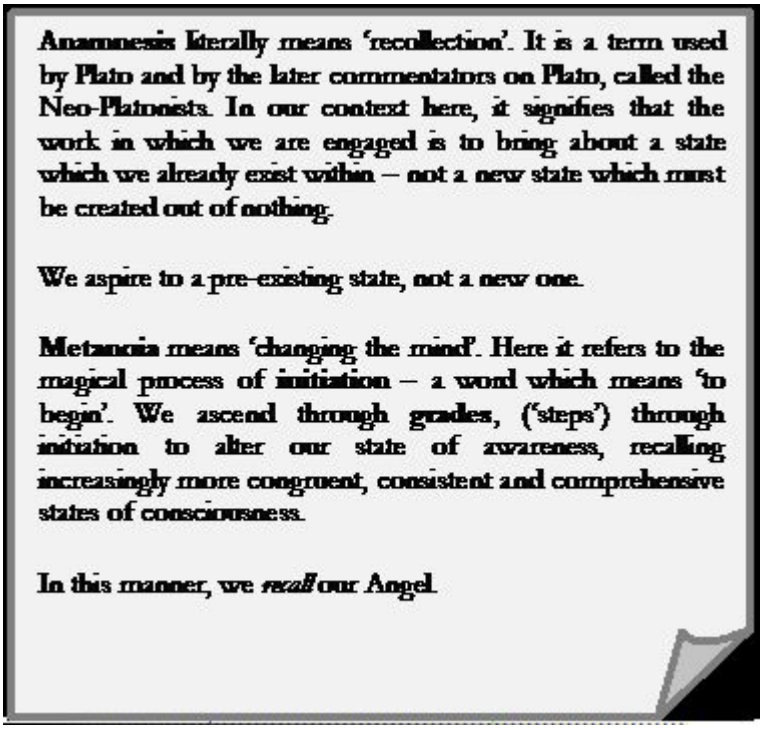
The most significant and unwritten impact of the Operation is that it literally punches a hole through the experience we usually take for granted, as a self operating in a distinct universe. We generally have an internal consensus that we are inside ourselves and there is a universe out there in which we operate. We may sometimes understand that the universe out there is somewhat complex and not under our control, however, it remains a complexity that is sensed as outside or *other*.

The appearance of the Holy Guardian Angel turns that experience irrevocably inside-out. It is the culmination of the path marked by the Hanged Man in the Tarot when we first access

Geburah on the Tree of Life as an initiated Adeptus Minor – a call to hang by our own values and divine connection. The Adeptus Minor looks up at Geburah along the path of *Lamed*, the scales of Justice. They start to balance their life in accord with whatever they understand as divine principles. However the Adeptus Major, completing the Abramelin operation, accesses first-hand the terror of Geburah directly and looks back down the path of the Hanged Man to Hod, their formal philosophy.

In layman's terms, the world is turned inside-out by this experience. One realises in every part of awareness that the external world is actually our internal one, projected onto a vastly complex interactive screen. There are no people, places, time or space – just the screen. And then something punches through the screen which is so real, so present, that either it is an experience of the self so insanely projected it appears as totally *other*, or it is indeed *other*, and we are relegated to the realisation of ourself as part of the screen. It is **we** who become the fiction, the *other*, and the Angel is held as the reality.

This turn-around, this *metanoia*, this *amamnesis*, is so complete that it impacts every facet of life. It is a total initiation without parallel – save for the crossing of the Abyss – in the Western path.



Recommended Reading List

Georg Dehn (ed.) & Steven Guth (trans.), *The Book of Abramelin* (Lake Worth: Ibis Press, 2006)

In this new translation and full version of the Abramelin manuscripts, Georg Dehn offers the most essential text for the Abramelin Operation. Steve Guth's translation is tonally different from Mather's translation of the incomplete French version, giving a new voice to the work.

S. L. MacGregor Mathers (trans.) *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage* (New York: Dover, 1975).

The first translation in English of the Abramelin Operation and the version which inspired the members of the Golden Dawn, notably Aleister Crowley, and all those since thereafter, including William Bloom and myself. Whilst incomplete and couched in a form of biblical English it is sufficient for the successful conclusion of the Operation.

Maria Parisen, *Angels & Mortals: Their Co-Creative Power* (Wheaton: Philosophical Publishing House, 1990).

An indispensible collection of essays ranging from Israel Regardie, 'The Magician and the Holy Guardian Angel', to Matthew Fox, 'Illuminations of Hildegard'. It also contains papers from Marie-Louise von Franz, Geoffrey Hodson, and work on Rudolph Steiner. I have quoted in my journal the essay by Michael Grosso on the 'Cult of the Guardian Angel'.

William Bloom, *The Sacred Magician* (Glastonbury: Gothic Images, 1992).

First published in 1976 under the pseudonym Geroges Chevalier, Bloom's account of the Abramelin is that which inspired me throughout my own working, and in the many years leading up to the practice itself. The later work adds some commentary and clarification, and should be contrasted with any other publications of the Abramelin experience to gain the diversity of its practice.

Further Reading List

Whilst the journal footnotes contain relevant reading for the Abramelin work, I would also personally recommend the following

titles which would not be obviously seen as connected with the Operation yet in their own way provide useful backdrops.

Anthony Peake, *The Daemon: A Guide to your Extraordinary Secret Self* (London: Arcturus, 2008)

Peake presents a fascinating model of the human being having two distinct components, the *Eidolon* and the *Daemon*. We generally identify ourselves with the Eidolon, yet the Daemon exists in real-time, slightly ahead of our lagging perception of ourself and the universe. Peake details numerous cases which he sees as the Daemon breaking through our usual sense of reality. He has a fascinating comparison of his work to that of Philip K. Dick and "Gnostic" theology towards the end of the book.

Paul Auster, *In the Country of Last Things* (London: Faber & Faber, 1988)

An account of one who refuses to speak "the language of ghosts" and goes in search of her lost brother in the unnamed City. It is as an harrowing account of the futile nature of hope in the material world as some parts of the Abramelin experience.

Mary Wolff Salin, *Journey Into Depth* (Collegville: Liturgical Press, 1999)

The experience of initiation within the Monastic tradition and compared to the training of a Jungian psychoanalyst. A timely work on the loss of the initiatory journey in contemporary society outside of these two specific areas, and of course, the whole of the western esoteric corpus.

Joseph L. Henderson, *Thresholds of Initiation* (Wilmette: Chiron, 1995)

Henderson takes the account of growing into manhood in tribal societies and applies it to self-development. Of particular interest is the seven-stage grading system in which the experience of the personal Guardian Spirit is placed.

Evelyn Underhill, *Mysticism* (London: Methuen & Co. Ltd, 1942)

Originally published in 1911, this book provides a comprehensive overview of the spiritual quest expressed in Christian mysticism and is an invaluable treasure trove to those undertaking the Abramelin experience. It covers areas such as visions, introversion, ecstasy and rapture, the unitive life and the dark night of the soul.

[1] DuQuette, Lon Milo, and Hyatt, Christopher S. *Sex Magic, Tantra & Tarot: The Way of the Secret Lover.* (Las Vegas, NV. New Falcon Publications, 1991, 3rd, revised and expanded edition, 2008) p. 13.

[2] *Inner Man*. Lyrics and music by Lon Milo DuQuette and Charles D. Harris, BMI 1970.

[3] Abraham of Worms. *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*, trans. S.L. Macgregor Mathers (New York: Dover, 1975).

[4] DuQuette, Lon Milo. *Ask Baba Lon: Answers to Questions of Life and Magick*. (Las Vegas, NV. New Falcon Publications, 2011).

[5] *Ibid*, p. 126

[6] *Ibid*, p. 123.

[7] DuQuette, Lon Milo. *The Chicken Qabalah of Rabbi Lamed Ben Clifford*. (York Beach, ME: Weiser Books Inc. 2001). p. 202.

[8] Israel Regardie, 'The Magician and the Holy Guardian Angel' in Maria Parisen, *Angels & Mortals: Their Co-Creative Power* (Wheaton: Philosophical Publishing House, 1990) p. 92.

[9] *The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*, trans. S.L. Macgregor Mathers (New York: Dover, 1975) p.84-5.

[10] *Ibid*, p. 156.

[11] Since that time, the manuscript has gone missing, although I have photographs of the manuscript taken at the museum in about the 1980's, so it's vanishing is fairly contemporary. Furthermore, even when Mathers was translating the document, he mislaid his briefcase with his translated papers and had to offer a reward for their return. His letters to his publisher (held in the Warburg Institute) are somewhat despairing of the likelihood of publication of the

Abramelin, particularly as he was desperately short of money at the time.

[12] There are also related publications held in the *Bibliotecha Philosophia Hermetica* (Library of Hermetic Philosophy) which I was fortunate to study during two visits to Amsterdam. The library site is at http://www.ritmanlibrary.nl/ which is - at the time of this publication - unfortunately closed.

[13] *The Sacred Magician: A Ceremonial Diary*, Georges Chevalier (St Albans: Paladin, 1976), *The Sacred Magician: A Ceremonial Diary*, William Bloom (Glastonbury: Gothic Image, 1992).

[14] http://kheph777.tripod.com/art_HGA.html [last accessed 3rd April 2011].

[15] http://www.digital-brilliance.com/kab/abramel.htm [last accessed 3rd April 2011].

[16] http://enochian.org/abramelin.shtml [last accessed 3rd April 2011].

[17] *Abramelin*, Mathers, p.76.

[18] http://www.dragonmom.com where you can see examples of her wands. Mine was gold-leaf, lapis lazuli and fashioned from almond wood.

[19] http://www.alchemy-works.com/ is highly recommended.

[20] The K&C of the HGA can be considered a wedding of the soul to itself in itself, and in this regard one can profit from reading *The Alchemical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz* (ed. Adam Mclean & Deidre Green, 1984) also available at: http://www.levity.com/alchemy/chymwed1.html [last accessed 16th April 2011].

[21] See photographs at http://www.aftertheangel.com [last accessed 5th April 2011].

[22] Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, http://classiclit.about.com/library/bl-etexts/gchaucer/bl-gchau-can-

parson.htm [last accessed 16th April 2011].

[23] Such alternate versions as given in books like Jason Augustus Newcomb's *21st Century Mage* (York Beach: Red Wheel/Weiser, 2002) have, in my opinion, little to do with the Abramelin Operation.

[24] I was influenced in my own art by the fractal and airbrushed work of Dov Lederberg, whose work I had encountered first in 1999, particularly the *Four Worlds*, *Cosmic Man (What Moses Saw)*, the *Tomb of the Kabbalah Master* and the *Fractal Angels* sequence.

http://www.art.net/~vision/dov2.htm [last accessed 4th April 2011].

[25] http://www.aftertheangel.com [last accessed 3rd April 2011].

[26] Dehn, *Abramelin*, pp. 86-7.

[27] Ibid, p. 87.

[28] 177 is the smallest magic constant for a 3x3 prime magic square. In effect, the whole of the Abramelin Operation is its own magical square comprising of internal links and correspondences. As Kircher has it, "the world is bound by invisible knots". I have placed some of the most significant days in bold for reference.

[29] This title comes from an album cover, *New Skin for the Old Ceremony*, I saw on a wall in the vaults of the Kloisterbrau Hotel, Seefeld, Austria, at the start of this year, 2004. It was the first moment I knew I would soon be performing the Abramelin. I later discovered the album is by Leonard Cohen and the cover is an image from the *Rosarium Philosophorum*, which is why I had noticed this cover amidst the hundreds used as wallpaper in the vault. According to Wikipedia, "The image originally came to public attention in C.G.Jung's essay, *The Psychology of the Transference* (2nd ed.1966) where it is held by Jung to depict the union of psychic opposites in the consciousness of the enlightened saint. The sexual embrace as a symbol for this condition of psychic unity is also found frequently in Tibetan thangkas (sacred paintings)".

[30] These films (1982, 1988, dir. Godfrey Reggio) proved unwatchable during the Operation for the simple reason they were too overwhelming in their depiction of “life out of balance” and “life in transition”, the translations of their respective titles. I would however recommend them at any other time.

[31] The idea of giving a title to each day was given to me on Day 90. I recorded some titles from thereon. The preceding days 1-89 were titled on the writing up of the journal for publication.

[32] Track on the album *So* (1986) dedicated to the poet Anne Sexton, whose original poem, *45 Mercy Street* includes the lines:

“and this is no dream
just my oily life
where the people are alibis
and the street is unfindable for an
entire lifetime.

[33] Whilst I have an entire library of several thousand books on esotericism both practical and academic, I did not at this time have any contemporary books on Christian mystical practice. I did have titles from my earlier practices such as *The Imitation of Christ* (Thomas á Kempis), *The Art of Contemplation* (Ramón Lull) and the *Prayer of Jesus* (Ignatius Brianchaninov). It did not occur to me at the time that having worked with such practices during my esoteric regime had prepared me far better for the Abramelin that I otherwise might have been with only occult practice.

[34] The titles for each of the 3 periods of 2 moons were given to me on Day 59.

[35] Weldbrox is not the name of the company I worked for at this time, but a fictional name. It was a soulless manufacturing company based on a trading estate in one of the most dismal areas of England I have ever encountered. In effect, it was a corner of hell. The manager was the first person I have ever encountered who was the archetypal “bullying boss”. I had just come from a consulting career where I was being picked up in limos at airports around the world to be taken to the next “mission impossible” type assignment

(Japanese cabling systems, hacking Austrian fax machines, staying the course with American Sales Guys in Thailand, etc.) to be in a dead-end job with someone literally shouting at me for not placing nametags on plug sockets in case the salesmen didn't know which power cable was their own. Anyone ever in this situation should consult *Nasty People* by Jay Carter (New York: McGraw-Hill, 2003).

[36] See WB (William Bloom) *Abramelin*, 24th April entry.

[37] The *Children of Earth* was a small eclectic occult group of which I was a founder-member c. 1985. N. was a practicing shaman and had demonstrated at the time a long piece of cord with a hollowed wooden whistle at the end which when spun around the hear produced an eerie wail to call the spirits of the place to him.

[38] An audio recording of Israel Regardie (1907-1985).

[39] The Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram.

[40] Unidentified book, p. 167.

[41] Bob Catley, *When Empires Burn* (2003).

[42] *Ibid.*

[43] Throughout the entire Operation, music would have a profound effect. One of the surprising effects after the Angel was that I could hear music in anything, widening my already eclectic tastes to anything from rap to reggae, classical to fusion jazz. I recall surprising a group of students on an academic course with my knowledge of Industrial Metal and Dark Ambient genres, including the album *Scatology* by Coil. Of course, the band Coil also produced an album entitled *The Angelic Conversation*.

[44] Evelyn Underhill, *Mysticism* (London: Methuen & Co. Ltd, 1942), pp. 266-97 on Voices and Visions, particularly the mystical phenomena of "distinct interior words" and St. Theresa's vision of an Angel on p. 292; "I saw … an angel close by me, on my left side in bodily form. This I am not accustomed to see unless very rarely".

[45] *Ibid*, p. 157.

[46] Michael Grosso, 'The Cult of the Guardian Angel', in Maria Parisen, *Angels and Mortals* (Wheaton: Quest Books, 1990) pp. 128-9.

[47] Opus Sanctorum Angelorum, http://www.opusangelorum.org/english.html [last accessed 19th April 2011].

[48] The conversation **between** Holy Guardian Angels has not been written about before in the context of the *Abramelin*, as far as I am aware. It is indeed the case, after the Angel, that one's HGA can communicate directly with the HGA of another person, calling forth their genius by degrees. Such work is fraught with spiritual and psychological peril, and is part of the training work by the Angel for the years following the *Abramelin*.

[49] As I complete the editing of this work, in 2011, I come across this for the first time since I completed the Operation seven years ago. It is today, April 1st 2011. I sit here now in my library, in a cottage in the woods, and go back down the timeline to tell **myself**, "Be brave". Magick is not the work of controlling the future, it is the work of retro-temporally engineering the past to create this now.

[50] Dion Fortune & Gareth Knight, *The Circuit of Force* (Loughborough: Thoth Publications, 1998) p. 101

[51] Edward Carpenter, *Towards Democracy* (London: George Allen & Co, 1913) pp. 512-3.

[52] Carpenter's form of mystical socialism appealed to me, and I fully sympathised with his belief that "I can see only one ultimate way out of the morass in which we are engulfed. The present commercial system will have to go, and there will have to be a return to the much simpler systems of co-operation belonging to a bygone age . . . To that condition, or something very like it, I am convinced we shall have to return if society is to survive. I say this after a long and close observation of life in many phases". (*The Healing of Nations and the Hidden Causes of their Strife*, 1919). He was influenced by the poet Walt Whitman and influenced in turn the photographer Ansel Adams,

both of whom I have had long-standing admiration for, even to visiting an Ansel Adams exhibition in Chicago. Whilst his homosexuality has not been a factor of my own life, my life is now connected to many such minority or alternative-to-mainstream orientations to life, sexuality and philosophy.

[53] Francis Barrett, *The Magus* (Seacus: Citadel Press, 1980), Book 2, part 1, chapter IX, p. 52.

[54] At this point I began to daily have memories, suffused with nostalgia and emotive content which did not belong to my own life experience. I also began to experience strange states of pre-conscious memories as might belong to an animal. I do not read anything into these experiences other than to note their presence during this time. The experiences intensified throughout the working, assisting the loss of a stable sense of self-identity.

[55] This was a major decision on B's part and yet another seed planted during the Operation that would take some seven years to be fully comprehended and manifest. B decided and commenced an M.A. in Creative Writing, which she passed after two years, leading to publications of articles, short stories and the writing of a novel. It was within the space of the Abramelin Operation that the entire family was consecrated anew to the rest of their lives. Almost every day bought a secret treasure aligning us to our true path in life.

[56] See WB *Abramelin*, 27th May entry; "I find the Tarot cards most useful for extremely recondite problems, especially in giving an explanation for the current situation". I too found Tarot a useful tool during the Abramelin and as a spiritual language thereafter. This is further explored in Katz & Goodwin, *Tarot Inspire: Tarot as a Spiritual Language* (Forge Press, 2011) available at http://www.forgepress.com.

[57] Bonaventure, *The Soul's Journey Into God* (London: SPCK, 1978) pp. 79-80. I deal with Bonaventure's writings and their relevance to the esoteric initiatory system in my forthcoming *Western Esoteric Initiatory System*, particularly the chapter 'The Furnace of the Soul'.

[58] The concept of self-remembering as a universal act recurred across the HGA experience. I was particularly influenced in this by Ken Wilbur's work, *The Spectrum of Consciousness* (Quest: New York, 1977) and the self-observing universe concept of John A. Wheeler (1911 – 2008).

[59] We are now living in Keswick.

[60] The Voice came out of the blue inside my head on various occasions throughout the Operation. It was not my own, and often accompanied by a physical sensation in my head.

[61] Bonaventure, *The Tree of Life* (London: SPCK, 1978) pp. 199-75. It is important to note that Crowley believed the making of correspondences would be a corner-stone of the "acceptance of the fact of Magick" as such correspondences demonstrate "beyond doubt that these independent systems reach the same conclusions, and therefore that they all represent a reality in Nature, not an arbitrary set of artificial conventions" (see letter reproduced in R. Kaczynski, *Perdurabo* (Tempe: New Falcon, 2002) p. 420.

[62] Saint Teresa of Jesus, *The Interior Castle or the Mansions* (Ascot: Catholic Publishing Co. Ltd., n.d.)p. 47. A complete correspondence between the "trials of the mansions" and the *Western Esoteric Initiatory System* will be made in my forthcoming book of that title.

[63] "What is the explanation of the seemingly insane drive of man to be painter and poet if it is not an act of defiance against man's fall and an assertion that he return to the Garden of Eden? For the artists are the first men". See also Newman's *Stations of the Cross* series (1958-66), based on the cry of Christ, "Lema Sabachthani" (God, why hast thou forsaken me?").

[64] The "all that lives, lives" message which I was later to receive, as well as the appearance of the Hebrew word for "life" at the completion of the Operation, was a constant theme. The Operation is not about the "living god" or the "life of the angel", but

life itself as a divine force. All life is the sacred mystery, in which we have barely learnt to partake.

[65] G. R. S. Mead (trans.), *Hymn of Jesus* (London: Watkins, 1907) p. 23.

[66] Baudelaire, 'To a Madonna'.

> And as all within me worships you and holds you dear,
> All will turn to Benzoin, Incense, Frankincense and Myrrh,
> And towards you, summit snowy-white and wonderful,
> Will rise in vapors never-ending my tempestuous soul.

[67] Anthony Duncan, *The Christ, Psychotherapy and Magic* (London: Helios Books, 1969) p. 170.

[68] At the time of performing the Operation I had no inclination one way or another to publish an account, although I maintained the journal in a sense for that likelihood. It was one of the first things I was told by my Angel at the completion of the ritual; however, there were certain conditions to be met. These conditions took seven years to meet, to the day. Whilst this publication recounts the events of the Operation, it is more my testament to the following seven years after the Angel.

[69] I often wonder if the video of a man in a suit and holding a laptop performing the Lesser Banishing Ritual in a multi-faith chapel in Liverpool Airport at 5:00am is still a favourite of airport security staff around the world.

[70] See photograph of card at http://www.aftertheangel.com.

[71] Madonna, *Frozen* (1998).

[72] Echobelly, *Dark Therapy* (1995).

[73] See photograph at http://www.aftertheangel.com.

[74] With regard to techniques of constant prayer, they must be practised until the self continues the prayer throughout sleep.

[75] The work at Weldbrox was surreal. At one point I had been called into an office by the bullying boss and was being berated for

some trivial matter. At the same time, a car skidded into the car park outside the office window and her husband stormed out of it to start glaring at us through the window. She continued yelling at me as if this was not happening. After a few minutes, he stalked back to the car and drove off. I gathered they were going through some issues. At the same time, I felt as if I was in a totally alternate reality where I was being tormented by demons undermining every shred of self-confidence I had created over my career.

[76] Whilst I was not watching much television, whenever I did I felt absolutely connected to the world it portrayed. I also felt that it was totally connected to the Abramelin working in some strange way.

[77] Some days I was incapable of driving, conversation or other normal mundane activities as my brain felt as if it were being overwhelmed and rewired. I wanted a tee-shirt which would simply state “Under New Management”.

[78] The whole family was prone to powerful and disturbing dreams throughout much of this Operation. Again, their faith in the process was a grace as most would have requested the work to cease at many points, particularly as my state became dysfunctional in everyday terms.

[79] Aleister Crowley, *Liber Aleph*.

[80] Aleister Crowley, *Liber VIII.*

[81] John Bode, *O Jesus I have Promised* (1816-74). Particularly:

“Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my guide...”

[82] Louis Jacobs, ‘Hasidic Prayer’ in Gershon David Hundert (ed.), *Essential Papers on Hasidism* (New York: New York University Press, 1991) p. 353.

[83] Even stranger is that seven years on to the day the publishers of this journal would be the publishers of my first Tarot book, *Tarosophy*. So many seeds were set during the six months of the Abramelin Operation that it is almost incomprehensible how pivotal a nexus of events transpired in such short a time.

[84] Sheldon Kopp, *The Hanged Man* (London: Sheldon Press, 1981), an account of psychotherapy through the lens of Tarot images. I am indebted to this book for pointing me to the quote by W. B. Yeats, that the "soul must become its own betrayer, its own deliverer, the one activity, the mirror turns lamp".

[85] The bathing practice was becoming a significant event and meaningful in shedding the old self.

[86] Even at this stage, I was receiving – particularly when engaged in Tarot – messages of a different order. I would be reading the Tarot for a Querent and then they would start looking at me strangely, I would hold their gaze, the hairs on my neck (and theirs, often) would rise, and I would start talking to their very soul from mine. This usually resulted in tears or shock, stunned silence or awe. I had people leap up from the reading yelling "Oh my God! Oh my God!" and queues longer than I could read for. However afterwards I would be a total gibbering wreck and have to eat three large meals one after another. I cut back all such practices.

[87] The voyeuristic TV show where human beings are encouraged to watch and judge others at the expense of not watching and judging their own life, thereby not taking the first Neophyte step of realising that there is always more to life.

[88] I ended up buying two copies of Dehn's *Abramelin*, by "accident" and gave one to a student as part of the requirement in Abramelin to pass the work on.

[89] Irina Tweedy (1907-1999), *Daughter of Fire* (Nevada City: Blue Dolphin, 1986), a Sufi mystic whose work inspired me in its devotion and awareness of the importance of love in the Work. Her book is kindly signed to me with the message, "at the end of each

path, there I await. For all ways are my Ways". Bernadette Roberts has produced a profound account of her journey through Christian mysticism in *The Experience of No-Self* (1993) which describes the state beyond the unitive state often characterized as the pinnacle of Christian mystical experience. Her description of "the passage" would be recognizable to any who have read Crowley's account of the Abyss.

[90] Aleister Crowley, 'Invocation' in *The Works of Aleister Crowley* (Foyers, 1906, reprinted Yogi Publication Society, n.d.) pp. 20-22. This is a versified form of Z2 from the Golden Dawn. It is a passing note that versions of this poem copied widely on the internet are mis-copied, with both obvious typos and more subtle and serious mistakes, for example "Thou Queenly **Angle** of my Higher Will" instead of "Thou Queenly Angel …". There are many poems of Crowley's online that are incomplete or mis-copied from the originals.

[91] The film *Groundhog Day* (1993, dir. Harold Ramis) is a perfect analogy of the Abramelin Ritual, Buddhist notions of reincarnation and karma, and the Christian notion of Purgatory. It is also a very good film because as a viewer you never realise how much time has passed for the character in the state, which must be some 10+ years at least, if not thousands of years of the same day. Unless you are working to escape the trap, it does not matter how many days you live, one or a million - the loop remains the same.

[92] Two days later we would find a rental advert for the Mill building in Keswick which we would then be offered two days later and to which we moved in only another forty days.

[93] I also gave a talk on my method of teaching Tarot cards to about 100 people, and had a complete beginner to Tarot able to read cards in any position of any spread for any question following learning this 10-minute method. This was yet another seed which sprung during the Operation, forming the basis some years later of my whole Tarot work. The Tarosophy "ten-minute" method is now part of the Courtyard Course of Tarot Professionals and included in the *Tarosophy* book.

[94] Stephen Clifford, *The Wisdom of the Spanish Mystics*, p. 51.

[95] The alchemical axiom of Maria Prophetessa, 3rd Century, “One becomes two, two becomes three, and out of the third comes the one as the fourth”. C.G. Jung used it as a metaphor for individuation. “It begins with the four separate elements, the state of chaos, and ascends by degrees to the three manifestations of Mercurius in the inorganic, organic, and spiritual worlds; and, after attaining the form of Sol and Luna (i.e., the precious metal gold and silver, but also the radiance of the gods who can overcome the strife of the elements by love), it culminates in the one and indivisible (incorruptible, ethereal, eternal) nature of the anima, the quinta essentia, aqua permanens, tincture, or lapis philosophorum. This progression from the number 4 to 3 to 2 to 1 is the 'axiom of Maria…” from Jung, CW 16, p.207 (par.404). It is also the initiatory process of the four lower grades being recapitulated in the Adept grade as a reflection in Tiphareth of Kether. The point of individuation must be attained before the Angel can be attracted and yet at the same time, the Angel is the counter-point to that individuation.

[96] Stuart Kaufmann, *At Home in the Universe: The Search for the Laws of Self-Organisation and Complexity* (Oxford University Press, 1996). Fig. 3.3, p. 55.

[97] At about this time I was beginning to realise the psychological dangers of performing this Operation with its inevitable expectations and pressures. The esoteric dangers would then soon be faced and following that, the intense spiritual danger of pretence in the Operation.

[98] Throughout the working there was an almost complete synchronicity of events travelling back and forth through time. Most of these were obvious at the time, some took until years after the Angel to fully comprehend the scale of the synchronicity. If I were advising someone on whether it was the right time to perform the Operation (other than their obvious progress and state through the initiatory schema) I would certainly say that it would be obvious to them without any doubt due to the synchronicities leading up to the

commencement. The successful conclusion of the Abramelin Operation sends out ripples in every direction. It is hard to describe, but you already know if you have done it.

[99] A line from Yes, *Relayer* (1974), track 3, ‘To Be Over’:

After all, your soul will still surrender
After all, don't doubt your part
Be ready to be loved.

[100] The Tendai Monks or *Kaihigyo*, are a sect who practise an arduous 1000 day spiritual discipline involving running long distances (up to 84km per day in the final hundred days) and intense prayer and meditation. Only 46 men have completed the task since 1885. The practice concludes with the *Doiri*, a 7-day ordeal where one is not allowed food, drink or rest. During this time intense chanting and mantra are practiced without pause.

“The purpose of *doiri* is to bring the monk face-to-face with death. During this fast, the monks develop extraordinary powers of sense. They talk of being able to hear the ashes of incense sticks fall to the ground and, perhaps unsurprisingly, of the ability to smell food being prepared miles away.

Physiologists, who have examined the monks after conclusion of the rite, find many of the symptoms of a 'dead person'. Monks talk of experiencing a feeling of transparency where everything good, bad and neutral leaves their body and existence in itself is revealed in crystal clarity. Relatives of those who undergo this rite of passage talk of the difference that the seven days makes to those who undergo it. One remarked, ‘I always dismissed Buddhism as superstitious nonsense until I saw my brother step out of *Myo-o-do* [the name of the temple] after *doiri*. He was really a living Buddha’.”

See James Davies in the London Observer, *Tendai Marathon Monks: The Run of a Lifetime* http://www.howtobefit.com/tendai-marathon-monks.htm [last accessed 12th April 2011].

[101] “In this world there is no longer a ‘here’ or a ‘there’, or attachment; everything is infinitely equal and infinitely diverse, and action originates from itself, pure and hidden. The ‘wind’, the ‘breath’ (the Breath of the ‘Hermetic Great Green’) carries upon it everything

in the sense of a sacrifice, an offering, a luminous and marvelous ritual, among zones of an activity as calm as the deepest sleep and immobility as intense as the most vehement tornado.

Here that which is ‘human’ melts away as a dark memory of misery and as the spectre of a long nightmare. The Angel awakens, the Ancient Ice. Immobility and a vertiginously slow pace resolve every tension. This is the threshold and the transfiguration. Beyond it lies – the world of the eternal”.

Julias Evolva, ‘On the Magical View of Life’, in Richard Metzger (ed). *Book of Lies* (New York: Disinformation Company, 2003) p. 317.

[102] The calendar I was keeping with spent matches laid to one side after each lighting of the lamp.

[103] This would turn out to be the *Sukhavativyhua Sutra* or the Sutra on the Buddha of Eternal Life. Trans. F. Max Mueller, ed. Richard St. Clair.

[104] THE LARGER SUKHAVATIVYUHA SUTRA or *The Sutra on the Buddha of Eternal Life, t*ranslated from the Sanskrit by F. Max Mueller, edited by Richard St. Clair.

[105] Whilst a miracle may technically be a divine intervention which breaks “natural” law, in this case I refer to it as a wondrous event. I side with Spinoza in that miracles are perhaps simply manifestations for which we have not yet figured out the mechanism.

[106] The Mill building had a large attic some 30’ wide and the length of the entire building, to which a staircase led from the main apartment. It had a circular spoked window and a wooden door separating the two sides of the attic. When I walked up for the first time to see this attic, which was perfectly in accord with the requirements of the Abramelin working, there were two large bags of river sand in the doorway. The river sand is a required component of the final days of the Abramelin working.

[107] Nick Hornby, the popular author whose first book, *High Fidelity* (1995) has its protagonist constantly constructing “Top Five” lists of music, memorable break-ups, favourite films, etc.

[108] On the album *Timewind* (1975). If you have 28 minutes and 37 seconds of your life available, listen to this in an otherwise silent and dark room. Schulze also produced an album entitled *Tarot* in 1973 with Walter Wegmüller.

[109] Julian Jaynes, *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind* (Middlesex: Penguin, 1982). See particularly pp. 228-33, “In none of these depictions [8th-9th C Neo-Sumerian images] does the angel seem to be speaking or the human listening. It is a silent visual scene in which the auditory actuality of the earlier bicameral act is becoming a supposed and assumed silent relationship. It becomes what we would call mythological”.

[110] David Kherdian, *On A Spaceship with Beelzebub* (New York: Globe Press Books, 1991), particularly p. 123, “It was a strange feeling, a feeling like falling in love. It was a love that didn’t seem to be directed at anything, but rather as if it were something that was both swirling and growing inside of me. A connection had been made with God by the very act of my coming in touch with the innermost part of myself …”

[111] Angels are never foreshadowed, they are only ever forelighted.

[112] This message was something I returned to on many occasions over the After the Angel period of seven years. It is something of which I am now convinced. There is a war for our very souls being fought, and we must awaken to the obvious truth of our being in order to fight that war. As Nick Cave sings in *Hiding All Away* (2004):

Some of us we hide away
Some of us we don't
Some will live to love another day
And some of us won't
But we all know there is a law
And that law, it is love
And we all know there's a war coming

Coming from above
There is a war coming
There is a war coming.

[113] The influence of Information Technology on my life and this working cannot be understated. When I was working in Geneva, Switzerland in my early twenties, I was at a Bastille Day party overlooking the Lake one evening and I met an old friend from school, completely out of the blue. I was working on new multi-currency, multi-investment, multi-lingual banking systems and I asked him what he was doing. He told me he was working at CERN, which was literally underneath the village I was living at and he was assisting the development of something very exciting, something that linked together lots of research documents. Of course, he was working with Tim Berners-Lee and they were creating hypertext, in effect, the World Wide Web. It would not be for a few years that the impact of that work would change the entire world.

[114] Elias Gewurz, *The Hidden Treasures of the Qabalah* (1918).

[115] The "Everlasting Day" is a phrase I first came across on the tomb of the venerable Bede in Durham Cathedral. In a sculptured quotation reads the Latin of one of Bede's prayers which in translation is:

"Christ is the morning star
Who when the night
Of this world is past
Brings to his saints
The promise of
The light of life
& opens everlasting day."

The phrase also appears in Milton's *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* (1629) reading:

"He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay."

It is also the name of the esoteric Order I would later create to prepare people for the Abramelin Operation, the Order of Everlasting

Day, for after the golden dawn comes the everlasting day. See http://www.orderofeverlastingday.com for application requirements to this magical group dedicated to the pursuance of the Western Esoteric Initiatory System (WEIS).

[116] Domain Name Services, essential for getting VPN (Virtual Private Network) systems running on the internet.

[117] I was beginning to have lots of flashbacks and strong memory surges of events from my past, ranging from childhood, school and adult memories.

[118] Tomas S. Kepler, *Mystical Writings of Rulman Merswin* (Philadelphia: Westminster Press, n.d.). I cover the *Book of Nine Rocks* in my forthcoming *Western Esoteric Initiatory System*, particularly as an example of an overlooked initiatory schema within the Christian mystery tradition.

[119] By now, everything was entirely out of my hands. I was driving up the M6 motorway, having left my job at Weldbrox, although I had not yet informed them, with all my family's possessions in a delivery lorry, and my wife and son driving on ahead of me, to a Mill property by the river in Keswick we could not possibly afford to rent, having given notice and left our apartment in Hornby. At that point for a few hours we were literally penniless and on the road with no home nor job. As I approached Windemere, an hour out of Keswick, my mobile phone rang in the car and I answered it, to be told by CGB that they would like to offer me the job in the Lake District. The manager then asked me what the strange noise was she could hear in the background, and I replied that it was my cat meowing, in a basket on the car-seat because we were moving to Keswick. The manager asked me how I could possibly be moving already when I didn't know that I would be offered the job. I said I was taking a "bit of a risk". When looking back at this moment, it is impossible to state the complete switch I had made to the unseen current rather than any normal sensibility. It is also impossible to state the complete faith my family held in the Operation which could, had this not been the case, have destroyed our lives so totally and utterly. As Dion Fortune wryly notes, "The initiate lives gloriously because he lives

dangerously". Dion Fortune, *The Training and Work of an Initiate* (Wellingborough: Aquarian Press, 1986) p. 56.

[120] Annie Besant (ed.) *Bhagavid Gita.*

[121] Title from a short story by Harlan Ellison.

[122] John Debney, *The Passion of the Christ* (2004).

[123] Georges Huber, *My Angel Will Go Before You* (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 1995) p. 61.

[124] Castlerigg Stone Circle in Keswick, to which I would return often and at the end of this working on the final day.

[125] The relationship with L. would become a fundamental part of life After the Angel. That we were moved to live in the house next to a leading Astrologer and author was another event beyond the realms of coincidence but whose impact and integration would take many years following the Abramelin Operation.

[126] Daniel C. Matt, *God and the Big Bang: Discovering Harmony Between Science and Spirituality* (Woodstock: Jewish Lights Publishing, 2001) p. 130.

[127] Claude Bragdon, *Projective Ornament* (1915), see also http://www.fulltable.com/vts/g/geom/cb.htm [last accessed 14th April 2011].

[128] As was typical of the early Angelic communications, a small piece of condensed information would be imparted as a question or request to me, giving in this case a piece of work which would take at least five of the years After the Angel. The correspondence of the Abramelin Operation as a whole to the initiatory system is covered in the forthcoming *Western Esoteric Initiatory System*.

[129] This is now a location we walk to regularly and take visitors, calling it Faith Bridge.

[130] T. D. Wilson, *Strangers to Ourselves: Discovering the Adaptive Unconscious* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2002). Wilson's points about self-observation and self-narrative make much

sense of the early stages of the initiatory schema and Crowley's assertion that the only task of the Magician is to "interpret their magical diary".

[131] The work at CGB was a blessing. I was given as much freedom to work as I wished, the people were friendly, the company was good-willed and the workplace incredible. I was surrounded by wooden panels and fine pieces of art, piano music on occasion, and wildlife, particularly peacocks and ducks in whose company I spent most of my breaks and lunchtimes. A sauna and swimming pool allowed me to spend a lot of time in contemplation. In comparison to my previous job of six-months of hell, this was a miraculous condition. It also enabled me to complete the Abramelin with little or no disruption, although in the final days I took a lot of time from work which was due.

[132] Schulamit Elson, *Kabbalah of Prayer* (Great Barrington: Lindesfarme Books, 2004) p. 69. This chapter is also interesting on the nature of prayer to fill up the space between heaven and earth and attract the angelic realm. In suggesting that we create some of the angels ourselves by our actions, a constant vigil of prayer sets up a vibration which brings us to their attention, particularly as they are created in deed and word.

[133] Peter Gabriel, *Mercy Street* (1986):

> She pictures the broken glass, she pictures the steam
> She pictures a soul
> With no leak at the seam

[134] Beryl Pogson, *The Work Life* (York Beach:Weiser, 1994). Pogson was a student of Maurice Nicoll, himself a student of Gurdjieff. Whilst this book is a record of conversations about the Fourth Way work, it includes an interesting preliminary section of a system of five grades of progress corresponding to the seasons, and the five trees; Fir, Gorse, Heather. Poplar and Yew. Pogson goes on to explain that whilst one is in fear, rather than awe, the "Little I's" cause confusion and the Angel(s) cannot be heard.

[135] My Adeptus Minor (5=6) initiation of some seven years prior had taken place in Hermit's Cave in Derbyshire. Whilst it was a powerful initiatory rite (with a crucifix carved in the wall) it was a marker point of a simple realisation, one that had been building but not grasped for almost nine months prior. There are certain initiations that are simply the act of accepting and realising a certain state of awareness as primary over all other states. There are other grade initiations which have to be catalysed externally. The Abramelin Operation is a boot-strap ritual taking you outside of yourself as much as possible for the main climactic act to be fulfilled. However, that final act is dependent on Grace. This is the terror of faith.

[136] My main work for application into a particular esoteric Order when I was about 21 was a year-long Dream working. At the end of that period, my final dream involved a lecture in which I was directed to a biblical passage by chapter and verse. When I looked up the reference in the morning, on awakening, it was the verse directing the reader "not to foretell by dreams". There are two morals; one, we do not forget anything, and two, never let it be said that the Universe is not without a sense of irony and humour.

[137] Matthew Fox & Richard Sheldrake, *The Physics of Angels* (San Francisco: HarperCollins, 1996) p. 98, "It is part of a deep ecumenism of our time. Returning to an awareness of praying with the angels, and having the good angels assist us and standing up to the bad angels, this is a part of the pilgrimage we're making together as a species into our deepest spiritual wells and traditions".

Benjamin Libet, *Mind Time: The Temporal Factor in Consciousness* (London: Harvard University Press, 2004) is absolutely essential reading for understanding the paucity of knowledge applied to questions of free will, determinism, operant conditioning and the actual nature of our own volition. When Crowley stated "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law" in the future-tense (shall be) he had already uncovered this nature. As had Gurdjieff and Bennett when they asserted "Man can do nothing".

[138] *Abramelin*, p. 78

[139] It took almost seven years after the Angel to work with the Knowledge and Conversation and align my life to what I had experienced on this and subsequent days. When one receives initiation in this manner, there is no possibility of avoiding its impact and new gearing of life. To continue in old patterns becomes impossible, or downright destructive and plain hard work.

[140] Upon the silver plate appeared the two Hebrew letters for Cheth and Yod, *Chai*, meaning “living”. These were physical marks on the plate.

[141] See Questions and Answers for the exact nature of this experience and as described following in the journal.

[142] That the rest of the world entirely ceased is of no surprise during this miracle of intercession. As it is written in the Gnostic gospels, “At the hour of the Nativity, as Joseph looked up into the air, 'I saw', he says, 'the clouds astonished, and the fowls of the air stopping in the midst of their flight ... And I beheld the sheep dispersed ... and yet the sheep stood still; and I looked into a river, and saw the kids with their mouths close to the water, and touching it, but they did not drink”. *Protevangelion* (ascribed to James). Full text at http://www.gutenberg.org/dirs/etext04/fb02w11.txt [last accessed 4th April 2011].

[143] The John Ruskin Memorial at the shore of Derwentwater Lake, on which reads “The spirit of God is around you in the air that you breath + His Glory in the Light that you see and in the fruitfulness of its earth and the love of its creatures + He has written for you day by day his revelation + As he has granted you day by day his daily bread.” The ashes that were buried here were from the incense and oil remains from every day of the Operation which I had collected. At the time I did not know why, but on this day I was told they were the ashes of my former self. And it was indeed true and most certain; the person I was on this day was no longer the person that had commenced the Operation.

[144] The incense smoke rose and then, in a manner I have never seen before or since, was tied into a knot, which held its

position in the air for some time, defying any natural process I have ever experienced. This was a true miracle, and given so that I could see how the laws of the apparent were only true on one level.

[145] The Door now here refers to the physical door in the Oratory, the Christ, the Angel, and my own former consciousness. As Bonaventure quotes scripture; “Christ is the *way and the door*; Christ is the ladder and the vehicle, like the Mercy Seat placed above the ark of God, and the *mystery hidden from eternity*”. Bonaventure, *ibid*, p. 111.

[146] As these instructions will be unique to all, I do not give them here, save to note that I was writing down what I was being told, and the Angel was communicating in a form of English totally unlike my own normal language patterns. It is like receiving intense bursts of compact information that then had to be unzipped into thoughts and language. A typical communication was written down as “Trust. Of the Work. Trust. Enough that we are changed by what we do. Do that therefore which changes towards the light. Trust. Of this natural accord all things know the way. Trust.” The word “trust” was used as an opening and closing of every message. When written down, the text does not at all convey the nature of each word, which was suffused with additional layers of rich meaning. If normal human communication is bread, Angels speak with the honey of heaven.

[147] This is a prime characteristic of the successful K&C of the HGA. As *Abramelin* puts it, “My son, I shall now cease with my description of your Guardian Angel. I have passed you onto a teacher who will never let you err.” Dehn, *Abramelin*, p. 107. There is no doubt as to one’s purpose, errors and path following the conclusion of this Operation. There is no place left for fear, insecurity, or anxiety. There is no distraction, nor doubt, for there is no-one left to experience such things. The Angel is a coherent light of the soul in contact with itself, radiating outwards. There is no gap to mind when you get off at the final destination of the train that was yourself. It becomes self-evidently true that “ye shall know them by their fruits”. When operating from the K&C of the HGA, all things

become comparatively effortless and what is produced of that union blossoms outwards.

[148] Interstate 5 is here taken as a pun on intermediary state of awareness number 5, corresponding to Geburah on the Tree of Life.

[149] A line from Yes, *Relayer* (1974), the track ‘Gates of Delirium’:

Soon oh soon the light
Ours to shape for all time, ours the right
The sun will lead us
Our reason to be here.

[150] A line from Peter Gabriel, *1977* album, the track, ‘Here Comes the Flood’ :

When the flood calls
You have no home, you have no walls
In the thunder crash
You're a thousand minds, within a flash
Don't be afraid to cry at what you see
The actors gone, there's only you and me
And if we break before the dawn, they'll
use up what we used to be.

[151] 4Q405 23, *The Dead Sea Scrolls Translated*, Florentíno Garcia Matínez (Leiden: Brill, 1996)

[152] It is relevant that the K&C of the HGA is such an *excession*, which is described in Banks’ novel as an “Outside Context Problem” or elsewhere as “The Black Swan Theory” by Nassim Nicholas Taleb. In fact, when Banks introduces this term in the context of a society, he quips that it is the sort of event that “most civilizations would encounter just once, and which they tended to encounter rather in the same way a sentence encountered a full stop.” Exactly as an individual encounters the Holy Guardian Angel. For you, the you you think you are now, it is a full stop.

[153] In all my readings of Crowley’s original notes and diaries, it is this that comes out most from what is not often transmitted in the publication of the writings. There are numerous and consistent side-

notes and penciled notes stressing the import and difficulty of working without “lust of result”. In his teachings on sex magick, few get beyond the sexual component and their own reaction to it to realize that Crowley is specifically using the act to generate the more important state of “energized enthusiasm” to mitigate “lust of result”.

[154] http://www.tarosophy.com [last accessed 5th April 2011]