

THE CRY OF THE 25TH AETHYR WHICH IS CALLED VTI

There is nothing in the stone but the pale gold of the Rosy Cross.

Now there comes an Angel with bright wings, that is the Angel of the 25th Aire. And all the aire is a dark olive about him, like an alexandrite stone. He bears a pitcher or amphora. And now there comes another Angel upon a white horse, and yet again another Angel upon a black bull. And now there comes a lion and swallows the two latter angels up. The first angel goes to the lion and closes his mouth. And behind them are arrayed a great company of Angels with silver spears, like a forest. And the Angel says: Blow, all ye trumpets, for I will loose my hands from the mouth of the lion, and his roaring shall enkindle the worlds.

Then the trumpets blow, and the wind rises and whistles terribly. It is a blue wind with silver specks; and it blows through the whole Aethyr. But through it one perceives the lion, which has become as a raging flame.

And he roareth in an unknown tongue. But this is the interpretation thereof: Let the stars be burnt up in the fire of my nostrils! Let all the gods and the archangels and the angels and the spirits that are on the earth, and above the earth, and below the earth, that are in all the heavens and in all the hells, let them be as motes dancing in the beam of mine eye!

I am he that swalloweth up death and victory. I have slain the crowned goat, and drunk up the great sea. Like the ash of dried leaves the worlds are blown before me. Thou hast passed by me, and thou hast not known me. Woe unto thee, that I have not devoured thee altogether!

On my head is the crown, 419 rays far-darting. And my body is the body of the Snake, and my soul is the soul of the Crowned Child. Though an Angel in white robes leadeth me, who shall ride upon me but the Woman of Abominations? Who is the Beast? Am not I one more than he? In his hand is a sword that is a book. In his hand is a spear that is a cup of fornication. Upon his mouth is set the great and terrible seal. And he hath the secret of V. His ten horns spring from five points, and his eight heads are as the charioteer of the West. Thus doth the fire of the sun temper the spear of Mars, and thus shall he be worshipped, as the warrior lord of the sun. Yet in him is the woman that devoureth with her water all the fire of God.

Alas! my lord, thou art joined with him that knoweth not these things.

When shall the day come that men shall flock to this my gate, and fall into my furious throat, a whirlpool of fire? This is hell unquenchable, and all they shall be utterly consumed therein. Therefore is that asbestos unconsumable made pure.

Each of my teeth is a letter of the reverberating name. My tongue is a pillar of fire, and from the glands of my mouth arise four pillars of water. TAOTZEM is the name by which I am blasphemed. My name thou shalt not know, lest thou pronounce it and pass by.

And now the Angel comes forward again and closes his mouth.

All this time heavy blows have been raining upon me from invisible angels, so that I am weighed down as with a burden greater than the world. I am altogether crushed. Great mill-stones are hurled out of heaven upon me. I am trying to crawl to the lion, and the ground is covered with sharp knives. I cut myself at every inch.

And the voice comes: Why art thou there who art here? Hast thou not the sign of the number, and the seal of the name, and the ring of the eye? Thou wilt not.

And I answered and said: I am a creature of earth, and ye would have me swim.

And the voice said: Thy fear is known; thine ignorance is known; thy weakness is known; but thou art nothing in this matter. Shall the grain which is cast into the earth by the hand of the sower debate within itself, saying, am I oats or barley? Bond-slave of the curse, we give nothing, we take all. Be thou content. That which thou art, thou art. Be content.

And now the lion passeth over through the Aethyr with the crowned beast upon his back, and the tail of the lion goes on instead of stopping, and on each hair of the tail is something or other—sometimes a little house, sometimes a planet, at other times a town. Then there is a great plain with soldiers fighting upon it, and an enormously high mountain carved into a thousand temples, and more houses and fields and trees, and great cities with wonderful buildings in them, statues and columns and public buildings generally. This goes on and on and on and on and on and on and on—*all on the hairs of this lion's tail.*

And then there is the tuft of his tail, which is like a comet, but the head is a new universe, and each hair streaming away from it is a Milky Way.

And then there is a pale stern figure, enormous, enormous, bigger than all that universe is, in silver armour, with a sword and a pair of balances. That is only vague. All has gone into stone-gray, blank.

There is nothing.

AIN EL HAJEL.

November 25, 1909. 8:40-9:40 P.M.

(There were two voices in all this Cry, one behind the other—or, one was the speech, and the other the meaning. And the voice that was the speech was simply a roaring, one tremendous noise, like a mixture of thunder and waterfalls and wild beasts and bands and artillery. And yet it was articulate, though I cannot tell you what a single word was. But the meaning of the voice—the second voice—was quite silent, and put the ideas directly into the brain of the Seer, as if by touch. It is not certain whether the millstones and the sword strokes that rained upon him were not these very sounds and ideas.)