

PAN WAS EVER PAN

A COMMENTARY UPON THE FIRST SIXTY-FIVE VERSES
OF

LIBER CORDIS CINCTI SERPENTE

VEL

LXV

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ADORNED IN EXCESS

With A New Interpretation of The Original Text
As Well As Further Elucidation

Upon The Statements of The First Commentary

AND ALSO

RUMINATIONS ON A POTENTIAL FUTURE POLYTICK

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL HVMANKIND

WRITTEN BY

An Agèd & Deleuzian Bastardisation

OF

THE MOST HVMBLE & SOVEREIGN

Hailey Lynch-Bastion

CALLED

True Mayor of Grand Rapids, Quing of Camel Head, Master Leonard, Vicarius
Filii Dei, Ambassador of True Religion, Head Bitch of Dark Times, The One With
The Beautiful Hair, The Great White Goat, IO Pan Blanca, The Galactic Critic,
First of The Caucus of Caucus, Lion of the Camel, Foremost of the Women,
Consort of the Two Ladies, One Lord of Hyena Dynasty,
& Rex Nemorensis Mirai.



*dedicated especially to Ein Niko Lynch-Bastion, R.I.P.;
may your kisses endure as crushed glass in honey, eternal.*

21° ⇄ ⊙ 05° ⇄ ☽

An Vvi



Introduction To The Second Edition

Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole of The Law.

I.

When first beginning my Probationer's task of providing exegesis upon a chapter of *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente*, I was, as I am now, living deep upon a mountain in Northern California. At the time, my resources were limited; as regards texts, I had brought only *Liber 777*, *Liber ABA*, Crowley's translation of *The Tao Te Ching*, & *The Book of The Law* - my copy of *Liber Cordis* was a PDF file saved to my phone, and my internet access was limited to one hour a day, twice a week. Therefore, when I began my original commentary on this chapter, I decided my method should and *could only be* simple: to jot down first impressions while attempting to memorise the text.

While this did yield some little fruit - most palatable amongst them, my qabalistic analysis of verse 52 - it did a poor job exploring the breadth & wealth of meaning made available from plumbing the depths of these verses. a fledgling in this, our Order, I assume that not much is expected of me; perhaps just a showing that I have some conception of the Law, a general comprehension of metaphysics, and enough dedication to memorise a ten-minute diatribe. However, the bare-bones nature of the effort exerted bothered me to Hell (they've the coziest church) and back.

Now, I return at the eleventh hour with a bucket & mop, to spray dirty water all over writer & reader, as an act of Sacred Desecration.

II.

In the baker's year that has elapsed since the Original Sin of my dismal dissection, a not insignificant number of capital e Events have occurred on (this bitch of an) Earth, at a rate that seems to be exponentially accelerating, leaving half of Humanity wallowing through a quagmire of Sartre's Nausea, and the other half cocking their pistols due to an affliction of Camus' Befuddling Heat.

Watching this state of CHAOS unfold with an Hawk's Eye, I saw that the prevailing Ideologies of Capitalism and Centrism, in particular in its insistence on reaching across the aisle in 'Compromise' - as well as its opposite, the reactionary tactics increasingly adopted by those who enscribe value on the surface of the Zeitgeist - are largely the driving forces behind the ongoing Neo-Apokalypsis, live in HD.

In fact, the widely-perceived, hollow disconnect of life in the acid of the all-consuming stomach of Capitalism, forever barbarically transmuted the brief relief of sustenance into the

fuel of the shit-producing machine, can be quite aptly summated by an inverse interpretation of the classic Crowley quote: "Nothingness with twinkles...but *what* twinkles!"

III.

My all-encompassing (and well hidden) amour for my fellow Man (matched only by my absolute apathy as regards their well-being - bastards, the lot!) had led to much contemplation of political matters, and it seems to me that what is needed is a radically new type of Nation, founded upon a New Law. Mashaiwass, we have already been blessed with this foundation, found in *The Book of The Law*, codified in *Liber OZ*, and expounded upon in *Liber Aleph*, amongst other texts interspersed throughout the Thelemic canon - but how to foster such an extreme shift in Ideology?

I began with theory; philosophical & psychoanalytic treatises upon the nature of politics became *la libres du jour*, weekly appearing on my doorstep & daily in my search history. Sankara & Slavoj became dear friends with whom I freely exchanged ideas; Deleuze & Guattari became unforgiving teachers, with Gilles in particular taking the (oft confounding) lead. My education did not stop there, taking into account the histories of marginalised peoples as told firsthand, in particular the work of Cedric J. Robinson & Noel Ignatiev. I wanted to understand the '*actual*' formation of the capitalist superstructure, to see the massive web of causality that Chinese finger-trapped us into a struggle with the greatest enemy mankind has faced thus far: Itself, inverted in a funhouse mirror, stripped of its lustre and deprived of its natural, wholesome perversions.

IV.

So this year, when it came time to head back up to the cliffs where I knew the journey of this essay would end, I packed quite differently.

I brought the Holy Books of Thelema + *Liber Aleph*, *The Holy Quran*, & a few post-Marxist texts, and that's it - no 777, no *ABA*, just me & whatever new data I'd synthesised over the last year. The situation up here is different as well; I now have what is essentially unfettered access to the internet, slow as it may be, and a loose schedule that allows me to put emphasis on my scholarly & magickal works. This freedom has helped me to come to a comprehension of a most crucial method of exegesis: intentional misinterpretation.

V.

The main non-physical (research-based) hindrance, while interpreting LXV cap I for the first time, was a locust swarm of obsession over 'what was meant' by Adonai / Crowley. I worried - I must interpret correctly! The interpretations must be cogent with any symbolism used in the other four chapters! Half of these words are made up, you madman! That's not even a real tense!

The blatant bastardisation of philosophical texts by Deleuze - *enculage* - was the key to escaping the misery of that desolate chambre; the jiggle of the handle was Zizek's Hegelian reversals, accompanied by a sniff. A similar concept is to be found in Crowley's section on

nursery rhymes in *ABA* - true poetry, as well as the sublimest forms of prose, can always be interpreted in a near infinite number of ways.

I realised that in order to let the text breathe, as it were, I needed to stop sifting through sand searching for ruins, and begin as a boa, constricting my catch to the confines of Clear Concept.

VI.

This, finally, ejaculates us into the cumsock of the present, and allows me to state clearly the two main lines of thought in this accursèd, overly thorough commentary:

- 1.) The Magico-Mystic, as befits a Holy Book.
- 2.) The Philo-Political, as is my Will.

These are, of course, connected by the use & development of Psychology, and mixed & paired in every possible manner.

Frankly, the way in which I weave between these frames of reference is, how you say, less reminiscent of the weave in an artisanal (lol art-is-anal *looooooool*)¹ basket than it is the sort of punched-in, baked clay ball a child calls a mug and gifts to their father as an apology for having been born - but the love of the burgeoning artist for their craft is, inshaiwass, palpable.

It must be made clear that this work is not an attempt to state definitively the methods of *Polytick* (for a definition, see Appendix I), but is rather a way for me to sort out my thoughts, in order that I may be so bold as to present my plan proper in a future work dedicated solely to that purpose.

Love Is The Law, Love Under Will.

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VAGUS

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¹ In case the subtleties of my humour elude the reader, I shall explain the joke. You see, I was using the word 'artisanal' as an adjective in the sentence, but in fact the word can be divided into not one, not two, but *three other words*. These words are *art*, *is*, and *anal*. Reading it as such makes it sound like you are saying, "art is anal!" That is absolutely hilarious, because anal is a reference to the butt, but also to butt sex - which is in itself a raucous concept, because the anus is where poop comes from. We all know, of course, that fecal matter is funny, so it is clear how my statement was a riot. Very, very funny Hailey. Wow.

Introduction To The Third Edition

THE COMMENTARIES

I.

**I am the heart, and the snake is entwined
About the invisible core of my mind.**

*The HGA states its relation to Tiphareth & references the snake that winds amongst the Navitoth.
This snake, of course, symbolises much more than just ascent up the branches of the tree.*



For example, the order in which its body hits the paths is the order in which the Initiate is said to work up the tree, and these paths (as well as the sephiroth) can only truly be understood in relation to one another. The snake is therefore the combined force of having mastered all twenty-two paths, restricting the mind to the execution of that totality's sum meaning.

**Rise, O my snake, it is now the hour
Of the hooded & holy ineffable flower.**

The serpent is now associated with kundalini energy rising, as well as the marriage of lingam & yoni that is the symbol of Tiphareth's androgynic unity.



Furthermore, this union is as a Samadhi, and of the generative archetypes, represented by Chokmah & Binah.

We must also remember, especially in this introductory poem soaked in the waters of a myriad Egyptian gods, that there is a particular god-serpent of CHAOS weaving its way around the mind & world - Apophis The Destroyer.

**Rise, O my snake, into brilliance of bloom
On the corpse of Osiris afloat in his tomb.**

Both a reference to the beauty of birth from death and a comment on the ending of the aeon of the dying gods.

If I state the obvious, that Osiris is an Egyptian god, etc. etc., is that patronising? It seems easier for me to just...not.



Real solid effort there, Hairy Bitch-Napkin, truly astounding - especially in light of the egregious failure of mythology below.

**O heart of my mother, my sister, my own
Thou art given to Nile, to the terror Typhon.**

Nuit, Isis, and Osiris respectively. One must be willing to sacrifice everything (although, "one speck"). Typhon is the Greek equivalent of Seth, a serpent of chaos - or rather, Chaos itself.



Come one, come all! Step right up and see our Freaks - a premium display of my self-torment!!

True, I could simply change the comment and nobody would ever know I conflated Set with Apophis, and the rotation of the Amduat could carry on unimpeded by the news of my grave error, but alas; I have too much integrity. Like a bloody redwood, I am.

Throw thine tomatoes, land of Khem, for I tire of roots.

When I stated, "sacrifice anything," I was far too vague.² I should rather have said, "sacrifice the totality of their being, including their desire to sacrifice." However, it seems to me now that this and the following three lines are in fact advocating for the *controlled use* of CHAOS, not

² For some reason the emoji that pops up when I type *vague* is a triple crested wave. I suppose they have similar letters, vague & wave. The emoji isn't Pacific enough.

referring to the act of submission on behalf of the Aspirant unto BABALON. Becoming a power bottom for The Lord comes later~

A final note on the mote: it can safely be called kin to the drop of blood that fell from Isaac's neck when Abraham pressed the dagger to his throat.

**Ah me! But the glory of ravening storm
Enswathes thee and wraps thee in frenzy of form.**

HGA begins to associate as identical w/ the serpent; beseeches a submission to the destruction of self lest the hunger for Power undo one - the typical caution tape of the Yogis.



I will say, I have occasionally felt some Holy Schadenfreude while watching the CHAOS unfolding as of late, and this plague has definitely helped bind me to my Will. Mostly the latter, I'm not a monster.³

**Be still, O my soul, that the spell may dissolve
As the wands are upraised and the æons revolve.**

More of the same, although this speaks of the promise of freedom The Law gives us.



Also, this line can be interpreted as a reference to performance of Asana - 'be still that *the spell may dissolve*' alludes to the reason we practice Asana to begin with: that consciousness of the body falls away, and ceases to distract us from our Work.

³ Don't quote me on that.

We can also see in this line a link to v.s XIII - XVI, in which we look for an answer to the question, "What to do?"

Be still may very well be the answer we are searching for.

Hereafter, this line shall be referred to as *l. VI*.

**Behold! In my beauty how joyous thou art
O snake that caresses the crown of my heart.**

Tiphareth & Kether.



The Sun makes it sexy.

"Hips & Nips." - Cricket

**Behold! We are one, and the tempest of years
Goes down to the dusk and the beetle appears.**

Union with the HGA - the beetle is Khephra, the midnight sun hidden. Verses 18-21 speak clearly of the meaning.



I've begun to suspect some different meaning is hidden here, but as to what I am not sure.

There's a certain jay-nay say-kwah I can't put my toesies on.

**O beetle! The drone of thy dolorous note
Be ever the trance of this tremulous throat!**

Perhaps to speak in 'the language of the night,' as it were. Verses XVIII - XXI again refer to this.



AUGMN. I'm not sure what I meant by *language of the night*, but I may hazard a guess: I loathe the term *shadow work*, as it smacks of Denver Socialite, *We Are The Daughters of The Witches You Didn't Burn* ass, milquetoast moms with an expansive tea collection and a book by Ram Dass on the shelf.

**I await the awaking! The summons on high!
From the Lord Adonai, from the Lord Adonai.**

The aspirant inflamed with prayer, or the HGA denoting themselves as such.



Ever read Philip K. Dick's Exegesis, and/or about how V.A.L.I.S. (ostensibly Dick's HGA) would send a pink beam down from space and into his face?

Extremely fascinating case, I can't recommend it's study highly enough. I myself need obtain a new copy, for it was lost to a Denver Socialite, *We Are The Daughters of The Witches You Didn't Burn* ass, milquetoast mom with an expansive tea collection and a book by Ram Dass on the shelf.

To be fair, it wasn't the *only* book.

II.

Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V., saying: There must ever be division in the word.

Clarified by the next verse.



I thoroughly enjoy saying ‘veeveeveeveevee,’ issa bloody riot. I giggle.

III.

For the colours are many, but the light is one.

Similar to the Quran; “to every community we have sent a book,” which was the impetus for the Sufis to roam the world seeking the Truth in all Holy texts.



A few years ago, I came across a study wherein it was determined that one’s perception of colour & their differentiation is both cultural and lingual, *e.g.* there is a tribe in Africa (there’s *always* a tribe in Africa) that has only one word for the colours red, yellow, and orange, as well as all the shades & mixtures in between; their eyes cannot discern the difference between them whatsoever.

A more relevant example: In the mainstream Western capitalist social structure, the yoni-holders tend to be taught a wide array of shades and colours from a very young age; to notice the minutest of differences & to memorize their names and values. Meanwhile, the nuances of colour for lingam-swingers begin and end with ROY G BIV in the current school system. Therefore, when you walk past the man with the Detroit Lions jersey and pizza bagel stained sweatpants arguing with either his girlfriend or his mother about whether the eggshell palate is different from the creme, you may reassure her that he in fact *cannot* tell the difference, and should maybe be sent to some sort of Van Gogh Gulag, where he may hopefully gain the skills to one day point at a bit of wood and say, “that there’s a chestnut brown.”

Applying this to the Abrahamic religions, we can see one reason why Muslims, who memorize the 99 names of Allah, have such an intimate & powerful relationship with Him, and why the majority of Christians (especially here in The Bottomless Pit that is Midwest America) have such a two-dimensional understanding of their Lord. They call Him either GOD or Father,

and that is it; no more questions thank you very much, I've a torch to burn at midnight and I really can't miss it.

Judaism, who's G-D seems to be less one god with multiple aspects than multiple gods shoved into a trenchcoat, shares the level of intimacy & power in the relationship between man, deity, and culture that Islam has, but includes a polytheistic subtext of concern over unstable, capricious deities.

IV.

Therefore thou writest that which is of mother of emerald, and of lapis-lazuli, and of turquoise, and of alexandrite.

Mother-of-emerald is a distinctly egyptian phrase; lapis-lazuli is referred to Kaph on the tree & is said to be present in the palace referred to in Legis 1:51. Turquoise is Chokmah; alexandrite is associated with Vav.



V.

Another writeth the words of topaz, and of deep amethyst, and of gray sapphire, and of deep sapphire with a tinge as of blood.

Topaz is referred to Tiphareth, but also to Aleph & Heh. Amber is associated with Zain. i cannot make any serious guesses as to the sapphires beyond referencing Binah & Chesed...perhaps I should be looking at the colour scales.



VI.

Therefore do ye fret yourselves because of this.

Squabbles between faiths, dogma, holy wars, etc.



Verses IV - VI:

As elucidated by Verses IX & X, it suggests that all True Religious Experiences (and the subsequent religions that blossom in the dung of the various Gnosisises), while differing in the particulars, all share a commonality. Again, *The Holy Quran* suggests this, but slightly more pertinent to us as Thelemites is Part I of *Liber ABA*, wherein That Terrifying Purveyor of The Dark Artes dissects, if I recall correctly, four cases of Gnosis, and attempts to find the common thread.

This link was found to be a particular retirement from the world, but the action of *le fil* is in essence described by the main text of the upcoming ninth verse.

VII.

Be not contented with the image.

Seek ever to expand your definition of the universe, and therefore yourself.



As regards the Aspirant, fresh & green as the first blessings of Astará. We should first note here that 'image' is lowercase in this verse, while in the verse immediately following, it is twice capitalised. This suggests a lack of authority & complexity in the apprehension of the lowercase image (*par exemple*, my aside regarding the Abrahamic religions in my commentary for the third verse) that must be overcome.

One must have a thirst for a dEePeR cOmPrEhEnSiOn Of ThE uNiVeRsE (generally jump-started by that pitiful slogan of the CIA gun-runners, Existence Is Sorrow) and aim to achieve a true union with the Godhead.

VIII.

I who am the Image of an Image say this.

The HGA is the midway between the macrocosm & microcosm.



In Mysticism & Qabalah, we say that through metaphor we drape veils over that which cannot be seen, in order that we may come to a closer comprehension of IT. The closest Image we can get to IT is the concept of Kether, which in itself is said to be so nebulous as to be incomprehensible to all, save alleged Ipsissmusseses.⁴ However, down the middle pillar we find Tiphareth, wherein is the union of That Which Is Above with That Which Is Below, and wherein resides a reflection of the Image, the Holy Guardian Angel. Eliphas Levi's drawing of the hexagram as a man over water is relevant enough here to be worthy of mention.

IX.

Debate not of the image, saying Beyond! Beyond!

To restrict your definition of Divinity by the rejection of Aspects is absurd. By virtue of existing within the universe - or more specifically, Nature as conceived of as an Earthly phenomenon - it is in itself Nature, and therefore Holy.



Also honestly, the whole "convert not, talk not overmuch" line from The Bottle is absolute flames, ONE HUNDRED EMOJI. A fantastic example:

My fiance once had a partner who was known in particular for both

- a. screaming at strangers with Ichthys necklaces at cafes, and
- b. haranguing old black women out of their wheelchairs for wearing silver cross earrings.

⁴ Lookin' atchu, David Griffin™.

This same person, once I had whisked C. away from their fiendish & rapacious fingers, attempted to attack us through a locked front door via magickal methods - a term I use very lightly, as said methods mostly boiled down to repeatedly performing the sign of the enterer and yelling at me all accusatory-like, "You call yourself a Thelemite?" I do call myself a Thelemite, but my then-roommate, a master of the most sublime techniques of practical magick, called the police.

One mounteth unto the Crown by the moon and by the Sun, and by the arrow, and by the Foundation, and by the dark home of the stars from the black earth.

Divinity is revealed and received through a myriad of aspects. This verse refers to Kether, Tiphareth, the path of Samekh (although if I recall this may have more to do with one of the aethyrs from Vision & The Voice,⁵ I remember not which), Yesod, and Da'ath (as the Ordeal of The Abyss).



X.

Not otherwise may ye reach unto the smooth point.



While the various Mystico-Religious systems are ostensibly clothed with different flesh, the skeleton of Attainment underneath is always the same.

This line can also be read as an admonishment toward

⁵ Speaking of, I ordered an exquisite copy from H.F.B.C. rather many months ago, and have still not received it, nor heard a word in response to my manager's inquiries. Rumor has it that dirty, thin-lipped bastard Billy Breeze sued the purveyor into The Æon of Maat for daring to tread upon Sacred Copyrights.

a.) Frater Achad, who as we all know claimed Magister Templi after but a year of the Work, and whom failed to pour out his blood in the cup of BABALON, thereby becoming a black brother, and

b.) The Leg of The Crow himself, for wanting so badly to believe his system was efficient enough as to allow One to bypass any number of steps in the Work. It would take a truly extraordinary person to do so - and I am not sure that A.C. himself would even be capable of such a feat.

XI.

Nor is it fitting for the cobbler to prate of the Royal matter. O cobbler! Mend me this shoe, that i may walk. O king! If I be thy son, let us speak of the Embassy to the King thy Brother.

Every man and every woman is a star - each with its own orbit. Some wills are fulfilled by something as 'simple' as repairing footwear, some with the intricacies of rule. Confuse not the planes.



From the pinko perspective, every person is equal (by which is meant of the same value to the socius, not personally - cunts will be cunts, in perpetuity) regardless of role. Furthermore, in my proposed Thelemic Communist system, there is room for the exceptional to grow into themselves, and flourish without encroaching on each other, while also working together & with people of what, in capitalist society, is considered lower standing; let us remember, *a king may be disguised as a beggar*, but not vice versa.

Naturally, another line from The Bottle, "*as brothers fight thee*," comes to mind as well, and is worth contemplating in regard to political maneuvering.⁶

⁶ I'm not going to elaborate on this as I was planning to, due to the compromise I came to on the cup-n-string with Sirocco.

XII.

**Then was there silence. Speech had done with us awhile.
There is a light so strenuous that it is not perceived as light.**

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XIII.

Wolf's bane is not so sharp as steel; yet it pierceth the body more subtly.

To know the type & amount of force to apply to any given situation is heavily expounded upon in the postulates of Liber ABA, Part II: Magick In Theory.



As well known by communists of all creeds, centrist & liberal incrementalism is an ineffective, status-quo maintaining non-solution. However, the explosive potential of the well-established tactics of Direct Action are already anticipated by the False State. We need only look at the paramilitary equipment donned by our pEaCe OfFiCeRs at peaceful protests, and at the automatic weapons in the hands of the right wing counter-protestors; in conjunction with the amiability & lack of accountability the two groups share, it becomes clear that we are effectively blocked from pursuing traditional means of Revolution by the prospect of untold amounts of bloodshed - bloodshed that would destroy the very community people tend to found their desire for socialism upon.

We have here three problems:

- 1.) How to properly initiate & perpetuate the revolutionary-machine which produces altruism-desiring by

- 2.) Strengthening and expanding the people's individual webs of social structure to an ever increasing radius, with emphasis on international community, and
- 3.) How to harness the original value of Direct Action and transmute it into a method that will not be fought with conventional weaponry, and therefore cannot be overcome by the False State with brute force.

So, what to do? Or rather, as the specifics of the answer to that question are quite massive, and shall be dispersed in fragments throughout this & future texts⁷, we should move that line of thought to the side for now and ask: *how* to do?

XIV.

Even as evil kisses corrupt the blood, so do my words devour the spirit of man.

The spirit of man is destroyed and reborn purified & holy; the deaths cannot be avoided. In fact, due to the dis-ease of v. XV, they are yearned for. The Lover desires annihilation in the Union with the Beloved.



XV.

I breathe, and there is infinite dis-ease in the spirit.

As above. Shin as the Holy Spirit.



So - how to do it?

⁷ The completion of this commentary will herald the beginning of an earnest endeavour to produce a short volume wherein, Inshaiwass, I may leave my solution sitting secret in plain sight.

EDITOR'S NOTE: as of the third edition, the proposed text has been produced in a rough draft, and is included with this essay as Appendices A & B

The common Revolutionary (and here we may remember Crowley's biting words in *Liber CXI*, "Revolutionary? Ha! Say you so?") believes adamantly that a violent uprising of the Proletariat against the Upper Classes is not only inevitable, but the only way in which large-scale societal change can occur. While I, in principle, agree with these basic tenets, it is clear to me that after the initial burst of energy, the Vehicles of Change lack a foundation upon which to reside. It is true that they always say, "oh, this was bound to happen, we were displeased for so long," but it is as a boiling pot of water, these bubbles of rage .

Once one's Nephesh (or, as the common catgirl would call it, the Id) has been satisfied with its outburst - like a child - it goes back to sleep until the heat awakens frustration again, and again, and again. But what happens when the water boils itself out? The Id is suppressed nigh eternally, the Soul has no base to connect to, and the spiritual potency of the populace dies. Even when, as in the case of Burkina Faso, so much is done right, and vast amounts of benefit are brought to the Nation's people (especially their rural communities, godam godam), there is no True Mutual Foundation upon which to rest, and thereby even mostly-democratically elected communists & their parties receive the vomit of the blicky.

To attempt placement of a New System upon a foundation of *Mécontent*⁸ is to inevitably join the Kings of Edom (now working under the name of The United Nations) in their Qliphotic malcontent; worse, to do nothing leads to ghoulish travesties - affronts to Allah & mankind alike - The first to come to mind, Donald Trump & the Alt-Right. In the magick world we have Billy "Women Love Me" Breeze and his ilk; and although the least dangerous of these cowards, the most egregiously aggravating, David "Ditch The Dog" Griffin.

If we haven't lost the Orthodox Marxists by now, let us lop off any remaining limbs of support by stating unequivocally that Marx acted & theorized foolishly unaware of the depths of the dialectic, and his children's imitated short-sightedness has been the cause of failure in all otherwise successful Revolutions since.

This reduction of "History" to an atheist tug-of-war between diabetic primary school students over the rattle of nickels eliminates the critical role that mythologism-production continues play

⁸ The term is an idiosyncratic coinage roughly meaning 'spiritually distraught, full of fear for the Other'. For a more thorough definition of *Mécontent*, as well as the several other bastardisations I've nurtured under my Lion's mane, please see Appendix A.

in informing culture (and *vice versa*) - as well as the work of nearly all psychoanalysts since time *immémoriaux* - from the analysis, leaving their views & tactics woefully debilitated.

So, what if we were to make our Yesod one of unity with *Le La Contendii*⁹? To even attempt such an endeavour would require a thorough yet subtle (under)mining & transmutation of *L'école de Mécontent*¹⁰, and yet this formula itself is the entire plot, process, and result of my future Ordeal.

XVI.

**As an acid eats into steel, as a cancer that utterly corrupts the body; so am I unto the spirit
of man.**

More of the same from the previous two verses.



There is a spectre haunting *La Monde*: The Spectre of Capitalism.

This is not to say that Capitalism is The Spectre itself, although this is the general sensation one gets whilst contemplating *La Contendii Haros*; it is rather that the structures of power that bear down upon we urbanic-proles have found a fantastic foundation for filling citizens with secret fear & anxiety - the homeless egregore.

THE TRUE SPECTRE OF CAPITALISM

In order to recolonise Camelia¹¹, we must latch upon the dominant socius with an hundred myriad tendrils. Many of these tendrils exist already, smothered by a fear of ghosts, implanted by *L'école de Mécontent*. We are warned by the socius, every time we see a vagrant, that therein lies

⁹ Similar, but not analogous to, the 93 Current. *La Contendii Haros* can be considered the other side of the mœbius strip. Hit up Appendix A, the pages have words on them~

¹⁰ The nebulous web of Western Capitalist, Imperialist ideology that harangues us into submission, encroaching on the lands of even our most sacred temples, demanding worship. As always, Appendix A is your friend.

¹¹ = 93

our fate if we fail to submit - cast out, in the eyes of a ghastly God, grown of greed into a giant - excommunicated and kept separate from our peers. We teach ourselves dissociation from our Brothers & Sisters, in order to keep the horror of the truth from destroying the soul immediately. They are not even human anymore, Morrissey sees them all as Chinese; The West, in its quest to become an Absolute God (by which I mean its natural evolution towards an emancipation from the necessity of human belief as sustenance), has gone so far as to install brutalist spikes upon the ground in areas where the homeless are known to congregate.

XVII.

I shall not rest until I have dissolved it all.

The quest for the Graal is a dangerous can of Pringles, indeed.



Ah, the holy knuckle crack.

XVIII.

So also the light that is absorbed. One absorbs little, and is called white and glistening; one absorbs all and is called black.

Transcending the morality of our peers, inflicted upon us by the dictums of the 'upper echelon' of our societies, and annihilating the conception of duality re: 'good' v. 'bad', leads one to be viewed contemptuously enough. Quote the Tunisian Comment: "Those who discuss the contents of this book are to be shunned by all, as centres of pestilence."



(comment)

XIX.

Therefore, O my darling, art thou black.

Clear enough in light of the previous verses.



(comment: Thomas Sankara, solidarity with all marginalized peoples)¹²

XX.

O my beautiful, I have likened thee to a jet Nubian slave, a boy of melancholy eyes.

Legis I:XXVI; Crowley is referred to as the “prophet and slave”.

Legis II:LIII: “...I will hide thee in a mask of sorrow”.



XXI.

O the filthy one! the dog! they cry against thee.

Because thou art my beloved.

Further with II:LIII: “they that see thee shall fear thou art fallen: but I lift thee up.”



The common man tends to fight against the evolution of his species - it's rather heart-wrenching to witness.

¹² I find it humorous to leave the comment as is.

The security of movement developed from repeated assumption of *gei-contendii* tends to turn the person into a very specific type of magnet, repelling the common man in either disgust or blind admiration, and attracting those whom have the seed of the New Æon in their bellies. This verse displays the former, and the following displays the latter.

XXII.

Happy are they that praise thee; for they see thee with Mine eyes.

Chapter XXVII of The Equinox III:VIII, f.n. LXV: "The adept has become so absolutely natural that he appears unskillful. Ars est celare artem (Latin, it is art to conceal art). It is only he who has started on the Path that can divine how sublime is the Master."



XXIII.

Not aloud shall they praise thee; but in the night watch one shall steal close, and grip thee with the secret grip; another shall privily cast a crown of violets over thee; a third shall greatly dare, and press mad lips to thine.

Perhaps prophetic, perhaps an allusion to the three divisions of the A.:A.: - perhaps both, perhaps neither; definitely mysterious - it gives me the same pleasure as a Sherlock short.



I'm aware that Crowley wrote a commentary, but I've purposefully avoided all discussion of Liber LXV by any source during this time. I wonder whether he associated these lines with particular moments in his life at any point - with the completion of this text, I'll be able to discover for myself.

XXIV.

Yea! The night shall cover all, the night shall cover all.

Nothing, to me.



Laylah, to Crowley.

XXV.

Thou wast long seeking Me; thou didst run forward so fast I was unable to come up with thee.

O thou darling fool! what bitterness thou didst crown thy days withal.

A case of putting the cart before the horse and finding the results frustrated.



This verse hits me personally, as I'm sure it does most of us - searching for so long, it causes many of us to lose our way before we even find our footing.

XXVI.

Now I am with thee; I will never leave thy being.

XXVII.

For I am the soft sinuous one entwined about thee, heart of gold!

The HGA now identifies with the snake, as in v. I.



Union of the sperm & egg.

XXVIII.

**My head is jewelled with twelve stars; My body is white as milk of the stars; it is bright
with the blue of the abyss of stars invisible.**

*The grades of the A.:A.: From Neophyte to Ipsissimus, including Dominus Liminis & B.O.T.A.,
or perhaps from Probationer to Magus. The Great White Brotherhood; Nuit as Ain.*



I rather found some comparable lines in The Book of Splendours the other day, and being the common fool I am, I wrote them down not. I find my previous commentary on this verse to be so many shots in the dark.

XXIX.

I have found that which could not be found; I have found a vessel of quicksilver.

*Quicksilver is Mercury, which is the intellectual faculty - this line is illuminated by chapter LXX
of The Equinox III:VIII, v. I.*



The scribe is implied to be the vessel, able to put into words the ineffable. Which, I suppose, negates its ineffability, save for an interpretation wherein the scribe veils ineffability in symbols so powerfully & clear that even Billy Breeze, or my brother with a concussion, could squeeze valor from it.

XXX.

Thou shalt instruct thy servant in his ways, thou shalt speak often with him.

To put the Nephesh under the dominion of one's higher faculties, to eliminate all that is not sympathetic to one's Will. "Thou" seems to be the aforementioned vessel of quicksilver.

⋯→

XXXI.

(The scribe looketh upwards and crieth) Amen! Thou hast spoken it, Lord God!

The mystical equivalent of a DJ saying their name on a song. Like v. XII, l. III, it is a switch to a different tense.

⋯→

XXXII.

Further Adonai spake unto V.V.V.V.V. and said:

XXXIII.

Let us take our delight in the multitude of men!

**Let us shape unto ourselves a boat of mother-of-pearl from them, that we may ride upon
the river of Amrit!**

"The multitude of men" being one, as we die with every new thought; mother-of-pearl is the colour of Chokmah in the Vav scale, if I recall correctly; Amrit is the drink of immortality, Soma, masculine as Amrita is feminine.



Throughout the life-long preparation for the execution of my Will¹³, I have endeavoured to experience as many states-of-being as possible, by which I meant to encounter the experiential data of Pure Experience (a la Nishida's earliest works) in as wide a net of Life as possible. I am not quite sure how to phrase this; it is as if I have had many 'phases,' as parents with queer teens infuriatingly say, but I have not exited any of the phases; merely sublimated them in an ever-increasing pool of experience. These 'phases' are often ascribed moral qualities by the society which surrounds me, such as that I've been referred to as both a 'good' and 'bad' person, when in reality I am simply...Person.

XXXIV.

Thou seest yon petal of amaranth, blown by the wind from the low sweet brows of Hathor?

Amaranth is the plant of Chokmah; Hathor as the goddess of the Nile is Chesed. Furthermore, these two are connected by the path of Vav, which is Air, via Tetragrammaton.



Biologically speaking, Amaranth is an industrious crop harvested in late summer, even as suggested by *the low sweet brows of Hathor*. Seemingly contradictory in its Nature, it is a reliable source of both nutrition & carcinogens. This apparent oddity of properties is easily dissolved when considered in tandem with v. XIII & XXI - especially when we meditate upon the Major Arcana associated with these numbers. Respectively, they are *DEATH & THE UNIVERSE*, and the connection between them and the verses with which they share Romans will be readily apparent to all but the most destitute of magicians.

XXXV.

¹³ Still ongoing, of course - I am but a foetus on the knee of The Order.

(The Magister saw it and rejoiced in the beauty of it.) Listen!

vinyl scratch



Incidentally, v. XXXIV is my favourite of the chapter - it really does evoke a powerful & beautiful image.

XXXVI.

(From a certain world came an infinite wail.) That falling petal seemed to the little ones a wave to engulf their continent.

Of this Infinite Wail I know nothing, and if I did I would not say so, for fear of Ahab's ghost come harangue.



I think about this joke at least once a week in a congratulatory manner; of all my mediocre quips, this is the most mediocre (not to mention the most quip) of all.

XXXVII.

So they will reproach thy servant, saying: Who hath set thee to save us?

Heauxs mad.



Compare to 1 Samuel 10:27: "But the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him, and brought no presents. But he held his peace."

XXXVIII.

He will be sore distressed.

The mortal man aspect shall feel the emotions of the material realm, yes, but note the separation of the magister, scribe, & servant.



XXXIX.

All they understand not that thou and I are fashioning a boat of mother-of-pearl. We will sail down the river of Amrit even to the yew-groves of Yama, where we may rejoice exceedingly.

It is difficult for the layman to understand the lengths the aspirant is willing to go to in their quests - how many deaths they can and shall accrue; in the name of Unity does one desire to be truly whole...a big round sphere, circumference nowhere found.

Yama means "control"; the yew is attributed to the path of Tau, which leads from Malkuth to Yesod, and whose animal is the crocodile.

I suspect there may be a sex-magick interpretation, but I also laugh every time I hear somebody say Uranus¹⁴.



Head up, nose in the air at all that hinders your Will.

XL.

The joy of men shall be our silver gleam, their woe our blue gleam - all in the mother-of-pearl.

¹⁴ Hehehehehehehe your-anus lolololol

Differentiate not - "Let there be no difference made among you between any one thing and any other thing, for thereby there cometh hurt" - the aspects of the ship are as they are in order to function.



XLI.

(The scribe was wroth thereat. He spake:)

O Adonai and my master, I have borne the inkhorn and the pen without pay, in order that I might search this river of Amrit, and sail thereon as one of ye. This I demand for my fee, that I partake of the echo of your kisses.)

Remember in Men In Black, when Will Smith is all, "Eat me!" to the cockroach alien?



Damn, I'm funny.

XLII.

(And immediately it was granted unto him.)

Remember in Men In Black, when Will Smith is all, "Eat me!" to the cockroach alien, and then it eats him?



Seriously, I'm hilarious.

XLIII.

(Nay, but not therewith was he content. By an infinite abasement unto shame did he strive.

Then a voice:)

XLIV.

Thou strivest ever; even in thy yielding thou strivest to yield - and lo! Thou yieldest not.

The self that strives toward a Thing separates itself from that Thing, and sets up a division inscribed 'Not-Self'.



“Getting in your own damn way,” as Sirocco once said; as regards my previous commentary, I’d like to rephrase it - the self that strives *towards* God separates itself from God.¹⁵ To Quoteley¹⁶, “First you want to go *up*, then you want to go *in*?”

XLV.

Go thou unto the outermost places and subdue all things.

Map completely the psyche; love under will.



XLVI.

Subdue thy fear and thy disgust. Then - yield!

People are generally loath to admit themselves one with the person in their memories, committing acts they deem wrong, generating repression.

¹⁵ A common thought found throughout Sufism (of course not solely, but to me, most eloquently).

¹⁶ Quote Crowley.



Remember in Men In Black, when Will Smith is all, “Eat me!” to the cockroach alien, and then it eats him, but he had the Cricket the whole time, and blasts out of the bug belly?

XLVII.

There was a maiden who strayed among the corn, and sighed; then grew a new birth, a narcissus, and therein she forgot her sighing and her loneliness.

The brothers of the A. . A. . are women; the corn is the earthly realm, Malkuth; the implication is pride in one's manifested powers and 'being contented with the image'.



I find it interesting that the myth of Persephone didn't even pop up once in my original commentary, considering that this and the next verse are explicitly relevant, referencing Hades by name.

XLVIII.

Even instantly rode Hades heavily upon her, and ravished her away.

Failure to cross the abyss due to incomplete annihilation.



(comment about Iblis v. Mohammad in The Tawasin of Hallaj)¹⁷

¹⁷ As of the third edition, I shall leave these little blips of thought interspersed between actual effort. Pretend I'm only giving you a sliver to make you meditate upon it or something~

XLIX.

**(Then the scribe knew the narcissus in his heart; but because it came not to his lips,
therefore was he shamed and spake no more.)**

Unwilling to admit to an aspect of self yet knowing it to be one - this is a failure to yield as in verse 46. The final third of v. XLIX suggests that the awareness of this failure is in some respects a success, or at least the setting up for it.



L.

Adonai spake yet again with V.V.V.V.V. and said:

The earth is ripe for vintage; let us eat of her grapes, and be drunken thereon.

In one sense, a call of assimilation of the maiden & the narcissus; in another, the uniting of the macrocosm & microcosm and the resulting spiritual exaltation, as grapes & wine suggest Bacchus, Dionysus, Tiphareth. In a third sense, it suggests the joy of liberty expressed by the Thelemite in this, our Aeon of Horus.

It occurs to me that these three interpretations can be read as sequential events, and are therefore One.



CHILDREN of men, children OF men, children of MEN (* v = v +)

LI.

**And V.V.V.V.V. answered and said: O my lord, my dove, my excellent, how shall this word
seem unto the children of men?**

The answer and what is said are implied separate, suggesting that the answer was the eating of the grapes; “this word” can then be interpreted as both the word of the Aeon, THELEMA, as well as the text of Liber LXV.



It seems to me that the phrase ‘children of men’ can be interpreted in three different ways, depending on which word you take to be the essential within it. *Children* of men suggests literal offspring; children *of* men implies the man-child; children of *men* suggests the fruits of their labour.

LII.

And he answered him: Not as thou canst see. It is certain that every letter of this cipher hath some value; but who shall determine the value? For it varieth ever, according to the subtlety of Him that made it.

Ooh, puzzle time! Beginning with taking the first sentence as the cipher, I get to work. The rest of the verse suggests that how one interprets Thelema varies from person to person, essentially based on their aptitude for genius & psychological dispositions. Or something like that.



And He answered him:

“He” can be read as ךךך, as in Heh Final, glyph of the union of Nuit & Hadit, assigned to Malkuth on the Otz Chiim.

Transliterated into Hebrew:

AND ךךך

55 = the mystic number of Malkuth.

HE אה

$(6) + 55 = 61$, AIN = Nuit.

Alternately, read as HE אה

$(10) + 55 = 65 = Adonai$.

ANSWERED אנטואראד

323 = “long lost brother,” who in reference to Nuit is Geb, the Earth.

HIM אים

55 again. The bride, similar implications as Malkuth.

Not as thou canst see.

This sentence is the plainest hint we have as to the key. If we remember the correspondence of Nuit with AIN, Nothing (and how could one forget!), it is quite easy to read the sentence as “Nuit in manifestation”.

NOT אע

$520 = (52 \times 10) =$ This verse, verse 52, again manifested in the earthly realm.

AS אס

61 = AIN, Nuit

THOU אהעו

90 = TZADDI = The Emperor, in the New Aeon, but before that it was The Star, which is, of course, Nuit. This suggests a transition to me, or rather a transmission - this fishing hook cast by the ineffable and hooked into the head of a king, fortifying his rule; and through this rule, the fishing hook offers itself to his subjects, to lead them to The Law in due time.

CANST אנטסט

120 = BAAL, master = MeLIM, prophetic sayings. It does seem to me that from verse 50 out, the chapter turns to prophecy.

SEE NO

61 again, forgot what it means tho.

So again, we have the first line:

And He answered him: Not as thou canst see.

If we take the three capitalised letters, transliterated into Hebrew, we get the value 56, which, as ever, is Nuit. However, if we take “And” as the Hebrew prefix VAV, we get the value 61. Please don’t make me say it again, Hailey.

Therefore I (to a, personally, nigh annoying level) consistently find this line expresses “The manifestation of Nuit,” and I might express opinion that it prophesies a situation similar to what is expressed in the third chapter of *The Bottle* (CCXX).



A few final Qabalah Twists¹⁸:

The whole verse has 65 words (Adonai, ofc).

The first line has 70 strokes = Ayin, The Devil.

The first half of the line has a value of 439 = exilium, meaning exile / banishment. The banishing at the beginning of a ritual.

¹⁸ Sirocco recently called such overreaching stretches “Qablahblah,” and immediately didst this section draw itself forth from the murky depths to retweet with the caption GPOY.

If we write “see” as Samekh Aleph Aleph, the total value of the second half is 853 (an orchard). Subtracting from that the first half, 439, we get 414, AIN SOPH AUR, which is once again Nuit, reaching towards manifestation.

A final, large stretch: 323 is the area code for LA, which means Not = Nuit.



I had an absolute hoot working through that, I recall the memory fondly. In the ecstasy of discovery, of elucidation, of union.

LIII.

And He answered him: Have I not the key thereof?

I am clothed with the body of flesh; I am one with the Eternal and Omnipotent God.

This is cognate with my interpretation of the previous verse.



LIV.

Then said Adonai: Thou hast the Head of the Hawk, and thy Phallus is the Phallus of Asar.

Thou knowest the white, and thou knowest the black, and thou knowest that these are one.

But why seekest thou the knowledge of their equivalence?



It seems that I failed to consider this verse previously, or I paired it with v. LV; either way - Adonai states that ‘Thou’ are an amalgam, Horus-Osiris.

LV.

And he said: That my work may be right.

Work being Earthly Action, it is notable that this verse is numbered 55, the mystic number of Malkuth.



similar to *Qu'ran al-Baqarah 260* (google the quote)¹⁹

LVI.

And Adonai said: The strong brown reaper swept his swathe and rejoiced. The wise man counted his muscles, and pondered, and understood not, and was sad.

Reap thou, and rejoice!

“The wise man” cannot see the forest for the trees, burying himself in never-ending minutiae, terrified of mistakes in his art. A perfectionist to the point of debilitating neurosis.

The reaper, however, cuts down all and revels in its glory. As my pre-Thelemic high school philosophy would say, he’s Spring Break as fuck.

The final sentence can be read as both an imposition to harvest as the reaper does, and as instruction as to what to reap: Thou.



LVII.

Then was the Adept glad, and lifted his arm.

Lo! an earthquake, and plague, and terror on the earth!

A casting down of them that sate in high places; a famine upon the multitude!

¹⁹ “Google the quote,” was for me to elucidate, but now it’s for the reader! Yay, fragments!

The strong brown reaper; the falling petal - success in action. Sate can be read as both 'sat' and 'satisfied'.



One need only go to any given magick facebook page to find the Zamzam Well stuffed full of conspiracy theorists linking the current pandemic to all manner of mediocre events and subjective auspices. As for me, I care not whither comes the *raison d'être* for Covid-19 - I aim to use its momentum regardless, in collaboration with my compañeras.

LVIII.

And the grape fell ripe and rich into his mouth.

Union of macrocosm & microcosm; the fruits of labour.



The grape, mentioned at the start of this section (v. KFLFKF) is illuminated through the verses following.

LIX.

Stained is the purple of thy mouth, O brilliant one, with the white glory of the lips of Adonai.

Perhaps another allusion to union with the Higa, almost definitely also a cum reference.



LX.

**The foam of the grape is like the storm upon the sea; the ships tremble and shudder; the
shipmaster is afraid.**

*"...a wave to engulf their continent." - the shipmaster being them in high places of v. LVII, the
ships themselves being the nations of the world.*

In short, heauxs STAY shooketh.



LXI.

**That is thy drunkenness, O holy one, and the winds whirl away the soul of the scribe into
the happy haven.**

The drunkenness mentioned in v. L; the scribe findeth spiritual bliss.



(comment)

LXII.

**O Lord God! let the haven be cast down by the fury of the storm!
Let the foam of the grape tincture my soul with Thy light!**

To bring the aforementioned bliss to the earthly realm, to remain in union with the Higa.



(comment)

LXIII.

**Bacchus grew old, and was Silenus; Pan was ever Pan for ever and ever more throughout
the aeons.**

*In this context, Bacchus dulls his senses with 'intoxication of the outermost,' as it were, and
becomes a drunken Cioran, no longer able to revel in the delights of Life.*

*Pan stays jubilant, celebrating the world and its absurd beauty; His pleasure only increases as
time "goes on."*



LXIV.

Intoxicate the inmost, O my lover, not the outermost!

This may also be referred to v. XLV.



Similar to many Islamic sentiments; I am fortified in my fight against the fire-water, and the
steam of emittance.

LXV.

**So was it - ever the same! I have aimed at the peeled wand of my God, and I have hit; yea, I
have hit.**

The peeled wand being the workings & reasonings of Adonai laid bare.

Also, dicks.