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·Rite · of · Isis ·

Almost certainly by C Stansfeld Jones (Frank's ahead).  
You saw this copy recycled. Two pages of an  
early draft arrived with alterations and additions  
in the hands of Stansfeld Jones and Alister Gentry.

1/1/42

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early draft survive with alterations and additions  
in the hands of Stansfield Jones and Alice's family.

1/1/20

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A RITE OF ISIS

BEING A SIMPLE MAGICAL CEREMONY  
FOR PUBLIC USE.

' Sound, sistron, sound afer!  
Shine, shine, O Dawning Star!  
Flame, flame, O Meteor Car!  
Isis, Our Lady! '

A M E

The poems used in the Rite  
are by Aleister Crowley.

A R I T E O F I S I S

"Hail unto Isis! Hail! For  
She is the Lady of Life."

Operaticis personae.

MAGUS. White and gold robe and nemmes.  
ASSISTANT MAGUS. White robe and nemmes.  
MAGUS OF FIRE. Black robe, with red triangle  
upon the breast.  
SOROR LUNA, and a Musician.

In the East of the Temple is the Altar having upon it a statue of Isis and two candles, and above it a blue lamp burning. In the West is the Altar of Incense.

The station of the Magus is S. of the Altar, that of the Assistant Magus is N. of the Altar, and that of the Magus of Fire is W. of the Altar of Incense.

The Temple is dimly lighted.

(When all are assembled a simple melody is played, and during this the M.F. enters bearing a light, passes to the W., lights the candles and then leaves the Temple.)

At the conclusion of the music the Officers enter and pass to the E. The M. bears the wand, the A.M. the incense, and the M.F. the censer with charcoal burning. They stand W. of the Altar facing E. - the M. to the S., the A.M. to the N., and the M.F. in the centre, a little further W. The A.M. strikes upon the bell, and the ceremony opens with the cry of the Magus.)

1-1-1.

M. GLORIA DEO ALTISSIMO RA-HOOR-KHUIT.

(All kneel.)

M. KHAB AM PERIT.

A.M. KONX OM PAX.

M.F. LIGHT IN EXTENSION.

All repeat together:

ELY ART THOU, LORD OF THE UNIVERSE.

ELY, ALL HOLY, HUIF AND LADIT.

ELY ART THOU, LORD OF THE AEON.

(They rise. The M. and A.M. approach the M.F., the A.M. bearing the incense. The M. takes incense and throws it thrice upon the fire. The M.F. then takes the censer and carries it round the Temple, censuring the four quarters, and goes to his station, while the M. and A.M. go S. and N. of the Altar. The A.M. then strikes upon the bell, and the M. goes E. of the Altar, facing W.)

333-333-333.

M. Unity uttermost showed,  
I adore the might of thy breath,  
Supreme and terrible God  
Who makest the Gods and death  
To tremble before thee:  
I, I adore thee!

(The M. returns to his station.)

A.M. Brethren: Let us meditate upon the Supreme Unity; as it is written below the statue of Our Lady Isis.

(The Officers take their seats.)

' I am all that was, and that is, and that shall be;  
and no mortal hath lifted my veil. '

Here follows a few minutes silent meditation.

*del* [ M. Let us purify the Temple.

The A.M. performs the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram.

When this is done, the M.F. passes to the E. of the Temple and addresses those assembled.

M.F. Brethren:

In order that the purpose of the ceremony now about to take place may be made plain to all, I will read a brief explanation of Ecstasy written by Frater Perdurabo.

" ' There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign. '

so used some of us to sing in childhood, and we used to think of this land as far away, farther even than death that in those days seemed so far.

But I know this now: that land is not so far as my flesh is from my bones! it is even here and now.

If there is one cloud in this tranquil azure, it is this thought: that conscious beings exist who are not thus infinitely happy, masters of ecstasy.

There is nothing that you enjoy that I do not enjoy as much as you do; and I bear witness that nothing is worthy to be compared with ecstasy.

What is the path to this immortal land? To the Oriental, meditation offers the best path. To the Western, there is no road better than ceremonial. For ecstasy is caused by the sudden combination of two ideas, just as oxygen and hydrogen unite explosively.

But this religious ecstasy takes place in the highest centres of the human organism; it is the soul itself that is united to its God; and for this reason the rapture is more overpowering, the joy more lasting, and the resultant energy more pure and splendid than in aught earthly.

In ritual, therefore, we seek continually to unite the mind to some pure idea by an act of will. This we do again and again more and more passionately, with more and more determination, until at last the mind accepts the domination of the will, and rushes of its own accord toward the desired object. This surrender of the mind to its Lord gives the holy ecstasy which we seek.

Now in the ceremony we put the mind of the spectator in tune with the pure idea, say, of nature and love which we call Venus. If he becomes identified with this idea the union is one of ecstatic bliss, and its only imperfection is due to the fact that the idea in question, whatever it may be, is only partial. Ecstasy is therefore progressive. Gradually the adept unites himself with holier and higher ideas until he becomes one with the Universe itself. To him there is no more death; time and space are annihilated; nothing is, save the intense rapture that knows no change for ever. "

In the present ceremony any complete ritual is impossible, but we will endeavour to emphasize one idea, to bring it repeatedly before you, and in this way assist you to unite your minds with it; while you, for your part, must turn turn your minds to this idea and hold them fixed by the power of the will, cutting off all outside thoughts and using all your faculties to the one end of perfect concentration. The success of this ceremony to each of you individually will depend entirely upon this factor, so that it is impossible for me emphasize too strongly the necessity of each of you taking your part in the ceremony with the greatest earnestness, and concentrating your minds upon the one idea.

We will take as the central idea that aspect of the One expressed as Nature, Beauty, Compassion and Love. This idea has been symbolised in many ways. In the East we have the great Lord of Compassion, but the same idea is much more clearly expressed in the conception of the Great Mother of the Gods; this being also the form in which it is found in the West, where we have Isis, Astarte, Aphrodite, Venus and in the Christian Church, Mary Mother of God. Mother

of Mercy and Compassion.

If such a conception should appear to you strange, bear in mind that we are but considering manifestations of the One - Atman, Allah, God, Self, or what you will. We acknowledge the One, as it is said: 'One only without a second;' but manifested in innumerable ways, and hence it matters not under what aspect or form, or through what manifestation we worship.

If, at first, our minds are united to lower and partial expressions, remember that this is but the first step on the path; and whatever be the name or the form of the object of our devotion, as we progress we shall, to quote the words of Vivekananda, 'see no distinctions. The mighty ocean of love will have entered into us, and we shall see not men, animals, and trees, or the sun, moon, and stars, but shall behold our beloved everywhere and in everything.'

Let us then concentrate our minds upon this one aspect, and whatever words may be used, or whatever symbols may be found in the ceremony, let us use them and apply them to the object of our devotion - God or Goddess, Incarnation or Avatara, Teacher, Prophet, or Master, it matters not, for God is all in all.

May all attain.

Amen.

He returns to his station, and there casts incense upon the altar. He remains standing W. of the Altar of Incense. The M. and A.M. rise and stand facing the Altar.

M. I adore Thee by the Twelvefold Certitude and by the Certainty thereof.

Slight pause.

M. O Thou Sovran Warrior of steel-girt valour, whose scimitar is a flame between day and night, whose helm is crested with the wings of the Abyss. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou four-eyed guardian of light, who kindleth to a flame the hearts of the downcast, and girdeth about with fire the loins of the unarmed.

All present repeat together.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time and through all Space: Glory and Glory upon Glory, Everlastingly. Amen, and Amen, and Amen.

M. O Thou Sovran Light and fire of loveliness, whose flaming locks stream downward through the Aethyr as knots of lightning - deep rooted in the Abyss. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou winnowing flail of brightness, the passionate lash of whose encircling hand scatters mankind before Thy fury like wind-scud from the stormy breast of Ocean.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time and through all Space, etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Singer of the revelling winds, whose voice is as a vestal troop of Bacchanals awakened by the piping of a Pan-pipe. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou dancing flame of frenzied song, whose shouts, like unto golden swords of leaping fire, urge us onward to the wild slaughter of the worlds.

O Glory be unto Thee, etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Might of the most ancient forest, whose voice is as the murmur of unappeasable winds caught up in the arms of the swaying branches. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou rumble of conquering drums, who lullest to a rapture of deep sleep those lovers who hurt into each other, flame to fine

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time and through all Space. etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Guide of the star-wheeling circles, the soles of whose feet strike plumes of fire from the outermost annihilation of the Abyss. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou crimson sword of destruction, who chasest the comets from the dark bed of night, till they speed before Thee as serpent tongues of flame.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Archer of the darksome regions, who shooteth forth from Thy transcendental cross-bow the many-rayed stars into the fields of heaven. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou eight-pointed arrow of light, who smiteth the region of the seven rivers till they laugh like Maenads with snaky thyrsus.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Paladin of Self-vanquished knights, whose path lieth through the trackless forests of time, winding through the Byss of unbegotten space. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou despiser of the mountains, Thou whose course is as that of a lightning-hoofed steed leaping along the green banks of a fair river.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Surging of wild felicity, whose love is as the overflowing of the seas, and who makest our bodies to laugh with beauty. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou outstrider of the sunset, who deckest the snow-capped mountains with red roses, and strewest white violets on the curling waves.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Diadem of crowned Wisdom, whose work knoweth the path of the sylphs of the air, and the black burrowing of the anomes of the earth. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou Master of the ways of life, in the palm of whose hand all the arts lie bounden as a smoke-cloud betwixt the lips of the mountain.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Lord of primeval Sarsarkers, who huntest with dawn the dappled deer of twilight, and whose engines of war are blood-crested comets. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou Flame-crowned Self-luminous One, the lash of whose whip gathered the ancient worlds, and loosed the blood from the virgin clouds of heaven.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Sovran Moonstone of learily loveliness, from out whose many eyes flash the fire-clouds of life, and whose breath enkindleth the Byss and the Abyss. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou fountain-head of fierce æthyr, in the pupil of whose brightness all things lie crouched and wrapped like a babe in the womb of its mother.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Mother of the breath of life, the milk of whose breasts

is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of flame upon the blue bosom of night. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou Virgin of the moon-lit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time - etc.

M. O Thou Sovran All-Bewilding eternal Sun, who lappest up the constellations of heaven as a thief a jar of ancient wine. I know Thee!

A.M. O Thou dawn-winged courtesan of light, who makest me to reel with one kiss of Thy mouth, as a leaf cast into the flames of a furnace.

O Glory be unto Thee through all Time and through all Space:  
Glory, and Glory upon Glory,  
Everlastingly. Amen,  
and Amen, and  
Amen.

(They kneel. Slight pause. The A.M. strikes upon the bell.)

A.M. Deep, deep Thy sombre Sea,  
Spouse of eternity!  
Mother, we cry to Thee:  
Hear us, Hail, Mother!

M.P. Beauty and life and love!  
Let fly Thy darling dove!  
Send to us from above  
Lady Abathor!

A.M. Virginal queen of Earth,  
Late love, and last of birth,  
Loose, loose the golden girth,  
Nephtys, the crowned one!

ALL. Sound, sistron, sound afar!  
Shine, shine, O dawning Star!  
Flame, flame, O Meteor Dar!  
Isis, Our Lady!

(They stand)

M. O Thou Mother of the breath of being, the milk of whose breasts is as the fountain of love, twin-jets of flame upon the blue bosom of night. I know Thee!

O Thou Virgin of the moon-lit glades, who fondleth us as a drop of dew in Thy lap, ever watchful over the cradle of our fate.

A.M. 333-333-333.

M. Hail unto Isis! Hail!

SCORER LURA. (As a recitative.)

I AM ALL THAT WAS AND THAT IS AND THAT SHALL BE  
AND NO MORTAL MATH LISTED MY VEIL.

ALL. Hail unto Isis Our Lady of Life! Hail! All Hail!

(The M.P. passes to the E. bearing the censer, and kneels before the Altar. The M. and A.M. approach, the latter bearing the incense. The M. throws incense upon the censer, and he and the A.M. return to their stations.)

(The H.P. elevates the censer.)

- A.M. Crown Her, O crown Her with stars as with  
flowers for a virginal gaud!
- M. Crown Her, O crown Her with Light and the flame  
of a down-rushing Sword!
- A.M. Crown Her, O crown Her with Love for maiden and  
mother and wife!
- M. Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is the Lady  
of Life!

(The H.P. rises and carries the censer to the Altar  
of Incense. All seat themselves in Asana.)

M. A KA DUA  
TUP UR BIU  
BI A'A CHEFU  
DUDU HER AF AN FUTERU.

(This Mantra is chanted by the Magus and is then taken up  
by the A.M. and by all present, and is repeated continuously with  
ever increasing speed and loudness, until the M. is satisfied that  
all are united in the Divine Harmony.)

During the repetition the lights are lowered until there  
remains only the blue lamp above the Altar and the candles burning.)

(At the conclusion the A.M. strikes once loudly upon the  
bell. The H.P. takes up the censer and passing to the E. places  
it upon the Altar. He then goes to the N., taking the place of  
the A.M., who advances to the W. of the Altar, facing E. The M.  
and H.P. seat themselves in Asana. The A.M. kneels, rises and  
places incense upon the censer, and recites:)

A.M.

Mother of Light, and the Gods! Mother of Music, awake!  
Silence and Speech are at odds; Heaven and Hell  
are at stake.

By the Rose and the Cross I conjure; I constrain by the  
Snake and the Sword;

I am he that is sworn to endure - Bring us the word of  
the Lord!

By the brood of the Scales of Brightening, whose God  
was my sire;

By the Lord of the Flame and the Lightning, the King of  
the Spirits of Fire;

By the Lord of the Waves and the Waters, the King of the  
Hosts of the Sea,

The fairest of all of whose daughters was mother to me;

By the Lord of the Winds and the Breezes, the King of  
the Spirits of Air,

In whose bosom the infinite ease is that cradled me there;

By the Lord of the Fields and the Mountains, the King of  
the Spirits of Earth

That nurtured my life at his fountains from the hour of  
my birth;

By the Wand and the Cup I conjure, by the Dagger and Disk  
I constrain;

I am he that is sworn to endure; make thy music again!

I am Lord of the Star and the Seal; I am Lord of the Snake  
and the Sword;

Reveal us the riddle, reveal! Bring us the word of the  
Lord;

As the flame of the sun, as the roar of the sea, as the  
storm of the air,  
As the quake of the earth - let it soar for a boon, for  
a bane, for a snare,  
For a lure, for a light, for a kiss, for a rod, for a  
scourge, for a sword -  
Bring us thy burden of bliss - Bring us the word of  
the Lord!

(He kneels. Ave Maria is then sung, softly, by Sorror  
Luna at the W. of the Temple, or in an adjoining room, accom-  
panied by a muted violin. Silence. The A.M. rises, places  
incense upon the censer and goes to the E. of the Altar to the  
station of the M., and takes up his Asana. The M. goes to the  
E. of the Altar, and faces W.)

Roll through the caverns of matter, the world's  
irremovable bounds!  
Roll, ye wild billows of ether! the Diatron is shaken  
and sounds!  
Wild and sonorous the clamour, vast in the region of  
death.  
Live with the fire of the Spirit, the essence and  
flame of the breath!  
Sound, O sound!

Gleam in the world of the dark, where the chained ones  
shall tremble and flee!  
Gleam in the skies of the dusk, for the light of the  
dawn is in me!  
Light on the forehead, and life in the nostrils, and  
love in the breast,  
Shine, O Thou Star of the Dawning, thou Sun of the  
Radiant Crest!  
Shine, O shine!

Flame through the sky in the strength of the chariot-  
wheels of the Sun!  
Flame, ye young fingers of light, on the west of the  
morning that run!  
Flame, O Thou Meteor Car, for my fire is exalted in  
thee!  
Lighten the darkness, and herald the daylight, and  
waken the sea!  
Flame, O flame!

(The M. goes W. of the Altar and places incense upon  
the censer.)

Crown her, O crown her with stars as with flowers for  
a virginal gaud!  
Crown her, O crown her with Light and the flame of the  
down-rushing Sword!  
Crown her, O crown her with Love for maiden and mother  
and wife!  
Hail unto Isis! Hail! For She is the Lady of Life!

(He kneels. Slight pause.)

M. ISID CROWNED!

(All remain in perfect silence. After a pause the A.M.  
strikes upon the bell softly 333, after another and longer pause  
he again strikes 333, and yet again after a still longer pause, 333.  
Then in another room is played a low simple melody, dying off very  
softly at the conclusion.)

S I L E N C E

( The Magus rises after a long Pause. The A.M. strikes upon the bell once poudly.)

M.

GLORIA PATRI ET MATRI ET FILIO ET FILIAE ET  
SPIRITUI SANCTO EXTERNO ET SPIRITUI SANCTO INTERNO  
UT ERAT EST ERIT IN SACULA SACULORUM: SEX IN UNO  
PER NOMEN SEPTEM IN UNO

ARARITA

AMN

( The M. resumes his Asana. Silence for a few minutes. The Officers rise and pass out of the Temple. Then all depart in perfect silence, there being only sufficient light to permit of this.)