

Some Perspectives on Theurgy

The art of theurgy, the divine work, demonstrates for the artist the relation between the finite and the infinite. Man being trapped within the universe, seeking the answer to the question of life, should ever be aware of this. For it is from this perspective our work is made Divine.

Standing in the temple we stand and work under the image of the eternal heavens of the night, the deep blue sky decorated with an endless number of stars. In other words we work under the auspices of the eternal. But we ourselves stand upon the floor of mixed colors, white and black squares, symbolic of how light and darkness are intermixed in this world, seeking perfection through purification and transmutation. This space between the endless heavens and the finite world has always been the sphere wherein the initiate operates.

The ignorant man has nothing to which he might measure his life, ideals or philosophical speculations, but walks blind through his own world of illusion. The initiate on the other hand ought to measure everything to the infinite, that is our absolute.

While the profane walks through life rather unaware of the skies, but whenever he dares to lift his eyes to behold the night sky he is frightened, but then again the initiate is always conscious of the heavens.

After the sun has set, and the night sky appears, the philosopher climbs the highest mountain to gaze upon the stars and contemplates the vastness of the abyss above him. But, my dear brothers and sister, on that very same night the true initiate climbs the

same mountain and he too beholds the endless number of golden stars on the pitch black sky, and he stretches forth his arms towards the stars, but then suddenly he breaks out in a joyful laughter, and he laughs at how infinitely small the universe is. Mark my words, seeker of truth, this material universe is but as a drop of water in the endless ocean which we call infinity, the very Ain Soph.

How many times have we not uttered the words eternal, infinite, never ending, in our prayers? But how seldom do we stop and contemplate the real significance of these words, the realities which they reveal unto us? Then again who, or better still, what is Our Lord of the Universe, who works in silence and whom naught but silence can express? Too



many of today's magicians do not remember the words of Asclepius, that there are the lesser gods of our cult and the Hidden God, the God with no name, unto whom no sacrifice can be made. Only in silence can he be expressed, for words and images cannot grasp Him. This is our Lord. The kabbalists have never worshipped in their secret rites Elohim, their God is Ain Soph.

The ceiling of the temple reminds us on the God we seek, the God we adore in the Inner Chambers of our Hearts and our Order. But we are still in this material universe, and it is here that our work is to be done.

When the hermetics of old, Asclepius but one of them, first did behold the Mind of Poimandres, or the Fire of Zoroaster, or the Negative Veils of the kabbalists, they divided the incomprehensible into lesser parts natural to man. They sought how the different aspect of the Hidden God did appear unto man, and thus were the celestial hierchies written down. These various aspects are also in their own sense eternal, as they all derive directly from the Father.

If we consider this in relation to the mystery plays of diverse schools and traditions, like the Eleusian or Mithraic mysteries, we clearly see the drama put forth as a cosmic play wherein the infinite interacts with itself in the finite. God the Eternal acting with Himself. This is so very true when it comes to our own rituals even down to the neophyte grade. The cosmic drama that is shown by the officers demonstrates the harmony of the primordial principles that uphold the Macrocosm as we know it. As we all know there is no part of the great world, that does not have its

conterpart in man, for man is the image of the world. Man, a mortal being, doomed to be born and die in this world, is finite, but the drama of the soul, as are all true initiations, unfolds in the intersection between the finite, man, and the infinite, the Eternal God.

All this may at first sight not appear to have much real significance to practical theurgy, but

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on the contrary, it is a matter of focus, and of dedicating the work to the

Highest Reality, which is God. From this perspective we have established the necessary measurment needed to justify any willed act, any magical act, with other words life, spiritual growth and religious piety make sense only in the light of this aforementioned fact – the absolute is the incomprehensible Infinity in which is found Truth. As we all know Truth cannot be expressed, it is experienced, it is the Living Mystery of all the Worlds, finite as well as the infinite, and this One Mystery is unveiled in the Heart of Man, for no other creature has the necessary prerequisite mental or physical attributions to bear such Truth.

An important subject related to what we have just discussed, is how different kinds of eternities exists within the finite world, and these realities' significance in the theurgical art. I cannot stress often enough that we, the magi, are, and have always been since first adept walked the earth, the artists weaving the matrix of light in the darkness of this world. It is we who bring order to the chaos. It is true that there are, and have been, profane men and women doing this work, but their inspiration has always been temporary. This is a secret well kept, and should continue to be such, for the ignorant will not comprehend this

work of ours, but rather blaspheme our work in their lack of insight.

There are a vast number of different realities which in themselves are infinite. These aeons are present even in our lesser ritual of the pentagram. What is the nature of the archangels? If we but look into their names we discover at once an endless power in each one of them. Raphael literary translated means the “healing of God”, Gabriel the “strength of God”, Michael “Who is like unto God” and Auriel the “light of God”.

I ascend in prayer unto thy name, O’ Auriel! Thou who art the very Light of the Never Ending God! Who’s eyes can behold thy splendour?

O’ Michael! Thou who art like God, who made the deceiver descend to hell by thy will alone!

O’ Gabriel! Strength of God, with whom everything is mighty and without naught is strong!

O’ Raphael! Healer of lost souls, refuge of the pilgrims! The Light hath Healing in its Wings!

My brothers and sisters, these are not mere elemental angels, these are the mighty powers of God made manifest through our work in the dark! Realities drawn from the Mind of the Father, who even bear His name in theirs!

Glorious and eternal are their innermost fire!

The theurgist stands in the centre where Eternities meet, their minds extending through dimensions unknown to this world.

Only in silence can we master this work, only when we forget ourselves can we re-enter the Kingdom of God, and only from that World may we bring light to those who still wander in darkness.

Fraternally, In Light, Life and Love

Fra. I.C.V. 5°=6°



Be sure to schedule the event of the year!

The Magical Gathering takes place 27th July-1st August!
Same location as last year, in the woods outside Oslo.

We'll be happy to receive contributions, be it rituals, lectures or games. Welcome to five days of powerful rituals, educational workshops and lectures and happy socializing with brothers and sisters.