

The emblem, A.:A.:, is just a symbolic name that the G.:D.: brandished and Frater *Perdurabo* emblazoned upon his system. I am not the A.:A.:. I am affiliated with *Star System* (S.:S.:), which employs the curriculum of the A.:A.:, because it works.

It doesn't work for every body, but for those who take it for a long-term test-drive, it will either bend them beyond their breaking point, or they will make the grade.

There is a universal principle that says, "You will never be pushed beyond your breaking point." *You* means the sincere aspirant, not the pretender.

From the viewpoint of **ETHER**, which has no dimensions itself, but merely *oscillates* in the ten dimensions, there are no grades or planes, no levels or spheres. Any such fabrications are simply illusions.

But looking in all directions from **CHORDAN**, which is **The Line**, **The Line**, the *lineage*, all in one, there radiates the brilliance of a blazing Star. This is the right hand of **Atmā**, the universal Self, and that hand creates grades and planes, and levels, knowing such fabrications are illusion.

This is the true, inner curse of a Magus. He knows it is all illusion, but he tries. He wields the Rod, **The Line**, in such a manner as to allow isolated, individual units to escape the gravity well, the pit.