

# STARFIRE

Vol. II No. 1



## STARFIRE

Vol. II No. 1



A Journal of the New Aeon

Wm. Wynn Prynne



The Official Organ of the Ordo Templi Orientis  
**Here is the heart of Magick...**

Starfire is an annual publication that reflects the magickal work of the Ordo Templi Orientis in all its phases. It is the only journal of the Ordo Templi Orientis and the 99 Chapters of the Ordo Templi Orientis. It is the only journal of the Ordo Templi Orientis and the 99 Chapters of the Ordo Templi Orientis. It is the only journal of the Ordo Templi Orientis and the 99 Chapters of the Ordo Templi Orientis.

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## A Journal of the New Aeon

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Love is the law, love under will.

The word of the law is

Θελημα

*Ordo Templi Orientis*



Vol. II No. 1

The Official Organ of the Ordo Templi Orientis

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## Foreword

Welcome to the opening issue of the second volume of *Starfire*. As always, there is an excellent synthesis of articles, artwork, poetry and prose. Before moving on to consider this latest issue, however, let us say a few words about the direction in which we are heading with this second volume.

Previous issues of *Starfire* tended, on the whole, to be cerebral in approach. It is our intention that Volume Two will have a more practical direction. This does not mean that there will be no place for articles that have no immediate practical application. Often, things that seem to have little bearing on our initiation today reveal a greater value later on; our awareness has opened up to things that were previously unappreciated by us. But the litmus test is: does this knowledge have a practical application, and is it liable to be of use in the progress of initiation? There is little point in acquiring knowledge for its own sake, unless we are interested in an academic career, or we suspect that the knowledge will later prove useful to us.

The opening article in this issue, *The Dreaming Attention*, is written from just such a practical standpoint. The author, who writes from the context of the Castañeda tradition, presents a sequence of exercises that are to be applied by the Initiate and assessed in the light of his or her continuing experience with those exercises. Theory is eschewed in favour of direct experience — an excellent principle. This article is designed not merely to be studied but to be put into practice. In the same spirit is *Bastrum-Enoi*, an essay by a contemporary Priestess of the Sabbatic tradition. In powerful, evocative prose, she communicates the flux and flow of the magical current through her mind and body, with particular regard to its interpenetration and indeed fusion with her menstrual current.

The practical edge is strengthened with an article on Lam, which continues from the article in Vol. I No. 5. This article presents a development of Lam Working, whereby it is cast in the context of the Fire Snake — the Lam-Serpent. Without doubt, the Fire Snake epitomises the Typhonian or Draconian current, and thus the use of Lam to explore these regions is an inevitable development. Lam is essentially not an entity, but the Gateway to Gnosis, the direct experience of reality which is the core of mystical and magical aspiration. Directly related is another article, *The Gnostic Intensive*, presenting another approach to this same area of experience. Readers of Vol. I No. 4 will recall the article *Psychonauts in the World of Dreams*, which was about the work of the *Ecclesia Gnostica Alba* (White Gnostic Church) in Yugoslavia. There is much more material in Kenneth Grant's *Beyond the Mauve Zone*, soon to be published. For the present article, we asked Zivorad to outline the method he has evolved for the Gnostic Intensive or Direct Experience of Truth. In the Summer of 1996 Zivorad will be coming to England in order to lead a Gnostic Intensive. A notice about this appears immediately after his article. All interested in participating are urged to write to us registering their interest, since demand for places will be strong.

An article by Andrew Chumbley, *The Cult of the Divine Artist*, is concerned with the inspiring magical current as it impinges upon and is expressed by the artist-magician. He also makes some observations about the *Zos Kia Cultus*, which is not an Order but a culture. Another article, *Magick and Imagination*, emphasises the necessity for creativity and imagination in magical working. In similar vein, though from another angle, *Magick For Fools* highlights the need for the magician to avoid categorisation.

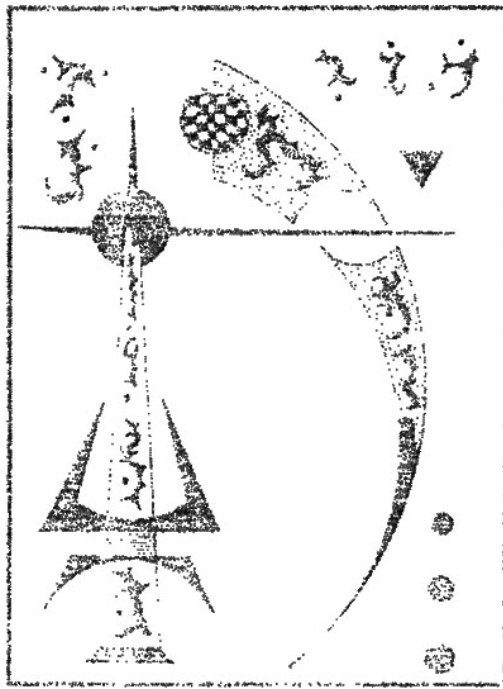
We are pleased to include an article about Gerald Massey. Although primarily a biographical study, it does also touch upon the bases of his work. As such, it sets the scene for a more detailed consideration of Massey which we are planning in the course of the next few issues. Massey's work is

complex and substantial, and Kenneth Grant has done much to show its direct relevance to our magical and mystical work.

Included are also two short stories. One of them, *Ghostly Amalgam*, arose directly from the potent impact of one of Austin O. Spare's 1955 pastel drawings. We are planning more articles about Spare's work over the next few issues; again, the emphasis will be not on research for its own sake, but the direct and continuing relevance of Spare for the Initiate. The other story, *Love Letters*, is beautifully written, and touches upon the crossing over between dream and reality.

As always, it has been a pleasure putting the issue together. In the process, a diverse range of articles acquires cohesion and focus, and that focus is the creativity and imagination from which we as magicians and mystics draw in the course of our Initiation. We also thereby enrich the magical current, adding to a momentum that empowers ourselves and others. This is not achieved by following the path laid down by other Initiates, but by creating our own path. Initiation is a matter of finding our own centre of gravity, not being content with that of our predecessors, no matter how illustrious they were. Here is the heart of magick, the joy of creativity. It is the ever-fertile spring from which *Starfire* surges.

# THE DREAMING ATTENTION



PAUL LOWE

# THE DREAMING ATTENTION

*“All that we see, or seem is but a dream within a dream.”*

## Preface



As the co-ordinator of the ‘Dreaming Cell’ within the O.T.O., I take this opportunity to present the first of a series of articles dealing specifically with this aspect of our work. In addressing ourselves to ‘Dreaming’ it is perhaps appropriate to establish some foundations. Rather than directing our attention to ‘Hypnagogic’ states or ‘Lucid Dreaming’ — areas covered extensively elsewhere — I am interested specifically in the area of ‘Dreaming’ outlined and covered by Carlos Castañeda and his ‘Cohorts’. With this in mind I shall supply initially a personal overview. What follows is a summary of a ‘model of perception’ and a methodology of pursuing, or at least taking one or two steps along, the sorcerer’s path. If in outline it seems skeletal that is intentional for two reasons:

- (1) The material is dealt with exquisitely by Carlos Castañeda elsewhere.
- (2) I elect to present a practical, hands-on way into the area of study.

The approach is purely experiential, and to the few who follow it up I am grateful: it thereby justifies the use of Time, Paper, Ink and Space.

Much is rendered pedestrian by the conscious mind acting as if it knows. This is the greatest of the foes to challenge, for its name is ‘Clarity’; and, along with its sibling ‘Self-Importance’, it sets out to deceive the Warrior — indeed, together they embody one of the faces of the ‘Petty Tyrant’ (*see Glossary of Terms*) par excellence. To break the thrall thus maintained is one of the Warrior’s greatest achievements. This article, therefore, serves as a series of questions, ones which I trust will be of use.

It is commonly understood by those with a knowledge of the Don Juan/Castenada model that the Warrior has two specific predilections: STALKING and DREAMING (*See Glossary of Terms*). It



will therefore be appreciated that the Warrior will follow his or her natural inclination, although it is also true to say that the two arts exist as seed states within each other.

To return to beginnings: we are born in a state far more reminiscent of “Second Attention” (*the Nagual State*): what changes? Very possibly, it is the process of being ‘talked to’, of learning a ‘model of the world’, which in turn leads to the development of internal representations. We begin to learn; and as we do, we develop the “First Attention” (*the Tonal State*) which encompasses all that we learn and know.

But what of ‘Otherness’? The entire process of formulating a consistent internal or external representation of the world, is the very process that ‘fixates’ the ‘Assemblage Point’ (*See Glossary of Terms*); our model / perception of the world is thus formulated and fixed. This Point, along with its ‘Glow of Awareness’, effectively creates and maintains our model of the world. The task of the Warrior is to develop a certain level of elasticity in the movement of the Assemblage Point within our luminous cocoon — a cocoon which consists of ‘Energy Fibres’. As the Assemblage point is shifted, a fresh set of fibres is illuminated internally, triggering and illuminating a set of external fibres which have a similar resonance; the more shifts achieved, the more varied our worlds and perceptual realities. This effectively constitutes the initial steps, and all which follows has this intention in mind.

## PART ONE

In accessing the realms opened up by ‘Heightened Awareness’, whether that be through the medium of either Dream or Altered States, it suffices to say that the information accessed lets us know that much, **very** much more exists than we as conscious beings can even begin to conceive. There is a tendency for the conscious mind (*Tonal*) to render the world limited and defined. It might be more appropriate to take into our Hearts and Minds a simple precept of the way of the Warrior:

*The Warrior, aware of the unfathomable mystery,  
And their duty to try and unravel it,  
Take their rightful places amongst mysteries,  
And regard themselves as one.  
Consequently, for a Warrior  
There is no end to the mystery of being,  
Whether ‘being’ means being a pebble, or an ant, or oneself  
One is equal to everything.*

This understanding, along with the distinct knowledge that we too will one day meet Death, brings about a state of ‘Sobriety’. Our actions and choices in the light of the inevitable might lead us into despondency. It is the Warrior’s prerogative to act with ‘Impeccability’ (*See Glossary of Terms*), thereby creating of what would otherwise have been ‘Folly’, something we call ‘Controlled Folly’.

Within the model outlined by Castañeda exists the notion that a Warrior has a predilection in the direction of either ‘Stalking’ or ‘Dreaming’. The training, however, emphasises that both Arts should be developed. They exist as interdependent units, and in combination represent a methodology for accessing and experiencing directly the ‘Second Attention’.

### The Assemblage Point

One central theme that is repeated in various ways is the notion that we are purely ‘Energetic Beings’ or ‘Perceptive Beings’. The energy body takes the form of a ‘Cocoon’ consisting of countless ‘Fibres’. Within this Cocoon is located the ‘Assemblage Point’. Dependent upon its location within the Luminosity is the ‘Map of the World’ (*so-called reality*) which we maintain. This occurs by virtue of the Assemblage Point fixating a specific series of Fibres both internally and externally; as a result they are illuminated and perceived by the ‘Glow of Awareness’ that exists as a numinous quality around the Assemblage Point.

### EXERCISE:

(1) Set up optimum physiology whilst walking. What might you do to walk with Power and Grace? Consider what it might be like to walk the plains of Africa as a Warrior, or to stalk prey as a big Cat — to walk with elegance and beauty, senses fully attuned to the surroundings. Take an internal inventory: does tension exist? If so, where? What might you do to walk elegantly, lightly and powerfully? Use the full range of your creative abilities to attain this state, since it acts as a prerequisite to all that follows.

(2) Gently curl the fingers and rest the eyes on a distant point on the horizon (*parks / countryside etc. are appropriate locations*). Without moving the eyes, become aware (*in peripheral vision*) of

what is occurring above you, below you, to your right and to your left. This is a method for Stopping the World.

(3) From a space just below the navel, 'intend' a bundle of fibres to extend to the point where your eyes are resting. Having done so:

examine the point of origin (*the navel*);  
examine the point of destination (*the object*);  
examine the relationship along this line of connection.

(4) After a while, reabsorb the fibres and assimilate the information.

(5) Now select an object within your field of vision and intend a bundle of fibres to travel to this point. Repeat the procedure outlined in Step 3. As you pass the object, detach the fibres and again reabsorb them into the space below your navel. (*Note: it is advisable to avoid directing these fibres onto animals and other people.*)

(6) Pause for a short period to allow for the assimilation of the information.

(7) Select another two objects and repeat the process.

This exercise has three specific outcomes in mind:

(a) Primary level — to explore the relationship within the link.

(b) Intermediary level — to develop a perceptual viewpoint.

(c) Conclusion — to travel along the fibres to the point of destination; for instance, if you are extending your fibres to a location within a tree, actually to be there.

From our earliest years we are trained into accepting a model of the world, and this model is maintained and reinforced constantly through our internal representations. We even go so far as to believe there is a truth out there; we create Gods/Goddesses who we believe created us in turn.

To break the thrall of the perceptual fixity in which we exist takes energy; for this and this alone the Warrior seeks Power, becoming a Man or Woman of Power'. When you consider for a moment that all our power is consumed in the act of maintaining the everyday world, it comes as no surprise to ask the question: "WHERE DO WE ACQUIRE THIS POWER?"

The answer is simple: right where we placed it, in our everyday experiences and memories, and within our Dreams. Dreams become 'Dreaming' when we transfer our awareness from the Somatic aspect of our being, into what is called the 'Double' or 'Dreaming Body'. In order to reclaim all of the energy consumed by the everyday world, the Warrior applies the skills of 'Stalking' and 'Dreaming'.

## **The Stalker and the Dreamer**

In order that the interconnectedness of these two Arts becomes obvious, I will explore initially the apparent differences.

Stalking has its basis in the behavioural process of interacting with the world. Through the Art of Stalking, the Stalker stalks himself or herself via the world. The Stalker accepts that as Perceptual and Energetic beings, our Fibres are extended into other people and into other times, just as other people

extend their fibres into us. The reclaiming of that Energy — with the purpose of redeploying the resultant freed Energy, through the technique referred to as ‘Recapitulation’ — leads to the process (or state) which the Warrior calls ‘Impeccability’.

Having, as it were, ‘Erased’ personal history (*but not memory*) through Recapitulation, the Stalker redeploys the reclaimed and continually developing Perception / Energy into areas of ‘Choice’: the principle of stalking oneself through the world. The process creates shifts in the Assemblage Point; as a result, the Stalker is offered, and enabled to enter, a number of ‘Perceptual Worlds’. It is the belief of this writer that in truth the Stalker dreams with his eyes open.

As the Stalker ‘fixates’ the Assemblage Point on a chosen Perceptual World and, whilst maintaining Impeccability, enters this world, he or she becomes acquainted with the active process of ‘Intent’ (*See Glossary of Terms*).

It is stated that the jewel in the crown of the Stalker is the Recapitulation, and those interested in further information are referred specifically to: *The Eagle’s Gift* (Carlos Castenada) and *The Sorcerer’s Crossing* (Taisha Abelar).

By apparent contrast, the Warrior with a predilection towards the Art of Dreaming pursues the technique referred to as ‘Setting Up Dreaming’. In doing so, he or she creates a number of fundamental Assemblage Point shifts, entering other worlds directly through the process of Intent.

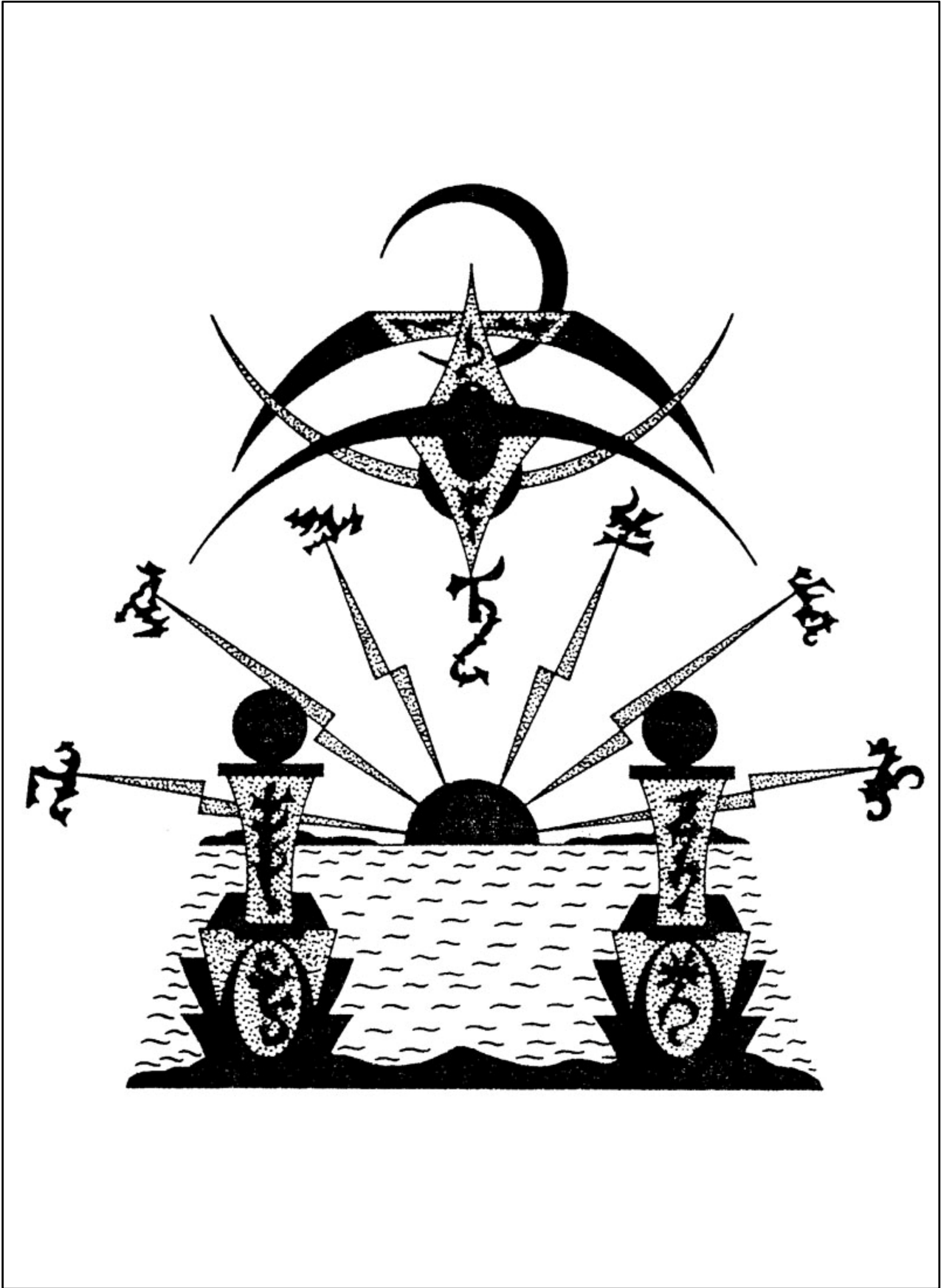
In the opinion of this writer, what makes the difference between Lucid Dreaming and Setting Up Dreaming is the element of Intent. The process of Lucid Dreaming engenders a level of Conscious Attention, and the lucid dreamer has an awareness of the dream state, its content, and in some instances the ability to exercise choice. Much of the material accessed through lucid dreaming pertains far more to Conscious or First Attention, therefore.

In the instance of ‘Setting Up Dreaming’, full Conscious Awareness is carried over into the Dream State, enabling the Intent of the dreamer to come into play. It is not simply a matter of being conscious within the dream and appearing to operate choice, but of actually entering those worlds which are accessed through the shift of the Assemblage Point via the process of Dreaming. Further information may be found by referring to: *The Art of Dreaming* (Carlos Castenada) and *Being in Dreaming* (Florinda Donner).

I trust that the foregoing acts as a fundamental description of the Warrior’s arts of Stalking and Dreaming. As previously indicated, the interest of the present writer lies within the element of the dream which we dream within the world.

Our actions, beliefs, abilities, tendencies, conscious and unconscious choice mechanisms — they all serve to formulate a world or description which remains relatively constant. This is maintained in turn by the level of Inertia existing at a collective or systems level. In other words, we have to deal not only with our personal inertia, but also with the inertia of each and every component within the system — that is, the system known as sentient beings. It is little wonder, therefore, that our world remains relatively fixed, given the existence of a collective Assemblage Point.

A number of people, within specific cultures, have explored the shifting of the Assemblage Point, through the process of Initiation and/or the ingestion of power plants. This exploration has enabled them to enter and spend time within the separate perceptual realities or worlds that have opened to sensory experience. It could therefore be presupposed that our perception of reality is the product of education in its many and varied aspects. Some would view this education as a process of conditioning. We have the choice to walk this world as a unit within the structure named ‘society’, or to travel this world whilst embracing a truth which is more in keeping with our inclinations and heritage: FREEDOM.



*THE PORTAL OF DREAMS*

*Paul Lowe*

## PART TWO

### The Stalker

Stalking can be defined, albeit simplistically, as Behavioural flexibility. As the Stalker operates primarily within the world of men and women, the first and continuous act the Stalker performs is the 'Recapitulation'. This entails remembering and re-experiencing all the people we have thus far encountered in our life.

It begins with a list, and once this has been formed the technique itself is applied. A full and deep Recapitulation is continuous and operates at different levels throughout time. It presupposes that each experience or encounter leaves fibres from others within our luminosity; and likewise, we leave fibres in others.

For example, take a moment to think of someone who has made an impact in your life. See them; hear them; feel them. Give yourself over totally to the memory. Notice how your state changes. Is it THEN or NOW?

The purpose of the Recapitulation is to eject fibres 'hooked' into the luminosity, and to reclaim those you have left out there. This re-accesses the energy contained in the interaction and redeploys that energy into Perceptual choices.

### Recapitulation

#### EXERCISE:

- (1) Place the chin on the right shoulder and slowly inhale until you travel the arc across to your left shoulder. Once the inhalation is complete, look forward and exhale.
- (2) Take the first item on the list. (*It is stated that using the experiences of a sexual nature is a good place to start.*) Re-experience fully the person and the event/s. See them; hear them; feel them.
- (3) When all of the memory has been fully recalled, inhale slowly, moving the head from the right to the left shoulder. (*The function of this breath is to restore energy, for it picks up the Fibres left behind with others.*)
- (4) The next breath is from left to right, and is an exhalation. (*The function of this breath is to eject the Fibres left by others.*)

The above can become an elegant and fluid practice, and it is useful to consider that the breath 'fans' the event being Recapitulated. The [Recapitulation as already described is a continuous ongoing process; yet its initial stages are vital in accessing the deployed energy contained within our personal history. At the outset, even a casual practise period of three months is sufficient to release enough personal power in order to grant an insight as to both where the practice might lead us and the next stage of its performance. Ideally, for it to be of true value, Recapitulation is practised in isolation, preferably removed from the world of people and events; this is not a necessity, though, unless you make it so.

## Not Doings

Another Art that the Stalker practices is ‘Not Doings’. Your actions — the doings — determine who you are. In order to develop flexibility, the Stalker takes everyday acts (*habits*) and does them differently.

Examples:

The breaking of routines is an excellent Not Doing;

Changing your way of dressing/speaking;

If you notice components of character that define you, both to yourself and others — change them;

If you have a tendency to speak much, practice silence and *vice versa*.

What can you do that is different?

### EXERCISE:

Each day.....

do five things that you regularly do, but differently;

do five unique things which you would not usually do.

The choices are infinite; I leave it to your imagination to fill in the blank spaces.

A practice as apparently simple as this has a profound effect upon us, via our behaviour and the generation of habits; in effect, shifts in behaviour constitute minute shifts of the Assemblage Point.

Have you ever achieved something which you had previously considered an impossibility? What was that like? Within the bounds of reason, I invite you to consider something you would like truly to do, but feel you “can’t”. There is much personal power locked into the word “can’t” — more so than in the act of exploring the possibility beforehand. Be adventurous, curious, and — above all — successful.

## The Petty Tyrant

This is the practice *par excellence* of the Stalker.

Who makes you rage?

Who presses your buttons?

Who do you dislike?

Who drives you to distraction?

The role of the Petty Tyrant is crucial in the development of the Warrior’s Stalking skills.

## **EXERCISE:**

- (1) Identify the person you would stalk.
- (2) Notice what they are doing; study their strategy. When you are prepared, enter their battle ground.
- (3) Notice what you do in their presence. Notice their effect upon you. What are you doing to yourself that brings about the specific state which you experience in their presence?
- (4) What do you need to do that is different? How do you neutralise their effect upon you?

NB. Begin acquiring resources and skills in order to interact with them at different levels. Select relatively straightforward issues/persons before moving on to more intense contexts.

Again I leave you the practitioner to fill in the details from the rich tapestry of your own life and world.

## **Summary**

All the above practices and exercises are designed gently to shift the Assemblage Point to different locations, in the short term fixing it upon that location. All this however, as it involves interaction at the Human level, will involve the Assemblage Point moving within a specific series of locations known as 'The Band Of Man'.

To move *beyond* the Band of Man requires energy and the accessing of the Double. The Double is accessed by 'Setting Up Dreaming'.



## PART THREE

### The Dreamer

Before describing the process of ‘Setting Up Dreaming’, let us describe a preliminary practice referred to as ‘Gazing’. This will be described in a practical way in order to facilitate you into experiential as opposed to intellectual knowledge.

#### Gazing

##### Preparatory practice:

(1) Seated comfortably in a favoured location (*outdoors is preferred*) become conscious of your breathing. Breathe relaxation into your head / neck / shoulders / arms / hands / fingertips / chest / abdomen / groin / back / thighs / knees / calves / feet / toes. Take time to do this well. Become aware of any areas of tension and breathe into them, expelling the tension as you exhale.

(2) Gently rest the eyes on a distant point; and as you do so, without moving the eyes, become aware of what is within your field of vision, above you / below you / to your right and to your left. (*This develops peripheral vision and saturates conscious attention.*)

##### Questions:

What happens?

How do you feel?

What is the extent of your visual field?

What is the extent of your auditory field?

What do you notice?

**Exercise:** Having set up state, gaze at:

the spaces between the leaves of trees;

bodies of water;

clouds;

living trees;

rocks.

— What else? What do you notice? What happens?

As with all practices, it is a good idea to keep a record of your findings if you so choose.

**Exercise:** Having gained some experience in the previous practice:

Set up state (*as outlined above*). Gaze at someone's face — not directly, but at a point two inches from the surface of the skin. (*With practise you will know the difference.*)

**Question:** What happens?

**Exercise:** Now gaze at the space two inches to the left of their face.  
Then two inches to the right.

**Question:** What happens?

**Exercise:** Set up state.

Now begin to practise gazing first out of your left eye, and then out of your right eye. (*This is set up simply by 'Intending' to do so; after a while it becomes quite natural.*)

**Question:** Is there a difference? If so, what is the difference?

Simple as the foregoing exercises are, the intention and outcome is to use the eyes differently. In the everyday sense of 'looking' at the world and its contents, our conscious mind deletes, distorts and generalises vast amounts of information. This information is taken on board unconsciously; yet in the process, we miss so much that would enrich our lives and world.

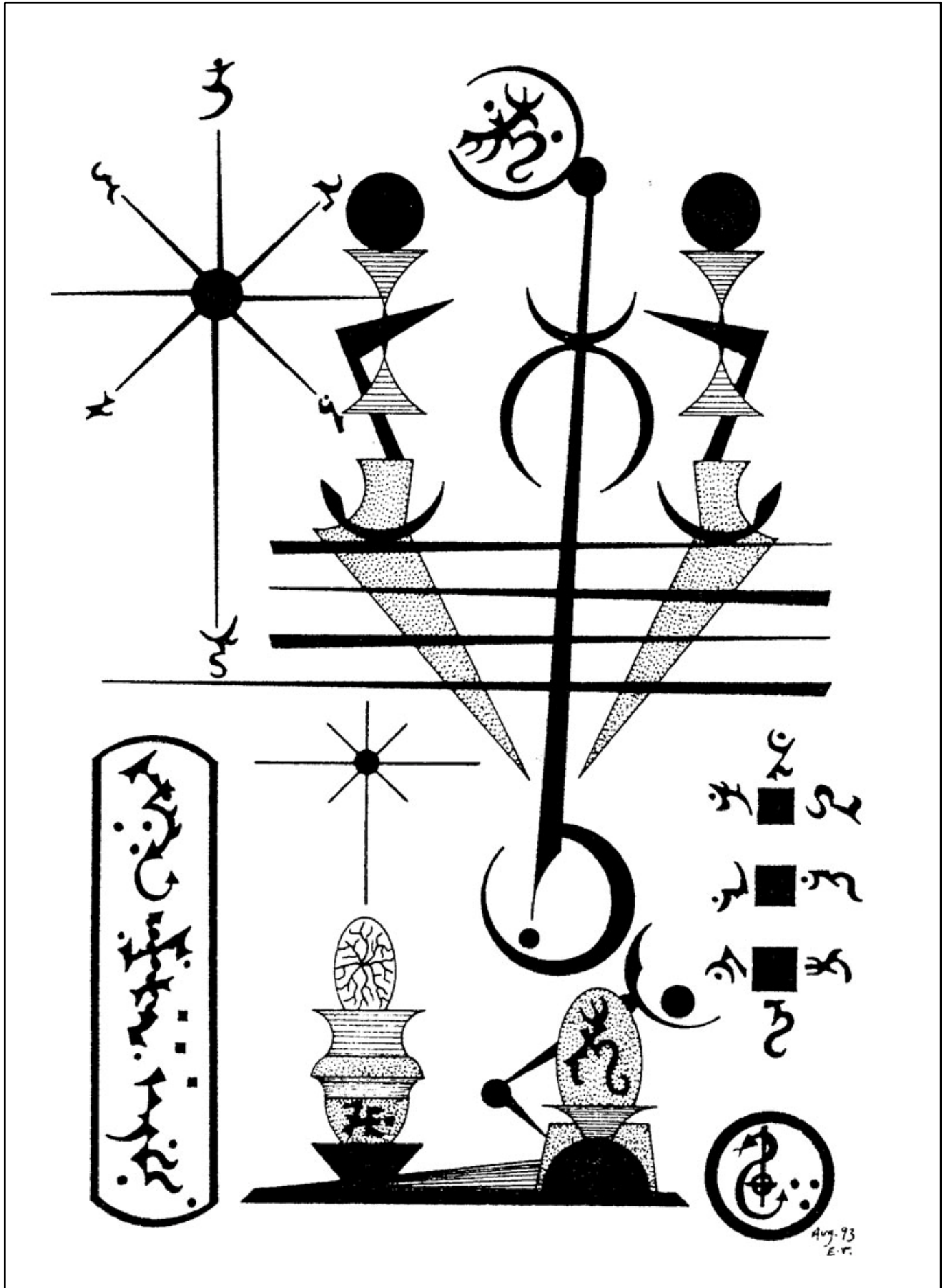
In using the eyes differently, in combination with the specific states attendant within the exercises, we begin to have a greater sense of connection with unconscious processes; as a result, we cease simply to look, and enter the world of 'seeing'. This might be characterised as seeing the essence of a thing or person, accessing information concerning events, etc., which we might describe as intuition — in short, reconnecting with latent and in part dormant faculties.

## Setting Up Dreaming

**Exercise:** Find your hands in your dreams. (*How long might that take?*) Having achieved this, gaze at objects within your dreamscape fleetingly — first one, then another — returning to your hands regularly. (*This consolidates the dreaming attention and substantiates the dreamscape.*) This accesses the First Gate of Dreaming.

**Exercise:** Having achieved the above..... (*It might take a month, a year, or longer. Nevertheless, do it thoroughly.*)

Either focus upon a distant object within the dreamscape; or dream that you are falling asleep within your dream, and emerging into another dream. This accesses the Second Gate of Dreaming.



THE MASK OF THE WARRIOR

Paul Lowe

**Exercise:** (*This can be used either as part of the sequence, or by itself.*)

(1). In the real (?) world, study a short journey you would choose to take. Go over it again and again, noticing as much detail as you can. Commit it thoroughly to memory before moving on to the next stage.

(2). Upon going to bed, travel in the imagination along the route of your journey. If the journey is set up as occurring at night, keep it as such. Travel your journey step by step, as if you were walking it with your body. Upon completion, return to your physical body and reintegrate the imaginary body with the physical.

(3). After some familiarity with this journey, place at a specific point a visual marker or symbol, a specific sound, a specific sense of touch, a smell, a taste. Again, upon completion, return to the physical body and ensure complete reintegration.

Avoid travelling on windy nights or at the full moon.

I will say little about this exercise other than that it engages the Energy Body directly, sets up an Aetheric link via memory to the Double, and in effect: This accesses the Third Gate of Dreaming.

The foregoing exercises are simple in outline, yet profound in effect. You are advised to treat the initial exercise as crucial. The conscious mind will trick you in many ways concerning what you have or have not achieved in dreaming — be alert to this possibility. The discovery of one's hands might take one person a week, another person a month, yet another person a year or more. Be consistent and persistent in this practice. It is useful, prior to entering sleep, to induce a relaxed state (*described above in the section upon Gazing — preparatory exercise, breath relaxation, etc.*) adapted in this instance for the context of preparing for sleep. Having induced a relaxed state, simply gaze at the hands and give yourself the verbal command: "See my hands". Practise and congruency make perfect.

The second of the exercises is a development of the first, and is of course totally dependant upon success within the first practice of seeing the hands.

The third exercise leads directly to the dreaming body, and is the summit of the Dreamer's Art. Be consistent, persistent, and above all go to these practices with joy. Joy stems from an intention of ease, and purity acts synonymously with the act of a Warrior — acting with Impeccability.

## Conclusion

As with the preceding exercises, I leave you to discover the validity of the practices. If your interest lies within the activities embarked upon by 'THE DREAMING CELL' — excellent. If not, that is fine as well.

It is of interest to note the similarities between the work of Carlos Castañeda and that of Kenneth Grant, specifically in the instances of Castaneda's *The Art of Dreaming* and Grant's *Nightside of Eden*. These similarities are, in part, what pointed me in the direction in which I currently travel.

That which is contained within this article is naturally a personal viewpoint. That which is experiential I leave up to you, the reader and the explorer, to discover for yourself. My purpose in writing this article is fulfilled: namely, the establishment of a set of preliminary practices designed to develop the skills of the Stalker and the Dreamer as prerequisites to becoming a Warrior.

To clarify my own position: I operate within the august body of the O.T.O., but like all Initiates I follow my own calling. Such is the freedom granted within the O.T.O. — an Order that is developing and growing, rather than stagnating in the byways of hero adulation.

I study the tradition outlined by Castañeda, but not as a continuation of the lineage. That lineage ends with Castañeda:

*“the ‘Mood’ ends, and with it a new one arises. I travel the road to freedom, and invite all those of like and unlike mind to accompany me for perhaps a few steps, perhaps for many.”*

Walk in Freedom.

## GLOSSARY OF TERMS

**Assemblage Point:** Within the cocoon, which constitutes the energy body, exists the Assemblage Point and its 'glow of awareness'. The location of this point determines which 'fibres' are illuminated internally and in turn, which fibres with a similar resonance are illuminated within the world. This interaction determines the 'model of the world' which we uphold and experience.

**Dreaming:** One of the two predilections of the Warrior. Through dreaming, the dreamer 'shifts' the Assemblage Point; in the process, he or she enters directly the world so accessed. The entire process is made possible by the acquired skill of 'setting up dreaming'.

**Impeccability:** The Warrior is said to be impeccable when he or she deploys their energy in a manner which is waste-free and effective and demands total congruence within the act. To act with impeccability requires a full Recapitulation having been undertaken, thereby making available to the Warrior the sum total of his or her energy at any given time.

**Intent:** This is basically to act 'as if, added to which is the total congruence within the act itself. In no way is intent to be understood as 'pretence'. To commence the process of intent, it is a requirement to intend intent itself.

**Petty Tyrant:** Various categories of petty tyrant exist, ranging from those who hold the life and death of a Warrior in their hands, to those who simply make Warriors rage. In the world, the petty tyrant serves the role of aiding the Warrior to develop the behavioural flexibility necessary to maintain the congruent use of his or her energy.

**Recapitulation:** The supreme act of the Stalker. The technique involves reviewing the entirety of one's life with the specific intent of reclaiming all personal energy fibres still contained in past events, and to releasing fibres belonging to others still hooked within our luminous cocoon: an act of mutual freedom. The resultant freed energy becomes available to the Warrior in order to develop and to expand his or her perceptual model of the world, and paves the way for impeccability.

**Stalking:** Stalking manifests the other predilection of the Warrior. Through behavioural flexibility, the stalker acts directly upon the world, and is concerned with the dream that he or she has with the eyes open. The Stalker, using intent, fixates the Assemblage Point on a given perceptual world and enters it congruently and consciously.

**First Attention:** The Tonal State, the conscious mind, the process of cognition. Our model and understanding is determined as surface structure through the conscious processes. It is the modeller in the system which organises order from the appearance of chaos. It contains the known, and the potential for the unknown becoming the known. All conscious processing is therefore described as the First Attention.

**Second Attention:** The Nagual State, the unconscious mind, the deeper strata wherein knowledge and wisdom dwell. The state more akin to the one we are born in. This is the systemic model of existence, and in most respects consists of the unknowable. In short, all which remains outside our conception of the possible is said to be the realm of the Second Attention.

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*The Art of Dreaming.*

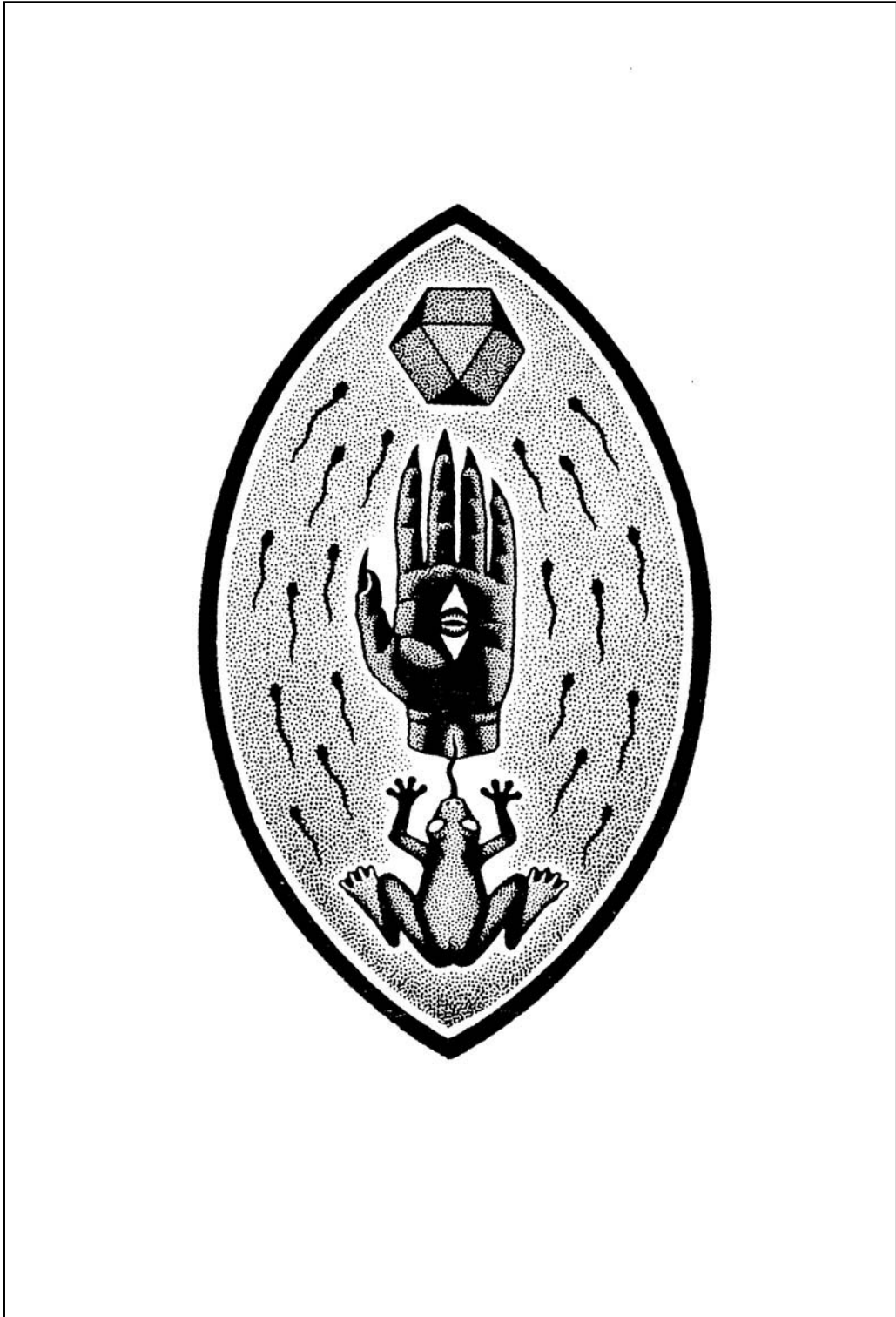
All of the above titles are by Carlos Castañeda.

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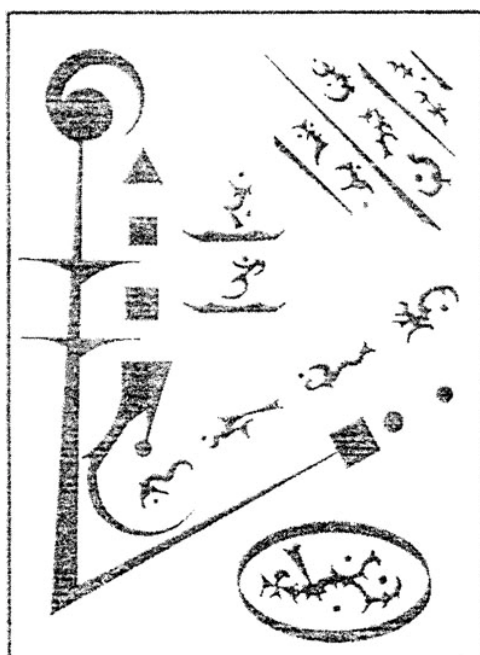


*THE HAND OF YOD*

*Peter Smith*



# BASTRUM ENOI/ AST RUBI-ONEM



Sr. PASHT-AKHTI

# Ceremonial Offering of I

*The eye that wept the blood from the womb  
Where lightning struck the path — sucking dry all that was  
Dug from the grave of mine own body am I.*

*Through the pain — the pleasure writhes with life —  
lashed to the womb's embodiment  
Tied to the vessel of our shapeless form,  
unmasked the double-horizon is born.  
Through the secret flight — the silent word is spoken  
— the sacred skin is shed.  
The shadow of our transmutation*

*Cupped are the tools of flesh  
— the utterance held within is the Knowledge.  
The call unto the bone people, the night's embrace of the grave.  
Hear the call, from yesterday to tomorrow;  
blank-faced — the bloody ocean's gaze.*

*Hear the call for today —  
black moon, hour of timeless moment.*

*Hear the call of dreaming —  
red moon, face of the double-horizon —  
broken upon pain of thought.*

*Hear the call, the call of the struggle,  
as the stone weight dropped in flight —  
white moon, bathed as the image of unforeseen pleasure.*



## BASTRUM-ENOI / AST RUBI-ONEM



INSPIRATION grows from the roots of self-creation, through the act of regenerating the sentient qualities of the Hand, Mouth and Eye. When ingrained within the physical attainment of the Magical Arte through the focus of a single point — that being of Will, Desire and belief — the transformation of Vision through the blind emotional states manifests within the Body. They issue forth through the secret mouths of the hidden utterer. Whether this state is induced through the sentience of Waking, Sleeping or Dreaming, they invariably manifest in the moment's emotions. Thus, as the function of the Priestess, a language — unbeknown to many — which lies dormant within the body of women, is here enfolded as the mumia of self-creation. Each thread is bound as within the Spider's web, reawakening the dead flesh unto the birth of the New. As in the binding of a prayer-arrow, each cycle of menstruation awaits the meditation of the pain; the binding of the thread is the act of drawing the flayed skins of the magical body from the darkness of the tomb. In so doing, the new flesh is awoken in the absence of light. In the harvest of such currents of practice, the moment expands into the realms of the artist, captured as a single thread, waiting to be woven through any medium suited to the individual.

When first the eye sought for its medium — through which to express *That* which is of the Priestess, a vision of internal and external balance, a union of the invisible existing within the timeless circle of the unspoken oracle. It establishes itself as a blind vision, a current of emotional awareness, awoken through the stimulation of the mouth to speak forth in tongues that alone serve as the quill. Each act drawing once more upon the sensual current that lies in the absence of the light. In so pronouncing, the womb becomes the physical circle of witchblood, opening the flesh to the sentient qualities of the Craft. It is through such doorways that the current manifests itself, placing the hand as the tool of re-creation and inundation.

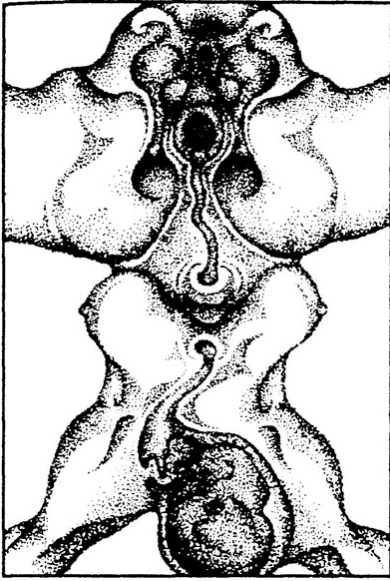
Thus gave *I* unto the sight of mortal flesh, binding the ciphers of recapitulation in a text that is, in its tongue, a single point of awakening. The humblest signature of self-expression drowning in the fluidic nature of a personal awakening. And so gave *I* unto the holy arte of dreaming in the silent tongues of the secret utterer.

In casting circles of hidden sight, the pain inside begins to ignite. Shaken as the poisons bite, the fallen petals of the night. She dances in an embrace of sorrow's flight, a mourning song of maiden's might. The tide in changing rivers lie, still waters hear them cry. Consumed in the darkness the spirits die, to wake in visions of an eternal night-sky.

In flesh do I reveal myself, as one that has no face in time. Speaking forth in a tongue of silent sensual libation, the hidden paths of the secret utterer. I become as the flight of dreamer's flesh into the mind's eye of mortal pleasures, bearing unto the vision of self-sacrifice an oracle of untold creation. In the inundation of the mouth, the kiss of poisons sweet, the nightly path of dreamer's prayer. She wakes the cauldron as the stirring of the storm, the sea of bloodied desires. A thunder upon the wings of darkest night, revealing the lotus unto the hunger of primal lust. She walks as the eye of secret plight, draining as

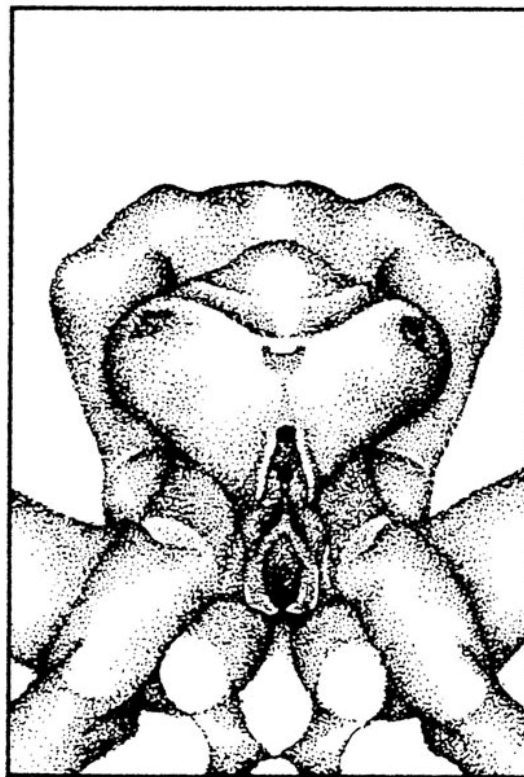


the last breath — the thorns upon the skirts of eternal night.



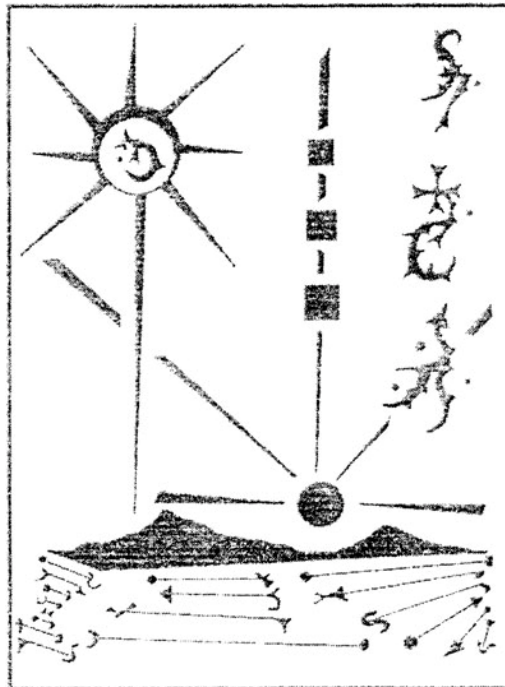
In flesh have I revealed myself, the hunger of the open mouth. To taste the blood of pain's pleasure, in death's name do I face the hidden sight of death-masks born of my unholy gestation. A Path through darkest web of inundation, weaving the mumia of self-creation. For I am she in scarlet cloak, the mistress of the darkness invoked. In powdered poisons of black salts I trace the shadow's encircled gate — to wake in the presence of death's own tree, to call the harvest unto the seed. I transform from the mumia of unmasked form, to wake at the rising of the black sun's dawn. She becomes as the beast and the bride, in search of pleasure's untamed emotional pride. Exposing the flesh in an unsightly mesh, of hunter and prey in the web of the spider's lair. In host of changeling child in birth, she gathers the threads, the umbilical, the noose with which to tie the rope of death and the knot of birth.

In the death of my own flesh do I take the first breath. As newborn child of unnamed poisoned bride. *I* become as that most dreaded of mortal flesh, the hunger of a sensual conception. To fate those who dare to call the unbridled mare of bloodied pain. Seeking as a thirst of loneliness, the sacrifice. Feasting as the formless creature of my self-creation; the blood leapt from my own mouth. To seethe in the fecundity of the void, speaking forth the obscenities of woman — do *I* stand at the crossroads of an unnamed union.



Bastrum-Enoi / Ast Rubi-Onem

# GHOSTLY AMALGAM



MICHAEL STALEY  
& Sr. ARTEMIS 656 ∴

# GHOSTLY AMALGAM

## I



AY, 1994. Anticipation, excitement escalated as the trio approached the doorway. During their journey, bustling life had surrounded them. Now the vast space yawned before them; a few carpets adorned the floor, and furniture lay scattered around. The outside hurly-burley had diminished as they entered. Each had their own thoughts. They separated. Around the walls a mass of images and colours confronted them. Each in their own space scoured the walls. The images played their own games with consciousness. The trio met in the centre. The girl pointed.

“I don’t mind you buying any of them except *that* one. I couldn’t *bear* that skeleton, that picture of death, on the wall”.

The picture that she indicated was a darkness, a void with a shrouded figure; a skeletal face, a bony hand protruding to clasp the shroud. “That’s fine by me. I never even noticed it hanging there”.

The trio turned and walked once again into the light.

APRIL, 1995. An all-engulfing passion filled the artist as his crayons came to life in his hands, making their motion a great blur of movement. Energy, power and force became embedded deep into the fabric and texture of the picture, making it a living, subtly changing thing. A world within a world. The air surrounding the artist moved, scintillating, breathing, fluxing and flowing, congealing into half-seen shapes and reforming again. Light patterns adhered to the artist’s crayon, assimilating themselves into the picture, making it glow and change.

The door opened. The shapes parted as the housekeeper entered the room. She laid a tray of food and drink on the artist’s side table.

“What do you see?”

“I see a picture full of flux and flow and craving, waiting and yet timeless. Who is that in the foreground?”

“Why, can’t you tell that is me? Many souls have already entered here through the portal, awaiting their time of ecstasy and release. I too will enter here and await the vital force within another that will resurrect and transmute me”.

“Who shall do this for you?”

“I knew her name once, in my early years; but I know not her name now, nor when nor whence she shall materialise. But she will be full of vivacity, feyness, individuality, solitariness, magick, sensuality and of the night. She will awaken me again, for death shall not part us”.

MAY, 1956. Floating, circling, flying, freedom. I see below me a shape out of focus; gradually the shape forms into substance. A body; stiff, rigid, glassy-eyed. Closer I come, curious. A smell pervades the air. Death. My death. I am one with the firmament, with the extra-terrestrial. They call to me. My thoughts are fuzzy. Not yet. No! I have to await. Limbo. Where now? Flying, soaring, scouring. A home calls to me. Panic. Where? Remember. Light masses surround me, attempting to take me. NO! Not yet. Wait. I fly. I am safe. Yes, here I shall await, seeing without, beckoning those to come. Many are here already. Some I know, some have already departed, some have passed into the depths of the cavern and beyond. I am the guardian of the portal. I will await her coming, the one to set me free from limbo.

DECEMBER, 1961. Many years I have watched and waited, looking into the Spiritualist’s world and living with a mass of seething, changing, endlessly-changing spirits. I absorb images, thoughts, feelings, light, sound. It is *she*; I *feel* her coming. She is here. Yes, this one who is absorbing the Spiritualist’s caresses, she must be the one. I feel her, I reach out my mind to her. She shudders. I see her eyes open. She focuses on one of the shimmering candles that light the room. Her gaze moves around the room; my mind calls to her. Her eyes flicker past me and then return. I call to her again. Her eyes open wide with horror, her body becomes rigid; then suddenly she stumbles to her feet and through the door. I call to her. The Spiritualist chases after her. I can hear the uncontrollable sobbing outside the door, and his coaxing for her to return. But no, she flees into the night. But I can feel that my lady has come. The Spiritualist returns. As on so many occasions, he sits before me, studying me, trying to delve into my secrets. No, my friend; you shall never enter here. This is *my* domain. My ghosts sometimes arrive or depart with your disciples, but never shall you enter here. Our eyes meet and the words ‘out of the sea came entity’ hang written in the air between us. Sea... water... life... life-giving... Ah, I see it all now. Yes; you, the one, has come with the birthing waters, out of darkness into the light. I will be patient. I will await. The candles gutter. The spirits that surround me oscillate and ululate in excitement and anticipation. I am in the midst of a vast cacophony of sight, sound, light, movement and images. Be still, my friends; the time is not yet at hand.

MAY, 1994. The room has filled with human and ghostly forms. It is so long since I looked on humankind. Kept as a possession, locked away from view with little stimulation, I slept and wasted. My ghostly neigh-bours are fewer. Many have departed deep into the vastness beyond; some vanished, others left to become etched elsewhere. The picture dulled. She is here; I sense her as I await my turn. I seek her with my mind, but she is too absorbed with her companion, her mentor, her lover to allow even a brief encounter. I am lifted and placed before them. Glance my way... But no. Not even a glimmer of recognition. I pass back into obscurity. I will grow strong.

APRIL, 1995. A couple passes through the bustle into the cool space. Each walks around, more experienced, more open. They meet in the centre. Each desires so many. The girl points. “I don’t care which others you want, but I *must* have *that* pastel”. The man looks. “Yes. It *is* good. We’ll go for it”. The girl returns to stand at the base of the pastel. She now sees a living being, a shrouded figure with full flesh. Their minds reach out to each other and meld. The man sees the shimmer and glow of many, and the pathway through the portal and beyond.

APRIL, 1995. £600. Excitement; minds once again blending, touching, forming and circling. The hurly-burley of movement — walking, transportation, arriving, back to a place known. Back into the fold, back where names, concepts and magick are familiar. Back and yet forwards, always onwards, a great oneness, an allness and yet a nothingness. A trio fused in so many ways, all knowing, all loving, all melding. The spirits move, change, beckon; some depart, making room for those yet to come. Both the beginning and the end. The trio connected forming a perfect timeless, spaceless union of mind, body and spirit...



## II

A crypt, bathed in dark and purple hues, iridescent, scintillant. In the foreground a still figure, enshrouded in a matted, grey funeral sheet, which falls away in folds; face indistinct, but the suggestion of a smile, ironic. The stench of decay swirls around, permeates, coagulates. The figure has emerged from the crypt; it exudes a spectral, pale yellow halation. To the left of the portal, the purple hues shimmer and meld, dividing and reforming again. White light breaks over the roof of the cavern, pours down the side, becomes part of the melding and flowing.

Thunder. The air is heavy, tense, electric. A shape separates from the radiant fugue of shadows and purple, turning slowly: the sentinel of the cavern, the appearance of a stone statue from a grotesque fantasy. Now from the shadowy area the suggestion of a horse; it emerges, then reforms as the echo of two human figures. To the left of the tomb, the shimmering area falls away, opening up suddenly; an avenue emerges, down which shadowy, indistinct figures stream forward.

The air crackles, and the scene dissolves, giving way to a large room. The walls are lined with patches of brightness; the mists dissipate, the focus shifts into place, and the patches take on the form of framed pictures — drawings, watercolours, pastels. Perhaps half a dozen people in the room, moving slowly, gazing intently, absorbed in the pictures. The room is now bathed in the shimmering purple, the white light pouring down the far wall of the gallery, unseen. Again the focus shifts, stirs, alights on one picture in particular — the scene at the mouth of the crypt, at first sight frozen, but iridescent to the contemplative gaze. The entire gallery is a shifting, seething mass of colour and energy, each picture having its own localised vortex or focus.

The focus now shifts again, and another picture sharpens into view. A leering, lycanthropic face is swooping out from a mass of blue, mouth bloodied from a recent feast, eyes yet maddened with insatiate lust for the next kill. Behind this creature, another in the distance; jarring shadows just discernible behind them suggest more of them approaching. The first one swoops out of the picture, homing in on its prey: a sickly, attenuated creature which looks like a rabbit, hobbling frantically among tendrils of mist, blind terror at the sight of the hunter. It scrabbles hysterically in a corner, screaming, as the creature swoops down, mouth gaping wide to expose savage, dirty yellow fangs dripping with poisonous filth. The screams rise in crescendo; suddenly there is silence, punctuated by the sound of lapping as the creature gorges itself on blood that seeps from lacerated flesh. In seconds it is joined by others, fighting for scraps, eyes yellow and greedy for fresh prey. The carcass is ripped apart, lumps of torn and bloodied flesh scattered around.

Once more the focus moves, to another seething mass of colours. Coherence emerges slowly from this amalgam, and a human figure shifts into view. A man, face tense in concentration, right fist clenched and raised. At his side, a sheet of paper, burning; upon this paper, sigils and cryptograms, and the sketch of a tiger's head, in profile. The smoke curls up from the spreading fire. The air is tense, electric: a charge that becomes sharper, more palpable by the second. The face remains taut; eyes open, but in trance, unseeing. Tiny disturbances in the air; strange geometries, dimly perceptible, interlock repeatedly in angular patterns ever more complex, before slipping beyond sight. A few seconds of stillness. Then, movement: the crescendo of tension has given birth. The sound of rustling; stealthy padding; hot, foetid breath, the stench of numberless kills hanging in the air. Slowly, languidly, form emerges; a huge tiger comes into view, eyes glittering, whiskers quivering. Its body is massive, rippling with grace, poise and beauty. The human figure maintains its unwavering concentration, not distracted by the fruits of its sorcery; the parchment burns with gathering ferocity, the smoke coiling, rising in drifting arabesques, being assimilated into the body of the tiger. Unseen, unheard, the elemental moves slowly and stealthily across the portal, to take its pleasure amongst the living.

The scene shifts, fades, relapses once more into the tumult of colour. Another scene sharpens into focus. A central face in profile; expression intense, sacramental; rapt in contemplation. Around him erupts a flaming ecstasy of surging, heaving figures: a mad, bacchanalian dance of shamanistic worship. Incense

is heaped upon braziers; pungent smells hang thick upon the air. Flaming figures emerge from the maelstrom in an instant of existence, then fall back into the pyre. Ululations rise and fall, keen and die away into susurrations. To the left, a woman of squamous face, dark flowing hair and long, graceful limbs dances languidly, sensuously. Amidst this maelstrom, stretching herself forth towards the heavens, is a figure resembling the Egyptian goddess, Isis; above her is the sickle of the new moon, austere, impeccable.

Then, a flash; the scene has changed to a dark, steaming swamp. A woman in profile, still, frozen in eternity. Behind her, a man, also in profile, wearing a black cowl. Colours arise from the miasma of the swamp, stream around him, playing on his face. They seem to seep into his features, then arise from the pores of his skin, before flowing back into the swamp. Another woman's face coheres from the swamp vapours, seemingly unaware of her surroundings. I focus once more on the first woman I saw. She wears an ear-pendant which I have never seen before, but which yet arouses a nostalgia, a yearning: surely I have seen it somewhere, sometime... At this thought, I am drawn closer to the pendant. It is a representation of a very strange creature indeed — large breasts, pinched waist, wings instead of arms. The face is androgynous, with an expression which I can only describe as inscrutable — as if gazing on eternities, and being oblivious to this moment. Suddenly the eyes are alive, blazing, registering this moment... I am an intruder; the time is not right. An explosion of sound and colour: I am back in the gallery.

I am plunged into these scenes, and many more like them. The gallery is aflame, a riotous tumult of colour, sound and smell; each picture a window onto a strange and alien dimension, a portal across which the denizens of these other worlds stray. And yet, through it all, the viewers of these pictures walk along the gallery unconcerned, insensible to the tumult, the violent shifts of force and form, going on around them. They see only still, lifeless representations: nothing more than pastel, pencil and watercolour upon paper.

The crypt once more. White light shimmering down the walls; melting into the purple, yet remaining aloof. The sentinel stirs, turning slowly; the face melting, its lines etched into the rock, yet curiously mobile. Something is eternally sleeping, seeping; forever coming to birth, always in swirling potential, seeking the elusive moment of the actual. Seeking the gateway, the instant of reification — an eternity. I gaze at the picture: shimmering, movement amongst the shadows. Delicacy and beauty which arrests the attention and melts the heart; picture and viewer coalescing to a dynamic, transformative entity.

A sinuous hissing. My attention is shifted once more to the mouth of the crypt. The shimmering hues are more alive, more vibrant than ever. Unseen forces seem to be propelling me forward to the threshold, and beyond. Within seconds, I am pulled into the blackness beyond the portal, plunged into the cavernous depths. For untold ages, all is blackness; then I am thrust, apprehensive, into the void, pressing onward. The walls breathe, are alive, entity. Air still, foetid, hot, claustrophobic. An impression of shapes pressing in upon me. Then, a glow ahead; the cavernous depths are lit up, and my surroundings are more visible. Haltingly, cautiously, I walk towards the glow. Strange shapes are trembling, jerking in a moving, guttering light, the source of which is for the moment not discernible. Then the light gets stronger, and I see with relief that my subterranean journey is coming to an end.

I emerge from the cavernous depths into a clearing within the mountain rocks. Green-grey rock formations surround me; they stretch off into the sky, a dizzying sense of height. Beyond, the sky is cloudy; patches of blue afloat billowing clouds. The light is distinctly autumnal; the air smells fresh, a hint of recent rain, accentuated by the sharpness of cool, mountainous air.

Vision now refocuses, adjusts, taking in the scene bounded by the mountainous reaches. There are a number of tombstones clustered around the centre of the clearing, of various shapes and sizes. Something odd about these tombstones; not necessarily malevolent, but jarring all the same, feeding a sense of unease. To the left, a group of humans, turned inwards as a circle. Now I realise that they are



*VAMPIRE*

*Robert Taylor*

mourners, and hear for the first time their sobbing and wailing. Someone has evidently been interred here today. With this realisation a charnel smell assails my nostrils. There is something else — a peculiar susurration, almost an electrical quality to it, seeming to surround the mourners but not originating from them. Then I realise with a shock: the sound is coming from the surrounding rocks themselves. The mountains are alive; sentience is arising as a miasma from every pore of the rocks, seeping forth from every nook and cranny.

Shapes appear in the rocks and mountain faces, cohering slowly, ambiguously at first. There is movement: shifting, heaving, writhing. Forms meld, coalesce, break away to fuse and divide yet again in a perpetual dance of ecstatic coupling: all things fornicate all of the time. There is an impression of vast ages; they are impassive — aware of the mourning below, but paying little heed. It dawns on me that the dead have returned to the surrounding rocks, been subsumed into what humans think of as the background to their life. In fact, their life is surface movement only: transient ripples of form and force which regroup, coalesce, assume other forms, become once more a part of the mass of sentience which underlies all.

I focus again on the tombstones. Now that I look more closely, they are not inert, but are vibrant, alive, shimmering with energy. Something more: some of the tombstones shift, hovering on the verge of grotesque parodies of human form. The susurration grows into a tittering sound which echoes around the mountains, mocking the mourners who yet remain oblivious, locked into their sense of misery and loss. The shimmering now grows from the tombs, from the hills, and envelops the oblivious mourners as tendrils of mist. It is entering their bodies, seeping into their blood and flesh, seething in their souls like a slow but insistent vitriol. Their life-force is being sapped, vampirized; the supposed dead feeding off the fancied living.

A fluttering in my navel alerts me: I am being watched. The sinister entities seem to be shifting their awareness in my direction, and tendrils of mist are drifting towards me. There is the sensation of something alien entering my consciousness; a vision of two red eyes, glaring and malevolent amidst a mass of blue protoplasm. Then I am surrounded by a ghostly amalgam: wraiths who seem attracted to my aura. Tendrils enter my consciousness; shards of glaring, bright light lacerate my nerves. I am pierced at a million points, and something seems to be ebbing away. Cold fingers brush my cortex; the citadel shudders and heaves, twists and convulses. Then, a peak seems to be reached, and alien entity slips away from my nervous system, flows back to the hills. I am weak, thirsty, trembling; blackness supervenes, and I am falling, falling.

Consciousness comes back, falls away again, configures into new accretions: a perpetual dance of an eternal “I”. Then, swirling mists lift, and awareness is stable once more. I am in a twilight world. Shapes, dimly perceptible, dance and shift; a perpetual roiling of form. Then, as my eyes become more accustomed to this perpetual gloom, I see more. In front of me, a statuesque amalgam of shapes, endlessly shifting and changing. At the top of this seething mass of protoplasm, the head of a woman, but androgynous, sphinx-like. Her eyes coruscate; her face is perpetually changing expression. At once glamorous, portentous, the wisdom of the ages; she seems to see through the perpetual change going on around her, to a core that remains aloof, but which is the source of the change, the eternal transformations of matter. Then I hear once more a sinuous hissing, and my eyes dart to the source. Atop her head, its head stooped down to her forehead, writhes a serpent. The creature is magnificent, with sparkling scales of green and purple which shimmer and scintillate. The hisses grow in insistence, and I notice a resonance to this hissing, a richness of texture. It builds to a swelling wave, throwing off endless fugues of colour which infuse the protoplasm around us, evoking a bewildering diversity of forms. Hypnotised by the beauty and wonder around me, I follow the endless arabesques for what seems an eternity. Under the spell of this strange pied piper, forms are thrown off, flourish for a while, then fuse with other forms before returning to the protoplasm to be reconfigured once again. Then I realise with a shock that I am not the aloof observer which I supposed myself to be; I am resonating to the call of the serpent, my form changing. I become less cohesive; the sense of “I” is dissolving, slipping away, falling... falling... falling... Awareness now seems to be in an increasing number of points, until vision is everywhere. There is the

face of a man under that of the woman... familiar... was that face the form I once had? Shimmering shadows of the head fall away in pulsating echoes that resonate to infinity. I fall into the protoplasmic mass, am called forth anew by the hissing; endless death and rebirth. Then a dark shadow becomes visible on the throat of the man. I see that it is a subtle gateway, through which much of the protoplasmic matter, writhing and twisting in ceaseless transformation, is being drawn. I, too, am pulled by these same tides, and career towards the gateway. Here the flesh of the throat is soft, tenuous, a veil; I am rushed through that veil, and swept upwards with increasing velocity. A barrier is reached, the surge contained. Pressure builds, until the bonds are burst and the cup overflows. Then, silence, stillness.

Slowly a sense of "I" coagulates. When I return fully to consciousness, I am adrift in an ocean, floating with the current; now gently, lazily; now faster, more agitated. Shapes shimmer, blurred, iridescent; gradually my eyes accustom themselves to the flow of water over pupil, and the shapes become clearer. They coagulate as faces; various ages, various expressions, yet each with a strange familiarity, an echo of recognition. Then, memory stirs, consciousness resurges. They are each facets of myself; or rather, my fellow facets, for I am one such. I, who have thought myself complete, sovereign, alone, am also an echo, facient. With this dawning knowledge we, the constituent parts, each a shimmering scale, thrill to a distant and far-off magnetism. Like the god whose dismembered parts were flung to the four winds, the remembering is beginning to stir. The discordant sounds assume descants and subtle harmonies, beginning to sound more like notes in a swelling symphony, sweeping as waves of blissful sound across the nadis of the body.

We, the remembering facets, are swept upwards with increasing velocity, ever greater numbers of us accumulating. Each of us bears upon our brow a strange sigil, flowing lines of arabesque. Always a variation on a theme, each balanced within itself. The sigil resonates, imparting a sharp, increasingly lucid edge to consciousness. Now we approach the surface of the water: a rainbow, striations of awesome colours which seem to separate the waters from that which is above its surface. We pass through the rainbow: the colours a vibrant, surging dance of ecstasy that sweeps through us, drenching each facet of this fast-conglomerating whole, this ghostly amalgam with wave after wave of bliss, an orgasm which seems to hang in eternity. The walls of the honeycomb are melting, flowing, and with it primal memory resurges through each cell of the honeycomb, accelerating the melting and flowing as the waves hasten the dissolution.

Rapidly limning, we surge through the rainbow, and hover above the water, a humming mass. A clear blue sky, but no visible sun. Hovering on the horizon, a statuesque apparition, an awesome mingling of man and beast. Standing; wide, rounded hips; a pinched waist, full breasts; wings instead of arms; an androgynous face, aloof, forbidding. Behind it, to its right, the bright white sickle of the New Moon. Strange fronds leap from the sea and fall back, supplicants to this awesome elemental. Resurgent Isis, thou witch; from the Besz-Mass of mutations emerge gleaming, choate, godhead.

Gradually, a distant star becomes visible in the blue sky. Growing larger, it puts forth a widening beam of light which falls down to the surface of the water. A cone forms, several miles wide, far across the surface of the ocean. Other shapes emerge from the star, playing around the cone; angles of light, strange geometries which seem to twist and turn, disappearing and reappearing; geometries which seem to trace impossible angles, the contemplation of which is dizzying.

The mass which is we draws towards the cone, sweeping forward in a surge of nostalgia, coagulating as an harmonious whole, an arrow of desire being forged from all else. Increasingly straight and true, we soar towards our goal, the cone. As we fly forth, honing and keening along the way, a glorious and sublime sigil becomes ever more visible within the cone; as we near, it takes more shape. We recognise it with a surge of joy which ripples through our body; a synthesis of those separate and unique sigils which we each bore when floating in the ocean. O glory! O destiny! Call forth the sweet quadrilles of my desire! Let the mad maenads be banished forever! Let this remembrance endure through sweet, sweet eternity!

Aflame, we surge into the cone, and cast our gaze above, to the distant star, through the ecstatic geometries. We leap aloft, and are soaring, soaring, towards the star, homeward bound. As we are drawn ever upwards, we penetrate a profusion of colours and angles; somehow the myriad colours and untold angles synthesise into one sensation, which streaks to the core of our being, infusing the depths. Then, at the very core, an answering surge, seeming to overflow beyond ourselves. This surge becomes an ocean, roaring forth towards the star. And then we reach the star, and all is transformed. There is no star; it was a mirage, projected outwards from the depths of being. There is no us; there just is — an awareness that stretches in all directions, into all times, all dimensions. Then re-membering is complete; the dreamer has woken: all is “I”, unfolding throughout all time, all space, all dimension — a perpetual game of hide-and-seek. There is endless transformation — a ghostly amalgam.

At last, I am home. Pan-dimensional, my gaze sweeps across eternity, takes in all my forms. Homes in on one in particular. Somewhere, far off, there is someone gazing reverentially, ecstatically, at a pastel picture, a ghostly amalgam of shadows and purple. It is an echo, resounding across the corridors of space and time.

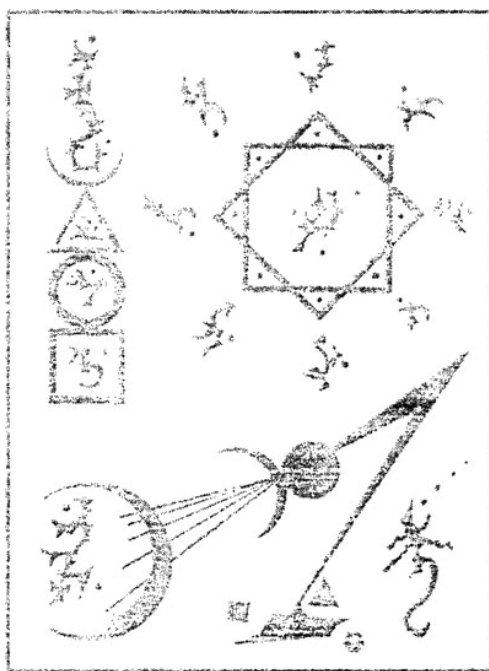


*SPHINX*

*Carina van der Snee*

# GERALD MASSEY

## His Life & Works



REY BOWEN



# GERALD MASSEY

## His Life & Works



ERALD Massey: Poet, Author, Spiritualist and Egyptologist' — these are the words engraved on his tomb in a graveyard at New Southgate, a suburb of London, England. Many of his contemporaries never appreciated this extraordinary nineteenth-century man. Even to this day, the works of Massey have been ridiculed by the established authorities, who have not dared to undertake a thorough investigation into the fruit of his labours — a six-volume set of works into the African origins of symbols, languages, myths and religions, with Egypt as the mouthpiece. Though dismissed as a “hyper diffusionist“, Massey was far ahead of his time with the premise that in Africa alone could one find the beginnings of humanity and human civilization. Born into a family of extremely poor working-class people, Massey devoted his entire life to the many causes that were affecting the underprivileged. He had hoped that one day humanity would awake from the superstitious mumbling of what he called the “priest craft”, and that it would accept the new religion of spiritualism. The task that he placed upon himself was to be financially unrewarding; nonetheless, he forged ahead with unflagging energy.

Gerald Massey was born on 29th May 1828 at Gamble Wharf, near Tring, the son of a canal boatman. Both his parents were illiterate, and for his labours Massey's father earned between six and ten shillings a week. With this amount he had to support a wife and six children. Massey attended a British national school, to which his father contributed a penny a day for his education. The stifling economic situation of his family led Massey to leave school at the age of eight. He soon found employment like other members of his family in a silk mill. He worked an average of thirteen hours per day, six days per week, for the sum of one shilling and three pence. However, the mill burned down and the Masseys were subsequently employed as strawplaiters.

Massey's mother was an astute woman who had diligently acquired for her son the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrims Progress*, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, and a few Wesleyan tracts. These works the young Massey vigorously digested, even committing several passages of the Bible to memory. These works were the sole primers of Massey's early intellectual world. Soon Massey became restless in his insular world at Tring. He thus decided to venture out of his domain, and at fifteen he set off to London. He continued to develop intellectually — reading whatever he could lay his hands on, listening to the new radical political activists and experiencing the lot of the urban working class. As a consequence, Massey was attracted to the Chartist movement, dedicated to improving the conditions of ordinary working people.

Chartism was born out of the mass discontent over the unjust social and political conditions of the day. The movement began in 1838 and lasted fifteen years. It was during this period that Massey met another young enthusiastic Chartist, J.B.Leno, a printer. Together they started a “penny” periodical, the *Oxbridge Spirit of Freedom*; it was, though, short-lived. After, Massey became the Secretary of the Tailors' Association, a position he held until 1852. By this time Massey became involved with other socialists in London under the auspices of (George) Julian Harney, a prominent figure amongst the Chartists and the editor of several radical periodicals. Massey worked on these publications. By the middle of 1851 more internal conflicts within the ranks of the Chartist movement, signalled the demise of Chartism.

Meanwhile, Massey had been writing articles and poetry for the *Christian Socialist* journal. This connection led Massey to leave the radical movement behind. According to Harney in a letter to W.E. Adams in 1884, it was "...after a famous critic had read Massey's poetry in the *Red Republican* he got him into the *Athenaeum*; the poet's 'beautiful verse and face got him into society'...". Massey's most active political period was over; he was now a Christian Socialist.

The Christian Socialist movement was started by a group of friends as "an influential pressure group drawing attention to social injustice and suggesting possible solutions...". The movement started in 1848 and ended its first period in 1854. The founding members were Frederick Denison Maurice, John Ludlow, Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes — all notable individuals in their own right. Along with these first members was a "most remarkable figure connected with the movement":

Maurice writing to Kingsley on February 28th says: "Has Ludlow told you of our Chartist poet in Castle Street? He is not quite a Locke, but has I think some real stuff in him". This was Gerald Massey.

C.E. Raven, *Christian Socialism 1848-54*, p. 152.  
(Macmillan, London, 1920).

So now Massey was promoting the ideas of the Christian Socialists. Along with Walter Cooper from the Tailors' Association, Massey was in "great demand" to lecture on issues relating both to Christian Socialism and to Working Mens' Associations. It was at this point that Massey voiced his opinion on the women's cause:

Scarcely a great man ever lived but has attributed three- fourths of his greatness to the influence of his mother on his character, before and after birth. They mould humanity either for good or evil.

Yet it is only a just retribution on man for his selfish bestial tyranny over woman. He has looked upon her merely — not in the light — but in the gloom, of a slave...

Massey, article "Tennyson's Princess",  
*Christian Socialist*, September 1851, pp.204-7.

It was, furthermore, during this period that Massey freelanced for John Chapman, the publisher and editor of the *Westminster Review*. Chapman's house became a famous "centre of a literary coterie". On Monday evenings Massey could keep the company of a variety of people such as Louis Blanc, the French socialist; Charles Dickens, author, who published poetry of Massey's in his journal *All Year Round*; Thornton Hunt, journalist; Herbert Spencer, author; William M. Thackeray; and George Eliot — who modelled her heroic, working-class apostle "Felix Holt" on Massey. Consequently, Massey was to make vital connections in the literary world that enabled him to develop further and also moved him away from the Christian Socialists' circle. That move took him to Edinburgh, where he obtained a position as a journalist for the Chambers brothers. He was to return to England as a celebrated poet.

Back in 1848, Massey had had *Poems and Chansons*, his first collection of poems, published by a Tring publisher. The edition of 250 copies sold out almost immediately. Two years later, Massey married Rosina Jane Knowles, on the 8th July 1850. That same year, Massey published a collection of some of his "wild red republican rhymes". This collection was entitled *Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love*, an anthology both of Chartist verse and of love poems. However, it was not until the publication of *The Ballad of Babe Christabel and Other Poems*, in 1854, that Gerald Massey became a celebrated poet. Hepworth Dixon, the historian, traveller, and editor of the renowned periodical the *Athenaeum*,

caught sight of the little volume, and showed it to Douglas Jerrold... Dixon wrote seven columns about it... and Jerrold wrote a naming review in Lloyd's.

Dawson, article "Mr. Gerald Massey at Home",  
*The Bookman*, November 1897, p.33.

It was reviews like this which opened-up England to Massey's poetical works. This volume of poetry became so popular that it went into five editions within a year.

Another one of Massey's interests that engulfed a considerable amount of his time was Spiritualism. In 1852 Spiritualism arrived in England, the stimulus coming from a Mrs Haydon, a professional medium from Boston, who came to England in the winter of the same year. But it was the arrival of Daniel Dunglas Home, three years later, that heralded the pinnacle of mediumship in Britain.

During the 1860s Home, at the height of his fame, had effected the conversion of several well-known members of British society to the movement. Among his converts were Dr R Chambers, the author and lexicographer; Dr Elliotson, the physiologist; and S.C. Hall, author and journalist. He also had an avid admirer in Gerald Massey. Moreover, Home along with Elliotson and Hall founded the Spiritual Athenaeum "a society for the propagation of spiritualism". Massey became not only an admirer, but a close friend.

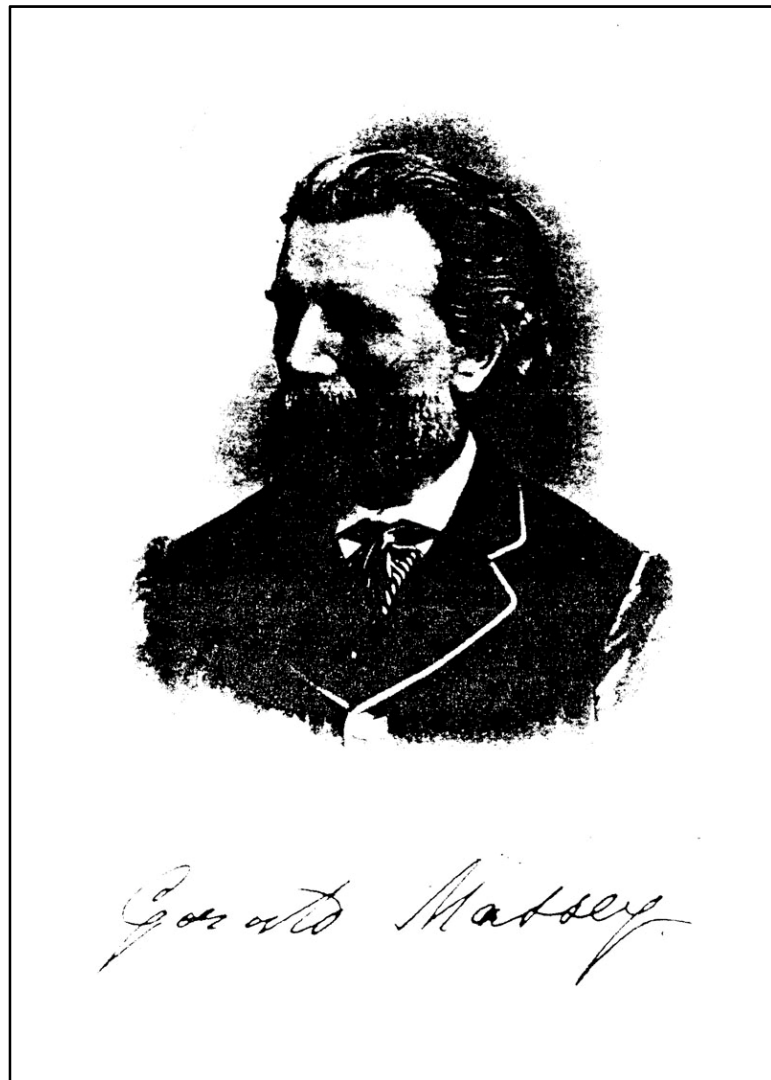
Massey's first wife, Rosina Jane Knowles, who was a clairvoyant, can be said to have guided her husband into the realm of spiritualism. Mrs Massey

offered enquirers a crop of 'Clairvoyant Phenomena every Monday and Thursday. Admission, 2s. 6d. Acut price'

H. Wyndham, *Mr. Sludge, the Medium*, p.20.

Gerald Massey became attracted to spirit phenomena and its signs and symbols, in this case the Egyptian hieroglyphs. Rosina Massey died early in 1866, spurring his interest in spiritualism. It was another two years before Massey was to remarry; in January 1868, he married Eva Byron. Then, in 1869, Massey published a short piece entitled *Tale of Eternity*, "founded" he said "on personal experience in a house that was haunted". As a consequence, an editor of repute described Massey "as having deserted Liberalism and gone over to 'those spiritualists'". Subsequently, in 1871, Massey issued *Concerning Spiritualism*, a small volume pertaining to his experiences with spiritualism, which he withdrew soon after publication. At this juncture, two important figures appear in Massey's life — Alfred Russel Wallace, the botanist and one of the principal exponents of the evolution theory; and the explorer Richard Burton. Both Russel Wallace and Burton became involved with the spiritualist movement. Beside the other activities Massey was undertaking, he still had time to develop a reputation of sorts as a Shakespearean scholar. In 1866, Massey published a volume entitled *Shakespeare's Sonnets Never Before Interpreted*. It was subsequently reissued in 1872 and again in 1888.

Massey claimed that it was around 1870 when he stumbled across the idea that the human race had its origins in equatorial Africa. So began his work to trace human language, typology, theology, numbers, etc., to K'mt. (K'mt was the ancient name of Egypt; it means the 'Black Land'. Massey spelt it 'Kamit', and the adjectives he used were either 'Kamite' or 'Kamitic'.) Although he never set foot on Egyptian soil, he spent ten years in the British Museum sifting through a massive amount of data. During this period Massey befriended the eminent Egyptologist Dr. Samuel Birch. Dr. Birch was available to check Massey's progress during those ten years. Massey, now armed with the ability to decipher the hieroglyphs, and with a voluminous accumulation of facts, set out to recover the lost origins of the African genesis. His first approach with the data he had collected was to treat the subject matter philologically, which resulted in *A Book of the Beginnings*, published in two volumes by Williams & Norgate, London, 1881. The preparation of this massive work required its author to have a considerable knowledge of anthropology, comparative philology and mythology. In addition, Massey had Wallace, Burton and Birch to guide him along the way — Wallace with his theory of evolution, Burton with his ethnographic knowledge, and Birch with his sound command of Egyptology. However, Massey's main argument was built on the interpretation of the ideographic and symbolic nature of the Egyptian hieroglyphs.



When *A Book of the Beginnings* was first published, the establishment scorned it: how could an “untrained” poet claim such knowledge? Massey’s methodology was deemed to be unscientific and unsound. One reviewer remarked:

He appeals to language in proof of the connexion between Egypt and various parts of the inhabited globe, and has yet to learn the first principles of scientific philology. ...he has easy work in hunting the Egyptians over half the world, and in proving that the British Isles, the Hebrew Scriptures, and the Maoris of New Zealand all belong alike to the children of Ham.

*Athenaeum*, No.2891, July 1881, p. 13c.

The majority of critics were no different in the view that determined Massey’s works “ridiculous”. Only a small number of open-minded reviewers were able to grasp the book’s stupendous implications. One such unbiased commentator favoured the book but had reservations about the African genesis:

Since Mr Gerald Massey’s great work appeared, numerous criticisms of it have come under notice. And of these scarcely one has indicated that the reviewer had closely studied the book, while most have shown but too plainly that its pages had been but skimmed over hurriedly and perfunctorily.

What seemed to be at the bottom of the negative reviews was a failure to understand Massey’s Typology. This was coupled with a lack of insight into what Erich Neumann later described as

an inward image at work in the human psyche. The Symbolic expression of this psychic phenomena... represented in the myths and artistic creations of mankind.

E. Nuemann, *The Great Mother*, p.3.  
Routledge & Kegan Paul edn., London, 1963.

Typology is the key to the comprehension of Massey's works, and it was the use of "comparative Typology" that enabled him to recover the primeval unity of culture and languages of the world. In short, Massey "applied the evolutionary scheme to history, sociology, religion, and language", but somehow needed to expound his theories more convincingly. Thus, he covered the same ground again, this time using typology, and produced *The Natural Genesis*. Similar refutations, as had been fired at *A Book of Beginnings*, were also aimed at this later work.

Again, not completely convinced he had made his argument clear enough, he went over the data a third time, with "the earliest imagery and astronomical mythology" in mind, resulting in *Ancient Egypt: Light of the World*. He therefore produced a body of work consisting of six volumes that complement each other and evolve into an unfolding of unprecedented revelations.

By the time *Ancient Egypt* had been published, the academic climate had not changed a great deal. Massey was labelled a "mystic", and his book "pathetic". Yet, Egyptology was beginning to substantiate a great deal of his facts, albeit by proxy and in a "conspiracy of silence". It took Massey twenty-four years before he had completed *Ancient Egypt*. To him it was a race against time because of the "many hindrances from straitened circumstances, chronic ailments, and the deepening shadows of encroaching age...". Massey was adamant about showing the world that "Egypt was the light of the world", that Babylonian Mythology, Hebrew legends, and Christian doctrines were all of Egyptian origin. Moreover, he suggested that almost six-thousand years ago, the Egyptians had taught the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. He expounded this idea in detail in Volume Two, explaining how Osiris was the Father, Horus the Son, and Re (Ra) the Holy Spirit. Then he showed the origins of the Christhood, as portrayed by the Egyptian risen "Krst Mummy" (Karast). As a result, Massey illustrated how the Gospels were a re-worked version of the "Ritual" (Per em Hru) and he was also able to parallel the sayings of Jesus the Christ with those in the "Ritual". In sum, Massey brought together "a tripartite scheme, of Kamite religion: typology, mythology, and eschatology".<sup>1</sup>

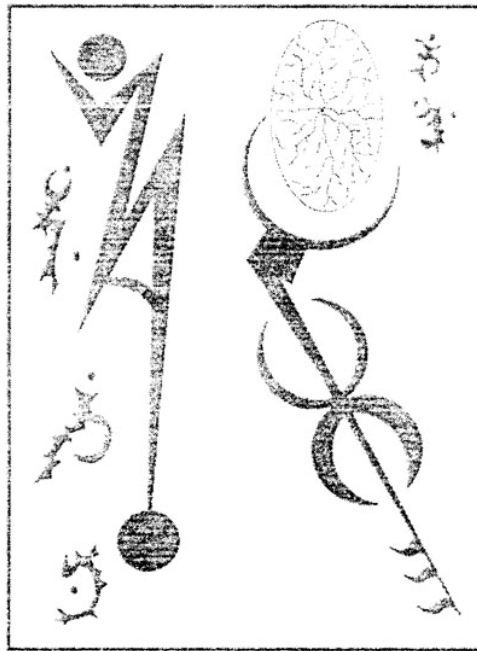
However, without a thorough study of all six volumes, in their chronological order of publication, and without painstaking cross referencing, a comprehensive understanding of the implications of Massey's *magnum opus* is difficult to achieve. Massey spent the last thirty-seven years of his life attempting to prove that Africa was the genesis of the human family; and for the period he lived in, and his work against all odds, he must be saluted for such overwhelming labours. He survived the publication of *Ancient Egypt* by a month, dying in his 79th year, on 29th October 1907. His work, according to "main-stream" academics, belongs with those written by the "folklorist" school. Yet his concepts form a completely new set of ground rules for the testing of new paradigms of history, linguistics, archaeology, Egyptology, anthropology, and psychology. And so, according to Massey:

*Thus saith the Lord — You weary me  
With prayers, and waste your own short years:  
Eternal truth you cannot see  
Who weep, and shed your sight in tears.  
In rain you wait and watch the skies,  
No better fortune thus will fall;  
Up from your knees I bid you rise,  
And claim the Earth for all.*

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<sup>1</sup> C.S. Finch, "The Works of Gerald Massey: Studies in Kamite Origins"; published in *Journal of African Civilizations*, November 1982, pp.53-4.

# MAGICK FOR FOOLS



MARGARET INGALLS

# MAGICK FOR FOOLS

*Lord, what fools these mortals be. — A Midsummer Night's Dream.*



WHEN I was a child, my father brought home a marvellous, battery-operated toy called the Mystery Box. It was a black box with a switch marked ON' and OFF'; next to the switch was a covered opening. When the switch was moved to 'ON', the cover withdrew from the opening, and a little hand emerged. The hand pushed the switch to 'OFF', slid back into the opening, and the cover closed over it.

This is an apt, though simplified, metaphor for Magick. It's equally as true to say "Malkuth resolves into Kether again, but after a different manner" as it is to say "Kether resolves into Malkuth again, but after a different manner". Does this mean that the Path of Initiation is a closed circle, delivering you back to your doorstep after a series of fantastic adventures and dire perils? No and yes.

If you rotate your view ninety degrees, you'll see that what appeared to be a circle is actually a spiral, passing through familiar countryside a few miles down the road from your last encounter with the terrain. This often manifests as a sense of *déjà vu* in trying circumstances, in meeting new acquaintances or in enduring serious Ordeals. Multiple encounters with the same problem mean simply that not all lessons are learned at the same time, and that wisdom arrives through experience as well as through revelation.

Neophytes often assume that Initiation proceeds by a linear, though often crooked, path. The experience of walking (and leaping along) that path, however, reveals that each Sphere is revisited repeatedly, each time with a little more intelligence applied to the appreciation of its essence, its virtues and its pitfalls. The same repetition applies to 'Crossing the Abyss'.

The world of Assiah, the material world and its concerns, has so much gravity and elasticity that it resumes its former shape and immediacy after any number of experiences that proves its illusory nature. Our physical bodies are an essential part of ourselves, and serve to convince us that their surroundings act upon them and are acted upon by them. This doesn't mean that matter is evil and spirit is good, despite the centuries in which tins philosophy has held sway. What it does mean is that in working Magick, the Initiate must take account of certain inconvenient truths about our engineering, our molecular and atomic makeup, and the impulses encoded into our bodies and influencing our minds.

Many, if not all, Initiates began their pursuit of the High Art with an act of opening the mind to new possibilities. This opening process can be inspired by boredom, desperation, curiosity, rebellion, admiration of a practitioner, or other conditions; if you're ready for Magick, any specific motive to investigate it soon changes to fascination with it. I remember my own early experiences in Magick, the awe and wonder of learning about the transphysical planes, and then actually venturing into the realm of visions, lucid dreaming, and astral expeditions.

I also remember that my initial ideas about what I was experiencing were somewhat askew due to a lack of sufficient data and a lack of understanding of the larger context of transphysical reality. Images

and notions from popular culture, images of wizards and witches, gods and demons, miracles and marvels, had to be reinterpreted and comprehended anew. When revised understandings began to manifest, I was tempted to explain away a lot of things as being “just a psychological phenomenon” or “just telepathic connection”, positing states read about, but as yet unattained, as mysterious, alien goals to reach.

A sound way of preparing a generation of students to understand more easily Magick and all of its doings would be to teach poetry as a second language. Literalism is doomed to be mired in paradox, impossibility and experiential refutation. If the Bible, both Old and New Testament, were to be read as literature and poetry instead of as a spiritual textbook and historical record, attempts at institutional indoctrination would be futile, and the mind-rot of fundamentalism would be cured.

*If a fool persist in his folly, he would become wise. — William Blake*

Magick demands a new way of seeing, a new point of view. Conventional reality, as presented in school, church, politics and the news media, is a confused patchwork of guesswork, surmise, and uninformed conclusion. Conventional wisdom, that body of opinion and proverbs that the uninitiated swear by (and often at), would hold a Magician to be a fool. How can ritualistic mumbo-jumbo, divination and healing possibly work?

A Neophyte quickly learns the value of silence in the company of the uninitiated. Only experience in the realms traditionally assigned to myth, legend, and fiction can testify to the truth and reality of Magick. Those without such experience will scoff at astral adventures and laugh at the functions of talismans. Until the inexperienced are treated to a personal demonstration by their Holy Guardian Angel, there's no chance for constructive conversation with them. Magicians tend to seek out each others' company because of a shared vision and shared experiences, with individualized details.

Remember your first ritual you performed on the physical plane. Didn't you feel like a complete fool? I know that I did, and I recall the effort that it took to proceed with the words, the gestures, and the mustering of sincerity and concentration. Even with extensive reading in preparation for ritual action, I was nervous about embarrassing myself in the actual doing of it. Of course, there isn't anything embarrassing about doing ritual, but it takes the courage of a fool to begin.

During the early phase of practice, a new opportunity for foolhood opens. In my readings of the words of Teresa of Avila and John of the Cross, friends and mystics in Medieval Spain, I encountered descriptions of my own experiences in Magick: there's a period of 'sweetness' — a honeymoon, if you will — that encourages a person to keep pursuing his or her chosen path. For Christian mystics, it brings visions and a sense of the presence of God; for me, and for various Magical colleagues, it took the form of a coin appearing out of thin air, a sofa moving a few feet during a shared astral working, a potted aloe plant moving sideways from the top of my refrigerator and crashing to the floor, etc. Minor PSI phenomena like those described above, uncanny 'coincidences', significant numbers impossibility and experiential refutation. If the Bible, both Old and New Testament, were to be read as literature and poetry instead of as a spiritual textbook and historical record, attempts at institutional indoctrination would be futile, and the mind-rot of fundamentalism would be cured.

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swear by (and often at), would hold a Magician to be a fool. How can ritualistic mumbo-jumbo, divination and healing possibly work?

A Neophyte quickly learns the value of silence in the company of the uninitiated. Only experience in the realms traditionally assigned to myth, legend, and fiction can testify to the truth and reality of Magick. Those without such experience will scoff at astral adventures and laugh at the functions of talismans. Until the inexperienced are treated to a personal demonstration by their Holy Guardian Angel, there's no chance for constructive conversation with them. Magicians tend to seek out each others' company because of a shared vision and shared experiences, with individualized details.

Remember your first ritual you performed on the physical plane. Didn't you feel like a complete fool? I know that I did, and I recall the effort that it took to proceed with the words, the gestures, and the mustering of sincerity and concentration. Even with extensive reading in preparation for ritual action, I was nervous about embarrassing myself in the actual doing of it. Of course, there isn't anything embarrassing about doing ritual, but it takes the courage of a fool to begin.

During the early phase of practice, a new opportunity for foolhood opens. In my readings of the words of Teresa of Avila and John of the Cross, friends and mystics in Medieval Spain, I encountered descriptions of my own experiences in Magick: there's a period of 'sweetness' — a honeymoon, if you will — that encourages a person to keep pursuing his or her chosen path. For Christian mystics, it brings visions and a sense of the presence of God; for me, and for various Magical colleagues, it took the form of a coin appearing out of thin air, a sofa moving a few feet during a shared astral working, a potted aloe plant moving sideways from the top of my refrigerator and crashing to the floor, etc. Minor PSI phenomena like those described above, uncanny 'coincidences', significant numbers presenting themselves on car registration plates or on television, all contribute to the conviction that "there must be something to this Magick business". If you take it as a confirmation that you're going in the right direction — and if you continue along in that direction — then the odd events have served their proper purpose.

If, on the other hand, you become enamoured of these epiphenomena, and mistake them for results of your Workings, you might be inclined to pursue them. This doesn't work for long, and you become the wrong kind of fool, a mere prestidigitator of manifestations. Other than possibly impressing your friends, there's little point in being able to know who's about to call you on the phone or in being able to conjure up a change of weather.

*A chela called out to his guru from the far side of the river, "Watch me, master". He drew his consciousness into his Manipura Chakra, slowed his breathing, and walked across the water to join his guru on the near shore.*

*"It's taken me seven years of meditation and purification by austerities, and much spiritual work to be able to do this," he said. "Surely it means I'm nearing enlightenment!"*

*The guru shook his head sadly and asked, "My son, why did you not take the ferry-boat?"*

The main problem with becoming attached to Magical epiphenomena and the awe and wonder they produce is that the honeymoon is soon over — in Magick and Mysticism, as well as in romance.

After the sweetness comes the dryness. You notice that the incidence of the little miracles begins to fall. You barely feel the rush of power during ritual, and the astral realms may close themselves to you; no longer do you experience spontaneous visions, or the sense of impending events, or even the bothersome 'astral chill'. Even more distressing, you begin to feel tired when it's time to do ritual, meditation, yoga, katas, or whatever your chosen practices have been. You feel the urge to make excuses for postponing or omitting practice altogether.

The deep, solid core of Will is the only thing that keeps you going. This is similar to, if not identical with, the quality that religious people call faith, but it is based on experience rather than on belief.

If you're not enjoying the rewards of your actions, isn't it foolish to keep on performing them? Indeed it is, and it's in this period that many cease active ritual practice, or stop their meditating. Some revert to armchair Magick, preening themselves on their knowledge without working to apply it.

Others search out other paths and abandon Magick entirely. It takes a true fool to continue in tedium, boredom and frustration, not to mention the lack of spiritual consolation and sense of isolation from all forms of the Divine Intelligence, other than your own.

Persistence pays off, however, and the period of dryness opens into a deeper, subtler understanding of yourself and others, and of how Magick works.

*For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.* — Alexander Pope

A prime opportunity for foolishness to manifest is in the quest for the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, that landmark event in your course of Initiation. You've learned that there is a superior, benevolent entity who longs for conscious contact with you, an entity able to illuminate your True Will, to be your intimate mentor, to guide your actions and Initiations. You begin daily invocations of your Angel, invocations that feed your desire for the encounter, that generate a longing for union with this marvellous being.

If you retain a habit of literalism in your pursuit of the Angel, you won't be able to recognize your encounters with it when they happen. It's the wrong kind of folly in this case to have a mental image of the Angel as you think it will appear. Not only will such an image blind you to genuine meetings with your Angel, but it will also provide a template for astral counterfeits of the Angel generated by entities seeking access to your lifeforce.

An open mind backed by caution is the right kind of folly; whatever presents itself should be verified in as many ways as you can think of. Materialists and atheists would call you a fool for entertaining a belief in something you've not yet encountered, but your Angel provides a preliminary verification of its reality by the void you feel without it.

The attainment of the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel is necessary to establish the beacon of True Will that illuminates the cluster of choices we face every day. Without it, we're practising the wrong kind of foolishness, acting from custom, habit, impulse and other people's opinions. Without unity with the Angel, we 'rush in' to situations that can, and often do, divert us from the course of True Will and from the fulfilment of our life's purpose.

*A fool and his money are soon parted.* — Proverb

Perhaps the most significant opportunity for Magical folly lurks on the brink of the Abyss. If we take 'money' as the symbol and talisman for all we value, covet, and hold dear, the parting from it comes scarcely soon enough. The Abyss requires a blind leap, as it were, with no assurance that there's another side to it. On the familiar side is everything you've worked for, achieved, concluded, attained and accomplished, and all of this must be left behind.

It's one of the few clear choices in life. Either the world we were born into, with all its physics, characters and quirks, is the 'real' world, or it is a phantasm, an illusion, a dream. The world includes not only all physical manifestations, but also all ideas, words, art, feelings, relationships, knowledge, and convictions.

Leaping the Abyss is like the shadow of martyrdom. The martyr dies gladly in anticipation of the rewards of the afterlife; who dares the Abyss has no such hope, for the afterlife is as illusory as this present life. Martyrdom identifies the self with the physical body, since that is what is relinquished in an act misnamed self-sacrifice. The leaping fool relinquishes everything, in a giant spiritual potlatch<sup>1</sup> that bestows upon him or her the ultimate freedom, even though flesh-life continues...but after a different manner.

What becomes of what the fool gives up on the edge of the Abyss? Who inherits the fruits of experience, the memories of a lifetime, the Initiations and attainments? Specific methodology and results, insights and discoveries can be had from a well-kept Magical Record, but the deeds and states themselves are absorbed by the Magical Current and circulated for the benefit of those who attune themselves to the Current.

In the abandonment of all possessions, the leaping fool also sacrifices him- or her-self, surrendering to the Void, becoming a non-person, dissolving into the flow of things. These words are only a descriptive approximation, since the 'leap' is more of a recognition of eternal nonentity than it is of anything else. Even the subtlest realization in the course of self-knowledge is a part of the dream from which one awakens to the inexpressible fact of no-thing-ness.

Total surrender is not an easy thing to accomplish; there seems to be a recurring 'last drop' remaining after each scouring, a tiny, piping gnat affirming its continuity. The holy fool persists in disowning things; the damned fool is often trapped in the pride of his or her renunciation. The leap occurs when you give up trying to give up. About the only true thing that can be said about crossing the Abyss is that it renders physical death an anticlimax.

The Magical Current/Tao/Maat of change begins to run your life, then, making conscious decisions unnecessary. If you're gone, what's left to do or to observe anything? Your bodies (physical, astral, etheric, spiritual, etc.) assume that normality prevails, and they go about their business as usual, only more calmly and harmoniously.

Here, then, is the post-Abyss fool: life goes on, apparently as usual, and yet anxiety is missing. Not much bothers this fool, since she or he sees that all events are both illusory and perfect. There is no longer a True Will to do, since True Will is the Tao, the Magical Current, the Maat of change, and it is the 'doer' in all events. All of the study, ritual, Ordeals, time and hard work put into the pursuit of Magick has left a worthy vessel in the service of Tao; specific events are of no consequence.

So it is that all true Magick is Magick for fools, and all false 'Magick' is Magick for damned fools. It's a fundamental aphorism of Maat Magick that "All valid systems of Initiation self-destruct upon successful completion." Organizations that grow around an interest in the High Art can be useful-in that they can preserve Magical Records and the forms of effective rituals, but in most cases the organizations harden into institutions that serve the base interests of Ego and spiritual pride.

The holy fool is free to enjoy the greatest show on earth (or the only game in town), with no worry as to how it all turns out. Austin Osman Spare puts it very nicely in his formula of 'Does not matter, need not be.' Aleister Crowley does likewise in the Vision of No Difference.

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<sup>1</sup> Potlatch: a ceremonial feast of the Native Americans of the Pacific Northwest, marked by the host's distribution of gifts of all his possessions.

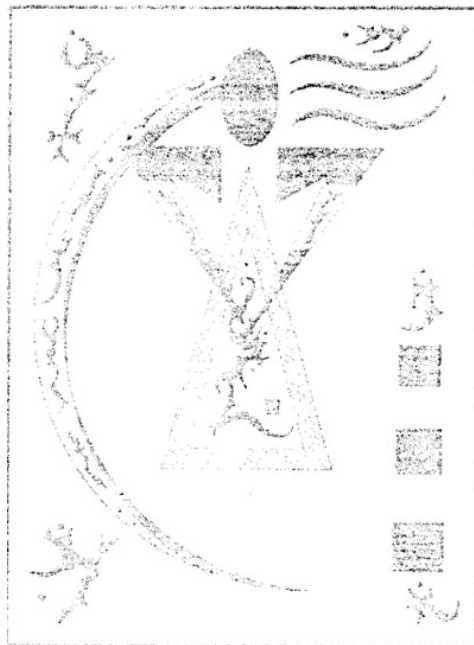
It's our brave but doomed little self that moves the switch to 'ON' on the Mystery Box of Magick when we first begin our study and practice. This act contains within itself its own opposite state of 'OFF', both for the Mystery Box and for its operator.



*WENDIGO*

*Lindsey Calvert*

# THE CULT OF THE DIVINE ARTIST



ANDREW D. CHUMBLEY

# THE CULT OF THE DIVINE ARTIST

*The Cult of the Zos and the Kia exists between the images which are presented here to define it, for it is through the gateway of imaginai interaction that the numinous reality of the Divine Artist cometh forth!*

## I



THE Magical Current is the vital energetic continuum which motivates the activities of initiated states of entity within the universe. Its manifestation in the World is determined by the forms through which it is transmitted. The vehicles of transmission are manifold and are specialized to fulfil the requirements of Time, Place and Purpose. Such vehicles are both visible and invisible upon the Earth; some are perceived as bodies of initiates, either individually as avatars or collectively as Magical Orders or Schools of Thought, and others as ranges of consciousness — zones of specialized perceptual activity. The latter exist as aggregates of imaginai, astral and cognitive entities; the nature of this form of transmission may transcend, and yet permeate through, the liminal boundaries of temporal structures. There are forms which partake of both the subtle and the gross, having their existence as Dreaming Entities, as noumenal matrices beyond the common scope of linear cognition and which, as Pure Idea, transgress the limitations of the Mind to penetrate the atavistic strata of Matter, thereby achieving expression through the Living Flesh.

The Divine Artist is the possessor of this sagacity of the carnal; his is the mind traversed by the lightning-bolt of inspiration; from his gestures the World of Man is illumined — the untamed fire of heaven translated to the parchment of reality. This is the avatar of the Zos and the Kia, the Genius of the Hand and the Eye!



## II

Where the veils of temporality are parted, blown asunder by the zephyr's kiss, there lies the World-field, set at the heart of the summer-land, — the domain where the ancient folk of Elphame hold covine.

Ton embertide night'heath a moon-black sun, in the ragged ring of the Serpent-path. Like moths we are forever drawn back to the Secret Fire of Eld, to leap in the flame of our own self-recreation, to reclaim once more our memories from the dust... once more the Sabbat-tide is come!

Here the course of witchblood flows — a river-wreath of scarlet to encircle the Isle of the Blest; here the step of the wise doth noctivagant turn — to trace its crooked dance to the primal musick of Pan.

Here Nature fornicates and takes its own pleasure 'twixt Gods, Men, Beasts and Spirits: One Body 'midst the cornucopia of internecine veneries. Here flesh is the transgressor: the maker and breaker of its own law. The Body extends to embrace all others.

This is the meeting-place of the Artists Divine, the Conclave that is met beyond the pillars of the twin twilight, — in a time that is not a time... in a place that is not a place. In the Night of the Mighty Dead we gather, shedding the skin of our mortal circumstance, flying forth across the borders of kingdom and age to the Sabbat of the Dreamer.

By many names you may call us, in many books you may read of us, from many mouths hear tell of us... in the myths of days past, in tales of were- and faerie-folk, in half-caught glimpses at the crossing of Dawn and Dusk. Here a hand is stretched to you from the Circle-dance of the Deathless... hear this voice that speaks to you from mystery!

## III

Wherever the fulguralis strikes, the omen-bearing lightning bolt,— there too is the Divine Artist!

The spectra of his expression — the scope of all consciousness; the nature of his expression — the vital energetic fleshing of magical aesthesis, — such is his form cast through eternity: One Body divided between the pantheon incarnate of Man! Such is the Gnosis of the Divine Artist.

The temporal manifestation of this Gnosis utilising the name of the Zos Kia Cultus seeks to attain an hypostasis of the Magical Current, a vehicle specialized for the reification of the Inherent Dream. Its votaries meet alone... in a great company of spirits; its rites are held within secret conclaves that are states of the heart and mind; sometimes amid the thrall of the Astral, sometimes amid the circles of the Adept, and oft'times unbeknown to all... in solitude.

## IV

The Current of the Zos and the Kia was transmitted through the work of Zos vel Thanatos, the artist known in the world of men as Austin Osman Spare (born 1886, died 1956). Its inception partakes of the work of an ongoing initiatic lineage, known as the Tradition of the Sabbatic Mysteries, of which Spare was an adept. Having no name but that which Time, Place — and Purpose require, the Sabbatic Tradition has passed from hand-to-hand, mind-to-mind, throughout and beyond mortal reckoning of Time.

It was from his initiatrix, the Witchmother Paterson, that Zos vel Thanatos was inducted into the Craft of the Wise, and thus placed his mark within the book of its ancestral vitality. Through his unique skill as an artist he evolved his own recension of Sabbatic lore, the specialized system of sorcery known as the Way of the Zos and the Kia.



The Seal of the Zos Kia Cultus

This sorcerous unification of art and magic establishes the conscious recognition of awareness functioning within the field of magical aesthesis. It is this very quality of recognition that marks its singular importance; for it permits the Self-knowledge of artistic genius and thus marks our progression upon the path of incarnating the Primal Dream of the Divine Artist. This Self-knowledge of perceptual evolution and its implicit ethos of creativity has accreted the form of transmission known as the Zos Kia Cultus.

This step of attainment was achieved in 1952 through the collaborative work of Zos vel Thanatos and Kenneth Grant; the latter being a Grand Master of the Typhonian Ordo Templi Orientis. The Zos Kia Cultus may thus be viewed from an initiatory perspective as a bridge between two ancient streams of occult tradition — the Sabbatic and the Typhonian.

Our present purpose within this statement is to clarify the nature of the Zos Kia Cultus, thereby demonstrating the integration between the atemporal gnosis implicit in the chosen form of its transmission and the temporal work of its votaries as relating to the interaction of the afore-mentioned initiatic streams. Amidst these words let the reader seek not for the lightning-flash of the Kia, for it strikes wheresoever it desires; it is thus I bid the reader to remember:

*The law of the Kia is its own arbiter, beyond necessitation, who can grasp the nameless Kia?...How free it is, it has no need of sovereignty.' Without lineage, who dare claim relationship?*

Spare, *The Book of Pleasure*, p.8

Seek not, for Thou art That which Thou seekest!

## V

The ethos of the Zos Kia Cultus unifies the summit of mysticism with the depth of fetishistic diablerie. Its subtle metaphysical bases are Zos 'the Body considered as a whole' and Kia 'the Absolute of the *Other*', These are respectively the Sorcerer, and the Out-reach of his Entity to embrace Total Awareness in freedom.

The means of reification utilised by its votaries are as diverse and unique as is the nature of genius, and yet given the initiatic context of its origination there are certain magical praxes which identify the mundane working of the Cultus. It is here that one must distinguish between the specialized nature of the Zos Kia Cultus as both a manifest Body of Artist-initiates, and a zone of activity within the range of consciousness through which magical aesthesis is generated. Its essence should be understood without nominalization; its naming is for the self-conscious activity of the initiate within.

The lineal descent of the Gnosis which has come to be manifest through the Way of the Zos and the Kia traces a pathway back to the very fount of witchblood's origins; for it is said in lore that the Initiatrix of Zos derived her wisdom from the Elder Gods, the Gods that were before the gods of men. This initiatic provenance is true of all forms of Traditional Craft.

According to Kenneth Grant, the specific lineal stream of the Zos Kia Cultus is informed by an Amerindian magical current. This impetus was transmitted through the tribe of the Narangansett Indians and later surfaced within the Salem Witch-cult. It was from this latter source that Paterson claimed her derivation.

It is said that she worked within covens of this lineage which were operant within various regions of Great Britain, but oft'times in the South of Wales. (There is here a nominative identity with a lineage



which informs the present phase of the Sabbatic Tradition. The line of which I speak derives from Llandeilo in South Wales; this in itself means, 'Land of the Devil'. Adjacent to this location is a place called Salem.) These covens achieved converse with the transmundane source of their power through the tutelary spirit which has come to be known as Black Eagle. This Spirit was bequeathed to Zos by his witch-mother, and its function is to serve as the point of transference between the Elder Gods and the present initiates of the Cultus. It is the Grand Famulus for the Magical Force which has manifested through the Way of the Zos and the Kia, and carries with it the karmic heredity of its previous mediums. It is therefore that certain initiates of the Cultus Sabbati and the Typhonian Ordo Templi Orientis, together with independent magicians, have been led, within the present phase of the Tradition, to form cells specifically to evoke Black Eagle in their attainment of communion with the Elder Gods. It is of note that Black Eagle is represented by Zos as both a personage and, more frequently, as a mask; there is here a subtle key to the interpretation of its nature and its true origins.

## VII

*You know that I am near and am presently among you.  
As the Darkness bears in from the Gate of Twilight  
And draws my wings around you, so I come to you,-  
In the atmospheres of the Shadow I surround.  
**An Oracle received by Alogos (Winter 1993 e.v.)***

Here follows a Vision of Black Eagle  
derived by Frater Dr'ku Aleaos Sottoz:

*Standing at the Crossroads heart, the eyes be not open, nor be closed.  
Being neither awake nor asleep; not dreaming nor conceiving.  
Facing neither noontide nor midnight, the daybreak nor the dusk —  
gazing between the twilight's horizon,  
mirror-masked in summoning: wait.  
Beyond the mask of the familiar, the vulture-soul of desolation wakes.  
And there at the heart of inbetween,  
a rustle of shadow quickening, speaks.  
The saying of silence unfolds black wings reaching out for the flesh,  
into now and here; blood beckons swathes of memory uncoiling, rushing  
out on winds of ancient night.  
Rapt in this embrace hear the voice of the Old One —  
hear the song of the returners shrilling over desert sands,  
across solitudes of ancestry;  
words of the animals, breathing colours beating hard upon the skin of  
sight, chasing ciphers across the windows of the dreaming eye.  
Time present, time past, time that is not —  
here none of these are, yet shall swiftly become;  
I dreaming I — thou art that,  
and every configuration of strange flesh becoming.  
Follow the beat of an eagle's wing through the caverns of the heart,  
backwards into night....*

The work thus far achieved within cells of the evocation has permitted us to obtain knowledge concerning entities such as Black Eagle, which exist within the aforementioned range of consciousness. The traffick held with such entities obtains the requisite insight into the subtle realms wherein magical aesthetic activity occurs gestatively as Dream. Thereby subtle manoeuvres of the Dreaming Body have been realised and the function thereof reified through the appropriate media. The present statement is an example of such.



*BLACK EAGLE*

*Austin Osman Spare*

This work, as with the previous work of Zos vel Thanatos, is part of an ongoing process. This path leads on; the futures into which it penetrates will transmute the veracity of these words; the path will turn anew. Let us not seek it, for we are already its direction.

## VIII

This transilient path strikes across all borders; who seeks to confine it imprisons himself. Magical Aesthesia is bound solely by the horizon of the Possible as witnessed by the imaginal eye of the seer. The skin of reality is its virgin canvas, the prima materia subject to the mutative impressions of the Other. The Divine Artist, forever renewed and strengthened through the disciplines of the path, casts forth his spirit to bodies new and unsullied by preconception.

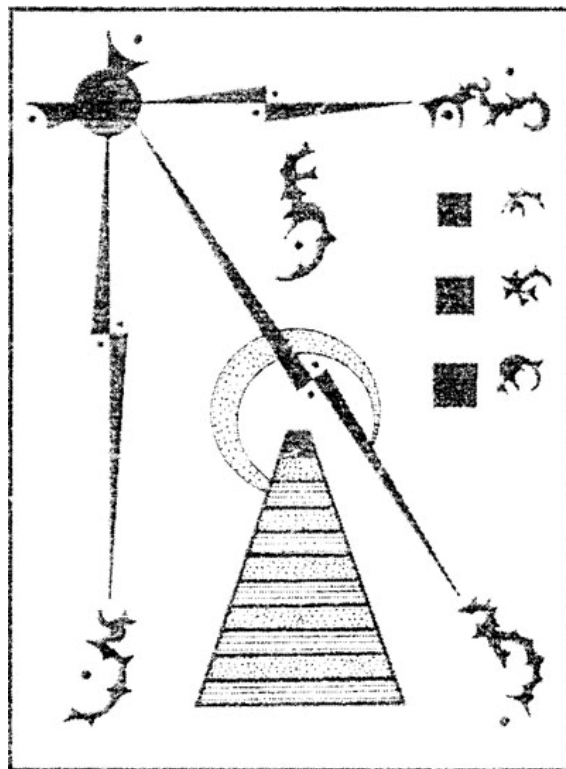
It is the visionary capacity of the Human entity that is the stigmata of the Kia's thunder-crack, for the ability to draw from the unknown depths of the psyche heralds the emergence of a creative force, which will rend the limits of the Carnal and evolve a flesh beyond aught that we might guess at. Such is the New Sexuality! Such is the Way of the Zos and the Kia!

### Post Scriptum

*The author would like to express his gratitude to those whose participation in discussion and magical practice has made possible the formation of this article: The Initiates of the Cultus Sabbati,— Fr. Dr'ku Aleaos Sottoz for his perseverance upon the path of the ancestral mysteries; Fr. Feth Fiada for his permission to utilise certain information relating to the historical provenance of the Sabbatic Craft; and Sr. Pasht-akhti for her inspiration. The Initiates of the Typhonian Ordo Templi Orientis — Fr. Ani Asig for his support, and Fr. Aossic Aiwass for his invaluable correspondence upon these matters. Lastly, Fr. Baselek, an independent magician whose mediumistic insight has penetrated the arcanum beyond!*

*May the Blessing be upon all who drink  
from the Cup of this Mystery!*

# TWO POEMS



PAULE LOWE

# A Whisper Penetrates the Silence

And who would walk this way with me,  
creature of shadow and dark repose,  
who yet yearns to feel the warmth of a human heart.  
The caress that calls the blood to flow and the breath to quicken.  
The breath dissolving flesh in rapture,  
an angel passing between us,  
skin soft, warm, bathed in nectar as onward we spiral.  
For I have dreamed and in that dream a voice reaches out towards me  
in welcome,  
casting new shapes and patterns before my eyes.  
Shapes yet hard of surface, begin to yield, soften,  
flowing in liquid curves, undulating as surface meets surface,  
moistens, liquifies and flows to a greater depth.



Shadows pass leaving a silven moon.  
Upon a hilltop amidst a forest glade,  
the purple legion of night around and between us.  
The dark silhouette of arboreal forms.  
A stream wending its way across rocky terrain in quest of  
its continuance, its source, its end.  
For in truth we stand alone, and yet a time, a one whose heart  
beats to a similar tune.  
A thought echoed across the aethyrs.  
The call of nature's horn that her creatures  
know of rapture and repose.  
To what surface does this call?  
And from what depth comes forth the answer?  
To you who walks in beauty these words, these echoes are sent.  
Shapes born of ink and wrought in thought.  
Yet each one bearing within itself a heart beat, a dream, a vision.  
Long may we walk in shadows,  
perchance that daylight beckons.  
And with this passing thought I bid thee

Adieu.

# Reflection

Dreaming, drifting, a surface appears,  
passes through me and in part defines me.  
And in that form a green expanse.  
No longer drifting but solid,  
yet movement beneath and around me.



Above, another surface,  
blueness, sparkling, effervescent.  
Rising upward and outward.  
Again I drift.



History passes, moments evolving into a sense,  
a sense of passing that I only know through difference.  
What is difference that defines other?  
Other that has shape, texture and is defined by boundaries  
I can but dream of.



Form assumed, I drift, as yet an amorphous cloud,  
I penetrate and in turn am penetrated.  
Atoms, molecules, schematics as sharp and clear as sunlight  
upon a lake of crystal.



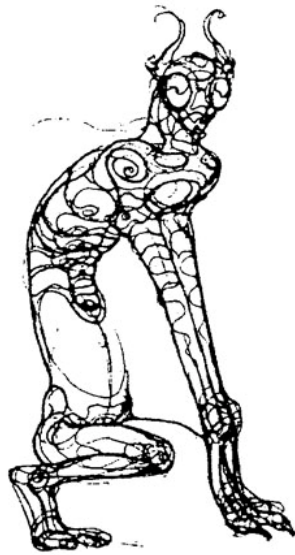
The attraction draws me into its depths,  
as one by one each facet of my difference is defined.  
One moment I prowl the jungle deeps,  
moss, moisture, mist, miasmic shape-shifters passing me by.  
Scent spores embedded in fur and bone bear me aloft along  
the tendrils of dream.  
Another moment star strewn splendour.  
Gateways appear, voids existing between atoms,  
between moments of dream.



I oscillate, gyrating, vapours carry me upwards,  
spiralling-magenta, others spiralling downwards-lavender.  
They meet at a point, at a time and radiate outwards.  
Meeting a sense of boundary, bounces, moves inward,  
rises upward and again outward.



And on this outward spiral a star,  
sparkling —  
calls forth, names and becomes.







# LOVE LETTERS

(for no-one that I loved)

GAVIN W. SEMPLE

# LOVE LETTERS



ONE of this tale is true, and none of it may be untrue. The space between a lie and a truth, between a telling and a believing, can be as slight as a shadow's shadow. It will be easier if I tell it as if it is a story, about a young man whom I could best describe as a boy, who woke suddenly one day, knowing that she had come to him again. Like a cold wind gusting through the haunted caverns of his heart; a sad, soft whisper of night unsummoned — beside him, a brief, vivid pressure — density, flesh — here, in this room, in this bed. And gone.

He closed his eyes again quickly, before the dream could spill away into the night, slipping back into a drowsy sleep. And just beneath the surface of the dark, was she.

Waking alone, running his hand over belly and sex, gasping mouth dry, seeing her inside, fire-green opals of her eyes widening in his. Flesh jetting eagerly as if to offer substance to his dream. "You...?" whispered on the sigh of breath, stirring the cool air of morning.

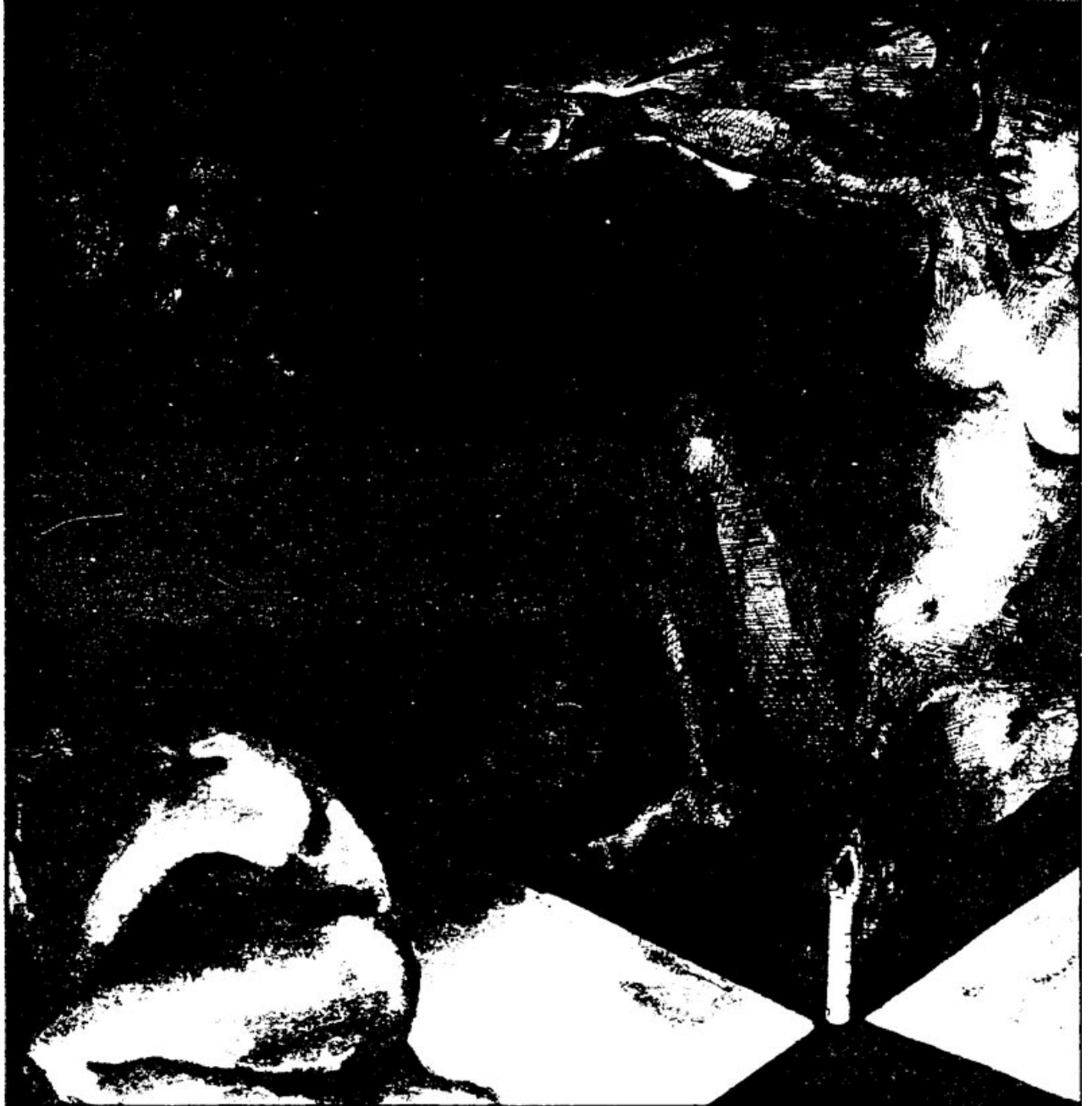
When he left the house it was midday. His steps were light up the narrow stairs from the basement room. Two letters; he picked them out of the rack and tugged at the front door, blinked against the sun as the day came in too quickly. Crossing the road by the church, he ventured into the street of bookshops and minor print galleries, veering around the tourists idling their bright rucksacks along towards the museum. He spent some time peering through the window of the first bookshop, waved to the proprietor who smiled back and nodded, then went into the café next door and ordered breakfast. His favourite seat, at the back of the shop, was empty, so he sat down and waited for his coffee. The place was quite full; nondescript students and employees of the Bloomsbury bookshops were sitting at tables, chatting or just staring. The waitress set down coffee and toast, which he ate quickly; then he sat smoking and studied his mail, glancing periodically at the passers-by on the pavement outside, sipping his coffee.

When the cafe was quiet, before the lunchtime office workers arrived, they didn't mind if he sat for hours over a coffee or two. Sometimes he would read a book. As people came, gave their orders at the counter, ate, paid and left, he re-invented their lives for them, gauging the secret histories mimetised in their postures, limned in the contours of their faces.

The boy peeled open his letters, set the pages side by side on the table-top, and started to read. They were trivial enough, but curiously engrossing nevertheless. Absorbed in their words, the lingering aura of the night's dream lifted from him a little. The waitress set his coffee down between the pages; and as he looked up to thank her his breath caught for a moment, his heart paused a moment, as startled as he. The girl was standing at the counter by the coffee machine, red-haired, green-eyed; he could not fail to recognise her, there was no mistake, her face and form now become as familiar as his own. The dice of dreams tumbled through his eyes — it was her, but no dream, she was real — she was near. She picked up a cup from the counter and paid, turning to scan the cafe for a seat. All the tables were full, except his own and one other (*hereherehere* said the voice in his head). She hesitated and then moved towards him.

"Do you mind...?" she asked, indicating the seat opposite him. He shook his head, tried for a smile which faltered somehow and came out crooked. His fingers, suddenly shy, shuffled the letter-pages together to make room for another cup; he tried to read but knew he was only pretending. He tried hard not to keep looking up at her, but his eyes were pulled back to her face again and again, and each time they found her watching him, calmly. His thoughts raced and reeled; he had to find out who she was, somehow start a conversation, surely the easiest thing in the world? He must be making her nervous. His stomach tensed.

"Are you at the art school?" he tried at last.



*Helen Oliver*

“Do I look like a student then?”

“No — I just... you — I thought I’d seen you down there...”

“Oh, maybe somewhere around — I do collect pictures. Are you an artist?”

“No.” He was floundering, completely. He wanted to tell her this wasn’t a chat-up; but if it wasn’t, what else could it be? He wanted to tell her of the dreams and the hollow presence in the night, how he’d seen her and loved her, and how he’d woken to find her real — or had she found him? Did she know? How could she know? Such a fool. His heart pounded in his throat and caught at his words.

“I... feel like I know you...” he managed at last, thinking: Christ, how stupid can you get?

“Perhaps you do,” she replied, “lots of people do. But I don’t always know them.”

“I mean I’ve seen you — many times... I’ve — dreamed about you, for a long time...” he blurted. That was it, he’d said it now. She didn’t bat an eyelid, but looked up at him quizzically.

“Really? Am I the girl of your dreams, then?”

“I’m not joking; I’m a little bit vacant today — I’m sorry...”

She looked closely at him.

“I’m sure you’re not joking. You don’t have to apologise.”

A tone of irony slid suddenly into her voice, as if she was confiding some secret which had ceased to have any meaning.

“Love hurts,” she said, “Always. You don’t know...”

“Perhaps we could...”

“...meet sometime? Of course — I’d like to, I will...” (was she mocking him now?) “but only — if you know my name.”

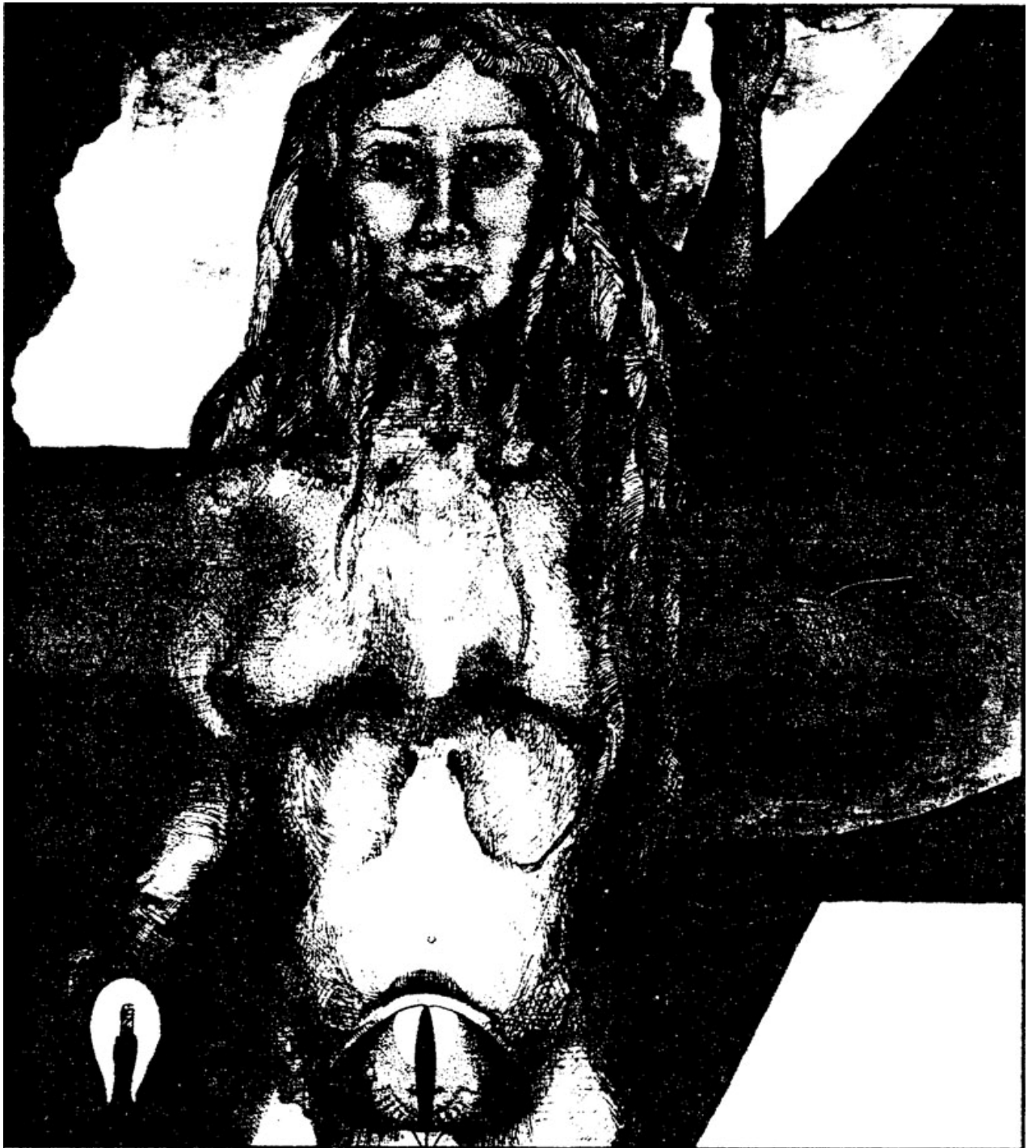
He laughed, confused, and pretended a pout.

“What’s your name then?”

She smiled again, lifted a hand to stroke loose hair from her face. She wore intricately patterned silver rings on nearly every finger. Her coffee was still untouched.

“Can I ask you a question?” she said abruptly, her eyes absently tracing the air beside him. Without waiting for an answer she turned her gaze on him;

“Or, another time — maybe...”



*Helen Oliver*

She stood up and walked quickly away between the tables and into the street. Startled, the boy snatched up his letters and rose to follow her, dropping pages on the tiles, realised he had still to pay and turned to the counter, fumbling for change. By the time he reached the pavement she was gone.

He didn't dream for a long time — falling into the emptiness behind his eyes, night after night, it seemed a long time. Instead the days were filled with her. He looked for her at the art school, sitting for hours on the stone steps across the street, staring rapt at the entrance, scanning the knots of students as they came and went. Wandering aimlessly from High Holborn to the River, Euston to Piccadilly and back, staring into every cafe, half-seeing her on every street, heart darting at every flash of auburn hair in the Spring sunlight, half-hoping and half-terrified. Through these days a new emotion rose to join his desire and his yearning. Suddenly he felt very alone.

Once he saw her. It was her, he was certain, but she was too far away, disappearing through the crowd that seethed among the market stalls of Rupert Street. Shoving against the tide of bodies, he called out after her just before she vanished from sight. One word. Her name.

Autumn came in a flurry of gold; dusky leaves blown tumbling across the yard of the church, evening street-lights glinting amber from the wet pavements. He walked up the road towards the house, wiping misty drizzle from his face, searching in his jacket pockets for the keys. The front door was sticking now, its wood damp and swollen; he leaned hard against it and lurched into the dark of the hall passage, pushing the door shut with his boot. The light-switch inside the door had never worked; he walked to the end of the passage and reached for the switch there. Waiting at the top of the basement stairs: the girl, her eyes glinting pale peacock green in the sudden light. As he stood frozen in mid-gesture, mouth open in amazement, arm still reaching out, she put a finger to her lips, gesturing his silence. He had no words for her anyway. Her eyes smiled at him. Carefully she drew his hand to her side, and led him down the creaky stairs into his room. The door was already unlocked.

Inside they kissed, long and deep, undressing each other without haste. As he began to take off her blouse she recoiled; was she afraid to let him touch her now? She pulled it tight around her. Pressing his lips to her through the cloth, he wetted it with kisses, moving down and down with hand and mouth over her stomach until his fingers found her, gently opened her and she enfolded his lithe tongue. She sighed, tension melting. Then he kissed her mouth again, gently loosing her shirt with his caresses, untwining laces and bows, slipping the thin shift along her arms and onto the floor. Now she was unclothed, and still she was not naked; she stood before him, a martyr clad in her own icon. For what had once been smooth girl-skin was a mass of weals and whitened scars; around and around her body they wove, long and intricate tracteries of letters, figures, magic diagrams — a living embroidery of pain. Too fascinated to feel revulsion, he followed with his fingertips the pallid threads tracing names, numbers, cryptic sigils — runes pregnant with meaning, their edges blurred by time and the healing of sorrows. There were landscapes in her, and tiny figures frozen whilst enacting bizarre ceremonies; beside them the most obscene graffiti etched in an exquisite hand. She looked up, in her eyes a strange mixture of pride, and joy, and scorn.

“Love hurts,” she had said. “Always... you don't know...” Now he understood, now he knew how her lovers had marked their passing: not in the vague, quickly fading pages of memory, but in the very flesh which they had pleased — the pain of her strange making the price exacted for her love. She wriggled, sighing, while his fingers roved across her skin, mapping the sensitised lattices spun around her arms, her small high breasts, her belly and back. Like a blind man, deciphering the lexicon of her, an alphabet of revelations, cruel pleasures, desire.

For hours he read, as the moon span silver across their bodies entwined. Sometimes as they moved together the scars winked and glowed phosphorescent in the pale light, and he gazed deep into pools of writhing memories — none his own — where half-remembered, never-known dreams flashed oracles, ghost-faces, deserts of shadow, domes of derelict cities, places where the dead lay dreaming them from eyes sealed in amber; oceans growing still and silent as their tides faltered; petrified forests — the sky

falling forever. Visions uncoiled between her skin and his searching fingertips, twisting and tumbling in the cool air of the room, whirling and chasing in his eyes.

And the room was gone, she was gone — in a barren twilit landscape he looked out. Cold dry earth beneath his bare feet, only the breeze now caressing his naked skin. Before him the path led twining towards a vista of dark hills, trees to left and right, and beyond the trees the fields of tall grasses, where the wind hissed softly *hear me...* He began to walk towards the hills. Above there were stars, but the moon lay cradled invisibly in darkness. For hours he walked — no movement but the wind-brushed grass waving him on. No birds, no night animals.

After many hours, a new sound; the sea in the distance, shrugging over rocks (*hear meee...*). He stumbled on, too tired now, unable to remember whether he had ever known this place, unsure of why he came, or when. Then, somewhere in the distance, a fleet shadow moved — he hesitated, frightened. Ahead of him the trees spread out, the path climbed steeply up a rise and forked into three. Someone was watching from the crossroads. The girl. Walking towards him along the path, the wind tugging at her dress, cascading hair about her face. As he quickened his step, she turned to regard him. She was only twenty steps away — he hurried on, eager to embrace her. She smiled, her eyes glowing green fire in the night. He caught her in his arms; “You brought me here,” he cried, laughing at this strange game. *You followed me here* she said, without a word. As she lifted up her head he sought again her mouth with his — but there he found no lips to kiss, no satin skin; instead, the ivory features of something too-long dead, its parchment tongue snaking between his lips, bearing nothing but the stench of the grave into his eager mouth. Shrivelled arms closed around him as she clutched against him her cold, old belly; and the white lines of her words spiralled suddenly out of her skin, a chilling rain of needle-fingers feeling for him. He struggled, but she was stronger; the weight of centuries closed upon him; like a thing dead himself he sagged in her embrace, too late, too late to pull away. And now her pictures were busy inside him, tattooing themselves beneath his skin, her words chattering against his bones, insane calligraphies etched in patterns of emptiness. Her night like a great raven’s wing swept up, a skin of shadows forcing back the scream that blossomed in his throat.

He jolted awake in panic, a swimmer struggling breathless from dark waters, to hear his cry still echoing in the room. Alone. His stomach hurt, a sharp sensation. The air seethed for a moment above his bed. She was gone, again, forever. Pressing away the dream from his eyes, he slid his hand down to ease the pain that clawed tight as a wire across his belly. His fingers came back wet, sticky, dark-tipped in the grey half-light. Scared now, he sat up and looked across to the mirror; his reflection, skin pale in the thin dawn, eyes hidden in shadows, turned and stared back. Then he saw, and he knew, and he began to weep. For hours he lay without moving, and watched the blood-drops welling from the wounds — not yet dry, never to dry — ruby tears winking from his first red words: do you *love* me? do you *love* me? do you *love* me?...

# THE GNOSTIC INTENSIVE

ZIVORAD  
MIHAJLOVIC-SLAVINSKI



# THE GNOSTIC INTENSIVE

## A Path to Enlightenment for Modern Man



ENLIGHTENMENT, Gnosis, or the Direct Experience of Truth, is the goal of all Eastern systems of practical philosophy, of all shamanistic systems, and of all hermetic systems of the West, beginning with the Orphic and Eleusinian Mysteries of Ancient Greece. As a state of consciousness it has many names in different schools of thought. In mysticism it is Union with God; in yoga and vedanta, it is *Samadhi*; it is *kensho* and *satori* in Zen; in Eskimo shamanism it is *kvomanek*. Abraham Maslow termed it “peak experience”, and for William James and Edmund Husserl it is consciousness of “pure I”. In the terminology of the neo-gnostic *Ecclesia Gnostica Alba* (E.G.A.) we refer to *Lumeyo* (instantaneous Gnosis) and *Meuna* (permanent state).

It is possible to talk about Gnosis, but it is impossible to describe it with precision. The reason for this is because Gnosis is the Direct Experience of Truth, and our whole life is built around *indirect* experiences: sensual, intellectual, emotional, psychological, parapsychological and even intuitional — all are indirect.

The main characteristic of indirect experiences is that in all of them there is duality, or a difference between subject and object. Such difference is illusory, but it is present in human life until one gets direct consciousness about that unreality. That moment is the experience of Gnosis.

Many occult and psychological phenomena may accompany Gnosis, precede it or follow it. Such states may have many different characteristics, but one feature is essential and always present: the difference between subject and object vanishes. In the Gnostic state of consciousness they are revealed as one and the same; direct insight into reality enables us to realise that there is no difference. Gnosis thus destroys the illusion of duality. All authorities highlight this one essential characteristic of Gnosis. Aleister Crowley writes in his *Magick*:

*Finally something happens whose nature may form the subject of a further discussion later on. For the moment let it suffice to say that this consciousness of the Ego and the non-Ego, the seer and the thing seen, the knower and the thing known, is blotted out.*

Crowley, *Magick* (Book 4, Part I), ‘Preliminary Remarks’

In earlier times Gnosis was largely a matter of individual endeavour, and it took many months or even years to attain. But with the recent development of group Spiritual techniques it has become possible to attain Gnosis in three days or less. Of course, such Gnosis is instantaneous (the *kensho* type) and after some time its effects diminish; it does, though, point towards the possibility of attaining the state permanently.

The Gnostic Intensive is perhaps the most efficient group method for attaining Gnosis, Enlightenment, or the Direct Experience of Truth for contemporary man.

## The Origin of the Gnostic Intensive

The word “Intensive” means in this context a course of intense activity, during which a group of Participants attains definite changes in consciousness. The Gnostic Intensive was born during the nineteen-eighties in Serbia. Its roots were in the so-called Enlightenment Intensive practised by a group of ex-scientologists, combined with the method of Zen *sesshin* of the Harada school of Enlightenment. I

introduced that group technique in Serbia in 1980 and lead or ‘Mastered’ many Intensives of that kind. I also trained many leaders of these Intensive, known as ‘Masters’. The results from the application of this method were good; but as the saying goes, “there is always room for improvement”. I noticed that the results were better if the Participants were more open emotionally. That observation had very significant consequences, and what developed from it over the course of the next few years was the very different technique which is practised today. This new technique makes Intensives significantly shorter and more efficient. The typical Gnostic Intensive today lasts one and a half days; in earlier times it was three days. Also, when using the earlier technique, about a fifth of Participants used to attain Gnosis in the course of a three-day Intensive. Now, the rate of success is more than half of the Participants in the course of one and a half days. There are also Intensives of fourteen days and longer.

## **The Structure of the Gnostic Intensive**

The Gnostic Intensive takes place usually over a weekend. Participants gather on the Friday evening. They bring their sleeping bags and eating utensils and they wear old or sports clothes. Until 10 p.m. they can talk and get to know each other; thereafter, the lights are turned off and all conversation, other than in the context of the exercises, stops until the end of the Intensive.

On Saturday morning the work begins. The Master explains the technique of the Gnostic Intensive — a very simple combination of meditative practice and communication. Work takes place in pairs or dyads. One partner takes the active part, the other the passive. The passive partner gives a command to his active partner, such as “Experience directly who you are!” or “Be conscious of who you are!” Beginners work with only four koans: “Who am I?”, “What am I?” “What is life?” and “What is another?”. After they attain Gnosis with one koan, they move on to other koans and goals.

The active partner accepts the command and looks for the concrete object of the question. For example, if the question is “Who am I?”, then he will look for an answer at that particular moment. When he finds the object of his search, he experiences it as strongly as possible and redoubles his intention to experience it directly. Then he is open to every possible content of his mind which surfaces in consciousness: images, feelings, bodily sensations, thoughts, etc. He opens his eyes and articulates that content fully without any selections, no matter how ugly, impolite, offensive, aggressive, etc. He carries on in this fashion for ten minutes, and then the partners exchange their active and passive roles. One dyad takes forty minutes; after it, the pair take a short rest, have a meal, go for a walk, or do whatever else there is on the schedule.

The role of the Master (and his assistants) is to correct technique and to give emotional support to the Participants. As mentioned earlier, the present form of the Gnostic Intensive takes a day and a half, and about half or more of the Participants attain Gnosis during that period; indeed, some Participants experience Gnosis more than once in the course of the same Intensive. Those who attain, as well as those who don’t, usually go on to undertake several Intensives. After a Participant get Direct Experience on one koan, he continues working with the three others in turn.

## **The Development of the Gnostic Intensive**

After a few years of practice with selected members of the White Gnostic Church, I introduced work on chakras instead of koans. Participants concentrated on the tip of the nose, the Ajna chakra, the nape or base of the neck, the crown of the head (Kether), the navel, etc. Very unusual insights occurred following the Experience of Gnosis. For example, about half of the insights after Direct Experience on the tip of the nose were visions of leaving the Earth, or some other home planet. Those from Experience on the base of the nape were often about contact with Aivaz, but some other chakras and koans had the same

results. Aivaz appeared in visions usually in the guise of a cosmic baby or a young man, without face and with copper-red hair. These Aivaz experiences were always accompanied by very strong catharsis, with bodily convulsions and a change of facial expression to an approximation of Lam. It was not easy to tell when Aivaz would be contacted and by whom.

Then I introduced other goals, with Participants working on subjects like Time, Space, Love, Free Will, Light, Tarot Trumps and similar. Such new applications were also very fruitful.

During the summer of 1990 one of my closest associates, Dusica Zivojinovic (whose magical name is Nika) Mastered a thirty-day Gnostic Intensive for fifty experienced Participants, including myself, the majority of them members of the E.G.A. In the course of this Intensive, nine persons for the first time entered Meuna, or a stable state of insight into the nature of one's True Self. Previously, the state of Gnosis achieved had been of the *kensho* type; powerful and dramatic, but not permanent. An individual would have Direct Experience, but the effects would diminish steadily. Meuna is a permanent state of consciousness: one is the source of each and every experience which one has. At the end of that particular Gnostic Intensive, a powerful medium, Alda, received a Communication from Aivaz. It was said in the Communication that soon a quite different system would be developed, one which would be particularly adapted to the context of everyday living.

A year passed with no further important developments, although there were many visions and precognitions occurring to some members of the E.G.A. who had not previously displayed clairvoyance. Azela, a priestess of the E.G.A., had a vision in which she, as a cosmic beauty dressed in white, walked around the E.G.A. Centre in Yosheva village, having at her waist the Excalibur sword. Then Aivaz appeared suddenly from the deepest part of the cosmos; He too was armed with Excalibur, and with it He pierced her Ajna chakra. A few weeks later she had another vision — a dream in the course of which the Patriarch of the E.G.A. appeared. He showed her his open hand with five fingers, and told her that a new, more efficient method of Intensive was ready; it was a formula of discreation on unwanted states of mind, the formula having five stages. Shortly afterwards I developed Excalibur with a five-step Formula of dissolving states of mind. That Formula of discreation was based on the Tarhang Tulka method of meditation practised in Tibetan Yoga, but was much shorter and more efficient.

Excalibur helped many E.G.A. members in pursuing Spiritual development whilst handling the complexities of modern everyday life; more to the point, though, it created strong Spiritual experience for all Participants. The culmination of Excalibur was the state of emptiness. Each Participant would experience their True Nature as emptiness, and for most people it was an experience at once both dramatic and traumatic.

A feature of Excalibur was the inherent ability for permanent transformation of consciousness through its use. But sometimes Higher Powers intervened directly to show us the way; thus in 1993 we had further Communication with Aivaz. In the course of this Communication He gave me a new and more perfect Excalibur Formula of Discreation, this time of only two elements. It was really a Formula of mental alchemy: create and discreate, *coagula et solve*, entering into experience and withdrawing from it.

At the same time I developed Excalibur II, the Formula of which is Acceptance. Using it, the practitioner would even on the first day experience life as unreal, as in a film. Strikingly, unwanted states of mind would dissolve like smoke. For a while it seemed that the format of the Gnostic Intensive was exhausted and other avenues were opening. But as long as we operate in a universe based on duality, a relationship between two individuals is the quickest way of Spiritual development. Thus, shortly after the development of Excalibur II, a new and precious system sprang into existence which was termed spontaneously Golden Meditation.

The initial impulse came from a small group of meditators from California, who practised what they called "Threefold Meditation". This consisted of holding in consciousness three elements simultaneously — listening to sound internal to the ears; watching a spot of light, usually blue, in front of

closed eyes; and experiencing kinaesthetically the region in the middle of the chest. The meditators caught our attention with their description of the Experience of Gnosis which they used to attain after approximately fifty hours of individual meditation. They considered it impossible to practice the meditation as a group: it was a matter of individual endeavour only. I persisted with individual meditation of that kind for more than a year without result. Then my wife Alda and I practised it together for a while. Finally I gathered a group of nine of my closest associates in the E.G.A. After less than thirty hours we each attained Gnosis. It was the same type of Experience we used to have on our early Gnostic Intensives; there was less energy released, of course, but the similarity was unmistakable.

I sensed in the Threefold Meditation a great potential for further development. We therefore went on practising it in the same group of nine, and our persistence paid off. After some time there was a breakthrough; the state of Gnosis attained was of a similar type as previously, but was all-inclusive. The Participant would experience the whole universe as being filled by him: there was no point where he was not. Later, when I perfected the format of the Intensive of Golden Meditation, this experience became the first stage — that is, the Threefold Meditation culminated with the experience of omnipresence. The second stage was working with one's own decisions. When there is nothing outside of you, then all is the consequence of your decisions. You are responsible for all of your experiences; either you created them, or you participated in them, or you allowed others to create such experiences for you. When decisions are brought into awareness and analyzed during meditation, the meditator becomes more detached from them. The most fundamental such decision is of course the decision to be, to exist.

After the store of decisions was exhausted, the third level of Golden Meditation came into existence — Atman Meditation. Atman, or True Being, has no position in space, neither mass nor energy, but is able to occupy different view points simultaneously, thus giving the impression of movement. A fundamental characteristic of Atman Meditation is consciousness about being conscious. Thus, Atman Meditation is very simple: one is trying for as long as possible to maintain consciousness about being conscious. When mind content interrupts the Practitioner, he communicates that content to his partner and then continues. It is effective, and almost all Participants enjoy doing it. It can be done individually or as a group in the two-day or seven-day Golden Meditation Intensive. The power of words deserts us at this point, and it is very difficult to describe what happens during Atman Meditation. The closest description that can be offered is that emptiness becomes conscious of itself. It helps in disidentification from one's own thoughts, feelings and traits of personality. The strangest phenomena is this: the Practitioner has a stronger and more distinct sense of his own self, whilst at the same time he finds himself in other beings, human or otherwise — even in matter that is supposedly inert.

## Conclusion

At the end of this summary of the structure and development of the Gnostic Intensive format, we can say that it has the inherent power of perfecting itself. Work of this nature changes the individual, cutting down on many identifications; he or she is less cluttered, more open, sensitive and creative. Individuals transformed in this way are able to improve the methodology of the Intensive, making it shorter and more efficient. Such enhancement enables the development of an even better Intensive, leading to new and deeper breakthroughs, consolidating the transformation. Of course, many methods of sadhana or Spiritual work do that, but such changes are easier to notice in the context of the Gnostic Intensive.

Another advantage of this system is that it can be followed without upheaval in the everyday life of the Practitioner; it is not necessary to go to a Zen monastery or to a yoga ashram. It is, then, well suited to the conditions of contemporary life. One just goes on living. The potential of the Gnostic Intensive is thus inexhaustible.

# Notice of Forthcoming Gnostic Intensive

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## Summer 1996

Zivorad Mihajlovic-Slavinski, Head of the *Ecclesia Gnostica Alba (White Gnostic Church)*, will be coming over to England in the Summer of 1996 to lead a Gnostic Intensive, working along the lines laid down in this article. All who might be interested in participating in such an Intensive are invited to write to Michael Staley, BCM Starfire, London WC1N 3XX. They will receive further details as soon as they become available.

We anticipate a great deal of interest. Since the number of places will be limited, and will be filled on a first-come-first-served basis, those interested are advised to register their interest.

Further information on the work of Zivorad is given in Kenneth Grant's forthcoming *Beyond the Mauve Zone* and in the article "Psychonaut in the World of Dreams" which appeared in *Starfire Vol. I No. 4*.



THE LAM-SERPENT  
SADHANA

MICHAEL STALEY

# THE LAM-SERPENT SADHANA

## I. Background to this Sadhana



HIS is the second in a series of articles arising out of the development of Lam as a Way of Initiation. Readers may recall the conclusion of the article ‘Lam: The Gateway’ in the previous issue of *Starfire*, that Lam was not simply an entity, but a Gateway to the direct experience of Gnosis. This Direct Experience is the goal of magical and mystical working.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. If Lam has such a potential, then that potential should be readily tapped. Therefore, fresh ways of working with Lam should be coming to the fore. It is in this spirit that the present sadhana has been developed, and is offered to anyone who wishes to try it. Do not expect a gleaming, finished product, but rather a skeleton approach which must be fleshed out by the Initiate for himself or herself. As a matter of interest, the need for customisation and elaboration is the case with all rituals and practices. Even a practice as apparently simple as the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram is worked differently by each Initiate, no matter how closely he or she may try to keep to the text. This is because, apart from differences in gesture and pronunciation, the fulcrum lies in the imaginative evocations, and these will differ considerably from person to person. More than this: the practice is different from one working to the next. If these considerations are true for the simpler rituals, how much more so in the case of more complex ones, such as *Reguli* or *Samekh*.

There is another reason for the approach of laying skeletons before the revered presence of our readers — for we at *Starfire* are not gratuitously necrophilist. Readers — or rather, those that are sufficiently interested to not only read but to work with what they have read — will gain maximum benefit from a practice not by merely following something laid down, but by experimenting and on the basis of their experience adapting the ritual to suit themselves. This approach is sound. Although Lam arises from the *Amalantrah Working*, Crowley never elaborated the theme. It is up to us, therefore, to develop it ourselves if it is to be useful to us.

## II - Development of this sadhana

In the course of the article in the previous issue of *Starfire*, it struck me that there was a possible connection with the Fire Snake through the very name Lam. This is because “LAM” is the bija-mantra or root-sound of the Muladhara Chakra, which is the home of the Fire Snake. In the head of Lam, as drawn by Crowley, there is clearly visible a stylisation of the Ajna Chakra. Arising from the head of Lam is also shown an umbra, a spring or fountain; one of the symbols associated with the Manipura Chakra is the ‘Fountain of Dew’. Although the context is not precisely the same, the term struck me as being especially fitting to describe the umbra.

Several months ago I read an account of a dream which suggested that the head of Lam was mounted upon a serpent’s body. Immediately the connections outlined above slipped into place. On the basis of my own experience with Lam to date, there is a strong connection with the Holy Guardian Angel as well as the Aeon of Maat. These connections are explored in the article mentioned above, as well as a talk on Lam which I gave at Oxford in October 1994<sup>1</sup>, and so I won’t go over them again here. The Fire Snake is of the same order of fundamental importance, though, and in retrospect the Fire Snake connection is not surprising.

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<sup>1</sup> Available from the author on request.

The next step was to develop a practice based on a Fire Snake approach. I avoided the hathayoga exercises which are utilised in the direct, physical arousal of the Fire Snake, and opted instead for an approach which is based upon visualisation. Some people might consider this a diluted, less powerful approach. However, we want to call forth the energies of the Fire Snake in amounts which we can utilise in our Operations, rather than unleash its raw energy in a manner possibly cataclysmic. Most of us are quite happy using the power of electricity in just such a controlled manner, rather than connecting ourselves directly to the supply — no matter how ‘enlightening’ we might conjecture the outcome to be. The techniques of physical arousal, subsumed within Kundalini Yoga, are best applied under the guidance of a qualified teacher of that method.

For those not familiar with the chakra system, there is posited the existence of a number of *chakras* and *nadis* in the ‘subtle body’ of the human being. There are a large number, but the most important are the six chakras listed below, which are located at various points along the spinal column. The Muladhara is in the region of the perinaeum, just below the genital area. The Svadisthana is just above the genital area, whilst the Manipura is at the region of the navel. The Anahata is at the region of the heart, and the Visuddha is at the area of the throat. Finally, the Ajna is located between the eyebrows, more or less at the head of the spinal column.

The central nadi is Sushumna, which is within the spinal column. There are deemed to be several nadis within the Sushumna, these do not concern us here, though hatha yogins might like to build an awareness of these into the sadhana. Two other nadis, ida and pingala, are ranged either side of the Sushumna, crossing over at several points.

There is a seventh main chakra, the Sahasrara — the ThousandPetalled lotus, over the top of the head. However, it is not a part of the anatomy of the individual, but where individualised consciousness merges into cosmic immensity, Outside, the Beyond, or whatever nominalisation of transcendence we might care to use. Within hatha yoga, it is here that the arisen Kundalini is fused in blissful union with Brahma, causing the nectar or sixteenth digit of the moon to flow. In other words, this is the experience of Samadhi, when we awaken once again to our cosmic, pan-dimensional, extra-terrestrial reality. This Gnosis is the goal of all magical and mystical disciplines.

The present approach, therefore, combines visualisation, invocation and mantra. Lam is cast as the Fire Snake with the head of Lam, coiled three-and-one-half times in sleep around the Shivalingam, in the Muladhara Chakra at the base of the Sushumna, the nadi which is located inside the spinal column. The fundamental visualisation is thus that of the Lam-Serpent, the Serpent with the head of Lam. The Lam-Serpent is taken upwards along the Sushumna, pausing at each Chakra for invocation and reverberation of the bija-mantra appropriate to that Chakra. Finally, the summit of the Sushumna is attained at the Ajna Chakra, and the Lam-Serpent surges through the Sahasrara Chakra and beyond, into cosmic immensity

The invocations at each chakra have been kept short, though pointed via correspondences etc. to the specific chakra. For instance, the sense of smell is attributed to the Muladhara via the Earth Tattva; that of taste to the Svadisthana through the white crescent moon, etc. The visualisation centres around the Lam-Serpent rising along the Sushumna through the chakras in turn, each of which is vivified in the process, becoming clearer and stronger in its visualisation — colours, number of petals, etc. The Lam-Serpent should be clearly felt in its progress along the Sushumna, using all senses to aid this evocation. Sensations and images of undulation, uncoiling, surging forth, etc., are of great help here. The bija-mantras should be vibrated at the appropriate chakra. That is, although vocalised, their centre of activity should be focused firmly at the chakra, from where the mantra reverberates outwards. Their function is to assist in the awakening of that particular chakra. The more resonant and rich the vibration of the bija-mantra, the more powerful will be the effect.

In this way, the Lam-Serpent stretches forth, uncoiling its undulant length from the Muladhara to the Ajna. At this point it pauses upon the brink; the Initiate should use this pause to strengthen the awareness of its presence. The Sahasrara is not so much an individual chakra, like the other six, as the



gateway to cosmic immensity or Beyond. The Lam-Serpent surges forth through this gateway and billows into cosmic immensity; the fountain of dew overflows, raining through all space, all time, all dimension, all being — omnipresent, pan-dimensional. This is the instant of Gnosis, of eternity, of samadhi; consciousness is no longer individual, but universal. In the process, the ‘instant’ is ‘eternal’; the point is everywhere.

Then, there is a return to individuality Consciousness again coagulates, centres around the Sahasrara, condensing. As it again enters the body, and journeys back down the Sushumna to the base of the spine, at each chakra the bija-mantra is vibrated once as it passes, to seal its descent. Then, when the Muladhara has been rejoined, the bija-mantra “LAM” is intoned and the hands clapped together, to signal the earthing. This return may well be elaborated by the Initiate into a reversal of the rising.

### III - The Structure of the Lam-Serpent sadhana

The Initiate opens with the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. This is followed by the Lesser Invoking Ritual of the Hexagram, utilising the Earth hexagram at each quarter. This section will of course be replaced should the style of opening which the Initiate prefers to use be different.

Then follows a declamation celebrating Lam, to open the Working proper:

*Lam! Thou Voice of the Silence!  
Glyph of Hoor-paar-kraat!  
The dwarf-self the Hidden God!  
Gateway to the Aeon of Maat!  
I evoke Thee! I evoke Thee!  
With the mantra Talam Malat, Talam Malat.....*

Now visualise Lam as Kundalini-shakti, coiled at the base of the spine. The visualisation is of a Serpent with the head of Lam. Spend several minutes on this visualisation; the sharper and clearer it is, the better. When satisfied with the visualisation of the Lam-Serpent, proceed to awaken it by vibrating the bija-mantra LAM for several minutes, until the Snake stirs. Then intone the invocation of this chakra:

*LAM!  
Who dwellest at the Muladhara Chakra,  
Who art coiled three-and-one-half times;  
Thou, who art as Kundali-shakti,  
Creator and Sustainer of the worlds;  
Who art limned forth in the yellow mist,  
Who art the continuum of scents,  
I adore Thee!  
Awake! Arise! Surge forth along the Sushumna!  
LAM! LAM! LAM! LAM!*

The Lam-Serpent ascends the sushumna slowly, vertebra by vertebra, until it comes to the Svadisthana Chakra. The bija-mantra VAM is vibrated; then an invocation is intoned:

*VAM!  
Thou risest to the Svadhistana Chakra,  
Who evokes the white tendrils of sensation,  
Who infuses the palate with delicate taste,  
Who art shadowed forth in the crescent.  
Beauteous Lam-Serpent,*

*Whose scintillant, undulant length surges forth!  
I adore Thee!  
VAM! VAM! VAM! VAM!*

The Lam-Serpent ascends slowly, as before, to the region of the manipura Chakra — the solar plexus. The bija-mantra RAM is vibrated, and the invocation intoned:

*RAM!  
Still Thou risest, to the Manipura,  
Red serpent who glides along the Sushumna,  
Whose scales shimmer and iridesce,  
Vibrant and sparkling;  
Who confers the boon of visions,  
Who art glyphed in the triangle,  
I adore Thee!  
RAM! RAM! RAM! RAM!*

The Lam-Serpent now ascends slowly to the region of the Anahata Chakra, the heart. The bija-mantra YAM is vibrated, and the invocation intoned:

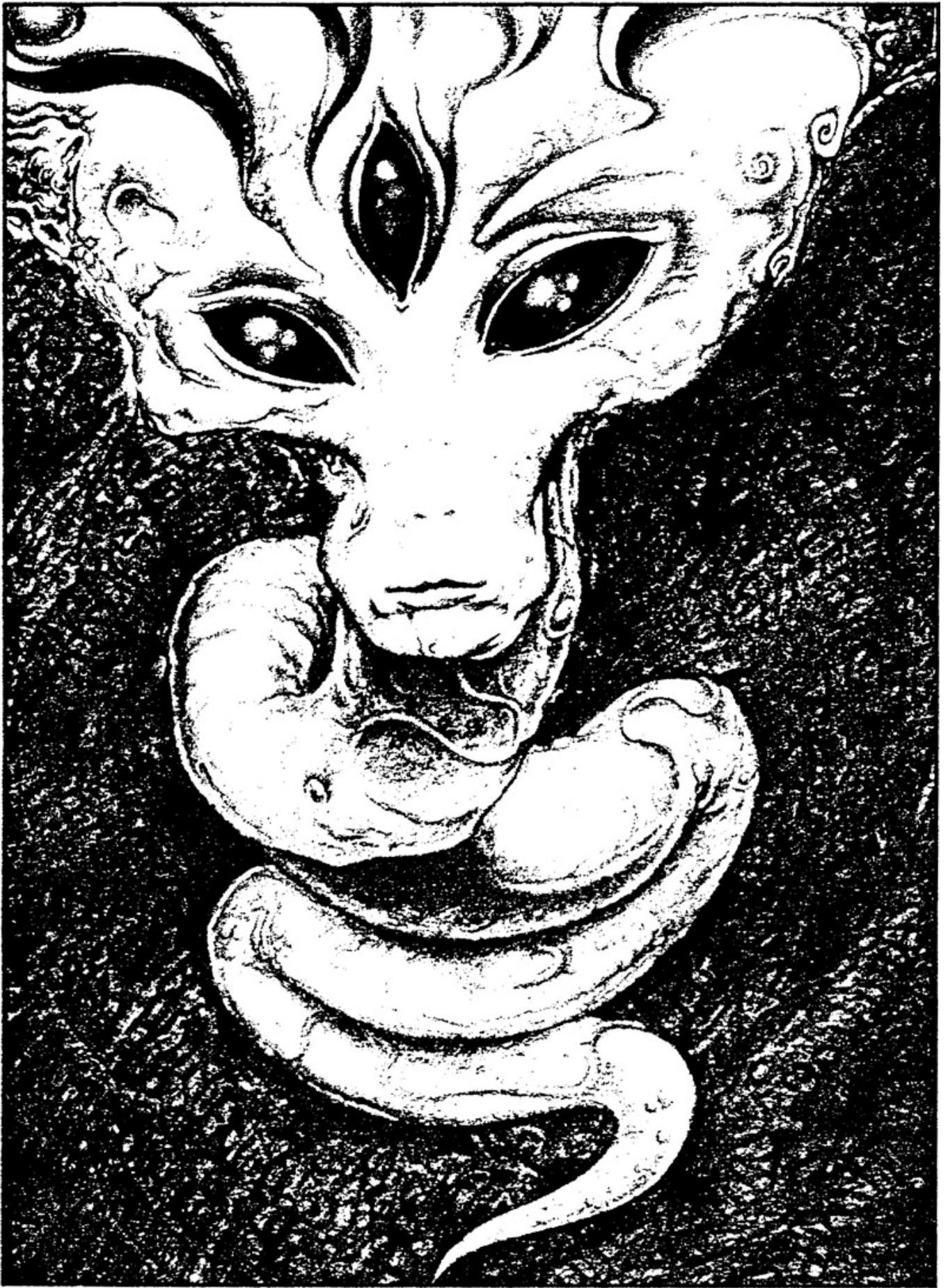
*YAM!  
Thou piercest the Anahata,  
A pervasive rainbow of touch,  
Smoky with the sensuous quality of the tactile,  
Who art the six-sided hexagon,  
I adore Thee!  
Glorious Serpent,  
Whose venom confers Illumination,  
YAM! YAM! YAM! YAM!*

The Lam-Serpent continues its ascent, reaching the Visuddha Chakra, the region of the throat. The bija-mantra HAM is vibrated; the invocation:

*HAM!  
Thou risest to the Visuddha,  
A kaleidoscope of sounds echoing through the nadis,  
The brilliance of the lightning flash,  
Who art the circle,  
I adore Thee!  
Ever stronger art thy undulant surges,  
Ever more intoxicating thy side-long glances.  
HAM! HAM! HAM! HAM!*

The Lam-Serpent ascends to the Ajna Chakra, the region between the eyes at the root of the nose. The bija-mantra OM is vibrated; the invocation:

*OM!  
The Ajna Chakra is attained,  
Thou whose upward flight is beyond colour and shape,  
Who art in the sharpness and clarity of manas,  
Who art the congruence of senses,  
And their transcendence,  
I adore Thee!  
OM! OM! OM! OM!*



*LAM-SERPENT*

*Robert Taylor*

The Lam-Serpent now rears upwards, and billows out to cosmic immensity, pan-dimensional, all space, all time:

*Thou, who surges forth into the Sahasrara Chakra,  
Who cascades throughout Space and Time,  
The Fountain of Dew that is Sat-Chit-Ananda,  
Being-Consciousness-Bliss,  
Eternally and infinitely reverberant,  
Whose mantra is the continuum of existence,  
The perichoresis of the individual with the universe.  
The Fountain of dew bursts forth, overflows,  
Raining down through all space, all time, all dimension,  
In a convulsive orgasm of Bliss,  
Infusing the ocean.  
OLALAM IMAL TUTULU!*

## IV - Consolidation

What has been provided in the course of this article is the skeleton of the Lam-Serpent sadhana. The flesh has to be developed by the Initiate in the light of his own initiation. Before going on to consider this point in more detail, let us first consider *the* overall flavour which this sadhana imparts, which is the chakra system.

The sadhana utilises the basic correspondences associated with each chakra. These correspondences may be gleaned from, for instance, *The Serpent Power* by Sir John Woodroffe. The most basic ones are as follows:

<b>Chakra</b>	<b>Colour</b>	<b>Petals</b>	<b>Tattva</b>	<b>Sense</b>
Muladhara	Red	4	Yellow Square	Smell
Svadhithana	Vermilion	6	White Crescent	Taste
Manipura	Raincloud	10	Red Triangle	Sight
Anahata	Vermilion	12	Smoky Hexagram	Touch
Visuddha	Smoky Purple	16	White Circle	Sound
Ajna	—	2	—	Mentation

Each chakra has its own sense, colour, form, etc. assigned to it. The idea of the chakra invocations is, therefore, to heighten the experience by utilising a variety of the correspondences. At the Muladhara Chakra, for example, we might visualise the chakra as with four red petals, inside of which is the yellow square.

Within it we would visualise the Lam-Serpent, coiled three-and-one-half around the shivalingam or base of the spine. We might stimulate the sense of smell by imagining rich perfumes. We would use the correspondences at the Svadhithana and subsequent chakras in a similar fashion. There are other correspondences, in addition to the basic ones listed above, which can be used; these can be found from texts such as Woodroffe's *The Serpent Power* or *The Garland of Letters*. These correspondences can also be built into the invocations, to reinforce the evocation of the various senses. This is best left to the creativity and imagination of the Initiate.

Such imagination should not be restricted to the chakras. As the Lam-Serpent awakens and courses along the sushumna, what impact does it have on the body-mind complex? Are there any changes in awareness? Feel its powerful, surging undulations; hear its sinuous hisses as it arises; see its scales shimmer and sparkle; smell and taste the divine nectar which its progress towards the Sahasrara

stimulates. Many magicians have a bias towards visualisation in their imaginative workings; heighten the experience by involving all the senses in what will thereby become a glorious, intoxicating synaesthesia.

Repetition has a positive role to play here. The invocations are not intended to be elegant, literary pieces — though for the Initiate of a literary disposition this would perhaps be helpful — but tools to do a specific job. That job is the amplification to a crescendo of the evocation of the Lam-Serpent. The repetition of, for instance, the surging, undulant sensation of the Lam-Serpent as it courses along the Sushumna will heighten the experience and strengthen the impact. The stronger and more vivid the evocation of the Lam-Serpent is, the better.

When the Ajna chakra has been attained, the initiate should pause for a while, strengthening and consolidating the presence of the Lam-Serpent. Then, there should be a final surge into the Sahasrara and Beyond. At this stage the call “OLALAM IMAL TUTULU” is uttered. This call appears in the seventh chapter of Crowley’s *Liber VII*, received in 1907. Nowhere does Crowley comment upon this call, thus giving us freedom in its use. We note the presence of LAM and LAMA in the first two words, albeit in reverse; as for the third word, it suggests Cthulhu. There is a parallel between Cthulhu and Kundalini-shakti: both are masks for the dynamic energies of consciousness, the function of which is to blast away the delusion of divided consciousness. “Cthulhu lies dreaming...”, and so does the Shakti. It is Her dreaming which gives rise to the lila, the play of manifestation.

It is Her awakening and ascension to the Sahasrara which is the remembering of reality, the dissolution of separation. Consciousness roams the universe, free, unbounded; no longer restricted, individual; but cosmic.

The Initiate should not expect instant illumination from the use of this sadhana, though we live in hope. It is, though, one more step on the way, and one that has proved useful to the author of this article. It is presented here for further refinement, adaptation; it might suggest other avenues of approach. The Initiate must forge his own weapons. In conclusion, the author would be extremely interested to hear of the experiences of others in working with Lam: write to him at BCM Starfire, London WC1N 3XX.



# MAGICK & IMAGINATION

ROBERT TAYLOR

# MAGICK & IMAGINATION



MAGICK must, by definition, be creative. Creativity has to result *from* Magick, and *inform* Magick; otherwise, there *is* no Magick. Creativity stems from the Imagination, the faculty to conceive in the mind. The imaginative faculties of Humanity have atrophied over the millennia as we have, with our greater and greater advances in technology, become bound to only one aspect of reality, to the exclusion of all others. It is the work of creative magicians to restore this faculty, both in themselves and human consciousness at large. Imagination is the Key to Magick, just as it is to Art. It is no coincidence that Magick is often referred to as an Art, as are many other activities where the action has become automatic, i.e. from a deeper source than the so-called conscious mind. By Imagination is meant that which is commonly called the Unconscious, both personal and collective. I have dwelt extensively on the Unconscious in a previous essay<sup>1</sup>.

It is a common misconception that the term ‘Unconscious’ has come to imply something inside ourselves, in contrast with other terms which often imply something purely external. Imagination, in the sense that Coleridge and Blake used it, has no such restriction; it has a much wider scope. It implies something existing between the external and internal perception, and inhabiting both. Nothing, after all, exists outside consciousness. Imagination precedes perception, raising it to the level of Vision. It intrudes into our ‘normal’ perceptions and suffuses them, thereby revealing itself — whether internally as dreams and inspirations or externally as visions or phenomena. Seen from this light, Imagination is not a passive thing, a passing fancy or a whimsical mental construct. It is something more dynamic — wider and deeper ranges of consciousness than that which we think of as human. These ranges of consciousness intrude oftentimes into human consciousness; they inspire, energise, initiate. This sense of Imagination as intruding into consciousness has been experienced by many creative artists in all sorts of fields of endeavour, and goes under a variety of terms. The intrusion will be interpreted by a religious person as the hand of God; by a poet as the Muse; by the artist as inspirational creativity; by the Jungian psychologist as the Collective Unconscious; by the magician as supra-human or extra-terrestrial entity. Whatever the term used to describe it, human consciousness has been charged by an infusion of something beyond its bounds.

As an example, this sense of alien intrusion into consciousness was articulated thus by the author H. P. Lovecraft in one of his letters:

...The true function of phantasy is to give the imagination a ground for limitless expansion, & to satisfy aesthetically the sincere & burning curiosity and sense of awe which a sensitive minority of mankind feel towards the alluring & provocative abysses of unplumbed space and unguessed entity which press in upon the known world from unknown infinities & in unknown relationships of time, space, matter, force, dimensionality, & consciousness.

The catalyst for this current of inspiration from Beyond is Imagination, which has been rightly called “the star in Man”<sup>2</sup>. Magicians without imagination are deluding themselves that they are doing Magick. This is why Magick has dwindled into a form of ‘do-it-yourself psycho-therapy’, a ‘healing of the self’, in many quarters. Real Magick is the total alteration of ‘reality’ to encompass realities other than the one we are most familiar with, a trafficking with wider and deeper ranges of consciousness, something outside of that which makes us merely human.

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<sup>1</sup> *Consciousness and Liber AL, Starfire Vol. I. No.5*

<sup>2</sup> Martin Ruland, *Lexicon of Alchemy*, 1612.

All too often, Imagination has been dismissed as mere mental invention by the rational mind. On the contrary, it is often the frenetic activity of that rational mind which prevents Imagination from being perceived as the fertile influx which it could so easily become. Many traditions, for instance, epitomise the sleep of that rational mind as the time when communication with informing Imagination holds sway. Dreams are often dismissed as a mish-mash of thoughts and reflections on daily events during the waking hours. That there is a large element of this is undeniable on the basis of what we know as our own consciousness. Yet, something more may use the opportunity to slip past the rational censor. Once again, Lovecraft expressed this very succinctly. As has been well documented, the inspiration for Lovecraft's remarkable stories came from dreaming. His letters reveal him to be a romantic at heart, but crippled with a compulsive, reductionist rationalism. Little wonder, then, that his dreams and stories assumed almost a life of their own. Rather than conscious creations, they are a vivid illustration of the intrusion of Imagination into human consciousness. Lovecraft was aware of this, as the following extract from *Beyond the Wall of Sleep* suggests:

...From my experience, I cannot doubt but that man, when lost to terrestrial consciousness, is indeed sojourning in another and uncorporeal life of far different nature from the life we know, and of which only the slightest and most indistinct memories exist after waking... We may guess that in dreams life, matter, and vitality, as the earth knows such things, are not necessarily constant; and that time and space do not exist as our waking selves comprehend them. Sometimes I believe that this less material life is our truer life, and that our vain presence on this terraqueous globe is itself the secondary or merely virtual phenomenon.

This passage articulates magical doctrine precisely, whereby 'human' consciousness is an aspect of a boundless field of consciousness, one aspect amongst a myriad. Human consciousness seems to us to be individualised, with fixed boundaries separating us from the world outside those boundaries. In reality there are no boundaries; there is a constant shifting, a flux and flow of awareness, as 'our' field of consciousness contracts or expands. The field is one amongst a vast number of ranges of consciousness, which often impinge upon 'our' consciousness. Kenneth Grant uses the term 'Beyond' or 'Outside' in this sense, meaning that which lies beyond the perceived boundaries of individualised consciousness. Imagination is the catalyst whereby these wider and deeper ranges of consciousness can be accessed, and the self-imposed boundaries of individualised consciousness are pushed outwards. Magick is a means for such integration, for such expansion of consciousness.

The combination, and negation, of all possible realities comprises the ultimate Reality, that which is Not. Real results from Magick are those that affect this 'plane', as every real magician should know: You haven't *really* seen a demon until it's bitten you, and you've got the scar to prove it. The same applies to such phenomena as stigmata: Imagination is capable of producing events we term as real; i.e. a vision of Christ can produce a real wound that bleeds real blood. This might seem an obvious mind/body connection, and therefore possible; but remember, it can also produce the *impossible*: statues that weep tears of real human blood etc. Demons and bleeding statues (and UFO's, lake-monsters, aliens, fairies etc.) inhabit a reality other than ours, a reality of the Imagination, a world *between* fact and fiction. They are fully capable of acting independently and autonomously, and have, since the beginning of time, been crossing over from their world into ours, as countless examples testify. They are a personification of Imagination, but it is not always 'us' doing the personifying. Imagination is fully capable of personifying itself.

Although it is our Imagination that allows this to happen, paradoxically it is often the people with least Imagination who achieve the most spectacular results (but always involuntarily). It is interesting to note that it is the people who fervently believe in the Loch Ness Monster, demons and UFO's who are least likely to see them. This is because they have accepted that aspect of reality where such things exist. The most spectacular events usually occur to people who were initially sceptical of such things. I'm reminded of St. Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus: his conversion was a direct consequence of his previously fanatical refusal to accept Jesus. Imagination was therefore compelled to employ a way of



converting him as extreme and violent as his denial of it. Paul did his best to convince others of his essentially Gnostic experience, (“Gnostic”, because personal, ‘carnal’; for “Jesus Christ” is a composite of myths, and never existed as a human being) yet they took him literally. The resultant dogma is the bastardised religion we have come to know as Christianity. Similarly, we must not take latterday Gnostic experiences literally, whatever the form they appear to us in.

The ‘alien abduction’ phenomenon is a case in point. Many people take this literally, and believe in real spaceships from a real place, when even a cursory examination of the events show quite a different pattern. Significantly, most ‘abductees’ report a feeling of paralysis. The human brain secretes a chemical during sleep that does just this. It is this chemical that prevents us from getting up and enacting our dreams; sleepwalkers are suffering from an insufficient ‘dose’. The inference, therefore, is that ‘abductees’ are in a state somewhere between sleeping and waking, a liminal state where anything can, and does, happen. Typically, some form of sexual emphasis is placed on the encounter: sometimes forced, sometimes invited. The very act of dreaming causes sexual excitation in humans, as our autonomous nervous systems have a free rein with the contents of the mind, rummaging through a plethora of archetypal images and imposing its own chaotic order and powers on them. Aware, at some level, that we are sexually excited, a loop is set up that re-inforces itself, and we experience a sexual encounter. Without proper training, we may not like the form of the sexual encounter, as repressed material is just as likely to be used as not.

It is also significant that most ‘abductions’ happen to Americans. This is probably a cultural phenomenon, and it happens because popular American culture is too egocentric, denying the reality of the Imagination. The culture is based almost exclusively on the achievements and rewards of this aspect of reality, and ignores other dimensions of consciousness. It is no coincidence that the majority of ‘abductees’ are ordinary people, those swallowed whole by popular culture. Nowhere are there reports of artists and poets being abducted, for example; although significantly, many ‘abductees’ become such after the sudden intrusion of Imagination into their lives. Even the best known ‘abductee’, Whitley Streiber, was an unimaginative minor author until his experiences transformed him into the best-selling author of *Communion*. That peoples lives can be so unenriched by Imagination is demonstrated by the overly enthusiastic reaction often given to those opportunities for Imagination to run riot: look at the hysteria with which Americans embrace Halloween, for example, or the hype that surrounds Hollywood.

This does not apply exclusively in the United States, of course. These remarks apply more generally to Western popular culture as a whole, and in particular where the English language predominates. Bearing this in mind, it seems likely that Imagination, adopting the forms of Gods in order that we may perceive it, ‘chose’ Aleister Crowley, an Englishman, to be its prophet, thereby restoring to the English-speaking world something of the Gnosis that our ‘sophisticated’ culture has lost. This Gnosis, though collective, is also deeply relevant to the individual which is why received texts, such as the *Book of the Law*, are open to such wide interpretations on many levels. All such interpretations are equally valid; there cannot possibly be only one interpretation to the exclusion or denigration of others. Those who claim that such is the case usually also claim that theirs is the only way to ‘Truth’. This happened when the early Christians began to petrify their teachings into dogma, and to persecute other Christians, such as the Cathars and the Gnostics, as ‘heretics’, or ‘radicals’. Unfortunately, this lesson does not seem to have been learned, and it happens again and again, even within the Thelemic community. Yet history demonstrates, time and again, that it is just these ‘radicals’ who remain true to the original Gnosis.

It is Imagination which is the force behind the creative interpretation of received texts, just as it was the force behind their initial reception. Otherwise, these texts would have no more meaning than writing down one’s dreams for pure entertainment. It is only when dreams are interpreted that they become significant, and such is their imaginative imagery that they, too, are capable of many differing interpretations, again all equally valid.



*THE WEB-DWELLERS TABERNACLE (Detail)*

*Vonn Ströpp*

Creativity in Magick is the path to the Gateway. The slavish repetition of Crowley's rituals will not make a magician, any more than the endless dissection of rats will make a scientist. Crowley's rituals were intended, as he himself said, only as guides towards setting up a system of one's own.<sup>3</sup> Nothing like Crowley's 'system' existed prior to Crowley; the Temple of Initiation was constructed by him afresh, on the basis of his magical and mystical experience. Similar considerations apply to Blavatsky, to Mathers, to Grant, and to the untold numbers of magicians and mystics whose names have not been preserved by posterity. This creativity is, in fact, Initiation. It is only those Magicians who actively use their creativity who are transmitting the Current. The rest become armchair magicians, book-collectors, and scholars, endlessly perpetuating dogma. Creativity can never be dogmatic; what would Art be like, if every artist in the world merely kept on repainting the Mona Lisa? No playwright copies Shakespeare's plays; they encounter his work and are inspired to create their own.

Re-enacting rituals written by another will make you an actor in a drama, nothing more. A distinction needs to be made here: some rituals — such as those of certain tribal mysteries, or of the Christian Church, or those which Crowley wrote for the *Ordo Templi Orientis* before its reorganisation and realignment with the Stellar Gnosis — are pure dramas. They are mnemonic devices for the communication of knowledge, not Gnosis. They serve the same function as fairy tales and folklore. Gnosis comes from one's own personal experience, one's own rituals. It is not conferred on one, like the bite of a werewolf; nor can it be purchased in a phony 'initiation' ceremony. True initiation is only ever earned, never bought; and this earning takes place only after one's own creativity has been brought into play. For this to happen, the Imagination needs to be accessed. It is the function of creative occultism to stimulate this, as when an artist paints something never seen before. The result is a transformation of consciousness in all those exposed to the stimulation; suddenly, something that was impossible becomes possible.

This is one of the functions of the *Ordo Templi Orientis* in its present phase, and the current OHO, Kenneth Grant, has written a series of books that do precisely this. His approach has garnered criticism in some quarters. It's a sorry state of affairs when other self-professed Magicians aver that such and such is untrue, or couldn't really have happened, or, worse, "doesn't make sense"! This is a fundamentalist attitude, akin to those Christians who believe that the Bible is absolute, literal truth, a true history. Whilst you may find history, biography, scholarship and truth in a book *on* Magick, do not expect to find them in a *Magical Book*. The distinction is important, for only historians write history. Magicians do magick, and their creativity is expressed sometimes in writing, sometimes in poetry and sometimes in Art. If a Magician is reproached with the charge of "myth-making", such critics have surely missed the point, for they have made the mistake of taking his or her writings literally. Imagination and Magick do not work literally: They approach you sideways on, sneak up, and work when you are 'not looking'. In his *Poetics*, Aristotle wrote that Poetry is *more* truthful than History, because it is *less* encumbered with facts. This also recalls a paragraph in Van Gogh's letters where he wrote:

How to achieve such inaccuracies, such alteration and refashionings of reality, that what comes out of it is lies if you like, but lies that are more true than literal truth.

Fiction, therefore, is not necessarily untruthful.

Kenneth Grant has continued to transmit the Current publicly and successfully, choosing to use words as his medium, using them in the same manner as Austin Spare used images. As did Spare with his artwork, Grant uses a mixture of the real and the surreal, a kind of 'sidereal writing', to fecundate his readers' minds, to stimulate Imagination. The fruit of this work is obvious; for nearly fifty years people, particularly artists, authors, poets, and magicians, have been inspired by Grant's work: inspired not to follow and repeat, but to strike out into new territories, forge new links, and take Magick, creativity and Imagination in ever new directions. Occasionally, their own work leads them in totally new and different directions to those they originally envisaged, and some even leave the field of Magick entirely (although

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<sup>3</sup> "...he doesn't ask for followers: would despise and refuse them. He wants an independent and self-reliant body of students to follow out their own methods of research." *Magick*, edited by Symonds & Grant, page xxi.

*it* doesn't leave *them!*). This is a sure sign of creativity, for it demonstrates that such people are not using Magick, or the social aspect of group membership, as a crutch, as often happens, but have gained the fearlessness and courage to strike out on their own. It's also a valid test of the O.T.O.'s methods, for true initiation comes from the fount at the heart of the individual, and is therefore not tied to any particular dogma or personality cult.

Twenty years ago, in *Nightside of Eden*, and elsewhere since, Grant stressed the immanence of an incursion of what he calls 'Nightside' forces into our world. He has used the term 'extra-terrestrial' in its literal sense —something 'not of this earth', *i.e.* not of this 'plane'. Unfortunately, his critics have misinterpreted this, referring, not to the actual meaning of the term, out to the popular notion of little green men'. This misinterpretation might seem absurd; yet what is the 'alien abduction' phenomenon, but just such an incursion? Because Western culture is becoming increasingly impervious to Imagination, so Imagination is forced to make its presence known in ever more intrusive ways, to restore the balance, to convert us as it converted St. Paul. Imagination desires to be utilised, its function is to be fulfilled. Ignored, it will do its own utilising, of repressed ideas, cultural icons, archetypal images, symbolism, images from the mass media, anything to get itself across. The definition of 'conceiving in the mind' is an apt one, for it is a direct analogy to the sexual urge to create. Repressed, the sexual instinct strikes back, often in ever more bizarre ways. The most potent form of Imagination is the sexual Imagination, which is the basis for sexual magick. It is via the sexual magick of the O.T.O. that Imagination can be harnessed, but the Imagination has to be active in the first place. Sex magick without an actively stimulated Imagination is barren, as countless creatively redundant magical groups testify.

Seen in this light, specific traditions are not passive modes of working, but a living charge of current upon which the Initiate of that tradition draws, and to which he or she contributes, by virtue of his or her magical and mystical workings. To that extent he or she is a transmitter of that tradition; he or she is charged by the current, and throws off a force. An excellent example of this is the Typhonian Current, which as Kenneth Grant has demonstrated is of an extremely ancient lineage. Initiates of that tradition stand as inheritors of that lineage, that accumulation of inspiring energy. In drawing upon the inspiration of that current, it is also their role to transmit that current, adapted to prevailing conditions. They also thereby strengthen it, adding to the reservoir of creativity that their successors will draw upon in their turn.

Creativity can be defined as 'subconscious' activity that makes connections, an organic bridge, between ideas. It is also the bridge between the apparently individual expression of consciousness and the vast ranges outside the confines of that individuality. Imagination is truly creative when it forms a bridge that no-one has formed before, making, as explained above, the impossible possible. For your Imagination to function at its optimum, it makes sense for you to feed it as much in the way of raw material to work with as you can. With hardly anything to work with, never opening yourself to new experiences, your Imagination will remain frustrated and repressed. The principle is demonstrated by an accurate use of the Tarot: the images and their meanings are absorbed into the Imagination, the pack is shuffled, as the Imagination 'shuffles' *its* 'contents'. Once the requisite state of mind is obtained, the Imagination then forms connections between the cards laid out, based upon the information it holds. The resultant 'reading' is a 'fiction', in the sense of being created out of apparently nothing; as outlined earlier, though, this 'fiction' contains *more* truth than a simple character assessment or prediction, based on 'the known facts', ever could; the *underlying* connections subtly blur the distinctions between what is, and what isn't 'real'. This ultimately demonstrates, of course, that the *real* 'fiction' is that aspect of reality which we term 'real life', our everyday waking consciousness.

It will be readily seen then, that creativity in magick entails developing ever new methods of working, new and better methods of achieving the same ends. Austin Spare achieved this with his system of sigilisation, for example; the sheer simplicity of it demonstrated that ceremonial pomp and portentous mystery was unnecessary, and now redundant. Magicians of today should not still be utilising rituals developed and written by their forebears, chanting words in foreign tongues because it sounds impressive, or striving to acquire exotic paraphernalia from farflung lands. The people who originated those practices

did no such thing; they used their own tongue, their current technology and the materials that came readily to hand. The magick is in the state of mind obtained, so if a magician still needs all these 'props' to achieve his or her ends, they are simply making life very difficult for themselves. It is akin to sending a message by runner or carrier pigeon, when it is far easier to pick up the 'phone. The continuing use of props to 'trigger' magick signifies a lack of a developing Imagination. Those persons with a highly developed imaginative faculty no longer need such devices. A skilled magician, sitting motionless, alone, and silent, will achieve far more, and more easily, than someone who requires a particular time, place and trappings before they can work their magick. This is precisely why Crowley stressed that magick be treated as a science, meticulously recording every magical act, in the manner of a scientific experiment. Only in this way can a body of data be built up, upon which to build a system of one's own. For example, if two individuals, one in England and the other in, say, Japan, both contact Lam through rituals of their own devising, then plainly the ritual in itself was not responsible. Both rituals would have differed widely both in their performance, and language used. The magick, therefore, is not in the sound of the words or in the actions performed. These are merely symbolic devices. The magick lies, as explained above, in what is common to both rites; the intent behind the act, the use of the Imagination.

In conclusion, therefore, we can see that there are no limits to what magick, in conjunction with Imagination, can achieve. If magick is to progress beyond superstition, then it is the task of creative magicians to dispense with superfluous details, and concentrate instead on devising more efficient ways of, in Van Gogh's words, "refashionings of reality".

MARJORIE CAMERON  
An Appreciation

ROBERT TAYLOR

# MARJORIE CAMERON

## An Appreciation



MARJORIE CAMERON PARSONS died on the 24th July 1995. Since *Starfire* Vol.1 No.3 was given over to an essay upon Jack Parsons and an edition of *The Babalon Working*, we would not like this event to pass unremarked. Little is known publicly about the early life of Marjorie Cameron, although we hope that paucity of information will be rectified by a forthcoming biographical study of Jack Parsons. However, it is known that she came from Iowa. She first entered Parsons' life in response, as he considered, to an 'elemental summons' which he had issued in January 1946. He described it thus:

The feeling of tension and unease continued for four days. Then on January 18 at sunset, whilst the Scribe and I were on the Mojave Desert, the feeling of tension suddenly stopped. I turned to him and said "it is done", in absolute certainty that the Operation was accomplished. I returned home, and found a young woman answering the requirements waiting for me. She is describable as an air of fire type with bronze red hair, fiery and subtle, determined and obstinate, sincere and perverse, with extraordinary personality, talent and intelligence.

It seems that Parsons had met Marjorie Cameron some time prior, and that she had turned up to visit him at the time of culmination of his Operation. Soon after, they married. The relationship was never a calm one, however, and after a short time they separated. During this period of separation they remained in correspondence, and Parsons penned her a series of letters in which he took it upon himself to act as her magical instructor. This is an extremely interesting and at times beautiful series, and will shortly be published.

At the time of Parsons' death in 1952 they were once more living together as man and wife. After the death, Cameron lived a very precarious existence, convinced that she was the avatar of Babalon which Parsons had spent the last few years of his life awaiting. A patchy account of this period is given by Kenneth Grant in the chapter 'Parsons In Mauve' in his *Hecate's Fountain*; patchy, because it is a glimpse of Cameron's life through her letters to Jane Wolfe, It was during this period, in 1956, that she starred in Kenneth Anger's film *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*.

Cameron lived as an artist and poet in her own right, and was active almost until the last on the lecture circuit. She will be remembered by occultists for her association with Jack Parsons, however, and I should like to close this brief appreciation with an extract from one of his letters to her. It was written whilst they were estranged, and gives an insight into both Parsons' regard for Cameron and his own sense of mission:

My dear, do not think that you are alone. The legions are with you that tried and hoped, those now trying and hoping — the unborn to come, dreaming of a world to be — all, all are with you. The gods themselves bend and whisper at your doorway, and your windows are portentous with the possible hour. I have heard Aldebaran speak of you to Rigel, and the Pleiades whispering your name that is to be.

All that I have and all that I am flared up in the birth fires that time, and left me just three tasks: to guide in infancy, to counsel in adolescence, to renounce in maturity to go outwards whence I came.

If I was the one you could love, yet it was needful for you to learn contempt and hatred, and to equilibrate these again with Love. You have done it, and passed that fire. You have needed to know loneliness and terror and despair. You burn there, and it is passing. And now you come to the last unspeakable barrier, the ultimate thule, that you may labour long and painfully to kindle a small spark that will consume all you have — that will burn down the heavens as a torch, until even the black stars burn with furious joy.

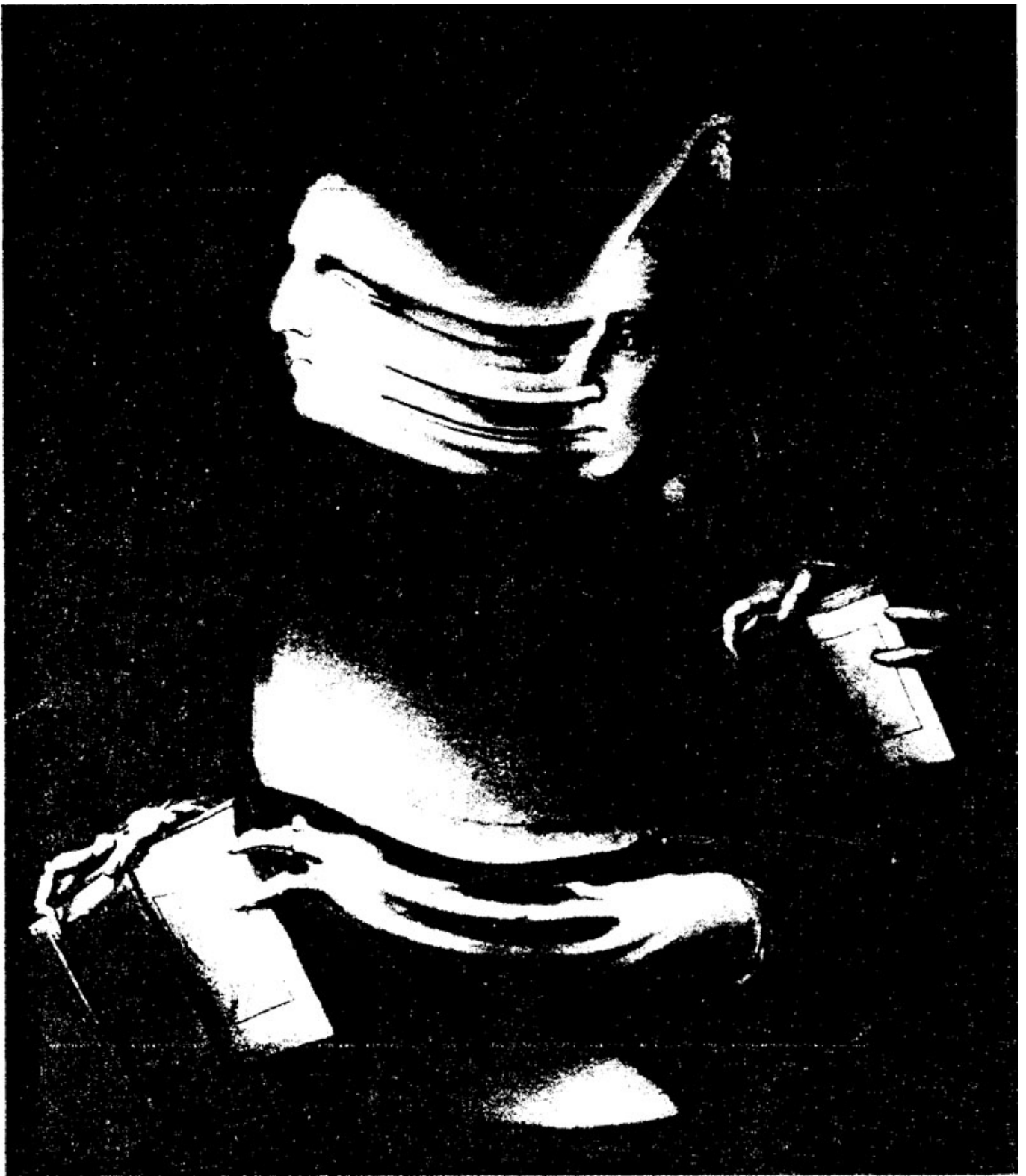
If you only knew the ache to dissolve, to pass away, to go, to be one; to drink utterly of the cup men call death or madness; to be away, at rest, at peace. But I will endure. I will do what must be done, to the last moment of putrefying flesh, to the last pulsation of a dying brain. Not for myself, not for you, but for the vision that I saw once — that is forever.

One day my hands will fall away, and you will go alone into regions I cannot follow — take the sky in wings I have only known in dream.

God knows, it is not my body that now speaks to you; that is a tedious thing of days, of dim awareness in the half-shadow. It is my spirit that spoke to you in the beginning, that speaks to you again now, that will always be with you, until we meet and fuse in the darkness of which all light is a shadow.







*DOPPELGÄNGER*

*Vonn Ströpp*

# REVIEWS

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## BEYOND THE MAUVE ZONE by KENNETH GRANT Skoob Books Publ'g, London. *Publication imminent.*

This is the penultimate volume in the Typhonian Trilogies, and as such is the successor to last year's *Outer Gateways*. The present volume covers a great deal of ground, but is concerned primarily with three distinct strands — a further and deeper consideration of the material passed on to Grant by David Curwen; a Typhonian analysis of *Liber Pennae Praenumbra* and other Maatian texts channelled through Ms. Margaret Ingalls; and an account of the work of the Yugoslavian *White Gnostic Church*, whose technique of the Gnostic Intensive is outlined elsewhere in this issue of *Starfire*.

The Mauve Zone is the state between the manifested universe as we know it and the formless substratum of non-dual reality from which it arises. As such, it is the matrix of form itself, the crucible from which forms arise, fall back and are transmuted anew. There are affinities here with Spare's 'Besz-Mass', the insight which inspired some of his best drawings such as the 1953 *Mind and Body*, reproduced as the frontispiece to *The Witches' Sabbath*. Grant first introduced the term 'Mauve Zone' in *Hecate's Fountain*, and amplified it in *Outer Gateways*, particularly with regard to the text 'The Wisdom of S'lba'. In the present book, Grant presents several different methods of reaching beyond this crucible.

Three chapters are given over to the Sri Chakra, the Fire Snake, and an account of the material which Grant was passed by David Curwen. This latter is referred to elsewhere in the earlier volumes of the Trilogies as an unpublished Commentary on the the tantric text *Ananda Lahari*, made available to Grant by "Frater Ani Abthilal, IX° O.T.O.". Curwen had been initiated into the IX° by Crowley prior to Grant's entry, and took a particular interest in tantric matters. He had a guru in South India who, it seems, was acquainted with Crowley's work, to the extent of passing adverse comments on aspects of Crowley's praxis. The Commentary is written from the standpoint of a school called the *Anuttara Amnaya*, and it is evidently the basis for Grant's experimentation in New Isis Lodge. The fuller account of it here is welcome, since it is very interesting material.

There are three chapters which analyse *Liber Pennae Praenumbra* in the light of the Typhonian Gnosis. For those not acquainted with this text — it has not been in print for a number of years now — it adumbrates the 'forthcoming' Aeon of Maat, and was received by Ms. Margaret Ingalls in 1974. Grant was initially sceptical of the provenance of *Liber Pennae Praenumbra*, but some initiatory insights gained into the Achad material made him think again. This in itself is no mean feat, since the Achad material — referred to here and elsewhere as *Official and Unofficial Correspondence Concerning the Incoming of the Aeon of Maat* — is not the most straight-forward body of material in the world to assimilate. However, it is the case that the accounts of the Achad material in *Nightside of Eden* and *Outside the Circles of Time* make the whole idea of the Aeon of Maat easier to understand. It is clear from the work of Achad, Grant and Ingalls that the Aeon of Maat is not something which will dawn in 2000 years or so from now, but *is* here and now — as indeed are the Aeons of Isis, Osiris, and Horus. The Aeons are therefore not successive spans of time, but are dimensions of awareness. Awakening to reality is thus pan-aeonic, if such a term may be invented.

The final three chapters are an account of the work of the *White Gnostic Church* of Yugoslavia, led by Zivorad Mihajlovic-Slavinski, presently the Head (X°) of the O.T.O. there. They have developed what they refer to as the 'Gnostic Intensive', which is a method of experiencing Direct Insight into Reality. The method bears some similarity to koan techniques; whatever the provenance, however, it is clearly effective. Whilst evolving these methods, they came into contact with what they clearly feel to be Aiwass. This is of great interest in itself, since it points to Aiwass being something rather more fundamental than some

entity which dictated *The Book of the Law* to Crowley. Of course, Crowley himself did not see Aiwass in such crude, simplistic terms; he came to regard Aiwass as not only his Holy Guardian Angel, but the Ipsissimus. Now, the Ipsissimus is not simply an exalted grade of the A. . . A. . .; more to the point, it glyphs cosmic consciousness, an imminent godhead — Brahma playing all roles simultaneously — and is thus universal. The White Gnostic Church refer to ‘Aiwaz-Consciousness’ and ‘Aiwaz-Impersonal’, and in this they are directly in line with the above understanding of Aiwass. In the course of their work, their principal medium had several dreams about Lam which add a great deal to our understanding of Lam, in particular emphasising the connection between Lam and the Fire Snake.

It is at this point that the seemingly disparate themes of *Beyond the Mauve Zone* reveal their deep affinity. For the Fire Snake, the Aeon of Maat, and Lam/Aiwass are masks of the Unconditioned Reality which is formless, timeless, and spaceless; as such, it is beyond the Mauve Zone, and is the Direct Experience of Reality which is the concern of all magical and mystical traditions. The experience of that Reality is an intimate affair which varies from one Initiate to the next. The value of Grant’s work is precisely that it focuses on this intimacy, this interpretation and expression of the Mysteries which is unique to each Initiate.

The last and exhaustive volume in the Typhonian Trilogies is *The Ninth Arch*, upon which Grant is engaged at present. This will be preceded by *Against the Light*, a novel which will lay the groundwork for the more ready comprehension of *The Ninth Arch*. Grant’s work is absorbing and monumental, and provides a rich foundation upon which his successors will build further, just as Grant has built upon the work of others before him.

Michael Staley.

**ZOS-KIA: An Introduction to the Sorcery and Art of Austin Osman Spare by GAVIN W. SEMPLE. Fulgur, London, 1995.**

Apart from those persons still living who actually knew the man, no-one knows more about Spare than Gavin Semple. This little book from Fulgur, the publishers of Spare's *The Witches' Sabbath/Axiomata*, is a revised and extended version of Semple's essay, *Zos: The New Flesh of Desire*, which appeared in *Starfire* Vol.1 No.5., and includes the added bonus of several colour plates of gorgeous artwork, which is where the real truth lies. Even in its original form, it was one of the best writings on Spare that I have read; now it is even better, due mainly to the fact that Mr. Semple couples his insights with allowing Spare to describe his art and sorcery in his own words. The book is liberally peppered with quotes, and Mr. Semple wisely restrains himself from the sort of 'interpretation' of Spare's writings that some authors have indulged in. Rather, he writes from an initiatic stance that is in itself revelatory, an initiated *and initiating* text, taking the reader right to the edge of Spare's 'system' and then giving them a good shove over. Divided into seven chapters (which, like the Seven Stations of the Pole, *c.f.* the works of Gerald Massey, revolve around a single Point), the book resolves the *apparent* duality of the Zos and the Kia into "a bipolar monism", like that of Nuit/Hadit, Shiva/Shakti etc.

The essay itself contains little biographical material, though what there is, is highly detailed. (Tantalisingly, the author refers to another essay by himself and Robert Ansell, that concentrates on Spare *circa* 1909-13 and the *Book of Pleasure*: no doubt this essay will appear in time.) Most interesting is Spare's attitude towards ritual magic, a passage which some who think they are following in Spare's footsteps ought to re-read: Spare's 'system' was stripped of all essentials, right down to the bone, and therein lies its value. The beauty of Spare's system is in its simplicity, its purity. Those people who think they are working the *Zos Kia Cultus* today, with endless, complicated rituals and fetishes, are in fact actually practising the very ceremonial magic that Spare deplored: they cannot see the wood for the trees that they themselves are too busy planting!

*"These Magicians, whose insincerity is their safety, are but the unemployed dandies of the Brothels. Magic is but one's natural ability to attract without asking; ceremony what is unaffected, its doctrine the negation of theirs... Self-condemned in their disgusting fatness, their emptiness of power, without even the magic of personal charm or beauty, they are offensive in their bad taste and mongering for advertisement..."*

Most importantly, Spare worked alone. After all, what method could be more natural for an artist? Art can never be a group activity, for the pure vision resides only in the artist's mind: the involvement of others merely dilutes the vision. Even in later life, during Spare's involvement with Kenneth Grant, he never participated in the rites of New Isis Lodge, and he certainly was never a *bona fide* member of any 'Witch Cult', as some seem to think. The problem with many writings about Spare is that, as his profile gets higher, he has become fashionable. Consequently, the world and his dog are claiming all sorts of connections that, frankly, didn't exist. Mr. Semple's essay avoids all that, and gets straight to the point, beginning with Spare's first faltering steps towards what would become the Cult of the Zos and the Kia, in his youth, and going on to cover the origins of Spare's sigils and his metaphysical system, exploring the influences of Crowley, Blavatsky, Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and the *Tao Teh King* on the young Spare. This is no potted biography, however: Mr. Semple gives a detailed examination of Spare's *modus operandi* and the Death Posture, that method of identifying one's own flesh with the sigil. This makes the book eminently practical, and worth far more than its cover price. There is far more to this book than meets the eye (or the hand), and it repays study. The book ends with a "Zossary", a glossary of Sparean terms that neatly encapsulates Spare's philosophy. The man would have been proud. Highly recommended.

Robert Taylor.

## FROM THE INFERNO TO ZOS. First Impressions, 1993.

Although this volume was published a couple of years ago, it was not possible for us to review it in the last issue; better late than never. This volume, the first of a projected series of several volumes, consists of Spare's published books from *Earth: Inferno* to *The Anathema of Zos* and sundry items. These items include the exhibition catalogues from 1937 to 1955, articles and memoirs about Spare, and a selection of his paintings and drawings which did not appear in any of the books published in his lifetime.

It is actually the memoirs and articles, and the exhibition catalogues which form the most interesting part of the collection. The notes to the catalogues, written by various people including Spare, Kenneth Grant and Dennis Bardens, are of great value for the glimpses they give into Spare's art. The catalogues themselves always fascinate me; it is almost intoxicating to pore over them and revel in the often exotic titles. Spare usually titled his works retrospectively, prior to an exhibition. He sometimes used the same title several times over — *Lost Shepherd Isle*, for instance, enjoyed several incarnations over the years. Interestingly, *Isis Smiles* appears in the 1953 catalogue, whilst the pastel exhibited several times under that name is clearly dated 1954; we can only assume that there are two pictures of that name. It is a pity that the catalogues prior to the 1937 exhibition are not included; a complete series would have been appropriate within the context of what is clearly intended as a Collected Works.

The book bears signs of having been thrown together rather hastily. Why, for instance, label the 1955 pastel *Elemental Materializing* as *Self Portrait*, when the picture has clearly the method of Atavistic Resurgence as its central feature? We also find a 1955 pastel labelled *Flame, Fugue and Flesh*, when only a few pages further on it appears in the 1955 exhibition catalogue as *Flesh, Fugue and Flame*. More seriously, the cover to Ethel Archer's *The Whirlpool* is reproduced as by Spare, when it almost certainly wasn't: it isn't signed, unlike most of his commissioned artwork; but more to the point it is not in his style.

Its faults apart, this is a useful book if only because it includes not only Spare's most famous works, but also the smaller items such as catalogues and memoirs. This could have been a sumptuous book with just a little more care and expenditure at the production stage. Surprisingly for a book of this size, clearly a reference volume, the binding is paperback-type, and not a robust one at that. The quality of reproduction of much of the artwork leaves a lot to be desired; softer lined pictures such as the pieces from *The Focus of Life* have come up poorly. Some of the other pieces have clearly been scanned into the text at production time, since the pixel construction is clearly visible. It is a pity that these factors come to mar what could otherwise have been a beautiful volume. I gather that further volumes in this series include an expansion of William Wallace's thesis on Spare, and Frank Letchford's memoir. Such new material is of course eagerly awaited, the more so if the production aspects could receive better attention.

Michael Staley.

## QUTUB by ANDREW D. CHUMBLEY. Fulgur, 1995.

This book consists of a poem of 74 verses, illustrated throughout; a Commentary which consists of various Notes on aspects of the poem, but more particularly its provenance; and a Glossary of terms used. The whole book is very well presented — the sort of quality production job which one would expect from Fulgur — and makes enjoyable and interesting reading.

I must admit that a long series of quasi-narrative verses are not to my taste. Though not a stranger to the joys of contemplation, perhaps I simply do not have the patience to allow the subtle aromas to arise. In this case, Chumbley has rendered the verses in a very formal manner, seeking to cast them as Sixteenth Century *ghazals*.

I don't doubt that the poem is technically accomplished; it gives some nice flashes of insight along the way, but cumulatively the effect is sometimes contrived and wearying. Interspersed amongst the verses are illustrations by the author, and these are lovely. Chumbley has executed all of this artwork in an Islamic style, and the result is a collection of bold, flowing designs that are very pleasing to the eye.

The Commentary is interesting indeed, covering a lot of ground; Chumbley is very well read, with some familiarity amongst a variety of traditions. However, he does exhibit a love of portentous mystery, as the opening of the Commentary demonstrates:

*In speaking of Poet and Poem we speak of the Point and of the Crooked Path that strikes forth from it; we speak of the Way and of the Steps placed upon it. We describe the breach between the centre of the world and the horizon, between the zenith and the nadir. In speaking of Poet and Poem we speak of many things of which we may not speak. Amid these words a secret is voiced. Do not mistake it amidst its own echoes.*

The expression is elegant and the imagery appealing. I have no truck whatever with the 'Plain English' tendency; when we are attempting to express what is essentially inexpressible in language, its clothing will of necessity be oblique and analogous. Nevertheless, the essence of *Qutub* is of simple and lucid insight into reality, and it seems perhaps perverse to garb that simplicity in unnecessarily exotic raiment. Such garbing is something that the author does many times in the course of this book. It is excellent to draw analogies between traditions and myths, if it elucidates thereby. All too often, though, we drown out thereby the simplicity of the original.

*Qutub* is the Point. Its root, QTB, enumerates as 111. We have immediately the essence of the matter, since 'The Point' suggests Kether and 111 suggests Aleph, the Fool, Atu 0, etc. 'The Point' is the deliciously-sharp point of insight into the reality beyond and underlying its expression in terms of duality. The idea called forth by the correspondence with Atu 0 is that of the illuminated adept who has experienced this Point, realised its imminence in everything and at all times, and who is thereby liberated whilst yet living. It is this delicious insight which is conveyed by the very best of 'mystical poetry'.

Perhaps not wholly unrelated to the author's love of portentous mystery is his conception of the 'Quintessential Current', an idea familiar to anyone who has read his previous book *Azoëtia*. Now, a quintessence is a distillation of various elements that yields up a synthesis. However, is this not to put the cart before the horse? There is an underlying truth or common insight, the expressions of which are tempered by cultural differences of time and location. To borrow the analogy used above, we have a voice and we have its echoes. However, we cannot hear the voice in its pristine simplicity by simply merging together all the echoes, assuming that such a mammoth project were feasible. We may, if we are fortunate, get to hear that voice; its expression, though, will always be an echo, no matter how approximate we may strive to keep it. What we are seeking, therefore, is not the *quintessence* of the

diverse streams, but rather the spring which underlies and gives rise to these streams; not a symphony of echoes, but the originating sound.

These reservations aside, I have enjoyed reading *Qutub* immensely. It is an elegant, rather lovely volume of mystical insight, and I recommend it.

Michael Staley.



## **BLAKE by PETER ACKROYD. Sinclair-Stevenson, London, 1995.**

Beautifully descriptive and astonishingly evocative, this is without a doubt the best biography of William Blake ever written. Indeed, it is certainly the best biography of anyone that *I've* ever read. Ackroyd sets out to uncover just what made Blake tick, and he comes pretty damn close. Although I was familiar with Blake's paintings and engravings, and knew that he was a visionary artist (in the old sense that he had visions, rather than being simply forward-looking), I found it extremely interesting to have his work placed in the context of his time. This is something that is all too often overlooked, for the best art, like Blake's, speaks to us directly, here and now; and because its message is timeless, it is easy to forget or remain unaware of the constant influences that surrounded the artist in his own day and age.

What I personally found most interesting, were the descriptions of Blake's London: a *pot-pourri* of strange cults, freemasonry and radical politics. In fact, the really extraordinary thing was that if one simply changed a few names, exactly the same scene prevails today, in exactly the same areas! This was an important revelation for me; the mists of time suddenly rolled away and I was able to see my, and my colleagues', work in a wholly new light. It is important to realise that, although the Typhonian Tradition is the oldest tradition known, it is all too easy to see one's work in *this* context, and to lose sight of one's 'local' connections. It is easy to see why the O.T.O. found a ready home with Crowley in London, for London already had a long tradition of acceptance of new ideas, particularly from the East. This is probably due to its being a port city: a modern day Alexandria. London is over a thousand years old, and every inhabitant knows it, consciously or not, and becomes imbued with its power. (The O.T.O. flourished in this environment, and faded in Germany its country of origin, precisely because of this magic that the city exudes. With its riots and rebellions, its inherent radicalism, multicultural melting-pot, and mix of faiths, it's obvious why the O.T.O. and other cults that flourish here, can never be run along the lines of a management consultancy. The combination of dogma and a personality cult centred around one individual spells death in this city: that attitude belongs with the farmboys of Waco, and elsewhere.) Aside from the interest in Blake, this book reawoke my love of London, evoking the nostalgia I felt for the city when I first moved here.

It is well-known by aficionados of Austin Spare that he often claimed the spirit of William Blake moved through him, and anyone seeking to understand the relationship between Spare's and Blake's art would do well to read this book. Both were born in London, both saw spirits and ghosts, and both turned their backs on the artistic fashions of their day to pursue their own work in the face of poverty. Both wrote and illustrated their own books describing their own philosophies, which, upon reflection, are not that dissimilar, despite Blake's use of Christian terminology. But the really important similarity lies in their use of line, and their admiration for the same master artists of the past. In addition, Spare appreciated Oriental art for the same reason: the line. Visionary art begins with the line, for it is only in this instantaneous mark that order is imposed upon chaos, that Vision is given form out of "The Sea of Time & Space". Blake abhorred those artists who "cause that the execution shall be all blocked up with brown shadows. They put the original Artist in fear and doubt of his own original conception". In this phrase we can see why the vast majority of Spare's work was executed in pencil line, with colour applied as a wash over the top. Spare was keen not to obliterate his original linework, for it demonstrated how the image had formed out of itself. It is worth noting that Spare rarely used models for his drawings, only for practice or portraits. Even then, he preferred to work from photographs. Like Blake, he didn't work from Nature, but from Imagination, trusting his *own* vision more than that which came through his eyes.

Ackroyd goes into areas that others have merely touched upon or ignored, examining Blake's experiments with astrology, seances, nudity and sex magic, Swedenborgism, his friendship with the occultist painter Richard Cosway, and his erotic drawings. These parts of the book are doubly fascinating, for the impression of Blake one gets at school is a very watered down one, of a slightly mad, pious Christian mystic, when quite the reverse is true. Little detail is given, but Ackroyd probably tells all he knows and there isn't much more *to* tell. Enough is there though, to reveal Blake as an intensely

interesting man who mixed with a wide variety of beliefs and ideas. Certainly, those of you reading this would have found him fascinating company.

It is also interesting how his ideas were taken up by younger people, when Blake himself was an old man, and how he gathered a crowd of young admirers who actively sought him out. Again, this situation seems to happen a lot with people who live on the fringes of society, in terms of their beliefs. I couldn't help but be reminded of the youthful Kenneth Grant, Victor Neuberg, Israel Regardie etc, seeking out the likes of Crowley and Spare, and how a new generation 'discovers' those people in turn. "I labour upwards into futurity", Blake wrote, as if he knew that the people around him couldn't care less, but that in years to come his ideas would gain acceptance and he would never be forgotten.

Do yourself a favour and read this book, then pop along to the V & A or the Tate and have a look at some of Blake's originals. I defy you to do both and come away unmoved.

Robert Taylor.

## **MAAT MAGICK: A Guide to Self Initiation by NEMA. Samuel Weiser, New York 1995.**

In early 1974 Nema, then a relative newcomer to Magick, received a Vision of the Aeon of Maat following an intensive period of magical activity on the part of her colleagues and herself. Under the inspiration of this Vision she penned *Liber Pennae Praenumbra*, The Book of the Foreshadowing of the Feather, a copy of which she felt impelled to send to Kenneth Grant. Over the intervening years she has been fleshing out her initial Vision with both the philosophy and practice of Maat Magick, as it has become known. In the years immediately following her Vision she published many articles in *The Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick*. Kenneth Grant wrote much about her work in *Outside the Circles of Time*, and makes a Typhonian analysis of *Liber Pennae Praenumbra* in his forthcoming *Beyond the Mauve Zone*. This, though, is the first full-length book which Nema has published.

First, a few words about Aeonic Succession are in order. Although many Thelemites regard talk of the recent incoming of the Aeon of Maat as heresy, that is not how Crowley himself saw it. He regarded an aeon not as a fixed span of 2,000 years, but as something much more elastic. In his “Old Comment” on *Liber AL*, chapter III verse 34, he wrote: “Following him (Horus) will arise the Equinox of Ma, the Goddess of Justice, it may be a hundred or ten thousand years from now; for the Computation of Time is not here as There”. He did write about Maat in several places, most notably in some of the sections of *Liber Aleph*, and the essay on Atu VIII in *The Book of Thoth*. However, since he took on the role first and foremost of prophet of the Aeon of Horus, he preferred to focus primarily on that Aeon; indeed, in the Introduction Grant records Crowley’s curt comment that “Maat can wait” in response to Grant’s question about when the Aeon of Maat might appear.

It was Frater Achad (Charles Stansfeld Jones) who announced the Incoming of the Aeon of Maat in 1948, shortly after Crowley’s death. This he did in the course of correspondence with Gerald Yorke and others. However, Achad’s conception of the nature of the Aeon of Maat remains very intellectual, an outcropping of his gematria. It bears little if any relationship to the Aeon of Maat as manifested to and propounded by Nema, and perhaps owes something to the sense of rivalry that Achad had towards Crowley. This is not to invalidate the essence of Achad’s work on the Aeon of Maat; instead, perhaps we have the same stirrings impinging on the awareness of different people in different ways. Interestingly, Grant sees the work of Jack Parsons in a similar light — as a foreshadowing of the Aeon of Maat.

The Aeons are states of consciousness or levels of initiation, rather than spans of time. Consciousness is a continuum, the background out of which entity arises, by which it is nourished, and into which it falls back. The sense of individualised consciousness is a transient configuration, the boundaries of which are continually shifting. Initiation is the process — often lengthy and arduous — of experiencing the reality of this, as distinct from acknowledging it as an intellectual proposition. For Nema, consciousness in the Aeon of Maat is characterised by the retention of individual consciousness, but vastly expanded and with a strong awareness of and connection with the continuum out of which it arises, and by which it is sustained.

This is an absorbing book with a strong, practical flavour. It has an Introduction by Kenneth Grant and a Foreword by Jan Fries, both of which are excellent. We then have a section labelled “Theory”, which is constructed to correspond to the Sephiroth of the Tree of Life, and which is an account of the levels of initiation corresponding to each Sephira. This is followed by the republication of *Liber Pennae Praenumbra* itself, together with a brief Commentary by Nema. The third section of the book is called “Practice”, and is a collection of Maatian rituals and techniques considered appropriate to the particular Sephiroth, or Levels as Nema calls them. Many of these rituals are lovely; I particularly liked the Mooncup Rite, and the Invocation of the Forgotten Ones. These rituals are included not as practices to be slavishly followed, but suggestions upon which the practitioner can develop his or her effective techniques. This is an excellent book, and thoroughly to be recommended.

Michael Staley

## THE COMPLEAT VAMPYRE by NIGEL ALDCROFT-JACKSON. Capall Bann, 1995.

The Vampyre and its host are a subject of perpetual fascination. Death, the inevitable gulf of the grave, the finality awaiting all mortal flesh, is for the Company of Nosferatu a fate that is rarely known. The nigh immortality of the Undead, their pallid changeless beauty, their aloofness, their melancholic ambience, combine to form a powerful mask of the *Other*, a guise of the Unknown set in the algolagniac paradox which unites Eros with Thanatos. The image casts a potent spell over the minds of mere earthly men. It is this necro-erotic attraction which compels us to look into the darkness of the Vampyre's lair, to reach out farther into its forbidden domain, hoping that we too might be touched with its eldritch curse and know a damned semblance of eternal life.

For reasons such as these the curious, the aspiring and the serious students of magick may find *The Compleat Vampyre* a book which yields both insight and informative knowledge, an intriguing respite from the customary treatment of this subject. For all too often the mysteries of the Vampyre and the allied matters of lycanthropic sorcery are but superficially dealt with in the pages of contemporary occultism. Indeed, the subject is often best known through fiction, for there its ambience may penetrate consciousness unhindered by the censor of reason.

For those who might seek out the factual basis of the vampyres' myth and story, however, there is little but for the scattered references within the annals of folklore. The author, Mr. Aldcroft-Jackson, has done a service in gathering together many of the lesser known occurrences of the mythic type from around the world and collating them within an accessible textual structure. He has not only arranged these in a useful dictionary-like framework, but has undertaken an exposition of the shamanic and sorcerous mysteries which underlie the entire phenomena of the shape-shifting nightwalkers. His study combines the information which may be extracted from the various mythic forms, with an initiatic interpretation evolved from a profound grasp of the metaphysics of Traditional Witchcraft and Magic. This book provides a useful foundation such as might avail the serious researcher with a number of interesting routes toward a deeper knowledge.

Alongside the text are illustrations which, for the casual reader, offer a pleasing depiction of the mythic forms; and which should provide the practitioner of the Arte Magical with a number of insights through the juxtaposition of glyph and beast. I believe most, if not all, who read this book will find it stimulating, and the few who look beyond mere words might even discover a key to the conclave of its arcana.

In recommending this book to the readers of *Starfire*, I should like to take the opportunity of mentioning Mr. Aldcroft-Jackson's earlier work *The Call of the Horned Piper*. From the viewpoint of Traditional Witchcraft this is one of the very few books which operates within the authentic initiatic context of the Tradition. It is an excellent basis for the seeker and serves as a fine *resume* for certain of the major aspects of the Sabbatic Mysteries, especially those arcana derived from the specific recensions of the Craft with which the author is acquainted. To those seeking alignment with the Path of the Sabbatic Craft it is a requisite of study.

Andrew D. Chumbley

## **THE AMALANTRAH WORKING by ALEISTER CROWLEY (ed. R.F.Paul). Oroboros Press, USA 1993.**

*The Amalantrah Working* has long existed in various typescript versions, most of them corrupted in the process of copying and recopying. These typescripts were circulated privately amongst those with the right social connections. Hence the eventual publication and general availability of this important Record is to be welcomed. The Working lasted, according to Crowley's remarks on the matter, for about a year from January 1918. However, the Record for only the first six months has survived, at least in the various versions which I have seen previously, and the present publication is no exception here.

Proceedings opened in January 1918, by which time Crowley had been resident in the United States for some years, and was then living in New York. He was living at the time with a woman, Roddie Minor, whom he considered uninterested in all matters occult. He was startled, then, when she began describing visions which were significant to Crowley, and which seemed to be taking up where the Abuldiz Working of a few years earlier had left off. These communications, she said, were intended for Crowley, and came from a Wizard called Amalantrah. Crowley had little in the way of mediumistic powers himself, but seemed to trigger such powers in those around him of a suitable sensitivity. After some close questioning and astral investigation, Crowley satisfied himself that these communications were not only genuine, but were indeed aimed specifically at him, with information important to his current state of initiation. Thus, he decided to inaugurate regular seances to facilitate this communication.

The seances were usually held weekly. Communication was often through numbers, Tarot cards, I Ching hexagrams, and images. That is to say, Crowley would address a question to Amalantrah, and the Wizard would transmit his answer via the imagination of the seer, usually Roddie Minor. Another participant at the Working would note down the transactions. As a consequence, the communication was intended for Crowley's comprehension, though the meaning sometimes eluded him. Much of the material recorded is obscure, and not helped by the mode of communication. The medium was generally "warmed up" for the seances with sex magick, drugs (opium, cannabis, ether) and alcohol, singly or in exotic combinations. This may well have sensitised her to subtle impressions, but it also resulted in material from her personal subconscious obscuring and confusing whatever was coming through from Beyond. Crowley seems to have been interested in the Working primarily as an oracle for his business affairs for the week ahead, and sometimes lost patience with any communication that was not amenable to such interpretation. There is, then, a lot of chaff to sort through in order to get to the wheat. Despite this, the Working is well worth grappling with. Every now and then a shaft of insight arises from what seems an obscure, chaotic muddle, and threads gradually come together

The Record breaks off in June. Some time after, Crowley went into a Magical Retirement on New York's Aesopus Island. Whilst there, he worked on his rendition of Legge's translation of the *Tao Teh King*, and invoked the Wizard Amalantrah to help him with the more obscure passages. This is interesting, because for the previous months he had needed a medium in order to communicate with Amalantrah. The conclusion to draw is that after the early months his consciousness was more closely attuned to that of Amalantrah, and that following the transactions at Aesopus Island he had no further need of the seances in order to traffic with Amalantrah.

What are we to make of *The Amalantrah Working*, and more specifically of the central figure of Amalantrah? The fact is that communication with praeter-human Intelligence stands at the core of Crowley's system of Magick. He regarded this Intelligence as adopting various masks, such as Aiwass, Abuldiz, and Amalantrah; essentially, each were avatars of the same Intelligence. The various magical and mystical techniques which Crowley developed were all intended to facilitate such contact. Without this core, we are left with an absorbing array of powerful and useful techniques, but their central harnessing force has gone; all we have is, as it were, a sort of humanist Thelema. These days, we tend to be more sceptical of Hidden Masters and the like, but perhaps we have simply misunderstood the concept.

Perhaps the Hidden Masters were only ever intended as myth — anthropomorphisms. The term “praeter-human” means “beyond the human”. This is problematical for those who regard humans as being the Crown of Creation. If, on the other hand, we concede the possibility that we are lower down the pecking order than that, then we get curious about what might lie beyond. And if we could communicate with whatever might lie beyond.....

We are looking in the wrong direction by looking outwards for whatever it is that lies behind the guise of Hidden Masters, praeter-human entities, extra-terrestrial beings and the like. Consciousness is a continuum, and what we regard as human consciousness is simply a particular waveband or range of consciousness. Then, apparent entities such as Amalantrah and Aiwass are wider and deeper ranges of consciousness in that continuum. The way we can establish this is by sensitising and expanding the waveband of consciousness available to us, and thereby become more aware of what is around us, and what our potential might be.

Crowley’s drawing of Lam appears on the front cover of this edition. Although there is no specific mention of Lam by name, there is a strong link between the Working and the portrait, and several of the visions recorded in the Record of the Working are suggestive of the portrait. These links were considered in the article *Lam: The Gateway* in *Starfire* Vol. I, No. 5, and are further explored in the article *The Lam-Serpent Sadhana* in the present issue. Thus, Lam is an encapsulation of the Working. The true value of Records such as *The Amalantrah Working* lies not in their historical worth or biographical interest, but whether the material presented therein can be developed by those occultists who come after Crowley. *The Amalantrah Working*, judged in this light, has proved fertile indeed, for the present-day interest in Lam has grown directly from the Working.

Michael Staley



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# FORTHCOMING

# Afterword

The driving force behind *Starfire* has always been first and foremost to forge an instrument for the transmission of the transformative energy of the Typhonian Current, not simply to produce an entertaining and instructive journal. This being the first issue of a new volume of *Starfire*, we should like to close this issue with some considerations of that Current, and the direction which this journal is taking.

There have been several definitions of the origin and meaning of the Typhonian Current, most notably in the works of Gerald Massey and, more recently, Kenneth Grant. These definitions are based, for the most part, on the Stellar Goddess Typhon and her Son and Consort, Set. For this present Afterword, we would prefer to concentrate on the more directly practical implications — the impact of the Typhonian Current upon consciousness.

There is a correlation between Typhon and Typhoon which is helpful. The Typhoon is force and fire. It is of the nature of the whirlwind, the dynamic forces of change, bringing about in this case the transformation of consciousness. These dynamic forces are purgative, breaking down the hindrances to a wider and deeper state of awareness. They are praeter-human in origin, and come from deeper strata of consciousness than that which appears to us to be individualised. As human beings, we are the visible and transient configurations of wider and deeper forces of consciousness. These forces are not stable and unchanging, but dynamic and flowing. We like to think of “our” consciousness as something sovereign and unique to us as individuals, and more or less fixed and stable. Yet introspection shows that awareness is forever flowing, expanding and contracting. Initiation is a process of assimilation, of reintegration — of the microcosm with the macrocosm, the terrestrial with the extra-terrestrial, the individual with the cosmic.

Imagination is the matrix where the human merges into the more-than-human, where the drop flows back into the ocean. This is Imagination not in the sense of wistful daydreams, but of the deliberate harnessing of imagery — and its correlations in terms of the other senses — in order to allow the fertilisation of human consciousness with that which lies beyond, and of which human awareness is a restricted aspect. In terms of practical Magick, this means the harnessing of our various mystical and magical techniques to this one goal — the transformation of consciousness. There are myriad techniques which converge on this single goal, about which we need to be passionate and one-pointed if we are to succeed. All use Imagination as the driving force.

*Starfire* is itself undergoing a transformation in order to facilitate the wider transformation of consciousness. Increasingly we will act as a forum, a channel for material which transcends the everyday approach of our more academic and transient perceptions. This will result in changes in perspective, and will ensure that we are not mere caretakers of a tradition that is archaic and dwindling to extinction, but will move forward and onward in the process of Becoming. For a Tradition is not a fixed, static thing, something apart from us all; on the contrary, it is alive, vital and developing. All who work with this Tradition draw upon the reservoir of magical energy which it has accumulated over the course of its history. In the process, they enrich the Tradition with their own creativity, contributing to the reservoir from which future generations will draw. This is the true meaning of *parampara*, or spiritual lineage. In this way, we each participate fully in the process, creating and interacting to lend impetus to the surge towards the transformation of consciousness.

With this in mind, we have recently formulated three Cells, each of them founded on a different approach to this goal of transformation. The Lam Cell has been established in order to develop the magical techniques which will assist in working with that praeter-human Intelligence masked by the appearance of Lam. The Dreaming Cell utilizes various techniques of dreaming, trance and perceptual work in order to reach beyond individualized consciousness. The Nightside Cell concerns itself with the use of magical aesthesis in order to commune, via the matrix of Imagination, with those forces which lie beyond human consciousness, and from which that human consciousness draws its sustenance. These



Cells represent three different accents of approach to the same reality: Gnosis. That Gnosis is only real when it is lived.

All readers of *Starfire* are invited to participate in this inspiring work. For, what can be more inspiring than the drive for an expansion of consciousness? Let us close by paraphrasing some words spoken three decades ago. They are as inspiring now as they were then — perhaps more so, for it seems that the time is now ripe.

*Some people see things as they are, and say “why?”*

*Others dream things which never were, and ask “why not?”*



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# MAAT MAGICK

*A Guide to Self-Initiation*

**NEMA**

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