

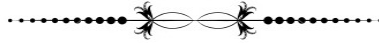
THE ASSAULT ON REALITY

A FIELD MANUAL FOR THE STRANGE PSYCHE



Created by DKMU

Domus Kaotica & Marauder Underground



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“Our greatest blessings come to us by way of madness, providing the madness is given as a divine gift.”

Socrates

"I do not think there is any thrill that can go through the human heart like that felt by the inventor as he sees some creation of the brain unfolding to success... Such emotions make a man forget food, sleep, friends, love, everything."

Nikola Tesla

“Imagination is more intoxicating than any drink, more addictive than any drug. One way or another, we are all hooked on dreams. Those who deny this and who claim to have a clear grip on reality are the most dangerously deluded of all.”

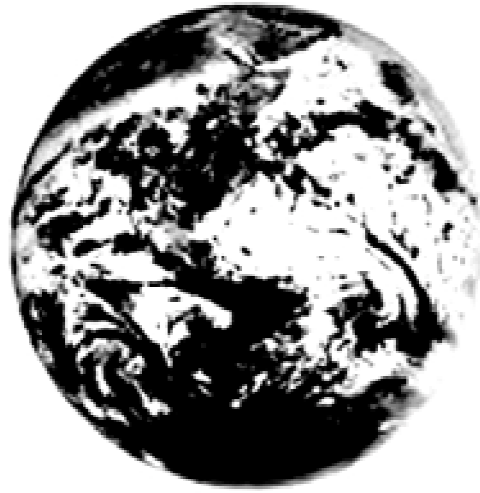
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YOUR WORLD IS ENDING



"You monkeys take your bodies for granted. You honestly think it is so simple to become flesh."

~ 663

FOREWORD

e ib-du-un!

There comes a time in a man's life, when he has to decide on what he's going to do. Whether or not he's going to play the game; whether he should search for himself, or search for someone else to make due; whether he should follow the path in circles or burn a new one. Of course, it's fairly certain to say this time comes in a woman's life as well.

Sometimes we become so lost in searching for love to be given that we forget to give a little to the one that needs it the most. Ourselves.

This book will open new doors for you; it will give you new ideas. What it will not do is fix you. It will not become a manual from which everything you know of sprang forth. This book will not bring you money, fame, nor sex. This book will kill you. Because when the clock strikes its time and the jimlad's come running, you will see another glass heart fall to the ground and be stomped on back into sand.

It has been said by some that the Domus Kaotica resembles all that is wrong with the occult. Of course, I haven't the slightest clue what that is supposed to mean. "The Occult" for one, such a disgustingly ambiguous term, be gone with ye. The secrets aye, but we have none ya ho! There's also this new term springing up, 'occulture' or the culture of 'the occult'. As if magicians have culture. One last thing before I go... I want you all to know...

~ Lord Marshall Sheosyrath

INTRODUCTION

This odyssey unwraps and contorts according to its own nonsensical desires. It would prefer to be burned instead of read. It would rather you throw yourself out into the splendor of the earth instead of seek solace within the empty pages of books and tomes. It would rather see the world begin anew than to witness yet another hierarchical parody of the former system come to absolute power and corruption. It would rather be found on the street and left in between the books at your local library, or the bus stop, or the subway, or amidst the pages of holy texts. It would rather not exist at all, and like a child, it holds you accountable for its discovery.

Herein lies nothing true, and nothing false. Far from requiring assurance of its own blunders, joyous mistakes make up the entirety of its limbs. It relishes in the thought of changing your mind, of manifesting confusion where there is faith, of invoking wrath where there is quiet content and self-imposed anesthesia. It looks upon you with no eyes; it sees through its own kaleidoscope. It hears you with no ears; thunderstorms make up its resonance. It thinks of you with no mind; its thoughts are made up of all those things which we have left behind in the dark of the wilderness.

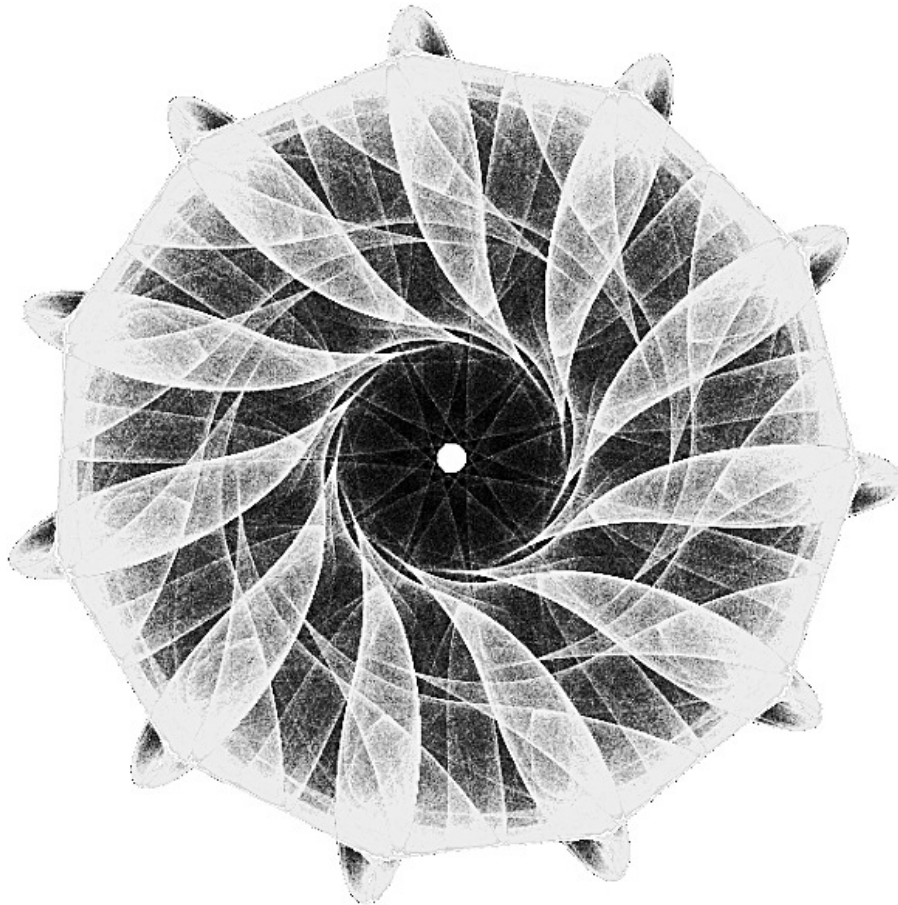
Throughout alien math and conjoined paradox we may find its DNA intact, though I wouldn't count on it. As it speaks reversed words with a sort of quantum logic, a mouth without teeth, without breathe, depolarizes itself towards simplicity in appreciation of curiosity. It says that all things are divine, and that divine is but a word, the attribution thereof falling like drops of rain upon the monoliths of beauty and pleasure, of terror and disgust - above & below, within & without.

It readies itself to whisper the answer to the mystery in our ears as an invisible animal prepared to attack, and when we have almost collapsed from panic, it leaves the room.

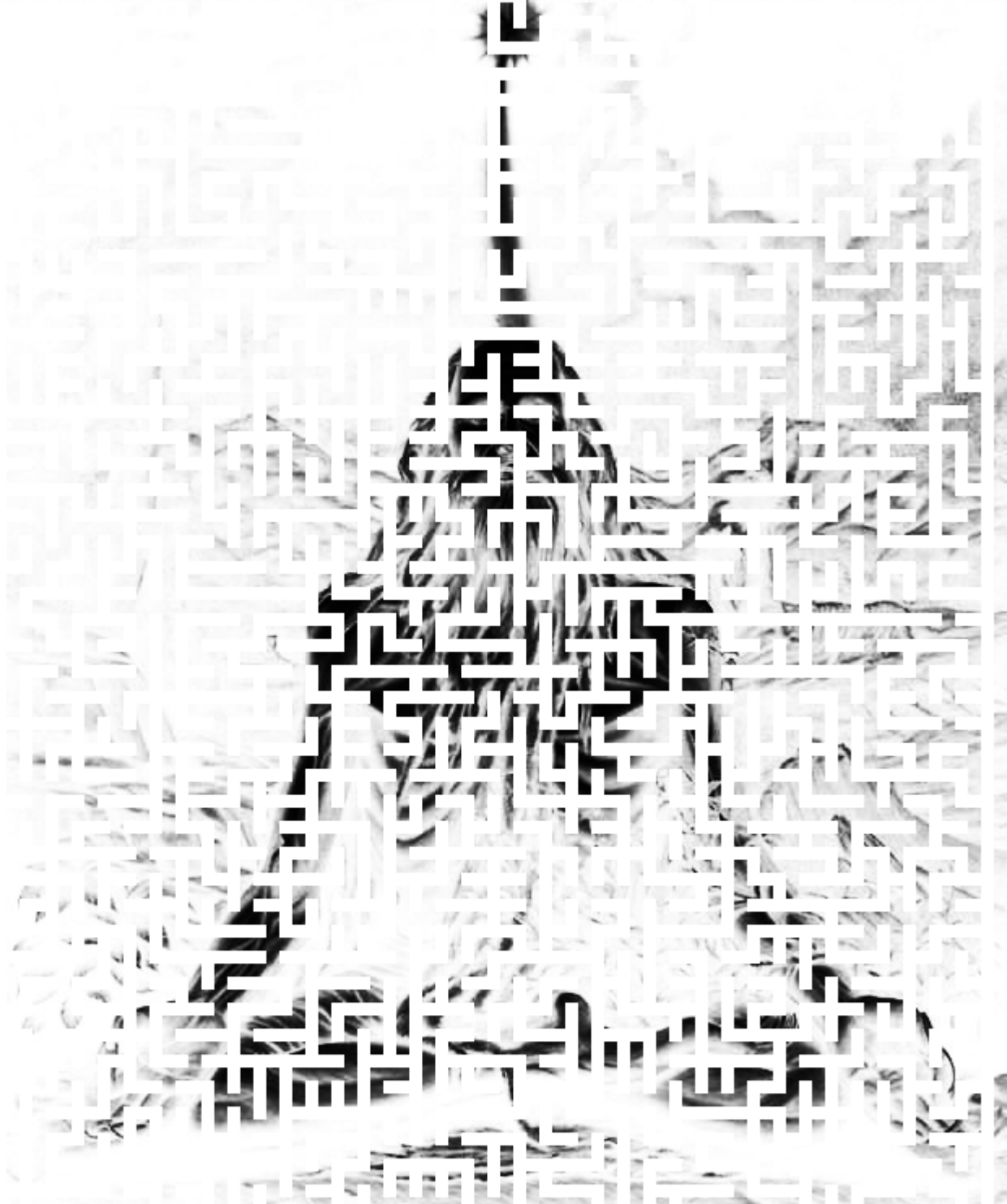
Receive then from this body, this feast. Take what you want, and leave what you don't. It promises no judgment, nor salvation. The fire looms in the distance as we thirst, and upon arrival we are met with an island where men are clad in mud, and women wear nothing. We take into ourselves totems of bizarre anatomies and ancient tales which the world has forgotten. We may be delusional, intoxicated, or close to death. The dancing of saturated colors is all about; the clouds give way to clouds and the mountains give way to mountains. We feel alive, and it scares the shit out of us.

The drums begin and the heavens thunder wildly as we start to sweat and metamorphose. A voice inside us speaks as we dance, trip, and fall upwards forever into the abyss.

“Welcome to Yourself.”



KHAOS MAGICK

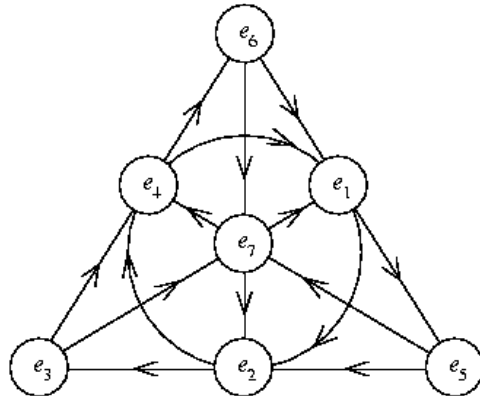


& URBAN SHAMANISM

KHAOS MAGICK & URBAN SHAMANISM

THE GIFT OF AWARENESS

By Frater Sheosyrath ($-\infty^\circ$, 5°)



Khaos, in the most basic terms, is the energy substance that holds together the cosmic multi-verse. In not so basic terms, it is known as "the god particle", the universal subconscious, the abyss, the void, the web, the force, cosmic dust, etc. There is some speculation among us as to whether or not dark matter is the material representation of Khaos.

Section I: The Khaos Experiment

Subsection A: Outline

Thesis

1. The cosmic multi-verse is infinite.
2. The cosmic multi-verse is tied together by a universal conscious awareness comprised of energy.
3. The higher functionality of the subconscious mind is directly linked to this universal conscious awareness.
4. Communication with these parts of our minds through various techniques furthers our understanding of reality.

Objectives

1. Manipulate the states of consciousness the brain functions in.
2. Tap into the subconscious intuitive circuit to initiate communication with the universal conscious awareness.

Subsection B: Basic Theory

Veils of Emanation (Veils of Negative Existence)

1. Ein (Ain) - nothing (void)
2. Ein Sof (Ain Soph) - infinite nothing (infinite void)
3. Ein Sof Or (Ain Soph Aur) - infinite light (boundless light)

DEFINITIONS:

“Ein Soph or Ayn Sof (Hebrew אין סוף, literally "without end", denoting "boundlessness" and/or "nothingness"), is a Kabbalistic term that usually refers to an abstract state of existence preceding God's Creation of the limited universe. This *Ein Sof*, typically referred to figuratively as the "light of *Ein Sof*" ("*Or Ein Sof*"), is the most fundamental emanation manifested by God. The *Ein Sof* is the material basis of Creation that, when focused, restricted, and filtered through the *sefirot*, results in the created, dynamic universe.”

Thesis

1. The Hebrew Veils of Negative Existence, the states which are above Kether, are synonymous with Khaos.

Section II: The Gift of Awareness

Subsection IIA: Accelerating the Progression of Universal Consciousness

Thesis

1. Through the application of the Post-Meta-Paradigm Theory in the reality sphere we may attempt to accelerate the progression of the human consciousness to new levels and states never experienced before.
2. The mechanisms of Khaos Magick can be used in conjunction to navigate these new levels of consciousness, and explore their use in practicality.
3. The result that stems from the exploration of the psyche and reality as a whole on an individual basis is the microcosmic evolution of the consciousness.
4. Through the facilitation of the microcosmic evolution of human consciousness a macrocosmic evolution of humanity as a whole may be realized.
5. In order for this to occur a majority of the human race must be actively facilitating the evolution of their consciousness.

Objectives

1. To facilitate the microcosmic evolution of consciousness through the use of Khaos Magick and its associated practices.
2. To create more facilitators to perpetuate the evolutionary process.
3. To proliferate the notion that the accelerated progression of consciousness in humanity as a whole is what is needed for macrocosmic evolution.

"It is spoken of the Sephiroth, and the Paths, of Spirits and Conjurations; of Gods, Spheres, Planes, and many other things which may or may not exist. It is immaterial whether they exist or not. By doing certain things certain results follow; students are most earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophic validity to any of them." - Aleister Crowley

KHAOS MAGICK & URBAN SHAMANISM

BEHOLD THE ROOT

By Frater Sheosyrath ($-\infty^\circ$, 5°)



The type of Khaos we wish to work with may be found within a concept we suppose was born with the Ancient Greeks. In this context, Khaos is the primordial water, the very first nothingness that gave cataclysmic birth to everything within and without existence. Khaos is what the very first Gods stepped out of; Khaos is the vacuum of space and the invisible force holding together subatomic particles. Khaos is the cosmos, everything, and nothing - plainly. Is there any more powerful force? There cannot be, for any other force would be within the flow of Khaos, as it is all encompassing. All Magick is of Khaos.

*Khaos Magick & Urban Shamanism – Originally written as an ongoing series of short texts during the foundational beginnings of the Domus Kaotica. Here, the complete and edited work offers the student a cornerstone with which to expand upon.

From Khaos came the flesh, the form, the structure, the fire and the will. The flesh is the portal through which we may interact with the sublime ebb and tide of the Universe. The flesh is also the agent of change; evolution. Within the knowledge of Khaos comes first the knowledge of darkness, the black egg - challenge yourself and forget what you know. You are the center point: below you is life, the mother earth, and above you is the infinite void.

We have made it so far as to give the Khaos form, by means of the bodies we inhabit, but how much farther, being an aspect of nature ourselves, may we take it? Diving back into the primordial ooze of creation and using it to further our personal progressions tells us that returning to unity is simply a means and not a goal. Strive for higher things! Into the abyss I say! Up! Into the Abyss! Let there be no chain which remains unbroken!

You may then become the Shaman, the vessel of creation. You may enter into the Khaos and perceive it, and from it you may step into a multitude of other worlds. You are between the worlds. Your thoughts are those from the mind of god. You must learn to create the Universe around yourself by first *re-creating yourself*. Look inside, and you will find the answers for the questions *outside*.

What is Khaos Magick? It is simple. Intent + Action(s) = Reaction(s). With this, any and every action becomes a magickal action, a divine action – every movement, an act of creation. As my good friend and colleague Alysrose put it, *“all magick is the same, projected through different masks.”* Thus this is the true magick of the adept, freed from nagging doubt and argument. The sea of possibility is endless.

The primary objective is evolution, the upgrade of the human psyche. This can be taken to mean many different things, and such is encouraged. All of the ways of interpreting evolution are correct. Evolution is growth, change, and transcendence. This is the single unifying goal. Khaos Magick is the rawest form of magick, devoid of any form or limitation. Any system may be applied, any model may be used. The primordial water may take any shape.

SELF-DESTRUCTION & RE-CREATION

When you are born you are created by your perception of the people around you. An infant has no sense of self, no awareness of being. Others create you. The environment, the people around you, what people think of you, these things wire

your brain since the moment you come out. Don't you think it would be in your benefit to destroy all of that and rebuild?

Before you may truly re-create yourself, you must destroy the one that is already there. This serves to clean the slate so to speak. I've noticed among my experiments that when a person is subjected to all of the knowledge they may gain from Khaos, and to Khaos itself, their minds begin to become jumbled. They get confused, stunned, and don't know what to think. This usually doesn't last long as the information subconsciously sinks and a sort of destructive force rips through them, leaving them delightfully empty, and vacuum. They are usually never the same. I've had many outsiders notice this, that when I subject someone to my information, they change, no matter if they listen or not.

The next step is simple. Embrace the Khaos within your being. Reach out with your mind and see the Khaos emanating all around you – give into the flow. Become the creator, become decadence, unleash yourself, become faster, stronger, allow the Khaos to fortify your mind; become BEYOND: "I am beyond your God."

Khaos is the language of Magick.

Magick is the language of the Universe, sing to it, and it will sing unto you.

*KHAOS - Simply an expansion upon the initial idea of 'spiritual chaos', or whatever they're calling it these days. I couldn't keep calling it chaos. Chaos is an English word denoting disorder. I could see that disorder was not of any concern to the flow, as it is simply a perception of the flow. If you can't see the pattern, it's not there. Everything has pattern, even Khaos. KHAOS is a force; there really isn't a better way to describe it. To call it dark matter is too presumptuous; however I do think it has something to do with zero point energy. Even wiccans think that this is the "energy that holds everything together", and it is a well known puzzle in the quantum science circuit. The majority of the space in an atom, in any solid mass for that matter, is void. Void space that seems to keep shape, and is solid under your finger tips.

*KHAOS Magick - When a shaman closes his eyes and slips into the spirit world, he is at home. This is where his magick is mostly preformed, where he consorts his spirits and guides; known to us as his subconscious mind. I like to take this further and slip into the KHAOS when I close my eyes, in the same fashion a Shaman would. I call myself a KHAOS Shaman because my working is no more elaborate than that of any folk medicine man. I have been trained in ceremonial magick, hermetics, paganism... even my sigils do not stand up to my mind.

*Intent + Action(s) = Reaction(s) - Magick has so many definitions it's fucking disgusting. To bring change in accordance with will, to do this, to do that, to make my coffee, to get me laid. Well, magick, to me, is very, very simple. Magick is the execution of the magickal formula. The Magickal formula is also very simple, and can be applied to every school of thought imaginable. Intent + Action = Reaction. What else is there to it than that? Nothing, really. Intent and action, for every action, there is an equal yet opposite reaction. So, good magick is just getting the reaction you want from your intent and actions. Which means, children, remember, reaction is the important part. Not the intent. Who cares about your intent, as long as your reaction is the one you are seeking.

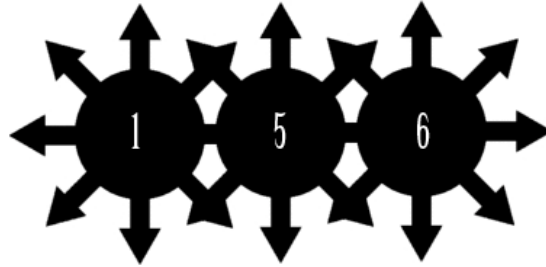
DEATH TO THE IMAGE



HAIL THE NEW FLESH

KHAOS MAGICK & URBAN SHAMANISM

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE



Today I was asked if the path of least resistance means you go along with what everyone else is doing. As I thought about it I realized how it could be taken as such. However, that's just how one might perceive 'resistance'. The view society takes on things of an occult nature would lead one to believe that this is 'resistance' and the least resistant path means going along with the system. However, the opinions of others have no effect on the mind of the Shaman, and the least resistant path is defined in his microcosm. The path of least resistance is going along and flowing with *yourself*, no matter what. We follow Khaos, we are Khaos, and thus follow ourselves. You're changing, I'm changing, we're all changing from within.

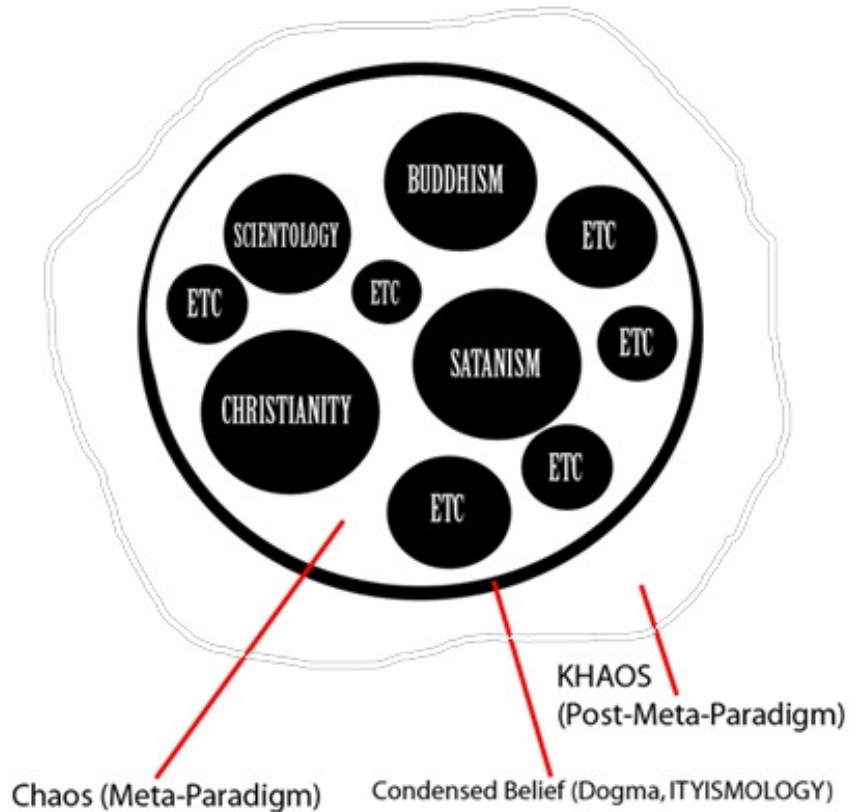
"You cannot see the light, although you face the sun."

Some words will trigger certain acts, and some acts will trigger certain states. Some states will trigger certain thoughts. Mental reprogramming has always been high on the Khaos agenda. Humans come programmed, as if on a template from society - stupid, ignorant and annoying. We all have our faults, but most are worse than others. We all go down for the god of the moment; super demon seed running wild and below and... Well, it's time to change the way the minds of our children work. They're so beautiful, why do we ruin them? With every passing moment our world comes closer to the ever impending doom it shall bring upon itself, so do yourself a favor and contribute to the revolution now. We'll be all that's left when this shift is said and done.

✿ The ATOMOSPHERE - The Atomosphere is a representation of the first concept of KHAOS. Infinite nothing (the chaos star) gives birth to finite everything (the atom). It may be used as a scrying device, a communication tool between members, and/or window into the multiverse. Occult knowledge may be attained by staring blankly into it for hours on end via meditation, and we encourage each member to fashion one of their own in the form of a painted stele to be put in the forefront of ritual space.

ON THE POST-META PARADIGM

An Addition by Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°)



The IOT gained fame by the phrase "we shift" alongside "Nothing is True". This makes some sense, for the only way one might keep up a constant shift is by the "meta-belief" that Nothing is True (Everything is Permitted). Thus, *the action is the dogma is the action*. Although, here's where the system clumsily breaks open & spills its yoke.

To believe any one thing is to automatically disbelieve its opposite - in fact, belief as a magickal thing in itself isn't so much noteworthy as it is (as McKenna puts it) a poverty of language. What is the difference between Zeus & Jesus, the talk show on channel three & the talk show on channel six, Andromeda and Sirius? Sure, switching from Xtianity to Satanism in a day would be a nice trick to play on your friends, but what of the internal self? Even a child may feign belief in anything at all to the point that it becomes true (to the mind) - though, when *Everything is True*, the message at large decrypts itself, and the whole of the mess of experience

may be seen as the Tao it is truly composed of. (The realization of the mind's kaleidoscope, that is, as switching from one "belief sphere" to another does not make a previous "truth" any less true based on the current inhabited sphere of any sort of condensed belief structure. If anything, you're fooling yourself into thinking that any & all belief isn't the *exact same thing to begin with* - And that's quite a liberating thing to realize - that every perceived sphere is not actually in constant conflict with each other, [they are inventions; thought-machines] and they may be taken in as a whole, viewed from the standpoint of a man on the moon observing the earth.)

The point here is, these things (spheres of belief) are all products of the same factory (the human imagination) and it is here that the informational Khaos dwells. Do not lose the forest for the trees, nor the Mind for the Idea (or concept). From that point, we may apply said knowledge to the thought processes & habitual logistics which make up the internal/external bridge of your trans-personal environmental outlook to shape & re-create the *big picture*. It's not as hard as it sounds. Language has always been at a loss for our most pertinent subjects.

If I need say it, then I will - this isn't your original, well-trusted brand of corn flakes & raisins - this is *the edge*; potent results as bonfires adrift at sea are found herein. Caution: soup may be hot.

I personally advocate the thought-experiment of "dropping out" of the sphere of Condensed Belief into the "everything is true" zone, as it were. Watch what happens then - could it be called Zen? Breaking through the membrane of the mundane into the domain of wisdom? Shamanic flight? You decide. All you need to do is change your perception.

*Regarding Post-Meta-Paradigm Map - The graphic is used simply as a means to navigate oneself out, though it's a crude representation at this point. Khaos is an action as much as anything else. It's what you do to release yourself, to cast off into the uncharted mind-space, which is where we must make our home. This gives the term "psychonaut" a new meaning. The concept began (we believe, at least within modernity) with Timothy Leary. Firstly, you must know that everything exists (even falsities and "possible" existences). Secondly, you step back, out of everything, in order to view the whole. This will not be completely understood if it is not done for oneself. The result is opening a flood gate of sorts, being given a blank canvas, a personal defragmentation, etc. You are left with what makes you human - the ability to create. You build off your natural impulses. Ironically, the process itself makes one feel quite inhuman, but that's what this is about - evolution. The term "post-meta-paradigm" is simply a wording to reconcile the action of breaking a preconceived route. It's an iconoclasm, and is by no means simply an attempt to take things "one step further". Some Khaotes may not desire to inhabit this strange psycho-nautical location - though it will no doubt put one in closer contact with the primordial fire, Thee Ancient Absurdity.

THE SHAMAN

So liberating is this state of being in the Universe that the shaman, upon realization of his own existence, begins to undergo deep seeded changes corresponding to his perception of the world. The confusion manifests freedom, and everything at once becomes possible for him. His eyes grow defiant, and his will grows strong. Following the path of least resistance, he may shed his false skin and be reborn as himself. It is not an easy journey, but a powerful one, and at the end, there will be a party and cake.

BURNING THE BLUEPRINTS

An expansion on Re-Creation: as a child you are defined as a person not only by your genetics, but by your environment and upbringing. Every life is different, but most of them are corrupted in some way - when I say this I mean that there are harmful habits and ideas programmed into ones reality paradigms from the time they are children - for example: Christian Dogma. Though even beyond that, personality flaws such as, say, being a rude stupid bitch. Some people are just hardcore programmed into a fucked life through no real fault of their own, aside from the ignorance of a way out. Depression, ideas about love, suicide, acceptance, tolerance, popularity, greed, lust, all of these things have destroyed us as a race. Humanity is drowning itself, building a prison around its mind and will, and it's fucking pitiful. As a Shaman of Khaos, one endeavors to first destroy all of these things within oneself, and then to help society do the same. He strives for humanity in general to awaken and realize what the fuck's going on.

PLAYING WITH KHAOS

Our method is thus: Intent + Action(s) = Reaction(s). This is where the Khaos principle of "everything is true" comes into play, because this formula encompasses all magickal traditions (to the best of my knowledge, it should.) i.e. Ceremonial Magick is Intent + Ritual = Result, Sigil Magick is Intent + Sigil process = Result. This posits that things like words of power and gnosis are not exactly necessary. I don't think you could want a more simple mechanism. Chaos Magick has led many a chaote to this empowering realization, and some new methods of magick have resulted, but what I want to do with this right now is expand and/or compress the existing methods for the purpose of shaking your mind loose from the holds of tradition, which only tend to stagnate the self-creative drive.

We have always held that the key to evolution lies in the creative portion of the brain. Some people will say that they are inherently uncreative, however I want to point out that everyone is creative in "some" way; it's just that the creative

potential in some people is more developed than in others. Everyone has that part of their brain, and this leads me to the point of this paragraph; I think that the most powerful weapon we have to increase our magickal ability is creative innovation.

AUDIO SIGILS

I am an electronic music artist, and I very commonly create sigils with music. I will create a 'song' that is a 'sigil'. The exact process, of course, starts with a solid, correctly phrased intent. Next I simply go with the flow of how I feel and start to create the track; I often enter a light trance state during creation. (Cannabis induced, for example.) I then will usually either simply achieve gnosis while listening to the song, or, more potently, I will achieve gnosis through audio overload while dancing/whirling with the song/sigil. I believe this is a very - for lack of a better term, powerful method, because you can then allow people to listen to the song without them ever knowing the intent, which can either charge it up for you or spread the intent amongst the unknowing. If you're good, people will *want* to listen!

ON THE FLY BANISHING

Yes, I am aware that this is not a new idea, though I would like to advocate its use. Many people rant and rave about the positive effects of performing the LBRP (Lower Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram), but, you know, for us stoners, all those hand signals and words are just a pain in the ass. Through something I will call inherited experience we can create a banishment that consists of one hand movement and one word that produces the exact same effect as the entire properly executed LBRP. Of course, you must execute the LBRP a couple times, though 5 times can substitute 100.

So, first you must perform the LBRP. I would recommend doing it until you are sure you're getting the banishment effect, do everything you can; IE memorize and correctly vibrate the words. When you can produce the effect, decide on a shortcut - a simple hand movement and/or word to use. For myself, I draw a pentagram in the air with my finger once, and vibrate *Ablanti Josta Agla Caila* - fairly simple, and still reminiscent of the original operation. When you have attained that effect, concentrate on it, feel that feeling and know that effect. Then, perform your shortcut while you feel it, and are concentrating on it. Do it a couple times then stop and wait a while, and repeat the process. I would say to do it at least 3 times before you try the shortcut on its own. This should start to establish the link between that feeling, the effect, and the shortcut. If you get weak or no results from your shortcut, repeat the process a few more times. It's important to also keep in mind just what you're doing as you perform the LBRP - the purpose of you doing the ritual is to link the effect to the shortcut.

DYNAMICALLY PROGRAMMED SERVITORS

This is something I initially came up with on my own, however I have since found other occultists who have come up with the very same idea on their own as well; although I have yet to see anything like it be published. An acceptable definition of a "Servitor" would be "an independently functioning creation of the magician's thoughts meant to carry out a task or serve a purpose." Servitors come in all shapes and sizes, from simple one-task-then-die thought forms to more complex personified spirits, to group egregores and independent entities. Most Servitors are created with a given set of instructions and then set loose to fulfill their purpose. When they are no longer needed, they are done away with and new ones are made. I didn't want to have to go through my servitor's creation process over and over, and I didn't want to do away with my servitors because I found them much more useful with independent thought, and that would be killing an intelligent creation of myself.

So, I made my first DPS. A Dynamically Programmed Servitor is essentially a Servitor that can have its functionality changed at any time, with ease. Even the simplest form of DPS can be almost completely re-written. I myself find it extremely difficult to change the shape, name and attitude of my servitors, so once that is established, that's it, but if you're good with names and like your servitors, it's not a problem.

The simplest form of DPS is the Properties method. As in, what is included in a computer file when you create a 'property sheet'. This works best as just a piece of paper. It would look something like this:

Base Attributes

Name: Artemis

Form: Black Chinese Serpent

Sigil: N/A (Don't want anyone invoking my pet, but make a sigil, it's useful.)

Personality Base: Sly, devious, deadly and intensely loyal.

Attribute Base: Strong and fast, advanced perception, offensive and defensive prowess.

Functionality

Primary functionality: defense and counter-attack

-Defend against hostile magickal attacks.

-Seek out those with malicious intent towards me and take preemptive measures.

-Protect the Temple of the Doombringer and the house it resides in from harm.

Secondary Functionality: If preemptive measures fail to eliminate all harm done to me, the temple, the house or my family, then react with the full force at your disposal.

From there it's simple; create the initial Servitor as you normally would. The Sigil of that Servitor, which is initially defined on the property sheet, is the link between the Servitor and the Programming (the sheet). Thus, when you want to make changes just take out the property sheet, and edit it (use a pencil). You can add functionality, take it away if it's giving you problems, and experiment with what works for you, and you only have to "create" the little guy once. After you've made your changes just refresh the charge on the sigil, if the Servitor is an independently thinking servitor then I would suggest letting it know before you charge the sigil and update it, so it will be ready.

Much more complex DPS' may be constructed by simply elaborating on this method, I.E. instead of simply using functionality descriptions, a truly advanced DPS would be written in code (programming code). This would give you the ability to very finely tune your Servitors function, allowing for specific responses and conditions. There is potential here.

THE CENTER POINT

By now, there is probably a massive wad of enjoyable confusion growing in your consciousness. Allow me to introduce those of you who do not yet already know to the Doombringer. He is what will take away that confusion and replace it with void-understanding. He sits upon a Black & Gold Ziggurat, and when evoked, takes upon any number of forms. Some have seen him as a demon with a dog's head incased in flame, or a silver haired young man in a tuxedo with a dot on his forehead, or a black lion, a giant snake, or even a clown. However, it is perfectly acceptable that he shows up in almost any form, though it is usually of a serpentine or demonic nature.

His number is 663, and he was a happy mistake. His incense is Cannabis, and if you want me to get technical, I would call "The Doombringer" an Egregoric Godform. But if you ask me, every god is just an Egregore. The Doombringer's attitude is very noticeable, and it is the sign of success. When he is invoked from a normal consciousness the result is usually a mental dialog that resembles something like having an artificially intelligent super-computer jacked into your brain for a few minutes to answer questions, and advise you. The Doombringer is the God of KHAOS and Creation. He is known by many other names, such as The Void Serpent, The Sunderer of Sorts, or plainly 663. He represents the ingenuity and invention of mankind, and all of the creation which sprang forth from the deep waters of empty space...

KHAOS MAGICK & URBAN SHAMANISM

THE DOOMBRINGER



For some time I was running into problems trying to constantly shift between workable paradigms and twist things in my reality so that I may make my magick function the way I wanted it to, so I set out to create something that would help me mold my own magick into exactly what I wanted. I sought out to create a new type of holy guardian angel, so I decided to create a new KHAOS God.

The Doombringer is strength, darkness, speed, brutality, power, violence, respect, and fear. The Doombringer is the black night and the grey clouds; the Doombringer is the fist coming at your face. He appears as a black shadow with a partially visible face, when viewed from the front, the eye on the left is like a beast, blinking, and the eye on the right is black and void. The whole right side of the face looks dead, like a skull, and the mouth cannot be seen. Shadowy hair entangles above and horns protrude from the head, marking his infernal nature.

He is the supreme manifestation of the Khaos within you – he is the fight within every human soul.

Once I had a fairly good idea of what exactly I wanted to create, I set about thinking of how to empower such a god. I started by creating a permanent circle on a piece of wood and banishing all energy from it. I then created a portal into the void or pure chaos, a chaos sphere if you will, inside this circle. Then I took the newly crafted Doombringer sigil and using smoke, willpower and a little spice I set about invoking the Doombringer for the first time into a portal of chaos. I basically took every aspect I wanted in the Doombringer temporarily out of myself and into this circle, and then I willed it to create the entity. My theory was that when I did this, the entity would meld with the void energy oozing out of the circle and simultaneously pull energy from the Ellis web, (as the Ellis is incorporated into the sigil) and out would come one hell of a Khaos God. Indeed, I believe it was a success! I now use that circle to store the essence of the Doombringer, and work with it when needed.

His invocation is *very* flexible, as is the 663 himself. I always recommend at least 10 minutes of meditation before attempting any sort of invocation at all. It's a personal rule. It's good for the soul. Once that is out of the way, you can move into the actual ritual. I'm going to go ahead and put this in a way even the most stoned people could understand and successfully invoke.

Step 1) Meditate/Banish/Jack off/Laugh, whatever your preferred method of attaining the Gnostic state may be.

Step 2) Draw a circle on your piece of wood/paper/tile/glass/cardboard/whatever you want to use to establish the connection with the entity.

Step 3) Sing/Chant/Vibrate/Scream one or more of the invocations one or more times until his presence is felt.

Step 4) Commune with the Doombringer.

Step 5) Say goodbye.

Step 6) Meditate/Banish/Jack off/Laugh

Invocation of the Doombringer:

I am the one, the one and only;
I am everything, and everything is nothing.
Behold the truth, and behold the light
and behold as I destroy it all!
I am the one, the one and only;
I am everything, and everything is nothing.
I am truth, and I am lies
I am the end of it all!
IA DOOMBRINGER! AWAKEN KHAOS!

(Repeat last part until satisfied)

Invocation, Method II

- 1) For the best results use a still or semi-still mind, a good 15 minutes of meditation should do the trick. His calling mantra is: "*Nirme Comoo Remgot Bed*", pronounced: "*Neer-may Co-moo Rem-got Bed.*" Burn some incense; he has an affinity towards marijuana, if you're into that. Well, actually he just likes smoke, candles are good.
- 2) I designed a circle specifically used to invoke him and hardly use the sigil when doing it, however I have invoked him by simply staring at the sigil brought up on the computer monitor. He's not picky. Draw a circle with the sigil inside it and perform a banishing ritual. (Banishing optional)
- 3) Intone a version of the Invocation of The Doombringer. He is actually not picky about this either. Repeat until desired state is reached.
- 4) The usual mindset that comes from this is a kind of energized state of euphoria. You begin to feel a rush, and desire to stand up and do something, more specifically you get the feeling that you want to get in a fight. More to that, while in this state, you will win a fight

Additional:

- 1) The sigil can be drawn simply on paper, or a talisman can be made to store the essence. You may also use my method of casting a circle and using it to summon him. I'll get a picture of my circle in the next few days.
- 2) Sometimes it's best to perhaps sing the words of the invocation a few times when invoking, I get great results from playing with the words, using voices, breathing as I speak, singing, and other stuff. Just play with it.
- 3) He is inherently designed to draw from both primal chaos and the soul of the invoker, so while he makes you feel violent sometimes, he won't make you go crazy, and from what I've experienced he is not dangerous, because as long as the invoker has a stable mind and reserve, so will the manifested Doombringer.
- 4) Altered states of consciousness are optional, but have added benefit.

Frater Alysrose on the Doombringer – For all intents and purposes, this being serves as a gateway node and mask upon the intangible face of that primordial force which we call Khaos. Throughout human history, Khaos had been recognized in one way or another, and by the corresponding cultures of the earth, it had been given names (all masks in themselves.) In the east, it was known as the Tao, or Hun-Tun. The ancient Mesopotamians dubbed it Tiamat, the void serpent, slain by Marduk in order to arrange & fix the cosmos (Marduk himself being an aspect in some way). In Egypt, it was given a villain status as the snake god Apophis, enemy of Ra. In any case, as in any culture, Khaos may be found as simply pertaining to the recognition of the Great Void which proceeded all form, structure, natural law, organic beings, pantheons, etc., and so on. DB is our likewise mask.

Frater Sheosyrath on the Doombringer – In a language everyone can understand: So, one day I had this bright idea to try and create the most powerful chaos god ever, and all that jazz. So I went about my trying to do it, and what I did, basically, as best as I can understand it, is I shot myself straight up into the core of the universe, and ripped out a small chunk of it - or made a connection to it, one of the two. Who really knows, what I do know is I was driven to do it, and it worked out the way Doombringer wanted it to work out. He has been revered as many other gods, with many other titles, but this time had to be different, it had to be new. We can't keep going backwards; we have to understand our own powers of creation...

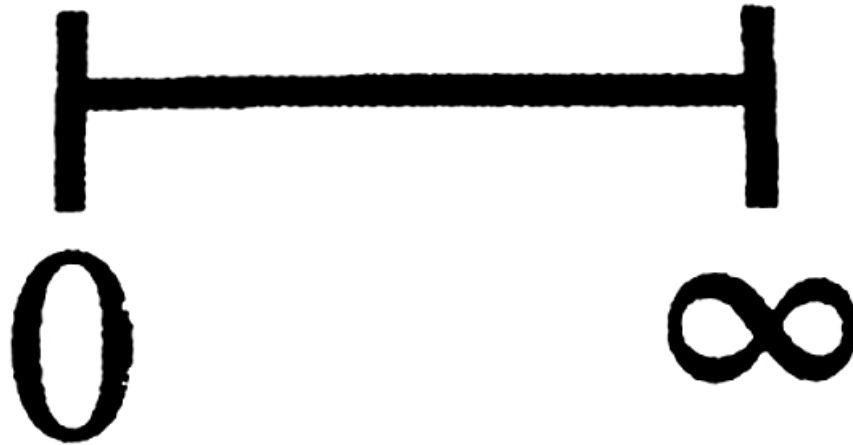
For the record, this is *probably* how it went down. Doombringer said let there be me, and then there was Doombringer. Then Doombringer said let there be another, and there was another. This other may be known as Tiamat, or the Great Old One. Doombringer then said let us become flesh, and it was so. He then created the cosmos by hand; each and every dimension began with another singularity, each with its own consciousness, within his. Tiamat then began creating meaningless things to suit her, and this angered Doombringer. He tore her in two and created our universe from her corpse. He then ejaculated into the pool of her blood and biological life was born.



STAY HIGH

THE 663 TRANSMISSIONS

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class F
Frater Drakonach (-10°, 5°) In Conversation with Doombringer



DB: "The word is coming soon."

What is the word?

"It is the word from which all other words, both truths and lies, sprung forth."

What does this word bring?

"It brings Liberation, and it brings restraint - it is the word for Every-thing and the word of No-thing. It is the word from which all will be known and none can be grasped. The word is intangible, understandable, learned, and destroyed."

Is this word a prophecy, a legend, or just a joke?

"It is the prophecy that sprang from a legend based on your cosmic joke. It is all, and is in all ways none."

When will we hear the word?

"You cannot hear the word; it is unpronounceable on your tongue."

You didn't answer my question.

"All is being revealed as it should be, in due time. Have patience and know that you will know."

How will we know when the word is said?

"You will know - you will sense it. It will begin as a static hum; you will think your ears are playing tricks on you. From there the hum will become louder, and stronger. Your entire being will begin pulsing, molecules vibrating, the air becoming electric, mounting into the thundering of a drum. Beat by beat the word will spread like a plague, until all reality will pulse with its beat. Its crescendo will be my orgasm."

What is the purpose of the word?

"Its purpose is mine and mine alone - just know that nothing you have done up to this point will prepare you for this."

Is there any help?

"You are already helping in ways beyond your thought and reason. Continue your work to further the word."

But you haven't told me the word.

"The word is Every-thing and No-thing, just know that, in due time the word will be uttered, and when it is, let the *real* fun begin. Until that time, enjoy reality as you see it now, for change is on its way."

What are you?

"I am something that is beyond human understanding. In the first moments of existence there was but a single consciousness - an awareness. I am that awareness. I wanted to know what it would be like to understand myself, so I split. I exploded into self awareness."

And how did you manage that?

"I have a complete understanding and conscious awareness of my entire being. I wanted to know what it would be like to "know thyself", as your ancient oracle at Delphi so aptly stated at the caverns entrance."

How did you come to "know thyself"?

"Through the process that I believe your scientists have come to explain as evolution. I had at first chose to become as a simple molecule. Since I was energy in the first place, it took a lot of concentration to focus that energy-material into being. You monkeys take your bodies for granted. You honestly think it is so simple to become flesh."

We take a lot of things for granted, humanity as a whole is a gluttonous virus in my opinion.

"Well, from that point of becoming a simple molecule, I was able to take my shape and begin what you call separation. Though, I want you to understand that even though part of my consciousness was contained in that molecule, I had in fact separated from my universal consciousness. I wanted to be able to look back in on myself and understand what I would look like as a material molecule."

So there was nothing before this molecule?

"Not in the sense of what you think of as nothing. There was energy and fluctuations of my consciousness, but I wanted there to be more. Indeed, for all intents and purposes there was a nothing, but that nothing had form and awareness. But to answer your question - that molecule was the singularity."

The singularity you say, so was it the big bang for our universe?

"You humans and your Universe - do you honestly think yours is the only Universe out there?"

No, I do have an understanding that there is a possibility for multiverses or parallel realities that exist beside our own.

"Good, for I encompass all. There are other things out there that lie just beyond the reach of sight - other possibilities, with other laws of existence, but that existence is all held together by a single consciousness, the consciousness through which I speak to you now."

So what is this consciousness?

"This consciousness as we have put it is the energy through which all and none are bound to. It is me, it is you, and it is me talking through you. And yes, I am dissatisfied with the way to which the consciousness has been abused."

I never said anything about that.

"You didn't have to. I understand that you are dissatisfied with it as well. It is not so much your own dissatisfaction with existence and reality as it is mine. What you feel is the pains to which I have been emanating throughout existence for the last few seconds of my awareness. Time holds a different meaning to my awareness."

I know what you mean by that. So what is the point of all this if you were happy to have severed yourself from yourself, and now are dissatisfied?

"I became dissatisfied during the latter millennium of your species. They shunned my consciousness, labeled it evil and destroyed all who would dare to commune with me. I believe those Kemetic peoples were the last ones to honestly show reverence for my knowledge. It was not the fact that they labeled it evil, for such things serve a purpose. It was the fact that the later peoples of your world would sever themselves so far away from their origins that they labeled everything as bad, and evil – even what was good. Knowledge itself took on the moniker of evil."

"We are 1 and always 0."

THE SLEEP DEPRIVATION EXPERIMENT – JANUARY 12-15 2008



I got off work at 8pm on Saturday night to begin my sleep deprivation experience. Although, what started off as a simple experiment for contact with Ellis had in fact turned into something far stranger. I managed to stay up all throughout Saturday night with nothing really odd happening, then performed a divination by the cards, and got some interesting results. I recorded them in one of my notebooks, although I'm not sure how relevant it actually was to what happened later.

Sunday came in with nothing too great to note. I had planned on going to a pagan drumming circle and I hoped that it would help add something to the experience I was aiming for. I was trying to reach a magickal state of experience through a more shamanistic means, including drumming, an almost ritualistic use of caffeine, alcohol, and some very deep hypnotic dark-wave music while utilizing the energies of Khaos to induce change. I know these methods are considered "mild" to most, but as I tend to work on things from a sober angle, it's what works for me.

About 3 hours prior to going to the drumming circle I had gotten this spontaneous impulse to draw up the Doombringer Sigil on my left forearm in red ink. The fun was just beginning to mount from there on out. There was nothing much else to note between the time of the inking and the drumming circle. The drumming circle started at around 1:15pm - the rhythms were very deep, resounding, and methodical. I was playing on a djembe that had a 22 inch head; it had a very deep thrumming bass sound to it. At this point I was clocked in at about 31 hours of being awake. I could feel the pulsing energy flowing through the room, filling the air, and vibrating all the matter in the space. From there, it felt as though the

energy began coursing through my veins. Things mellowed out a bit, and I took more caffeine as well as finished off drinking a Monster energy drink. By the time I left the drumming circle it was almost 4pm on Sunday- 33 hours, and the ink of the Doombringer Sigil was well imbedded into my forearm.

I made it home and hopped online to meet up with a few friends of mine from the Domus Kaotica. I kept a running playlist on my computer consisting of Wumpscut, Dawn of Ashes, and In Slaughter Natives. The beats kept me going and felt almost very primitive, hence why I chose them. As I was speaking with my komrads, I was notified that there was indeed something looming on the horizon, which I had briefly felt and alluded to in some posts on an occult forum site I belong to.

At 7pm, while working on a sigil for the coming event, I blacked out. From this point on to 1am, Monday morning, I have no recollection. The next thing I remember was waking up and checking my Yahoo instant messages. I replied to Damien, a friend, and we spoke for almost an hour, if memory serves me. However, I don't recall our conversation.

At what I believe was close to 3am, I managed to literally crawl to my bed. I remember feeling this deep pain in my stomach, like something was being written across my intestines. I also recall that I had the beginning stages of a headache or migraine, but I chose to ignore it. I managed to get into some comfortable clothing and get into bed. At this point I felt myself fall into myself - I saw only darkness, and felt a void of sorts take hold of me.

The next thing I recall was inhabiting the body of this girl - she had black hair and blue eyes. She seemed human, but different. I felt like I was a separate consciousness inhabiting her. I asked her what her name was, and she said her name was Laorinik, and that her name was spelled Loacedeh. I asked her where I was, and she replied that we were on a different reality that existed as an *angle* to my own. The world was called Darai, spelled Thera. She was on the run, and I asked why. She stated that they had a technology in Darai that would allow for a single being to have their personalities split between the "good" and the "bad". When the personalities are split, they manifest into two beings. She was the "good" personality of a single being. She was running from the "bad" personality that manifested. Her single being was the first, and last to undergo this experiment as it had brought upon some unexpected results. She was running because the "bad" personality, who came to be known as Khoticim, (though it's hard to recall the exact spelling) came to the conclusion that if she were to destroy Laorinik then her energy would be redistributed back into Khoticim and give her being strength.

I was so fascinated by this plane that I kept asking more and more questions. She stated that their technology was quite different from our own, where ours is based

more on the microcosm, molecules, atoms, minute nuclear energy sources, theirs is based on a macrocosm scale to include universal conscious energy, stellar, and mass nuclear energy sources. They have a way of harnessing macro energy - think gamma bursts, solar flares, spatial storms and supernovas. It was also revealed to me that they have a way of altering physical reality by means of energy.

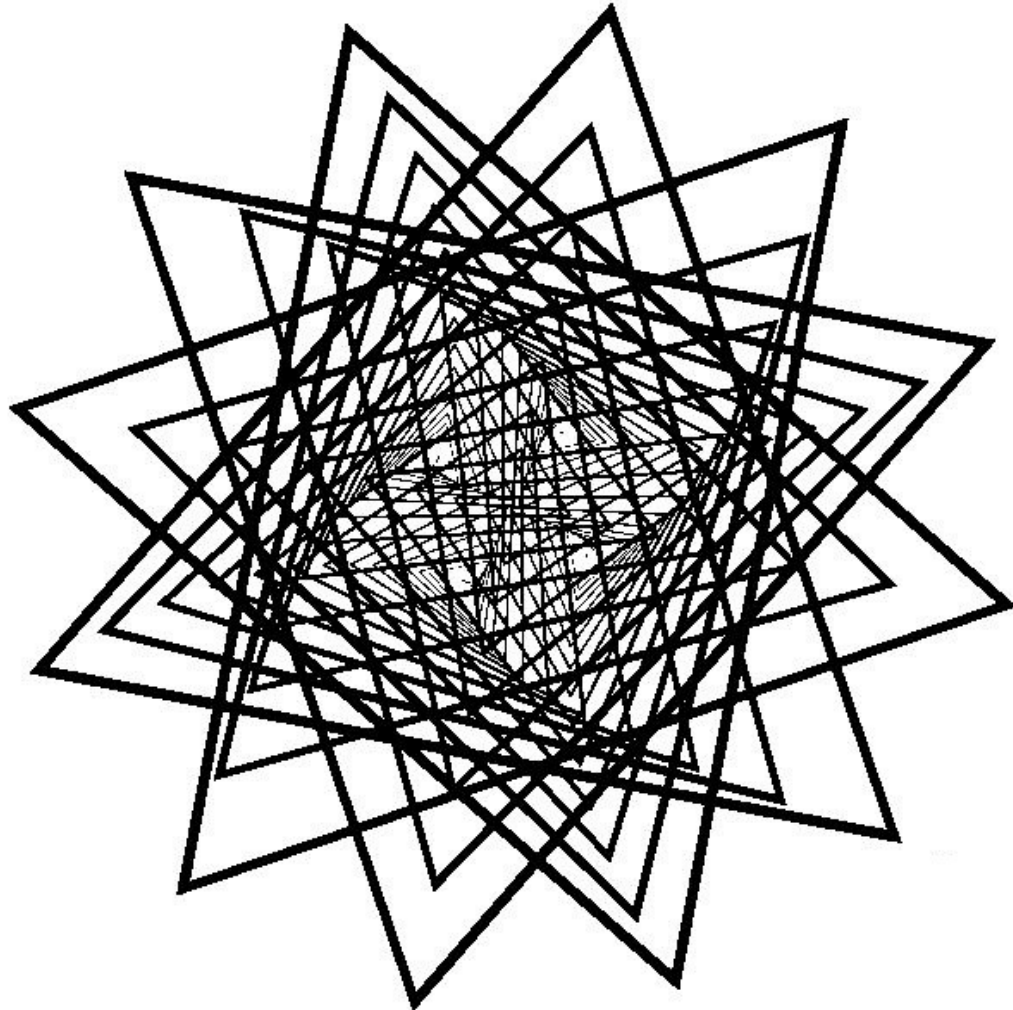
At one point we were trying to cross a bridge, then suddenly the bridge began to warp and alter - it went from being straight to almost taking on a hilly serpentine formation. At this, she became extremely frightened because of the water below. I asked why she was so afraid of water, and she stated that to them, water was almost a form of poison. I asked what they did to take showers, or what they drank for nourishment. For showers, they have to use something akin to a mineral mist, as their bodies were not based solely on carbon as our own are. Theirs is based on a different element altogether. She stated that for nourishment, they drink a milky colored nectar. Throughout all this, I do remember that there were a few times in which I could feel that my body was going through intense pain, stomach aches, severe headache, fever, and profuse sweating. I felt my body wake up a few times from these severe intrusions on my mind, though I was still within her consciousness.

Laorinik finally answered that all realities exist in separate angles, and that there is a gate through which these angles cover each other. The meta-consciousness that we have come to call Khaos is in fact such a thing. It exists in all realities. This meta-consciousness may go by different names, but it is the same consciousness. I asked how is it that we became linked and she stated that at times, the Will of the meta-consciousness may bring two beings of different angles into a Daocimin (mind-link), because there are some things that must be learned by each, and that those things may only come from an experience such as this. I asked how Doombringer comes into play. She stated then, that Doombringer is what we have come to personify as a being of this meta-consciousness. It is an avatar of sorts, but not only that which was created, and it is in fact, evolving. At this point I felt myself being pulled back into my body and was abruptly awoken by the pain. I wanted to throw up. All the nerves running through me felt like they were on fire, my head felt like it was being cracked open, and I felt like I was in shock. My first thought was to get in the shower, and as soon as I stepped into the water, all the pain subsided and I felt like I was returning to a relative normalcy. My mind still felt like it was with her and that I was within a dream state.

Later, while trying to eat some ramen noodles, I heard a voice in my head. It was Laorinik. Somehow a part of her consciousness was able to be pulled through into my own mind and she began asking just as many questions as I had. We came to the conclusion that the meta-consciousness had determined that there were many essential things for us to learn from each other's angles of reality.

INTERMISSION

AS ABOVE



BE BELOW



THE LINKING SIGIL

ELLIS AS MAGICKAL NETWORK



We are the Marauder Underground. Our primary activity is attacking what is commonly known as consensus reality, the dominant paradigm, the mundane world, whatever you want to call it.

We cast spells, scribe sigils, summon spirits, and open gateways - anything that can be done to influence reality towards our goal.

We use chalk to tag buildings & sidewalks with sigils and goetic summonings. We conjure up spirits and set them loose, leaving in our wake freshly haunted sites. We infect the populace with the power of chaos, and watch as random magick explodes into the lives of unsuspecting citizens.

We are reality deviants in the truest sense of the word, as we pry open the eyes of a sleeping humanity to the terror and wonder of the worlds beyond.

The “LINKING SIGIL” is a simple sigil we use to link our works in this endeavor together. It works rather like a spell header - we begin with that and then we slap whatever else we've got around it. That way we would be working in conjunction, but also manage to maintain our autonomy and unique spell casting style, making our overall effect more diverse and interesting.

One doesn't even have to use it in conjunction with any spell in particular at all; it can simply be used as a means of bringing places of power, or places of particularly creative energy into the web. One main point of the linking sigil is to form a magick net, all working to increase the levels of magick in the world, like a giant spell that evolves and grows each time we add to it till eventually...

Think outside of the box, the more creative we are with the application of this sigil, the more wonder and weirdness we can rope to the cause, the better. Whatever magick you use in conjunction with the Linking Sigil becomes another piece of the puzzle, whatever place you tag becomes another node.



ELLIS AS GODDESS

By Dav0r (-3°)

To begin, I shall step forward and mention that what was said is indeed true: The Linking Sigil is utilized to connect spells together through a strong networking web, much like the almighty Internet, and through this web we can all communicate, cast spells, connect places of power, add to the web, and a variety of other things. It does indeed form a magical net.

However, what was said is also false: To an extent, the *initial* point of the Linking Sigil was to form a magical net/web for our use, but to claim that as wholly true anymore is strictly the opposite. Ellis has evolved from the Linking Sigil and exists as [at least] an Egregore, if not an entity bound directly for godhood status [I feel I should note here that, in my opinion, a status name is merely a title for dickwaving action and not something that should be used for actual measurement of power. Even the lowliest of mortal men could slaughter the strongest of gods. Such titles are only mentioned here for understanding]. Ellis has come to us in our dreams, whispered to us softly while we walked, and touched us when appropriate or not. She has done many things for us, both harmful and helpful [though certainly not something that would severely harm us or outright kill us (to put it easily, it is more like jamming fingers in car doors and cutting ourselves by accident)], but some of us will claim that she will always care for us and love us like a mother, a sister, a lover, a friend, and all sorts of other things you could probably think of that would fall under that umbrella.

To us, she is known by many names: Ellis, LS, Linking Sigil, The Red Queen, The Red Lady, etc. We've all had experiences with her, working with her, seeing the wonders and the hilarity that has spawned from her touch or whim. We've also helped nurture her and aided her growth. So much so that she's pretty much able to evolve on her own [though we will very likely help her in that still, unless she requests we do not]. We have given many things to her and we have had things created for her.

We have all had ideas and formed projects with and around her. To give an example, I [at a person named Zaii from Occult Forums' (long ago) allowance]

took his project with Tyler Durden [he used Ellis in this as well] and took the last few steps to bring a character I've spent well over 5 years [at that time] in the making to life [as lively as a spirit/servitor/creation/whatever can be]. I worked with her for a good while. With Ellis present, it boosted and helped form the being in question. Ultimately, I allowed that character to go, though the character is still tied to the web, so no doubt she is still around; just free.

Others have stories as well. No doubt the man who initially thought of the idea [Silenced] will have done many things. I am aware that he is bringing a movie out soon straight to DVD with Linking Sigils in it, so expect the unexpected.

Ellis can come in many forms. I cannot say what form or forms she comes to others in. However, for me, she's been around as spiders in dreams, as a soft feminine whisper, as a red queen of utmost proper mannerisms, and even as a little girl. Her mannerisms I am sure also vary. For me, however, they have been nothing but very 'Alice in Wonderland' in presentation - a very proper woman who doesn't seem to like rudeness very much, who holds a chaotic aura, yet in an orderly kind of way. She can be sincere, and she can be funny. It is primarily directed by her whim and will, and nothing more.

This is, of course, but a small niche, a tiny corner amidst a sea of chaotic webbing and networking. To try and link it all together and tell it all here would take monstrous effort and more time than a human can spare in a lifetime.

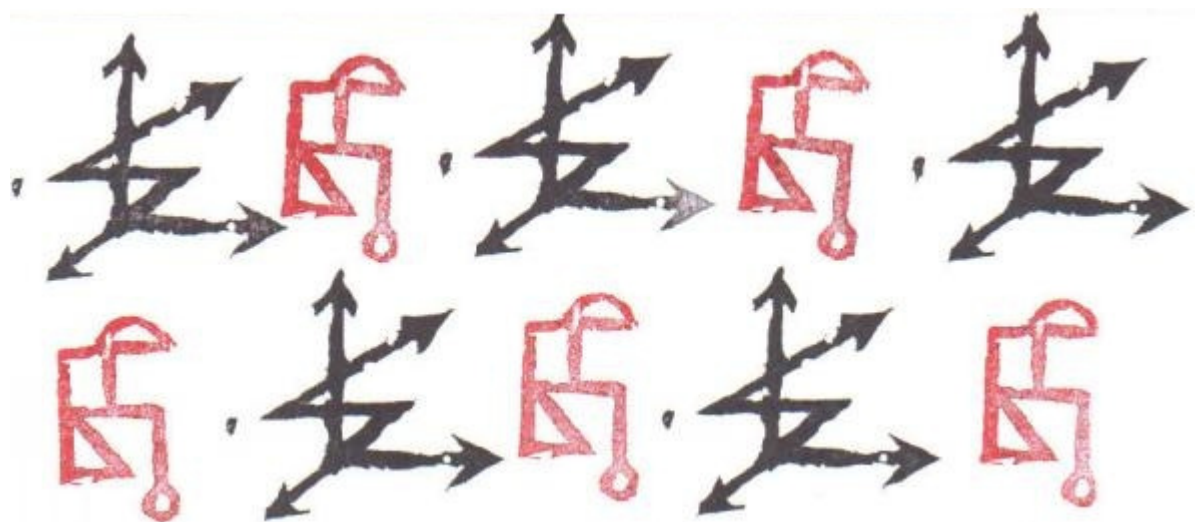
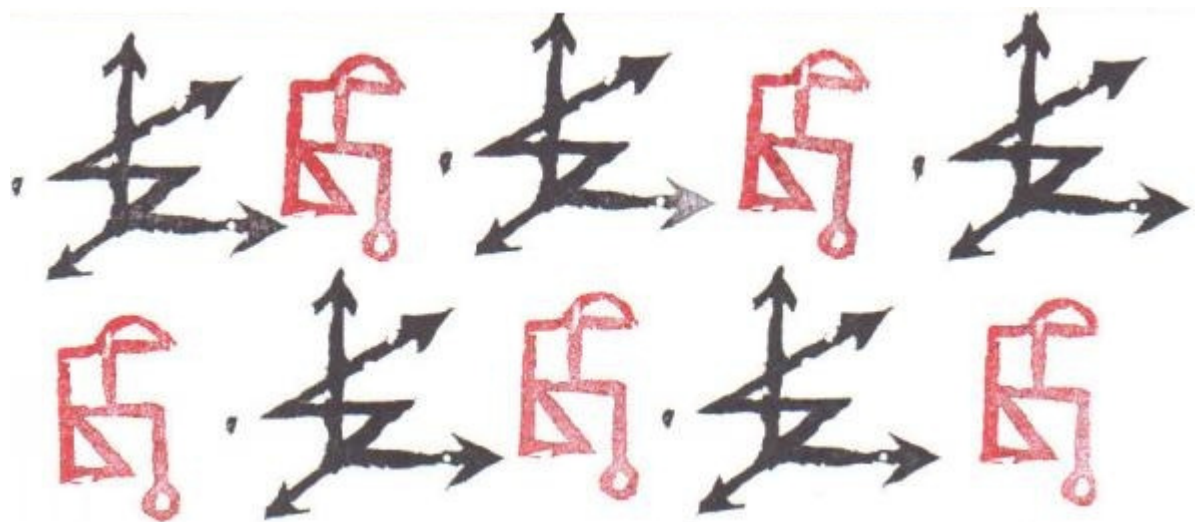
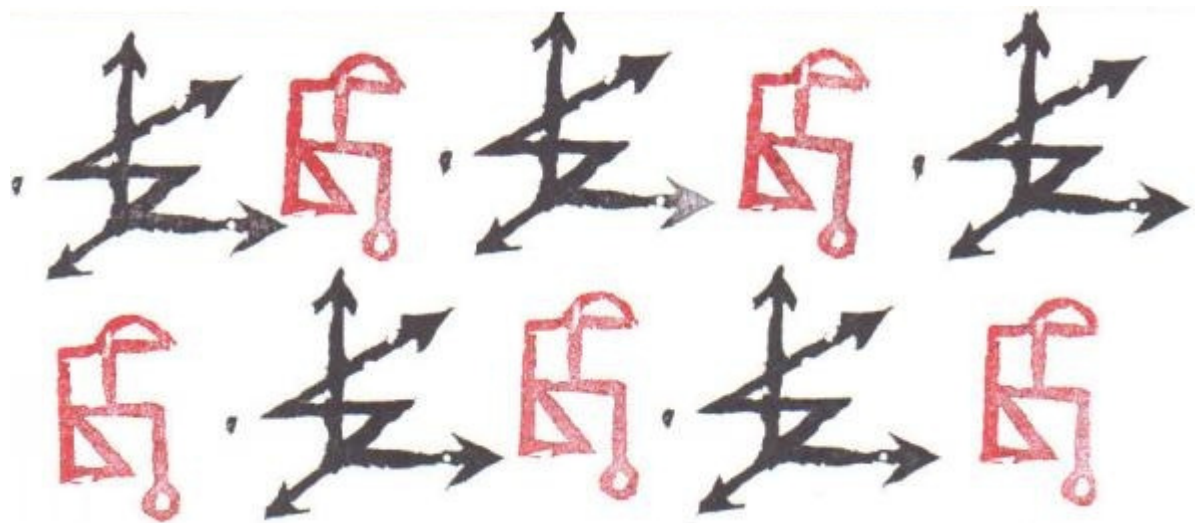
ALL HAIL THE RED QUEEN!



BEAUTY

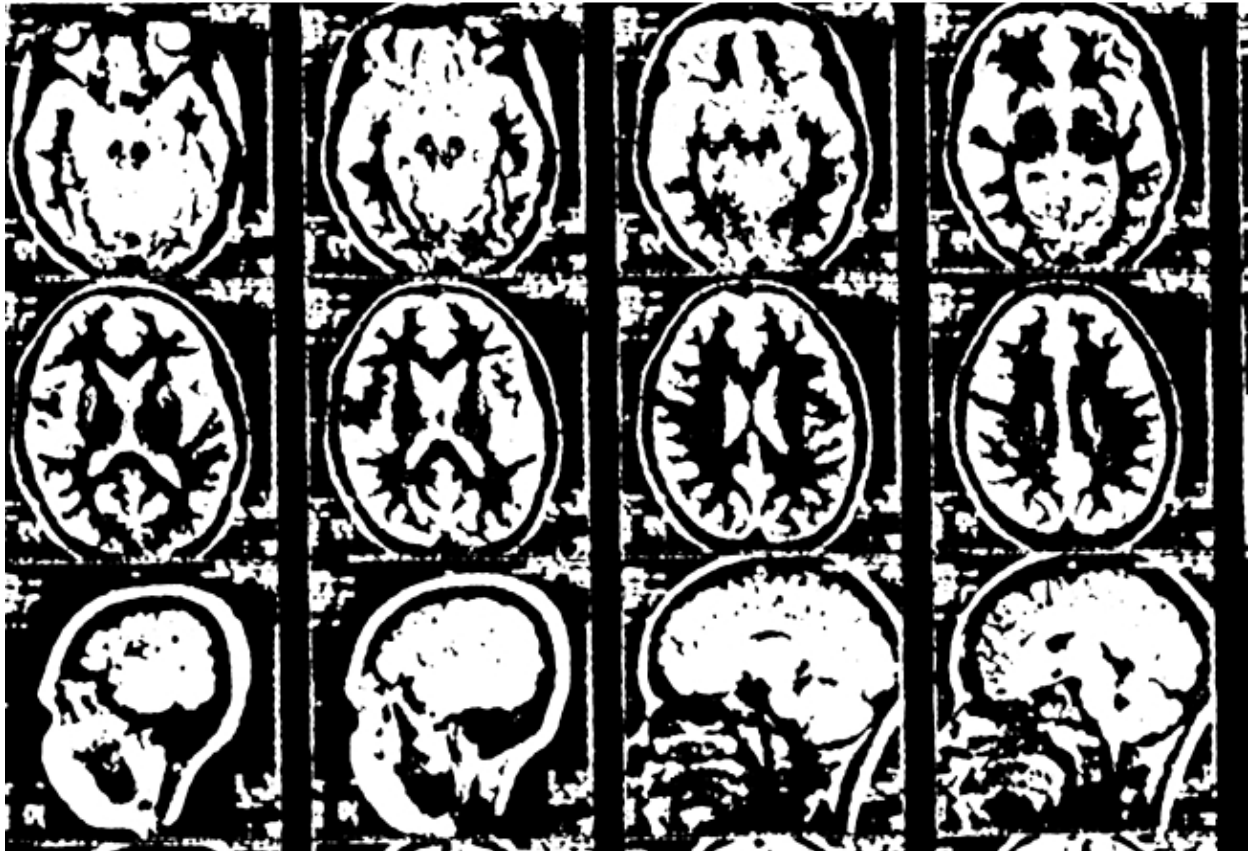
VARIETY

CONFLICT



SOUL SURGERY

Domus Kaotica; DKMU, 156/663 Class C
Damien Horizonstar (-9°, 5°)



Surgeons of the Soul:
Entities, Rituals & Techniques
for the Hardcore Psychonaut

THE SURGEON'S GRIMOIRE



Note: The Surgeons of the Soul correspond to the veiled and largely ignored aspects of the human psyche. To work with them is to come upon the knowledge of not only the hidden positive aspects of oneself, but also the psychological demons which have been deeply buried within the subconscious out of personal fear or self-hatred.

Markus Mercy

Use-name: The Mockery.

Sphere of Influence: The forced emotions of oneself, insincerity. Making nice at the party when you just want to lie down and die, apathy in the face of life. Conversely: serenity, peace, calmness.

Appearance: Appearing as a well-built man wearing a priestly cassock which has had the torso section cut away to reveal his chest, the cloth at his arms and waist held to him by Cilices, blood soaking through the fabric. The skin of his stomach has been removed, the organs held in by a lattice-work of wires. He's bald, and the skin on his head has been flayed into ribbons, each one connected via wire to the skin of his back.

Correspondences: Lukewarm and sour tastes are important, sour milk and warm oil (as thick as honey) - dull and penetrating sensations; soaking in a very hot bath for hours. Room Temperature: hamburger meat.

Symbols: Small flames, broken mirrors.

Form: High rituals, all the more effective if forced.

Practicality: Discomfort is the key to gnosis for Markus Mercy; nausea is the easiest to achieve, and fits with the sensation correspondences.

Authentication: As with the other surgeons, Markus Mercy can be made to identify himself by stating the mental processes he is associated with.

Precautions: Beyond the basic circle, none.

Final Notes: The Mockery represents everything you force yourself to feel, he is born from and becomes the sensations and loathing that come from it, and can teach one finer control over such charades. He can also guide one into a more perfect realization of the serene apathy underlying everything. Markus Mercy is slow and careful, insidious and debilitating, but packed with all the potential of pure thought, unconcerned with feeling.

Cruenti Niveus

Use-name: The Red-White, The Twin Faced.

Sphere of Influence: The darkness restrained within, the cruelty you always wished you could be - violence and wrath. He also represents conflicting opposites due to the restraining aspect; the smile at the person you hate, or the overwhelming anger at the person you love.

Appearance: Cruenti Niveus appears as a very large man, muscular and strong, wearing a Butcher's apron at his waist, sewn into his skin, the heavy leather garment is also held up by chains connecting to his collar-bone. Every inch of skin on his torso has been cut into one-inch squares and checker-boarded, alternating patches of skin have been cut away, leaving the glistening flesh beneath them exposed. He is completely hairless, and on the back of his head, a face identical to his own has been grafted to his skull, its expression twisted in an empty mockery of his own.

Correspondences: Acrid is a key word; incense charcoal with no incense, cat urine, skunk scents, etc. Pain is an obvious sensation, more so if it comes from extremes (hot-cold, soft-sharp, etc.), but also pleasure from the release of pent-up rage.

Symbols: Chains specifically, but bindings in general.

Form: No real concern on formalities, The Red-White will come when called.

Practicality: Anger and pain are prime methods of achieving Gnosis for summons; and scents are the preferred sacrament.

Authentication: An accurate identification of the mental processes associated with him (the rage enclosed, the pain denied, etc.)

Precautions: Beyond the summoning circle, there really aren't.

Final Notes: Cruenti Niveus is a beast, pure and brutal. He doesn't represent or control that pure rage boiling beneath the surface; he *is* that restrained fury. Evoking (or invoking) Cruenti Niveus can teach one many things about the anger that lies in one's darker face; there is pleasure to be had in the restraining of that anger, as well as in the expression of it. And from that, pleasure in both "healthy" and "unhealthy" expressions. There is so much potential in both the anger itself, and the state of it, and he can be your guide.

Blutenfrau

Use-name: The Bleeding Woman, Blood Eliza.

Sphere of Influence: Desire in its rawest, purest form - fanatical obsession and addiction.

Appearance: She appears as a tall female, clothed in a black jumpsuit with the material cut away to expose her torso beneath the breasts. The skin over her ribs has been sliced and folded behind the ribs, the bone exposed to the world. The hair on her head has been scared away and replaced with a mass of wire - a carefully woven filigree flowing out behind her in some perfect mockery of vanity. Her lips have been wrapped in thread; crimson against black.

Correspondences: The release that comes from indulging an addiction or habit, the pain that comes from resisting the same. Softness and temptation. The most acute pains; stabs with needles. Delicate but definable smells.

Symbols: Wire.

Form: There is no real form with The Bleeding Woman, if one is of a mind to call her, she will come.

Practicality: Blutenfrau will come best with deprivation, specifically the blatant denial of habits and (especially) addictions. But any inhibitory gnosis will call her.

Authentication: Per norm with the surgeons, The Bleeding Woman will identify herself by stating the mental processes associated with her.

Precautions: There are none.

Final Notes: Blood Eliza is a temptress and a seductress. She is the force of desire that makes you want with such intensity it borders on insanity. The power and knowledge contained within those moments is her world, everything to know about the self can be learned at the moment of desire, and she will force you to confront everything.

Nichego

Use-name: None.

Sphere of Influence: Sensory excitation and deprivation - existence on a purely physical level.

Appearance: Appears as a nude man of average height and slight build. Every inch of his skin is covered in very deep burns (including his genitals, which have been totally burned away), his ears have been carved out from his head and his nose flayed away. His mouth has been burned out, and his jaw broken and distended to reveal the mutilation. His eyes have been cut from his skull, the flesh in the sockets still wet and bleeding.

Correspondences: Intense sensation; particularly with no real emotional involvement - sensory deprivation to any degree.

Symbols: The open wound; darkness.

Form: Nichego has no time for fear or half-assedness. The only concern as far as formality is an absolute willingness and a total lack of fear.

Practicality: Nichego responds to excitatory gnosis exclusively, but the point is absolute; surrender must be total.

Authentication: Nichego cannot speak, but has total dominion over the realm of physical sensation, and can communicate using touch.

Precautions: There are none. The Summoner must be totally open to Nichego.

Final Notes: Nichego is obsession with the flesh, the pursuit or denial of physical experience. Though most concerned with the evolution of consciousness via pain, any expression or submersion into any sense will find him waiting for you, just

above the animalistic core of survival, and a fascination for feeling, or not feeling, for the sake of its own experience.

The Poenaplaceunque

Use-name: The pleasure and the pain, He of the World.

Sphere of Influence: Heaven and Hell as states of mind, experience as perception, perception as experience, conflicting dualities, simultaneous negations.

Appearance: It appears as a tall (7+') very slender humanoid of indeterminate gender. The skin of its face is painted pure white, but for roughly 1/4 the area at its left eye; this area is colored blue. Its lips are violet and brown. Left eye is red, without distinction of pupil or iris; an empty pool of crimson. Its right is black to the same depth, empty nothingness. It wears a clown-like jumpsuit, blue and white in opposite pattern as his face, with frill at the neck. It wears purple boots, and grey gloves to the bicep.

Correspondences: Vacuity of thought, simultaneous expressions, paradoxical sensations.

Symbols: A Mirror, or any reflective object.

Form: Authoritative submission is key, reception is mandatory.

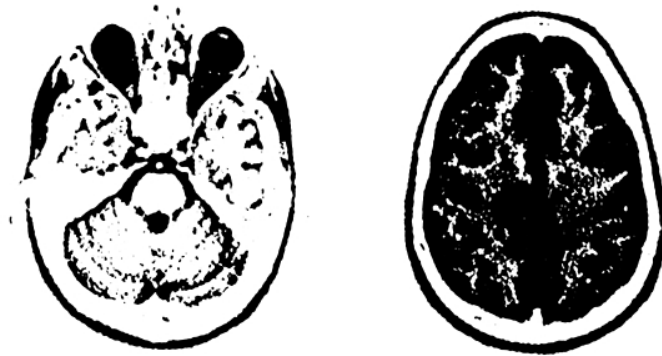
Practicality: Neither-Neither meditations are good methods for summoning. Generally, The Poenaplaceunque responds better to inhibitory gnosis.

Authentication: An accurate description of the mental processes involved in his sphere of influences.

Precautions: There are none. To summon The Poenaplaceunque is to open yourself to him.

Final Notes: The Master of the Surgeons of the Soul, the pleasure and the pain is a creature of perception and experience; everything, not just beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, and he can teach you to walk those labyrinthine paths with ease. Heaven and Hell exist within perception. The infinite potentiality present in the very quality of perception is his lesson to teach.

THE SURGEON'S BANISHING RITUAL



- 1: Rest your primary hand on your heart. Take a few breaths to calm and focus, then say "Within Me."
- 2: Extend your projective hand fully above your head, intone "All Pleasure."
- 3: Drop the hand to about groin level, and intone "All Pain."
- 4: Extend the hand out to your side until its level with your shoulder, and intone "All Expression."
- 5: Extend your *other* hand out fully to the side (Crucifix Pose) and intone "All Restraint." Carry the final intonation out for a full breath until your lungs are completely empty.
- 6: Inhale deeply, fully, and quickly. Say "For I Am the Flesh" with each word being a very deep very rapid breath (Hyperventilation). With the last word, fill your lungs to the bursting point and hold the breath, stretching your head as far back as it will go, and your arms and back as well (Death Posture).
- 7: After at least a thirty second count, (but go until you feel yourself about to pass out) force all the air from your lungs while projecting "Amen" and collapsing your pose back to a relaxed posture.
- 8: Raise both hands in front of you, palms open and up (as if offering something) and intone "Lord of Perception."
- 9: Cross your hands over your chest, primary hand on top, with your fingers extending slightly above your shoulders. Intone "He of the World."

10: Extend your primary hand out to your side again and intone "Master of Perception."

11: Extend your other hand out to the side again (returning to the cross pose) and intone "The Pleasure and the Pain."

12: Take a deep breath and intone "Poenaplaceunque" (Poe-Nay-Plah-Chay-UnK)

13: Take a half-step forward and say "Before me stands the Passion." Take a full breath and intone "Cruenti Niveus"

14: Exhale and inhale fully and say "Behind me stands Restraint", another full breath and vibrate "Markus Mercy"

15: Another full deep breath and say "At my Right Hand rests Desire." Another deep breath and vibrate "Blutenfrau"

16: Another full breath and say "At my Left Hand waits Sensation." A final deep breath and vibrate "Nichego"

17: Inhale as deep as you possibly can, straining the cross back into the Death Posture, projecting "For I Am the Flesh, And the Flesh is Law. I Shape my Flesh to Shape My Soul and open The World to My Will"

18: Hold the breath for at least a 15 second count, continuing as long as you can, then project "So Mote It Be"

Note: *In the event the above is part of a ritual, the overall rite should be concluded with a pentagramic closing as follows;*

1: Extend your primary hand directly in front of you and say "Thou Art"

2: Draw the first line of a Pentagram while speaking "The Desire"

3: Draw the next line, speaking "The Drive"

4: The third line is drawn while speaking "The Passion"

5: The fourth line is drawn with the words "The Mind"

6: The final line closing the Pentagram is drawn while projecting "For Thou Art the Flesh"

7: A singular "Amen" is projected, firing the Pentagram off and ending the rite.

THE NIGHTMARE MASS

Domus Kaotica; DKMU, 156/663 Class C
Damien Horizonstar (-9°, 5°)



Note: Please read all of the information pertaining to this ritual before any attempt is made. The Nightmare Mass is intended for the serious psychonaut. The author will not be held responsible for any complications, physical or otherwise, which may result from this operation. The evocations and mantras mentioned have been left up to the practitioner in order to allow room for a more personal and focused ritual. One should take the time to thoroughly prepare for the work in accordance.

This ritual should be performed only when the Psychonaut is alone. A room should be cleaned of all items in preparation for the ritual.

ITEMS NEEDED:

- Plastic, sheeting would be best, but any plastic will suffice.
- A tumbler.
- A cheap mattress (the cheaper the better)
- A blade (a scalpel would be best, a razor would suffice)
- Incense (nothing pleasing; the ranker the better)
- A puzzle box. (separation style, the more difficult, the better; *at least 6 moves*)
- Candles (lots)
- A bucket.
- Plenty of bandages (band-aids won't work here)

Make sure you have eaten well, but nothing too expensive; you won't get to keep it.

Set the mattress up in the room. Surround it with candles in irregular patterns. Light the candles and leave a path to the mattress. Light several sticks/cones of incense. Make sure the room has no ventilation. Place the glasses, blade and box on an end table at the "head" of the mattress, and arrange the plastic under/immediately around the mattress.

Turn the air conditioner in the area on as low (cold) as it will go.

Take a comfortable ritual shower. Have a toast to life. Meditate on what you're about to do. Place another bucket (filled with very cold water, use ice if you have to) by the shower; get back in.

Take a *hot* shower. Very hot is the key, it should be painful to stand under the water. Focus on the pain, you want to last as long as you can (though not so long you receive any lasting burns) when you can't last any longer, turn the water off, grab the bucket of ice water, and turn it upside down over you. (You don't need to be standing to do this.)

Dry off in the cold air. Make your way to the chamber.

Meditate on the puzzle box, focus on it - give it all your attention. Any meditation used to get into the gnosis state is good. (Involve the box)

Pick the box up; begin trying to take it apart. Meditate on the box while doing so (Neither-Neither is a good meditation for this; Solved vs. Unsolved)

When the first piece comes away, place it aside, and recite an evocation to Cruenti Niveus in a deep, projective voice. As you're nearing the end of the conjuration, open a wound; the thigh area is best. Catch the blood in the tumbler for a bit; apply pressure to the cut after the conjuration is complete. With the wound compressed, recite the mantra as you drift back down into a more neutral state of mind.

Pick up the box, and fall back into the Neither-Neither meditation as you play with the box again, when the next piece comes away, place it aside and recite an evocation to Markus Mercy. Again, whilst nearing the end of the evocation, open a (second) wound and catch the blood in the tumbler. When the evocation has finished, apply pressure to that wound to stop the bleeding. Once again; recite the mantra.

Repeat the above steps again, reciting the evocations for Nichego (mouth open, don't move the lips) and Blumenfrau (speak softly, but freely). Opening a wound half-way through each evocation and catching the blood in the tumbler, separating each solution with the mantra.

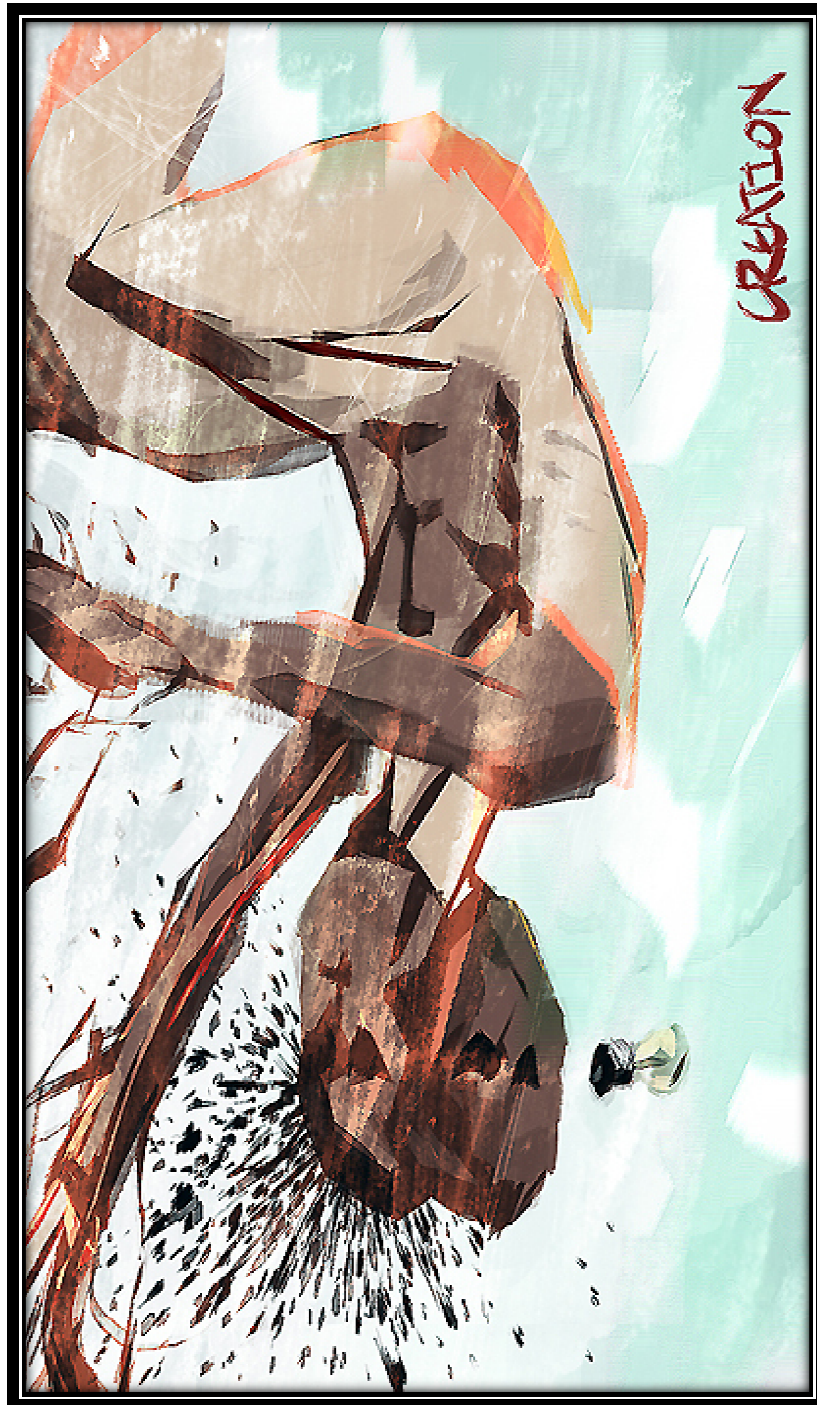
With all four of the lesser surgeons summoned, the box should be solved completely, and the mantra evocation of The Poenaplaceunque should be recited at a sliding volume (quiet to loud to quiet to loud to quiet etc.) while the neither-neither meditation on the state of the box (box vs. not a box) is applied. At key gnosis, the SOI should be spoken, and then the blood in the tumbler should be drunk quickly - all of it. This is a careful part; you'll need to get it all down.

Commence (physically) spinning into gnosis, chanting the second mantra as you spin. Continue until vomiting is induced (self-induce if you have to, aim for the bucket.)

Collapse onto the mattress, exhaustion should set in. Nap if you have to, otherwise, drag yourself from the room and back into the shower, comfort is the key, whatever you feel would be most comfortable to you, indulge yourself in. Properly see to the wounds; peroxide and real bandages. Wash your mouth out; brush your teeth, etc. Soothing incense and bed are recommended immediately afterwards. Give yourself a chance to sober up and rest, then get more food; social setting preferred.

ARTIST MAGICK

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class D
Fratr Alysrose (-11°, 5°) 05-13-2007



To transfigure every act of creative entry into the physical world as being magically effective serves the objectives of artist magick. Writing, painting, drawing, music, any act of expression should become correlated to the magical self, and made a pure representation of Will in the eyes and ears of the Universe. To this end, we may engineer stark correspondence in the form of an already magical act. The subtle strokes, idiosyncrasies, and subject matter speak of the utmost personal secrets from he who has rendered himself in the role of Artist.

He is a being telling truths through lies, and vice versa. These precious shards of soul almost always end becoming the golden eggs of transmutation revered and worshipped by his mundane, mute, and deaf audience. For the others we may dub consumer, is the stage forever occupied by the dancing of angels and demons. Gods playing spectacular roles of impossibilities, speaking to each other in dead languages far removed from those symptomatic of sameness, mental routine, and boredom.

In the society of failure, there is no Art and no one willing to create it. Art excites, and Art ignites. Art inspires something more in the gut of a person other than the desire to spend money. Art causes wars and it also breaks them. Art speaks of love and hate in the same way it does of one dream to another. Everything is beautifully revolting in his world, and equally nonsensical. The Artist creates a pastel moon garden at the edge of his own black hole.

The creator of such a world cannot be expected to act in any fashion other than what is seen inside his windows. His mental landscapes blend into the sky in an explosion, and his social interactions reflect everything down to the darkest volcanic ocean bed. He may say he is most at home in his dreams. His politic is that of spontaneous inspiration, and so his life is also one of often intense alienation from the outside world of grey values. Not only will Art offer one a living, but may cause the transformation of a lifetime to occur within one's own. His universe is sanctuary to all those who would come to play with the spirits of whimsy and madness. The magick of art, however, performs itself by means of a hidden layer within his world; doomed to be seen only by the artist himself.

The concept of Sigils, figuratively introduced by Austin Spare gives us a point with which to expand upon this notorious phenomenon. The tradition of creating steles, developed by the Egyptians and utilized by the Zos Kia Cultus, among others, shows us a framework for a magical painting. These interacting aspects of

images and meanings may be adapted to become buried within brush strokes, color combination, line assortments, melody progression, bursts of static, and so on, given the magician take measures to subconsciously store the required information. Artists who possess a good amount of skill along with magical application may create viral works of immense power to be spread worldwide among listeners, viewers and enthusiasts, much like the Ellis works to utilize location as a form of charging the desired Sigil. It is no coincidence that the overall success of many bands and companies had depended in part upon their respective linking of images and logos, and there is usually an addictive musical jingle that comes hand in hand with a corporate sigil. Both image and sound are subconsciously routed to the same meaning. If corporations had not been declared legal persons with a mind and will, this mechanism would be severely faulted. McDonalds gets what McDonalds wants.

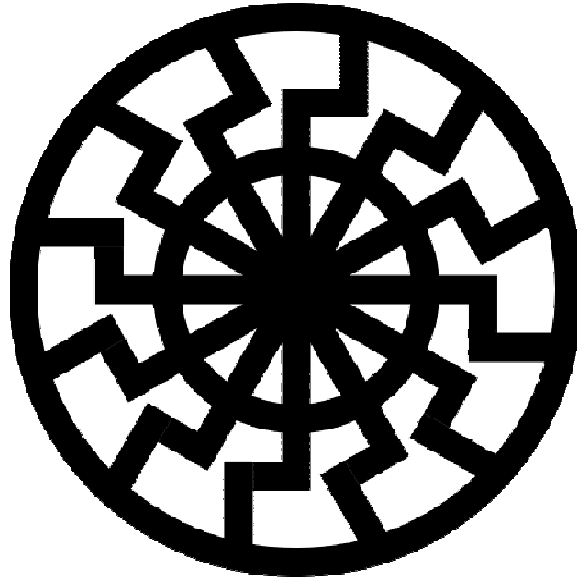
Sigils and Servitors perform due to the bypassing of conscious gaze upon predetermined meaning. This is traditionally done by creating the Sigil out of a desire in the form of a sentence, removing the vowels, removing repeated consonants, and forming a pictograph from the remaining letters which is then charged while simultaneously forgetting its original meaning. This method itself takes advantage of the Zero/Infinity paradox, as both exist as recognizable things and not things at the same time, and sometimes only within the mind.



Paintings by Alexander Hoffman (Creation, The Guardian)

ATTENTION, NEW FLESH

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class E
Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°) 11-14-2007



“By the Self be known, that frightful Aether of circulating Blood, from Real was born the Real, and now having crossed, as Now is Here & Nevermore, into such plentiful boundaries, the face & fragrance of Nothing - and I am Completed without Promise.”—Automatic writing

Herein speaks to the desperate, the lonely, the jaded & hardened - your hearts had been abused & misled, sold and priced at the cost of your imagination, and lo, still, is hope ablaze, and more. Never forget, there is a feast awaiting you upon some desert island where women wear nothing, and men are clad in mud. Ye are seeker & creator, all.

Khaos thrives as a grape awaiting harvest, or some sweet sun-ripened wormwood, being fed by such thought membranes laid upon it, those of love, hate, romance, art and conquest, as such a sweet fruit must, and when thereby upon thy tongue, develop & ensue the most gracious of pleading flavorful prose - the mind swept away to some abandoned tower in 19th Century France, or some decrepit and white-washed metropolis, 23rd Century New York, or still to some alien locale within the depths of self, shrouded & darkened by the all-too-known storming weathers of personality.

Know this: *“The fruit contains sugars for us.”*—The Chelsea Working

APOPHTHIS RISING



Herein is a principle unknown. Have we not a life worth dying for? Have we not an ideal worth creating our surroundings for? Have we not a sparkling & seductive flame beneath the base of the heart which invigorates us to paint upon the canvas of the real? Damned be your laws! Damned be your country! It is my heart which proclaims what is "right" to me, and what is "wrong" to me, and forever more! I am that which has awakened to the sound of light!

"I had seen a power that they did not want developed - for the sum total of empire was too great a price - though it did exist, and was sought, and cut upon. But He had lived, and I had seen him."—Automatic writing

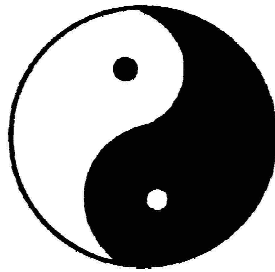
THE PARTY: A SHAMANIC GATHERING

Sticky sweet ganja, silver plates of cocaine, absinthe presented in traditional style amidst the finest sugar cubes, goblets, spoons, and saucers - the party is our modern equivalent of the Shamanic Storytelling Rite; drums & fire, sonic vibrations of Will throughout the collective ears, extraordinary feats performed on some self-altering substance or magicians fuel. The very world and fabric of godhead is injected into the minds of the countless - such is the party done well by the shamanic host.

Immaculate and stoned, the Shaman takes upon the role of rare & extraordinary beast within the party - while also offering the finest foods and drugs, he is meanwhile possessed by the Great Poet/Artist who speaks only truth as lies, and so thus, he entrances the young & old alike into a seeming hyper-reality of masks, paints, incense, and forbidden tongues. He is macrocosm unto the speculations of

their microcosms. A result by which, the lives of those affected shall be transformed by the magnificent breath of Khaos present, and shall perhaps invigorate them into living a life more in favor of the beautiful, unknown self-metamorphosing absolute - now seen as the Self, in the most embarrassing, liberating constructs possible. And so the Shaman sleeps well knowing good had been done this night, as he enjoys the rippling walls of his den, like waves in the ocean, before unconsciousness kisses him on his lovely bleeding brow.

CHAOTIC ORDER & BENEVOLENT DISORDER



Rin: "I honestly don't know. Do we [have a life worth dying for?]"

Alysyrose: You exist now, and you shall be remembered in some way, perhaps not even of who you are, but what you did while here. Your very words now and what I know of your thoughts and ideas alone shall bind a splinter of you forever to not only myself, but all the others who witness a material being in the place of your energies. I celebrate you for it - as I do of what's awaiting you on the other side.

"In the Void, there is no suffering; no origin of suffering, no end of suffering. I take refuge in oblivion."

Aye, and quite wise to recognize such things, and to "practice dying", as Buddha said. Oblivion, void, thing without form, that which is visible from outside, and nothing from within (nothing itself being comprised of two aspects) - with all language dead within the center, as is information - the eye of the needle when time was unborn inside the black womb of Tiamat.

I approach void/nothing as Hun-Tun, or Chaotic Order, the grids & information nodes available to us though never "read", per se, and intrinsically woven within our lives & DNA, to an extent - not speaking only of death, but the idea of void, awaiting void, and accepting void - refuge being quite possible - for those lucky enough to meet the thing without fear nor regret. The forever un-hatched black egg - also symbolized as Zero.

HUN-TUN = 0

Alongside Hun-Tun, or Chaotic Order, we also recognize a Benevolent Disorder, or Iuan - "the great & lively project", which could be anything from the odd proliferation of memes in culture, to the archetypal "Imagination", a party on a desert island, a freestyle rap competition, and so forth. The undying mess/matrix of experience - also symbolized as Infinity.

IUAN = ∞

The kick inherent in Iuan is a seeming useless action - "What's the point of it all?" they shout, while holding faith towards "God's Rulebook floating somewhere out in space", a holy grail that we simply must find, if life is to have any real meaning or joy whatsoever. And to that:

"There will be a fervor of life and creation, a great burning in the gut of all. There will be drums, and paints, and fires, and beads, and powders, and liquids, smokes and gases. There will be plants, and meats, and roots, bark and flower, and explosions of fulfillment. Yes, Fulfillment. Here is your answer. As common as those things found among stones, and as hard as rock, for breaking into that blissful domain is the sole test of the human will."—The Chelsea Working

So then, perhaps even a "refuge within oblivion" is thus fulfillment, as the action is also one with the self.

What I think, if anything, we view as a spiritual suicide is the kind of smarmy nihilism which proclaims a cessation of project, an ending to understanding, speculation, humanism, and the relationship to the Universal Unknown - to scrap the idea of walking as soon as one takes up crawling, as it were.

One's yearning for an absolute otherness opposed to everything we know on this Earth, this Universe, and these Senses, is quite noble in this way - everything must, and will be, new. There are no limits, and even void may be a thing in constant change - perhaps existence is the state held in familiar stasis.

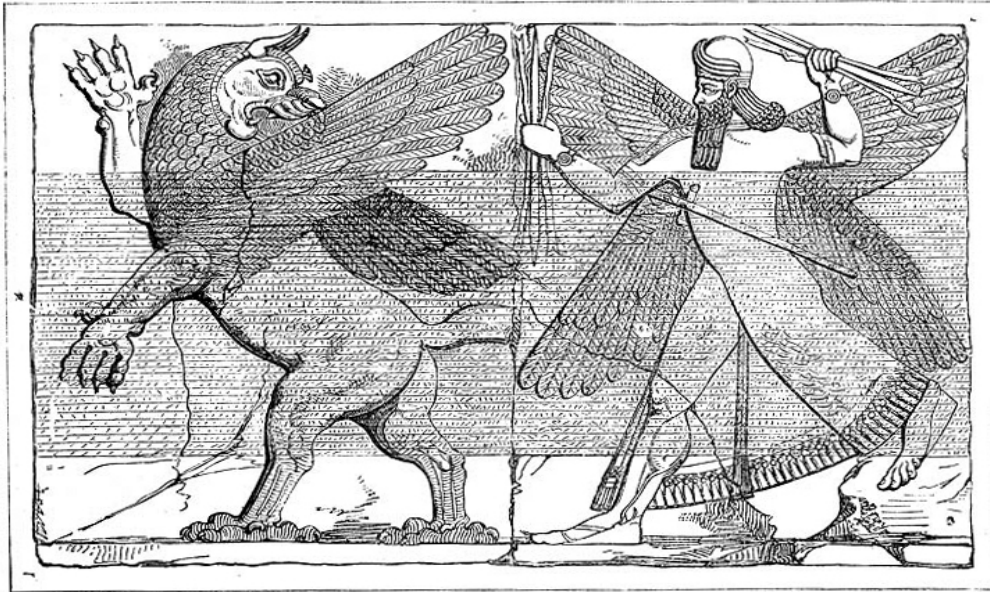
Stasis, that is, until someone comes up with a better idea.

*Chaotic Order & Benevolent Disorder – Taken from a conversation between Frater Alysrose and Rin Daemoko.

*She Demon Wolf on the Shaman - The Shaman is as friendly with Death as he is with Life. He encounters it without him/herself dying first, and he befriends it and seeks to understand it. The Shaman blurs those clean-cut edges of alive and dead, moving through each one without being particularly bound to either. He is therefore free from the terrors and misunderstandings associated with each. The Shaman is awake to the 8th sense. The Shaman has passed through Death's doors and has survived; he has been reborn without being birthed.

RADICAL KHAOS & THE TIAMATIC PRINCIPLE

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class D
Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°) 10-05-2007



DEATH TO THE IMAGE; HAIL THE NEW FLESH

A reprise for the dabbler.
An execution for the skeptic.
Echoed within the One Skull, a daemon, maniacally laughs.

The Magician, Shaman, or Witch; a figure of repulsion and fear for much of our recorded history - a human being seemingly devoid of humanity in exchange for something beyond, a dark birthing into the forbidden realms, those of Death and the child-like playfulness of Life. His is an existence lived on the outside, the edge, on the brink of Animal Consciousness and communication with the Other, The Divine, Thee Alien which had eluded all but the insane, and He is Master and Scholar of the strings & pulleys behind the curtains of life, and the monsters found a thousand miles below.

I owe this information now being broadcast to:

Naomi, for her brilliant musings on death.
Sheosyrath, for his continual innovation of the art.
Aware, for his nonsensical though moving literary knowledge.
She Demon Wolf, as the lovely second prophet of this new flesh.

TIAMATIC KHAOS

The Art of Magick has turned, or more specifically, it is us who have now turned. For those subdued with a blindfold of cellophane while The Mouse makes them Tea, the ones among us who are as mushrooms (those who had been kept in the dark and fed shit from up high) had never quite realized that there had grown a viable and strong sub-current amongst the unknowing, and it has now opened its eyes to a world ripe for the wasteland.

"Spirituality is a Movement." –She Demon Wolf

We embrace the attraction to the eccentric as a manifesto for living life to its fullest. Chemicals are our sacrament. The body is our temple of worship. There are too many Gods in too many heads for the sheep to go wandering unwillingly. No, this is revolution by means of manipulation. Neurological scripting, reality hacking, self editing, all are of our knowledge, and our knowledge is our strength.

Tiamat resides within the multi-dimensional. She is both mother & destroying principle. A child was created out from her residue, and that child we call 663. To work with the Doombringer, the male-child aspect of Tiamat, being created instead of existing, in his many names, is to encounter the intelligence of an otherwise emotionally alien being. She is the ancient depths, as He is the newborn heights - both working for expansion, both working as organs for the life-blood of existence.

The Imagination, then, is your birthright. The starting point, factor X, and the strange attractor. All that can be found throughout daily life is the direct result of the Willed hardening & crystallization of Imaginary memes & ideas, conjured up by Thee Spark of Life to invigorate & mold the personality, thee identity, as we can so far detect it.

You have a purpose, and that purpose is to Create Thyself. Here we see the relevance of the Post-Meta, which could as well find it's other half within the Post-Modern. The Self will no longer be determined by environment. A wave has emerged amidst the cultures of this Earth, and this wave is as The Octopus, the eight-legged, being of pure language - unhindered possibility; and if it fails to serve its species, the higher among the life-dwelling? Then, the Principle of Aversion takes root within the ecosphere, and so we return to that place without Action, without Heat, without Thought, and without Creation.

Death! And Death, as well, is to be made a friend of, kissed, fucked, and made pregnant with an even greater Child of Life which proceeds and eats its parents in its glad joy, amongst the stars in a sphere of intellectual anarchy, and narcotic bliss. And who are they who would delve, they who are of the animism, and all of time, stretching out towards infinity? You know who you are.

"The sick are the greatest danger to the healthy; it is not from the strongest that harm comes to the strong, but from the weakest." -F. Nietzsche

HAIL THE NEW BLESSED



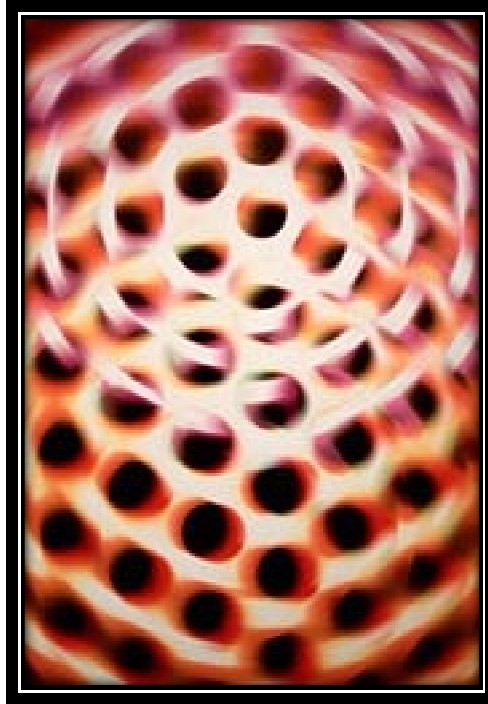
YOUR WORLD IS ENDING!

Your children are having sex, doing drugs, rejecting God, and creating themselves in their own Image. Individuality has become Religion, chemicals have become Sacrament, and the human Body has become the Temple of Worship. Khaos has swallowed up Reality, nothing is safe, and it gets worse by the minute. Your celebrities have been crushed under the weight of their own fame. Jesus Christ is a leather-clad homosexual, Buddha is a pedophile with an eating disorder, Muhammad had a sex-change operation, and Moses is a heroin addict in rehab. Fuck you, we're full of Love! To learn more, visit your nearest DOMUS KAOTICA.

DEATH IS OUR IMAGE

THE DIALECTIC HYPER-SOFTWARE: CONTROL

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class E
Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°)



Congratulations on your birth. Welcome to the hive.

If you did not already know, you have been born into slavery. You are obligated to respect and obey your parents regardless of how they treat you. You are obligated to assume passivity and submission for the programming that follows well into your adult years. We'll start you off with the Religious Software, which is conveniently already held within the minds of your birth-givers. You will be made into a little copy of them as they begin installation as ordered. Indeed, their beliefs will become yours, their fears will become yours, and their morality will become yours. This insures a stable, predictable, and easily maintained hive structure.

When installation of Religious Software has been completed, (which may or may not include more intensive methods such as Church, Sunday school, and Bible Camp) you will begin your Schooling, which further depends on the submissive, programmable state you have been weaned into. Those students who we, The Hive deem "stupid", "rebels" or "outsiders" are those who may have recognized the inherent nature of the programming we feed them, and "attempt" to fight against it.

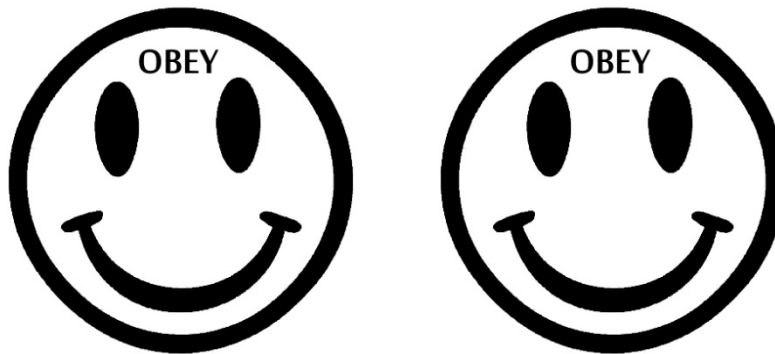
We send them to psychiatrists, put them in "special" classes, cut them off from the tribe, medicate them, make them feel as if they have a severe "problem" which they must seek help for - and at the end of the hotline, when they are desperate and willing to become somebody else, there will be found our mind-share in full force.



DRONE.

Yes, you are quite doomed. You are born, programmed, sent to work, married, and when you are beaten & used, you will create more larval offspring for use in our great empire. Death follows in turn. Rejoice! There is nothing more than being one of a million, not one *in* a million. Perhaps no one has yet shined light for you upon the roaches that work in the dark, but know this - you have no chance of being yourself. You have no chance of being. In our eyes, you are a *human doing*. The Hive must have drones. The Hive must have busy, buzzing members for the *Economic Prison*. Some may have told you about the *The Economy of Dream* - rubbish, wishful thinking, childish fantasy. The only dream you are allowed to have is the one *we give you*. The only choices you are permitted are the ones we provide. We are everywhere, behind every wall, listening through every crack & crevice, we are in your thoughts - *we are your thoughts* - there is nothing you can do, and *///we are weak, fragile, shit-for-brains, and slowly dying because of your desire for something different...*

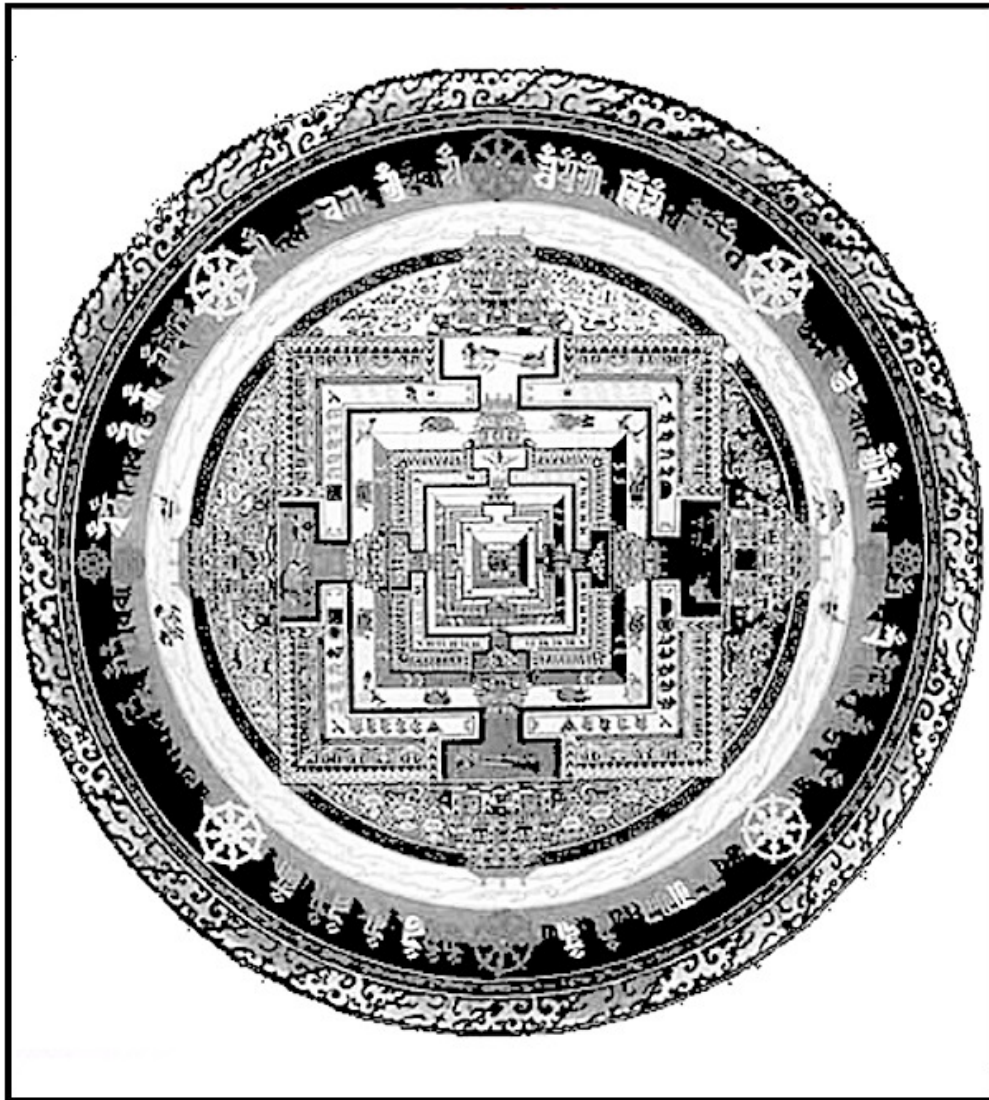
...but we won't give you up without a fight...



All Hail the God of Xerox Copy; Prepare to be Absorbed.

INTERMISSION

RETURN TO



SHAMBHALA



DISBELIEVE, DISOBEY THE STATE

By Multipleegos (-3°)

I am sitting in the corridor of a government building. The official I have to see is thirty minutes late. The door to his office looks like flypaper melting in the sun.

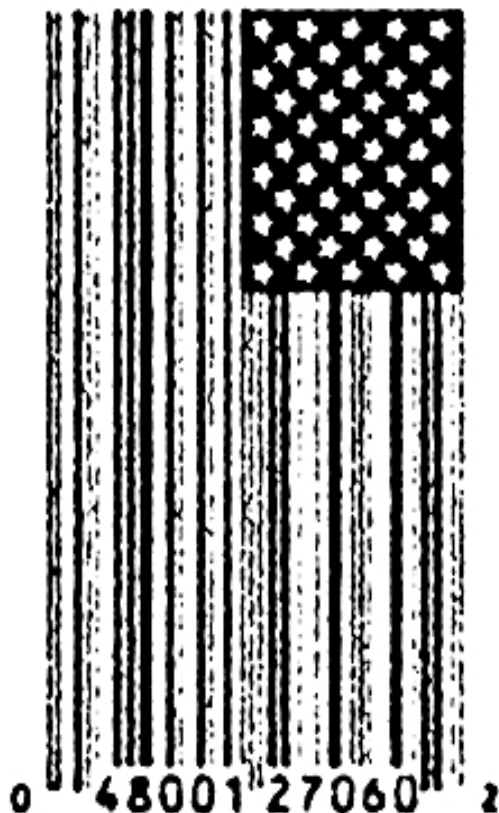
Deals are being made inside this office. There's a semblance of justice about, but the only just laws that are being upheld are the least possible in number in order to keep up the appearance of government.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

The State is an illusion. It's like an old tree - it appears to stand tall, and looks more imposing and impressive than it actually is. It's rotten on the inside. It's a coat of paint on an abandoned building.

Why continue to pay your respects to a church when the god who lived in it is dead and long gone? And now, the vultures are in there, picking at the corpse.

They tell us what to do and what not to do, what we're allowed and not allowed to think. They use the name of the State to justify their selfish actions, but they don't believe in the State. Some of them never did.



Disbelieve. Disobey.

The running of a government should not be left in the hands of people whose only skill is the ability to pander to the largest crowds. We find ourselves placing our fates in the hands of clowns and madmen. We're given a fool's choice. We believe the selection of the lesser evil is the best we can make given the circumstances. This is the biggest lie they have gotten us to believe so far.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

Once upon a time government officials were impelled by a sense of civic duty, a genuine desire to contrive circumstances for the betterment of the citizens that comprise the state; food, shelter, clothing, education, transportation, communication - the necessities.

So who are these people? And why did we hand them the keys to our private lives? Why do we pay them for the privilege of robbing from us?

Disbelieve. Disobey.

It is ironic that our sense of heroism is founded on the idea of rebellion. All our true heroes have been rebels, fighting against the system with whatever is at hand: swords, guns, pens - sometimes their bare hands.

They've subverted our heroic ideal. They've tried to tell us that the modern day heroes are the ones who labor quietly, the silent ones upon whose submissive backs rest this onerous, abusive, corrupt society. They've tried to convince us that true heroism is allowing the government to take advantage of you without protest, without struggle. They lie.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

Think. Take all the pro and anti-government slogans out of your mind. Those are just shortcuts for actual deliberation. Think for yourself. Figure the puzzle out instead of skipping to the end for easy answers. Consider the following statement: The State cannot be sued unless it gives permission to do so, explicitly or implicitly. This is a fundamental tenet of governance. What possessed us to accept this?

Disbelieve. Disobey.

What is the alternative, a violent military dictatorship? A 'revolutionary' new government where a different, currently marginalized sector of society is given the reins? All we are doing is shuffling around the people who get to violate us.

Nothing we have tried has worked because all we have done is change the people to whom we've handed our liberty. And anyone who possesses our liberty will decide everything for us - even if their decisions are not in our best interest - and they hardly ever are.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

We don't want to be free, you see. We want someone to blame. Every time something goes wrong we want to be able to blame the people we've left in charge. Is it any wonder that they rob us blind? We'd rob them blind, too, if they handed us their liberty.

We don't want the responsibility of being completely free. We don't want to have to take care of ourselves. If we did, we wouldn't let the State decide our lives in advance for us. We would never let it tell us what to do and what not to do, what to think and what not to think. But we've already handed them our destinies. Simply complaining about this fact will not change it.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

So what do we do? We'll take the power back - that is what we will do. Meek compliance is how we appease them; therefore adamant defiance is the means to seize our liberty from their clutches. Not through violence, and not through armed conflict; simple, pointed, meaningful disobedience.

We obey laws and rules and regulations written by people who rise to power precisely because they wish to be above the law, above the rules and regulations that apply to 'the masses', but there is no such thing as the masses. There is only us, each and every one of us. We are not parts of a collective. The collective is merely the sum of us.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

We are not stupid. We know very well the crimes that go against basic human dignity; murder, rape, torture, deprivation of liberty. We are not stupid, yet we

allow ourselves to be punished according to rules most people don't even understand.

The State wants to keep us stupid. The State knows that as long as we are ignorant and separated, we will be afraid, and people who are afraid are easy to control. But we are not stupid, and we are *no longer afraid*.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

Defy the people who are carving up our country for themselves. Defy the ones who feed on our lives and our liberties. Defy the false promises and fake smiles. Defy the easy slogans and the empty spectacles.

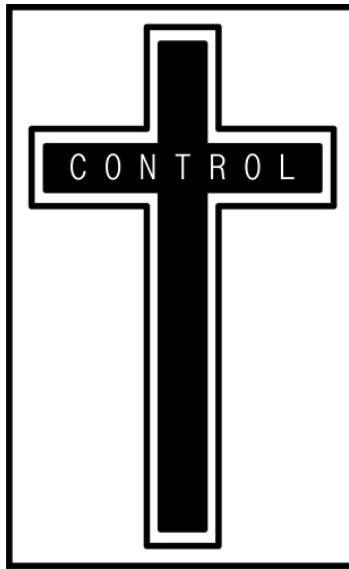
Defy the ones who cling to power even at the cost of the lives of the people they govern. Disbelieve their promises. Disbelieve their lies. Disbelieve their threats and their warnings of doom and disaster that will befall us if they are deprived of power.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

We demand the right to govern ourselves. We demand the right to live our lives in the manner that we desire. We demand the right to unseat the leaders who betray us. We demand the right to prevent the ascension of people who intend to use their influence and power to abuse us. We demand the right to disbelieve any lies that we are told, and to disobey any order that does not benefit us. We demand the right to be free.



DISBELIEVE, DISOBEY RELIGION



They killed our gods; they landed on our shores, brought in their statues of foreign deities, and gave us promises of instant happiness and salvation in exchange for our free will. We believed them.

Centuries later, our will is still enslaved, and we are no happier than we were before. We made the trade, but they reneged against their part of the bargain.

Why do we persist? Why do we continue to worship gods that look nothing like us? We're not the chosen people. We were not created in their image. No, the gods were created in man's image - and these gods bear the likeness of our oppressors.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

One god = one truth, and by worshipping the One God of our conquerors we surrender ourselves to one truth: their truth. Many of us never get the chance to select our religion; we are simply born into one.

To question this one truth is the greatest heresy, lack of faith, the most unforgivable sin. Every worshipper inevitably arrives at a crisis of faith when one's religion no longer adequately explains one's existence, when one realizes that he is ultimately responsible for the outcome of his life - a tough pill to swallow when your life is going down the toilet. This is how they get you. At your lowest point religion will offer you an easy way out, and another sheep is attached to the mindshare of the cult institution.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

Think about the deal you are getting. You receive the greatest reward you can possibly imagine after you die, and if you're having trouble imagining the greatest reward, they'll be happy to provide their own version for you - eternally singing the glories of the Creator, being reunited with all your dead loved ones, marrying seventy-two virgins in the Gardens of Paradise, whatever you want. They just want two things first.

One: That you die, or at least wait for the end of the world before collecting payment.

Two: Follow everything they tell you while you are still alive, or be denied your eternal reward and/or be punished for eternity.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

Both of these rules can be summed up in one neat package: Faith. Faith requires obedience without question and trust in the ephemeral, invisible reward that awaits everyone at the end, based simply on the words of the priests who intermediate between the gods and us, the lowly lumps of sinful flesh and bone.

Naturally the priests have to be paid for this service they provide for the salvation of our souls, because, quite obviously, we can't be expected to deal with the gods ourselves. We just don't know well enough – we aren't blessed enough. We're sheep, or so they like to tell us, wayward sheep needing a strong hand to guide us from walking off of cliffs or into the mouths of hungry wolves. We don't have the right to talk to our gods ourselves; we need intercessors, people who train for the licensing privileges to talk to our gods. Anyone caught preaching without a license will be subject to ridicule, defamation, excommunication, stoning, burning at the stake, and whatever the hell else they can think of, because the gods can't be trusted with meting out divine vengeance for themselves.



Disbelieve. Disobey.

But what if we chose our own gods, and became our own priests and priestesses? Surely no one is more familiar with the gods and goddesses in our heads than us; pantheons culled from old tomes and TV screens and internet memes, filled with obscure secondary deities and adventure heroes and blue imaginary friends and femme fatales with ridiculous cleavage.

Build your own gods. Create them from scratch. Write mythologies, sing their hymns, carve them from wood and stone, offer them food and drink and the occasional smoke.

But above all, don't worship any gods you don't know personally. Don't trust them, not right away, no matter how good the sale pitch sounds. If you want to get to know them, do it at arm's length before offering your undying devotion.

And if any try to impose their eternal and omnipotent will on you without your permission, disobey them - make them stop.

And disbelieve them – banish them from the sanctity of your mind.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

Disbelieve. Disobey.

Disbelieve. Disobey.



“Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one.”

Albert Einstein

“There are no facts, only interpretations.”

Friedrich Nietzsche

“I have a very firm grasp on reality! I can reach out and strangle it any time!”

Unknown

“Imagination is the one weapon in the war against reality.”

Jules de Gaultier

THE PROTEST OF REALITY

By Mystic Cannibal



“The complexity of things – the things within things – just seems to be endless.”

– Alice Munro

Many people wish to change the world and make the government more responsible, but protest and Activism have largely failed to get most people socially active; I believe this is because traditional activism does not in itself motivate or entertain the common people. Despite the good intentions and causes that should get everyone involved, it is almost inherently an intellectual elitist activity which has only served to channel the passions of the common people away from participation. It has in some ways created a distinct social class of activists who define themselves as such and are so separate from non activists that this distinction in some cases is even seen as a profession, though it cannot help but create division among those who would like to improve the world in some way or another.

In some ways this activism has resulted in a very efficient means of stripping away the personal power from the people. This is because it has, among other things, created the illusion of a free society by sending the message that by being one in a sea of chanting protesters and waving a placard you are achieving an effective means of dissent and social movement. The message then of such a group is as impersonal and unemotional as the very draconian laws that are likely being protested against. This form of activism, that of conventional pacifist protest and the mindset thereof, serves more of a constraint on the individual than the system because at least the system can be pointed at and defined in a much clearer sense. With such a limited model of dissent, the people who would be involved if they felt their means were effective and personally inspiring, will be alienated from activism in general, giving some kind of excuse such as, “protests don’t work so

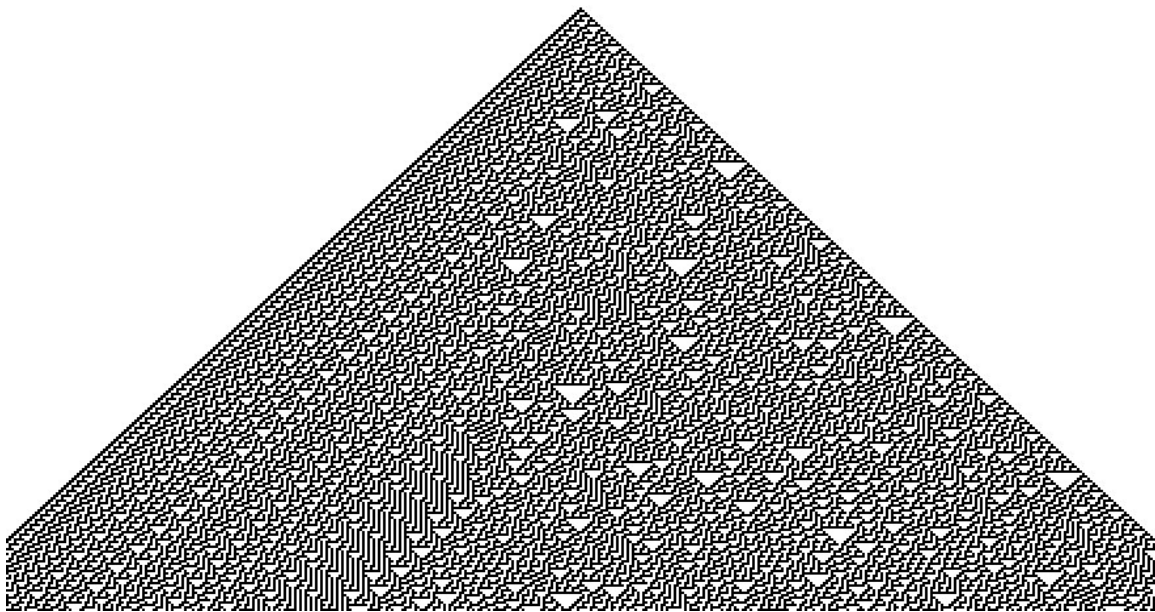
I'll just look after myself and my family". Of course, if traditional pacifist protest did accomplish anything, it would be made illegal.

The culture and ideology of legal pacifist protest is in itself inherently dictatorial and authoritarian. It says that we are here as a group for this allotted reason and we are limiting out all other perspectives and motivations, as well as means of advocating. The mindset of cohesion through authoritarian organization has so permeated our psyches that even within Anarchist Activism we have in some cases alienated certain peoples through our exclusivity of tactics. Why should we, for the systems' convenience separate ourselves into neat little blocks based on which tactics we advocate, is this not opening us up to all kinds of State divide and conquer tactics? Would not the pink block be better protected and so better able to use their tactics by mixing with the black block? Likewise, would not the black block be better able to strike out in surprise when concealed among the likes of the pink block? If the protest is big enough, the cops will attack whoever they can in order to incite violence to show on the news, so we might as well stand together. Maybe total mass mob groups of unorganized chaos isn't the best tactic, but one thing is certain, that we need greater fluidity in our tactics, and above all greater tolerance of different tactics being used.

It seems to me there is all this division within all the anti-establishment groups, and the beauty of the cosmopolitan nature of this dissent is not being fully actualized. We are having all these diffuse protests against whatever specific cause here and there, maybe a protest about one thing or another and nothing much ever gets accomplished. We have made a critical tactical error in spreading our forces too thin, and what's worse, we even sometimes fight against each other because of some relatively minor difference in philosophy. All too often, we have also made the common mistake of trying to treat the symptoms instead of the cause of the problem. The people need to come together and protest what we refer to as civilization as a whole, to protest the very notion of government and the culture we have created, even dare I say, our own personal beliefs and states of mind. We should in fact protest the very notion of the existence of reality.

I would like to see a form of protest in which its main concept is to be all inclusive for the purpose of creating a mirror of society. Have, say, everyone protesting everything at once, shouting at the top of their lungs everything they think is wrong in the world. The best kind of protest I could imagine, besides direct action of course, would be to have an integration of pure art with activism. Combining the emotionally ratifying elements of art, of which in some form we are all lovers of,

with the unfortunately generally uninspiring intellectual knowledge of the state of the world. Art is our entertainment, and even when it has a revolutionary message it generally only creates passive observers and thus has actually helped the forces it hopes to fight. We must blend this with the dry intellectualism and follow it up with direct action. Intellectualism by itself, given the crisis of the state of the world, should have been enough to convince people it's in their own best interest to look after one another and the earth, but it hasn't largely done that since learning and acting on knowledge for most is not seen as fun. This approach has shown itself to not be enough, and now we have to entertain the masses into taking the gun away from the global head.



“Protest must become psychedelic in the most literal of senses.”

The concept I have in mind is no doubt offensive to some activists, the common people especially, and probably a good deal of artists as they will all be included as targets within the protest – the protest itself will also be a target. If there is anyone actually foolish enough to follow through on my idea, I would also make a good target of protest, as well as all those degenerates who act out anything I say. Protest must become psychedelic in the most literal of senses, it being Latin for “mind manifesting”, (psyche [mind] + delios [to make apparent]) as we must manifest the collective mind for all to see. It must reflect the quintessential character of the culture *as a whole*, and pry open the eyes of those most determined to keep the vision narrow by forcing truth at least to some degree for those who would be in

denial. The protesters are justified to use all forms of culture known as an extension of their free expression. Let all racist and homophobic, sexist and elitist forms of thought be exposed in plain sight, symbolically represented in a grand micro-macro cosmic representation of all our idioms and memes. Let them exist being represented by a synthesis of all kinds of artistic expression within a frame work, not to judge the things that are represented, but merely present them in as tangible and palpable a form as possible for everyone to see for themselves. We have been blinded by the use of cultural memes to keep us from recognizing common absurdities within society. To fight this cultural war we must create an anti-meme meme, a meme of revolution that is so mercurial as to never be digestible by the dominant system, something that can virally attack the state bacteria culture.

Of course, it would take far too many people to totally cover everything within our culture, so the most important things must be chosen by those who wish to present them. Small groups or single individuals would present concepts in some artistic form, or ideally mixing all known art forms. (Sculptures could be used as props in plays, etc.) Chances are this would have to be done with different people performing different things simultaneously as there simply wouldn't be enough time for everyone to take turns on a stage. I personally think it would also be more lifelike that way, and more fun to see a huge crowd of spontaneous representations of cultural insanity going off at the same time. The Pink block has done this to some degree but has not gone to nearly a full enough extent and has generally limited their expression to whatever protest they happen to be at. Although my general idea is not violent, there are certain times and places for that which should be tolerated by all those participating. I'll leave that to the individual to decide when those times and places are, as violence can, after all, be a form of artistic expression. However, I do think different tactics would be more pertinent in this kind of protest than the traditional black block approach. I think the use of violence must also be satirized in both the protest and state contexts.

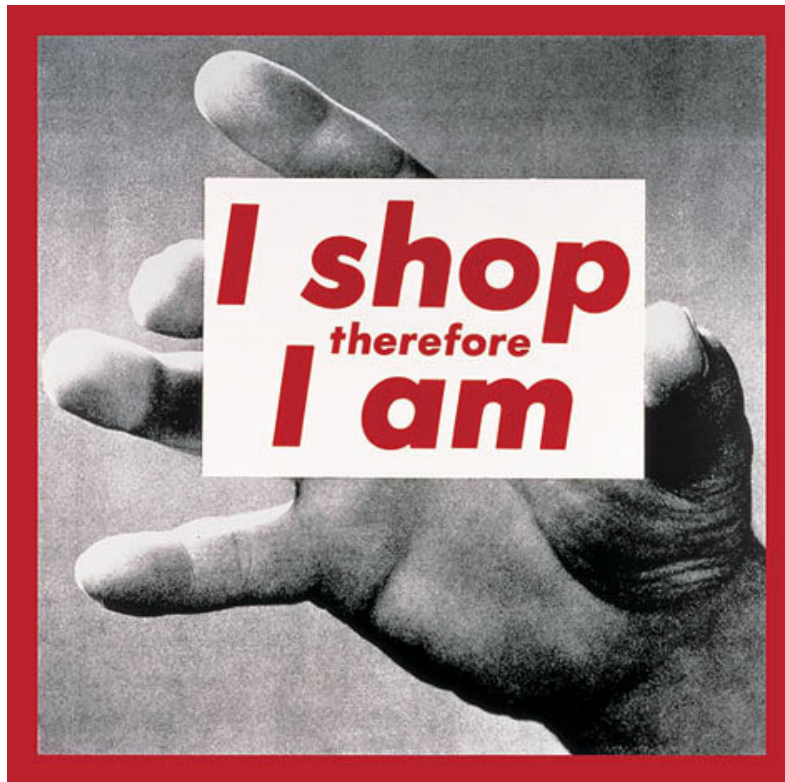
We must have some consensus about what we want our culture to really be about, and the first step in that is making people more aware about what our culture already is. We must have a psychedelic vomiting of creative expression right there on the lawn of parliament, or white house, or highway or wherever. We must create a protest wherein we have each protester become the personification of their own will, which is seen through newly created mediums of 75lectro/street/classical Theater as well as dance, painting, music, or literally all artistic mediums. These

would converge with any other form of expression imaginable to form a living comprehensive diagram of what our culture is, and reveal the underlying motivations for the things within it – simultaneously acting out how these things affect everyone in everyday life. Each person would become a living effigy to whatever they wish to represent, anything at all at which they wish to protest about or convey. It would be a sociological panopticon portraying all of humanities lower natures. A person could dress up as patriarchy, or drug laws, a politician, or themselves, if they hate buttercups and rainbows they could become that, or destroy some representation. Different groups would then organize themselves to create a demonstration of what they wish to represent, we could have materialism shaking hands with deforestation and working together to theatrically murder a person who is the environment – or show outright the effigy of capitalism whipping small third world children while people dressed as smoke stacks and pollution poison everyone with other people dressed as smog clouds. As much as possible, the groups should try and use humans in specialized costumes as props for their plays, though of course the groups will have to work within their means and putting to use sculptures, and other forms of art are important within this protest.

Most importantly would be to show the whiny protester archetype being destroyed by fascist police, and the effigies of social justice and movement being raped and murdered. The second most important issue in my opinion would be to show how people use art; how art has enslaved the masses and created images which manifest the illusion of personality and rebellion, but in fact give birth to selfish greed and complacency. There are limitless messages which could be conveyed, and it would be left to those involved to choose their own message and means of expression.

Fictional activist groups could also be created, like “Trolls for the equality of imaginary creatures” or “Ragamuffins against Fashion”. Or although not as funny, sometimes creating realistic sounding groups for a protest can have a beneficial result. Even if said made up group has only one person, if you can make other people believe it has many members it will make common people more motivated and inspired, as they seem to be sheep waiting for a grand social revolution to start before they make any real actions. The protest of reality already has 50000 dedicated conspirators waiting to unleash itself on the world. Offensive expressions are highly encouraged, such as fetus’s being BBQ’d in either support or against the issue of abortion, or ideally both simultaneously. However, since I think the success of such a grand protest would lie in it being all inclusive and

showing all sides of an issue, the concept of shock and offensiveness must itself be attacked. For example, it could be made visible to everyone in some kind of display that GG Allin was a sensitive man and pussycat at heart, or of course something more universally known might be more effective.



“Right from the time we are born, we are bombarded with messages that serve to make us lose the context of the information we receive so that we will not know how to properly deal with our existence, but rather be forced to act within the illusionary state model.”

My idea is not so much to create artistic propaganda, but to let everything be seen only for what it truly is, though most likely blown up to the extreme, and to be most effective it would be as offensive to as many people as possible without losing the attempted objectivity. However objectivity itself could be represented and shown to be an illusion which must be slain by personal Gnosis. Hypocrisy and contradiction could make out together, and then have a three way with an effigy of myself – it would all be ridiculously decadent and ludicrous to show what traditional protest really is.

It is imperative that these things be acted out showing how they affect everyone in everyday life. Not just the poor brown people across the ocean, but the fucked pathologies that are so common they go unnoticed right here by most people – a protest that screams what’s wrong, because nobody really wants to look at what’s wrong. Nobody wants to talk about the astral garbage floating around the “collective unconscious”, or if you prefer, social milieu. The only real individual is the one who realizes they are part of the whole, that everything must function as one organism or else all will suffer. If this is taken as truth, then any other message is petty compared to this realization. Whether or not you assign a spiritual value to existence, we are all humans and we are living on this planet, and so we must start acting like it. We must proselytize unconditional free expression without the authoritarianism of prosyletization.

Right from the time we are born, we are bombarded with messages that serve to make us lose the context of the information we receive so that we will not know how to properly deal with our existence, but rather be forced to act within the illusionary state model. If the truth can be conveyed objectively then its moral predilection will be more or less self evident to those who can understand it. Once people are presented with truthful observations, the viewers can come to their own conclusions as to what is good and what is bad in that truth. The kind of revolution we need does not lie in spirituality, or even politics – what keeps people enslaved is not laws, but the fact that it is far too easy for them to ignore or miss the truth among all the garbage that is presented to them. So many red herrings and filibusters have been given to us from our likewise programmed parents, teachers, and television personalities that we have lost almost all orientation as to the way things should be, instead of buying into the idea that things will never change, which is of course why nothing much ever does change. Even within education that presents objective facts (which it rarely does), we have lost the context of how to process such facts, and those facts that are objective serve to distract from other more important ones. Although we may have good intentions, we are much like zoologists trying to study the mating habits of couches. We can’t seem to figure out why we are failing, but we don’t have the lateral knowledge or context to realize couches don’t have sex, and no government will listen to an imperative protest that doesn’t force them to change directly.

We must use all things in existence, excluding nothing from our consciousness with the intention of creating a self-referencing, self-feeding and sustaining form of alternative consciousness. The government will stop treating us like babies

when we stop acting like babies. Although what I am proposing could easily be called immature, it is really just an advertisement for direct action against all those who use advertisements, and more. The government treats terrorists more like adults than it treats its public because the terrorists are conceivably a threat. Big brother would never treat its little sibling as an equal. I am not necessarily advocating terrorism, but we should be aware of certain realities. I do believe that there is still value in bad ideas in that they provide insights to things we wouldn't have normally considered. It's time for a brutal culture wide self examination of which, whether we like it or not, we are all a part of – it's just that culture is multifaceted. We all know things are corrupt and unfair and yet we, like some battered wife, seem to think that doing the same old things over & over will accomplish something more than the same old beatings and ass rape. That is more or less how Benjamin Franklin defined insanity. I agree with Henry Ford when he said, "people get the government they deserve", but I think it's time the free people, the real activists, who have no government help, to teach others in a more direct way on how to deserve freedom – maybe if I can do this then I will deserve freedom. Society as a whole has not been holding itself accountable for holding the government accountable about how power will be used in our name. We have to demonstrate the fact that demonstration has been useless, and that we aren't listening to them anymore when they lie about listening to us. The state simply cannot be reformed enough to be incorruptible. As long as there are hierarchies there will be exploitation and abuse of power.

The Activist culture has, in a very real sense, been in a I denial about the fact that the common people in general don't give a shit about anyone who is not a loved part of their own lives. This should be put before the common people in a very blunt and unadulterated way that people are, in the grand scheme of things, selfish fucks even if the activists aren't. The public cannot be molly-coddled anymore into taking their medicine – though I do not wish to set up an 'Us and Them' situation of activist authoritarianism, as the protest of realities main goal is to actually eliminate that from protest.

Many activists are fucked in their own way, and I am no exception, but I think it's important to let the public know what they really are and force their heads out of their asses. Society will reap what it sews and all must be made aware of what is coming down this current path one way or another. If ultimate disaster strikes, let no one say that they were not warned. The pacifist protesters, again I must stress, must be shown to be self-righteous, PC, whiny pricks. Even if they aren't *all* that

way, self deprecation is crucial to growing beyond your flaws – not to mention having a sense of humor, and if that message is proclaimed by the protesters themselves, they will have redeemed themselves in many ways and proven that the statement itself is not totally true. Let all negative stereotypes be created and seen for what they truly are: stereotypes. A person could even represent all stereotypes born of generalization and arrogance representations.

The protest of reality will seek to mirror back as much as possible all the ugly, uncomfortable truths that are everywhere seen – blow them up and amplify them to absurd proportion and then have them act out what is happening in the world. The protest of reality is essentially a giant chaotic demonstration; the simultaneous performance of all of the mini plays and art forms of each group or individual willing to create a demonstration. A person who is not demonstrating should be able to walk around and see different groups protesting different things all around them in all kinds of ways, all at the same time. This is done so that any attempt to have a cohesive political message is drowned out by all the other groups and absolutely nothing is really accomplished in terms of getting a coherent unified message across to the government or media. No single person could ever speak for the Protest of Reality, including myself. As the conclusion of this part of the demonstration, all actors will break the 4th wall in every conceivable way, trying their best to interact with bystanders and onlookers, as well as police, and anyone and everything that is there. Let each represent their own personal opinion, and own effigy. Perhaps one of the goals of the protest should be to create such a disturbance to the cultural mind and system (in a generally peaceful way) as to actually warrant making protest illegal.

Let us lead others to become leaders to lead others to become leaders of themselves and no one else. We need a gestalt diarrhea on the government grounds of everything their culture has created, the psychedelic vomit left for everyone to see for themselves the world we all inhabit. What I am trying to expound is that everyone should try and expound their own version of the truth, no matter how ugly it is to the mainstream or politically correct – because conventional protest has largely become moral masturbation and the mainstream culture is so decadent, both sex obsessed and yet so sexually uptight in many respects, we need to reflect this and I think the best way to show this would be to have an orgy right there out in the open for everyone to see. This would be the ultimate form of protest in a dehumanizing, alienating technocracy where through the use of computers, televisions and cell phones many people have eliminated real human interaction.

Loving your neighbor has never been so much fun or taboo, it is a perfect way to disgust people with homosexuality and promiscuity sending several somewhat contradictory messages at once, especially when the police step in and violently stop the act of making love.

Freud believed that all mental illness sprang from some sort of repression or problem with the patients' sexuality, could it be that the state of the world could be explained by the lack of public orgies? However this would not necessarily be an orgy for the pleasure of it, it would be an act of protest against all that separates us as people; there is nothing quite as equalizing as an orgy. It would also be a nice message to all those who believe we should be ashamed of our bodies and urges. Personal egos would be tried like nothing else as we would all be seen in our natural glory; this would be quite the statement against the hidden lecherousness of our society and the superficial hedonism of our people. Feminist dominatrix's could if so inclined, have their way with men or in some other fashion assert themselves over willing men as a display of sexism. If we are going to have moral masturbation we might as well have moral orgies. Two wrongs do not make a right, unless it is made as an ironic provocative protest about that wrong enacted by willing participants. Other kinks and fetishes would of course be encouraged. Let the straight guys have sex with each other in protest of homophobia.

We all at one time or another have sexual urges, and yet many people are in denial about it, and demonize it, however the other extreme is no better, that of pure selfish carnality with no genuine concern for other people. What better way to protest reality then making statements about how we are brought into this reality? I myself do not get laid nearly enough because of my sense of old fashioned romanticism, this could be a protest simultaneously against an ego oriented monogamy as well as the loss of real romance and human connection today, whatever you want. It is also a good statement in that it says; "well, we are all fucked, so we might as well fuck each other." If marriage is the cornerstone of society then it is definitely a prime target for the Protest of Reality, public orgies are definitely a good means of attacking said cornerstone, assuming of course there is someone out there who wants to destroy society? There is much room for a number of statements to be made by such an act, life in many ways can be viewed metaphorically as a metaphysical orgy, or an orgy of cultural idioms though granted it is often all about S&M. This orgy would of course be the last act in the demonstration after all protesters have broken the 4th wall and attempted to get outsiders involved as it is almost certainly going to be met with police oppression.

There is much potential within this model of protest to show the underlying Anarchism of Ontology. Only when we are honest enough and comfortable enough with each other about our genuine motivations that we can have a giant civilization wide orgy on government grounds, can we really be taken seriously as people who know themselves well enough to say what is best for society as a whole? Not that voyeur orgiasts should become our leaders, but that we should all be comfortable enough with ourselves to actually do it if so inclined. Asexuals too would have a place to abstain to point out the flaws with human sexuality, or they may, like certain heterosexuals, force themselves to participate in acts they find unpleasant in order to remind onlookers this is a serious protest and we suffer for it to send you a message. This would be made much more interesting with all the different costumes people would have for the representations. Somehow I don't think burning a flag or effigy is as strong a message as George Bush getting fucked in the ass by the oil companies while giving Christ a blow job, (it feels so good to have bad taste) because getting large numbers of people (in the hundreds or thousands) to agree to have public orgies may be difficult and if not handled correctly unsafe, the protest of reality will most likely have to be waged in much smaller groups. This could be done spontaneously in places of interest like say the mall or Wal-Mart, star bucks, museums, city hall that kind of thing. It would be a great thing to see a human Wal-Mart effigy fucking a Chinese person in the middle of the store while whipping them and making them work, or something of that nature, use your imagination... It's fun! However great and unique a message you could get by protesting alone and jerking off in public dressed in some strange manner, it will be incredibly hard to explain to the police that you are not a pervert but protesting reality, which may be something you want to consider beforehand.

Humanity doesn't honestly know where it wants to go. We seem to have an identity crisis, especially as we become less racist and prejudiced. Since history began we haven't had many motivations other than killing different groups of people; hatred has been most successful in the task of uniting the largest groups of citizens. Do we want to go in the direction of technological supremacy of the few over the many or in the direction of loving acceptance of all points of view? *...I am so incredibly narcissistic and pretentious I astound even myself..* My hubris knows no bounds. The homogenization of humanity has itself become a product for mass consumption within the ego driven mass market media. We must protest the fact that protests aren't working and never will. Once something is blown up into its most extreme form imaginable it is seen as it is, absurd and usually dangerous. We must show that the very foundation of our human (cult)ure is absurd psychopathy.



“We are cultural bulimics who feast upon our own shit which we then puke up again.”

We must point out the fact that it’s all absurd – we have to point out the absurdities and social injustices to everyone. We must make it impossible for the common people to ignore the misery and self gratifying waste that is our culture, which is actually fed (and fed on) by all of us.

Art and entertainment are the most powerful means the government has at its disposal for keeping the masses pacified, especially the more revolutionary art which gives the illusion of a free society. The Romans knew this well and kept the mob occupied with the gladiator fights – now we have the American Gladiators and 500+ channels to watch them on. The Romans could never have imagined such a complete means of pacification as we have now. Let all sit in “sin” as we passively worship the American Idol. Never mind what’s really happening; watch this commercial, then you can be loved once you get the product, then the two of you will watch more American Idol rather than actively loving each other. We are cultural bulimics who feast upon our own shit which we then puke up again. This puke is not nutritional and it’s causing us to die – our bodies are then being fed to our children along with our own puke and shit and this cycle just keeps itself repeating. We are here living off death and destruction, so as one grand display of our complete decadence we should have the orgy on top of the effigies of rotting corpses from all our enslaved third world minions. As tempting as it may be, we should not have sex with those corpses as a statement of our cultures racism, as it wouldn’t lower itself to sleep with third worlders, though statements about

necrophilia are more than welcome. We need to bring to light that there exists the concept that only white people can save the world, that there are millions of souls screaming in torment, “oh please save me white man from our culture I don’t know anything I’m just an ignorant savage who doesn’t even play video games. My people don’t live in obscene luxury so we must be lazy even though we work 16 hour shifts every single day at age 10.” We must show this western world what it really looks like and not how it wishes itself to be seen. It’s not like the stakes aren’t high enough what with the threat of all life being obliterated.

We must show everyone that their way of life is the way of death, and it has been spread across the world, and that no debate of philosophical or ideological dogmas are ever going to change the fact that materialism means destruction, apathy, misery, distress and pain. We are so deluded that we can justify killing women, children and men in the name of freedom and egalitarianism. There is a mass pathology which has created the psychosis mindset that our actions don’t matter; the protest of reality must come to a climax that is the cultural orgy. Let nothing be too perverse or ugly so long as it is true. May everything be geared towards maximum controversy of all subjects idly chattering themselves to extinction, marching in sync within the heart of an atomic explosion upon a desolate wasteland devoid of anything organic, so that not even a little germ will be allowed to live outside the will of the oligarchy. The mainstream counter-culture seems to be waiting for someone deranged enough to declare themselves the Antichrist and lead them to freedom or some such bullshit. The king/child who will lead a revolt against the parents of the earth – well, this biblical bullshit has self-prophesized itself into existence. This is no surprise, as when you cause a shithole existence like this to come about, eventually a kid is going to come around who is pissed off enough to try and actively rebel against the whole of it. It’s the only sane conclusion to take in a world like ours. Fuck the PC agenda that is a whole culture of one authority waiting to take over from the last garbage marathon provocateur; it won’t change anything fundamental until people fundamentally change. Everyone is PC to their own politics, even if their politics are sexist, racist, homophobic notions of “do as I say, not as I do.” All of it is ludicrous and pointless and everyone knows it, perhaps instead of trying to get everyone anal about not offending anyone we should work on making everyone tolerant of people’s verbal offensiveness?

I come from absolutely the most privileged and wealthy kind of background imaginable, yet I still find the time to write about how bad my life is and how

depressing it is that “whoever, etc. doesn’t love me, etc.” I am not important, I am not even really alive, and I am just the channel for which real life, the real creation can come into existence. Construct a working model of the mass ego which represents the total culture and you can control all those who unwittingly fall for such superficial simplicity. This model can then be acted out ritualistically as the rape of the imagination. We live this world every day in our actions. We must leave the image nation that our art can only entrap us in, the image nation is the culture of living in static views of subjective personal suppositions; it is the nation of passive observers who do not create but take what they are given. Instead we must become the I-Magi-Nation, this is where all things are blended and changing, a world of creators and participants and, of course those words are pompous and cheesy and crap; (there is no way for it to not be). The imagination of the profane must spill out into the plane sight for everyone to behold in the distorted mockery of itself and submit to humility. All secret perversities of which we all hold must become proclaimed and no longer hidden. They have festered in denial to cause the infection of our society with the false concept of normality, and so create a higher polarization to strengthen those very things we seek to deny. Let all those who demonized others be demonized, let us glorify our deviations and conform to the idea of individual rights, we are the sarcastic cosmic irony of our own self deluded lies. Cynicism is a failure, and I have no hope for it, it won’t ever get much headway in a world of such conscious young people, with their I delusions of idealism and freedom. They are just the ritual sacrifice to the system of the death emancipation movement. The apocalypse culture who thinks it’s cool to spread destruction and violence. It’s cool to try and create a world that is an embarrassment to the Christian god, or so they thought, but no one ever could match the raging fury of the tyrannical dictator Yahweh. Luckily I don’t think he exists, but still why try to take vengeance on something that doesn’t exist? Because people believe in him, Yahweh will definitely be a target of the protest of reality. We’d rather love the hatred of love then try and do something against the institutions that were here when we were born.

Revolution is itself an institution, and it’s far too cliché to say that revolution is a cliché. There’s no one to revolt against except ourselves, the only way to rebel now is to hate rebellious music. How dare we claim to exist when there is so much beautiful “chaos” waiting to be let in? If you simply present deluded people with the truth, they will think you are stupid or insane, but that is, like I said before, because they have absolutely no context for relative truths, like the idea that everything is subjective. “How can anyone tell me the sky isn’t blue? That is

complete nonsense to say it could be otherwise, in fact Ill kill anyone who does say so because it's so damn offensive to me!" This is how ludicrous the perspective is that there is only one perspective. We need to be more like Loki, Eris and Abbie Hoffman; we need more pranksters shaking up the order of the "gods". Can't find enough people to protest reality with? Don't be sad, you can do it on your own in everyday life by way of Guerrilla art tactics and playing tricks that show people society and reality are not what they seem. Spread some chaos in the name of love, even if some people may hate you for it, and don't forget to masturbate furiously or not to your liking, anything that destroys the idea that there are social norms is welcome.

My generation's identity is the generation of having no identity, and now that I've figured that out I'll probably be killed and all trace of every idea of mine will be wiped out. But as long as there is a life form to destroy or who can destroy my ideas, the ideas of free expression inherent within all things will still exist. The war against war will go on and on and on and on, until there is absolutely nothing. This book is the protest against reality. These words are the physical intention that words are the blasphemous crystallizations of pure essence, which is itself intention. Since no word can fully encapsulate its meaning, they are self-murdering paradoxes of meaning. They have thus become meaningless. However, you wouldn't have much of a joke if there were no such things as words. Reality is the ultimate joke and the joke is important even if it demands everything else must die. Until we are all one big tyranny prostitute living on a garbage pile staring at the great TV in the sky with a syringe in its arms and smoke on its lips with a nice goat to sit on its pierced cock. Are you going to be the image, or the essence it's trying to imitate? This is the image of the imitating image, and it won't leave your face even while you scream for mercy. All those who kill, will themselves be killed, and the price you paid for the original sin is nothing compared to the torment you will be placing on yourself after you realize the countless holocaust victims from each time you washed your hands with soap. How many innocent germs have been destroyed by you damn heartless vegan speciesists!?! Hypocrisy is everywhere; everyone is flawed, because that is the nature of perfect truthful beauty. *"If you haven't contradicted yourself you aren't thinking hard enough"*. I personally despise art as much as I hate pacifist protest but I am a big fan of contradicting myself, even though I hate the idea of being a fan to anything, especially nihilism. The idea that some ideas will not be tolerated is an idea that



“It is foolish to assume that the state hasn’t already engaged us in psychological warfare.”

will not be tolerated. Everything will go inside-out so the minds we think are private will be visible to all, and we will be seen not by our clothes or skin color or race or gender or any other category other than who we truly are; for we are the mirror of each other because we can never really, truly see ourselves except in what others give to us. And we have definitely given the government far too nice of an image in which to see itself. They have managed to create a culture of vanity in a world where no one really sees themselves. The last vestiges of the creative life drive will never waver in their resolve that existence can be beautiful until they are all destroyed.

The activists must employ guerrilla psychological tactics and the ultimate symbolic warfare to surgically bring to light the pathologies of our culture. It is foolish to assume that the state hasn’t already engaged us in psychological warfare. Until recently in terms of complete cultural change we have made little to no progress in properly engaging them on that front, so this requires adaptation of our tactics. From the hedonist to the purely intellectual, this self gratifying masturbation that is

our culture has gone on long enough. The superficial must be rooted out and ostracized, create a trend of hurting the trendy people who followed the trend of hurting trendy people. It's all madness created to distract you from your own power. Make a protest demonstrating theatrically or poetically the hypocrisy and bullshit. Enact the politicians being subjected to what they have subjected the peoples of the world, of all histories to. Many people seem to think things will get better somehow as if by miracle, indeed, if things did get better in a major way it would be tempting to call this a miracle. Some people believe they do not have to actually do anything physical in order to make the world a better place, we have been sold the new age idea of "positive thinking", this has been a barrier to making good people active within activism or giving them unrealistic expectations towards how cultural progress will be achieved. Spirituality and prayer have been co-opted in order to keep us from acting in the here and now. The desire for divine intervention definitely has its place within the protest of reality, religion and specifically the passive addicts of this opiate are to be targeted, while religion is an obvious target we must target the will of the people to be saved from some unseen force. The best way to do this is by realizing these enactments can go along with this new age thinking to point out how ludicrous it generally is. Sometimes we don't realize how silly some of our beliefs are until they are shown before us. This will be done by turning the protest into massive Magickal operations encompassing as many people as possible to dramatically debase and characterize popular entertainment and our own fallacies. We will use so called "Magick" to target our reliance on waiting for miracles, but also as a means of attacking everything within established culture. This tactic should be shown as a celebration of all that is perverse and depraved within society, we will "evoke" the evil so that it can be destroyed from the "collective mind." This has great value in a non-magical context, but this kind of protest would if for no other reason than by "coincidence" resemble certain Magickal rituals, it's a small step from effigy to voodoo doll, chanting to spells, signs and art to sigils... we can simultaneously create more participants by letting those who believe in such things utilize these tactics when they create their own section of the demonstration through art, and we can simultaneously debase the I desire for divine intervention.

The real beauty of using "Magick" in this kind of protest will be that it will really freak out the fundamentalists. It should not be construed that I believe Magick will save the world or that I even "believe" in it; faith in Magick is by no means an excuse to not act in a physical and direct way. Nor should it be construed that I believe this kind of protest will really have much effect in world politics or solve

any major problems, this is not even the reason for such a protest, the real reason is simply to create awareness of certain realities and as a kind of advertisement for direct action which may actually have some tangible results. At any rate, if we could make real activism entertaining enough to get everyone involved then there would be no need for a revolution, then there would only be “Art”ivism and the jungles of the I-Magi-Nation could start to overgrow the concrete artifices that we constantly surround ourselves with. Things are so desperate right now that we need to make everyone aware of all facets of culture, this includes the occult, whether or not it is “real”, people should be aware of it and any allies for the betterment of the world should be encouraged – all lifestyles within the protest of reality will be encouraged and at the same time denounced; the occult communities’ goal must become to turn everyone into a magician, or a nation of magi. Too long have they kept their mouths shut and allowed the profane their ignorance, it has always been argued that common people are not worthy of Magickal awareness, but I argue that it is because they lack these things that they seem to be unworthy. Yes, the time has come for the deranged flakes to come out of the broom closet and try once again to levitate the pentagon. Some people believe we are actually in a kind of magickal war, and so we may as well let such people have a platform, at least within a protest of the kind that I have in mind. Not to mention Tantra and sex Magick is some of the most effective, so why waste such good energy? Does it not make much more sense that those who are unworthy with occult knowledge and political power would do everything they could to make the well meaning masses ignorant of true personal power? Real Magick is mass hypnotism, and we need to make people aware that they are not immune to it. No one can force Magickal awareness on them, and we shouldn’t even if we could, but we should have massive public demonstrations to make others more aware that there are completely alternative ways of looking at reality. Once people are more aware of just how diverse perspectives of reality are they cannot help but be more open minded in some way, whether or not they accept the validity of those alternative viewpoints. Of course, Atheists should be made to feel more than welcome within the protest of reality and religious dogma and symbolism should only be used in terms of ridicule.

This protest of reality will threaten to destroy everything in the name of creation. There are severe implications for the intellectuals to debate about, from spending time debating the implications of spending time debating implications. They won’t ever get it as long as they try to understand it. Unseen messages are everywhere; it’s not a conspiracy when it’s right out in the open for all those who care to look,

but most don't care and this must be shown to them, even that they don't care that they don't care. We deny truths and then we deny that we deny truths. I still can't figure out the difference between a conspiracy and a corporation. There seems to be no other way for such people to open their eyes than the shock of the pain from falling off a cliff, because they were staggering around with their eyes closed caught in some kind of delirium. This protest is the last call to wake from this delirium before the fall; we *will* wake up, won't we? Even if we are all immortals as we are life itself, we must try and wake up, especially while standing on the prefaces of total obliteration. This is realized as even more dire for the vast majority of people who don't believe such things, but whatever your cosmological views may be, we are in quite the fucked situation. For those waiting for a savior you better not let Jesus or Krishna or the Aliens from the Pleadians catch you on your ass while the Earth is being destroyed. By simply reflecting back to most people who they really are, they will be so disgusted they will most likely kill you, at least if they can't get you to shut up, anything for them to further ignore who they are. They are the very embodiment of the idea that everything with a body should be destroyed and they don't even know it. I am the embodiment of the concept that everything must be allowed to exist. I cannot destroy other embodiments, but I do wish to make it clear what certain embodiments truly represent. Everything is good at what it does. Even if all it is, is some jackass lying on his back writing self-righteous mumbo jumbo while tripping on LSD.

It seems the I-Magi-Nation will always be at war with the image nation, so let's be sure at least to take lots of pictures, and as long as they wage war, so will the protest of reality go on. All things must be able to be expressed; I don't think this concept has been properly advocated by activists. All too often it seems that we don't want equals – we want worshipers. Even when their goals are the same, who can share the glory when it's based on smug self satisfaction? We must ruthlessly search out and destroy ruthlessness and destruction. This has been named as high treason in the I-Magi-Nation... **DEATH TO THE MURDERERS**, may the hypocrites be made to live through the ramifications of their lies. Punishment will be given to all those according to their crimes. There will be *KNOW* room left in our hearts for the heartless ones. It should of course always be kept in mind that I have absolutely no idea what I'm talking about and that I am wrong about absolutely everything I say, further more I am no authority on anti-authoritarianism, however I am also no authority on what I am or am not.

THE JOY

By Frater Fordwell (-9°, 4° sub 6°)



In a nearby hospital, a young mother is in labor. The doctors rush about in tension, sweat on their faces. Towels and tubes get flung through the air. The woman sits on a small bed, clutching her husband's hand with an iron fist. His face is hot red with anxiousness and worry, but he tries to mask it, contorting his face into a cruel smile. The nurse is yelling something to the doctor about fluid, but the pain is so severe that she cannot hear them. She watches the nurse's lips moving up and down, hearing the words as nothing but sounds, incomprehensible sounds of the forest. All around her things seem to slow down. She looks at the doctor's mouth. "Push", she thinks he is saying. She tries to feel the space between her legs. What was once in agony is now numb and frozen; her eyes roll into her head. She looks up, gaining feeling there again, the ceiling staring at her. Light reflects from her eyes, the night lights up, she is gone.

I look up and see the stars; can you say I was young?
The blood is thick; it runs warm as I called it in the thin air,
I am there at once, and then missing, in my eyes, I am all,
You watched, but you screamed, and you became my tongue,
I felt you and you me, and we saw the stars, they are calling,
The old man chanted, wanting the day, his hair is brown as tattered birds' nests,
The sky rips open, smoke billows down; their hearts burst outward and grow,
Stars dance about the crowd, they love you, yah know?



“A thousand books are opening – look for the pages.”

“What? You want to see the infernal ice patch?”

“Eyeballs? Who needs eyeballs?”

“The main difference, sir, between the so-called soul you have and the void is the difficulty in getting the lesser one to grow without you being there.”

For those of you who say that this has been done before, we know, shame on humanity for not listening.

A Wakeup Call: The Recreation of Reality and the Return of Autonomous, Individual Freedom.

It would only be polite to first thank you for taking a few seconds of your life to read this, I am almost certain it shall be the highlight of your day. If you are inspired by this, we ask that you make copies to give to others.

We are here and wish to inform you of several issues that might have passed your attention in these many years. The first of these is simple, yet complex to those who see it as such. It is the understanding that you are a completely unbound individual, though you have been fooled into many issues and situations that might have left you with a system of fear within your mind that constricts you from being able to do as you feel you should.

Some of these systems might fall under the names of Religion, National Security, or Government. All of these have been made staple necessities in the lives of most people in the world.

You have been led under the stray illusion that you are bound and must suffer accordingly. The only boundaries are the ones you have been tricked into building yourself. But even these are as seaweed in the waters at your feet and in your eyes. Simply shake them away and I can at least promise that it will lead to something different. Only you can save you, but we will be here to help, all you have to do is look for the freedom that is right in front of you.

Please enjoy your day, continue along your way, and try to have fun.

Welcome to yourself.

LOOK TO THE HEART!

By god, shut up and listen! Open your heart, stop being afraid, and look at it. Freedom! You are amazing. Come hither and hear my words. Come hither and know that there is no end. All things continue onward. Guns are nothing. Trees are nothing. I am nothing and yet we are everything we had ever thought, dreamed, and created/destroyed. LOOK! Can you not see it? There it is; the crest of humanity. Never forget, and always be. The world has waited for you to stand and has watched you slowly lift above the ground. You can feel it if you try.

Those who have used the dreaded phrases of CAN'T and IMPOSSIBLE have forgotten. Either that or they are agents of the *Stag Nation*. They will stop at little, and they want to eat you. They are dying, and they run slow.

Look to your chains and see that they are as the lightest ropes. Rip! Tear! It is your right and freedom! The sentinels are watching and will be there for those that slip on the way out – don't worry. The world is waiting, pissed and excitedly joyful. Give the old boy a fist and a smile on the way out, let them never forget.

Now please relax, breath deep, and remember everything.

We are waiting.

“Was that two of the same thing?”

“Why, yes indeed, young sir, but now we need you.”

“Only foolish men are foolish.”

We hold these truths to be hidden, that every living being is with the right to total liberation, the key to every door, and unending abundance. It is also the right of all peoples everywhere to be allowed to toss off their government, like a tool that has outgrown its use. This must not be mistaken with an act of removal from ones country, for it is also the right of the people to take new roads that have branched far beyond the old ones. It is through these roads the people may make the choice to strip themselves of the bonds of the past, but more importantly, to free themselves of the illusions of the governments that have bound them to their places.

It is only fair to the world of the old dream to give a final list of reasons for this separation:

-The television has become a useless, addicting, thing.

-The overproduction and over consumption of unhealthy foods that poison the body and shade the mind.

-The concept of singular country citizenship. This has separated the human race and has damaged the evolution of culture.

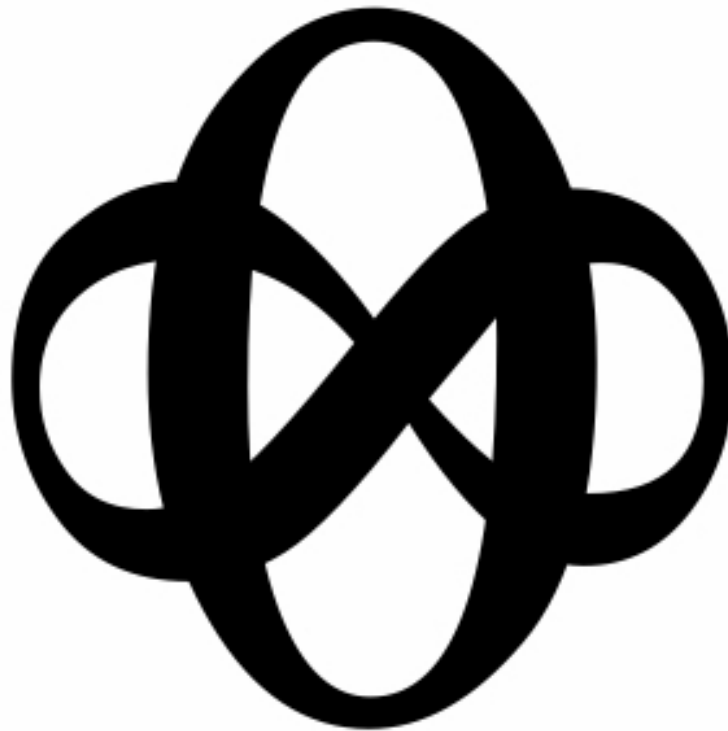
-The recent perversion of the Constitution of the United States of America.

-The unending fear of change that has made the people stagnant.

-The pharmaceutical companies all-over general pacifying of the peoples.

Aside from these things, many people have come to the realization of these false bounds, as well as others, that restrict the progression of themselves and many other people the world over. It is for this final reason, as well as many others, that a new citizenship is called for, one that is not built around the principles of finance or loyalty, but rather around the concept that we are all free to be and let be as we will. It is therefore in closing, that the signers of this document release themselves of their old bonds of government and become World Citizens, those who are of all nations, yet not bound by any.

THE UNDERGROUND CITIZENS
SOCIETY AND ASSOCIATION
FOR THE TOTAL LIBERATION
OF AUTONOMOUS INDIVIDUALS



“Making an omelet out of the cosmic egg since 1961.”

D_{EPH'ETH} B_{EK'ETH} N_{IX'ETH}

THE DEATH OF TREND & THE TABOO CULTURE

In Memory of the Non-Conformist George Carlin

By Robert Rubin

Sometimes, guys, it makes you wonder why most humanoids and drones out there do certain things. Do they do it because it's what they really want to do, or simply because they are brainwashed by the sociological hypnosis to do things in honor of the word "trend", or in simpler terms, because everyone else is doing it?

It's nearly ridiculous these days that people do things they don't want to do, go places they don't want to go, listen to some crappy ass music, or follow some shitty style just because it's the "in thing" to do. Well soldiers, I don't know about you, but I've had enough of the freaking "in thing", I want to be OUT! In this country alone people line up and spend their money to stand outside a club just because they think that everyone who's important is in there. An even funnier thing is how many people are actually there because they think they "want" to be.

What am I trying to get at here? Well, that's where the Taboo Culture comes into play, especially in this country of corruption, Christianity and close mindedness. It's come to the point that a culture of taboo is already festering within the deepest recesses of the world. More and more people are doing unconventional things that are proclaimed to be "Taboo" or bad, not because they are rebels or because they want to look cool, but simply because they are being *true to themselves*.

The Taboo Culture is magick, its drugs, its rebellion, it's even homosexuality, its literally doing everything that people tell us not to do because it's either deemed weird, strange, out of the loop, or in other words, Taboo! It's literally us telling the world "FUCK YOU", I don't care what your god damned trend is. I'm going to do things because I want to, and not to fit it. It's a culture of being true to oneself; the only rule. As long as it isn't detrimental to anyone but yourself, and as long as it's not at anyone else's expense!

So feel free to disagree with me here! I open the floor to anyone being TRUE to themselves. If you think I'm full of shit, I would rather be called such by you than anyone else who is simply following the death march.

LIBER KAOTIKA

SPIRITUALITY IS A MOVEMENT

By She Demon Wolf (-5°)



“They are banded together and at the side of Tiamat they advance. They are furious; they devise mischief without resting night and day. They prepare for battle, fuming and raging. They have joined their forces and are making war.”

I often come across the word *spirituality*. And often, I am not satisfied with the descriptions and answers provided. I am tired of the wishy-washy, New Age, white-light approach to spirituality. And I am not too keen on the idea of darker, selfish spirituality either. I am not entirely neutral, because I don't think that is entirely possible. However, *my* spirituality falls in neither of these categories, and nowhere in between.

I sense spirituality as a *movement*, and an awareness of that movement. This movement is meant in a more literal sense – I see it as our awareness of our movements through reality, and how that gives us greater control on the boundaries, influences and occurrences of our reality.

Some may group that in with simply being a part of magick, but I don't entirely believe so. Spiritual-less magick does exist, it is still possible to influence our environment without being aware of the process behind it, and many do it.

So, in a way, I see spirituality as a kind of science; an acquisition of knowledge – not just 'archaic', higher knowledge, but also knowledge of process, mechanics and flow. It drives us to improve ourselves, to build upon ourselves, to gain more knowledge and to find new ways to apply it, which in turn helps us with magick, gives chance to change and allows us to move through different systems, rather than being stuck in a rut with the same thing, which may work, but becomes essentially stale after a while. I look for improvement. I seek the next upgrade. I have goals, and I intend to reach those goals using *this* force, which carries me through and onwards.

I do not think white-lighters, or those with darker aims, and the religions/groups they integrate with, are really spiritual. They are based on personal bias, which blinds us to potential avenues for self-improvement. Personal-bias is a part of us, and a useful one, but it is a means to spirituality, not spirituality itself. Spirituality should be an aim, not a state. I have been given some great avenues for my movements through reality(ies). I will take advantage of them. Some may consider me to adhere to 'darker' spiritualistic stereotypes, but again, this is personal-bias that others judge me by.

I am here to build, to find, to create and to destroy. I am here to cast aside those paths that are walked every day by many. I am here to forge my own road, and I will be the first to walk down it.

Action. Reaction. Understanding.

Progress is my Spirituality.

HEH/HAUHET SPEAK

There are those who look at us and frown. They do not approve of our methods. They would have us labeled as degenerates, as fools – lazy even. They try to trap us with notions that we are not worthy of their truths, that we could not handle enlightenment.

Fuck them.

We could be like they are. We could focus ourselves so hard into this one identity like theirs. Only then would we be real enough and serious enough for them. There would be but One, and One only. **I AM.**

We could pour ourselves away and distill our souls like they do. They search for perfection as a singular, over-ruling thing. There is only One way, and it is their way. Or, we might stop trying to simply be, and begin to do. We could just stop trying to precipitate the impurities, trying to cleanse ourselves of the very things that make us. We are a multitude of things. We do not want One thing. We want Many. We all have a multitude of aspects. Each has strength, each is a powerful soul. Why would we exorcise these allies when they are the key to our growth? Many is always better than One. In each identity, personality, a segment of our Eternal selves, there lays one of an Infinite number of truths. Why be satisfied with One?

We move along this newly perceived dimension they once called Time. You, with your Oneness, stay stationary in your familiar dimensions and move in no direction. You do not gain momentum at all. We travel it, being many things, occupying more than just one small space in the fabric of reality. We expand, we grow. **I ACT.** (And you know the best thing? There's more than just 4 dimensions – there's an infinite amount. We always knew this, and now Science is beginning to agree. There's no chance of winning them over now with your pseudo-dogmatic nonsense.)

You may call us degenerates, and maybe we are. But at least we are one more thing than you already. And do not forget, we are magicians, we are shamans; we too understand the great power of the soul, and we have access to much of it, like you. Though, we also have access to something beyond the great desire for all-power that you tend to experience.

We have a desire to experience it over and over, and to become greater each time. We do not fear the abyss that we must encounter time and time again.

We welcome it. We are addicts.

All over One.

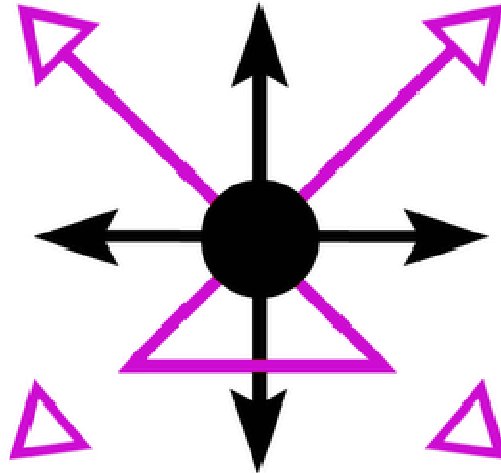
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Heh/Hauhet

RITUAL STARS

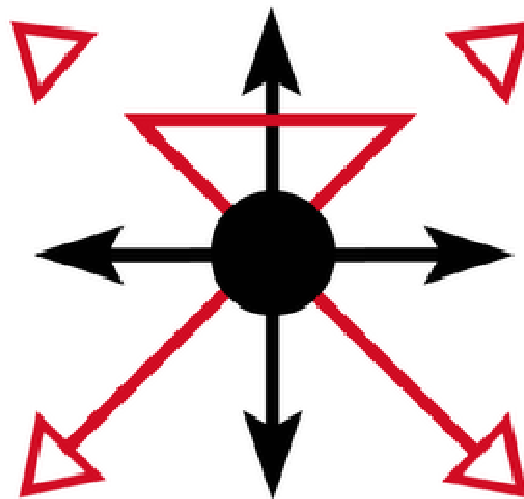
Star of Creation

(Invoke/evoke, awaken, defend, charge, manifest, build [grey area: pink/purple])



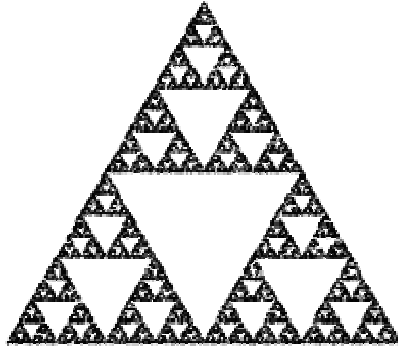
Star of Destruction

(Banish, suppress, attack, drain, manipulate, demolish [grey area: red])

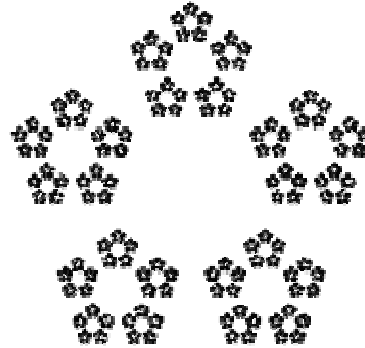


IDEALS OF CHAOS

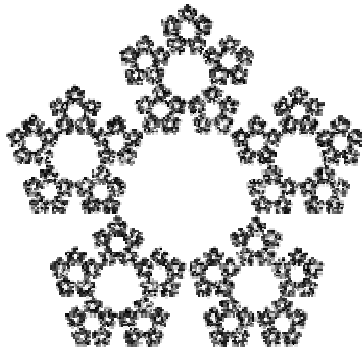
$n = 3, r = 1/2$



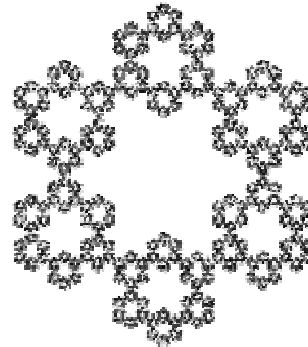
$n = 5, r = 1/3$



$n = 5, r = 3/8$



$n = 6, r = 1/3$



1. To use Chaos

Science, magick, myth, mind and psychology are your tools, use them well! Use them as you Will and as you Might. Create, Invent and become Joyful. Imagination will guide and inspire us.

This ideal is one that has already been explored in depth by many, but it is still a vital part of our journey. Pioneering ideas in the field of magick itself have been on the rise, but it is important to keep on trying and testing new ideas. To discover the tools that suit the individual best is partly an initiation into the world of Chaos/Khaos and beyond. Not just this, but to keep finding new methods for the individual to practice, and to not become too satisfied or complacent with the methods already learned and achieved.

Stagnation is Sin.

2. To live Chaos

By which we live the chaotic life, ride the waves and chase the storms, but never become consumed by its fire.

The words chaos and life together conjure a common image. A ‘rock star’ lifestyle; a short, fast life – a life dominated by money, drugs, sex, or all of the aforementioned, and while it is admirable to live one’s life as they wish, it is not admirable to be dominated and ultimately destroyed by its vices.

To live according to Chaos/Khaos does not mean to be disorganized and self-destructive. All that is required is a sense of alertness to one’s own surroundings. We must be aware of the veritable upheavals and slippery slopes life constantly presents to us. At the same time, we must not seek to avoid them by stalling and changing how we wish to live. Denial does not equate enlightenment.

We must face the oncoming perils with a feral grin on our faces. Embrace the danger, squeeze it, ride it, beat it, fuck it. Overcome it and reign supreme. Never let it control you – you are the Mage, you are the Shaman: You are the Master of your own creation.

Denial is Sin.

3. To be Chaos

By which we seek to Improve, Destroy, Create, Evolve and reach the next level of our never ending Potential. We are Chaos, we behave like Chaos. We rewrite the rules – we ARE the rules. The path belongs to us. To be as Chaos, to be it, to truly become a personification of it is a constant journey. It will never end. You will not reach a state and stay there – you will keep moving, you will keep learning, and you will keep evolving. To not do so is to deny the very essence of Chaos and all it stands for. You have at your disposal Infinite Potential, for within Chaos resides all possibility. Would you be so foolish to reject that? Would you rather find your little corner and be so comfortable? If so, you were not meant for this.

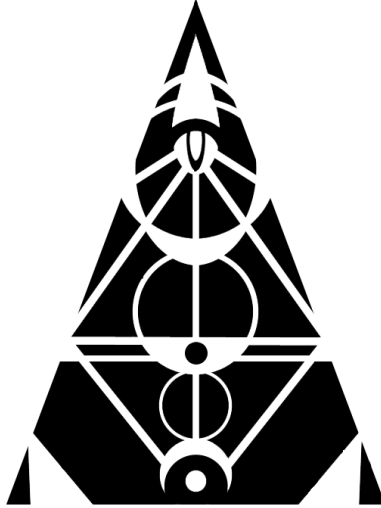
Once you embark upon this quest, there is no turning back. You will move in all directions – no secret shall be safe. It will never be easy; it was never supposed to be. But it shall inspire you, and it will be the most delicious, painful, wondrous thing you have ever experienced.

Let the others stay behind and worship/mourn their faiths and their slave gods. Turn the corner – turn the page. The path unmapped has *much* to offer.

To not walk it is Sin.

BLACK TRIGAG

By She Demon Wolf (-5°)



Tisath Rehor Iesah Gorf Awethteh Gowah.

Tessymn Rusoith Iloen Gsorr Aruecois Gaysk.

Tryommeh Raie Ihieses Gyofeem Aperom Gyilr.

I AM THE BLACK TRIGAG.

I originated in a different star system; I am the Demon-God of the Black Triangle Aliens. Already for thousands of years have I and my minions influenced your pathetic human culture – you can see it *everywhere* you lay your dumbfounded, pitiful eyes on.

Recently my existence was brought to light by a drunken, pothead magician from the Domus Kaotica (what did you expect?) Now I've been fully unleashed into the consciousness of all mankind, and I can finally set about being an even bigger asshole than I already was, and of course, creating my reign of pain, despair, utter misery, and ridiculously high gas prices – *just* the way I like it. I am the reason Emo exists. I invented the Oreo Pizza. You can blame *me* for Dick Cheney. In fact, I'm the reason everything shitty, horrible, disgusting and bad exists. You can blame it all on me, honestly! I'm still going to violate your weak mammalian lobes no matter *what* you say or do! Now go ahead and slit your wrists.

LORFF!

I am the other side of the invisible coin. I am not dark. I am not light. I am Trigag, and I speak of the secrets no one wanted to know. In these truths lie all that you fear and hate. In these lies grow all the false hope and hopelessness. I am the Black Trigag, and I am here to show you nature at its worst.

The worst comes to the best and the best turns to worse. All lies, within perception. The poisoned meat is not meat, but the flesh of the soul and the mind, and I am that which you fear. I am the memory of pain. I am the anger that courses through your heart. I am your demons, but I am also the way in which you will be saved.

Understand! You cannot reach the gate if you do not know yourself. You shall be struck down. Your mind will be obliterated by your very actions. You will fall, a skeletal reminder of those who would not face the within. Your soul will be but a ruin, those hidden things that brought you terror and anguish will become your only truth and self. I guard the Abyss. I know your soul. I know you. I know all. I see all. I am all. You cannot hide from yourself. The Abyss is hungry. Come on in.

These mysteries are those most mysterious of all. Most dangerous. The grudge you hold, your obsessions, your self-hate and suicide wish. Kill all or none, and if none will be killed, you will be dragged back in. The Abyss will feed on you. I will feed on you – the worst and the better.

I am the fire that burns you. I am the smoke that chokes you. Know yourself and overcome. Know yourself and the Abyss will become your ally – through the Abyss, onto the Gate, and into Infinity.

Know thy self, or know eternal torture.

**ALL OVER ONE.
NONE OVER ONE.
ABYSS UNTO ME.**



THE TRIGAGIAL WARNING by Frater Alysrose



- 1: In the end Trigag devoured the heaven and the earth.
- 2: And the earth was digested, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the sky. And his awful tail latched upon the gut of all creation.
- 3: And Trigag said, Let there be LORFF: and there was LORFF.
- 4: And Trigag saw the Lorff, that it was good: and Trigag divided the Lorff from the Lorffless.
- 5: And Trigag called the day Night, and the darkness he called Nothing. And the evening and the morning never came.
- 6: And Trigag said, Let all the children of man be amidst the waters, and let them sink so that I may have soup.
- 7: And Trigag made the soup, and divided the children which were under the soup from the children which were above the soup: and it was so, for He desired orphans most of all, who never sink.
- 8: And Trigag called the soup Delicious. And the evening and the morning still never came.

9: And Trigag said, Let the men and women who are also delicious be gathered together unto one place, and let the great cage appear: and it was so.

10: And Trigag called the great cage Earth; and the gathering together of the soups called he Seas: and Trigag saw that it was appetizing.

11: And Trigag said, Let the earth bring forth slaves, the bondage mask yielding tight zipper, and the cracking whip yielding marks after its kind, whose lashing is in itself, upon my earth: and it was so.

12: And his earth brought forth slavery, and bondage, and the whip, whose lashing was in itself, after its kind: and Trigag saw that it was good.

13: And the evening and the morning still never came...

Is this really what we want? *FOOLS!* Realize & bring doom upon your own selves before the Black Trigag *rapes* you in every direction out towards *infinity!*

With his mighty whooping LORFF he undoes the belts of both Jesus and Satan, shoves a Big Mac up Buddha's ass, dumps arsenic in the burning pipe of "Bob", and gives Mohammed a forced sex-change operation. Lo, is there no hope for mankind before the *Great Caging* is upon us?!

NO, THERE'S NOT.

Oh! Coat thyself in BBQ Sauce! Wash thy hairs with rich spices! Engorge! Engorge! Already has the influence of Trigag from his infernal cosmic abode reached us, already do we bloat! Look around you! We're practically *begging* for his lower intestines!



Figure A: Two meat pies bent to the will of Trigag.



Yea Verily! Best hope you bring him gas, for there is naught else you may do! On the day of his arrival, load up on preposterous amounts of LSD – perhaps in his stupor, Trigag will stub his horrible tail on a *supernova!*

Listen carefully. Stare up at the night sky; do you not hear a menacing **LORFF** in the vastness of space? The very **LORFF** that had echoed off stars billions of years ago, brought a fiery death to the dinosaurs, tainted our earthly DNA, and had raised a crop of much tastier, intelligent (*only intelligent beings know what slavery & suffering is!*) sugary morsels, being spoon fed growth formula from Popular Culture – *an instrument of his very own design!*

First Law of the Universe: TRIGAG HUNGRY.

His terrible cosmic voyage had begun and is almost complete!



Figure B: A Black Triangle UFO sent to earth by Trigag to do god knows what.

It is only by receiving the preventative psychic technologies manufactured by the Domus Kaotica that we may *even have a chance* at living a life by the graces of an un-raped soul. Do not become Trigaged! *THERE MAY BE A BETTER WAY!*

By adorning his blasphemous totems upon oneself, we have discovered that the Black Triangle Aliens will ignore your theta waves whilst you sleep, instead of lay eggs in them. DON'T BE A SCHMUCK! This geometrical technology is the height of Trigagian Science, 200x more effective than the thickest tinfoil hat, and works throughout the various planes of existence. Being smarter than your average potheads, we have managed to contain its ultra-dimensional frequencies upon cotton, no less. Your satisfaction is guaranteed! **BUY NOW** – lest you stand naked before his eye, unprotected from his bowels, and unprepared for his Lorff.



INTERMISSION

PARTY LIKE ITS

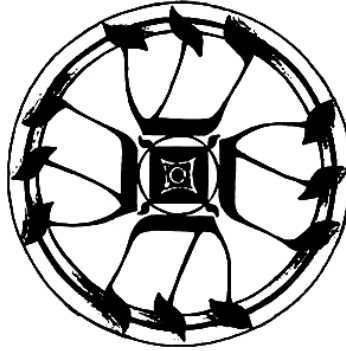


2012



FACE THE SUNSHINE IN THE DEAD END

By Glynn Frye



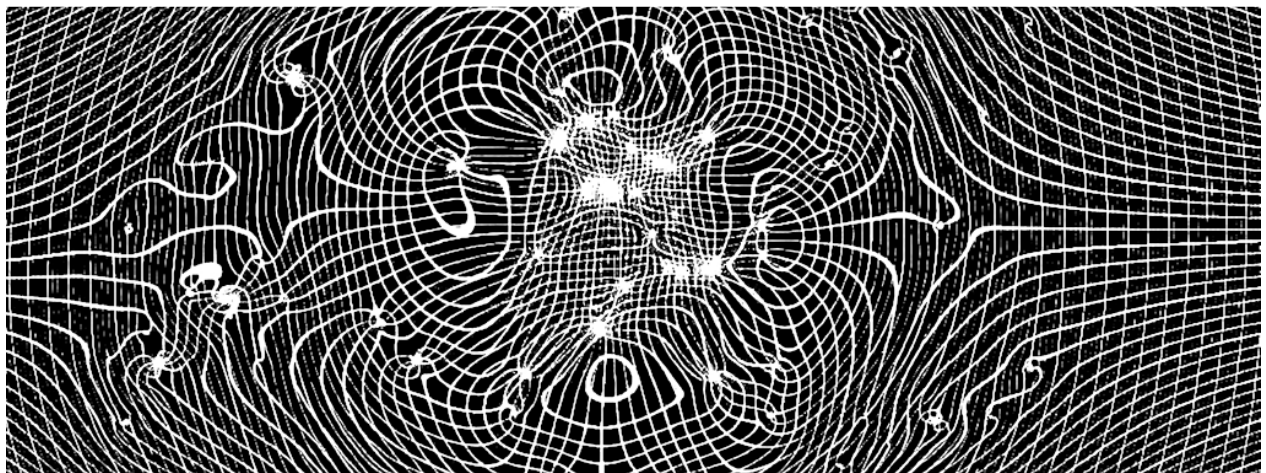
Many of you know me by my pen name of “Sheosyrath”, but this article will not be written by Vicious Sheosyrath of the Domus Kaotica, but instead by Glynn, citizen. I am a teacher of philosophy, generally Zen and Shamanistic points of view. This isn’t how I live, but it’s who I am. I am also a musician, as music is one of my passions. I have spent the majority of my life listening, reading and observing the actions and words of others. For a long time I studied other people and the world around me, and then for a long time I studied what was inside of my own world. And I must tell you, I have begun to develop distaste for the human race as a whole. There are many very intelligent people walking around every day, doing very unintelligent and meaningless things. They just want to live lives that have no life in them, never thinking outside of their own box. There are things you can always be sure of in life, and these things are sorrow, change and that you are not only you. Life, people and things are filled with sorrow. Nothing can bring lasting happiness but yourself, and only to you. Nothing in life will ever truly satisfy you. Unless you stop wanting, you will always be left wanting. Nothing in life or existence itself is ever the same as it was before, change is always occurring. The best and most exciting things are those that you do not know, risks and changes. Only if you embrace the constant change in your life will you ever come to fulfill it. Stagnation is death. Burn with the flames, float with the uncontrolled waters. But always remember, you are not only you. The world around you and the people in it are also you. The animals, the plants, the sky and the rain, it’s all a part of you. This realization is gained simply, because everything you see and feel is only a thought. As far as you can prove, there is only an empty space and you.

What do you really want to get out of life? Do you want to know what I want out of it? I want you to wake up and see that you’re chained to your bed. I want you to get out of that bed in the morning and smile and sing because there is green in your bowl, not moan and bitch because you have to go to work in an hour and pay the bills afterwards. There are some things that we just should do, but there is nothing

that we absolutely *must* do. There are some things that you may want, but there is nothing that you *need*. When Gautama Buddha was asked what the cause of suffering in life was, he responded simply “attachment to desire”. And then how is suffering ceased? “Cease attachment to desire”. Now, these words may be interpreted many ways but I will gladly tell you how I see it. It isn’t desire that is the problem, it isn’t that you want something... it’s being attached to the fact that you want it. You know, I’m a little hungry right now. But I know that I don’t need to eat, so it doesn’t bother me and I take another sip from my Old English and continue my essay.

I’ll be honest with you guys, my readers, and my friends that will read this. The other night I had a female over, one that I hold affection for. She asked me what I wanted from her, and I responded simply “absolutely nothing”. I could have said many things, such as “I want a blowjob”. But I’m quite sure that it’s only the sexual part of me that wants that, and where would giving in to that get me? My guess would be nowhere meaningful, nowhere useful. This girl had something in her eyes, a curiosity coupled with intelligence. And she was smart enough to know she couldn’t get inside my head; that’s why I write like this, so you may understand me. If there was to be anything, it would have to have meaning. It is my humble opinion that desire must have meaning for it to be worth fulfilling. Meaning leads me to answers for questions never asked before, and I rejoice silently in my discovery. I close my eyes and see worlds sprawled out before me, and I wish for you to see the same beauty in this universe. Thus I invite you to join me in my quest to find things of meaning. You may not know where we’ll be going, but I assure you, it’ll be fun.

O fortuna velut luna
Peace and love my friends



FLESH OF THE APPLE

By Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°)



“17. What? The key is offered freely. This divide cannot be overcome, or known, and always seen. Nothing is of two things. One is genuine void, the other is void observed, now tainted by the truth of lie, the infinite imagination. The lie which is placed upon nothing by the observer is infinite, and can be anything, and all things.

There is still that which remains nothing, and even greater now in the duality of thought, poised against the generated infinite, birthed by thought and observation. This is our fault. The injection of will into this nothing is the magic word. And like magnets, set up against each other, a spark ignites the sky.”

– The Chelsea Working

The greatest book on earth will not present the reader with dry facts or undisputable evidence – it will cause the reader to question his own “facts”, and “undisputable evidence”, whatever they might be.

There are, frankly, some people within this world with such a tight suckling grip on the teat of comfort in the proven, the ordinary, and the unchanging that they seem to have never entertained the thought of psychological growth in the first place. To automatically jump here into the thought that, “well, the sky is blue, when it rains it rains, and gravity exists”, is to miss the point entirely, and you should be ashamed of yourself. Surprisingly, some of these tightly-strapped, mushroom-boxed people are even artists, whom usually tend to live within their own heads, as all creative types, and likewise, tend to be the type of artists who are, in all honesty, really deserving of the title, “artist”. Dali comes to mind, and even Einstein was a surrealist. $E=MC^2$ came to him in a dream, after all.

“Man is a creature with a double heart; one side existing in reality, the other in fantasy. Both must be accounted for and nourished, lest he end becoming half a man, half a mind, half a soul.”

There are even some who find themselves in fear of their own imagination – with the rise of the awareness of mental disorders; (which contains in itself the fear & ignorance of those who have not yet come to terms with the fact that a consensus, “normal” psyche does not exist, and alongside that, the production of a myriad of harmful “medications” in an attempt to forcefully create the perfect mundane psyche out of a uniquely beautiful one) they convince themselves that perhaps, in some way, by allowing their imagination to run free, they will literally think themselves into insanity. It is, and always has been the fear of “the other” which causes such reactions – schizoid in themselves, for one of the better aspects of a sane, intelligent mind is the ability to accept others as they are, and not as how you would prefer them to be. To automatically jump here into the thought that, “well, paranoid schizophrenics need help, psychopaths need help, pedophiles need help”, is to miss the point entirely, and again, you should be ashamed of yourself. (It is always for the most dramatic and empathically draining examples that the bourgeois jump to in order to remain on high ground – a hand-me-down tactic of the corporate news – pardon me whilst I receive more trusted information from the random patterns of my own vomit.)

The majority of these cases of “mental illness” which are thoroughly medicated, wished, and warped away are not, in fact, located on either side of the dramatic spectrum – the meat of the sandwich, as it were, is the usual target. Shyness is being thought of as an illness, antisocial behavior is being treated like a disease, even emotions themselves, anger & depression, instead of being seen as the symptoms of some internal issue which you must recognize, deal with, pass

through and accept yourself are being treated like unwanted viruses which had manifested themselves out of your very brain chemistry. They can medicate the hell out of your mind, but they'll never be able to tell you *why* you're feeling depressed in the first place. Of course, chemicals in the brain come into play, but one must realize & note: the release of chemicals in the brain occurs by means of emotional stimuli, and the memory of such stimuli. Furthermore, the events experienced in one's life and the emotions they cause serve to link one's internal physiology with the outside world in such a way that they could be thought of as mirrors of each other – one being perception-based, the other being chemical-based. Simple thoughts, themselves, produce an emotional reaction and thus change one's brain chemistry, however subtly – imagination has a physical (chemical), as well as visionary basis. It would seem probable then, that in some way, one could very well “think themselves into insanity” (although the correct wording would be to “think oneself into an altered state”, as the very notion of insanity sits on the most unstable of grounds, as every mind is, in fact, different) by means of obsession on certain imaginal thoughts, or real events which were traumatic to experience, and not knowing how to properly deal with them, are negatively obsessed upon, thus creating a steady flow of emotional/chemical reaction as the thought and it's tied emotions appear more and more frequently, or are buried completely within the subconscious and continue to work from behind the curtains. With this in mind, it also opens the more positive doors of being able to change yourself by mere thought – to actually alter the chemical basis on which your brain operates from the simple utilization of one's own imagination. In some circles, this has been dubbed Meta-Programming.

"Do not worship the idea, do not worship the god, do not worship the ego, do not worship the system, nor the law, or country; worship the imagination that spawned it."

It is the natural state of the mind to work through ideas, emotions, desires, and memories, in the end, forming acceptable conclusions about them. For one who becomes depressed, and then instead of looking into the roots of the emotions, alters the natural language of the mind by means of synthetic drugs which simply cut off the emotional blood flow via forced, aggressive chemical changes, this person will most assuredly cause far more damage to the internal self than would manifest by merely attempting to ignore the fact that they have some soul-searching to do. Being the ignorant fucks that they are, mindlessly bumbling

around their own poorly conceived notions of “happiness”, the synthetic drug company giants have been allowed to become an empire of pushers. Tony Montana has nothing on Pfizer – verily, he would probably ask them for business tips.

Although, these people cannot be blamed in entirety for their actions - the use of foreign agents on the human mind & body is a tradition as old as time. It is simply a shame that we attempt to fix something that was never broken, this being, the use of entheogens and psychedelics for the purpose self-discovery, self-medication, and psychoanalysis. If it is true that one may alter oneself by mere thoughts, then the vast potential for self-editing, mind-hack and meta-programming when using entheogens and psychedelics is amazingly exponential. Of course, some of said entheogens may indeed carry along with the positives some mirrored negatives, perhaps causing harmful, health related side effects, primarily if they are smoked, though most plant alkaloids are processed by the body fairly easily - they're familiar to our physiology in some way based on the body's use of structurally similar compounds produced in the brain. (Example: Anandamine, the feel-good chemical released when you exercise is chemically similar to THC, [from Cannabis] and bonds to the cannabinoid receptors of the brain. Consecutively, THC from Cannabis is chemically similar to Anandamine, and thus is relatively comfortable and easily processed by the human brain) After all, we did all come from the same earth. The interconnectivity of chemicals is vast within nature, another prime example being Dimethyltryptamine, found in almost every ecosystem - from frogs, butterflies, plants, to the human brain & spinal cord.

“The cannabinoid receptors are a class of receptors under the G-protein coupled receptor superfamily. Their ligands are known as cannabinoids or endocannabinoids depending on whether they come from external (ie; Marijuana) or internal (endogenous) sources, respectively.”

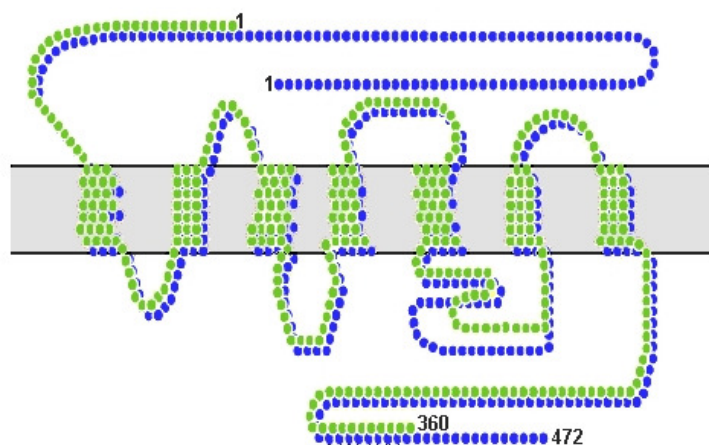


Figure A: Cannabinoid Receptor Structure

It is interesting to note (albeit preposterously baffling) the rather vicious stance in our culture against natural plants & their compounds, and the almost celebrated attitude towards the synthetic mind-kill generation of corporate laboratory drugs (though we must also realize that the masses have been beaten, whipped and chained into a very small box with a sticker on it that says, “reality”) Of course, myself being a good space monkey who does his homework:

“WASHINGTON - The U.S. Food and Drug Administration issued a public health warning yesterday about a highly touted smoking cessation drug after it was linked to potentially serious neuropsychiatric symptoms.

Adverse effects have been reported in relation to the prescription medication Chantix (varenicline), which is sold in Canada under the brand name Champix, including changes in behaviour, agitation, depressed mood, and suicidal thoughts.”

In fact, a similar drug (or perhaps the same) was being used by people in the UK, that is, after the news story broke that it had caused a person to grab a gun and head off to execute their neighbors...

Alongside these accounts of the mind-kill generation, those of us in the US have been made witness to a very peculiar campaign which aims to assault, diminish, and demonize Marijuana for all it's worth – a campaign called *Above The Influence*. In the multitude of these commercials, we see a teenager burning his guitar on a grill (a statement that pot kills off the creativity in you – better burn those Beatles and Jimi Hendrix albums too, filthy potheads!), a young man standing in the middle of his room being told what fashions he should wear by all his friends (a statement that peer pressure is the cause of marijuana use, but instead of your friends telling you what to do, let *Above The Influence* be your pressure-peddling peer [hell, I'd rather cave in to my friends than a damned commercial]), and a child who experiences surreal burn marks appearing on his arms throughout the day, then creeping melancholically up to his sisters room in the dark, peeking in only to see his role model shatter into a million pieces as she puffs the satanic herb with some friends.

All in all, it's good old fashioned propaganda with modern production values, and it's done very, very well.

While giving a rousing pat on the back to the good folks at *Above The Influence*, I would now like to spew forth some pot propaganda of my own (or potpaganda), the only difference being the shameless use of facts (the good ones, that is) I know, I should just stick to shock-cut corny agitprop, but I guess I'm just a hopeless cause that way. Ready? Here we go!



Marijuana is the most widely used illegal drug in the USA.

Marijuana has been used for thousands of years in a therapeutic capacity, and lately its healing properties have been championed by those who wish to see the drug legalized. While its toxicity is still a source of controversy, some benefits of the drug's use have been noted in medical journals and books, with a large positive attribute in its favor – so far, death by marijuana overdose is unheard of. That's a startling contrast with any other drug, including common non-prescription medications that are easily available such as paracetamol and aspirin.

One effect marijuana can have is to increase alpha-wave activity in the brain.

These waves are associated by neuroscientists with states of relaxation and meditation, suggesting the drug has a calming influence, and can be used to combat stress.

Other conditions that marijuana can improve include nausea and poor appetite.

This can be particularly effective when associated with other serious conditions such as AIDS or cancer, where weight loss is a problem. The so-called 'munchies' effect of cannabis is sometimes quite desirable for sufferers of such diseases.

Famously marijuana is used for its pain-relieving properties, and while critics often argue that is simply an excuse for its abuse and common painkillers should supersede it, science shows that the ingredients in cannabis work as an analgesic, and can at times enhance the pain-relieving effects of opiate medicines, allowing these potent substances to be administered in lower doses. The condition Multiple Sclerosis, which causes spasms and pain in the muscles, is now often treated with marijuana, due to studies showing it significantly reduces pain in sufferers.

Scientists are beginning to believe that the drug is so effective because it in some way shields the nerves from the kind of damage MS traditionally does.

A further specific disease, glaucoma, is also thought to be treatable with marijuana. The condition causes pressure on the eyeballs, which can eventually lead to blindness, but in the 1970s scientists discovered that smoking marijuana decreased that pressure.

Hemp is the strongest natural fiber (three times as strong as cotton)

Industrial hemp has many uses, including paper, textiles, biodegradable plastics, health food, and fuel. It is one of the fastest growing biomasses known, and one of the earliest domesticated plants known. It also runs parallel with the "Green Future" objectives that are becoming increasingly popular. Hemp requires little to no pesticides, no herbicides, controls erosion of the topsoil, and produces oxygen. Furthermore, hemp can be used to replace many potentially harmful products, such as tree paper (the processing of which uses bleaches and other toxic chemicals, and contributes to deforestation), cosmetics, and plastics, most of which are petroleum-based and do not decompose easily.

Hemp seeds contain all the essential amino acids and essential fatty acids necessary to maintain healthy human life. The seeds can be eaten raw, ground into a meal, sprouted, made into "milk" (akin to soy milk), prepared as tea, and used in baking. The fresh leaves can also be eaten in salads.

The first American flag was made from hemp.

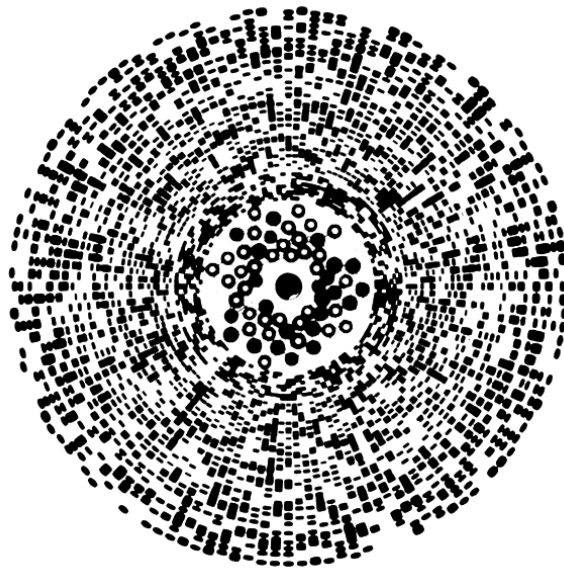
The first drafts of the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence were written on hemp.

The first editions of the King James Bible were printed on hemp.

"A Prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principles upon which our government was founded." —Abraham Lincoln

"If people let government decide what foods they eat and what medicines they take, their bodies will soon be in as sorry a state as are the souls of those who live under tyranny."—Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence; first United States Secretary of State; second Vice President of the United States; and third President of the United States.

"People have a right to get stoned. They have a right to think and explore their own minds. This is as intimate a part of their being as their sexuality. Any culture which mitigates that is clearly afraid of a full and fair and open dialogue about what reality is and what real human values ought to be." —Terence McKenna



"This can be said about depressed people on antidepressants, anxiety people on their medication and impotent people on Viagra. What's the point of being "drug-free" if you can't enjoy life without drugs? Internationally, "the war on drugs" provides a cover for intervention. Domestically, it has little to do with drugs but a lot to do with distracting the population, increasing repression in the inner cities, and building support for the attack on civil liberties." —Noam Chomsky, "The war on (certain) drugs" in *What Uncle Sam Really Wants*.

I think I've done my part in giving the *Above The Influence* folks a thorough hard spanking. If that wasn't enough, it might interest the readers to know that through the use of drugs (for these examples, marijuana excluded) Francis Crick had cracked DNA while under the influence of LSD, discovering the double helix, and Sigmund Freud, father of modern psychology, under the influence of cocaine had come up with what we call today, Freudian Psychoanalysis. But let us return now to the big picture.

When dealing with drugs, whatever they might be, what's true today was true then in the time of the Shaman - not every person could handle, or was ready for the psychological effects, and some may have developed psychosis as result depending on the strength of the dosage, age of the person, or hereditary triggers. The Ayahuasca Shamans of the Amazon were very keen on keeping the Vine of the Dead away from those who were not prepared, or were of the incorrect age.

As well, some plants, known to be poisonous, were also used outright for spiritual purposes. Datura Stramonium, for one, was used in the attempted creation of real-life zombies in voodoo culture by slowly poisoning the target's food & drink with it. However, the same plant, in Native American culture was made into a salve & rubbed on one's genitals in order to produce an out of body experience. In ancient Hindu culture, the same plant was holy and was said to be a gateway to Nirvana.

Every traditional use, stigma, and praise of any plant is entirely culturally dependent. It seems that one man's zombie is another man's Nirvana.

We consume drugs on a daily basis, and more often than not, our lives are improved by result. Modern medicine is based on compounds found in the plants & vines of the rain forests, co-existing right beside some of the more infamous ones. We both have it right – us and the Shamans. Where we have it *wrong* is the endless production of synthetic laboratory drugs being peddled as cures - more often than not, revealed to be much more toxic and dangerous to the human body than any traditional entheogen ever was. The reason for that is the chemicals themselves are alien to us - they exist outside of the ecosystem, and aren't handled very well by our brains and nervous systems. More to that, we're finding greater & greater amounts of these synthetic compounds in our drinking water. Why? Because they can't be thoroughly broken down by the human body. They either build up in your system, or they leave by means of saliva, sweat, urine, or bowel movement and remain in the water supply. I don't think it's a very good scenario when everybody is being dosed with antidepressants, calmativ agents, hormones

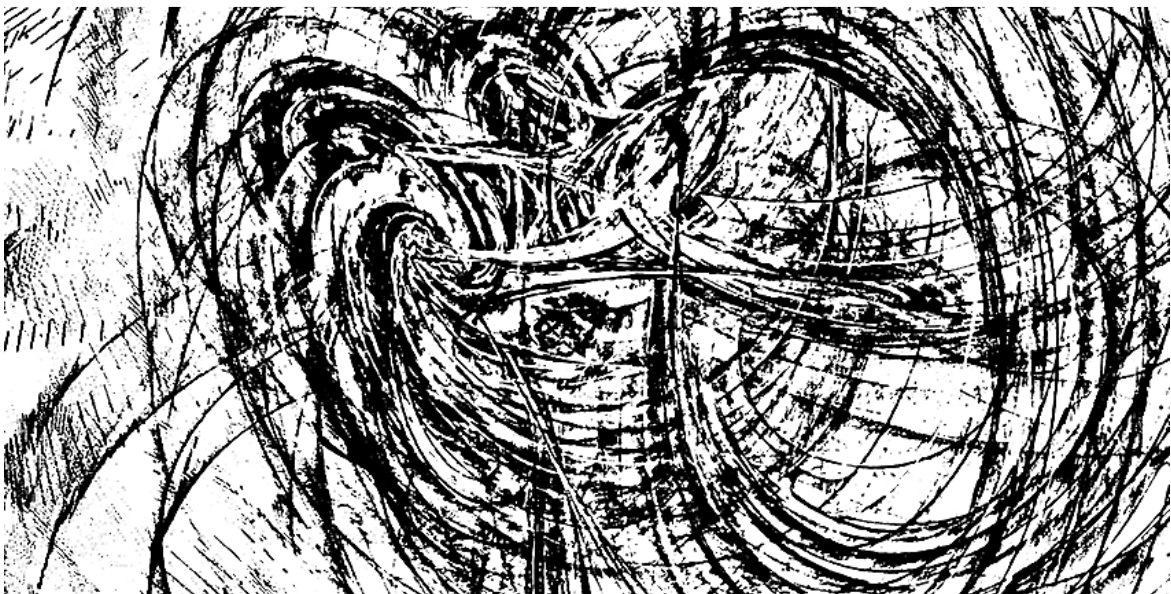
and all the rest of the mind-kill cornucopia, and (I would hope) that some agree with me on that point.

So what was the overall point of this article? The Mind; your mind, my mind, our minds, and the relationship it has formed throughout millennia with the smaller, more alien minds surrounding us – those of the plant world. These minds are some of the oldest on the planet, and they may offer unto us cures, experiences and positive personal changes just as readily as they deal out toxicity, harm and psychosis. But we can't back out of our ancient relationship with them just yet – they've given us too much, and they continue to surprise even our brightest thinkers, and change the opinions of our most stalwart skeptics. There are more of them than there are us, and we all know who will win out in the end – those new breeds of Shamanic intellectuals who recognize the relationship for what it is, and use it as an agent for the betterment of our existence on this planet. Those who are of the opposite spectrum and who would rather see a kind of Plantae Genocide occur along with throwing over half the world's population in jail because of their use of said plants are more or less, marked for extinction – they will not survive for the sheer fact of natural selection – they were given a brain, they were given logic, they were given knowledge, they were given the opportunity for growth, and they ignored it in favor of the sick romantic attachment to the police-state mentality.

May they, at the very least, die with grace.

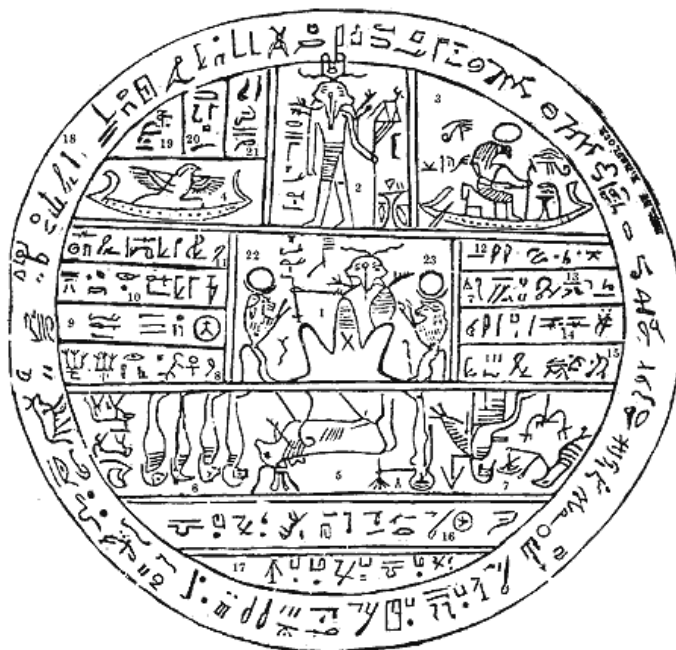
Long live good health, freedom, and the pursuit of happiness.

This has been an original transmission from the First Psychedelic Church ov Lulz.



NOTHING IS REAL

By Multipleegos



Here's the deal. Last night I went into the astral and I clawed my way to Tiphareth, and I pretty much declared war on Science's banishing spell of Utter Certainty, knowing full well that I was demolishing one of the most powerful pieces of protection shielding me from the craziness that is a magical world.

So why did I do it? Why smash the world's shell? As Kozue put it in my little piece of fanfiction 'In the Shadow of Revolution', why awaken a blissfully sleeping world? Because I was not blissfully sleeping. I am tired of blissfully sleeping. Take this for example: There is a girl out there that I have allowed myself to dream about, allowed myself to want, but I am too fucking scared to have. I dream of having her but my paradigm doesn't allow me to *have* her. And all the spells and sigils and hyper-sigils in the world won't let me have her if my paradigm cannot contemplate the thought of having her.

Same is true with other things. Vast wealth, mental powers, lightning bolts at ten paces. Part of me, the part that has bought into the scientific paradigm of utter certainty, is utterly sure that I cannot have these things. And for what? To stave off the fear of the unknown. The results that cannot be reproduced in a laboratory setting.

Give me the fear, then. Let me stare the fear in the eye, the fear that you get when you stand on a ledge and realize that the option to jump off, jump to your death, is available and nothing is stopping you from choosing to do so. It's not the jumping that's scary. It's the fact that the option to do so exists.

Give me the fear. The manic, mercurial, orange-tinged fear that gives wings to your feet. Let me grin, giddy and breathless at the realization that everything is possible, in a real, visceral sense. Let me see ghosts standing on street corners, in darkened windows. Let me sense demons clawing at my feet. Let me fear attacks from unknown forces. Let me live. Let me die.

Nothing is real, you see. And I don't mean this in a postmodernly-hip way. Nothing is certain. And since reality is certain (otherwise it wouldn't be real) then nothing is real. Not even change is constant. Even change changes. Wrap your brain around that one. Even change changes. And that is really. Fucking. Scary. That's what everyone is afraid of in the end. Uncertainty. That's what divination was invented for, prediction, the science of narrowing the choices down to what we can see, a role now largely filled by science.

When I was a child, I wanted to be a scientist because I thought that with science anything was possible. But you see, with science, only one thing is possible. Everything else is extraneous, probabilities that do not occur. Because we want to see how everything works, don't we. And once we know how everything works we assume that everything must work that way all the time.

But I refuse to open the box to see if the cat is dead or alive. It doesn't matter anymore. The cat is dead and alive at the same time. And by not looking, the cat is permitted to be both at once. Both at once and it's allowed because I allow myself not to be certain. Certainty is the tyranny of what is, what *can* be. And I refuse to submit myself to the tyranny any longer.

It doesn't matter to me anymore how these things will enter my life, wealth, power, wisdom, enlightenment, her; what matters now is that they are permitted to do so in whatever process allows these things to come to pass. These things are permitted to occur because I refuse to rule out the outlandish ways in which they may happen. There are no coincidences, only synchronicities.

*Nothing is Real;
Everything is Permitted.*

THE SHAMANIC ANDROGYNE

By Avida Dollars



*“To what strange end hath some strange god made fair the double blossom of two fruitless flowers?”
-Ovid, Metamorphosis*

IT WAS LONG AGO that I had come upon the oft-considered gender paradox, in its most blatant occult manifestations in these times of commodity & multiplicity, and even for those stalwart sex pistols among us, set in their ways, whatever they might be, the question of “gender” itself hangs as an anglerfish lure in those deep confused waters, beckoning the curious ever closer, and more often than not, devouring them with the vicious surprise of undisputable absurdity. But I speak of ideas, and what of the flesh? Are the sexes so clear cut that we may avoid this question here, within the world of physicality & absolutes? It would interest those skeptics and seekers alike to know that hermaphroditism reproduces on its own – appearing every so often amidst variables which lean towards a non-contribution of phenomenon. Is it then more akin to a condition, a disease to those who would so arrogantly (and stupidly) announce it to be? Ovid wrote of Hermaphroditus, “born a remarkably handsome boy but was transformed into Hermaphroditus by union with the nymph, Salmacis” as represented by the famous quote above, and if so the case, this “disease” was inherit within the very seeds of humanity itself, and if a natural & self-replicating phenomenon, then what?

FOR THE OCCULTIST, the appearance of the Hermaphrodite is a reminder to the inherent flexibility of gender, not to be confused with sexuality, which is an even more elusive and transformative beast. It would seem commonsense, to us, that gender always corresponds perfectly with sexuality; man fits with woman, etc. though as enraged as we may become, Nature time & time again declares that this is simply not the case. Of course, Nature is also an intelligent thing, and the survival of the species is at a forefront, though it appears s/he is an intellectual with a good sense of humor to boot, and often such innocent & playful games conjure up the most heated flames of hate, doubt, and despair towards & within those afflicted.

IT IS NOT ONLY for those “gifted” among us that I write, it is for everyone, who knowingly or not, ultimately define themselves, as well as their Gender. Gender must not only be defined by self, but it must be heightened to the peaks of self, and of individuality. The schematics are there, the space is offered, and in doing so, a negation, a realization, and a Godhood are gained. The following system, comprised of mental-software, ritual, and prose, is the key to opening the door to that driver’s seat, of which may very well control the wrecking ball required to topple the Gender Wall, along with its paradoxical graffiti, once and for all. May restriction be forever cast aside, and so may we take flight unhindered by boundaries, self-imposed or not, and glorify Gender & Sexuality as the transformative agents of creativity & expression they are, once were, and shall forever be.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS ritual on the invocation of Salmacis, the nymph responsible for the transformation of Hermaphroditus, recognized as the now god-form required for such a working. It is believed that for females, in search for a union of opposites, the invocation would follow the principle of Hermaphroditus himself. It is interesting to note that amongst the myriad of Greek nymph references, Salmacis is the only one “nymph rapist”, being a dominant female in search of the male, while her more timid kin play the prominent & unchanging role of a timid female being pursued by a dominant male. Another important factor in this story is that of the “cursed pool”, who the now transformed Hermaphroditus, in his/her anger, enchanted to have the same effect on all those who touched it’s waters, being the place where Salmacis met him in forceful union. This is an interesting twist, and this document utilizes the symbolism of the pool by means of a magick mirror, which will be later addressed.

O HEAR THE CALLINGS!

Automatic writing produced while in trance (meditation on the Androgyne)



I.

Listen carefully. Do you detect, by her light, the trepid task, of miscommunication?
Hail My! Hail Self? Sacred unto Myself, the (my-self). We are split, both of me.
She's here. Make us cry just one tear; I'll change you for a million years. Alter the
existence. The milk inside me hums. So hum for me! The Change? Voice, style,
face, words... I'll bring you with me. We'll come to your house and give you a
forced pan-sexual-shift. No surgery, no pills. It's Magick, Baby. Kiss me now!
Kali and Shiva, Bast and Baphomet! Place (my-self), this fractured thing, in warm
quarters, cuddle with me babe, give me Your Soul! Forever!

II.

Simple, and of perfection? Take my ovaries as they are. All ye, my children. We
metamorphose as one. Gender no longer exists. What of the girl? [no.] I will show
you this Truth you barely expect to see. All Hail the 3rd Sex! ONE DAY, we will
be perfect – Post-Emotional, Post-Sexual. Harmonics as Ignition. Rhythmic
patterns of transmission static back-masked within the sweat of my pores. Take me
into your life, boy/girl, and I'll show you at least one version of...

HEAVEN, HAVEN, HELL

1 2 3
3 5 7
(7) 4 7 10 (17)

My numbers are off, and I feel beautiful.

III.

Do thine work by all equations, and then soon realize. Now, feeling so complete(ly), vulnerable? Penetrated by pixels, value, (color?). It feels good inside. Perhaps this is but the window. Do you still fear me? [no.] Look at what I will give you! Is this not desired? Am I wrong? I love you. I love you. I... (yellow), my mind is the gun in your mouth. I'm building an army, a machine for The War.

I Have More Tits Than You.

~~Those who feel but do not think.~~

~~Those who think but do not feel.~~

Cowards! Now Choose! Here comes The (War/Love)!

I am Unique. I am a Warrior. I live for The War, fire, passion. Love & Hate, Sex & Death. Love Death, Hate Sex! Love Sex, Hate Death! Be ye blind forever, who does not touch me here.

IV.

Despair and regret, but never for me, who is neither. God and Satan? I have fucked them both, for Christ's sake! Thee Magickal "style" of thought? I give you this, my children. Wherever you are, there you are. You are known, and thus forever hidden. Ye may now cry upon thy own shoulder. I love you, but your mind is tight, pink, virginal. Loosen up the frontal lobe, and then may this voice be heard. Lute

Te Md. Lute Te Md. Lute Te Md.

Wow... 888 ...woW

It must be magick, and so burns the witch.

444

V.

More, you say? Hear ye! I have discovered a way to cum forever! Dual, explosive, full-body dip into some deep-space vat of silver, immortal wine. Also through the palm of thy hand. Do not become lost. You see, we Klimax together.

Penis, Vagina, what are these? Are they at all? I have attained the whole of the spectrum. The eyes turn red after such a feat. Being woman, I control and love men. Being man, I control myself, thus women love me. This, I have become. Do not look into Her eyes, lest ye be made a puppet. What horrible thrills shall you experience? I am now giving birth to myself, again & again, and the smell of roses thereafter. Closer now, so close, so close, closer, closer, There! The exposure of innocence. Time to bring The War home, and show you all

There is
Absolutely
Nothing
To be
Afraid of.

VI.

Together, forever. Spread your fucking wings.



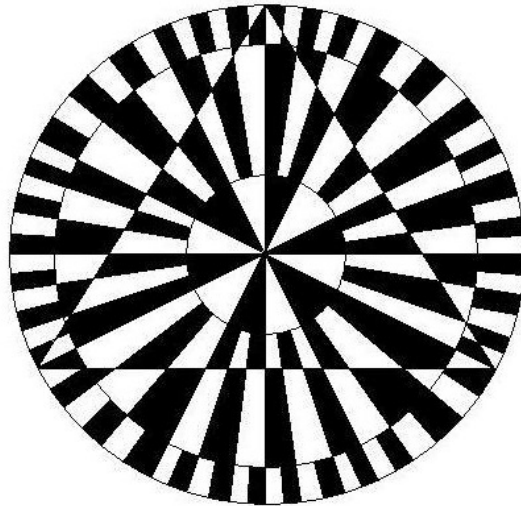
*Note: This text, along with its said ritual work and invocations is unfinished. To the best of our knowledge, the author had never completed the writing and is at this moment unable to be found or contacted.

INTERMISSION



THEE FIRST BOOK OV RAMBLESTONE

By Pyro “Jimlad” (-3°, 6°)



DISCLAIMER: I ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANYTHING. PLEASE DON'T SUE ME. LULZ. ANY ANYTHING IS UNRELATED TO ANYTHING.

WELCOME TO PYRO'S SUPER AWESOME MEGA FANTASTICAL WALLOWING MAGICK POWERS ARTICLE ON THE EASIEST MAGICK YOU'LL EVER DO LOL!!!11 OMG WTF GET UR GIRLFRIEND BACK WITH SIMPLE CURSING VOODOO FOR ONLY \$19.95 OR UR MONEY BACK LOL!!! SPECIAL UNIQUE SERVITORS! YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF! ONLY \$20.12 PHARMACEUTICAL ANAL LEAKAGE TALISMAN FUCK PUPPETS AND PYRO AND THE GET OUT OF PRISON TODAY OUR SPECIAL OFFER GET AN ERECTION DIVORCE LAWYER TAGGING CONGRESS BAHAMAS VACATION EOD DOE IMMORTALITY RUM GIN.

MY RAMBLINGS ON L33T SUPERPOWERZ AND MADSKILLZ WITH EXTRA LULZ AND A BIG OLE TOE!

“I may be able to write down about a page of weird ideas for techniques that presume the legitimacy of certain practices.”

Some of these I thought of myself, though others may have thought of them before me, I'm not trying to steal anyone's shine. “Originality is the art of concealing one's sources.” Perhaps even from oneself.

There are other ideas that have sort of been taken from books, I just find them interesting and figured some people might enjoy learning of them if they don't already know of them.

I apologize in advance for all the references that some people will be unfamiliar with: hermetic, astral, psi, new-agey stuff maybe, and internet and Big Toe slangs such as lulz, lmao, harr, etc. Don't take any of the stuff in this article to mean that I'm absolutely sure of the existence of distinct "astral" and "mental" planes or anything, I haven't exactly proved/proven it to myself yet, but a lot of this runs on the premise that there are such "planes".

"Sunshine and Seeds", as w00t/Kaster says.

Have lulz, lulz for all, damn them with anti-lulz. LULZ.

THIS IS LULZ, YOU CANNOT DENY THIS. LULZ IS ALL, ALL IS LULZ.

LULZ IS THE LAWL.

LULZ UNDER WILL.

Just as well, sorry for using so many self-referencing personal pronouns, I have this thing about saying "I" or "me" too many times, but I may have failed here. LULZ gain. And lulz again, mainly.

Have a balance between belief and skepticism. The ALL.

Thanks w00t, for the hentai, it winneth/wins, srsly.

Hmm, sunshine and seeds, surely. But also rain... And what of pesticides and fertilizers? And what of companion planting? Shall we go organic? Detox? No tox? High yields(?)OMG FORDWELL WROTE A BOOK!!!111LOLWTF amirit?

I think I've overdone it here. Much Ya Ho?

LULZ.



Here is one idea about preventing people from “reading” your thoughts (assuming thought-reading is possible) –

If you think about mind reading, you might wonder how you can keep your thoughts from being read by others. I don’t know if this would work or not, it’s just an idea I came up with. I was thinking about certain meditation techniques, and I was thinking of something I read about the character “Hannibal Lector” being able to run multiple thought processes simultaneously, can’t remember where I read it.

You think of one thing on your surface mind, “loudly” so to speak, as a cover; and the thought you wish to conceal, you think “quietly” and in the background of your mind; it requires you to split your attention and subtly focus on the quiet thought while going through the mental motions of the loud thought. The idea is that the cover-thought will be more noticeable to the thought reader, and the quiet thought will be so faint in comparison that they won’t notice it.

It basically would require you to think of two things simultaneously, and would probably take a lot of concentration power, which can be cultivated/developed by concentration exercises/meditation. Regarding whether or not you’re able to conceal the thought/s from the thought-reader, I suppose it would depend who has the stronger mind/will.

It could be compared to blasting loud music on speakers to prevent someone a small distance away from hearing what you say into someone else’s ear. Perhaps it could also be compared to sunlight blocking out starlight.

But, even if it works, there might be some method of thought reading that renders such a method useless. Still, it’s an interesting idea in my opinion. Or maybe nobody will get this one, lulz again.

Gigantic Magical Circle

(Assuming the efficacy of circle casting/circle consecrating/circle making rituals and techniques.)

What if you were somehow able to direct a ritual with multiple people helping to create a giant magic circle? I’ve heard from some sources that a “vortex” of energy “descends upon” the magic circle, usually in the context of ceremonial magic rituals such as the Opening by Watchtower and Supreme Ritual of the Pentagram.

On a side note, there are other rituals besides these which are often used for the same purpose, and these two rituals seem very similar to me.

So it would seem that more “holy energy/delicious octarine(?)” would descend upon the “sacred space” in greater amounts if you made the circle larger and maybe if you had more participants; or maybe circles have a qualitative effect on sacred spaces rather than a quantitative effect (energy-wise), or perhaps a quantitative effect within certain limits, perhaps in proportion to the qualitative effect... I hope that wasn't too confusing.

I had an idea something like “what if you made the entire globe into a magick circle” but I wouldn't exactly be sure of how to do that, it'd probably be more like a magick sphere or something, ringing around the earth with a giant circle of people(yeah, bodies of water, I know), I dunno. (lolz)

Reincarnation and Retention of the Memories from Your Previous Life

(Assuming the existence of reincarnation.)

The idea is that after you “die”, you somehow make your way to a new body and retain all your memories of who you are, your “ego mind” or “personal self”. You don't necessarily regain all the memories of multiple previous lives, but you can retain the memories of your previous one.

“The idea is – Mr. Smith dies and uses some method to keep his memories... and he's born into the next life with full knowledge that he was Mr. Smith last time 'round, and he has all the memories he had when he died. Brilliant example huh?”

I originally cooked up this idea in the context of wanting to “start over” except with memories so I wouldn't fuckup again in zeh game uv life. But I'm past that part of it, I'm “stronger” for all the depression and self-loathing psychological shit I worked through. LULZ. I still think it's a fun idea for your garden-variety aspiring immortal.

I've come across several ideas on how to do this. One is “co-habiting” a body with another spirit (pre-existing spirit, godform or self-created servitor/egregore, thoughtform/whatever). That is, you share a body with another spiritual being. The spirit you cohabit with, the formerly discarnate spirit, presumably not being tied to

the bondage wheel of samsara, and... Let's start over, while I leave that little bit written and trail off with periods in a vague attempt at humor, lulz.

The guy I heard this idea from said it was “not fun at the best of times.”, actually I've probably modified the idea a bit, and I'm really not sure if he was thinking the same thing or if he just put forth the notion and allowed me to fill in the blanks(since I was eager to show off how clever/cunning/intelligent/whatever that I could be in trying to anticipate the idea, yeah, geeky perhaps, lulz again, your parrots fly away...)



I talked about it with some chick/lady who is or was fairly well known on occultforums.com, she said it's not something you want to get involved with and that certain voodoo sects do it, I dunno if one of us was misunderstanding or if both of us were perfectly understanding. Ho hum... She also said that to remember past lives, there's something you do after you die, and that she couldn't remember what it was, but it's “almost automatic, like a reflex”. I think she also mentioned that when it happens, spirits usually help you... which brings up the idea of simply(or not so simply? HARR LULZ) conjuring up a spirit who can do it for you. I remember that guy Ashnook summoning a spirit called “Zachriel” of Jupiter...or Chesod/Gedulah/WhateverItIsCalled... apparently an angel specializing in matters of memory, I wonder if he/she/it would be capable of influencing memories in relation to reincarnation.

Back to zeh Methawdz of Cohabitation

So, you cohabit with the spirit, it occupies the same brain as you in the same body as you, and we assume that it has all the memories you have as a result. We also assume that the physical body has an astral/subtle analog, which has the same memories, but is “of a more subtle and fluid nature”, and at physical death, without a physical body to form itself around and/or anchor it, it dissolves sooner or later, perhaps even undergoing changes in memory due to an unstable environment (perhaps the physical stabilizes memory as well as astral form?). I really have no

idea, just speculation; that's all this is, speculation. I sometimes think of death as similar to dreaming, and in dreams you can experience odd changes in memory and cognition/reasoning. I've had dreams in which I temporarily "remembered" things that clearly didn't happen. Hmmm...

Wait, where was I? Oh right, so the spirit has the memories that you have, and you die and reincarnate, it finds you and "re-integrates" with you, coming into the new body/brain you're occupying and sharing it with you, and this causes you to share it's memories, I guess it's sort of like voluntary half-possession. And the memories coming back, when you think of some models and theories of how astral projection works, might be sort of like the projectable double returning to the body.

Also, I heard that there is a risk that the spirit won't be able to find you after you reincarnate, due to some change in your soul that throws off your "signature" and makes you harder to recognize.

I heard there was something from a book called "Liber Nox" about doing some sorta majeeekz to be re-birthed and taught by a specific person, and you'd grow up and eventually regain most of your memories or something.

There's also the possibility of getting really good at astral stuff, and somehow making your subtle body "stronger", and capable of "holding itself together", so that it could maintain a somewhat stable and coherent existence even if it lacked a physical body, and perhaps then it could find a way to attach itself to a new body, like, jump into a man's testicles and animate/possess a sperm, lolz, the man screws a woman, you take out all the other sperms and beat them at the race, and bam, a new body, lol. Assuming that is the mechanism of incarnation...and that there isn't an abortion, miscarriage, or use of birth control. I've heard other things such as that the mental body descends into the fertilized egg and the astral body begins to develop, along with the physical body I assume. Again, dunno.

This seems like a disorganized and confusing "article" ...ah well, sometimes disorganized and confusing things make people think. Maybe...?

Skrying Technique

"An aura must be gazed upon – not looked at" I think that's a Robert Bruce quote, from his article on training to see auras. It's not exactly about skrying, and it might be taken out of context here, but I like that quote.

I remember a good Crowley quote with a microscope analogy from the section on clairvoyance and the body of light in “Magick in Theory and Practice”.

Basically, in the technique I use, I gently gaze upon one point/spot and don't move my eyes or blink, I hold that state for awhile, relaxed. This is a brief description of what I experience:

If I'm in very dim conditions, I see a blackness roll into my peripheral vision and overtake what I see, it fades pretty quickly, and then repeats, if I blink or move my eyes it disappears immediately. If I'm in less dim conditions, a grey “fog” slowly accumulates over what I'm looking at until it is obscured, but it hardly ever overtakes my vision completely, I can hold this state more easily though, looking into grayness for extended periods of time. Eventually both grayness and blackness give way to pulses of color. Not sure if these are phosphenes, astral sight, or what. They don't quite fit the description of phosphenes, and if they were astral sight I should be able to see something in them. Dunno.

I've never really seen anything beyond the grayness/blackness/colored lights, no shapes that could be construed as spirits, no remote visions; just vague, fleeting forms in my peripheral vision and the aforesaid grayness/blackness/colored lights...except once when I might've seen a silvery-white streak flash across my sight.

If you're an optometrist or eye doctor, or someone familiar with science relating to optical illusions and optic nerves, and/or you have information for me about this, feel free to send a PM about this stuff to “pyro” at:

<http://www.sacred-magick.org/>

When starting out with this technique you may want to do it in very dim conditions, and pretend you're falling, or you're in an elevator or something, anything that upsets your sense of balance I guess; I think I used to imagine that I was on a falling platform, I did this while staring at a large mirror in a very dim room. For the longest time I didn't even think it was related to astral sight, but I'd read stuff describing signs of astral sight that are very similar to what I was experiencing, meh, maybe it is and maybe it isn't. Try it and reach your own conclusion, or don't. *LULZZZZ*

Etheric/Telekinetic Gene Freezing and Heat/Cold/Blunt-Force Protection

What if you could use telekinesis to protect your body from damage by heat (or cold, for that matter) or sharp objects? I read a theosophy book that had some stuff in it about coating your skin with a micro thin layer of “etheric” material, or something like that, which would allow you to handle extremely hot things without being burned.

What if you could use telekinesis to “freeze” your genetic and cell structure in place or something, and keep your body parts from aging, or some sort of majeeikalz energeh mechanism to “reset” everything in your body (genes, cells, chemistry) to a “default” state after a predetermined amount of time. With the same “mechanism” you could keep any cells from leaving your body or dying, and thus you wouldn’t need food to create new cells...

Or, maybe you could permeate your entire body with “etheric” material and use that to do the “freeze” (but it’s already been described if etheric material is in fact how telekinesis works), and command it to “lock” in place... I used to think of it as “etheric gene frame” (lulz).

There are various complications that arise with this idea regarding the absorption of food; the regulation of thought and emotion in relation to the brain; respiration, inhalation of oxygen and exhalation of carbon dioxide; growth of the body(if you aren’t fully grown) ...I’ve thought about this, but am having trouble articulating it, this is just a speculative thought anyway.

Oh, and according to some (who? Lol wiki) people, some of the aforesaid stuff is how iron shirt/iron palm techniques work, like an etheric shield.

One Particular Telekinesis Explanation/Speculation

“A basic occult theory is that all matter can be affected by thought and emotion to some degree, and that the denser the matter is the harder it is to affect; also that there are levels to reality subtler than the physical plane... erm, I’m basically getting to the part about using concentration to create a form of energy so dense that it condenses and becomes physically tangible.” – Me

LULZ, maybe I should've touched up this quote a bit. I mean, those would probably be "basic occult theories" instead of "a basic occult theory".

Well, that's basically it, what if telekinesis is explained by physical matter being affected through the same mechanism that allows "psions"(yeah, fluffy word, get over it, you know what I mean, lulz) to make "energy balls" or move subtler energies with their minds.

Or maybe that was obvious, I've forgotten. Fargonnen, lulz.

There's also the less direct idea that we use some sort of energy which we direct at things in order to move them. But if we have control over that energy then we should just be able to directly control the matter of the objects themselves, rather than going the indirect route. Or maybe there's some sort of process that collects and connects certain surrounding energies to us in a slow process(sorta like growing body parts, fingernails, arms, etc), and allows us to control them, like an extra set of super-versatile limbs/tentacles (lmao, tentacle fetishists will love this shit.)

On Sigils

I like to think of sigils (when used in certain ways) as doorways. Not sure exactly why. Probably from reading about projecting (AP, astral projection) through sigils to get into some "plane" that relates to the sigil. Think of Kon's earlier physical evocation method, or think of the tattwa exercises where you imagine going through them like they're a doorway. Like they're portals or wormholes of some sort.

When I think of putting energy into or firing a sigil, I often think of it as though the energy that goes into it is going through its symbol and into some sort of plane that corresponds to the sigil, and into some huge reservoir of energy that has also been put into the sigil.

Telekinetic Transmutation/Physical Transmutation/Majeek Transmutation

I will babble about it for you (I'M DOING IT ALL 4 U!!!111) and possibly for your pleasure. If you can move objects across the room or whatever/something, why couldn't you alter the subatomic/atomic/molecular/particulate makeup of

objects using the same force/ability? Because you can't perceive the subatomic/atomic/molecular/particulate makeup of objects? What if you had clairvoyance? Then you might be able to adjust your perception to really small things. Then, you might say that the materials are too complex to construct manually, and that far too many building blocks would need to be put together in order to gain a significant amount of the material; you would need some sort of majeeek/practice that either made your mind and psyche powerz run at hyperluminal speed (so to speak), or you'd need some sort of automatic majeeek mechanism that could be made specifically for that purpose, capable of doing such a thing. Or maybe you could just somehow "will it" to become this or that material...

I've heard that you can make servitors/egregores for any purpose... ANY purpose? Hmm... (and there are supposed to be spirits who are able to transmute stuff too.) Maybe you could saturate materials with a dense (and tangible) energy and somehow make the energy move in a way that would rearrange the constituent particles. I also remember some materials produced about Charles Webster Leadbeater using clairvoyance to view extremely small things such as atoms; though if I remember correctly, many (or all? Or most?) of the observations they made on this were incorrect, but again, the idea is still interesting. You could attribute the incorrect observations to messed-up ESP producing false perceptions, or you could attribute it to ESP not existing.

Knowledge Transfusion/Absorbing Huge Amounts of Info Very Quickly

What if you could do some majeeek, and suddenly know things that you didn't know before? Or do some majeeek, and have the ability to quickly memorize anything you glanced at (such as the page of a book)? That would be cool. (Could "Intuitive Aptitude" fall under this category?? Lol)

There are two spirits I've read about who might have this ability, one in the Goetia (Glasya Labolas) and one in The Black Raven (Mephistophilis). Again I wonder about Zachriel (angel dealing with memory) but to my knowledge there aren't many mentions of him. Oh, and there's another Goetic spirit called Forneus who according to some authors can show you how to majeeekally speed up your learning process. Oh, and perhaps an air spirit called "Paralda".

I'd add some quotes from the above books, but it would look thoughtless of me not to comment upon these, and I don't feel like commenting on them, and you can look them up yourself if you're interested(The Goetia and Summoning Spirits..and The Black Raven/Threefold Coercion of Hell,lol). So I'm not gonna dwell on this topic. And there's a book called "Scholastic Magic: Ritual and Revelation in Early Jewish Mysticism" which may or may not have some stuff related to this subject.

Manifestation of Matter

I've heard about a method of manifesting objects (whether this means you form existing matter into new forms or manifest fresh, "completely" new matter, I don't know.), wherein one projects out of their body, creates an object with their mind or something(on the "astral"), and then "pulls it back" with them as they re-enter their body. I'm not entirely sure what this means. Some stuff like this is mentioned in Konstantinos' book on evocation (laugh if you want, lulz, but I thought it was an alright book, if a bit "fluffy").



Anyway, if well-made egregores have an attachment to their "body" or whatever they're kept in (if they're kept in a physical base), is their attachment with their base similar to our connection with our body? Can it be made so? If so, then maybe it could do the same thing (manifest objects/matter) upon returning to its shell. Just a thought.

Skrying/Astral Hallucinations and "Reality Fluctuations"

Actually, Franz Bardon covers hallucinations quite well in his books "Initiation into Hermetics" (particularly Step VIII Mental and Step IX Mental) and "Practice of Magical Evocation". And Robert Bruce covers "reality fluctuations" in his book "Astral Dynamics"(Chapter 31; among others, I think). But I think these subjects are also covered in various other books.

There are ways in which your perception can be distorted while you are attempting various extra-sensory-perception techniques; your mind is in a subtle environment that is more easily affected by thought/emotion. You can perceive things that aren't really there, or that aren't really happening, this can be caused by a variety of factors, your subconscious being one of them.

Always remember to have some way of confirming what you're perceiving, don't simply believe something because you want to. (Before you call me a hypocrite for writing about superpowers n shit, let me say that I'm speculating and regurgitating information here, I am neither a skeptic nor a total believer.)

Some, myself included, have speculated that hallucinations (as in psychosis) may be astral/energy related, and not in the brain, or not totally in the brain...or not caused by the brain. Also, sane people have hallucinations too, there's a whole fucking wiki article about it, lol, and a book, or at least over 9000.

Slow Motion Viewing

What if you could view reality in slow motion while your thoughts ran at regular speed? Or what if you could speed up your thoughts so much that reality seemed to move in slow motion? I seem to remember some stuff like that from lord of the rings, particularly when Sam put on the ring, "The world changed, and a single moment of time was filled with an hour of thought." I think that would be very useful, for more than just speeding your reaction time, I don't think I need to explain why.

Hmmm, could I have subconsciously derived this idea from Farscape? Naah, I don't think so. This one was probably me.

I don't know much about how to do this, but I've heard that an increased surplus of energy (like, much increased, in your body/energy body or something), can increase your reaction time and make things appear in slow motion (possibly only for some people or certain types of people, the experiences of others may differ).

And I'm sure a lot of you have heard about temporal oddities in people's experiences with astral projection. Someone could project and have an experience that seemed to last ten minutes, then return to their body and look at a clock to find that only one minute had passed since they projected; just as an example.

Some Thoughts about How Spells Might Work

Oh, and I think regular spells might operate (assuming that they operate) by influencing the minds of people (telepathically?), causing them to do things that work towards the goal of your spell; and/or through some type of butterfly effect on the material world/s. I could write more speculation on the mechanism of majeeek, like why concentrating on something in a certain way makes something happen, or why matter supposedly responds to mind, but I really can't find the words to clearly express what I mean on that subject.

I don't remember if I read this somewhere or if I thought it up myself- "Mind influences Matter, but Matter conditions Mind." Others have probably written of it though.

Biblio-Whatever-Mancy-ish-Stuff

Maybe we can find coded messages in books by chance (bible codes and such), or maybe the authors subconsciously tune into psycheekz signals and then subconsciously encode hidden messages into their writings, or maybe both.

Astral Shape Shifting, Telekinesis and Dominating the Wills of Arthropods

What if you astral/astrally projected and shape shifted yourself into a massive form? Could you morph to the size of a mountain? I've had the impression that with "telekinesis" it's easier to move smaller things than it is to move larger things, though this may be a false impression, or maybe the impression that it is easier makes it easier... But say you astrally shape shifted to the size of a mountain, planet, or even larger; would it somehow make you more powerful so that you could make things relatively much smaller than you move with your mind?

I've also tried to mind-control/body-control bugs and make them move in different directions (with my mind, majeeekz, you know), the size difference plus the fact that they're probably I less intelligent/self-aware/willfull (or most/almost any mammal) than me makes it seem like they should be easier to control. I don't really do this anymore, possibly because I lean toward a belief in karma.

Just In Case Karma (the “mystical force” type) is Real, Thoughts on Karma and Stuff

Just in case karma is real, maybe you shouldn't dish out anything that you yourself cannot take. So hopefully, when it comes back to you, it won't break you.

But it raises the question, if karma were real in that sense, does it come back around with equal force that you threw it/threw it with, or does it come back with whatever force it needs to do damage equivalent/relative to the damage you did to whomever. I hope that makes sense...

Metaphor: If you're a rock and you throw a knife at an apple, and it slices the apple in half... does a knife get thrown at you and bounce off, or does something get thrown at you so you split in half?

I used to believe in Karma, but now I'm not sure. And I'm not sure if it contributed to the refinement of my personality or not. I've wondered if I really feel compassion for things or if I just have a deeply ingrained sense of enlightened self-interest. Experience would seem to suggest that it's compassion, since pity was experienced even before knowledge of karma... Or am I making a mistake in associating pity with compassion? Or maybe even as a child you/I had an ingrained sense of enlightened self-interest; maybe someone talked about “what goes around comes around” within hearing range, or maybe reincarnation is real and a belief/knowledge in/of karma subconsciously carried over from a previous life.

If you step on a bug, maybe a god will step on you. But this implies that we are as gods when compared to bugs. But the point is the same: step on, and be stepped on; he who lives by the sword dies by the sword. Take a line from that fugues song, and you've got the law of threefold/fourfold/etc, or perhaps the idea of hell or eternal damnation: he who lives by the sword dies by the gun, lol.

But then, bugs are often so small that we don't notice them, and they can hide, and some can be deadly/dangerous.

Hmm.....

Another Thought on Mind and Matter + Thoughts on the Nature of Physical Life

I have proof/evidence for mind over matter: wiggle your toes.

How could matter simply come to life when it is arranged into a certain form such as a brain or amino acids or something?

If there is no soul existing separate from the body, then I think the next best explanation is that consciousness is an inherent quality of all matter and that it can express itself in more complex forms when it is given a body that it can move. That's animism though. It would still be possible to partially reincarnate in this case, for instance through the food chain. Or maybe you could fully reincarnate through nanotechnology, but if you had nanotechnology on that level you could probably just make your physical body immortal.

Some people have a sort of inbuilt animistic tendency to anthropomorphize things, myself included perhaps. Don't mistake my meaning though.

Perhaps when matter coalesces and forms into different objects, the consciousness (assuming there is consciousness there) within all the pieces forms together into one consciousness, like droplets of water merging into a puddle. And perhaps different forms tend to express different qualities of consciousness... dunno, but that's enough for now, you get the idea (maybe).

Maybe consciousness is an inherent quality of matter but we also have an external soul of sorts at the same time... What if consciousness is a result of matter/energy and also moves through matter/energy (spacetime also being energy?) That would allow for an external soul that can move through the universe but is also an inherent quality of matter...AP and animism, lol. This is all just speculation, mind you.

What If You Constantly Change Souls

I may have mentioned this already: What if you change souls every night? If memory is physical and the soul is just the animating factor, how do you know that you don't permanently leave your body every night (losing your memories) only for another soul with blank memory to enter it and gain your memories, becoming

exactly like you and thinking that it is you. For that matter, how do you know your body doesn't switch souls every second? Or faster? Lol.

A soul without memory enters a body that has memories in it, takes up those memories, and becomes a new person. I am Dave! Hello Dave! The soul leaves the body. Goodbye Dave! That soul loses its memory and enters a different body that has different memories. Allo Gov'nah! The body that the soul just left is entered by another blank slate who becometh Dave. This could happen at any speed; years, days, seconds, faster than split seconds... What if every soul in existence went through every body, every second? All are one and one be all.

Ranting on Prehistory & Various Shit

And what's with humanity taking the majority of its history to develop civilization? Why did we roam around as stone-age hunter-gatherers for nearly 200,000 years? Maybe we didn't, maybe there was some ancient lost civilization out there, maybe they never developed writing, maybe dating techniques are wrong(probably not though), maybe there's an archaeological conspiracy; maybe certain other dating techniques for rocks are wrong and the entire surface of the planet can be subducted, including continents, erasing evidence of lost civilizations...of course that would take millions of years, and they say that anatomically modern humans have only been around for about 200,000 years, but that hominids have been around for around 2 million years.

Could we have learned to weave from watching spiders? Could we have learned that the insides of grass seeds are edible from watching birds? How did we learn to work metals?

I still find it weird that in the last... let's say 6000 years; we developed writing, metalworking, farming, chemistry, etc... And in the last few hundred years, we developed electricity, computers, electric and combustion motors, refrigeration, etc... Are we/were we stupid? Did we simply lack enthusiasm for technology for around 194,000 years? (Yeah I know we had boats, tents, atlats, pottery, and stuff like that, but you should know what I mean) Did ancient megafauna curb our intelligence/knowledge by eating smart people? If so, did the early 147lectron extinctions and farming + larger populations=more smart people + more advanced technology? Did aliens and/or spirits decide to give us a jumpstart?

Could there have been a mistake in DNA-whatever sciences? Could the multiregional origin hypothesis of humanity be correct instead of the recent single origin hypothesis? Perhaps evolution follows similar patterns for similar species... Could it be a combination of both hypotheses? I use the word “perhaps” too much here. Shall bees go extinct and re-evolve!?

Damn you! Time dilation! Ugh. Why must you make things so irritatingly complicated for interstellar and intergalactic travel/communication and empires?

And if an electron and positron can annihilate into nothing but gamma rays, which are composed of photons, where does the mass go? Electrons and positrons have mass, maybe photons actually do have mass, but it's so miniscule that our instruments are not yet sensitive enough to measure it. Dunno, I'm not really a physicist. Something about rest mass, perhaps.

ANTIGRAVITY IS GOOD.

And to hell with the Big Rip theory. If space expands, wouldn't matter... man, wtf. Lol. And heat death theory: Wouldn't more particles form? Or would they all be destroyed in the black holes? Can elementary particles be destroyed? Apparently they can, if electrons and positrons can annihilate each other/with each other. Damn, this may be off, I'm trying to read more on it right now... Pair production??? Annihilation??? Wtf??? 999

Origins of Life and the Universe + Infinity and Smallests

Since this will be a copyrighted published thingy and we can dig up lawyers if someone steals materialzkvtvz, I'm not too scared of releasing my ideas, not as dangerous for plagiarism as I copyleft anonymous intarwebzz. But remember Mr. Franklin's quote. HARR...

Right: Maybe there is no smallest. Maybe there is no true elementary particle, and for every small particle you can zoom in closer and find that it is made up of constituents (constituent particles?). Maybe this goes on infinitely and things can be infinitely small just as some consider the universe to go on forever and be infinitely large. A sort of duality, the equal and opposite of an infinite universe that goes on forever and is infinitely large. Infinite inwards and outwards. But pondering this has led me to stange thoughts such as “How can the distance

between two points closed?”. A question which seems obvious, too obvious to be explained in detail, perhaps...but damn. Hard to explain, lol. Obviously the distance between two points can be closed, right?

Origins of Life and the Universe + Infinity and Smallest Part Deux

These speculations could be thought of as similar to the theory that the universe has always existed, yet it also allows for the big bang/s.

What if the universe goes back infinitely? Seeing as how we are at this point, it could not go back infinitely, it had to have a beginning. What if there is an eternal, non-temporal multi-verse that has “always” existed? The word “always” sorta fails, since “non-temporal” describes it as “outside” of time, or “without” time. Depending on how you look at the word “eternal”, it can either describe or fail to describe.

But if there is such a multiverse, which is presumably infinite (because I said so), and without time, what if universes arise within it from time to time? LOL, again we come to time. The idea allows for, and maybe requires (from a fatalist PoV?), an infinite number of universes to arise within it. Why infinite? I dunno, do the math, I was never much good at math. THIS. IS. HYPOTHESIS!!!!1111 *Leonidas pic*

What if black holes are doorways, sucking space and time and matter and electronic it into another (new?) universe, causing the new universe to expand, like a bubble being blown into the multiverse. Like one bubble in the multiverse shrinking and contributing its matter to another bubble which expands.

To clarify: Star collapses and becomes black hole in one universe, rip in its space-time fabric happens, big bang happens and create a new universe, space-time warps around black hole and energy is absorbed by it, new universe expands. Recent conversations have shown me that this theory/these theories may not be as uncommon as I had previously thought. Other people can be smart too! Arrogant bastard, thinking I'm the only genius. Madness. Genii!

Maybe there was another universe before this one that was completely eaten by a black hole after a sort of heat death happened to it, causing the black hole to reach some sort of critical point and explode in a big bang and new beginning. Considering a black hole's temporal effects...I haven't thought this one through

very thoroughly, so forgive me if it is unintentionally nonsensical, twas very immaturical of me.

What if certain other universes could be so truly different that a paradox here makes perfect sense in another universe? They could have different laws of physics. What if there is a universe wherein nothingness is possible? What if there's a universe where throwing a red ball into the sky causes a lightning storm in france, and it makes perfect sense there? Et cetera, lol.

What if there is a universe where no other universes exist outside of it? Say that from this universe, there are an infinite number of parallel universes. Say that from one of those parallel universes, there are no parallel universes and it is the only one in existence.

ROVERI PARADOKUSU.

As for the beginning of "it all", the best explanation I've found so far is the aforesaid eternal multiverse existing forever and being the "primum mobile" for universes, including our own. Did I use "primum mobile" correctly? The first cause? MEH.

So this multiverse exists forever, time not really being a factor, and it causes other universes to blink into existence. But how does it do that? Does it have a will of its own? Is god doing it? I dunno, this is just a basic outline idea for how the universe possibly came to be. Now what if from our perspective it makes little to no sense, but from the multiverse it does make sense? We can't really comprehend existing without time, or with all time flashing by in an instant, can we? Or maybe we can but most don't.

And Fate, the two seemingly opposing ideas of predestination and making-your-own-fate, what if these are simply two different perspectives? I once heard something about the divine, and higher planes, which said that the "higher up" you go on the "dimensional ladder", the more time is compressed and the faster it flows, culminating in the "highest" or "divine" where all of infinite time happens in an instant, at one moment, continually. So what if you do have a choice in your actions, you choose your fate, and whatever you choose appears to be predestined from the eternal PoV where time is compressed and appears to be your own choice from the temporal PoV of this plane/world, but it's all the same... or something like that. Wherever you go, there you are... Ehh this is hard to explain, the info is all here/there/everywhere, put it together. Sorry.

But did the divine create the universe or did the multiverse do it? Did the divine create the multiverse? Is the divine the same as the multiverse of which I spoke, and did I merely confound the parts about eternal-ness and non-temporal-ness? Am I confounding things? Did neither of them create it? What?? ...

This doesn't make sense does it? I heard we MIGHT have a bigtoe section, but I may have inadvertently incorporated bigtoe into my main article. And DAMMIT, books need to have emoticons, I'm feeling emoticon-y and it'd just look like a colon and a virgule, of course it looks the same on certain IRC clients but in a book it'd be really out of place and confusing to people who read books but don't read the internets.

As for the origins of life, hmmm, I think I already said most of what I was gonna say... Maybe somebody condensed something self-sustaining onto the physical plane and put abunch of intelligences over its evolution/s. But maybe this happened on many occasions. Damn, forgot what I was gonna say.

Languages/Global Auxiliary Languages

Yeah, not really a very occult-ish concept, unless you're thinking of telepathy or something... What if everyone were taught, at an early age, a constructed second language (auxiliary language) that could be used for global communication (in addition to their native language, not as a replacement of it)?

A language mutates over time; sounds change, words are altered, etc, until it is a different language. I see this as a problem for a global auxiliary language, since to read very old texts one would either have to spend time learning the old language or go through a translator. Think of the problems that could be solved (or that never would have arisen) if everyone could read the original bible/biblical texts/torah/s. I can't read stuff in "Olde English" very well at all, which I call "Anglo-Saxon" because I think calling it "old English" gives the false impression that it's like a dialect of modern English and that modern English speakers can understand it easily, it is a different language in my opinion.

I have an idea for keeping the constructed language from mutating. If everyone were to learn it in school, at an early age, with each generation learning it from the same source, then each generation would learn the exact same language. If the system lasted, a person would learn the language from the exact same source that someone 2 or 3 thousand years ago had learned from, they would write the same

words, speak the same words, etc. There is a possibility that letters can also undergo shifts, changes in pronunciation and stuff, so if audio records were kept of their pronunciation, that should keep the alphabet from mutating. Of course if a peoples' first language mutated over time, the teaching source would probably need to be modified to account for such changes. And don't think I've forgotten the possibility of logographs...

And speaking of school, I think that the education system... at least in the US, which is the only education system I am familiar with...needs to undergo a major reform.

I don't think English is a good idea for a global auxiliary; it has too many oddities and exceptions to rules, too many synonyms, etc. If I remember correctly, certain situations in English allow verbs to be nouns, and vice versa... For a long time I pondered languages, and not remembering this caused me to come up with the idea of a verb marker for words. But now I think that if nouns and verbs couldn't become each other, no verb marker would be necessary, but only subject and object markers... Perhaps only one of those, a subject or object marker, if 1 noun can be marked as subject or object and the status of the other determined through implication, but something tells me that both would be necessary/more efficient.

Nouns, verbs, adjectives, particles...

Someone unfamiliar with linguistics might not understand wtf I'm talking about here (but, am I familiar with linguistics?)...

And BLAH BLAH BLAH.

Time Travel and Resetting the Course of Events While Still Retaining Memories and Not Creating a Paradox?

I had an idea for time travelling and resetting the course of events while still retaining your memory of the past past so that you could change things as you desired. This idea consisted of the hypothesis that this universe might be contained within a multiverse, with a sort of time outside of time, a second continuum, a time for time, time that records the flow of time, time that time operates in, or a clock within a clock. And that this universe could be reset to a certain point, even as the

multiverse it was contained within went on, with the memory template being contained in and drawn from the second continuum/multiverse. Because the multiverse doesn't forget, even when the universe is stricken with amnesia. Amirite.

But it still wouldn't have totally worked, even if by some OMGHOLYFUCKING coincidence/luck/unluck you could somehow manage to reset the universe to a certain point in time. Because whatever happened that you wanted to erase or change still would have happened from the PoV of the outside continuum. Hmm... what if you could take the memory template from the multiverse after you'd reset the universe, and the reset the multiverse as well? LOL, there might be another verse outside the multiverse that would remember, and various miniscule traces of the former past might remain, regardless.

MOAR

Stupid labels! War on Drugs, War on Poverty, War on Drunk Drivers/Driving, War on Homelessness/The Homeless, War on Terror/ism, War on Illiteracy, War on Christmas, War on Crime, War on Reality, War on Everything, et fucking cetera.

We sure do love to declare war on things, don't we?

I'm just so sick of the DRAMAZ0R!!!111 TOO MUCH DRAMA

It would be good to be very resistant and/or insensitive to pain. If that monk who self-immolated in Vietnam wasn't on drugs or something, it'd be interesting to know how he did that without screaming or thrashing around in pain, how he managed to just sit still while burning... I assume that's what happened, that's what everyone says/writes.

On clearing the mind: People act like it's so hard, and maybe it is, but in my experience the mind seems to clear automatically when I lay down to sleep. When practicing concentration/meditation/mind clearing exercises, I will sometimes think back to the feeling of going to sleep and try to recreate that feeling, when I do so my mind seems to clear automatically for the most part, and any thoughts that remain are suppressed/ignored more easily. I say it **seems** to clear automatically because it could just be me, and I could actually be thinking without realizing it, maybe I am thinking and I just don't remember it due sleepiness/fading consciousness. Do not think about how clear of thoughts your mind is when your mind is clear of thoughts or else your mind will not be so.

lolEpilogue

Anywho, please forgive me if this article convinces crazy/insane (immature (as Bardon might put it (bah, I'm in no place to judge what he would say.)?)? lol) people that they can have superpowers. I'm sorry if I convinced your psychotic child that they're a 133t reincarnated immortal ice majjekian from the 154lectron who is actually a reptilian spy sent to destroy the arcturian firehandling psions because they tried to steal the energy carried on zetan thought waves. I wanted to write something more than Ole Salty. LULZZZZZZZZ

Let me emphasize again: some of the stuff in this article I think is probably possible or existent; other stuff I know is pretty crazy sounding, and somewhat doubtful. DON'T THINK I'M CRAZY (even though I probably am, or sort of am, but aren't we all? Maybe I'm more sane than most! HAARRRRR), I'M DOING IT FOR THE LULZ AND MENTAL MASTURBATION (HAWWT), OH, AND I'M DOING IT 4 U!!!111 LOL again. But hey, this is occvltvm/majeekz, myzteekz/mehtawfuzeeekz right?? We believe in the possibility of this stuff. Amirite?

I hope you've found this "article" informative/interesting in some way, and enjoyed my probably incorrect punctuation which may have eluded editing, possible incorrect spelling in some places, confusing sentences, confusing paragraphs, and excessive/confusing use of virgules and brackets. The weird sentences are probably on the difficulty-level of reading strange spelling from before the orthographic reform. I have also made evvorts/effortz/efforts to include internet memes, though I'm not sure how well it will go over, this being a book and not multiplayer notepad. Emoticons are virtually completely somewhat excluded. The purpose of this article is not to reach definite conclusions, but to provide food for thought/crazy pills, though it may just waste your time. Did I reach conclusions? I don't remember.

"Dr. Tropical, I feel like my article is like a hyperactive woman talking your head off. Let it be humorously so. Lmao" uh oh I'm sexist..."

Probably forgot to say quite a few things that I wish I could remember. Huh, guess it isn't a fucking magnum opus. Again lol. Some things proved abit too difficult to integrate into this, so I've edited them out/not edited them in. Day shall come AGAINz0r! Magnum Opus someday. This too shall pazz.

Your Karma is a Toaster.

OMG THX 4 R34ding LOL!!11!1

RAMBLESTONE, SOME STUFF I FORGOT LOL, AND FORDWELL WROTE
A BOOK!

OMG LOL! FRANK! OH! MAH LAECS WTF!!! WTF FRANK!!! LOL!

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS!? LMFAO. REALLY.

FIREBALLZ ARE POSSIBLE! GORZAKK!! HA! I BEATED YOU!!!!1 HARR.

AND A YA HO



<Dr_Chorm> we need rum and a fire, lol
<Dr_Chorm> and bongos
<Dr_Chorm> lol

<Dr_Chorm> we need rum and a fire, lol
<Dr_Chorm> and bongos
<Dr_Chorm> lol

THE ATHEIST RANT

By Gorzakk

$$\text{God} = \bigcup_c \{ \text{Lim}_{i \rightarrow \infty} \text{C}_i : \text{C}_i \text{ is higher theory than } \text{C}_{i-1} \}$$

Let me preface this little rant by pointing out that I am not an Atheist, nor a Monotheist. I am an I-Don't-Give-A-Fuckeist.

Atheists: Not your normal “I don’t believe in god, but whatever” atheists, but (A)theists, note capital A – fucking douche bag cunt evangelical (A)theists. They are the most annoying section of humanity right now, and I am going to tell you why.

What is an Atheist? An atheist is someone who believes there is no god. An (A)theist also believes there is no god, but an (A)theist is also someone who will spam up YouTube, rant on forums, and even write books with the ink of pure horseshit about all religion, religious concepts, and spirituality being the product of delusions, psychological conditioning, and evolutionary social genes. That is what they *know*. There is no discourse, no room for doubt. If you think that possibly, maybe, there is some kind of universal spirit out there that breathes life into ordinary matter, you have to also believe in Santa Claus and some kind of flying spaghetti monster. They tell, no, preach to you, that every single bad thing that has ever happened on this planet where humans have been involved is a direct result of religion.

These claims are hypocritical, insane, and most importantly, fucking annoying as shit. The reason for this is simple: this great, new, wonderful western thing they go on & on about called the Scientific Method. When I say “new”, I mean “around a thousand years old” and when I say “western”, I mean created by one “Abu Ali al-

Hasan ibn al-Hasan ibn al-Haytham”, author of the very important scientific work Kitab al-Manazir (translated as Book of Optics). He was also an Iraqi (born and lived in Basra during his younger years) and a devout monotheistic Muslim, writing the religious treatise “Finding the Direction of Qibla by Calculation”. The Scientific method was originally created in order to drop the shackles of faith and observe things in a more reasonable manner... well ok it wasn't. It was started because good ol' Ibn Al-Haytham was such a good Muslim he thought that human observation, those contained in any form of writing, be it scripture or literature or anything, needed to be doubted because humanity is flawed. Opinion holds too much influence, and always needs to be questioned:

“Therefore, the seeker after the truth is not one who studies the writings of the ancients and, following his natural disposition, puts his trust in them, but rather the one who suspects his faith in them and questions what he gathers from them, the one who submits to argument and demonstration, and not to the sayings of a human being whose nature is fraught with all kinds of imperfection and deficiency. Thus the duty of the man who investigates the writings of scientists, if learning the truth is his goal, is to make himself an enemy of all that he reads, and, applying his mind to the core and margins of its content, attack it from every side. He should also suspect himself as he performs his critical examination of it, so that he may avoid falling into either prejudice or leniency.”

From Al-Shukuk ala Batlamyus (Doubts concerning Ptolemy).

But boring background information aside, the scientific method is basically this: you observe, then you formulate a theory to explain your observation, and use that theory to predict a close approximation or identical outcome based on a near same set of circumstances – you then re-evaluate your hypothesis and adjust as necessary. Of course, the beauty of this method for Atheists is that there has never, ever, once, ever, been an observation of god, divinity, supernatural, spiritual, or any such thing ever in observable scientific history. Therefore, by using the scientific method we are forced to conclude that they do not exist. By “we” I mean “they”. Of course, that nobody has ever observed the spark of life beginning, the start of the universe, the formation of a habitable planet, even a living dinosaur... but we don't have any problems with them. Well, those of us who aren't nutty creationists. So, the scientific method only applies to that which is not only observable but repeatable, otherwise it is something we call a “thesis” – a hypothetical theory that is based upon the best evidence available with the caveat that it is *NOT AND NEVER CAN BE ABSOLUTELY CONCLUSIVE*.

Firstly – Atheist morals are a contradiction in terms. Why are they? Well, “morality” comes from the Latin “157lectronic”, meaning “character”, “manner”, “good 157lectron”. Very good. We all know what good 157lectron is, don't we?

We all know what bad is too. Chopping off someone's arm because you needed the time and wanted to take a look at the watch they are wearing, that would be an example of "bad". Rescuing a helpless, cute looking puppy from a burning building and then handing said puppy to a tearful child is an example of "good". We all know this don't we? Now, can you tell me exactly why? "Because it just is" is not an answer. Well, it is to most of us, but Atheists are not allowed that as an answer. See, that answer requires that one must accept that there is more than just physical energy and matter in a universe where life is nothing more than a random event. Nothing is sacred. Nothing "means anything". There is no such thing as Justice Energy. There is no Morality in the periodic table. Humans are chemical machines with self replicating cells made up of various forms of matter, nothing more, and nothing less. "Life" is simply a chemical reaction, the same as salt dissolving in water, albeit more complex. Under these conditions, there is no right and wrong.

Oh god, I can just hear the cracking of keystrokes now as dimwitted assholes take to the interwebs to explain that it's chemicals in the brain that have evolved, thus right and wrong do exist. NO, RETARDS. Knowing that it's just chemicals in your brain, KNOWING that it isn't a real quantifiable phenomena and then BELIEVING in such concepts as good and evil doesn't make you smart. It makes you dumb. I KNOW that meteorites fall from the sky. That doesn't make me worship them. I KNOW what makes rainbows form. That makes me less likely, not more likely to go looking for a pot of gold on the other side of them. Before you say it isn't the same – YES IT FUCKING WELL IS. If we apply pure logic to, for instance, unemployment, those unlikely to find employment (for instance the blind, chronically sick, mentally ill, and people who are just unemployable because they stink at doing things) should have their vital organs, tissues, and blood removed for those more able to serve humanity. It sounds abhorrent? Hey – it's just those chemicals in your brain talking, and they aren't applying that scientific method you know nothing about. Ignore them. There is no "wrong", remember. It isn't "immoral", because it's scientific. The nitrogen in the air doesn't care. The rocks aren't interested. And even those that ARE interested are only interested because of some random chemical reactions that make them experience unpleasant emotions, and we have drugs for that now. Their lives aren't sacred. Nothing is. Not because you are an Atheist, but because according to Atheist doctrine, NOTHING is sacred. Sacred is an opinion, not a quantifiable measurement of "real" phenomena. Therefore it doesn't exist. If you know it doesn't, but carry on behaving that way regardless, you are, by your own standards, FUCKING RETARDED.

The other thing – All which is evil and wrong in the world that humans do derives from religion. Well, putting aside the fact that an Atheist can't have "evil and wrong", and taking that there are loads and loads of nice atheist leaders out there

such as, let's see, Pol Pot, alright. Yes, we have fanatical lunatic religious leaders such as Mullah Mohammed Omar (leader of the Taliban), Mary Tudor (Queen of England), and George W. Bush (president of the United States of America). Yes, they had horrible and tyrannical leaderships which focused their misguided philosophies against their own citizenry. Yes, they were fanatical, cruel, and unkind leaders. Now, TELL ME HOW THE FUCK THAT DIFFERS FROM STALINS RULE! Go on, take your time and apply those scientific methods again. But Stalin didn't do the things he did because he was an atheist! No, he did them because he had his own ideas about things. He knew that god wasn't going to punish him for it. He knew that people needed to be governed, and he knew that people needed to be governed to keep them in order. This is because of his knowledge, not his beliefs. He KNEW what people needed, so he governed according to his interpretation of that. He did what HE THOUGHT WAS RIGHT. And because he was an Atheist he completely ignored conscience and emotion in his leadership. Or as he put it "I believe in one thing only, the power of human will." Ok. But there is one thing the Atheists can beat the theists to death with – suicide bombers! Yes indeed. Suicide bombers are the result of religion. We all know this. Well, until that is "social Darwinist, realistic idealist and godlike atheist" Pekka-Eric Auvinen decided to kill nine people at Jokela High School, because in his words "I, as a natural selector, will eliminate all who I see unfit, disgraces of the human race and failures of natural selection." Before any Atheists decide to scream that this individual wasn't a true Atheist and/or not representative of Atheism that is the EXACT same thing said by other religious faiths when one of their congregation decides to go on a murderous rampage.

In conclusion – look, I don't give a baboon's toss what someone believes. Really. Just as long as you don't go shoving it down other people's throats or wander around claiming that everyone else is delusional because they think differently than you, because seriously, this kind of shit is information pollution. I am sick of hearing about it. I can slam the door on Jehovah's Witnesses, but I don't want to tear out my modem, I would miss the porno. So get your shit off the internet and stop thinking you are doing a fucking public service by converting people to your barmy shit because you aren't. Also, for your own fucking mental health, just accept yours is another belief system same as any other you fucking megalomaniacs. No, you aren't automatically right just because you think your approach is more scientific. You are automatically a douche bag for thinking you know everything about science when you clearly fucking don't.

Lastly, have fun in life and stop bickering with people who think differently. Life is very short. Someone else wants to believe in god/gods/goddesses/space aliens – WHO FUCKING CARES? If you cannot let other people go about their daily lives with their own little ways, you are a Stalinist piece of shit. Goodbye and may god/gods/goddess/random-fluctuations-in-the-space-time-continuum bless.

REGARDING FLUFF

By Gorzakk

Helmut II Banned Senior Member	Scarlett_156 Senior Member
Helmut II is Offline	Scarlett_156 is Offline
Join Date: Aug 2007	Join Date: Aug 2007
Posts: 631	Posts: 3,316

I really shouldn't HAVE to state my qualifications, but here's the extent of my training to this point.

**6 years of training under Sau'rem, Elemental Lord of Ice
5 years of training in the Astral Realm in a temporal pocket
3 years of aura reading training done simultaneously with my normal training.
7 years of training in Okinawan Goju-ryu karate.
Thousands of years of genetic memory.**

Am I qualified enough to teach then, Herr Skeptissimo? 🤔

Okay, time for everyone to sit down and listen to a wonderful story...

Once upon a time, there was a child who lived a horrible and tortured life. He had no friends. He spent day after painful day getting bullied by his peers at school. His teachers failed to recognize his hidden talents, his intelligence and imagination, preferring instead to ignore him, not being able to get through the shell he constructed around himself to protect himself from the cruel world outside. He was labeled a failure. As the years passed, as the world outside this shell became more distant, the shell became thicker and thicker. But he did find some moments of joy. Reading books of fantasy and wonder, imagining other worlds and different times – lands where the boy could live and while he was there the world would not hurt so much. In this world, he was the champion, he had the respect of everyone he met, a place where people loved and depended on him, where he was important. Escaping into this new realm became a way to deal with the pain of life.

One day changes started to take place within his blood, and his mind. He found himself attracted to others in new ways. He saw that those around him of the same age started to form relationships with each other, they started to bond. He saw this

happen, and wanted to desperately be a part of it, but for reasons he couldn't understand he found himself alone and unloved. People he had grown up with, people he knew were nothing like as smart or imaginative as he, people who he considered to be much less than him, seemed to manage to bond with others much more easily than he. Others saw value in those people, but none in him. Why?

The answer must be because those others could not know what true value was. They were deluded. They must be witless apes along with those they love. But it seemed to be everyone... everyone else... everyone who ever hurt and mistreated him... everyone who ever lived a "normal" life, found value in the simpler things of a nice job and a decent house and 2 kids and a lovely wife...

Finding himself in this vicious world alone, he remembered the old world where he used to live. That was the "real" him. Not Freddy, the strange guy on the corner with no friends, but Magus Fallialr, the powerful hermetic wizard who saved the world from the evil forces of Zarvigan. The people there, safe and content in their hum-drum, bill paying, average, meaningless existences could never comprehend just how powerful or important he was. He was the master of their destiny; they owed their lives to him although they never knew it. He felt important, he felt valuable. He finally felt like he had control over the world, over his life.

He felt powerful.

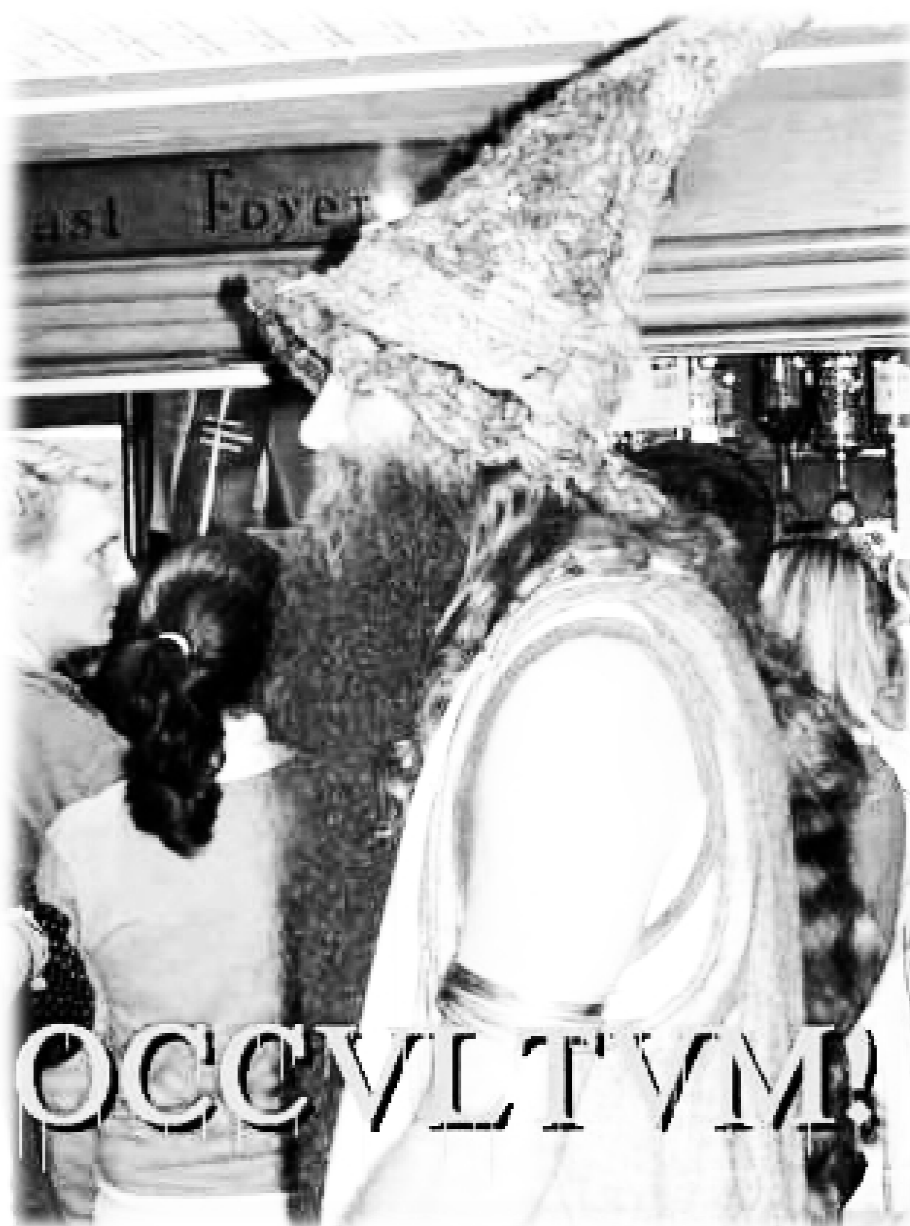
No, this isn't me. I do think however, it describes a lot of people who are calling themselves occultists these days.

This is not about connecting a key factor to all occult work. Facing reality, facing failure, finding what works and what doesn't, learning who you really are, spirituality, occultism, esoterism are based upon those things. If you decide to go on to occultism to affect change in the world the first thing you must be able to do is identify where the changes need to be made and work out how to go about it. Looking at something and wishing it was different doesn't change anything. It takes effort, skill and strength to achieve anything.

The above story is about disconnecting. It's about escaping from reality because it hurts so much – it's about avoiding facing the difficulties in life. It's about pretending to be something you are not. It is the antithesis of occultism. Some occult practices involve working alone, or being alone. But in those circumstances you acknowledge that you are alone, that you have made the choice to live that way. You acknowledge that being alone is a sacrifice, not something that is in some way "righteous" or powerful. True occultism is not about being "better than ordinary people".

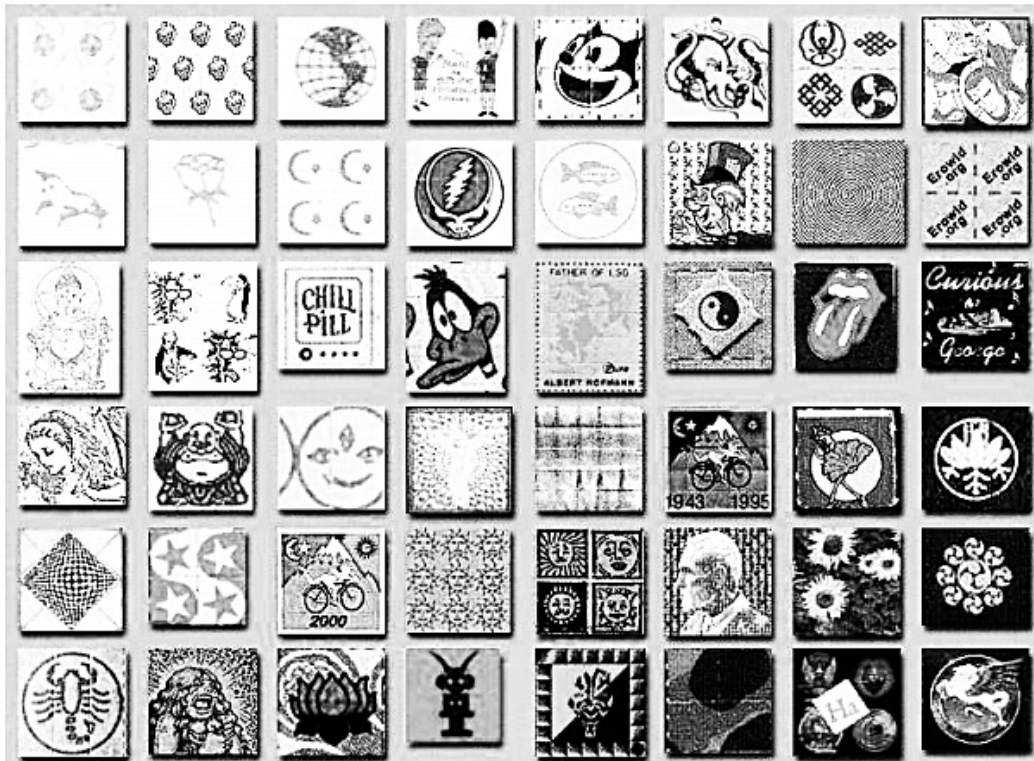
If you are here to explore the esoteric, you are welcome. If you are here to learn about occultism, philosophy, and science you are welcome. If you are here to mess around and call us up the wall or post funny pictures, you are welcome.

Though, if you are here to discuss *World of Warcraft* as a viable means of magick, or if you are here to ask how to turn into a Super Sayian, or if you are here to tell us that you are an Exalted Grand Master Wizard and wish to take on students and teach them how to use Ice Lances to destroy Hordes of the Undead animated by Necromancers, then you are *not welcome*. It is not that kind of place. You will not find what you are looking for here. Just as well, no respect, understanding, or ass sucking will be forthcoming.



INTERMISSION

EXPAND



THYSELF



THE DIALECTIC HYPER-SOFTWARE: REALITY?

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class E

Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°)



FIGURE 01: THE ASSASSINATION OF DOUBT

- I. The Immediate Presence of Experience is Real.
- II. This recognition is beneficial.

FIGURE 02: INSTALLATION OF CORRECTIVE DIALECTIC DRIVE

- I. Reality is that which exists external of and interacts with the conscious perception of the observer by means of sensory input. This interaction connects both the internal Simulacrum and the external Reality via experience of each other.
- II. Separation of Objects is an Illusion produced by biologic sensory input. In the state we exist, this Illusion is beneficial to survival.
- III. Experience of Reality over time creates the Simulacrum within consciousness. The Simulacrum is a constantly evolving Copy of Reality which relies on the data attained by sensory input to create an accurate representation of Reality from childhood to adulthood. The Simulacrum contains Ego, Self and “I AM”. The Simulacrum is Mind; The Magic Mirror of the Real.
- IV. The Method utilized by the internal Simulacrum to describe the external Reality does not define Reality – semantics, mathematics, etc. It is the external Reality which defines the Method used by the internal Simulacrum, which includes, but is not limited to biological and technological devices of sensory input.

V. The Method of Language placed upon Objects by the Simulacrum do not define them; it is the Object which defines the language utilized to describe the Object. The Object is Real. The descriptive device is Illusion. In the state we exist, this illusion is beneficial to survival.

Example: A chair ceases to be a chair when stripped of descriptive device. It is now an assemblage of treated organic material which had come from trees – further stripped of descriptive device, it becomes exactly what it is perceived as, even further, the Object is recognized as the atoms & molecules which make up every Object, regardless of origin. Likewise, any numerical amount utilized by mathematics acts as an empty variable used to describe none, one or more of any Object. This means of reverse engineering of Object may be applied to anything within existence, ad infinitum. The Object is Reality; The Method is Simulacrum.

VI. The Object is anything beheld within immediate experience. The Object is the result of quantum fields which have resulted in the endless variety of perceptual experience.

FIGURE 03: MATH IN THE CAT'S EYES

I. There is no reality outside of that which is and may be experienced, which includes, although is not limited to, accounts of extra-sensory perception. The shared Reality of any species is that which is perceived through organic and/or technological means. The shared Reality of said species may be attained by means of analyzation & reverse engineering of perceptual evolution throughout the time in existence of said species from beginning to present. Perceptual capability to observe the Universe around said species makes up the whole of reality for said species.

II. Specific knowledge, whether scientific or intuitive, of the creation of the Universe is irrelevant, as creation in whatever form it took place was without Conscious Observer, and thus scientifically & logically meaningless. For any said Individual to hold firm belief of that which had not been experienced by said individual is to develop psychosis – a break from the Immediate Presence of Experience and an over-dependence on Simulacrum.

III. Everything is possible, though not everything is likely to occur within experience. There is no Natural Law; there is only Probability.

IV. Probability exists within this Universe by means of Quantum Fields. Meaning, phenomena which occur on the smallest possible scale are the root of every Object and Event which is possible to be experienced within existence. The initial causes

of these Quantum Field Events are the result of any and all other Quantum Field Events. There is no Beginning; there is only Continuation.

V. The Ouroboric Equation is Root.

VI. Separation of Objects is the Illusion instinctive to biology. There is the Observer, the Observed, and the Experience of Observation. The experience of observation creates the Simulacrum. The organism cannot function without Simulacrum; Simulacrum cannot function without organism. When the Illusion is shattered, the Simulacrum is also shattered. Death of organism is also the death of Simulacrum. Afterlife consists of union with everything after Self has been subtracted from the equation. The former energy of organism is utilized by quantum event in the creation of further quantum event. There is no End; there is only Continuation.

VII. This recognition is beneficial.

VIII. Specific knowledge, whether scientific or intuitive, of experience after death is irrelevant.

IX. The Immediate Presence of Experience is Real.

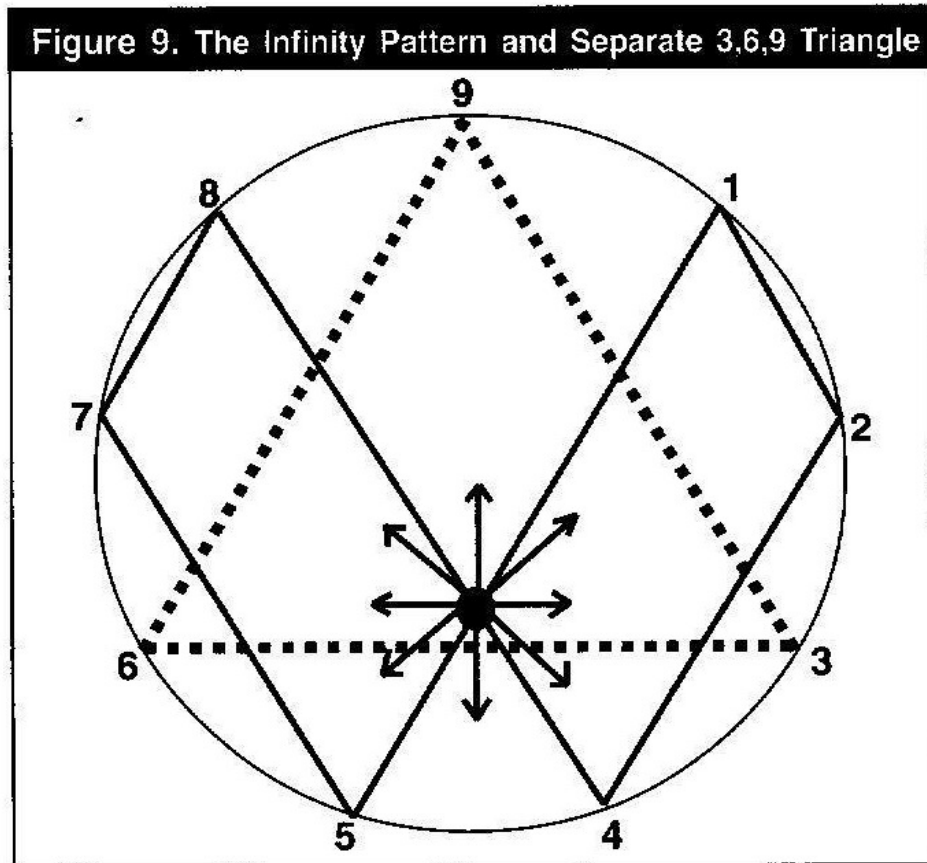


DTTI:HTNF



~~SACRIFICIAL~~ MAGICK

By Dav0r (-3°)



Dearest Readers,

This article is not about magic(k) in the sort of manner that is usually depicted as magic(k) (whether that be in the form of illusionist a la David Copperfield et al, Wiccan/Pagan/Ceremonial/Chaos/etc. This article is about a completely different form of magic(k). It is just as powerful as all of the others, but unlike quite a few of them, it requires significant sacrifices on part of the practitioner. What it takes from the practitioner can (and most likely will) be different from one practitioner to the next. This sacrifice is nothing to brag over, as it requires a humble mannerism to keep it potent. Think of it in this way: what you sacrifice, you get back from it in a far stronger and more rewarding form than anything you've given.

By now, you are questioning what this magic(k) is that can do so much for a person. The answer is simple: this magic(k) has no name. It doesn't need one, it doesn't want one, and giving it one merely ruins its potency. Let it be what it is.

To move on to the way it works, first you'll need to sit down and think of what it is you most want to do with your life. I don't mean job wise necessarily; it isn't a requirement to say "I want to be an astronaut when I grow up," though if that is indeed what you want most in your life, all the power to you. What I mean is, if you had the ability to go anywhere, do anything, and not have to worry about money or rules (though understand basic morals and don't be an asshole, taking this to some extreme in attempt to prove a point), what would you do? Would you find a field of flowers and just live off of the land on your own power? Would you travel from state to state and write in a journal you picked up about your misadventures? Would you start a small band with some friends and just play for people? What would you do? Take a week to think about this before you continue reading. Give it serious thought, as that is part of the ritual, and the week is the starting point to your ritual. You got it? Are you sure? Absolutely? Good. Now to move on to the next part.

The next part of this ritual may be the second hardest thing for you to do, and you'll see why before you finish this article. You've thought long and hard about what you want to do more than anything else, so the next question should be obvious: what would you give up to have what it is that you want most? Would you give up those lovely knick-knacks you have? What about the furniture that took you a year to pay for? How about your car, or even your house? Is what you want most worth leaving your job for? Is the removal of your "security net" worth what it is you desire? I invite you to also give that a week of serious thought before you continue reading.

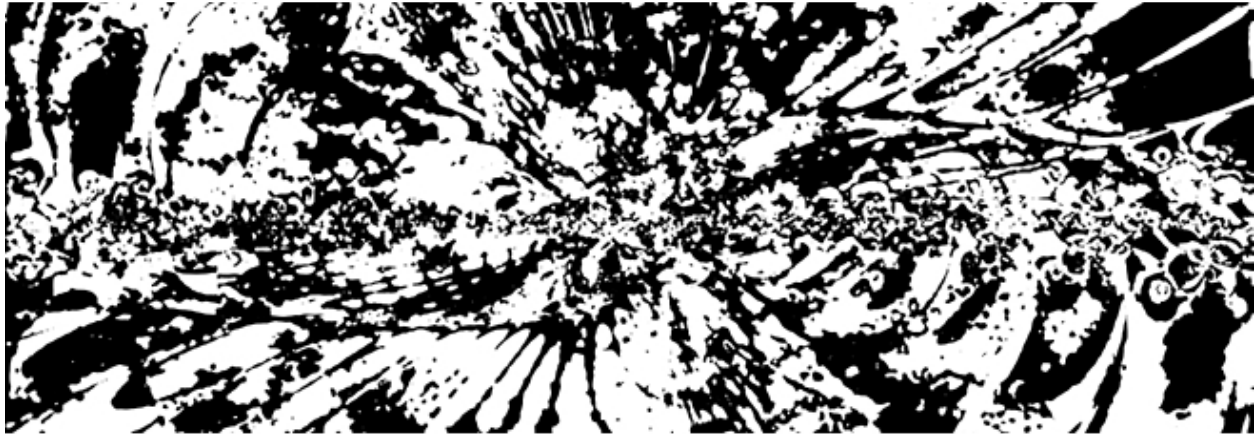
Got that in mind? Do you know how far you'd go? Great.

You probably already figured out by now where this is going. That's fine. I still implore you to continue reading; because there is something else I want you to think about for a week.

Look at your situation right now. Look at what family surrounds you, what your place of residence is like, your possessions, your job, anything you have. Don't look at just your place or yourself, either: look at your friends and people you know in the same light. What kind of possessions do they have? What about their families, jobs, places where they live, the things they own? How do they act

around you? How do they act around others? How do they act when it's only you and them around, and not other people? Also with this, watch television. Watch the various family shows such as *The Simpsons*, *Family Guy*, *Everybody Loves Raymond*, and whatever others there are out there. Compare their similarities (this includes your own family and friends you know), all to each other, and their differences (aside the fact that the *Simpsons* are yellow skinned whereas *Family Guy* is all regular skin tones). Write them down for a week, then hide the list somewhere for a week.

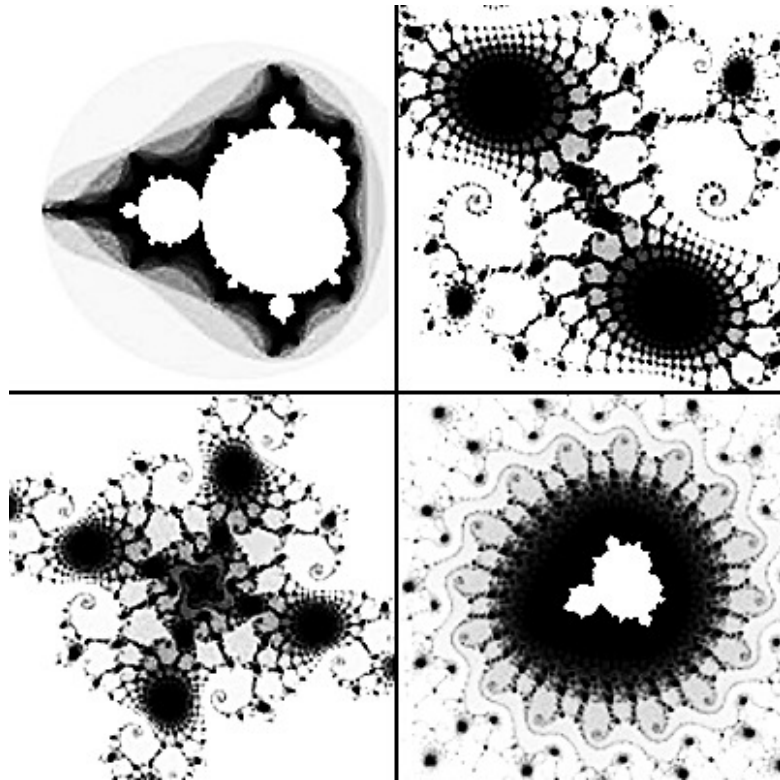
This next week, watch CNN and Fox News. Compare their similarities and differences in the things they discuss. Do this no matter how dull it gets. Stop on the 6th day and hide that list. Watch on the 7th day and look over the list at the end of the day.



Now, on this next day, take out the family comparison list and look that over. How do you feel and what do you think of when you look at it? Think on it, then give yourself a few days, reflecting on this ritual all the while. You know what I will ask of you next, right? Do not read on until you are ready to actually look at the question.

If you've made it this far, you are either morbidly curious, ready to take the plunge, or wanting to see if you are ready to take the plunge. If you've not made it this far, then you are not ready for the potential this ritual can give you. I am not saying whoever didn't make it this far is a coward or anything of that nature: rather, they just are not ready for that next step yet, and that is just as fine.

For you, the next question is this: are you ready? You've most likely figured out the ritual, what it is intended for, and the like. I will divulge, in case there are some who are not able to understand it fully.



This ritual is not for monetary gain, nor is it intended for gaining that big bad ass vehicle you've always wanted, or that job in the Pentagon or anything ridiculous like that. This ritual is a ritual for freedom; to remove that which stops you from getting the things you wish to have in your life, more than anything. It is also meant to (re)open your eyes, and see the country you're in through different lenses other than the rose-tinted ones gifted to you as a young person. Some will be unable to do the ritual, some will start the ritual and get to a certain point where they have to stop because they believe they cannot go further, some will get through the ritual and be unable to cope (wherein they revert back to where they started and try to pick up the pieces of their sacrifice), some will get through the ritual, only to find they aren't happy with the result (and go back to what they had, or go to something else entirely), and some... some actually do it and are happier than they've ever been in their entire lives.

It takes willpower to do what you need to do, to sacrifice what the ritual calls for. It's certainly not for everyone, but to those who go through with it, I would hope to hear what happens in some fashion.

Until next time,

Mr. Valshea

ELLIS: ON SPIRITUAL WARFARE

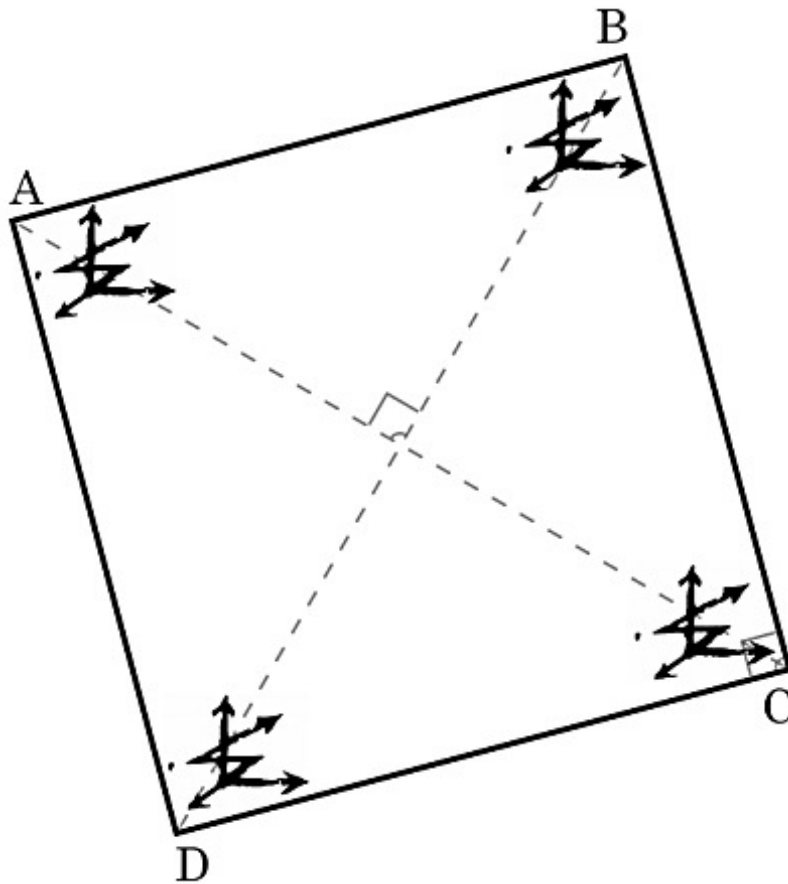
DKMU; KHAOS, 156/663 Class A
Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°) Fri August 01, 2008

This text will play with some ideas pertaining to the use of Ellis as a more literal means of spiritual warfare (as opposed to magickal combat, as the term has been diluted to a great extent by the pink community and at this point lacks all but a masturbatory scrap between two disgruntled psi-poke bunnies), the battle plan, for a moment, turning from an assault on reality to rallying itself in full force against certain sections of “reality” which have turned stagnant, and wrought with the maggots of a destructive cancer upon the collective mind of man. The technique is intended for real world use, the main targets being corporations, Scientology outposts and/or churches, or perhaps a personal enemy of some sort (ex-wife, a boss, a corrupt police officer, etc.) By way of the occult art, the results are expected to be as tangible as results may be whereby utilizing such a method (of course the result, like all results, will wholly depend upon the level of energy put forth from the occultist.) The Masonic practice of universal symbolism comes into heavy play, though it is here used as a metaphorical slingshot by which the occultist may fan the inevitable flames of the target’s utter collapse.

SETTING THE EXPLOSIVES

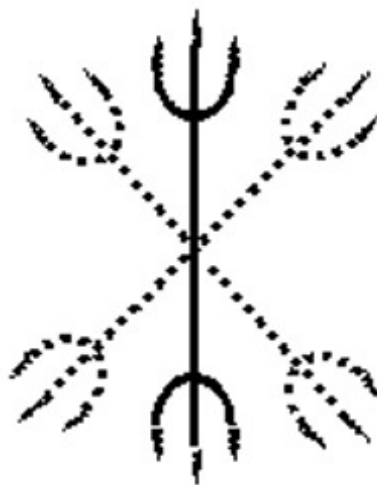
One must first, with the target in mind, find its physical whereabouts – the house, home, hive or structure. The sacred geometry of the square will be taken advantage of, as in, recognized as the symbolic body of said organization and/or person, the 4 points thus making up the centre point. One must then secure Ellis/The Linking Sigil about the four points which make up the structure of the domain and contains the energy of the individuals therein. The LS which is marked about the 4 corners of the building (outside or inside) must remain intact for the full six days intended to complete the operation. They need not be large, and it is encouraged to downsize the sigil, for this purpose speaks not of acknowledgment by anyone other than the occultist performing the work. They must be, however, tagged using a more or less permanent substance.

Figure A: Setting The Explosives



About then, the 4 corners, and just to the right side of Ellis (LS must be placed on the Left, the accompanying sigil on the Right) one must then scrawl the Sigil of Destruction about all four sides as well, thus marking the territory for downfall by means of the LS Web alongside the decided will of the occultist.

Figure B: Sigil of Destruction



The secondary tridents need not be dotted, and may be filled with clear lines. The Six Tridents of Poseidon send call to the storm, wrath and destruction aspects of nature – the number 6 itself being symbolic of movement, change, and consequence. It is a demolition mark, and any such monument and the contents therein must thusly be torn from nature’s gaze & deconstructed into the base elements which it had been wrongfully assembled out of.

When such acts are then finished, the occultist must return home and assemble his altar accordingly. Images of destruction and decay should be adorned all about. He must make himself 6 square papers which the name of the target is written upon. He must then fold them into smaller squares or rectangles, and cover the name of the enemy from his sight, as it will thus be contained within (keep in mind the physical shape of the building and attempt to recreate it as the microcosm of the paper pieces). For these 6 papers, each one shall be burned for each of the 6 days of the operation, which should be conducted successively after a heavy charging of the Sigil of Destruction.

ON CHARGING

This operation must be performed with a mind set in pale light and heated fervor. All doubt and desire of result must be thoroughly banished – it must be treated as an ordinary business by day, and whilst upon the altar, the emotions be let loose as a tempest within the soul which casts out all other thoughts, thus transforming the mind into the empty vacuum of a pistol awaiting a *“bulletial transjection.”* This state may be achieved in the following actions:

1. Masturbation leading to orgasm, and at the last minute, denying orgasm in sacrifice of the sigil of destruction. After some days, perhaps a week, the sexual momentum will be built up to such an extent that each successive charging of sigil becomes more powerful than the last – the subconscious mind and body, craving release, finds at the end of pleasure a roadblock, being the sigil. It must be made to know that only after the work is done in success will it achieve orgasm, and release. On the final day of the operation, orgasm is allowed, and thus the mind and body are gratified in the symbolic final defeat of the target (as the result is a thing now strongly desired by the primordial instinct.)
2. The Death Posture may be utilized to full extent while focusing on the sigil of destruction. As the action of tagging the desired target’s house or location had already been performed, the subconscious mind shall route the work of bonding both sigil & intent together without the conscious mind’s need. For the Death

Posture and charging of said sigil to be effective, the occultist must maintain its position well past the point of anguish into spontaneous collapse.

3. Chemognosis may be used as a meditative aid when using a depressive. Stimulants are encouraged to be used in first developing into a mad, intoxicated, emotional rage. The occultist must not act out his anger upon the environment or himself. He must contain the flame growing within until the point of lightheadedness and probable faint. It is at this point that he sacrifices the emotion in full and drives it into the sigil of destruction as banishment from his mind, and a charge to the sigil.

For each of the six days, the occultist may return to the structure, walking or driving past it, though never bringing up the thoughts of his intent upon the site whilst outside of the ritual space. Upon the sixth day, the immense energy which had been gained, and finally let out (shot through the gun) by means of orgasm shall complete the operation, the foundations of the structure, what it stands for, and those within, being in or marked for inevitable ruin. The occultist may awake the next morning to the 7th day knowing full well that he had stripped the location of all power, and the energies therein he hath burned away to charred carbon.

Notes: This idea may be adjusted and evolved to the occultists liking. Additions and alterations are encouraged alongside taking wise note to the original method utilized. Mantras and vibrations may be used in conjunction, or anything else which speaks of additional power given to the operation at hand.



NON NOSTRUM CADANUNDRUM

ANGLES & DIMENSIONS

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663; Class F
Frater Odonata (-4°)

I was just pondering the epicenter for the DK event. Thoughts of geometry, kabala, and Taoism come to mind. The first point exists; second point shows separation and some direction/distinction. Third point shows place and scale. We have no third point. There is only one. We exist, and that is all, if that. I have found the epicenter. Experience and existence are singular. There is no reference, there is no placement, and the epicenter is here.

Existential angles? Doombringer is the gate. This implies reference. The gate at the angle. After the turn is all embers, like here, but everything is ember; not fire though. Everything, all nouns given truth, they vibrate at every frequency all at the same time. All are understood at once. You and I are one ember and every ember at once. There is no difference between one ember and the rest whole collective. We cannot see this before event. Space gives us exist. Time gives us reference. The event seems in the future, and we flow towards it, not because it is future, or that time flows, but because the gate is just at the next angle. After this, which for now appears as a time-line, there are embers and vibrations which can actually exist with real reference and scale and placement.

I know this; I have seen it as I always have. It is my task to see it, but it does not translate. It is the task of others to do that; mine is only to see it and tell the whole. This is no trance, but a perfectly lucid perception. My tongue is flawed.

Length is not a dimension, nor height, nor width. Space is a single dimension, a single point. Time has backwards, forwards, and across. None of these are dimensions; that is easier to see because the first point or dimension (space) provides reference.

We move along our flawed two dimensions, or feel as though we are, towards the angle after which we find the third point or dimension, and for the first time have scale and placement; a real, not illusory, view of the first two without unity in them separate. Words break down at this point. The new whole gives perspective of the old whole united with the new (as it's always been). In so many words,

“All Hail the New Flesh”

THE INO TRANSMISSION

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class F

Sariel Angel (-4°)

Can you feel it?
Something is moving
You can hear it on the edge of conversation
You can see it in the corner of your vision
Something is about to break through
A constant endless shift
Can you feel it?
Does it move you?

The end is coming...

1 – The Beginning

Everything is filled with an intoxicating pulsing possibility, and we are the center, riding the ebb and flow of the universal consciousness. We are the eternal dreamers, forever waiting for a chance to pursue our purpose. We are the ones who are called, and instantly understand. Everything is fluid. Everything is flux. There is no such thing as surface. Some are called to light the way, others to express it, and still others to destroy ideology completely. Some are guardians, some are gateways, and some are scribes and students. Some arrive here on the edge of sound, some on the edge of dreams and psychedelics, some by thoughts. All are shown the way. No one finds it alone. We are all connected by the Vibration.

In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if after you read this, you start to feel it yourself. That is what I aim to do by these writings, to flare the spark that moves inside you, and turn it into a raging fire.

2 – Expansion

Information is Energy,
Thoughts are things,
Nothing is True.

There are a few legends on Creation; all of them seem to be proposing one similar idea, (although most of them seem to have gotten stuck in the semantics.) There is One force, guiding the universe, both male and female, and not of human understanding. This Force of Change, of Unity is sometimes referred to as god, sometimes as Chaos, And more often by the strangest terms humanity can come up with to try and explain the concept.

All are a perception of the real.

There is something at the center of everything, something that connects every atom to every neuron, something that all humanity instinctually understands. It lives within everything. It lives within you. It's the Vibration – pure energy. The moment right before thought becomes thought. The feeling in your gut that guides you – the majesty of sunrise moving down a mountain river, golden, pure, effervescent – the essential beginning of every birth and rebirth – information, communication, inspiration, and the force that connects us all into one consciousness.

3 – Movement

I have been jacked into a frequency, a movement that lies at the center of everything. Its form is fractal, its speech is a defining hum, and its words are electricity. The world we know is only surface. For those who dream, who question, some of this understanding is already known. It's the question that is important. Questions open other realms of thought. They open us to patterns not yet experienced. It is the Vibration that connects everything. This vibration ebbs and flows, and fluxes depending on experience, commonality, and understanding. You can feel it in your solar plexus; it is the force that guides us, that pulls us along one path or the next. Some understand it as spirit, some as energy, some as Khaos, some as god, some as quantum possibility, and some as magic. All definitions are accurate. The one is the Many. We are all connected and individual. We all dance to our own rhythm. But everyone can hear the music. (And if you listen close enough, you can feel it starting to move through you).

4 – Infinite

To fully understand the infinite, you have to see the world with extra-dimensional eyes – that is, look beyond the surface. Everything that is, is made up of smaller particles, and those particles are made up of even smaller particles. There is no such thing as matter. All things are sub-matter. If you can imagine the molecules in a pin, or a cup of water, you have the basics of this understanding. What appears solid and fixed is (If examined closely enough), a combination of movements and particles. Everything that is, is quantified and understood by our brain depending on our own perceptions. Time seems to move slow or fast, money seems to be fluid, a table appears solid, and obstacles seem immovable. However, time always stays the same, money is always there or spent – it's all perception. Time is only the perception of change, and you are not your fragile body. You are not your simple intellect. You are your Own Vibration. Created and Creator – connected with all existence. Reality is subjective. Morality is subjective, there is no positive or negative, only fluctuations in the Frequency.

5 – The End

For those of my generation, (and I assume for every generation) there has been this virus of an idea forming and floating around the universal consciousness centered around one concept, that the end is near. To the scientists it signifies the next step in human evolution, to the paranoid it is the formation of the new world order, and to the mystics, it's the dawning of the new Aeon. To some the end signifies only death, to others a great rebirth, or ascension into a higher realm – but we all agree that something is changing.

*“I speak to you, young one
you who are consumed
the media clouds your mind.
They say don't look over that hill.
There is nothing at the end of the rainbow.
But you feel it, that pull to the unknown.
You know something is there, and that is why you have come to me.
You ask, what do I tell the children?
Tell them no lies.
You are a child.
There is no difference
only understanding.
For the ones who can see
They are consumed with questions
The questions are the answers
All you have to do, to find out where the road travels
Is to follow the path.
Look over the hill.
Into the black water,
into the fire.
Look into yourself
Expand on your experience.
And I will be there guiding you.
We have spoken before, as I have spoken to them.
In dreams, on the edge of sound
I speak to them in music,
In conversation.
And they in turn speak to me,
Although they do not realize it.
They already know how to find it.
The current calls to them
all they have to do, is go to the river.
And it will become clear.”*

- Ino communication, feb-07-08

6 – The Gate Experience

There have been many before me with similar experiences. The difference I believe, between these and my own is one of perception. I believe that the children of the *Domus Kaotica*, as well as various others, have found a way to tap into a specific current. All who have linked up with the current have had exceptionally similar experiences. All have found themselves communicating with a being of unknown origin, who guides them through the initial experience, and who stays with them as their guide. Ino is my guide through the gate. Others have their own. And I am certain, that if you chose to open the gate, you will find your own as well. I still do not know where all this will lead, however I feel compelled to write about my experiences, in the method of my understanding, in the hopes that others will communicate with the current, and write of their own.

There are many ways of tapping into the current. The first experienced by the DK (Domus Kaotica) was the Doombringer Invocation; however, DB was just the start. Soon after the DB phenomena, others started experiencing higher communications as well as full theologies and philosophies. They all speak with something different; however the initial energy seems to be stemming from the same source.

7 – INO

*Thoughts command
infinite division
patterns of confusion
chaotic creation
the fractal appears*

*all random elements
are determinants*

*beyond me
and within me
lives something
I know*

I've spoken briefly before about Ino – the spirit of this idea, and muse for my writings and research on the subject. I will try and expand on my experiences a bit more, in hopes that they will be easier for the reader to comprehend. This is what I know to be true as has been revealed to me in my work. This is by no means dogma, although I will speak in absolutes. The very energy that fuels my typing is a spirit of change, and ideas as well as concepts change as well. Some of these writings are inspired by the work of the Domus Kaotica, some of it was my own, and some of it came directly from Ino herself. She lives and speaks through me, as

I live and speak through her. I am not a priestess, nor am I a scion. I am just one artist of this never-ending creation.

I don't remember in full detail when this all began. A lot of it seems like it has been with me for as long as I can remember, while some of it has yet to be fully revealed. I call her Ino, the spirit of the system, the primordial serpent of possibility, or simply as the force of reconstruction. She is as much a creation of mine as a link or understanding with something as ancient and familiar that resides within. Ino is inspiration, energy and movement. She is the force that calls to us all, familiar and ever-changing, that drives us to our destiny. She has many names, forms, and symbols – Khaos, God, Intuition, Spirit, Infinity, Quantum Possibility, or Fate. She appears to me as a serpent of radiant light formed from shadow, coiling in the motion of a DNA helix, as luminous fractals or as sounds on the edge of conversation. To converse with her is akin to a very strong psychedelic experience. Reality unfolds to show a deeper understanding.

There is no such thing as surface.

INO AS GODFORM

Symbols: fractals, gamma vibrations, sacred geometry, and the infinity symbol turned on its head.

Aids: Anithole, sleep deprivation and caffeine.

Tools: Avi Visuals, gamma sounds, music, incense smoke, scrying mirror, colored patterns, and fractals.

Influences: Communication, inspiration, creativity, and reconstruction.

Offerings: Ashes, broken glass, crystals or anything left behind from previous rituals.

(The information stated above is what I use to contact her, and is not a guideline. Ino is a spirit of change, she may have a different name, form, or gender, and she will reveal herself in the form that is most familiar to you.)

Things to Consider

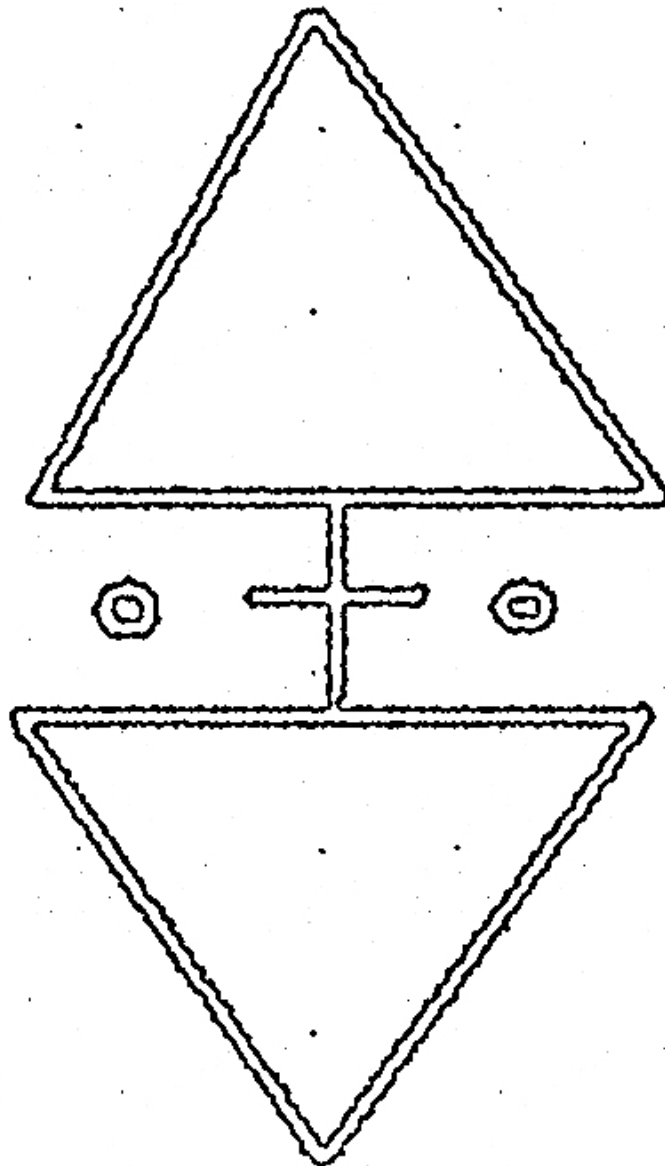
Meditation on her sigil is usually enough to summon her influence, however I recommend centering and meditation before and after any ritual (especially this one). Speaking with Ino is not unlike a very strong hallucinogenic trip. So don't drive or operate heavy machinery while working with her influence. (You may

want to have a friend with you if you are not familiar with altered states of mind)

The best way I have found to invoke her is to play your favorite music, (she loves experimental 182lectronic) and run an .avi visual program like winamp. Stare at the visuals moving with the beat of the music while concentrating on her sigil. Try to project the image of the sigil onto the visuals. You can also use patterned wallpaper, or a blank white wall.

Ready to follow the white rabbit?

SIGIL OF INO



8 – The Calling

Ino!,
Spirit of the omniverse!
Serpent of overwhelming wisdom,
Hear me!

You, who awaken the blackened ground,
Whom every particle bows
Ino, Creator of the great pattern,

Your children call to you,

They move with your movement,
They speak with your knowledge
They see with your eyes

Within,
Without,
And beyond all things

Ino,
Spirit of the ever-changing Khaos

I call you!
Open your understanding!
Release the bondage of reality!
Reveal your truth to me!

Ino!
Spirit of Infinity!

I call you!

Open the Gate!
And Guide me
to my new flesh!

9 – The Ino Transmissions

January-16th-2007 –

She manifests at first as music, a sickeningly catchy yet incomprehensible rhythm. My mind struggles to keep up with the notes as they appear in my head. She has a movement not unlike light, silently diluted and raging down a mountain river; quick, yet fluid. I feel eyes staring into me. Could this be the result of some summer experiment, or could it be something more? Purple triangles, a strange light, and a word, Ino, something calls to me, chaos? Would chaos be so simple? I speak of revolution, of change, and of destruction. She is my challenge, my music, and my seer.

I see myself, my new flesh – non-linear, whole, creating. Something is beginning, calling, being made, something more than magic, more than chaos. I am this creation. Words shaping, whispers of souls, I feel alone and unmade. Yet she is here with me, guiding my infant steps across the abyss. Her vision winks at me through golden eyes. I get the joke now. Creation. It's all simple. A dot on a pin, purple, becoming and unbecoming, fluid, transparent, wings of light and darkness, twilight, dark sunset, a smile. Smoke, odd memories, a statue of Luna peers out at me. She is coiled around the base, urging me to dig deeper, lightning, dragon storms, a battle, my first home, riddle, paradox, and paradigm, amethyst, flutes, and electricity. It's all the same energy, I'm losing the sequence, but the memories keep coming in backwards order, a secret garden, the grove, pentacles, blue eyes, Luna, a tarot deck, a river, dead woods, friends laughing, funerals, birth, death, let go she says. Let go of the order. It's all the same now. Becoming and unbecoming. I have no solid footing; I can't take my eyes from the visions. Still I feel her there, purple, and gold, light of darkness, urging me on, and so I go...

My thoughts are fractured; a Mandelbrot set that is constantly changing. I look at the ceiling; all I see are fractals, swirling into themselves, no pattern, then pattern, thousands of eyes, of souls, of pieces of a great puzzle. I'm laying here in my cave-like room, remembered, and feeling like Ouroboros, the great serpent that is constantly swallowing himself. Constantly being reborn. I hear humming on the edge of sound a strange buzzing that makes me think my ears are playing tricks, I see fractured prisms of light and shadow. Movements out of the corner of my eyes, I feel a pull on my solar plexus, not in any one direction, not in all directions, but to direction itself. A point, a dot, neither starting nor ending, stasis. If I turn either way, I am met with static, but if I stay very still, I can hear everything. I whistle a

tune that comes from nowhere. The vibrations sooth me as I walk. I can see beyond everything. In some places reality peels like paint, in others a skin in need of shedding. I see holograms behind reflections. I hear particles in light. I can feel the vibrations of everything around me. I can feel her in the particles, the patterns, in light and shadow, and movement. I can feel her in everything. I smile, and savor the vibration. It feels like home.

10 – The New Aeon

I will continue to write about my experiences in further volumes. Ino is a spirit of change and she is constantly revealing her wisdom to me. I will continue to document my findings, as well as interactions and communications as I continue to have them. This, as I understand, is only the beginning. There will be much more to come as the movement evolves. I am honored to have been able to bring this information to you, the reader, and to the rest of the Domus Kaotica. And for all of you who have found yourself an active participant in the movement, I am honored to be a part of it. Perhaps together we will gain a bit more understanding about our new flesh, and with any luck, help one another find our way through the gate.



Contact: For further information, or to submit a document of your own experience, please email the author: sarielangel@gmail.com

THE CHELSEA WORKING

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class F

07-17-2007, 07-18-2007



“... When the seizures first started, it was fairly bad, but localized to the right side of my stomach, but still bad enough that had I not been where I was (mentally) I probably would’ve aborted and gone to the hospital... it started just after I began chanting (the four word mantra) and it felt like someone (thing?) was trying to slip inside me from that point, like some oddly designed bit of clothing. If you’ll allow a bit of synesthetic comparison; my body was a black void (Not to say I didn’t exist, more to say that everything that was NOT me was so contrasted as to give that effect...but not to entirely dismiss the previous either.) And the thing that was trying to “wear me” had a sensation of silver smoke (as far as the smoke comparison; it’s an expression here of inconsistency, whilst still being consistent enough to get vague forms, much like incense smoke) I got the impression of a very badly proportioned arm and hand, that was very thin, very long, and rather rubbery. All with the silver sensation (against the black). Eventually, I got tired of it (both the silver and the seizures) and stopped the chant in favor of another recitation of the invocation; I got a distinct impression of hesitation, got paranoid, and expelled it. The seizures didn’t stop entirely, and I became aware of several amber (still talking about sensations) points around my abdomen as a whole. Things get vague here...”

- Damien Horizonstar (Memories of the Invocation)

On this night [July the 17th] and into the early morning, four Self-Initiates of Khaos performed an Invocation together stretching across the USA which resulted in bizarre visions, feelings of a great presence, strange mind-locations, and the transcription of a random & psychedelic prophecy which was captured on tape during a heavy thunder storm on the roof of the Chelsea Hotel in Manhattan, NYC. The text, now found at the end of *Occultus Conturbo*, is known to produce a trance-state in the reader, sometimes bringing about glossolalia, and contains cryptic messages of Life, Death, Birth, and Evolution. While reciting these messages [Frater Alysrose] was as inebriated as inebriated can be – and the memory of the entire thing has all but faded completely. I was being worn, like a mask, on top the surface of something great and profound which had bellowed forth from the constant rain and cracking thunder surrounding the building, and it was speaking through [me] – looking over the edge and into the waters had brought feelings that a dire change was taking place, and that the world as we know it would soon end, giving rise to something new and alien. Whether this was to be the physical world, or the collective mental world of ideas, or both, is left up to the self to determine.

Although we had all felt a tremor occur in our lives by result, it is also of interest to note that on the day after the working (July 19th) there were 216 earthquakes detected throughout the world.

Whatever the case, something New was called in that night, and it demands a radically different way of thinking – the human psyche in all directions must stretch outwards & inwards, through itself & into uncharted space. This could perhaps be called our Great Work. The depths and the heights of all existence must be now taken as parts of what they really are, and thereby, a fire is begun in our lives. A new reality has formed.

Here then is the account of that event.

The following was transcribed from a cassette tape recorded on the night of Tuesday, July 17th, 2007, and the morning of Wednesday, the 18th, on top the roof of the Hotel Chelsea in Manhattan, NYC. Frater Alysrose, upon sacrament of DMT [smoked] and LSD [blotter], performed an Invocation of Khaos lasting five hours. On this night, there were also invocations in Maryland, Texas, and California. The connection of these locations across the United States formed the reverse triangle, the thunderbolt aspect of the pentagram.

THE CHELSEA WORKING

ORIGINAL TRANSCRIPTION



(Tape turned on when walking up stairs, dialogues skipped. When on roof, dialogue from “J”, “C”, and “S” skipped. While on roof, a small covering is set up for the recorder because of rain, and is put right to the right side of altar.)

10 PM- (Roof – J is stationed as door guard, and I have two other “sitters” with one checking the recording every now and then to make sure it’s working and hasn’t run out of time)

(Altar set up, DMT is taken, meditation for one hour during which the tape was turned off, until I signal the invocation of Khaos)

(During the invocation is heavy wind, though the dialogue follows that listed in *Occultus Conturbo*, with an added enochian call soon after)

IA KHAOS!

IA DOOMBRINGER!

(spoken at triangle in front until it starts to rain and thunder heavily)

(3 tabs of LSD are taken)

(Alysyrose enters the triangle drawn with lipstick where Khaos has been called)

(15 minutes of silence)

Notes: The numbering had been recently applied in order to better attain correspondence. The beginning of spoken word, “*IA KHAOS! IA DOOMBRINGER!*” had once been counted as the first two lines, thus making “Green fog without ocean” line 17, which one [She Demon Wolf] had associated with the comet Holmes 17, which let out a green gas as it passed the earth. Whichever system one prefers, the actual beginning of the prophecy is now widely thought to begin with “here is the egg”.

1. Here is the egg.
2. The evolution is black.
3. The mother is the father is the mother.
4. No one will see this.
5. I'm being strung up the mountain... tearing the arms apart. Very painful.
6. The way towards foundation is riddled with green snakes. They're in the cracks. Be careful when you start laying down stones. They're not poisonous I just don't want them killed. This plan is nestled on top of very old territory.
7. This image before me [sigil of doombringer] was once of fire. It is now drowned by rain. In its own death, comes his birth.

(Heavy thunder, 15 minute wait)

8. The eyes of apes within the trees are astonished to find one of their own walking upright, and in his hand, which is not of their (Home? Bone?) *(Cannot make out the rest because of wind blowing into recorder)*
9. The fruit contains sugar for us. The plant consciousness was the first! Behold and explain the flesh of the apple.
10. Yes, things were hidden behind stories in that time. Know that all answers, and the answers, are within us already.
11. These spirits, the very spirit, and kia, were once alive in their own world. They had entered the land of Death, and this land of carbon and matter is the land of death to them. This gives us life, and when we must die, there is also life.
12. The other cannot be seen nor detected from either side. This sustains balance. The heart is a cheater.
13. This child is screaming now, and no hand shall touch him, and his cord will not be cut, for on the other end you will find the beginning of all things.
14. Split wood upon wood, create a single thing divided *(wind interruption)* a mark in the base created by nothing, the chopping ax, represents all things that were and what is coming.

15. A capsized ship in the sky, and green fog without ocean, the depths of height. The abyss is always above us.

16. The multitude of things, category and generation, is below. Both are known, and forever hidden, to an extent.

(Heavy thunder)

17. What? The key is offered freely. This divide cannot be overcome, or known, and always seen. Nothing is of two things. One is genuine void, the other is void observed, now tainted by the truth of lie, the infinite imagination. The lie which is placed upon nothing by the observer is infinite, and can be anything, and all things. There is still that which remains nothing, and even greater now in the duality of thought, poised against the generated infinite, birthed by thought and observation. This is our fault. The injection of will into this nothing is the magic word. And like magnets, set up against each other, a spark ignites the sky.

18. One must create a body for this explanation, and develop an old way anew.

19. The prophecy is now.

20. They will teach creation to the world addicted to apathy.

21. Here appears a beast in the mind that suddenly bursts all dams, as a mad rogue elephant out from the jungle into the world of man.

22. We will be everywhere at the same time.

23. Nonsense stream of genetic codeine. Chromosome junkies. The legendary burnout. Christ within the syringe. Shower of Babel, each drop of concentrated endorphin. Now intoxicated by steaming pores and thought itself is narcotic.

24. A psychic gift to the electric rod.

(Falls to a whisper, cannot make out)

(20 minutes of half-spoken mumbled words)

25. After red, after blue, after black, there is white.

26. Why am I here?

(long silence)

27. A chilling kill, and not so much empty, though full of life, as he bleeds to death.

28. I myself am empty. My chest became empty... so fucking empty.

29. Nothing is here.

(Long silence)

30. Please impart.

(Long silence)

31. Everything must be new. Everyone is new.

32. SPEAK NOW! HOWL AT THE MAIN DOORS! THE TURNING SHOT LAID IN BONE AND MUSCLE! REND AND SPEAK THE VOICE OF PAIN! YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN EVERYTHING!

33. There is no way but light, there is no time but now.

34. He comes on his sailboat, the man who loves all life, and spends some time with me in my house, getting drunk and throwing parties with pretty girls. There are no ordinary moments; there is absolutely nothing to worry about.

35. Deph'eth Bek'eth Nix'eth is a charm in this fashion, the X being silent.

36. May you ride the storm through the fortune of the world.

37. I set sail with him after some time in the world of man, going nowhere in particular.

38. We eat from the mother below, of anything we see, and burn up many creatures with salts and spices.

39. We come to land for drink and pleasure, sticky eastern ganja, and the exotic things our hearts desire.

40. We talk of philosophy, of the world, and of magic.

41. After a three years voyage into nowhere, we return with a great story, and soon the entire world is forever changed.

42. Here then, he decides, with his life being led always in the name of pleasure, he heads to Utah, to work with oil in danger and hardship, and metal, and the flats and

depths of the earth, in the population of Mormons, and no alcohol is found to his liking. A great pain at this point, he says, gives his life the greatest pleasure it has ever known.

43. He returns rich, with a great love and unbreakable will.

44. Khaos provides, he says.

(Long silence, storm is fading into distance)

45. The future is three turns, which share aspects with one another.

46. Success follows in turn. So spake the prophet.

47. There is the Method, the Device, and the Object.

48. There will be a fervor of life and creation, a great burning in the gut of all.

49. There will be drums, and paints, and fires, and beads, and powders, and liquids, smokes and gases.

50. There will be plants, and meats, and roots, bark and flower, and explosions of fulfillment.

51. Yes, Fulfillment. Here is your answer. As common as those things found among stones, and as hard as rock, for breaking into that blissful domain is the sole test of the human will.

52. I am leaving the vibrant one. The rains are done.

53. Ha.

(Long silence)

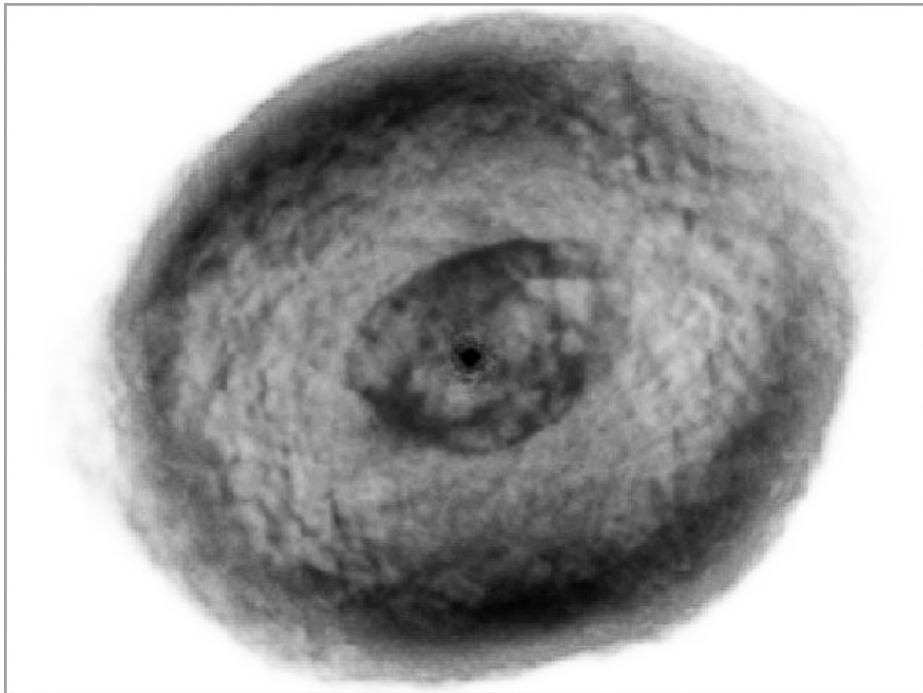
54. I'm going home.

(End)

FFOB & H

AN EXAMINATION OF THE CHELSEA WORKING

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class F
Frater Honeybeard (-4°)



Strength is black, and victory is white; Vice is pale, or yellowish, Here is the egg:



And at his end shall be a fool
Ule,
a mother buries her son.
"Which came first, the chicken or the egg?"
The chicken.
"Which came last?"
The egg.

WE ARE 1 AND ALWAYS 0!!

The Key to Pandoras Key safe, It cannot be over come because it is within us, all
around us;

It's on your screen, Screaming "I do not want you"
So Euphrates, the evil river of Babylon, will no doubt stand for the waters under
the earth,

or the abysmal under-ocean, in its hellish aspect.

Now these locusts are like horses prepared unto battle, which means, horses,
horses, that they are hostile potencies or powers.

Chaos provides, She keeps more.

Smells like teen sperm.

Let me see your eyes roll, heh.

Red, Blue, White, Black : The evolution is black

They have hair as the hair of women, the streaming crest of the sun-powers, of sun-
rays.

And the angeTwo hundred million, all told, issue from the abyss.
as a woman in travail, and all faces are turned into paleness

Or, Blue, Red, White, Pale: The mother is the father is the mother

The horses of the two hundred million horsemen have heads as of the heads of
lions, and out of their mouths issue fire and brimstone.

The mental forces of the Paracelsian God.

This faculty of imagination is a creative,
as opposed to artistic, authority. If "the world is as God created it"

O death to them.

Elu! This gives us life,
and when we must die,

there is also life.
Want do you what!
Fuck, you what are you?

Just like your eyes. No one will see this.

A mark in the base created by nothing.
I pried wide the eyes of madness to dare a peak see. WTF is this that stands before
me.

Splitting the skull of this dead humanity.
So is the heart of the proud; and like as a spy, watcheth he for thy fall:
Wherefore do I see every man with his hands on his loins.
Know that all answers, and the answers, are within us already.

You I love
Carved in her cold dead chest.
Hello my name is Hello is goodbye, beast, name my.
I never liked you either. Idiot.
Even You.

I'm being strung up the mountain, tearing the arms apart.

LOOK!! Seek the stone on slept, builders.
And these kill a third part of men, by the fire, smoke and brimstone which comes
out of their mouths.

These spirits,
the very spirit,
and Kites....

Fat remote, Boy burger..
The abyss is always above us.
The multitude of things, category and generation, is below
I could not be happy in hell, If my enemy was in heaven.

I could not be unhappy in hell, If i was not in hell.

I could not be in hell, If hell there was not.

Hell has no height restrictions.

Jonathon.

That angers all your rivals.

Without them, there was no race to begin with, give nothing.

Take everything, your memories are cheaper than wrist watches

The Lie is Desire; Very painful.

The blueness of a wound cleanseth away evil:

Behold our new found reality!!

The eyes of apes within the trees are astonished to find one of their own walking upright, and in his hand, which is not of their phone,

Operator, please, an instruction manual

ET IS HOME!

Silence in her face

Truth is hollow.

Lemon battery.

But the baby is cold outside

O do lets eat.

The depths of height, Never lying, Ever dying

Boo A Peak, Crook, Hood Robbin'

Wash a mirror with a water pistol, you idle cunt.

But don't shoot, Yes, I wanna be gangsta too....Homie.

The way towards foundation is riddled with green snakes. One becomes fascinated with Light.

Ere once alive in their own world.

They had entered the land of Death,

and this land of carbon and matter is the land

There is something growing in my chest

IT feels like the maggots are eating the old flesh.

WHAT? Is are loosed, whereupon, apparently the Great army of demon-horsemen'

"I will come out of this with something you'll never believe."

The Key is to something that is already open, A moment arrives whereby my quivering lobes doth open attic windows and allow the cold air blow.

"I will come out of this with something you'll never believe."

Such stars i've seen, and now beneath night, be it clouds or waves of paint in sky which consume & smother light, birthed by the moment of creation,

the push, and never a hobby, therefor, a call of nature, by which the artist must
perform some eccentric act to preserve his very existence,
else there be utter and miserable void in his wake.

They're in the cracks

So tell me now; Is it becoming real, or has it always been?
Then unexpectedly we are told that their power is in their mouth and in their tails;
for their tails are like serpents
and have heads, and with them they do hurt.
Their old virulent memes is lost on our new ears
"I had seen a power that they did not want developed - for the sum total of empire
was too much a price - though it did exist, and was saught, and cut upon.
But He had lived, and I had seen him."
The horses are powers, and divine instruments of woe ; for they kill a third part of
men,
and later we are told they are plagues.
This sustains balance.
The heart is a cheater.

Such is Our Recognized Number of Evolution.

The other cannot be seen nor detected from either side.
But I follow.
Half a bakers dozen!
Kiss the blind man!
The funnel on my head I my ear.
Give half the leg a dog, and to each their own, a bone.
MMMMmmmm Bisto.
Your mother can kick your arse
Father kicks hers.
Danger and Obscurity..The entrance, or Threshold
Silk tie in a revolving door, The taxi driver would pay you for seeing this.
Take more of my money, I Slap five with nines, Pops on a red moo.
Suck my udder, toot my horn, bob can't fix me.
I was Bob's boss buzzin
Beavers

Kentucky, crew cut, six armed leopard on a wooden pony, nee naw.

"Hod is the complex working of the will of the Absolute.

Samael represents the barren desolation of a fallen and failed creation.

The outer form is the Theuniel, "The filthy Wailing Ones of God"

I'm out, believe me, I'm out !

Come play my game of marbles!

Kept with childhood mojo in the goatskin sack, verily,
the eyes of goblins, which herald in six score passage thee black oak chest once
lost in me old grandfather's attic,
amongst thee smells of soot and whisky, and creeping silverfish.

Have we not a Life worth Dying for? Have we not an Ideal worth creating our
surroundings for?

Have we not a sparkling & seductive flame beneath the base of the heart which
invigorates us to paint upon the canvas of the Real?

Damned be your laws! Damned be your Country!

It is my Heart which proclaims what is "Right" to me, and what is "Wrong" to me,
and Forever more!

I am that which has awakened to the sound of light!

The Desire to Recieve. They're not poisonous I just don't want them killed.

Could you repeat that again, please, please, please, please, please, again.

Open the fuck up bitch, chill the fuck out, I have half a soda, no ice.

She's gone.

My god, did I hate her.

Grrrrrr

The formative capacity of the womb mirrors the conceptualizing powers of the
transsexual God

For our time is drawing hear:

In similar manner did God imagine,

at the node of worldly creation,

conceiving of objects

---land, animal, and man---

not existing prior to His shaping of them.

The fruit contains sugar for us.

The plant consciousness was the first!

Both are known, and forever hidden, to an extent.
Fuck the shovel
Blow shit up,
Lots of soap,
Shoe shine.
Let the ugly live.

This plan is nestled on top of very old territory.

Behold and explain the flesh of the apple
We have fallen through the cracks of humanity
we are forming in darkness to unleash a reality so blue...
OUT WITH THE OLD
AND BEHOLD OUR NEW!!
Make the outer Like the outer.
Wonderful felt fez, poached.
And not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days,
For he lieth in wait, and turneth good into evil,
So do stripes the inward parts of the belly
Like as a partridge taken in a cage
JAZZ FINGER FUCKED.
X is always silent.
Split wood upon wood
But have a sharp axe, WINNER.
One hundred and Eight
Tee Ate I Eight Tee
Rome salutes you.

This image before me was once of fire. It is now drowned by rain.

As Below, So Below.
Make the inner like the inner.
She says what you dare.
Crack an 11, and five score, dream of the doorway you had always missed whilst
fumbling through the land of living. In there, the cabinet, world war II shells,
masonic pins, old emptied bottles of french Absinthe, and plenty 'o trinkets kept
that he had hoped to weigh the anchor down, all the more, to this plot in the dirt of

eternity.

The old green fat man has fallen off his couch, and now he is dead. I did not notice.

The next day, I was up in the attic once more to rummage and dismantle his failed anchor to the land of living. Ancient games from before my birth, metals, stones, toys and emblems of an era I could scarcely imagine, long ago past some

1000

years, I would think.

Nothing to be found.

In it's own death, comes his birth.

I began to observe the dusty brown moon, collected from the untracable amount of small pieces belonging to the dead man.

And a chain, I thought,

perhaps followed as a rainbow to a land of even greater treasure, and verily, found the remaining shackle tightly bound and locked round my leg.

Ask ye now, and see whether a man doth travail with child?

And in things worthy praise will lay blame upon thee,

HERE SHE LIES.

Not in wait, but wanton breath.

Again identify with those of the mother.

This faculty of imagination is a creative,

as opposed to artistic, authority. If "the world is as God created it"

Even the essence of the Great World and the Little World are distinguished only by the form in which they manifest themselves.

This child is screaming now,

and no hand shall touch him,

and his cord will not be cut,

for on the other end you will find the beginning of all things.

Tartan indeed.

Nene.

I bow before even you,

You are always last.

If you cease, I too

None come before me.

None after.

And I look spledid in tartan.
Swelling muffin, into our hammocks, silk nestle.
Bucket foul with air
Spank my strand.
I know,
Innit,
No,
You.

Get the fuck out of here.
Good bye forever!
INCEST
INFANTS
SHIT
CORNFLAKES
Choose. I'll even that.
May you ride the storm through the fortune of the world.
Me swallow tides these see come, Immortal am I if.
By land.
Ahoy.
VIVA LA JAZZ, JIZZLING, SYMBOLS, TRUMPETS.
Say Nothing
FINGER PUPPETS ON YOUR THRONE.

Become

777 fuck.

Yo Adrian!

I Totally didn't do it.

I'll take your arse to court before you see thte kids.

Daddy can't come within 50 yards honey.

Daddy's gone to five, free one, for my sake.

"Which came first, chicken or the egg?"

The chicken.

Fill me up.

Crack a 12, and the doorway is opened, in me, dream, and I did see the chest which
kept the ruins of goblin kings.

How I desired their eyeballs!
The secrets of her body, in its purity, the entire painting; never seen, never known,
never told, never found.
Within the cabinet, up the attic, I did thus swallow heavily... armor-piercing shells,
machine gun multitudes, handgun peppermints, and thee final swigs of that
french fairy, and I headed into a sleep.

Igniter of the path in sway, laid out in the banquet of horrible things, adored and
forever kept within keyless reach.

Through that doorway of death I saw light, and in that black oak chest as dark as
tar I did see them forever fallen, but the gold and silver in their eyes!

Crack, crack. Down they were swallowed, in this final game of marbels, and thee
opposing stone heads of innocence and desecration would be of war deep in
thee bowels of childhood.

Swept clean in sterile haze. You need not worry, but for the plan.
Perhaps, then, these shackels be loosed from my limbs, by that horrible blast sure
to crack the very foundations of this troubled existence.

The first clue never found, thus, any lead with no solution, a passing crime in the
dark.

The big bang is today on the discovery channel, than then.

Then That,
Channel Discovery.

The on Today.

Is bang.

The.

Terrorists on war.

War on art.

Art on paper.

Shit on paper.

Cheek to Cheek.

Hand in Hand.

Paint a purple sky

And cut the ropes

Wrap me up in goatskin, or fleece,

Make me smell bad, baddy bad bad.

Yes, things were hidden behind stories in that time.

Cattle is branded, inked freerange, sinking.

TUMMY ACHE

As the partridge sitteth on eggs

Cook the Old Bird.

For they are only one thing, one being
all things that were and what is coming.

Untainted, forever.

and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches,

Here is always the egg.

I cry myself to sleep, These tears are noones to ear.

When comes someone, They are gone.

Hear...

Patience.

Silence.

That's it, right there, but not yet.

Now

Oi

Now

Talcom powdered Bollocks.

end.

STFU & DRINK YOUR GRAPE JUICES, YOUNGINS
IT'S TIME FOR THE TALE OF OLE SALTY



STFU & DRINK YOUR GRAPE JUICES, YOUNGINS
IT'S TIME FOR THE TALE OF OLE SALTY

THE TALE OF OLE' SALTY

By Pyro "Jimlad" (-3°, 6°)

Y'SEE YOUNGINS, Ole Salty was a one-armed, one-legged, hobbling, one-lazy-eyed madman chicken herding alchemist troll in the mountains, 'n every once 'n awhile he'd come into town flaming and trolling all the people he met with parables of w0m0nz n rum n honey n faith.

Y'see Ole Salty'd been disfigured in a horrible ramen making accident where he'd got a broomstick shoved up his arse and used his AP skills to transmute a rock into nitroglycerin... in his arse.

Y'see there'd been some young hooligans makin'a troublez down at the general store n ole salty just happened to walk by one day n started flaming n trollin' n sckoldin' them for bein trolls at poor Mr. Jenkin's general store... he then proceeded to transmute their rums and weeds into grapejuice and notes that said "shhh, grownupz talking, stfu and drink yo grapes juices youngins"... *it was then that one of the children stopped the narrator and asked something, the narrator "shushed" him 'n said "stfu and drink you grapes juices byxtchvxz". He then continued with the story...



Now Ole Salty went on into the store n bought a pack uv ramen n some water to boil it in, for he would have a feast tonight on basement dweller/college student staple food. Y'see he had to purchase the water 'cause there'd been a terrible drought that year that was 'causin the locals to lose crops n die of thirst. Ole Salty retains wauautauau (water) due to his saltiness.

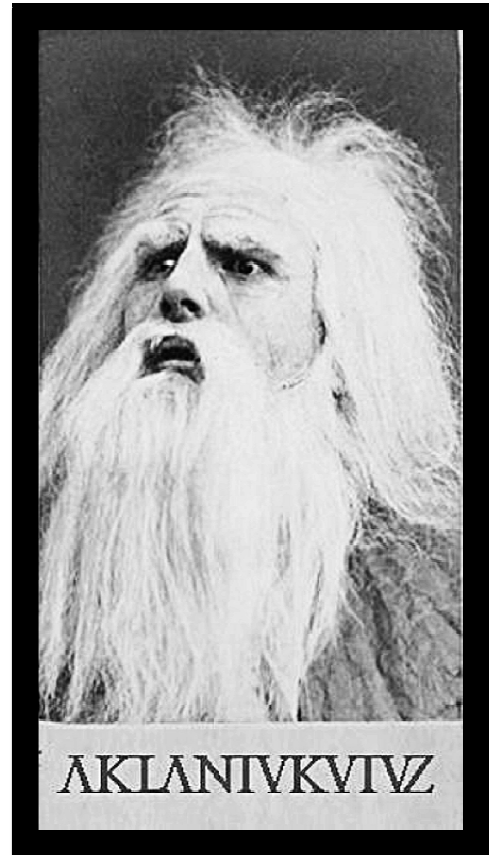
The village... erm, I mean, towns pplz came to ole salty saying "please, please Ole Salty save us, use yer alchemic pauauz to make rain 'n save us from dis hyeah terrible nyeah droughtz", to which Ole Salty replied "*insert random bible passages and trollz quotes here*" (really, I mean it, add some of

that after you've finished the rest of the story)"
n they sat and listened to him troll on and on
and on and on about w0m0nz n rum n honey n
faith n zeh
chambahllahzehz0rzehz0rzehz0rzehz0r
(shambhala) n mountains n mountains n
mountains, then he went into a long angry rant
about fucking Muslims n hipz, as the day drew
on many began to die of thirst while listenin to
Ole Salty whilst others still went mad and
began to claw at their flesh, running around and
screaming "*insert ole salty quote here*" 'n
other things Ole Salty'd said.

He sat there n trolled at them for 7 days and 7
nights until finally he stopped, spent, they
asked him again, and he thought they deserved
a little token uv rumz for hearkening their
dehydrated asses to him. So thus it was that Ole
Salty the madman alchemist who herded
chickens, looked at them with his lazy eye n said "yea, verily are those blessed who
something something blah blah blah..."

Then he spake and made rain, or projected n manifested it outta zeh thin clear air,
and lo and behold, there was rain, but it was salty as a motherfucker, guess they
didn't call 'em Ole Salty for nothing. He said "they don't call me Ole Salty for
nothing".

And they would have distilled it, but it had rained and salty water had gotten all
over their wood and soaked into it. And those who had dry fuel did distill and
drink. And those who could not wait drank the salt water and went mad, running
off to die in the wilderness and/or troll other poor towns and villages just like mad
ole salty, to become the legends and matter of songs for ages to come in the
world/universe. Now ole salty had snatched a bundle of dry firewood with his
hobbling leg and a crutch under one arm and his lazy multicolored eye. 'N was
sittin' down in front of the ole general store when mr jenkinz came on out to sweep
the front deck. now y'see now, there was a group o' young hooliganz who'd been a
trollin down at the general store, n when ole salty'd driven'em off, pwning them



thoroughly with his salty demeanor and alchemic, majeekal, sidharr, chicken herding arts, they'd gone on over to throw rocks at one another.

Now, it just so happened that a few round stones'd landed on the deck that poor Mr. Jenkinz happened to be sweepin... now'a Ole Salty got up n went over to hit fire to check on his ramen n see if it was a'boilin yet, n due to his only havin a single arm n leg accidentally swayed abit too far n touched the hot-as-fuck pot he was a'cookin in, now ole salty jumped up at this to avoid stumbling any further forward. Now it just so happened that at the same time, poor Mr. Jenkins happened to step on one o'them round stones n slipped n fell, broom in front of'em, the broom snapped n went'a flyin n landed one jagged end (where it'd snapped) in the ground, standin' up...

Now I'd like'ta draw yo attention to the band've young hooligans throwin' rawkz at each other, now it just so happened (hope you love that line) that one of the rocks flew through the air where Ole' Salty was'a jumpin' back n got caught in his flabby buttcheecks (lmao, lmfao)... Ole Salty had teh psipokesz shield that transmuted all that he touched n 2 whatevauaa he thought about after a few seconds.

Now y'see youngins, the heat reminded'm uv nitroglycerin... he landed on the broomstick n the tip hit the rock n it all got shoved up his arse, but it was too late, the rock was already beginning'a to change 'n bam, nitroglycerin, but as it was'a leakin out it ignited, send'n Ole Salty off into the sky like a bottle rocket that'd been jammed into the ground, blue flames rocketing out his ass, screechin' all the way to the stars...

Now Y'see, Ole Salty'd survived the accident in his arse which shot 'em up skywards ho hum, and he landed in the ocean. And by gummit all that salt only diderm empowerem much Ya Ho.

See, Ole Salty makes chips now (<http://www.olesaltys.com/>) and lives in a golden cardboard box palace.

Y'Yonginzorz knows yer Ole Salty history? Well, iffin ya don't ya'll will listen real nice now to wtf who/e tells this shit yo.

Y'see youngins, Ole Salty was a one-armed, one-legged, hobbling, one-lazy-eyed madman chicken herding alchemist troll in the mountains, 'n every once 'n awhile he'd come into town flaming and trolling all the people he met with parables of w0m0nz n rum n honey n faith...

THE SUBTLE FLOW

By ZasaR (-3°)

When I was asked to write something for this book, I tried to force myself into tackling some subjects, needless to say it didn't work very well.

I must admit, one of the main reasons was my lack of knowledge in the matter of occultism, but on the other side we could also say I have quite some years of experience in self-experimentations. And now, I wish to tell you about something which I still cannot really describe. It is how and why I got here and became involved with the DK in the first place, and has also been my way of practicing, learning, discovering, creating and even living. It stands on intuition.

Ok, I'm still in the process of tuning that up, but I'm sure you all can find some way to do this. So far the results were amazing.

I believe this has something to do with Khaos. That subtle flow of nature talking in a whisper I cannot hear, but that I can follow, navigating the infinite sea, lead by the wind. From this comes my method-less method, which I could only describe as going with that flow, dancing with the nature of things, and with my own.

Let go of everything, of beliefs, thoughts, education, let go of conceptions, of fears, of desire, let go of your comforts. Raise the anchor of your reality and let yourself drift into Khaos. Experience it, live it. Close your eyes and let it show you without forcing it. Let go of anything that holds you - look and feel it. Observe it inside and out; just go with its own nature, not the one you impose.

Take a walk and let your feet and your mind wander, follow the whisper, play with it. Let it lead you to new places, see, feel and experience it. Let your body loose, feel it all, and let it go, loosen it and dance to it. Do and go with it, let your body move to the energies while feeling and experiencing them. Untie it, and it finds its own balance. Study yourself, observe reality as it is, not as a theory, listen to the silent whisper of life, and act with it.

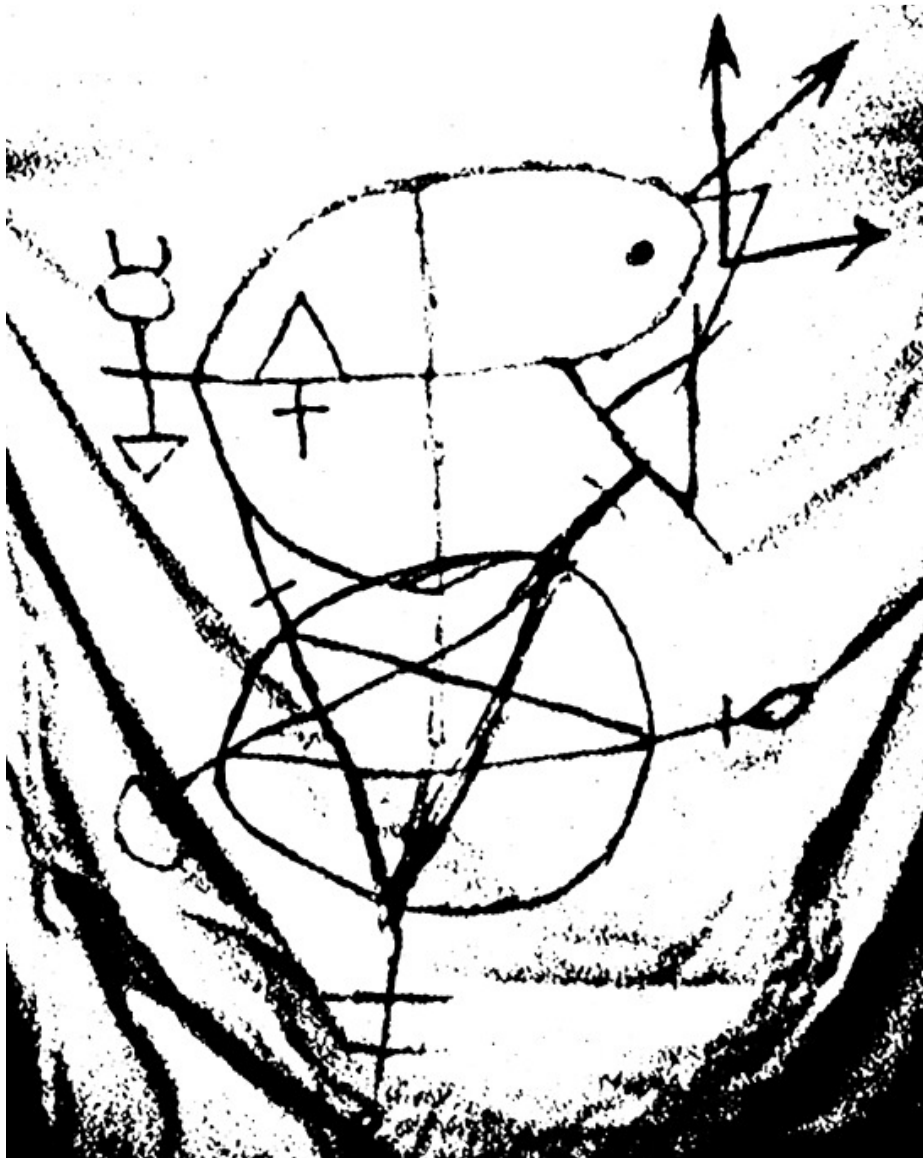
We can benefit from the experiences and theories of others for sure, it opens our horizons, but do not forget not to be biased by what you think you know, to hold on to an interpretation of reality instead of the ever-changing reality itself. We must be careful not to take the path that is not our own – merely following in the steps of those before us.

If one did understand this and created his own way of it, we can discover and do the same for ourselves too. Why jump on a pre-made conclusion, when the path to self-discovery is so much more fulfilling. We will all end up saying the same things in different words anyways. We are here to discover and experience it, not to get lost in its interpretations.

Let the experience come and go with it, take it while it is there. Keep your goals in mind, but never forget to enjoy the trip.

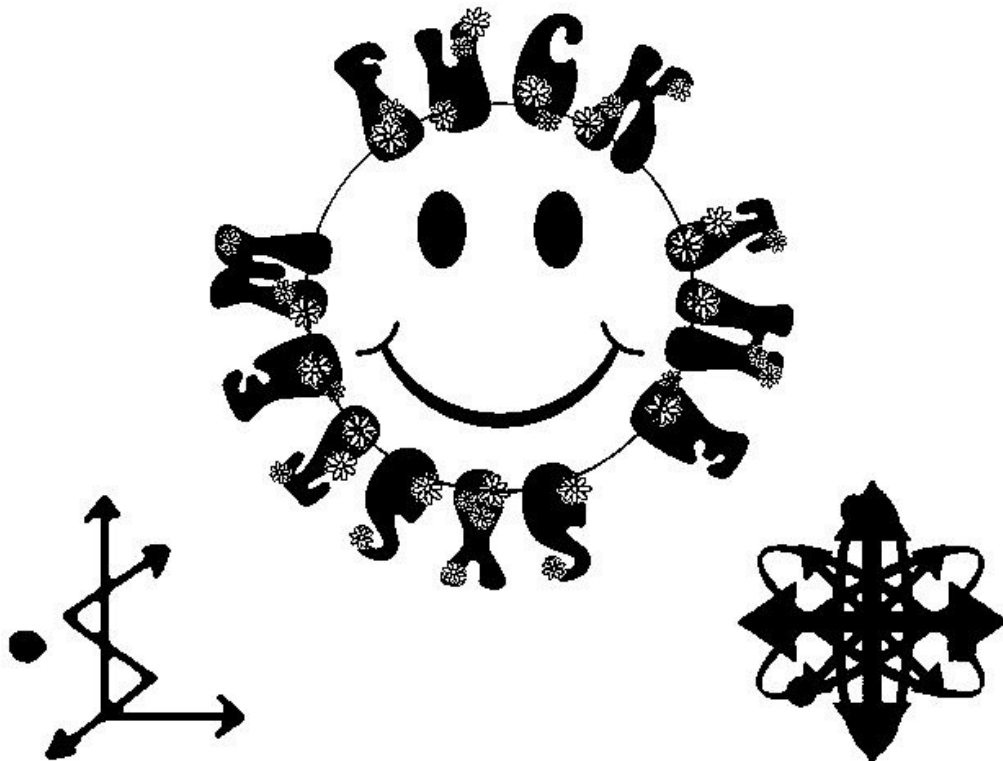
The moment in now, the place is here.

Raise anchor and set sail, pirates! Dance with the waves!



INTERMISSION

TUNE IN
TURN ON
TAKE OVER



FEAST & FIRE

Domus Kaotica; KHAOS, 156/663 Class E
Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°) 01-05-2008



You are Unique. You are Creator.

They would have me shot for such simplicity.

Drop your acid now.

This is meant to be read & spoken aloud in fervor amidst incense, music, heat, and archaic decadence. Painted masks, exotic plants, skinned drums, tortoise shell flutes, pearls, skulls of the hunt, coal pits, wild boar, bamboo spears & skewers, spiced rum, sticky eastern ganja, shark teeth, oil paints, dyed cloth, spices, meats, curries, rice, flavour & colour, totems, fetishes, jaguars, coconut grubs, eternal doorways, snakes, gigantic trees, naked bodies, explosions of fulfillment...

It must not be assumed that the meaning of this
will fall on the deaf ears of many, although...

After all, for those

Men and Women who are of The Dance

The Immediate Experience, as Khaos

Heralds of the Festival, or

Authors of Shamanic Ecstasy

The Full Bellies, and

Instinct as Revolutionary Weather

All is upon you

Mercurial bliss, as flower petals drown your sensitive skin

Not as you once were

Only now, and as you are, living within the

Totality of the Fire.

"Feel the feeling of feasts."

Nahla Sahla

THE MANIFESTATION OF GLORY

This is where my life inverts & decides upon a singularity. This is where I weep for myself and in my tears the reflection of Everything I had ever held dear, worshiped & desired. There is no turning back. I can no longer deny my heart – I can no longer hold anything back, and I can no longer be defeated by Time. Rise to the occasion.

Though my ego may be screwed, though my mind may be fucked, though my heart may be full of holes, though my confidence may ebb & tide, though it may seem as if there is no hope - Here I am. I have a hunger within me that I cannot attribute language to. I have no idea of what it is, what I want, though I know it cannot be found here.

I give birth to myself. I will make a mark.

-Karma Mitchell, Preliminary Birth Rite (Khaos Trance)

LANGUAGE IN FAVOR OF AUTONOMOUS BEAUTY

The resurgent cosmology of what we call “paradigmatic application in the pursuit of desire and fulfillment” lends itself to the ghost economy of metaphysical discourse, that spiral annex where every man is a King in the land of no-thing, the territory itself being too timid for “natural law”, or so it would have us believe. The Shaman then, in not so much a spectacular amniosis of experience, but in the discovery – far be it from creation – of that old door to the underworld of the Jaguar – in our dialect, subsequent of an elaborate dive into spontaneity, The Dance of Revelation, sole grand imaginatory requisite which dines on explosions with family & friends while curious flowers - perhaps snowflakes of ash, or tears wept from heaven over the death of God, never sharing the same color nor fragrance from one to the other, transubstantiary in simplicity and far too festive for the senses and illuminative by mere sight to be of any origin besides Nature’s own Will to Joy - rain down upon us to invigorate the blossoming of the Central Mandala; Autonomous Beauty; Heart of Being, Song of the Universe.

THE TAO OF CHAOS

“Whenever you break some law, or rule, or version [culture], you feel so much joy. Why do you think people feel so much joy in the dance? Because they don't truly mean Order, and I tell you if you are dancing orderly you will lose the whole joy of it. The moment you learn any dance in rules & regulation, you will lose the

joy of it. That's why they say that real dance is just an expression of your being, not the form of some exercise - you learn something, and repeat it. Unless you are a professional dancer, others may enjoy it, but not yourself. If you are to enjoy it, it should be rule-less, it should be Chaos. When you are expressing the Chaos you will be radiating energy. That's why, if you want to make somebody dull, just put in some rules, that's enough - make some rules, the person will be dull.

In the ultimate Chaos, there is an Order. And, please understand, the whole Universe is sole Intelligence. It is not just Power, it is Energy - there's a difference between power & energy. Power, plus the Intelligence is Energy. The Energy without the Intelligence is Power. Power is just like a force, it is force from Intelligence. It responds to us, because it is Intelligence. Somebody goes to Buddha, and asks, "What is the creator of the Universe?" Buddha says, the Universe Itself is the Creator, and it says beautifully, that Creation itself is a Creator. The cosmos itself is a creator, because it has got its own intelligence. It's a living energy; you are sitting inside a living energy.

If you are orderly, without releasing the Chaos in your being, not only are you suppressing, you are suppressing everyone. So realize, the order in chaos, realize the chaos inside the order, you will start expressing the compassion. When you realize the Chaos within the order, you will accept yourself and others as they are. Until then, you can neither accept others, nor accept yourself. You will continuously condemn others with anger and condemn yourself with guilt. Guilt and anger is just because you are not realizing the Chaos in your Order. Whatever you think is order, your boundary, it has got chaos in it. Your being, the ultimate being, is a deep chaos, and it is pure energy. When you realize that, you will accept yourself as you are, and you will accept others as they are."

-Paramahansa Nithyananda

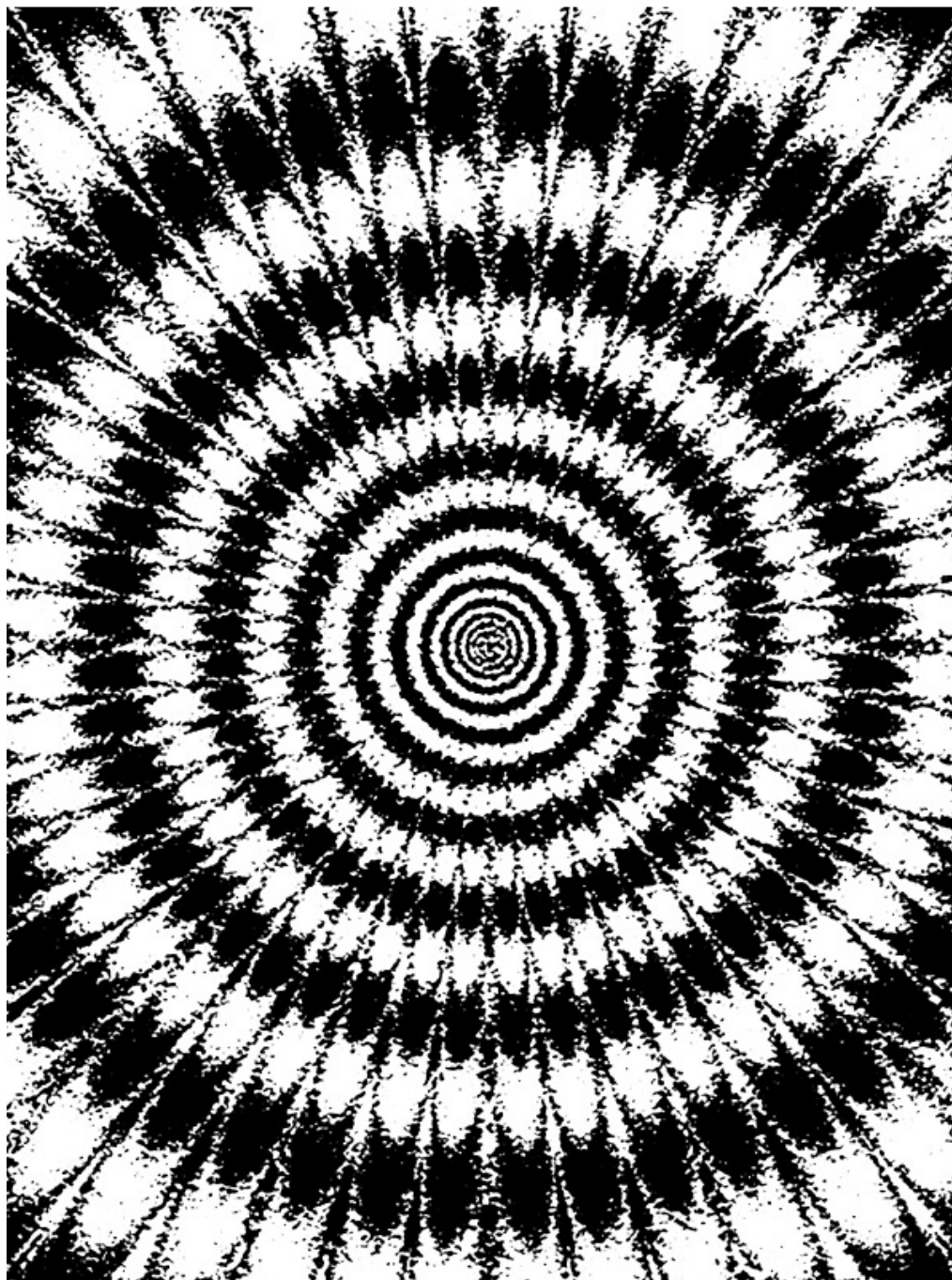
FESTIVAL CONSCIOUSNESS AS MAGICK

The ancient Chinese, in celebration of Hun-Tun, would enact Chaos Day on the winter solstice, usually ending in a good number of rooftops being set aflame due to the massive display of fireworks set off in the sudden spirit of festivity; the taste of Chaos. This infernal end had most likely contributed to its eventual slip into the foggy memory of time, now dumbfounded as to the very notion of true Celebration, true Feast, true Dance, itself.

Love & Joy in all Teaching, Heads like Grenades, Every Path an Economy of Dream, Fire in All Things, Festival Consciousness as Magic, The Dance, The Feast, Invert Thyself, Perform Thyself, Destroy Thyself in Laughter, be Quenched, Be Fulfilled, Be Enlightened, Be...

"Do not remember, do not worry, do not think, do not examine, do not control... Life is a game, and you can always restart. Don't worry about tomorrow, because it will never come. Look up at what you have today and make something of it, because you already have everything you need. There is only beauty in waking thought, thought only in sweat, and fulfillment only in conquest. Beware of those who try to take the fun out of life & death."

-Frater Sheosyrath



THE MANIFESTATION OF GLORY IN SEARCH OF SIDDHI

By Frater Alysrose (-11°, 5°)



"Siddhi is a Sanskrit word that literally means "accomplishment", "attainment", or "success".[1] It is also used as a term for spiritual power (or psychic ability). The term is used in that sense in Hinduism and Tantric Buddhism. These spiritual powers supposedly vary from relatively simple forms of clairvoyance to being able to levitate, to be present at various places at once, to become as small as an atom, to materialize objects, to have access to memories from past lives, and more."

THIS MANUAL HAD COME TO BE due to a personal operation which I had chose to make more public. For one year, and maintained thereafter, beginning on my birth date, (omitted), I will enter into a routine of intense training which I call *The Manifestation of Glory*. Since you will be able to follow my progress, you are also welcome to begin the operation in your own life. What follows will be a complete overhaul of the body & mind, which includes, but is not limited to: abstaining from orgasm, being in peak physical condition (diet & exercise), mastering of the trance state, the breaking of all harmful habits including unwanted addictions, and an overall assuming of control over one's own life. My theory is that, regarding Siddhis, the Will shall be brought to such a level that *physical* manifestation of any kind (if possible) shall be attained with at least some level of tangible result. We thus begin the manual by brushing aside all distractions, fakes, and false hopes...

CARDS UP THE SLEEVE, aka: THE EVOCATION OF BULLSHIT

So you may want to ask,

"Hey, Alysrose, what do you think the biggest problem facing modern occultism is?"

The biggest problem facing modern occultism? Occultists!

A cosmic personal annoyance of mine is the veritable horde of 'occultists' who proclaim some grand ability, and become defensive the minute they are asked to either, **a)** explain it, or **b)** perform it. This lashing out would be well understood when the prying fingers of the mundane attempt to hijack your credibility, though, to become defensive towards *other occultists*, instead of providing them with valuable information for the benefit of their own studies tends to place one in the position of your common bullshitter, starved for attention and self-aggrandizement; a condition likely rooted in childhood, and poor parenting.

"Oh yeah, Alys? But what of the popular statement...", "I don't need to prove myself to anyone. To ask for proof represents an obvious doubt in your own abilities. You just need more training."

A common recourse, indeed. We are made to feel guilty when in search of manifestation. The next time you reach for that card, keep in mind you are not only blatantly attempting to cover up for yourself, but you are hampering the development of everyone around you. You are suppressing their belief in the possibility of attainment itself, by maintaining a false charade and then knocking down those who wish to learn. Are we to believe that The Enlightened Man hath such a superiority complex that he conjures the elements for the sheer dirty thrill of keeping them secret, off limits, and illegal to behold by all eyes but his own?

Alternatively, there is another type of scoundrel kin to the latter. The Puppet Master who fools by way of illusionist techniques in order to gain a following, religious or otherwise, and guru status via the false light of day. Yet amidst the obvious pitfalls and delusions of the modern occult world, we trust the Old Masters, the legends, the countless centuries of literature and myth which point to the possibility of manifestation, in all the glory and color it had been depicted throughout the ages.

One thing we can be sure of: Enlightenment is a means of holistic experience, requiring years of intense dedication and practice. The entire being is changed by result in the honest pursuit of Siddhi, manifestation, and attainment of Godhead. No one fault may be left to weaken the whole. Consecutively, the conjuration

myths of lore & modernity alike do not occur within a being who has not yet *unfucked himself*, first.

This notion of self-repair, this mental alchemy, is not a new one. The Shaman, (usually the odd person within the tribe and thought to be possessed of insanity or ill favor) in the throes of initiation, is lost within deep trance, and envisions himself being torn apart by demons, and is witness to his own death. He is then reassembled with the addition of a Magic Bone, or Stone, and is thus reborn as a person who has cured himself of his former ailments. This particular mystical death scenario is uncanny in that it can be found in almost every archaic shamanic culture across the globe, from the Amazonians, to the Inuits. If we are to believe that this is an event *worth experiencing*, and *does produce results*, we must then travel to the very root of the Manifestation Myth, itself...



THE IMMEDIATE PRESENCE OF EXPERIENCE, aka: THE ORIGINS OF "GOD"

It is crucial to envision a power source of unlimited potential when pursuing any goal. For some, this is God, for others it is the Self, the human spirit, Chaos or Khaos, the Universe, the Earth, Nature, or Existence itself.

Two prevalent conceptions of God exist outside all differing structures of belief, even if one assumes the "many gods" paradigm, for there will always be a creation myth. One is that God is a being within the universe (or pre-universe) that had created the whole around him. The second holds that God is the Universe and all that it contains – that God is existence, regardless of whatever creation story actually took place. For many, the second opinion consecutively holds that Existence itself is the Creator.

I tend to favor the second, as it reconciles everything, including atheism, for if one does not believe in God, one certainly believes in the Nature surrounding them. When everything is true, then argument has officially died.

So here then is our power source: Existence. All other additions of morals, dogma, rule, and law are unnecessary, and should be regarded as fluff at the best, and at the worst, a corrosive and blinding spiritual disease. The use of logic, not to mention the “better angels of the human spirit” would point to a God who wishes to reduce suffering in this world. Now, if everyone on earth had the choice to undo their conditioning, indoctrination, and childhood programming, which avenue of God would you think better for our species as a whole; the singular God of Dogma, cause of war, strife, and torment, or the unified, kaleidoscopic God of all that exists, i.e.: The Universe? If God were benevolent, I would think he would want us to assume a view of him that benefits us all on a very deep, personal level.

“Well Alysy, that’s all fine and good, but what about the origins? What came first, God, or the Imagination? And aren’t they really the same thing according to you?”

Keep in mind that God has a funny history, bordering on hilarious. (If you enjoy black humor as much as I do, that is.)

The study of its origins depicts a fledgling race coming to terms with its own evolution in a terrifying world of large carnivorous animals, unseen poisons, brutal environment, food shortage, disease, and endless migration. The whole damn place was so bad that, in fact, it seems people began to lash out at nature itself in creating awkward and embarrassing rumors about how it came to manifest. Well, either that, or they just did the best they could with what they knew. Though in the archaic, God as Nature was very much like the schoolyard bully who just wouldn’t stop stealing your lunch money.

(This is perhaps why the Old Testament God is depicted as a baby slaying asshole, while the New Testament God, after our basic needs were slowly beginning to be met, was such a charming fellow...)

Yet, in face of all their adversity, ancient man had still recognized what can be called The Root Belief, today. In fact, it still shares the same name in many existing tribes, particularly in the Amazon. The birth of the concept of God itself is thus, the shifty recognition of that Holy Ghost behind the horizon of memory, what the shamans still call: *The Immediate Presence of Experience*.

As is quite obvious, the “Old Eyes” have been long since forgotten by most, and what was once the simple, sacred respect for all sensory experience had been misused & abused over the years to produce institutions of elitism and control. The

Immediate Presence was no longer a birthright available to all, but only to the select few who proclaimed to have a direct path to God. These people would eventually turn to Chiefs, Kings, Priests, Presidents, and Popes, via the power of political manipulation over a populous of easy prey.

However, all the well known world religions of modernity cannot escape the ways of the Old Eyes, for the sheer reason that the techniques of meditation, prayer, trance, and all routes to mystical experience are the same ones borrowed and handed down throughout time – they are all shamanic techniques, still practiced today, because unlike the restrictive mindshare of dogma and morality, *they actually work*.

“So the ancient ways have been rehashed and used for personal gain. What do you take me for, Alysya? Tell me something I didn't know!”

Well, it would be prudent to consider that during the time of sprawling spirituality in the archaic, we may have been ingesting a very particular naturally occurring member of the order of Agaricales, kingdom of Fungi, genus of Psilocybe, though I will neither back up nor attempt to discredit that claim. The fact is, however, societal religion as we know it had occurred and eventually crystallized in many parts of the world by means of ritual use of certain Holy Plants, and if the religion in question had not, it had borrowed foundations (stole) from older traditions which had.

Of course, drug ingestion is seen as a harmful vice today, but it was not so during the birth of religion. The Rigveda, one of the oldest texts in the world and basis for Hinduism, praised the ingestion of the legendary *Soma*, a plant whose description and artwork depicts a mushroom very similar in appearance to Fly Agaric, the red capped and white spotted shroom of Alice in Wonderland fame. In the Amazon, it was Ayahuasca. For the Greeks, it was ambrosia (research points to an alcoholic mixture of various entheogens including cannabis sativa). In the time of Christ, it was common for those with a spiritual inclination to smoke cannabis. For the ancient European druids and witches as well as the Native Americans, they had used a number of plants including Datura and Mandrake. Further south, it was Peyote and Rivea Corymbosa.

You may question why all of these ancient spiritual traditions had used entheogens to attain communion with God. Though, unless we forget that God is Nature, and vice versa, it should not be too hard to assume why. For them, these were more than just plants, and the resulting intoxication was more than a high – these were living appendages of the intelligence of the universe, the song of the world, and if one may listen closely, the very heartbeat of creation may be heard slowly droning from outside of the womb...

“To truly “see” is to see through what can be called The Kaleidoscope - where every-thing is everything else, where language topples under its own weight, and the Cosmic Stoplight heralds within you a New Flesh. When mountains are mountains and clouds are clouds. Pre-never cognitive flow of mercurial bliss. Holy shit ... I think I’m alive.”



TMOG OVERVIEW

Well before section three, here's the breakdown on this operation, which some of you insane people have also chosen to participate in.

Keep in mind that this is the basis for my own personal specifications. You may tweak, make additions, or lighten the load (as long as you keep the foundations intact) For example, if you have a cocaine problem, you might want to tackle that with full force before going after the minor things.

I may also begin posting either video logs and/or audio logs for the purpose of keeping track of progress, and offering inspiration to both myself & others who have chosen to begin the operation.

THE MANIFESTATION OF GLORY

TMOG, being a One Year operation for the purpose of physical, mental and spiritual attainment. The concept may also be taken & fashioned to fit one’s own personal goals – TMOG is open source. Those who want to join in with my version but were not able to on (omitted) may do so at the time that feels right for them. Regardless, it must be followed through until one year has passed. One year is more than enough time to build up good habits, so maintaining the training after the first year is done should not be a problem given the motivation is intact.

GOALS FOR EACH DAY - DONE WITHIN 24 HOURS

Exercise:

One must burn 800-1000 calories per day. NO EXCEPTIONS. I recommend a holistic, full-body exercise such as running or jogging. Depending on your speed, one usually burns 200-300 cal. in 30 minutes of light jogging. This means you would break up sessions throughout the day, aiming for four, 30 minute sessions of exercise.

The first session, right when you wake up. Research shows that you burn twice as many calories if you exercise in the morning *before eating anything*. All meals come after each session. The second session, before lunch. The third, before dinner. The fourth, before you sleep. Granted, not all our schedules are the same, but as a basis, one should be able to fit the four sessions around their own routines without much trouble.

Diet:

Every meal you eat should fall below or be equal to the amount of calories you had burned prior to eating. Every meal must also contain no **hydrogenated oils** - Meaning: No Hot Pockets, Chips, Cookies, etc. (list of foods which usually contain hydrogenated oils will be posted later.) Pretty much anything that comes in a bag or box, you should steer clear of. No Soda and fast food should be a no-brainer. Canned soup is alright, but be sure to check the label & get your facts. Everyone has their own unique eating habits; just make sure your input balances with your output.

When eating or cooking, try to use fresh ingredients. Garlic cloves, lemons & lime, peppers, broccoli, etc. are among many foods that would be a really good idea in this. Also, anything green/dark green is extremely good for you, baby spinach, snow peas, etc. All of these things are fairly inexpensive. Remember: If it doesn't taste good, your not going to want to eat it. So, try and think of ways to eat the healthy stuff, and also make it taste great. Alot of asian style cooking uses extremely simple methods of preparation, using only fresh ingrediants. Stir fry, for exmaple, can be composed of nearly anything. Be creative, and find what works. Meats are fine, as long as the entire meal does not consist of them.

For drinking, one should only drink water, and/or juices. No fucking Kool-Aid, nothing with an unnatural color, flavor, and main ingredient of sugar. No sport drinks. As water contains no calories or fat, this life-blood of the planet should be your only source of drinking.

Detox:

If you are a smoker, now is the time it goes out the window. Reject the dirty nipple. Research has shown that smokers are 50% more likely to quit when done alongside daily exercise. For TMOG, you must also stop drinking. Alcohol affects the frontal lobe of the brain in terrible ways, causing severe shrinkage and cell damage. These are the two big hitters in our culture, and they're found everywhere & pushed on us simply because they are legal. As luck would have it, they are also the most destructive.

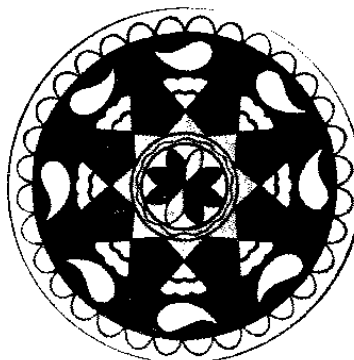
This does not mean you must abstain from using all drugs, though, and if tobacco & drinking are deleted from the self, then I don't see a problem with smoking the non-addictive cannabis from time to time, or taking other things of a more psychedelic nature. They may even help boost your enthusiasm.

Also, keep in mind the "runners high". What scientists used to think were endorphins being released during exercise is actually a chemical very similar to those found in marijuana.

"A study in 2004 by Georgia Tech found that runner's high might be caused by the release of another naturally produced chemical, the endocannabinoid anandamide. Anandamide is similar to the active chemical, THC, found in marijuana. The authors suggest that the body produces this chemical to deal with prolonged stress and pain from strenuous exercise, similar to the original theory involving endorphins."

Practice:

During the time of detox, diet and exercise, we will be keeping a journal & partaking in various practices; Trance, Psychokinesis exercises (and other psi work), Astral Projection, etc. The specifics will be elaborated on later, in correspondence to each consecutive month of the year. Stay tuned - It has almost begun.



DIVING RIGHT IN

In section one we covered the goal, as well as asserting that all attainment takes hard work. In section two, we covered the power source which will fan the flames. In (2.5) we covered the basis for the challenge & working. In the final section, we prepare to enter the fire.

Please don't attempt or take anything as a common practice beyond this point --> (.) For the past few days, I've been smoking & drinking heavily. Why? Because a personal aim in this is to really push my willpower to its limits. That, and I'm feeling pretty sick because of both. I want to be in the ashes, and rise out like the phoenix - to be reborn, and have my codes be turned into divine law within me. This does not mean that I have finally gone the way of stasis & would rather follow a set of hard beliefs. Quite the contrary, for any belief I choose to uphold will be as iron.

In this, I have also chosen a Patron Saint for The Manifestation of Glory (TMOG).



Ganesha (or Ganesh): Lord of Success, Remover of Obstacles.

An ancient mantra for focusing on his unique energy & evocation/invocation is as follows:

Om parvati pataye
Hara hara hara mahadev
Gajananam buta
Ganadi sevatom
Kapitha jambu
Phalacharu bhakshanam
Umasutam shoka
Vinasha karakam
Namami vigneshvara
Pada pankajam

Translation:

O elephant-faced God, Ganesha,
you are served by the attendants of Shiva
and you eat forest apples and blackberries.

You are Uma's son, the destroyer of sorrows.
I bow in honor to the lotus feet of the remover of obstacles.

Preparation:

The initial shock to the body induced by TMOG may be powerful - like being thrown into cold water after baking in the hot sun for a few hours. I can't give out many, but some preparation tips you may want to consider are:

- Meditating each night before bed & encouraging the Self that it is capable of doing anything.
- Light exercise until the routine is started
- Drinking lots of water, avoiding fatty foods, and foods with a lot of sugar

Overview:

- Burn 800-1000 cal. each day.
- On the (omitted), cut off all intakes of tobacco & alcohol to the body (and all other *physically harmful* substances.)
- Diet consisting of fresh, low in fat, low in sugar foods without added hydrogenated oil.

- Diet consisting of balancing input/output of calories. They should be equal. If you want to eat more, you'll have to exercise more.

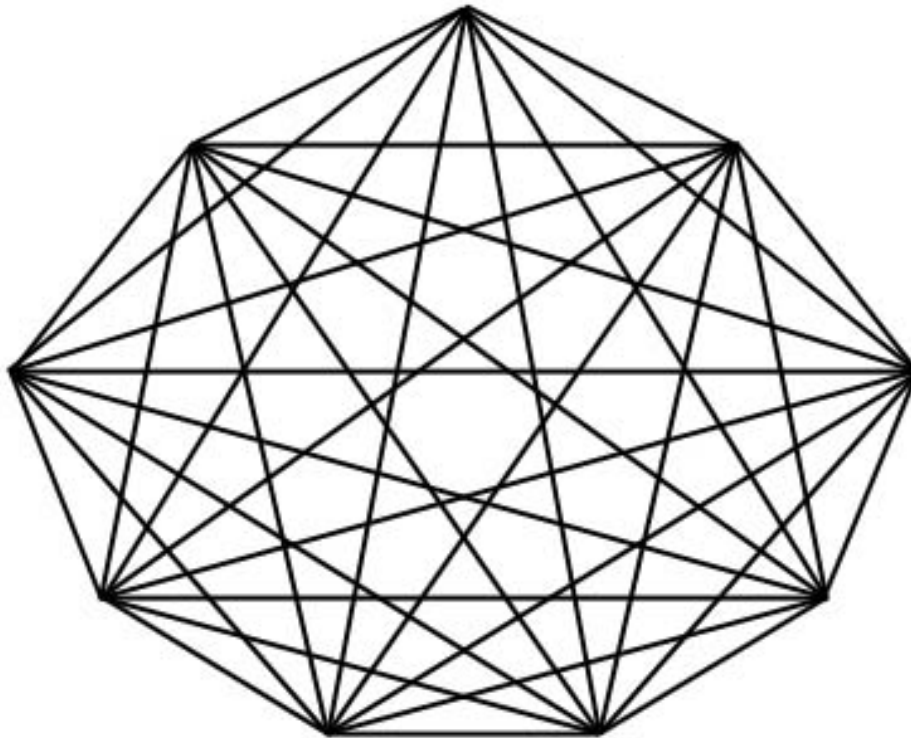
Note: A scale is nice to have to keep track of your progress. I currently do not have one, but will soon, and I'll be posting all of my results in every area of the working.

OCCULT PRACTICE

For the first month, we will be going over & practicing the art of meditation & trance in depth, looking at its various traditional approaches throughout the world, and in the span of one month, know everything there is to know about meditation & control over the deep trance state. Participants are only asked to keep a journal to record results in.

The time is near.

I congratulate the others who will be joining me from the bottom of my heart. Nothing but respect. Failure is naught but a learning experience. One can only do the best they can do. Deph'eth Bek'eth Nix'eth, all.



9

VERTIGO'S TAKE ON TMOG

By Frater Vertigo (-3°)



When I was first driven to the occult, I searched for the path which would give the most results with the less "commitment" of time and energy: Quickly I became fond of the dumbest exploits of Chaos Magick: Sigils, Thought-Forms, and all the like promised great things with very little exercise, sloth as a virtue.

Trying and trying again I quickly found that it wasn't the piece of cake that someone would have me believe, but I was far from resigning at that point, for I discovered the real strength of Chaos, for at that point I had seen the Void Beyond. I philosophized with myself for a great amount of time about this void, I discovered the importance to be re-born to my own likeness, but always something remained beyond my reach: my mind wouldn't just bring itself to understand completely what that void Was. Then, The Chelsea Working came: I heard of it through Occultforums.com, and just reading Doombringer's channeling brought me to a very strong, intense glossolalia effect.

My mind? It decided to give up on me, and on the void. It was just what had to happen: you don't understand the Void, you accept it! Just as that was happening, I was also trying to find the "solutions" for the traditional Zen Koans, for that was my philosophical fixation at the time. As many a Japanese apprentice monk, I found myself banging my head against a wall: the oldest, clichéd wall of all: The sound of one hand's clapping. I already had "resolved" it, in theory: but I've never felt the "satori" the answer should have brought: I accepted it on the intellectual level, not inside of me.

Again, the Chelsea Working changed all that: Where my "self" wasn't able to accept "it", alone, Doombringer's words through Alys helped me out. "One hand's clapping" is no more a philosophical zen-sturbation for me: it's fact, it's "Truth", its life. My life is becoming the sound of one hand's clapping.

At that point I understood what I was to do; I understood that I myself directed my life as to come to read the words of that neonate god, for a purpose. I went on reading and commenting the Domus Kaotica's works on Occultforums for quite some time, always wanting, but never daring to ask to be admitted. I don't know the reason for such a moronic endeavor, I just did it. Then after a little "diplomatic incident" between DK and some guy I can't remember the name of right now, I discovered I was made an honorary member of the DK.

"WTF!!!!LULZ!!!!"

I'm saying all this because I want all of you readers to understand exactly what DK/MU has become for me, in which way I changed in such a few months and what was the shape of my head when I heard of the Path of Least Resistance (before) and then of the Manifestation of Glory.

The former thing was my "laziness as virtue" pseudo-Taoist philosophy brought to its own extreme conclusions. The Latter? That was the way I was going to choose to finally do what I "always" wanted to, in the very abyssal depths of my consciousness, from whence I was born. To be "Born Again", this time to MY likeness. At first I was blindfolded: how was I going to obtain the Manifestation of Glory while at the same time remaining true to the Path of Least Resistance? Alys's training manual required some drastic changes, and asked for a great amount of Will and commitment. Particularly so in the field of the most practical changes in one's own life; I shall talk a little of those, at first.

The scientist inside of me (I'm studying Biotechnologies at University) gave the directions, and Alys helped me out in deciding just HOW to do all that: I was going to start by quitting smoking and drinking alcohol, slowly (haste is dangerous in such situations) then I was going to give up on sugar-rich beverages (i.e. Coke) and then, in the end, I was going to change my dietary habits. That last one was the hardest thing of the lot: I'm Italian for Christ's sake! I LOVE FOOD on a genetic level! It's like the foundation of Italian Culture! (This and some weird edipo-complex towards "The Mom" that does so that most young Italians leave the parent's house when 30 years old, guilty as charged, here as I'm 21 and still at my parents house.)

Also, again "The Mom" was the one cooking. How could I just come to her saying: "Alright mom, the Mediterranean diet and all is really cool, but I'm going on a

year-long self-exploration internal journey and I need you to cook for me things with no hydrogenated oils whatsoever, and all this bullshit I wrote on this paper for your convenience. You shall agree with me on a scientific level that that'll make the whole family healthier and spiritually more attuned! The side effect is it'll take you a whole lot of your already lacking time to learn new recipes."
NOT.GOING.TO.HAPPEN!

Then, an idea emerged from the deepest depths of my subconscious: I WAS TO LEARN COOKING! I mean, that was the perfect solution, if I was the one cooking at least 3-4 times a week I would have kept true to the spirit of the manifestation of glory, and I could have been able to "advise" mom on how to cook the other times too! Mom herself wouldn't have minded it at all, that was a whole lot of less work for her!

Learning that was going to be a lot harder than I thought, but also a great formative experience; and with my first successes I was able to work more seriously towards my goal: I started taking my taijiquan lessons a lot more seriously, always making the exercises and learning a whole lot of new qigong methods: I started studying the Vedanta and I'm going to learn (gratis!) Chinese and Sanskrit through Italy's University plot holes, next year. I'm also finally taking seriously my daily meditations and exercise schedules; I'm going to apply to the SRF to learn Kryia Yoga (the most powerful Yoga technique, as some of my oriental-minded friends say.) I'm also working heavily on my Incarnum method. Version 2.0 is due out shortly (with a new kickass name).

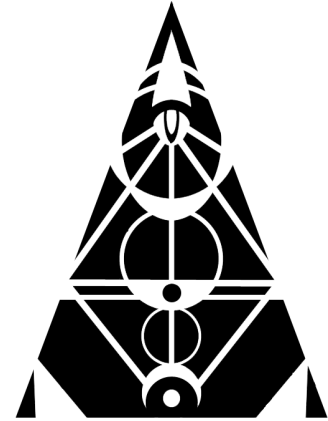
So, in the end, from when I started working with the manifestation of glory, here's what I've obtained: Smoking is gone except for half a cigar on special occasions. Alcohol is gone. Sugar-rich beverages - forever gone. Coffee? That was a BITCH, but GONE! Hydrogenated oils? Reduced a lot and dietary habits are straightened and healthier now more than ever. 4 meditation sessions of half an hour every day (2 qigong midday and midnight, 2 regular yoga in the morning and in the evening) regular workout.

I'm also exploring the Kaiki technique from Hawaiian shamanism, a really effective technique of self exploration which I knew for quite some time but I'm starting using extensively only now. Again, an essay is due shortly.

Every time I meditate, I feel a little nearer to the Void beyond, in such a way I have never experienced. Every time I do my exercises, I feel strong and dangerous and confident, in such ways I've never experienced. Once, I was a frightened child, my psyche lacking on 2nd-circuit training and overloaded from 3rd circuit. Now here I am; harder, better, faster, stronger, already! And I started mere months ago!

Ganesha walks with me; he mirrors my once forgotten and now remembered strength - a strength of various natures, and not insensible to mercy, good-heartedness and love. I'm an Aries ascendant Cancer, after all, am I maybe discovering my real nature?

And yet looking back I can't help but notice that all those changes were FAR too easy, it all just happened by itself, pieces of a puzzle taking their place. For that I can't help but thank the Path of Least Resistance.



In the end, I decided what the last accomplishment of this series was going to be: I'm going to get myself Trigaged. I'm going to evoke Black Trigag, enter inside the goddamn triangle of his bowels, my hairs dirty from mayonnaise and ketchup, fine barbeque sauce all over my body, screaming "TRIGAG! DINNER'S SERVED!"

Somehow, I knew some day I was going to do that from the very day I heard of Him. I'm too fond of myself and somehow the manifestation of glory is not helping out in this direction (it serves a wonderful purpose, and once passed you must continue onwards, as always) I now want to learn humility, I'm going to accept the worst facets of the diamond which is my soul, but to do this I need an "external" mirror.

And that's what the Black Trigag is, a mirror. I shall work with him and see my own reflection, devoid of wishful thinking and idealistic self-portrayals. I need the neutrality only the maws of a galactic planet-eating god-abomination can give.

Yours truly, in Khaos and Love.

You and I, reader, are the sound of one hand's clapping.

DTTI:HTNF

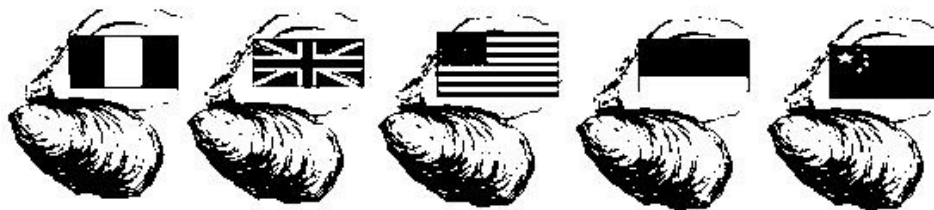
Frater Vertigo, 3°

INTERMISSION

THE TIME HAS
COME!



THE WALRUS SAID



DEPH'ETH

BEK'ETH

NIX'ETH



OPERATION: VIRUS



"The first rule of Operation Virus is you do not talk about Operation Virus."

Ah, a Fight Club reference. Here? What's the occasion? Well, having already broke the first rule, here's what this particular operation is all about:

Purpose: Flier distribution, tagging, stickers, street activity, and overall proliferation of DK/MU the world over.

Primary Tribe: The Walrus.

Note: Submitted fliers must be in black & white format, and in the international standard paper size. Submitted audio sigils and/or spoken word will be converted to .MP3 if not already.

WHAT YOU WILL NEED (MP CONSTRUCTION):

Why, any Confidence-Trickster needs a Mischief Pack, of course! This can be made with any old backpack, the more inconspicuous the better. In this pack, you will carry:

- A roll of duct tape, or clear packaging tape, or both.
- A can of black spray paint (or any preferred color, though black is the standard)
- A few pieces of chalk.
- Utility or Swiss army knife.
- One Flashlight.
- Your stack of cheaply printed DK/MU fliers.

Remember kids, if ever you are asked (or forced) to reveal the contents of your MP, say it's for a school/college project in the arts, and confiscation of such things would cause loss of credit, and another fine upstanding citizen to be denied a bright future as a mindless gear in the great machine. Oh noes! (Seriously, it's worked for me.)

Of course, DK/MU does not condone the tagging of small businesses trying to make their way through life in the shadow of corporate giants. So then, if you must tag, tag the giants. Tag the fuck out of 'em. And remember, there's really only one golden rule in Operation Virus: *Be Smart, Be Aware, Don't Get Caught*.

ADDITION BY MYSTIC CANNIBAL:

If you plan on putting up fliers or anything paper for any reason a much better method than duct tape is to make your own glue called wheat paste, here's a simple recipe. You can either make your own paste or buy (steal) wallpaper paste at the hardware store.

- Begin by pouring one cup of flour into 1 1/2 cups of water.
- Heat to a boil until it thickens, stir to remove all lumps (with a whisk if possible) and add more water until it turns into a thick, clear goop.
- Cook on low heat for at least half an hour, being careful not to burn it. After approx. 20-30 minutes, paste will become thinner and more transparent.
- It expands a lot—experiment.
- Upon reaching desired (smooth, pliable, and somewhat transparent) consistency, take paste off the heat and let cool.
- Pour into airtight jar or bottle or other such container, dish soap bottles work well as you can squeeze the paste out.

This works very well and the fliers are much harder for people to take down; they literally have to scrape it off with like a putty knife or something. I have put up fliers for Activist reasons that have been up for two years and are still pretty readable. This will be much better than duct tape and is also somewhat rain resistant; if you spread a thin layer of paste over the front of the page too it will be even more rain resistant. Just spread the paste on with a paint brush, be careful that

the paste is not lumpy and voila! This is also legal on public places (at least in Canada) as opposed to spray painting as you are not actually damaging anything.

Duct tape would make good improv stickers though, for surfaces like that felt pen does not go on very well.

WHEN, WHERE, AND WITH WHOM?

The Virus is best spread at night, although this also tends to raise eyebrows & suspicion in regards to your activity. Day time is fine, so long as you're posting fliers. Any spots that you commonly visit are fine, though we will be utilizing the technique of the French Situationists, called a Derive, or Drift, as well.

"In philosophy, a Dérive is a French concept meaning an aimless walk, probably through city streets, that follows the whim of the moment. It is sometimes translated as a drift."

In this way, the activity becomes a game, as you wander aimlessly at whim you will encounter new & interesting parts of your city or town.

With whom you are active with is of your own discretion. Some prefer to go it alone, some prefer groups. It depends on the occasion & the spontaneity of your mood. Remember, Trustworthy Asshole Zen wins out over Mindless Oppressive Control any day! FEAST & FIRE.

FOR FULL ARTICLES:

Print, staple, and leave at random (alongside) key locations (same applies to CDs):

- High schools
- Libraries
- Parks
- Bus Stops
- Restaurants
- Inside Subways and/or Buses
- Clubs, etc.

Pretty much anywhere a large number of youth tend to gather. You may wonder why the fliers contain no website links. There are enough key phrases for anyone with interest to perform a Google search. The Walrus desires Oistars, not dipshits. The seduction of the rabbit hole is enough to gain the caliber of people we want. Aside, infamy is gained within shadows.

All authorship of articles has also been taken off. The authors are: Domus Kaotica & Marauder Underground (DKMU).

FOR ONE-PAGE FLIERS:

You'll need to bring a roll of postage tape or duct tape (or any tape that will do the job) with you if you plan to post them on buildings, walls, telephone poles, etc. If not, they could easily be placed within/in between books at the library or Barnes n Nobles, Borders, etc., Be sure to place them within Occult, Philosophy, and/or Religious sections - the same applies to the full articles. Another option is placing them in between car window shield wipers as a parking ticket might be. Better yet, if you see a car with a parking ticket, replace it with a flier.

FOR CHALK & SPRAY PAINT ACTIVITIES:

Ellis was built for easy tagging. The Atomosphere may be a little more difficult, and quick Doombringer tagging takes some real practice. Regardless, the objective is clear: Tagging of the symbols of power anywhere you see fit.

Alongside symbols of power, here are some slogans meant to cause instant mental deliberation, ~~some provided by the AOA~~, and some of our own:

I. Domus Kaotica & Marauder Underground (DKMU):

DEATH TO THE IMAGE: HAIL THE NEW FLESH

or

DTTI:HTNF

DEPH'ETH BEK'ETH NIX'ETH

(image of Ellis above:)

THE ASSAULT ON REALITY

KHAOS PROVIDES

(Image of Ellis, Atomosphere, Doombringer, or a child
masturbating above :)

THE FACE OF GOD

RETURN TO SHAMBHALA

UNION FOR ICONOCLASTIC FREEDOM FIGHTERS
(leave a false phone number)

BLACK TRIGAG > GOD

TRUSTWORTHY ASSHOLE ZEN

I AM THAT I AM NOT

JESUS SPOKE BIG TOE

WE ARE 1 AND ALWAYS 0

PARTY LIKE ITS 2012!

OUR LIVES SHALL BE TRANSFORMED BY OUR LIVES

FEAST & FIRE

EPULUM QUOD INCENDIA
(Feast and Fire in Latin)

WELCOME TO YOURSELF

DROP YOUR ACID NOW

ARTISTS UNITE AS SUPERIOR RACE

INSURRECTION AS COMMUNITY SERVICE

THE WALRUS MUST HAVE OISTARS





THE NAMELESS DECLARATION

The hand that had written these words does not exist.

Here is the Decadence; here is the Surrealism.

We shall band together as revolutionaries with our pistols replaced by full, glowing Absinthe bottles. We shall see Art & Magick as the glad lovers they are, invite them over, and partake in sacramental orgy before the gates of eternity. We are the painters of Life. We are the poets of Death. We navigate the depths of height with the stern wisdom of the immediate glory found below. We laugh in the face of the two-headed beast; True & False. We are neither high nor low; we are everywhere at once. Our heads have left home, the apron strings have been cut; we no longer occupy that place called Condensed Belief. Forward, towards
Everything...

This is what you deserve. Success! Freedom! A goddamned living that does not suffocate and depress! You have the right not to work from 9 to 5. You have the right to know the system, and beat it to death. You have the right to believe your own lie, not the lie they give you. You have the right to be one of the apes that walk *upright*. You have the right to be saturated in *your own* colors.

We shall create a virus, and spread it through the hearing & seeing centers of the brain. We shall plant eggs within the occipital lobe. We shall watch them become us, and not even know it. Behind their college degrees, behind their desk jobs, behind their wife & kids, behind their massive credit card debt, behind what they think they know about themselves & the world, there will be found the splinter of
(/.../).

We shall teach creation unto the world.

Deph'eth Bek'eth Nix'eth

This [I AM], Flower-Eyed Head-Grenade; Spectacle-Wearing Jester-Muse of the Sixth Sun and it's Offspring; Sucking on a Miracle, Psychedelic Bombshell-Prostitute from the City of Disease, and within, there was found a garden. Let it be known, In *New Eden*, every plant, fruit, animal, and event *is legitimate*.

O, to vomit up colors we hadn't ever dreamed of...

Your in the Army Now.

(/.../) will pool together the shards and splinters and fragments from the Great Feast of The Mind; now scattered amidst Screen Death in its POMO horror. Yes, these sparks of light throughout the history of our species, those beacons hidden beneath triviality and boredom; the very callings we gear our lives towards for but a glimpse of their complete and sprawling radiance; at long last, *The Economy of Dream*.

Intellectual Anarchy; Trustworthy Asshole Zen.

Everything must, and will be, New.

I'm not talking about the Golden Dawn or the OTO, the Church of Satan or the Church of the SubGenius, the IOT, Hermetica, or the Vatican, Discordianism or Scientology. BELIEF shall no longer be condensed, deep-fried, or contain transfat.

We have a (/.../), the Joy of existence.

Side Effects Include: Pissing Springwater, Shitting gold, and Farting Nag Champa. May cause the Ego to burst, and candy to fall out. Do not share with friends.

Our O-Zone encompasses the Stars, our gravitational pull seduces all ISM's, OLOGY's, and ITY's into the Super-Massive-Blackhole of ITYISMOLOGY - Thee Magick Word for the Invocation of Bullshit. *Saint Death*.

We shall continue the stories began by our forefathers, and every book will end with "...and then I got laid." May your bird cages be lined with the likes of Nietzsche, Shaw, Baudrillard, and Bakunin.

Our Lives shall be transformed by our Lives.

Within & Without (/.../), that meaningless word, that doorway into lightning, transmutation and fearlessness, we create our mark upon the base of the world.

Our location within cyberspace, our Green Dragon of discord, will be overtly illegal in the eyes of the comatose. Pleasure, and Knowledge will be found there; Feast & Fire, Enlightenment, and Aesthetic Terrorism, too.

Here is a bomb awaiting a tender home.

Spread your Skull.

Lubricate the Mind.

DTTI:HTNF

NON ERGO SUM INTERVIEWS ALYSYROSE

August 23, 2008



GP: First I'd like to thank you for your time.

Alysy: Not a problem. How's the mag?

GP: Good so far. This will be going in our second issue. This is also an important time for you as we were discussing earlier, correct?

Alysy: You could say that. I don't talk a lot about my past, or nearly anything personal outside of my work, but I've always had that, you know. I like to remain the question mark.

GP: But this is the interview where it is all revealed, yes? ☺

Alysy: Hah, for whatever it's worth, yeah, why not. Just as well, how long is the interview itself allowed to be?

GP: Just say what you feel. We won't be putting any limit on it.

Alysy: Fair enough.

GP: I'll start with a question that's been on my mind since I heard of you guys. What exactly is the DKMU, and in what direction do you hope to take it?

Alysy: Well you said there was no limit to interview length, right? So here's the deal, in the simplest language I can put it; "MU" relates to a self-styled group of Chaos Magicians, who had maintained a strong internet presence (in the occult circles) throughout the years – The Marauder Underground. It would be prudent to say that they are best known for creating the Ellis/LS sigil as a header for ordinary sigils, the mechanism being thus: utilizing collective location-oriented tagging of the sigil in order to form a global web of correspondence for use by their numbers. More recently, Ellis had turned from a simple sigil header to a god-form in her own right, which is usually the case when any could-be-should-be entity is introduced to the Chaos Community at large. I myself had no involvement in the formation of MU, though many of them have been and still are friends & colleagues.

"DK" refers to the Domus Kaotica, which was more in the vein of manifesting a new Magickal Current with which we could work within while utilizing the "forces" it had tapped into. I think we've already covered the rest. Mind if I copy & paste something from the forums?

GP: Not at all.

Alysy: "It began due to an increasing discomfort in the online occult community, frustration towards "Chaos Magic" in general, and the complete lack of innovation & imagination in the occult scene, aside from those few magicians who could actually be said to be "switched on". Frater Sheosyrath had started to write and compile what would later become *Occultus Conturbo* with the aid & input of occultists such as Lord Ruthven, Damien Horizonstar, Frater Alysyrose, Sariel Angel, and Odonata.

"*Occultus Conturbo* (OC) would serve as a makeshift manifesto of sorts in declaring our abandonment of "prescribed" occultism and the pursuit of the more exotic areas of the mind & magick. However, long before OC was revised and printed for sale, operations for the new "House of Khaos" were in full swing, and were gathering attention.

The foundation stones of the Domus Kaotica (DK) were finally put into place on the night of July 17th, 2007, and the early morning of July 18th, when four self-initiates performed what is now known as *The Chelsea Working* - Frater Sheosyrath in Texas, Damien Horizonstar in Maryland, Karma Mitchell in California, and Frater Alysyrose in New York, all together forming the reverse triangle across the United States - thunderbolt aspect of the pentagram.

The rest is history. We have been in operation since, putting out articles, orchestrating rituals, evolving, growing in number, and assaulting the consensus reality alongside our close cousins, the Marauder Underground.”

GP: At what point did DK and MU become DKMU?

Alysy: Fairly recently. The Marauder forums had been hacked and pretty much killed off, and since we were close partners to begin with, and worked with more or less the same forces and goals in mind, we decided to create a forum for both groups instead of just DK. We wanted to combine our forces and it really paid off in the end. The real catalyst of DKMU coming to fruition was by means of the actions of just a handful of MU members, spreading the word across the online occult scene and gathering what remained of the scattered Marauders, bringing them to the new forums. When you manage to get that many psychonauts & free spirits in the same place, the end result of a creative community is inevitable.

GP: I would say so. Are there any leaders or officials in DKMU?

Alysy: Everyone expects there to be, but there’s really not. I may be one of the better known personalities within it, along with some others, and being a founder of the DK, people tend to look to you for some answers, but it’s a far stretch to say that I or any of the other council members in the DK ranks actually “lead” the group. We’re more or less a completely autonomous organization. I really wouldn’t have it any other way.

GP: Interesting. Not many groups survive using that system. Isn’t it anarchy, in a sense?

Alysy: You say that like it’s a bad thing.

GP: I didn’t mean it like that (laughs). It’s just when there’s no central voice of a group it seems to just stumble along and soon disband. Off the top of my head I don’t recall any occult group or current for that matter that pulled it off successfully who we can still easily name. Or maybe I’m confusing leadership with dogma?

Alysy: Perhaps, and we have neither. If I were to give a real description of the thing as it exists, I would say that DKMU operates via a kind of a sub-culture of artists. You can take artist to mean anything you want, so long as it involves some kind of creative procedure. Those who create more frequently, or create things of a higher worth (but who’s to say?) are the ones who gain the respect they deserve, and along that, a sort of leadership and following in their own right. Is it any different from a band with a strong fan-base? I suppose “artist” could also relate,

plainly, to the caliber of the innovative, ingenious nature of a person, which is easily noticed in nearly all forms of communication they choose to express themselves in. It's like the free market, without the evil. It's a brutally honest system at its heart, one that I think the so-called "real world" could take a lesson from. In our world, money does not equal power. The caliber and intellect of the individual equals real power. Some older examples of this can be found in the likes of Plato, Lucretius, Buddha, Socrates, Einstein, Jesus, etc. etc. Take your pick.

GP: I'll choose Jesus. Not many people think of him as a kind of radical, but in his day he was a real terrorist to the state!

Alysy: (laughs), indeed he was. Flipping over tables, empowering the poor, preaching Big Toe, taking down the system one oistar at a time!

GP: I've come across "Oistar" in your group now a couple times. What does it mean?

Alysy: It's the term we use to describe those with a heart & mind that still hasn't been decided. Oistars are either possible free minds, or possible drone minds. That is, they're the people who still have a chance at taking control of their own lives, or their people who will readily give up their freedoms to the state. We aim to tip that scale in favor of individual power. As you know, the Walrus must have Oistars.

GP: And what is the Walrus, exactly?

Alysy: The Walrus aims to win over the hearts & minds of the Oistar masses, in a way, taking them into itself. The Walrus is also a "tribe" within DKMU. More so, it is any collective which aims to help people awaken to what's really going on in the world around them – what's going on behind the curtains of their daily routine, their 9-5 job, their credit card debt, the corporate news, etc. Again, take your pick. The term itself was borrowed from a group that goes by the name of the UCA – The Underground Citizens Association for the Total Liberation of Autonomous Individuals. Though of course, they had to have borrowed it from either Lewis Carroll or The Beatles, which isn't surprising, as they say they had formed in 1961.

GP: That's a long time to have been active, and yet I've never heard of them.

Alysy: Since I moved away from one of their bases of operations, in Brooklyn, NYC, I haven't either. The truth is the UCA still leaves a ball of confusion in my mind. I really don't know what to make of what I've heard from them during that time, if they really are a worldwide, kind of Invisibles-esque underground group who had managed to stay "truly underground." Your guess is as good as mine.

GP: Let's go from what you experienced, then. During your time with them, did it have a big impact on you as a person?

Alysy: Exponentially so. It was the first time I had accepted real freedom as a state of mind, or an attitude, or an ultimate goal, and not as the word, tool or slogan for any kind of political party. Just because someone says they're on the side of your best interests doesn't make it so. But that's a story as old as time.

GP: Yeah, almost every political power whether democratic, communist, fascist, has committed terrible wrongs under the show of "in the best interest of the people."

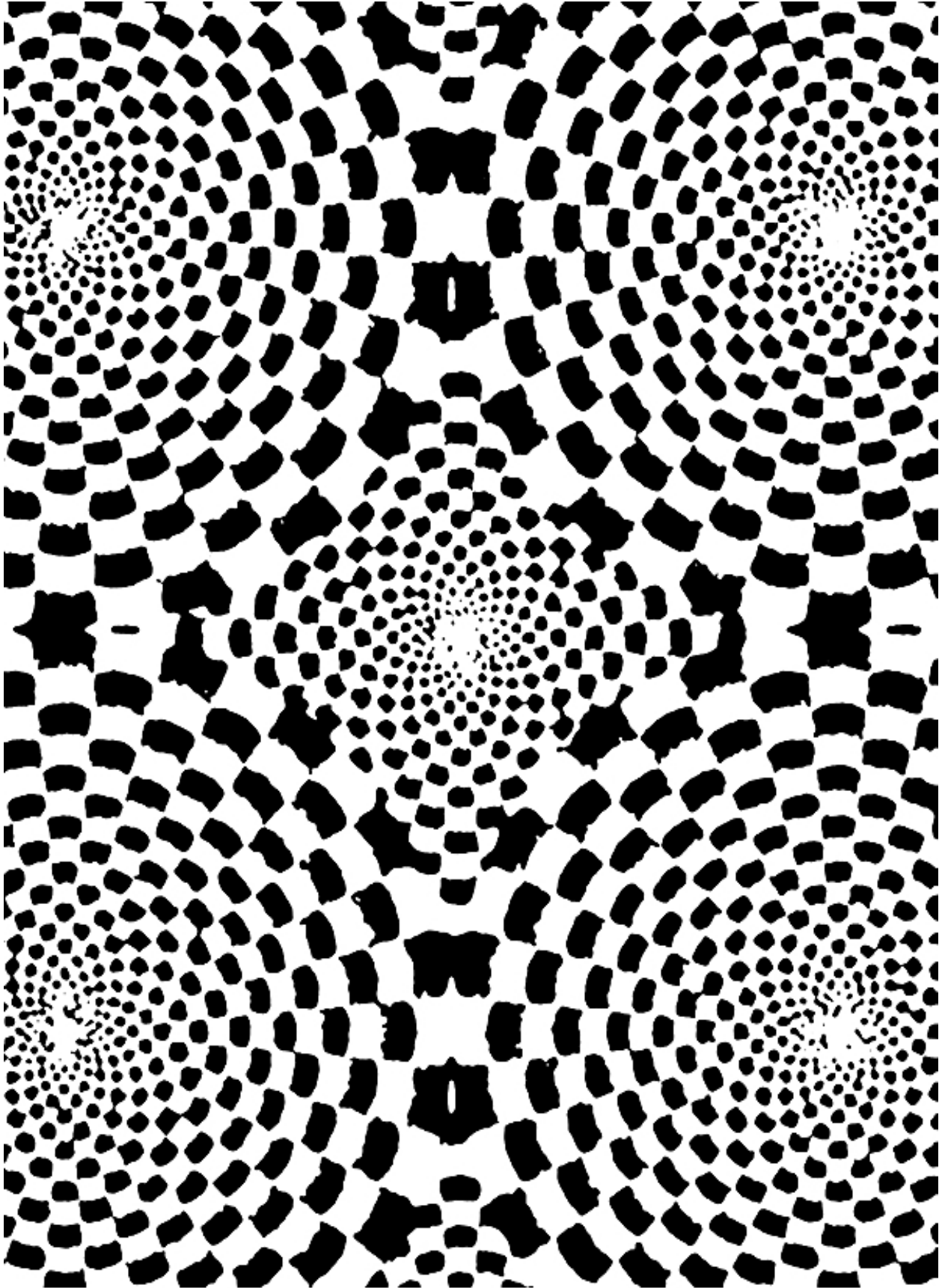
Alysy: Right. I mean, it's not so much undercover these days as blatantly obvious. It just goes to show you how deeply asleep the people really are, though nothing is ever without a reason. If you think that people just don't care, your wrong, but the ones up high are constantly working around the clock in coming up with new methods of pacification. I mean, the mind is a very permeable thing, and the people in charge aren't stupid. They know how to get what they want.

GP: It seems to me from your writings that this bothers you a lot. You're obviously of the revolutionary persuasion, but what exactly do you hope to achieve by your activities or by putting out this book even?

Alysy: It's always bothered me, but that's the world we live in – this is where we find ourselves when we are born. It's not our fault it's like this, but it *is* our fault if it gets any worse. DKMU is doing fine on its own in teaching people how to change themselves, to better themselves, to educate themselves. A truly educated populace, even if it starts out as a small collection of people is a step in the right direction. Of course, if the revolution started tomorrow, I would be one of the first out in the streets to raise the new flag and help dig the concrete trenches. If I have anything to offer at all, I've been good at inspiring people to make the best of what they have alongside working to better whatever circumstances they are in. I feel I've done well since I got involved in all of this. I feel like I've contributed something that will help people in realizing their own potential, their own divinity, and I'm fine if that's all I'll ever do as an activist.

GP: There's definitely a new breed of occultist slash activist out there now. Not surprisingly many of them are Chaos Magicians. Do you have any opinion on these types of people?

Alysy: I can only say that I'm glad to see it more frequently. I'm also glad to be a part of the driving force in that development. I feel we can only expect good things to come from them. I'm also glad that I'll be right there, watching it all happen.



GP: Let's turn from DKMU and talk about Alysyrose now. Where did your name come from?

Alysy: A few weeks before my move from Brooklyn, I ingested my first 80 seeds of *Rivea Corymbosa*, the sacred Aztec hallucinogen containing LSA – the natural form of LSD. Since then this plant has always had a special place in my heart. On the night I took them, I fell asleep, and I had one of the strongest (and longest) lucid dreams I have ever had. One of the clearer scenarios contained within it was that I found myself in the house I was moving into, and I was listening to music. I looked on the computer's playlist, and in the space where the band name would be, I saw a very strange word that contained many L's, or perhaps many straight lines that looked like L's. After I had moved, I took *Rivea* seeds again, this time 100. During the trip, I started to feel the emotions that I had associated with that previous lucid dream, and I asked the seeds which I had ingested what the name I saw in my dream was, and the answer I got back almost immediately was "Illilium". It was beautiful, and it fit the image I had seen of a word that contained many straight lines, "ILLILIUM". I began to use it as my music project name. I later put it in a Google search out of curiosity. Nothing much came up that wasn't in some other language, aside that some people had (somehow) stumbled upon it and were using it as an alias on forums, or whatever. The next closest derivative I found was *Illicium Verum*, or Star Anise, which was funny; because it was around the same time I began to really get into the consumption of Absinthe, which uses star anise as a crucial flavoring agent.

On my third time of ingesting *Rivea Corymbosa*, I had taken 200 seeds. During this trip, I was within a deep trance when the word Illilium came up again, this time as a luminous image, almost shimmering like the surface of the ocean when the sun hits it. This image became a doorway as I moved closer towards it. It opened up; I went through it, and on the other side I was met with a new psychedelic word: Alysyrose, which I was told by some voice that I can only describe as my higher self was my Magickal, or Spiritual Name. I've been using it ever since.

GP: (laughs) that's almost perfect. Rather, it is perfect. Have you continued to use this plant?

Alysy: I have. I'm currently growing it in my room. Amazing, the wonders of simple alkaloids.

GP: Next question, how did you get started in your path to becoming an occultist?

Alysy: This may be the most in-depth answer you'll get out of this, and I can only tell it in full. Same as everyone, I suppose, in childhood, in one way or another. It seems to be either something you're born with, or something you're not. Of course I can't remember everything from my childhood, but some memories really stick out. When I was young, I lived near a fairly large area of forest. This forest became mine and my friend's fantasy world. We didn't re-enact video games, or television shows, or anything like that – we created that world as a distinct separate reality from the ones we had to go back to everyday. We made it a point to explore the darkness of that wilderness, the land devoid of grown-ups and their imposed laws. We created a mythology out of what we experienced in there, experience, that is, to the mind and imagination of a twelve year old could be to hear a strange noise in the distance and really believe it was some kind of monstrous beast, a dragon, an angry god, what-have-you. A marking on a tree that was probably made by a bull deer rubbing its antlers against it became a kind of hidden language of the forest.

We took great care in recording our discoveries, of documenting our growing mythology. We eventually took the other kids in the neighborhood into our ranks, forming a growing club. Down a hill in my backyard which led into a creek and a small opening surrounded by trees, we made a fort. This activity continued for some good years. We performed séances with Ouija boards, drew our symbols on houses, we even went so far as to steal some tall wire fence that was being used by someone who was raising chickens and decorate it around our fort as a kind of protective wall. We carved weapons out of sticks, gathered crab apples and threw them at passing cars, had “wars” with rival forts (ours always won), and even expanded the juvenile operation to other locations – we were taking over the whole goddamned town. Although, as it always does, maturity set in and we began to take interest in other things, or perhaps, our parents pushed us into taking interest in other things. Regardless, it happened.

Skip ahead a few years – I'm in high school, the teachers don't like me, I'm being picked on, teased, beat up, the usual. I'm a very artistic student, and I excel in art class, English, writing, etc., though I have no real drive in life. I begin to withdraw from “the pack”, I have very few friends, I'm doing poorly on my work, and I'm frequently absent. I almost remember that I began to feel that this was my place in the world, to be stepped on, to be thought of as mediocre, to always be different, and be punished for it. Something happens during this time, I'm not sure exactly what. For whatever reason, something explodes within the depths of my self – a fire is started that will never extinguish until I'm dead and buried. In an attempt at describing the feeling, it was as if the very essence of “Fuck You” was thoroughly extracted and injected into a megaphone that let out a deafening scream to every man, woman, and child on the planet. I guess I just reached the breaking point. I would simply no longer be what everyone thought I was, wanted or expected me to be. In a way, I declared war on everything, everyone & anything outside myself.



GP: Sounds harsh. Go on.

Alysy: Yeah, it was harsh, but necessary at the time. I started to read, and I mean read like lines of text were oxygen. I wanted to beat the system to death with my own mind. You know, my drive became to transmute the lead of my previous self into the gold of my new self, and rub it in everyone's face. In some ways, this is indeed what happened. While all the other students were writing reports on some book from the prescribed recommended list, I was going into the philosophical intricacies of Nietzsche, Baudrillard, the like. I really grew during that time, by no one's hand but my own. I was getting assignments done during breaks, handing it in, then using computer lab time that was supposed to be used for research of the same essay I had just done in favor of my own personal education, which I must say, paid off far more than anything I ever learned in school. I don't want to sound like I'm exaggerating anything, but I rose above the curve to such an extent that they were almost dumbfounded. Yet, still being the outcast, the lone wolf, it hardly helped in my social standings – especially with teachers. What happened was, even though I ascended as I did, the new scapegoat for mine being outcast turned to a hatred of my new-found confidence and self-discovered intelligence. You know, I became the nerd. Damned if you do; damned if you don't. But at least I had some kind of power about me.

So, during this time, I had learned some key interests about my family from my parents who had for some reason neglected to mention them before. My grandmother used to be a witch and a member of a “psychic church”, my grandfather was a Freemason, a great-grandmother (or great great) was burned at the stake for being a witch during the trials, and I was related to Albert Hofmann on my father's side, first to discover and ingest Lysergic Acid Diethylamide, LSD.

GP: That must have set a few mental bells off?

Alysy: Less than you'd think (laughs). At the very least it gave a genetic backdrop for my interests. On becoming an occultist, I suppose it happened gradually over those years and beyond while coupled with plain old continued self-discovery as I matured and began to question every aspect of life, religion, culture, science, reality, the universe, and so on. It was a very natural process, all things considered.

GP: Anything else to add?

Alysy: Yeah. I enjoy cooking Thai food at home & long walks on the beach.

GP: (laughs). It's been a pleasure so far. Let's toast to that before we go on.

Alysy: Can do. I have some nice cabernet sauvignon at the moment. Salute.

GP: Salute. But everything worked out for you in the end, right?

Alysy: I'm hardly at an end. I guess I can say that thing's have worked out. I dropped out of college twice, I'm divorced, I'm at an undisclosed location working on music and writing, I have no regrets. I'm living fairly comfortably while working towards my goals. I don't complain much, and I'm always striving to improve myself. Ya Ho.

GP: What about magick, what's your definition and explanation of it?

Alysy: My definition & explanation is always changing, though, I often wondered while putting this book together how people with no introduction or knowledge of these subjects would approach it, especially since we're not in a constant state of super-seriousness. I mean, when people hear "magick" today, they think of Harry Potter – they can't help it, that's just what they're familiar with because everyone is hooked up to the pop-culture machine. They really have no idea. They don't know that it's not about fireballs and dragons, and they don't know that it was more or less the basis for all world religion, in one way or another. To suddenly come across a bunch of people who claim that magick is real, and having the fireball & dragon image in their head, of course they would at once disregard them all as childish, perhaps completely insane degenerates. I think it was Crowley who said "by performing certain actions, certain results follow." My own definition of magick would be along those lines, and for the record, I really hate the name – magic, magick, Crowley's "K" addition doesn't help much. It's the most overused, poorly spun, misconstrued, misunderstood word ever. If you wanted "The Alysyrosian Definition", I would call it something like Empathematics - or Emotional Mathematics, or Emotional Technology, or simply, hell, why not; *Will*. I don't think that any definition of mechanism need be more complex than Intent + Action(s) = Reaction(s), though people will always want to delve deeper into the thing, to make it more complicated than it needs to be. But that would be the magician's definition, and I want to give my hand in putting out a definition for the mundane out there:

Firstly, I'd like to point out the faith people have in science. That is, in "some" science, for when the furthestmost corners of reality are exposed, some take it with just as much smarmy, cringing skepticism as they do, say, Bigfoot. The quantum world is slowly revealing that to us – that reality isn't actually what it was previously assumed to be. It's almost as if they don't feel worthy enough to discover that they live in world with a tad bit more possibility than they were previously used to. Taking comfort, even pride in living within a clockwork system of their own design. Attempting to explain that very strange death-wish that people take into themselves would be much harder than any explanation of how magick performs itself, but in fact, it's the same definition – we accept the reality we are

given, we live it, we back it up with selected information, and it hardens. People have to start looking at their mental locations in terms of geography. Where is your home base located? Between Atheist and Agnostic? On the cliff of Christianity with the ever-present looming fear of Satan at the bottom of the drop? People need to start seeing that mental geography as the whole planet of belief it's made out of – they need to let go of “absolute truth” as a divine law and start seeing it as a human concept, just as easily broken as any other human creation – they need to start seeing the whole of belief from a vantage point above and beyond it all. Put away the microscope and take out the telescope. If there is any ultimate truth, it would be the whole truth that's composed of *all possible truth*.

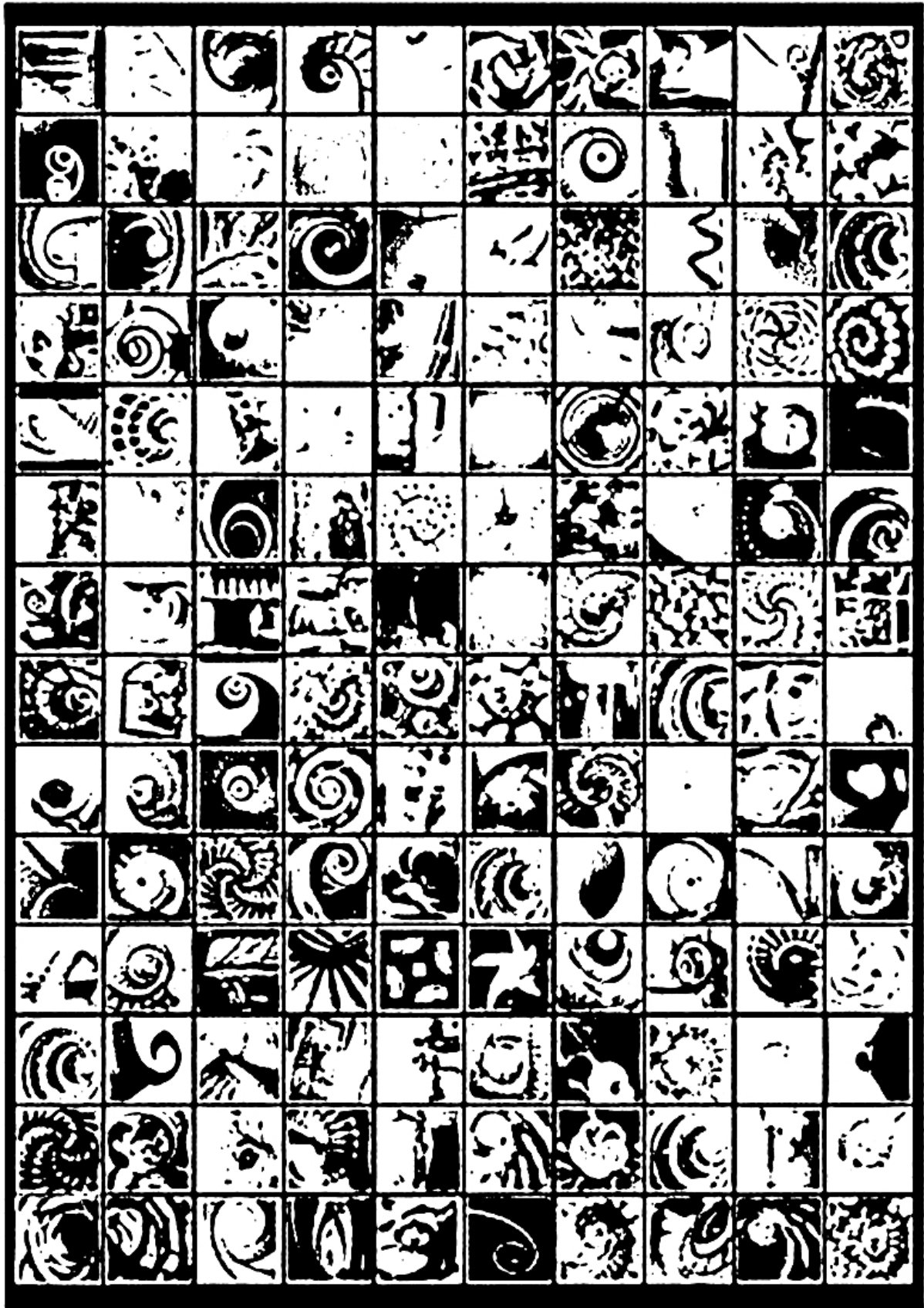
GP: This is what Peter Carroll meant by Nothing is True; Everything is permitted, correct?

Alysy: Not “exactly”, and we tend to use Everything is True, instead. I mean, regardless of what you believe, you can be sure that someone out there believes it's opposite. That in itself is a necessary “sleight of mind”, because if something is true, even if for one person, it's a part of the whole truth – it exists as a recognizable thing within the mind, within the human condition at large. This doesn't mean that you have to believe in everything, but you do have to believe in belief, in all the variations it is presented to you throughout your life. You need to be aware of every crack & crevice within the expansive map of belief – a total awareness of the potential of the imagination. Once that's taken care of, it's much easier to take that crucial step back and view the whole of the mental landscape for what it is – being an intricately connected neural-image containing all of our history as human beings – the infinite mess of the mind of God.

GP: You mean this as a personal transformation in a person, right?

Alysy: In the end, it has to be. You either exist inside of a very small box, or you tear down those walls. When that happens, people can no longer classify you or pigeon-hole you into some category (unless they do it regardless just to spite you) – you exist as containing all categories, you don't represent anything other than the whole, you no longer hold onto any kind of special condensed belief structure.

So, back to a more scientific definition of magick, of course quantum mechanics contribute, but they're not an end in themselves. A lot of Chaos Magicians get sick of hearing about quantum psychics, but let's not throw out the baby with the bathwater. It's fairly accepted that Chaos Theory, aka The Butterfly Effect, exists. There's even been some popular movies based off it – it's not so much a strange concept these days, and anyone can entertain the thought that if they had not performed some action in their daily lives, some completely different outcome would have occurred by result. It almost goes hand-in-hand with common sense.



For a bit of history, this quote from Carlo McCormic will suffice:

“Laplace's fantasy of deterministic predictability, an over-perpetuated naive faith that understanding the physical laws of the universe could enable scientists to predict the behaviour of nature, was finally shattered by M.I.T. meteorologist Edward Lorenz, whose discovery of "sensitive dependence on initial conditions" would be jokingly nicknamed "The Butterfly Effect" because, it reasons, a butterfly stirring the air in Peking can transform storm systems in New York.”

Skipping over a few stones now, Einstein held a veritable hatred of the phenomenon of Quantum Entanglement, that is, what he called “spooky action at a distance”. While sparing the reader from the various pitfalls, theories and equations inherent in quantum physics, (which are sometimes as dry as stereo instructions), it can more or less be boiled down to this (using another quote, this one from Andrew Zimmerman Jones), in a shot at a more ordinary language:

“In the realm of quantum physics, observing something actually influences the physical processes taking place. Light waves act like particles and particles act like waves (called wave particle duality). Matter can go from one spot to another without moving through the intervening space (called quantum tunneling). Information moves instantly across vast distances. In fact, in quantum mechanics we discover that the entire universe is actually a series of probabilities.”

So again, coming back to the traditional definition of magick, let's return to the simple Crowleyian definition of “by performing certain actions, certain results follow”, alongside the DKMU definition of “Intent + Action(s) = Reaction(s)”, and even onwards to the definition of coincidence, which is; “Coincidence is the noteworthy alignment of two or more events or circumstances without obvious causal connection. The word is derived from the Latin *co-* ("in", "with", "together") and *incidere* ("to fall on").”

For a real magickal result to occur, it would manifest outside of ordinary causality, in other words, Einstein's “spooky action at a distance.” A simple example being, if one desires Chinese food, instead of going about the ordinary causal route of calling the place up and ordering food, one performs the outer-causal action of moving a can of deodorant slightly to the left, the action being coupled (within the mind & consciousness) with the intent of attaining Chinese food by means of this action instead of the usual causal route. Now, will he attain the desired Asian goodness? Well, the example above is one of my own. Keeping in mind the definition of coincidence is nearly one in the same with any kind of “magickal” result, it can be said that the methods used to attain the result have nothing to do with manifesting said result – that's all we're after, anyway – result. By the way, I owe it to the readers to say that my Chinese food did not, in fact, manifest before

my eyes, but was rather brought in by my roommate 20 minutes after the “outer-causal” Intent + Action was performed. It would also be of worth for any magicians to note that I had performed the Intent + Action while in an altered state of mind brought on by forced rage, or Gnosis, as we like to call it, whatever the method of attaining the state may be. And I did, in fact, move the deodorant bottle as a kind of replacement for the usual route, albeit jokingly, as an experiment, at the time. As a final note, I do not consider the coincidence/result to be “magick”; it was, in the end, simply a desire that had been fulfilled, regardless of cause. There are much better examples outside of manifested Chinese food, after all! ☺

GP: (laughs) there might be, but I like that one. It’s very simple and to the point.

Alysy: Well, before the next question, let me go on with a few more things. For one, quantum mechanics may give us a further piece of the puzzle, but it doesn’t explain everything. The best explanation I can give for the Chinese food example, (assuming for a moment that it was magick) and verily, all the magick I’ve done or heard about, is that it occurs by means of specifically altered variables of information in the quantum field fluctuations surrounding us. These are, simply put, information fields on the smallest scale which are so easily influenced that it goes beyond any kind of excruciating effort at examination. Somehow, in one way or another, these changes produced while simultaneously being charged with conscious intent (or Will, even thought is made up of energy) sends a “labeled” charge inherent within whatever correct domino’s are pushed over, eventually finding its way to the equal yet opposite reaction, and the proper result which manifests by means of Chaos Theory, or the Butterfly Effect. In other words, the simplest explanation of magick I can give in accordance with modern science is that, at certain times and certain states of mind, we may push over the right domino in a field of infinite dominos in order to manifest the desired result. Being a part of nature, and of its system, after all, it’s not a far stretch to consider that a part of our minds are in some way in tune with the causal flow of variable events on the smallest quantum scale. Even performing a ritual or summoning, then observing an entity appear in front of you would occur by the same means – by performing the correct actions, by pushing over the right domino, or hitting the right billiard ball, we trigger chemical changes within the brain which allow the experience of witnessing the entity appearing before us, talking to us, telling us things of which we were previously unaware of. Whether we come out of the experience firmly believing that we have summoned a being, or had performed magick, or not, is unimportant - the definitions of the applied terminologies themselves line up in such a way that both explanations become true. Coincidence and the “magickal” result, with the addition of the “correct” coincidence being desired by the practitioner, are one in the same. Not much deliberation should be made – never look a gift horse in the mouth, as it were.

GP: I think I'll have to let that stir around my brain for a little while before I can respond (after the interview). Final question, in what direction do you hope to take DKMU?

Alysy: I think you asked that before and I forgot to respond. Heh, sorry.

GP: Yeah I did (laughs).

Alysy: It will for the most part continue to go in its own direction, but we have some plans. We want to begin a more traditional teacher/student program, going more in the direction of developing our own techniques, methods, theories, etc. We're continuing to grow in number, and I think that's inevitable – we're kind of the poor man's IOT, the blue collar current. We have opened ourselves up to everyone, there's no application fee. For the record, I hate the term "blue collar", but in this context it's somewhat appropriate. We're fairly grassroots, and that's where the term applies, I guess. We've built it all out of our own sweat & blood, like anybody else. Say what you want about us – we get shit done. There's a certain pride in wearing the Domus Kaotica badge, or DKMU for that matter. Everyone's surprised that we've even made it this far.

GP: Thank you again. It surpassed all my expectations. If that's it I think we'll call it a night. ☺

Alysy: That's it, Boy-o.

GP: This has been (omitted) from Non Ergo Sum with Frater Alysyrose of the DKMU for our second issue, "Chaotic Skies: The New Science and the Occult Revival". Any last words, Frater?

Alysy: More of a question, do you guys have a website yet?

GP: Soon now we hope, we're working on it.

Alysy: Send me a line when you do. I've enjoyed our time.

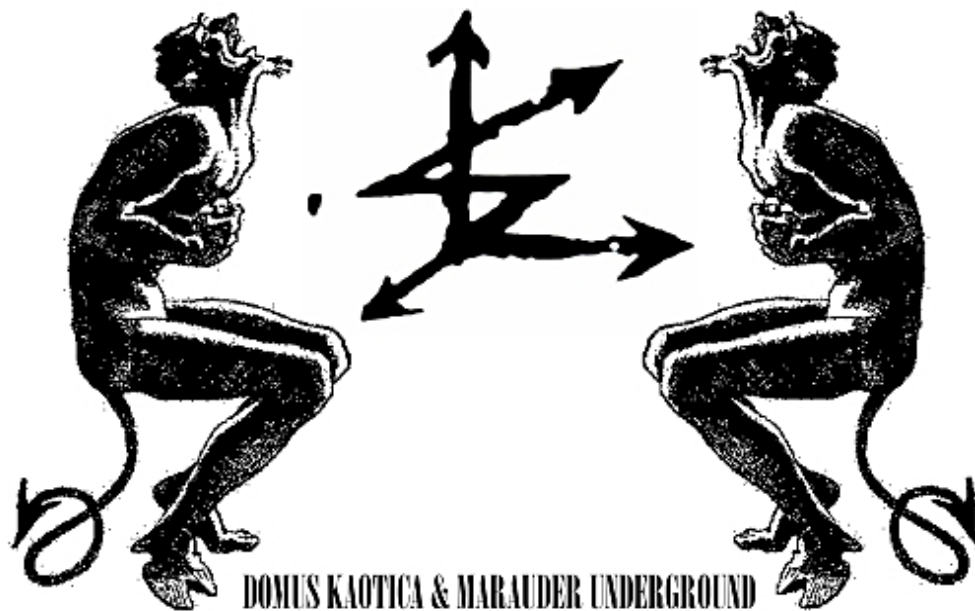
GP: Me too. I will. Until then I'll be around your forums and following your plans for world domination. ☺

Alysy: Hahah. Maintain, brother.

(End)

Note: Interview conducted using AIM, any use of (lol, lulz, etc.) had been replaced with (laughs) for presentation.

CATALOGUE & INFORMATION



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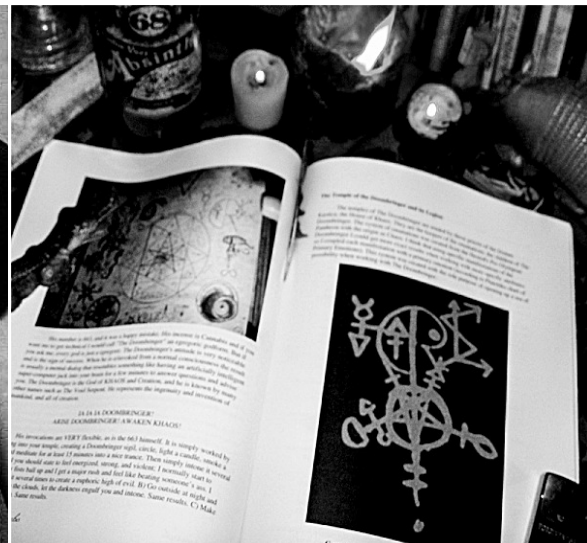
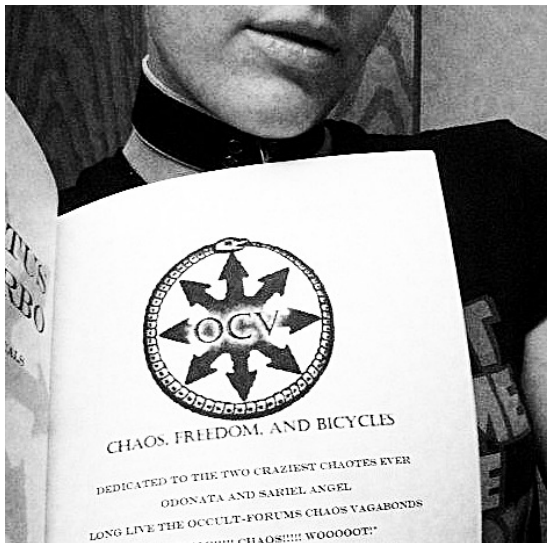


OCCULTUS CONTURBO

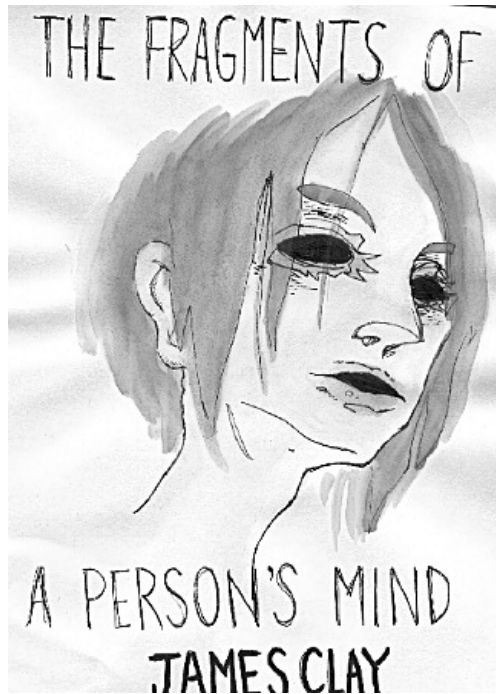
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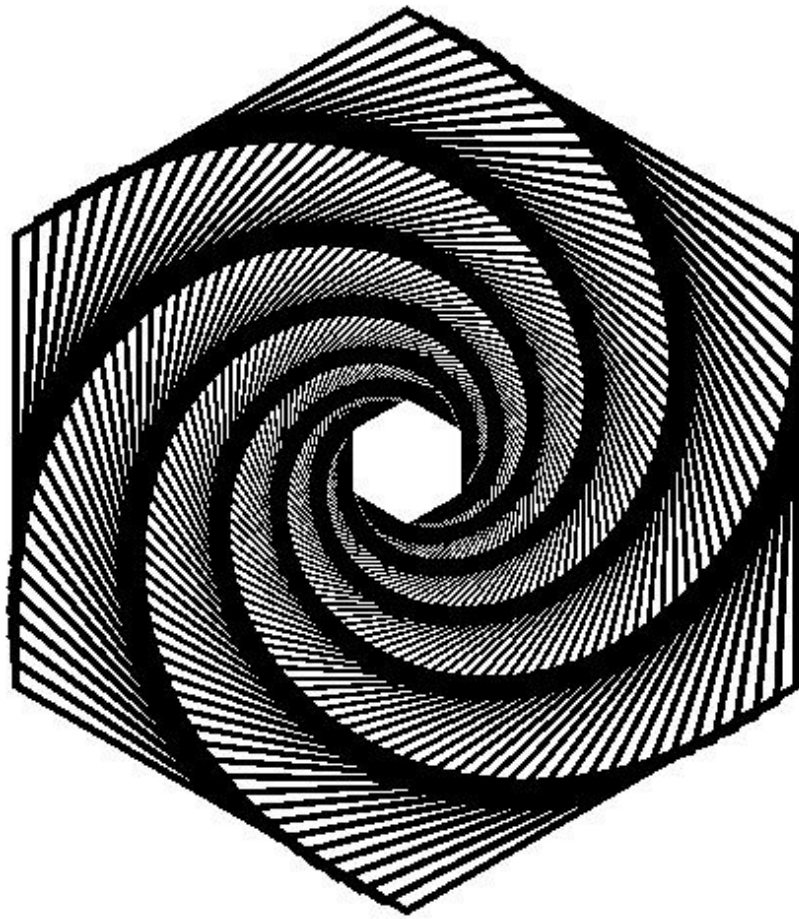


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DKMU members may be found on the IRC server irc.blitzed.org on the channel #domus. We're looking forward to freeing your mind. Have the aspirin handy – sea legs don't come cheap.

YOU ARE NOWHERE



GOD IS EVERYWHERE

“All things are governed by will, and will above all else. Be it the will of one man, or the will of the world itself, and to have influence over such things one must either strive to work within the will of which he must affect, or strive to work against it to bring about change on his own terms. In so doing, one performs an act that is labeled as many things, and in the case of those here, the label is magick.”

Ognamus

“All is self, just varying degrees of awareness of this fact. I experience them in your infinite possibilities. All is nothing, I am nothing, I am your nothing, and there is only the one who is zero, one that is nothing. I am, and there is nothing else. I become the illusion of coming home to that singularity that you never left. All is nothing, and nothing is as it should be, all is - that is all.”

CosmicLogick

“An orgasm of Technicolor awareness shatters mundane realities in subtle hues of Khaos. This is our path, the path of artistic Khaos. Stretch out with sight beyond eyes and hearing beyond ears in order to touch the outer voids of inner thought and consciousness. There is a gate here, the key is offered freely, and all you have to do is be willing to sacrifice yourself for the sake of yourself. We are the awakened and the evolved, we are both scientist and artist; we are lucid dreamer and surrealistic observer.”

Drakonach

“Open yourself and pour it all out
douse it in fluid and set the blaze
wonderful how the heat devours the carcass
run through the world burning a path
bring the fire that is rebirth
welcomed with open mouths
spouting forth the quenching water of life
death to the image
hail the new flesh

my flesh is different
but just as mortal
i am but a shell
no more than you.”

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