

kallisti

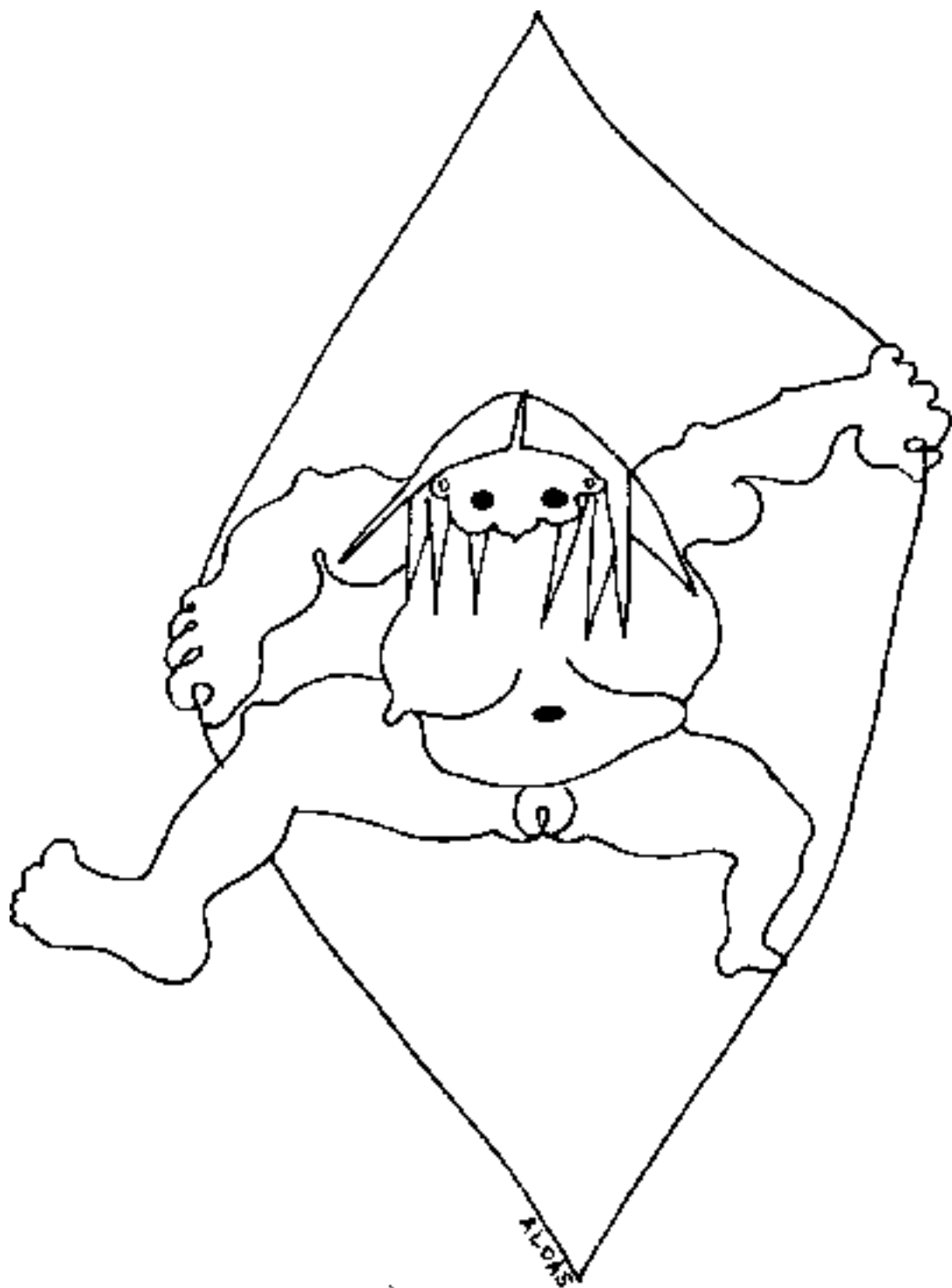
catalyst

hexen 9999



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Table of Contents:

- <http://www.sfo.com/~max/toc.html>

The AXension:

- <http://members.aol.com/AutonomatriX>

Our current Manifesto:

- <http://members.aol.com/AutonomatriX/manifest.htm>

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god/dess of the month

The AX Presents:

ERESHKIGAL

The Sumerian Goddess of the Netherworld

ERESHKIGAL (Arkkadian: **ALLATU**[M]) “Great Lady of Desire, Lady of the Great Place”: female Goddess of the Netherworld, sister, and perhaps rival, of Inana/Ishtar; later she is made the wife of Nergal, god of pestilence; however she is also associated with other spouses such as



Gulgalanna, Namtar, even Nanna as Su'en “Lord of Wisdom”. Gulgalanna is also said to be her son. Her ‘Palace’ is **GANZIR**, “the Gate-way to the Underworld.”

There is not much information about her cult (although it was probably subsumed into the later cult of Nergal) but there are very early temples associated with her: **KIDBABBARE** “the land where the moon leaves” and **KINAMTARRIDA** “the place of the fate.” There may be a relationship between Ereshkigal and Nammu, ‘second’ wife of An and mother of Enki. [from “*Babylonia: A Mesopotamian Magical Practicum*” by Kalyn Tranquilon]

Ereshkigal (“She Who Wails”) seems more archaic than Persephone or Hel. Unlike those latter-day Goddesses, She was the Queen of the Underworld long before She was joined by a male god.

When Nergal, the unsparing god of pestilence, arrived to give Ereshkigal a throne upon which to sit and give judgement, She offered Him food, drink, a footbath, and enticed Him with Her body. Eventually He succumbed and they slept with each other for seven days. Enraged when He wished to leave Her, She sent Namtar, Her messenger and vizer, to heaven to request that the Gods send Nergal to Her to be punished as one of the few favors She had ever received. If they would not, She threatened to raise the dead who would then eat and outnumber the living. Nergal was brought back to become Her consort. In some versions of the myth, Nergal took control

of Namtar's attendant demons, grabbed Ereshkigal from her throne by the hair, and threatened to decapitate her. In this position she proposed marriage to him. In both versions he accepted, they were married, and he became her consort. So terrifying was She that the Sumerians never described Her in any detail, though the Babylonians said that when She was enraged, Her lips were black and Her face livid blue.

When Inanna descended to the Underworld, Ereshkigal dealt with Her as She dealt with all newcomers to the Land of the Dead: At each of the gates of the Underworld, Inanna was ordered to remove a piece of jewelry or clothing until She stood before Ereshkigal naked. Ereshkigal fixed Inanna with the Eye of Death and spoke a single word that slew Her instantly, then hung Her nude corpse on a spike. The Goddess of Death had swallowed up the Goddess of Life. But having done so, She began to suffer the pains of childbirth. Yet the Goddess of Death could not give birth, so She lingered in misery.

At last one of the gods, growing anxious over Inanna's failure to return, created two special beings to go to the Underworld and rescue Her. Being made as sexless neuters, the creatures did not violate the laws of the land of Death.

They found Ereshkigal in Her fruitless labor. They sympathized with Her pain, echoing Her cries and complaints. Grateful for their attentions, Ereshkigal offered them any gift they wanted. They asked for no gift but Inanna's body, still hanging from its stake. The Goddess of Death gave it to them. Only then was Inanna restored to life.

Belit-tseri, the female tablet-scribe, knelt before Ereshkigal and Sumuquan, the cattle god resided in Her underworld court. Heroes and priests resided there, as well, and mighty kings served others food. So we can see that Ereshkigal had actual, not referred, power. She ruled death as an equal portion of the span from creation to destruction. She judged and commanded both men and women. She had sexual autonomy and authentic agency. She acknowledged and displayed Her rage without apology. She had genuine bargaining power and was able to use it even under extreme duress.

the mudraloas



fool



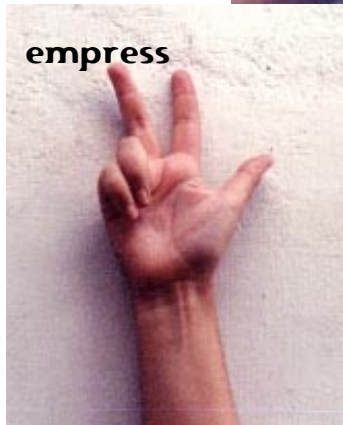
magician



priestess



art



empress



emperor



lovers



moon



sun



justice



devil



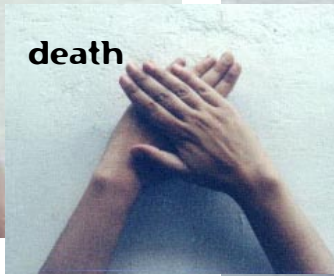
wheel



hermit



death



tower



hung



chariot



aeon



devil



force



stars



world



fotamecus

Introduction:

Fotamecus is a historically recent addition to the pantheon of deities associated with time, the other major one of note being Chronos. But whereas Chronos is associated with the concept of time as fixed and immutable, Fotamecus depends on the concept that time is fluid and malleable. It is because of Chronos' restrictions of freedom through the concepts of fixed time that Fotamecus has decided to wage war on him; the following ritual is aimed at aiding Fotamecus in the war against Chronos, and in gaining his favor through helping him. Because modern societies are completely dependent upon clock and currency (time is money), aiding Fotamecus in destroying current conceptions of time can be considered one further step in the immanentization of the eschaton.

Materials Required:

- ◆ A drum
- ◆ A small digital clock (a dot clock for a car dashboard or a small child's watch is cheap and effective)
- ◆ A roll of toy caps (or other material that explodes when hit). DO NOT use blasting caps, or caps for rifles / shotguns / etc. — The idea is to create a small "BANG", not to take your hand off!
- ◆ A rock, heavy enough to smash a small digital clock and roll of toy caps.
- ◆ Three people: Drummer, Chronomancer, and Warrior. Observers (optional), as many as want to watch this rite.

Ritual:

-16. The participants enter a dark place clad however they see fit. No one should be wearing a timepiece, nor should one be present in the working space. The Drummer should be carrying the drum, the Chronomancer the small digital clock, and the Warrior the roll of caps and rock.

-15. The Drummer, Chronomancer, and Warrior face each other in a triangle, and plant their feet

firmly at shoulder width. Any other participants form a circle around them, observing this ritual.

-14. The Chronomancer looks to the Drummer, a question on his face, mentally asking if the Drummer is resolved to perform this rite. The Drummer nods, and raises the drum to a ready position.

-13. The Chronomancer looks to the Warrior, a question on his face, mentally asking if the Warrior is resolved to perform this rite. The Warrior nods, and presents the rock and roll of caps in his weapon hand.

-12. Resolution affirmed, the Chronomancer presents the clock to the Drummer, who does not touch it but examines it by sight, and nods when he/she is convinced that it is a suitable sacrifice for the rite. The Chronomancer then presents the clock to the Warrior, who does not touch it but examines it by sight, and nods when he/she is convinced that it is a suitable sacrifice for the rite.

-11. The Chronomancer raises the clock to the sky, presenting it to Fotamecus. All participants look up, summoning Fotamecus with their thoughts, asking him to come and see the sacrifice that is being made to further his war against Chronos. Observers should now visualize the Fotamecus sigil, and keep it somewhere in their minds for the duration of the rite.

-10. Whether Fotamecus presents himself or not, the Chronomancer then cups the clock between both hands, and the Drummer begins to beat the drum slowly and steadily (60-80 beats per minute). Here is symbolized a return to natural rhythms — the beat of the drum reveals itself once the clock has been hidden from sight. All participants should contemplate this for a few moments.

continued next page

-9. Clock still hidden between cupped hands, the Chronomancer lowers his head and closes his eyes. The Chronomancer then focuses on his conceptions of time. The beat of the drum, he notices, is the same rhythm as that of his heart, that of the turning of days, that of the wheel of the seasons... a steady measurable beat, yet a beat that can change at any time. This is opposed to the machine trapped within his hands, a cold, calculating piece of machinery that measures off time as if it were a commodity with fixed value, a value determined, in fact, by the “dollars for hours” mentality of those trapped by this conception of time. The Chronomancer is overcome with disgust for this conception of time, this linear, immutable, mind-numbing procession of numbers that only mean something because everyone agrees to the same hallucination of time as a fixed phenomenon. How can this be? The drumbeat may alter its speed, and is measured only by beat-pause, beat-pause... There are no numbers to the beating of your heart or the turning of the days or the wheel of the years — they are infinite, and forever differing, the space between them a matter of perception.

-8. All other participants are encouraged to be thinking similar thoughts, focusing their disgust for a concept of fixed time upon the clock in the Chronomancer’s hands. The Warrior, in addition to contemplating his disgust for fixed time, also feels this disgust rising as the desire to destroy fixed time. Yet as the perfect Warrior, he realizes that he must wait—the time, he realizes, is not right... And he will not know how long he must wait; it cannot be measured in seconds or minutes or hours, only in patience. And once this clock is destroyed, there will be others— events are not bound by time, time is bound by events both done and yet to be done. He will wait for the right moment to destroy this clock, knowing that even after this act is done, there will be other clocks to destroy. This Warrior’s task is never completed.

-7. The Drummer, after a suitable amount of time has passed (up to the Drummer’s judgement), slowly begins to raise the pace of the drum. This helps to emphasize that time is

mutable, and to encourage others to act — time never runs out, but it does pass you by.

-6. The Chronomancer, filled with his disgust for the object in his hands and hearing the increasing drumbeat, realizes that something must be done. He could cast the disgusting clock away, but that would solve nothing beyond a temporary relief. He could destroy the clock himself, but he has no weapon and is not trained in their use. Instead, surveying those around him, his eyes meet those of the Warrior, and both of them realize that the time has come—The Chronomancer is in need of a means of destruction, and the Warrior is ready and willing to destroy.

-5. The Chronomancer opens his fist and reveals the clock to the Warrior — The Drummer raises the pace of the drum quickly (140-210bpm, depending on taste/preference/situation), reflecting his inner state. The Drummer’s heart races at the sight of the clock. This device is the death of him— long ago the way of the drum was abandoned for the way of the clock. The people left the ways of Fotamecus and adopted the delusions Chronos offered them. As long as this clock exists, the safety of the way of the drum cannot be ensured. Still, the Drummer stands and beats his drum, for the ways of Fotamecus are needed now more than ever.

-4. There is a request in the Chronomancer’s eyes, one that the Warrior understands. The Warrior presents his rock, and the Chronomancer smiles, holding the clock out to him. The Warrior takes the clock, and the Chronomancer returns to a steady posture, proud, knowing that the right thing has been done.

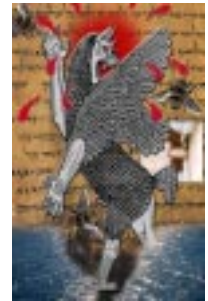
-3. The Warrior does not smile — celebration now would be premature. His patience has been rewarded, and he has been given the opportunity for action, but the action has not yet been taken. He prepares for action by thoroughly examining his enemy. He takes in the clock in its every detail, coming to know it better than it knows itself. He begins to see its weaknesses, and contemplates them — This machine requires

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Sons of Darkness

An imaginary friend not constrained by the elements of time, place or any other “natural” law, able to perform tasks in the past present or future. The “son” may be a daughter or pet animal, too, and I would appreciate any commentaries related to variations on this experiment.



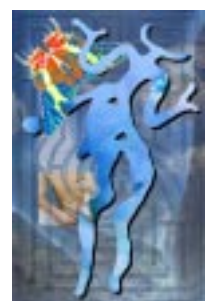
It can be used as an envoy, a fetch, an enchantment, a friend. Since this is an imaginary friend, it is not necessary to “kill” it should your tastes change in regards to it’s demeanor or physical attributes; it can assume any form you fancy. It is better to kill it than to let it lie dormant and forgotten, for it shall make it’s presence known in quite unexpected and inconvenient ways once birthed if neglected. The ritual of consecration is followed by a list of preparatory elements and the steps needed to communicate with the SoD magically.

The Ritual of Consecration:

00. Develop an imaginary friend (the SoD). Give him/her/it a name, physical attributes, and general demeanor. Create a written description and visualize interaction with the SoD.
0. Find or create a small item as his “base”. Consecrate the physical base in the four elements using the following as a bare-bones structure. The more sexual the totemic imagery is, the better. You are “giving life” to this progeny.
 1. In complete darkness, turn to the northern quadrant of your working area. Holding the base in your writing hand, call upon the SoD by his name, quietly. Imagine his shape, sleeping as if dead, beside you. Tell him you are going to give him life, awaken him, in a hushed, compassionate tone.
 2. Light the candle.
 3. (This step is repeated in each Quarter.) Stare into the totemic imagery of this quarter as you raise your hands to the sky. Call upon the elements of the quarter to aid the working and include the manifesting phrase for each as suggested. Inhale deeply throughout.
 4. NORTH Spit into the palm that holds the base. Pluck a hair and affix to the spit & base. My body is now part of yours. Include the words “I give you strength and endurance.”
 5. Turn to your left, to the western quarter, and perform step 3.
WEST Draw a drop of blood and drip upon the base/spit/hair. My blood is now part of yours. Include the words “I give you understanding and intuition.”
 6. Turn to your left and perform step 3.
SOUTH Include the words “I give you vision and power.” Begin masturbation, holding your breath from start to finish utilizing whatever means necessary. A deep inhalation, smear the base with the resultant fluid and move immediately to the left, the east.
 7. EAST Breath out upon the base and call upon the eastern quarter to bless and aid this operation. Include the words “I give you breath, and voice.”



Once the SoD is awakened by this method, it is advisable to carry the base with you for a short time to determine if the working actually “worked”. You should be able to feel a palpable presence attached to the talisman immediately. If you do not, destroy the base (or set it in a bowl of salt for a week or more) and try again with another.



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such precision that the slightest impact will destroy it. Its grip on reality is a tenuous one at best. But though it may appear weak, the Warrior realizes that it is the power of the thinking behind this device that must be destroyed. Let the destruction of this clock act as inspiration to others to destroy their timepieces. And let the power of its destruction feed Fotamecus in his war against Chronos. Let the act of this destruction show the world that Fotamecus has his allies among the living, amongst those who refuse to become ensnared in the trap Chronos has laid for them.

-2. The Warrior drops to one knee, and prepares his victim. All participants realize the imminent destruction of the clock, and with eyes closed visualize the sigil of Fotamecus with all their intent, thinking — Let this sacrifice empower him.

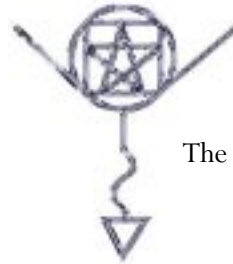
-1. The Warrior sets the roll of caps upon the ground, and the clock upon that. He places the rock firmly in his hand, and with the sigil of Fotamecus in his mind, raises the rock up and ...

0. —SMASHESTHE CLOCK—

1. —With a loud bang and flash of light as the caps explode beneath it. At this moment, the Drummer returns to his earliest drumbeat (60-80 bpm).

2. The Warrior rises, presenting the dead pieces of the clock (or what he's able to salvage) to the Chronomancer, who takes them from him. Examining them for a brief moment to ensure that the death is complete, the Chronomancer then presents them to the Drummer. Waiting for the right moment, the Drummer ceases to beat his drum, and accepts the destroyed clock from the Chronomancer as a symbol of triumph. Silence permeates the room.

3. All participants exit the working area silently: Observers first (the crowd disperses), then by the Warrior (who knows his task is done), then by the Chronomancer (who realizes that nothing more is to be done). The Drummer looks at the broken clock in his hands, smiles, and then follows a few moments behind, triumphant.



The Sigil of Fotamecus

Notes:

1. While this ritual is designed for a group, others are welcome to adapt it for solo use. It is primarily the emotions and symbolism that compose this rite; details are unimportant. Change it to suit your circumstances.
2. We performed our rite during a time change when Daylight Savings Time becomes Standard Time, in the "hour that does not exist" between midnight and midnight. You should try to time your ritual to coincide with a significant moment in a cycle of time, be it a time change, sunset, sunrise, midday, midnight, solstice, equinox, or otherwise.
3. This ritual was designed without words. There ain't none. If you need 'em, make 'em up yerself. We were quite happy performing the ritual in complete and total silence, with a loud "BANG" at the end.
4. Don't worry about thinking exactly the same things that are written down here; the words in this rite are designed to show you the emotions that you should be feeling during each part of the rite. You don't need to have an internal dialogue going; you shouldn't be "reciting the lines in your head". Let the emotions carry you through the ritual; spontaneous thoughts may arise out of these emotions and acts, giving insight into actions taken. It is the emotive force raised by each individual that powers this rite.
5. The caps work even better if you have observers who don't know that they're being used—They'll jump in surprise/terror/bewilderment when the clock "explodes"—Gnosis is achieved when everyone wets their pants. Have the Warrior keep them hidden until everyone closes their eyes and he kneels to prepare the clock for sacrifice.
6. Any participants (or anyone at all) may petition Fotamecus for help at any time after the rite. He seems to show special favor for people who have dedicated themselves to his war. He can compress and expand time quite efficiently, speeding a trip to a destination, or stretching out those peaceful moments you want to enjoy. Time is malleable; otherwise why do this ritual at all? Details about Fotamecus himself are available elsewhere.
7. After performing the entire ritual in silence, it is often hard to start speaking again — there is a palpable feel that clings to the people who performed the ritual. The traditional way to solve this problem is by performing a banishing ritual. Instead, we prefer to have the Drummer exit last, and to come out beating his drum loudly and screaming at the top of his lungs, breaking the spell that has been cast over the participants. Then banish with food, drink, and merriment!

Afterword:

This ritual was recorded to paper (electron, actually) in a Fotamecus-expanded lunchbreak at a nine-to-five job. Just one more strike against Chronos in the war for time. Praise unto Fotamecus! Smash your clocks! Chronos, your time has come!

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ESTABLISHED ON 980312 IN OAKLAND CALIFORNIA USA

ouranos collective

:: Statement Of Intent :: It is our will to explore the magical universe both inner and outer, to experiment with a wide variety of magical systems and techniques, and to expand our magical consciousness and abilities as individuals and as a Collective.

:: Statement of Vision :: The Ouranos Collective is a ritual magic performance group modeled after the literary salon. We come together to share our works, to compare and contrast our personal expressions of magical art and, according to the unique talents and expertise, to teach and to learn from each other. The Collective is a group of active experimenters. To this end, original works of ritual magic that can be performed by the active participants in a group setting are the most desirable. Workings of established traditions may also be performed, but not as dogma. There are no actual or even nominal leaders. The Contact Points are those who are most interested and willing to be the meeting organizers. Attendance to every meeting is not required to participate, though regular attendance is strongly encouraged.

:: Statement of Mission :: Leadership of the ritual work is rotated among the participants, according to their desire and ability. There are no “followers”, as all are expected to lead in their turn. The Contact Points will establish a regular schedule of meetings no less than twice each calendar month, and to make this known to regular and potential participants by post, e-mail, and word-of-mouth. The Contact Points may also gather and report whatever knowledge and techniques derived from the work of the Collective for their respective organizations, to do with as they will. Unless otherwise agreed in advance, all meetings will be held at the Horus Temple of Thelema Lodge - OTO. The Collective is an advanced study group. Previous experience with ceremonial magic is highly desirable in participants, though a talented novice may be able to keep up with and make a useful contribution to the Collective’s work. Diversity is strongly encouraged. Different systems and traditions of previous magical experience are welcome, but all participants must be willing and able to adapt to a wide variety of working styles, subject to the limitations below.

:: Statement of Limitations :: Leadership of the proceedings rotates to a different member every meeting. Assignment of leadership shall be determined by consensus. If at all possible, participants shall have decided on a leader and the work to be done at the previous meeting. The leader of a given meeting is responsible for preparing what ritual work is to be done, including whatever materials will be needed and informing the others in advance. Generally this will also be done at the previous meeting — handouts of texts, requests for supplies, etc. Participants in the Collective shall treat each other during meetings with respect and courtesy, as equals and peers. Personal conflicts will NOT be allowed to intrude upon the business of the meetings, and shall be settled outside of meeting time and space. Anyone who attending who does not wish to participate in a particular ritual FOR ANY REASON has simply to say so and excuse themselves from the templespace before the ritual begins — they cannot be ASKED FOR, not can they OFFER, any explanation whatsoever. This is to prevent personal prejudice from being a factor in either the presentation of, or the participation in, any given ritual. The person excusing themselves may, if they wish, be appointed as “Guardian of the Temple” and stationed outside the templespace to prevent interruptions. Upon completion of the particular ritual, they may immediately rejoin the meeting, if they will. The Contact Points shall keep a written record of each meeting, with the time, date and work performed, and the mark of each participant. Information pertaining to manifestation of results of the work may be added later as called for.

:: Statement of Affiliation :: Those who would attend more than two meetings of the Collective shall agree to the Intent, Vision, Mission and Limitations of this Manifesto, and affix the appellation of their choice to a copy of it as their pledge to honor it.

fractured hearts darkly

a shiny diamond citadel
guards the secrets of the heart
forever looking out the same old windows
watching the fading curtains of another heavy sky
where tears fall like rivers of rain
cascading through the valleys
flowing towards the infinite ocean of mind

the heart is such a secret place
where rivers of joy and sorrow
carve their own valleys and canyons
with the tidal surge of loss and desperation
of hope that is forever being born
and love that is silently dying

in the twilight of the heart
the coloured lights of shrines and chapels
slip into the murky shadows of fear
here everything slips away
falling into an abyss beyond darkness

yet with each drop of rain that falls
listen to the ancestors singing
in the language of a billion tongues
calling for remembrance

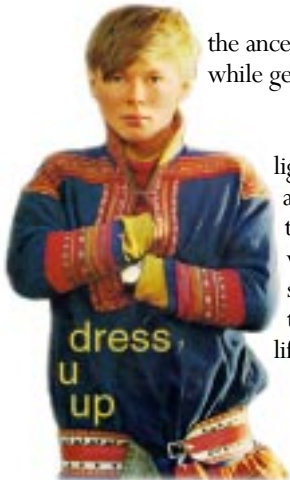
when the ocean mists rise
to meet the gnarled trees
clinging with sculpted beauty
upon the golden shoreline

remember my name
and call unto me
for I am falling

the tower is crumbling into dust
and broken mirrors shatter
blown across the eight directions
by the relentless tempest of my delusion

the ancestors smile in sorrow
while gently falls the summer rain

lightning whirls and begets
awakening
to the laughter of our ancient pasts
with the sound of their children
singing
the song that brings the world to
life



Tzeentch is a Chaos deity also known as the Changer Of The Ways, Lord Of Fortune And Intrigue, Master Of All Like Things Whether Petty Or Profound. In this sense, I would classify him as an Ouranian deity, so far as labels apply.

While typically portrayed as a male humanoid with a distorted shape and features including two faced tentacles protruding from his head like horns, I believe that form and/or gender would have no relevance for such an entity. In fact, I experienced feeling of gender flux during my invocations.

Worshippers of Tzeentch are portrayed as “going beyond simple Bacchic excess to such a loosening of moral and social restraints that they lose all consistency of personality and become cackling, drooling tear-strewn maniacs” - that applications of this form of unfettered consciousness in the undoing of fourth-circuit conditioning or ego-dissolution/shattering illusions will make themselves readily apparent.

Tzeentch can also help towards implementing workings for realization of buried/subconscious desires or exploring repressed/denied facets of consciousness. Tzeentch works quite well as an antidote to third-circuit “Pure Intellect” states, keeping the mind from getting in the way. The “sleep of reason” as it were. Especially nice for finding a synthesis for two formerly incompatible opposites. Tzeentch plays the Fool who overcomes the “rules” because he neither knows nor cares about them.

For entertainment purposes, one could call upon Tzeentch as a way of experiencing Chaos directly - pure, unpredictable, undirected and unrefined information - Factor X.

“His is the Wheel Of Fortune that spins and spins, carried by its own momentum, and stops...perhaps never.”

Without further adieu, I bring you...

Thee Awful Invokation Ov Tzeentch

For starters, of course, of course, one must set up one's working area properly. Try to make the atmosphere as strange as possible - surrealist art (I used the Goose Game board from “Surrealist Games” as the center of my Circle), interesting musick

(Glod, Psychick T.V.- the last half of "Al or Al" works nicely), multiple mismatched incenses burning at once, unfamiliar foods, silly (but not TOO silly!) costumes (the "Dada Almanac" has some nice inspirational material in it). Oddly-coloured lighting. Whatever works for you.

Next, Banish /center as you will - Zen it - no future or past, just the eternal NOW.

Open up your consciousness/charge up/induce gnosis. (Seething/shaking worked nicely for me). Now here, I used a combination Chaosphere / Vortex to open up a point-doorway to the "Realm Ov Tzeentch" (whatever the freep that is) as the vortex whirled, I started spinning to match its frequency. After you've become suitably zonked, proceed with the Invokation. I'd recommend writing one out as a framework and combining it with improv. Here's one that I wrote:

"Ia Tzeentch!
Lord, we invoke thee
Changer OfThe Ways
You who are inconsistent even in your
inconsistency
Lord of the Butterfly Effect
Source of the Madness
Lord of the Perverse, the Devious, the Bizarre
Radiating the multicoloured fires of Kaos
Open the spiral doorway and allow us to bask
in the raw derangement of your presence.
Ia! Ia! Ia TZEENTCH!
I am Tzeentch I am fluid, malleable
consciousness
I am the derangement that leads to
Illumination
I am the whirling spiral power
I am pure, uncontrolled Mind
I am the force to which all thought must
surrender
I am the God that shatters all illusions
I am both the madness of the moment and the
scheming which directs history
I am the Impulse and the Idle
Phantasy, Schemer's Plan and
Plotter's Dream
I am the direction leading
into...What???
Ia! Ia! Ia TZEENTCH!

(gradually collapse into raving incoherency)

tzeentch

Around this point, work towards opening up and absorbing Tzeentchian energy (pore-breathing worked for me), letting go and becoming one with Tzeentch. I also used hyperventilation and extended the Invokation with glossolalia.

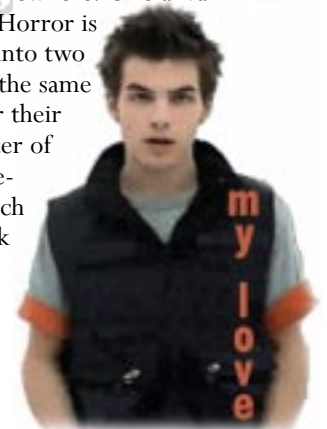
I've applied Tzeentchian power towards Cut-Up Oracles, Automatic Drawing/Writing (regular and "Chaos Language"), the Surrealist Exquisite Corpse, Sex-Magick as well as the aforementioned uses. One interesting effect is what I call "Tzeentchian Fire"- weird, multi-coloured flame that appears in visualization as extruding from your/Tzeentch's body that one can sculpt into shapes and Servitors. Left alone, it tends to imitate the things around it. I once used it to create a body for Tzeentch to inhabit, turning an Invokation into an Evokation.

So far as rebanishing's concerned, it comes in handy but isn't entirely necessary. Sometimes he'll just up and go on his own (especially after sex-work- a good orgasm generally works quite nicely as payment). Of course, it does help to clear your head and ground yourself afterward.

Side-effect include strange, multi-coloured visions (I saw a Mayan temple once), odd voices saying strange things (once, I heard "The Smurfs?! What are they, squeezin' 'em?"- I still haven't figured that one out yet). Generally, things get a bit weird for a time.

Servitor: **Pink Horrors Ov Tzeentch**

Appearing as a nasty-looking cartoonish head set upon a pair of spindly reptilian legs with matching arms ending in large hands with conical fingers spewing Tzeentchian Fire, the Pink Horror has a mischievous, maniacal demeanor- especially useful if you want to stir up trouble somewhere. One advantage of note is that if the Pink Horror is "killed" by somebody, it splits into two identical Blue Horrors- much the same as their predecessor except for their colour and personality-the latter of which is generally the opposite-more dour and miserable (which only goes to figure, if you think about it). I'd recommend including a subroutine so that they don't split if their creator kills them.



Preparation:

1. A physical base
The Son of Darkness has a talisman as a physical base. Found, created, or purchased, it should be small enough to be fit in the jar and then carried in a pocket.

2. Totemic imagery for the four corners (my personal elements follow, see images at corners of page 7):

North:

Earth, Bes, fucking, Worms, Dirt, Garbage, Asshole, bone, Saliva, Shit

West:

Water, Tiamat, sucking, Dead Sea Scrolls, Bees, (Red) Sea, Mouth, eye, Blood, piss

South:

Fire, Ah Bolon Dzacab, pain & pleasure, Scorpion, Flames, Penis, hand, Semen, sweat

East:

Air, Loki, jacking off, Labyrinth, Butterfly, Clouds & Sky, Nipple, ear/nose, Breath

3. A Candle, placed in the north quarter of your working space, beside it's corresponding totemic imagery.

4. A knife or other blood drawing implement, like a lancet, available from drug stores.

5. Incense papers
Potassium Nitrate (Saltpeter) is available by special order from any drugstore. A four ounce bottle of the powder will last a long, long time and costs about \$2. At a ratio of 1 part powder and 10 parts (very warm) water, mix until the granules are completely dissolved. Tear some paper (recycled is best, but any paper made with few additives and absorbent will do) into 2" squares, dipping these into the saltpeter mix until thoroughly soaked, then hang or put on a plate in a microwave for a minute or two to dry.

6. Sigil
Create a sigil for the first task of your Son of Darkness. The symbol, created from a simple sentence, should be as simple a line as possible, while still retaining an element of uniqueness. This sigil is then transferred onto one of the incense paper squares.

7. A smooth clear jar
The jar should be large enough to contain the physical base of your Son of Darkness when turned upside down, set atop and enveloping it.

Tasking:

A still or windless environment is essential

1. Develop a linear sigil and draw it upon a square of incense paper.

2. Place the totemic elements about your working area, in the corresponding quadrants.

3. At each corner, call upon the elements of the totems to aid the mission's intent.

4. In the east (the final quarter), light the ensigilized incense paper thoroughly, so it will burn completely. It's advisable to try this beforehand, to be sure you've made the papers properly. Hold the glass jar above the burning paper, ensuring that most (if not all) the smoke rises into it.

5. Move the jar atop the SoD base and let it remain there until the smoke dissipates (an hour or two).

6. Carry the base until the task is completed.

ACROSS

1. CE
3. zimbu
7. ov
9. ie
11. mudra
13. braille
17. even
18. oracle
19. swan
21. odd
24. mantra
26. Tiamat
28. self-suck
31. a sign
33. penis
36. see
37. onomasti
39. OTO
41. exe
42. we
44. tat
45. evil
47. egregore
49. GHB
50. RN
52. sin
53. io
54. ylem
56. rum
58. coitus
59. LSD
60. ton
62. HR
63. pituitary
67. era
68. wyrd
70. pods
71. darkness
72. aleistercrowley
75. Herschel
78. moksha
80. ecstasy
84. ZPG
86. hacker
87. Eris
89. luck
90. role

DOWN

1. covert
2. EV
4. mil
5. belief
6. kaos
8. venom
10. track
11. Maat
12. Dagaz
14. incense
15. nemesis
16. on
20. when
22. date
23. DT
25. neg
27. austinospare
29. sanfrancisco
30. twentythree
31. at
32. now
34. Sothis
35. IOT
38. aeon
40. tab
43. vagina
46. vril
48. incubus
51. ken
52. Serrano
55. lord
57. mors amor
61. ketamine
64. ipse
65. to
66. add
69. faction
73. lunatic
74. nothing
76. sigil
77. Loki
79. soul
81. AA
82. CC
83. YK
84. zero
85. pro
88. Set

the magic words

You wanted to be one of the special ones, who
Live in a land where *DREAMS COME TRUE*.

You wanted the freedom, the revelations,
To find the secrets, the magic words,
To make it all better, to save yourself.

You wanted to meet and be the magic people,
Gods worthy of love who dreamed up the world.
To walk above the world in ceaseless laughter

To be able to do *ANYTHING*

Your curiosity was infinite,
To see the hidden side
Where the people lived
Who made It All happen.

Have you met them yet?
Have you become them?
Have you transcended them?
Have you *FORGOTTEN*?

blessings

General Blessing to be done at Sunrise

Lie on your back and close your eyes.

In this hour you are my pearl,
cradled in the pink of my heart flesh.

I am a wind that carries blessings from your Gods,
I am cold alabaster on your eyelids.

May your eyes pierce the darkness
and drink of the light,
May your gaze fall upon that which
you seek most.

Taste these seeds, pomegranate,
I saved them for you.
They are from the gardens of Idlewild.
Each one carries a different blessing:

One for the earth bound spirit:
Be rejuvenated

One for the weary heart:
Be at peace

One for the child of fear:
You are loved and ever will be

One for the body of flesh:
Be nourished and heal

One for the point of origin:
A fine clean death

Now I will wash your feet
in sweet lavender tea
and prepare them with oils
for the journey ahead.

Go forth into your vehicle of perception,
excellent and sharp,
fit for a crown of stars.

Invocation of Pan

IO Pan

IO Pan

Animal man

Animal Man

Climb the roots of the trees

Jump from dew drops off the leaves

IO Pan

IO Pan

Manimal hands

Manimal Hands

In dark wooded eternal night

I dance for you by firelight

IO Pan

IO Pan

I summon you rise from the land

Phallos divine

God of Man

IO Pan

IO Pan

Beloved hunter,

I'll die by your hand

IO Pan

IO Pan

Come to me as flesh

In the form of your command.

Life as a South African Magickan:

Well, since I'm the only South African affiliated in this group (At the time of writing: that's changed now. Ed.) it seems to have fallen to me to write an article. Now, this is not only going to be an article about life, but some workings will be included too. Excuse my apparent immaturity and silliness, but I'm still a teenager and I'm a chaos magickan, so I have an excuse.

Life as a magickan here in South Africa is strange. I haven't actually met another chaos magickan yet, but I've run into a few assorted Wiccans, Thelemites etc. There aren't many books available here in the city I stay in, (Port Elizabeth for those interested, look it up in an atlas). There are some esoteric books available, but few of those actually offer anything of substance. Still, South Africa is a land that has deep roots in magick. We have sangomas (witchdoctors) by the score here, and when you walk anywhere out in the wild, you can feel such potential in you. Now, I still like a bit of romance in my magick, and as such, I find the graveyard up the road offers me the scene to help get into the right mind set, no matter what.

I've spoken with other people, people who I think have enormous magickal potential within them, and they agree with me. The forests we have here in South Africa are extremely beautiful. They evoke such a wonderful feeling, that whenever I walk into a forest I automatically go into spell casting mode. And no, just as a matter of interest, I don't have to worry about elephants and lions etc. We keep them as pets. Only joking, they aren't a threat. Sadly, man has pretty much poached them to an extreme.

Still, evolving my magickal abilities here has been great. The beaches are also peaceful, and evoke much the same feeling as the forests do. Due to my lack of access to books, I resorted to using the Internet for knowledge. Now, I may have some access to Spare and Carroll, but since they aren't the only people out there who put stuff down in

writing so I've spent much time collecting anything remotely related to eclectic magic. I may like Carroll's work, but much of the stuff I do is so different from his. By not copying Carroll's ideas, I've pretty much stuck to the "spirit" of Chaos Magick without too much reliance upon ex-Pope Pete. Feel free to blast me for saying something like that, but I'm the guy stuck typing this, so there! Hehehe.

My work in chiromancy can be an impact on the magickal pool. My work in aethyr patching is nearly done, and I should have it ready for the next issue...I hope.

For those of you who don't know about my chiromantic sigils, here is the process I came up with: my sponsor Aloas has found success with them as well, so I think I definitely have something here.

Step 1.

Decide which hand is going to be doing the work.

Step 2.

Look at the other hand for inspiration for a sigil. I based my sigil on some of the lines I found on my hand.

Step 3.

Close eyes, trace the sigil in the air in front of your eyes, while seeing that sigil lighting up in front of you.

Step 4.

Once you have visualised the sigil for one or two seconds, flick your fingers at it.

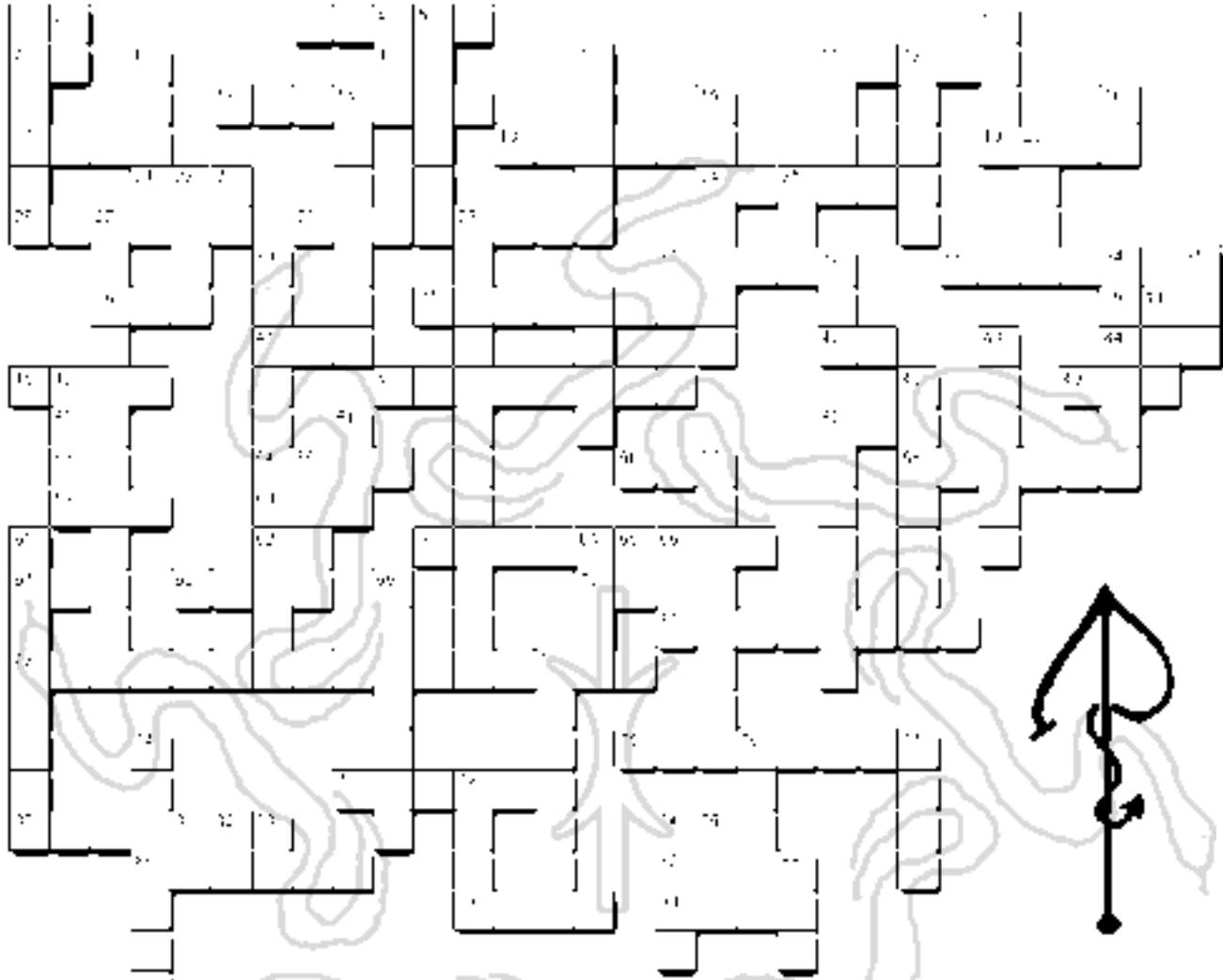
Step 5.

Open your eyes and laugh.

Well there you go, hope I've provided enough entertainment for this issue.

Stay well kiddies! Cheers!

roikaxword



ACROSS

1. Era Vulgaris, or . . . (initials)
3. Created by non-procreative sexual means in Burroughs' "Wild Boys"
7. Seed, or second word in TOPY
9. E.g.
11. Gesture-yoga
13. Let your fingers do the reading
17. Opposite of "odd"
18. Subconscious aid in collage image form, or Delphi celebrity
19. Bird attributed to the Autumnal Equinox, an ugly duckling
21. Opposite of "even"
24. Verbal-gnostic repetition technique
26. Sumerian serpent-goddess
28. Ouroborian sexual technique, male
31. (Singular preposition) . . . of the times
33. Male creative implement
36. The eyes do it.
37. "Having a name, named" in Greek
39. Ordo Templi Orientis (initials)
41. Windows program extension
42. Plural pronoun of "I"
44. Tit for . . .
45. A misconception, usually from ignorance; opposite of "good"
47. Meme-creature, group "spirit"
49. Drug popular at circuit parties: do not use on an empty stomach!
50. Registered nurse, abbreviation
52. An imaginary action relative to a guilt-ridden individual
53. "Hail" in Hymn to Pan
54. Primordial star-stuff, all-potential element
56. Drink sacred to Baron Samedi
58. Latin word for common expletive and agreeable verb
59. Rye ergot, usually administered in 40 DOWN form
60. 2,000 pounds

DOWN

62. HTML line code
63. Chief gland of the sahasrara chakra
67. Segment of time
68. A manifestation of chaos, usually spelled "weird"
70. Seeds sometime grow in these
71. Where light comes from and ultimately returns to
72. Born in 1875, founder of the A.A. (with middle initial)
75. Uranus' discoverer
78. Freedom from incarnation (Sanskrit)
80. Old Norse "odhr" and chemo-gnostic drug popular in the early 90's
84. Ultimate contraception paradigm
86. What a 14 year old computer geek fancies himself
87. Goddess of anti-narcissism
89. Personal power, akin to "mana"
90. Actor's alternate personality

27. Born in 1886, published 1st treatise on sigilization (w/middle initial)
29. City where mad sailor ends up in Lovecraft's "Dagon"
30. Overused number in Chaos circles, akin to thelemist's "93"
31. Location preposition
32. "Anon" in Old English means _____
34. The dog-star to the Egyptians
35. The Pact (initials)
38. Magical epoch
40. Something for the tongue
43. Female creative implement
46. Bulwer-Lytton's "earth" force
48. Slumber party guest, usually male
51. "To Know"
52. Chilean author of "NOS, Book of the Resurrection"
55. Ruler
57. Latin "death-love"
61. Special K
64. Individuality, self-authority
65. Common preposition
66. Caused by TV
69. An individual collective, separate entity
73. Moon-influenced, or subconsciously/emotionally directed
74. Origin of the universe, what is absolutely "true"
76. Linear or verbal anagram
77. Teutonic trickster-god
79. The illusion of separation from spirit
81. Crowley couldn't make a final decision what these letters stood for
82. Carbon Copy
83. A popular jelly, backwards
84. The Fool
85. Versus "Con"
88. Egyptian god of the South & incestuous brother of Horus

1. Start with a bird base



2.



3.



4. Turn over and repeat step #2

5.

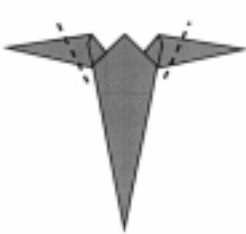


6. Turn over and repeat step #5

7.



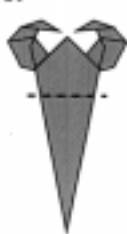
8.



9.



10.



11.



12.



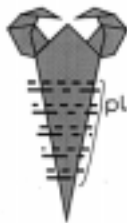
13.



Reverse fold steps #7 - #8

14. Turn over

15.

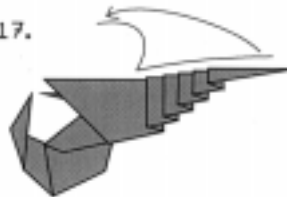


pleat fold

16.



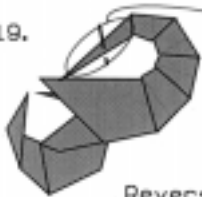
17.



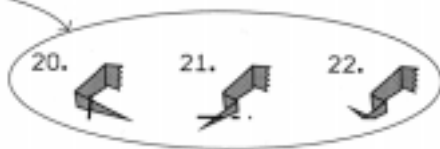
18.



19.



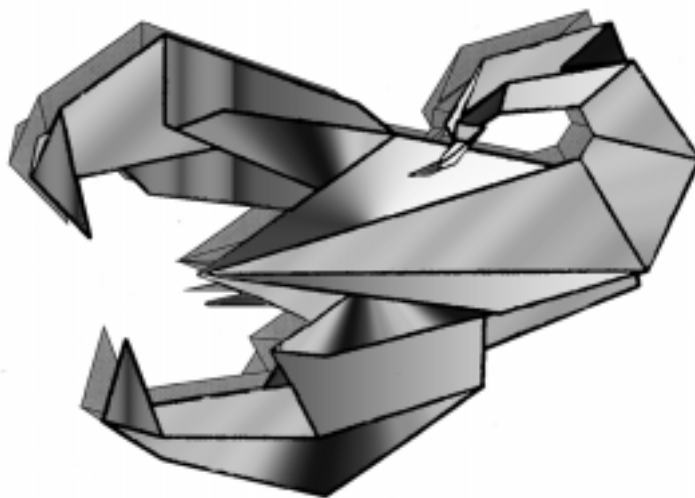
Reverse fold steps #19 - #21



23.



Crease top layer on both sides



--- Valley fold
- - Mountain fold



Autonomatrix

<http://www.sfo.com/~max/AX.html>