

#op2012: An Invocation of the Egregore of Anonymous



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We are Anonymous.

On 21 December 2012... let's be honest, one magickian got it in zir head to take advantage of the weight of belief behind the end of the Mayan calendar.² This magickian could not have been the only one who had the idea of taking the energy focused on this exact date and time by professional paranoids, doomsayers, and other sorts on the Apocalypse Trip and turn it into something that didn't make a gunshot to the stomach seem like a fun night. While there wasn't really a chance that the world as we know it would have ended, if it's one thing the western world is good at, it's breeding a select few individuals who only need a plausible sounding excuse to do something horrible. As we are aware as practitioners energy flows where attention goes, and if the object of that attention can be magickally subverted that flow of energy can be directed in different but somewhat related directions.

By “somewhat related,” I mean that it is possible to hijack a flow of energy charged with a certain idea (“Rocks fall, you all die.”) and redirect it into something wholly different (“DJ P0n-3 will win the next presidential election.”), but chances are all that'll do is ground all that energy out and nothing useful will happen. If that same flow of energy is redirected toward a meme which is similar in intent to the original but not the same (“More people will stop acting for the state and start acting for themselves,” which is related in that large structures like political states require that individuals believe in them to have the energy they need to survive, and without that belief they start losing control.)

The dominant memes of the years 2011 and 2012 were those of revolution, the seizure of personal power (as well as the power of small groups working toward common goals), and the upheaval of existing systems. Not all of these efforts are complete, nor were all of them successful. However, the idea is now writ large on the walls of the world: “The world does not belong to anyone but you. If anything is going to change for the better, it won't come from governments, armies, banks, or corporations. Change will only come from individuals taking action.”

My intent was to channel the energy away from the 21 December 2012 meme into the memes of anarchism and independence, most recently represented by Anonymous, other hacktivist groups around the planet³, and the different incarnations of Occupy (from Greece to Wall Street, Vienna to Portugal, New Zealand to Poland⁴) by invoking an egregore, charging representations of some ideas that these meme complexes have in common, and then pulling the energy from one meme complex into the other using myself as a temporary conduit.

2 Unfortunately, very few of the doomsayers and professional paranoids gave Terrence McKenna any credit for his part in the creation and propagation of this meme. Shame on them.

3 Adherents of the #antisecc meme, LulzSec (which was infiltrated and manipulated by the US FBI), Telecomix, et al.

4 <http://gizmodo.com/5879851/polish-politicians-don-anonymous-masks-to-protest-eu-counterfeiting-agreement>

We are legion.

21 December 2012 only comes around once, so I figured that it would be worth pulling out all of the stops for this ritual. Preparation began with a full physical cleaning of my ritual space, followed by smudging with cinnamon incense and a feather fan.⁵

The ideas that I was bringing to the table involved cleverness, the art of the hack, subversion, infiltration, hope, communication and connection, logic, mad inspiration, mutual aid, personal power for those who wish to claim it, and the inspiration for this project (which happened to be lunch with a fellow activist-magickian earlier that day). These are all concepts that, when embodied by a living being can be used to bring about change in the world.

I was unfortunately unable to find a red and black flag on short notice and had to make do with a Crimethinc poster from my arsenal of potential magickal tools (“The shadow of the past holds the future hostage.”⁶) A lit white candle in a holder sat on the floor at my left hand to light the way. I also had within the circles a rod which is very important to me because it is the manifestation of something which sought me out to work with me (rather than the other way around).

A multi-layered circle was delineated on the floor with books whose subject matter was relevant to my intent. The innermost ring consisted of eight books set at the four cardinal points.

- Geneation Hex, Jason Louv (editor) (east)
- 21st Century Mage, Jason Newcomb (east)
- Pronoia, Rob Brezsny (south)
- Making Things Talk, Tom Igoe (south)
- Gathering the Magic, Nick Farrell (west)
- Where Science and Magic Meet, Serena Roney-Dougal (west)
- Principia Discordia (north)
- Seizing Power, Stephen Mace (north)

The pairs of books at the cardinal points are thematically related. The books to the east stand for pure magick in the modern day – the means by which I would be hijacking the energy being sent to “End of the Mayan calendar as apocalypse” as an attempt to heal. The books to the south represent hope and what will be necessary to make a new system jell. The books to the west symbolize the union of perceived opposites, namely, magick and western science (because there are no few practitioners who also work in the fields of mathematics, science, and medicine – we’ve infiltrated those systems, if you like). Finally, the books to the north represent chaos and personal power.

A second ring, slightly larger, was constructed with another four books laid equidistant between those of the first ring. The subject matter of those books was relevant to what I want to see more of in the existing system of ideas, and provided sympathetic links to those meme complexes.

- How to Own A Continent, FX, et al (south-east)
- Mass Control: Engineering Human Consciousness, Jim Keith (south-west)
- Hacking: The Art of Exploitation, Jon Erickson (north-west)

5 Favorites of mine. Use what works for you.

6 http://crimethinc.com/tools/posters/shadow_of_the_past.pdf

- Archaic Revival, Terrence McKenna (north-east)

A quartet of Major Arcana from my Tarot deck of choice were laid at the cardinal points of the inner circle, representing qualities that I was bringing to the table. They were:

- The Mage (east)
- The Lovers (south)
- The Tower (west)
- Strength (north)

Pairs of lockpicks were laid to either side of each Tarot card, representative of burglary, infiltration and exploitation of vulnerabilities toward the end of subversion. A handful of replica doubloons, two silver and two gold, were laid at each of the cardinal points. The gold coins represent the money that the existing system reveres and runs on. The silver coins are representative of the money that far too many people work very hard to earn just to cover necessities.

When performing the ritual, I divested myself of everything unique about my person in exchange for the most recognizable uniform of adherents of the Anonymous meme undertaking direct action: Black suit, white shirt, black necktie and shoes, and a plastic Guy Fawkes mask.⁷ The only exceptions were an amulet that I habitually wear next to my skin (which I've set a few spells to over the years) and a small, white pin entangled with a second such badge given to my colleague earlier, whom I'd hatched this scheme with.

⁷ https://thepiratebay.se/torrent/7074029/Guy_Fawkes_and_Anonymous_mask

We do not forgive.

The ritual was opened more or less traditionally – the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, with banishing pentacles for all five elements in succession to clear the area. The white candle was lit, and black rose (and later clove incense) were burned when the ritual began. I set a recording of one of the Anonymous numbers stations playing on endless loop on my laptop.⁸

To reach a state of gnosis, in which I could connect my mind to the Anonymous hive-mind scattered around the planet (and send instructions or plant suggestions) I let myself sink into the endless audio loop and chanted the traditional cant of Anonymous:

We are Anonymous.

We are legion.

We do not forgive.

We do not forget.

Expect us.

I don't know how long it took to reach an altered state of consciousness; until my mind was bent. Your mileage will probably vary. Once the realization came that I wasn't thinking with my usual brain, I began extemporizing an invocation of Anonymous, as if I were the nameless, faceless icon seen in many YouTube manifestos and on many defaced websites. It isn't my style to write invocations or evocations ahead of time. In fact, I find that doing so hampers my effectiveness because the words don't come from the heart, and when you're calling upon something more than yourself that's what seems to bring the best results. So, if you wish to write your own here are some (admittedly naff) ideas that you can use as a scaffolding for your own warning to the world and suggestions to the hive-mind. Or, you can ignore them and do your own thing. It's up to you.

- For years, individuals have been forced to act as mere components in a larger system.
- That system is designed to consume those components and dispose of them when they are no longer able to keep up.
- The hearts and souls of people are reduced to power sources for something that simultaneously is and is not human, but is malevolent.
- This is no longer acceptable.
- It is time for people to stand up and regain their power.
- The system has become corrupt, and will be dismantled from within.

When I felt that I had fully plugged myself into the Anonymous hive-mind, I began reciting a paen to the goddess Eris⁹, whom I felt would be amused by my efforts if nothing else. Again, I improvised the evocation of Eris, but the general gist of it was that I was sticking the genitalia of someone who was altogether too serious into a hornet's nest disguised as an amazing new sex toy, and would you help me broadcast this (admittedly nasty) prank to fellow Discordians around the world for their inspiration and enjoyment. As I am wont to see under such circumstances, a vision of Eris (as a stunningly attractive

⁸ https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XCUv_MZVrTg

⁹ She and I have had a working relationship for many years.

red-haired woman wearing black and gold leggings and leotard, who would undoubtedly play cat's cradle with my neural network if I started taking myself too seriously) appeared to me. The vision dropped a familiar-looking golden apple into my outstretched hands, and I promptly turned that into a flare of golden light which I channeled into the ritual rod I had in the circle with me. Suitably charged up, I used the rod to blow away the shadows and decay that had accumulated around the circle (and by extension, in the world around me – microcosm/macrocosm). That done, I launched the apple into the air while screaming the word etched on the side: “Kallisti!”

I also used the rod to charge each of the Tarot cards arrayed around the inner circle, bringing the concepts within them to something closer approximating life. Per what passed for the plan my colleague and I hatched earlier, each of those Tarot cards served as a window into another world. A better one, where people took more direct control of their lives and had some say in what they did... but we couldn't push people through those windows. We could only open them and show what was on the other side to people, but for this ritual to mean anything, people had to make the choice for themselves once they were fully informed. Chaos doesn't work well with force, better with finesse. I then rapped the end of the rod a single time against the floor, the sound the wood made acting as the trigger which released the energy I'd raised and programmed.

This bit is the least organized, and for that I apologize. I let the vision carry me where it would, and I recommend that you do the same. Let go of the energy and watch what it does. I threw it toward the sky, you might do something different. What I experienced at this time lasted the better part of an hour, and is detailed in the next session. You will probably have a very different experience.

After the vision is over, finish the invocation:

We are Anonymous.

We are legion.

We do not forgive.

We do not forget.

You should have expected us.

At this time, the ritual is pretty much over. The energy has been raised, programmed with intent, and released. Banish to clean up after yourself and break the circle. I use the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram for this (again, banishing all five elements) but do whatever works for you.

We do not forget.

What I perceived during the context of the ritual was a gradual closing down of my senses. I could feel the suit against my skin, feel the mask against my face, and feel my breath reflected from the inner surface of the mask but I don't recall my sense of vision functioning past the first two or three dozen repetitions of the mantra. I vividly recall seeing a vision of the Earth floating in space covered with tiny black pixels, any of which I could (and did) focus briefly upon. Each of those pixels was a replica of the empty black suit iconic of Anonymous. As I stood there chanting (and softly ranting at the Universe) each of those pixels jumped off of the globe and stuck to me like a bit of lint. As the seconds passed, larger and thicker clouds of pixels leaped from the vision of the planet and stuck to my clothes, skin, and mask, slowly turning my perception of myself into a perfect replica of the infamous image.

I also recall catching machine gun-fast glimpses of other places. The insides of houses (bedrooms, basements, what might have been some living rooms, your usual assortment of places around the house), what could have been restaurants or coffee shops, and other locations that I don't have ready descriptions for. I may have been briefly looking through the eyes of other people who are adherents of the Anonymous meme (or are at least close to the spirit of the thing). Slowly, my vision of the planet became a black sphere wearing a Guy Fawkes mask. If I chose to do so (and I did several times in rapid succession (and made myself a bit nauseous with vertigo)) I could zoom in and see a tiny empty black suit wearing a Guy Fawkes mask toddling around on the surface of the Earth.

After hurling the golden apple at the globe my vision of Eris pricked it with a small pin, and it burst into a cloud of microscopic golden sparkles, each of which was a perfect replica of the first that started it all. Each of the empty black suits scurrying across my vision of the planet reached up and snatched an golden apple out of the air. The empty, masked suits used the golden apple to blast goutts of fire at the shadows around them, burning the grey from the ground around them. Then the vision went in an unexpected direction. I had a vision of four gigantic towers made of solid iron, one for each petal of the compass rose. Call them the Black Iron Prisons if you like, I don't have better names for them. The empty black suits swarmed around each of the towers and tossed ropes and grapnels around the structures. Moving like shivers of tiger sharks they swarmed around each of the Black Iron Prisons and heaved as one. Each of the towers swayed, listed, and then toppled to the ground with great claps of thunder that made my hands shake and breath hang in my chest. The wreckage of the towers were picked apart into blocks, which were then carried away and used to construct buildings great and small. After a few minutes I recognized them as homes, stores, and apartment buildings. A multitude of small towns sprang up all around me.

My vision returned returned to the four Tarot cards I'd charged before the vision seized me. Through the window formed by each I saw a single Anon-figure plant a red-and-black flag bearing the Anonymous crest¹⁰ in the ground. By the time I'd gone through the Lesser Banishing Ritual a second time, broken the circle, and stopped the recording I caught myself chuckling quietly, a mocking laugh that didn't seem quite like mine. Banishing with lulz.

I grounded myself with chocolate and writing about the ritual and experiences in my magickal journal. While it helped to put the ideas into a format that could be later referred to and analyzed, the act didn't really help to ground me. It took a good week or so to really feel myself again, and not like I was a tiny piece of a very large machine (which I thought strange yet paradoxically appropriate, given that my

¹⁰ Image created by D3l1ght <https://d3l1ght.deviantart.com/art/Anonymous-Flag-126478551> and was published under a Creative Commons Attribution 3.0 license).

stated intention was to reverse that general trend).

Expect us.

I don't expect that this ritual saved the world or changed the course of history. It is my sincere hope that it injected something new into the world and that some good will come of it. Just as there was a lot of energy focused on the notion of the end of the Mayan calendar on 21 December 2012, there is also rather a lot of energy focused on the various decentralized and independent systems out there. That anarchist and environmentalist groups are under surveillance right now is a basic assumption. So are vegetarian and vegan groups¹¹, Quaker fellowships¹², and community groups that feed the homeless¹³. This means that energy is being sent toward those groups that, if properly harnessed could be used to help those groups grow and gather active power. This ritual should serve as a basic framework for doing just that.

In the days since the first time I performed this ritual it has been observed that the various instances of Occupy have been more effective and acting visibly in their communities. My first-hand experience with Occupy Sandy in New York state was an excellent example of this. In Canada the Idle No More¹⁴ meme has appeared in the communities of native peoples¹⁵ who have leaped into action in their respective spaces. There appears to be a flood of Anon ops taking shape around the planet, per usual. It remains to be seen how much change will take place with just one magickian attempting to shift the balance of things.

So, that said, I throw open the doors to all and sundry who read this ritual and try it for themselves. If you perform it as written (modulo the improvised bits left open), so be it. If you adapt, modify, or build on top of it to develop your own ritual that accomplishes much the same goal, great. Go to it. If it inspires you to become more active in your community – using your hands and Will to help those who are less privileged or in need of assistance, you have our thanks.

11 <http://www.activistrightssydney.org/police-surveillance.html>

12 http://articles.courant.com/2006-01-16/features/0601160472_1_american-quakers-database-surveillance

13 http://www.washingtonpost.com/blogs/blogpost/post/food-not-bombs-group-arrested-for-feeding-homeless-violating-orlando-ordinance/2011/06/03/AGufUBIH_blog.html

14 <http://idlenomore1.blogspot.com/>

15 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Idle_No_More