

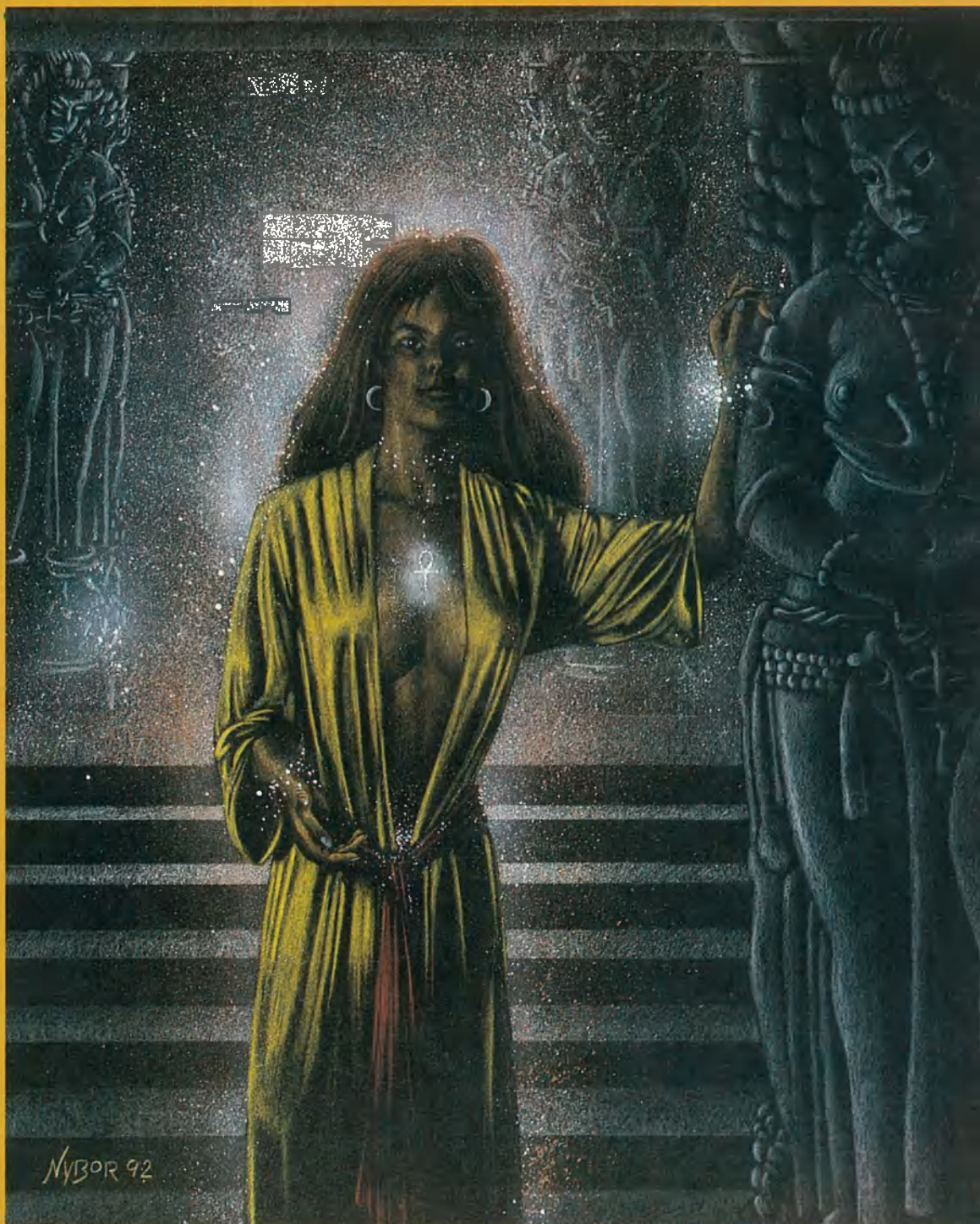
MEZLIM

Practical Magick for the New Aeon

Volume III, Issue No. 3

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MEZLIM

STAFF

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N'Chi and **MEZLIM** subscribe to the premise that we are entering a new aeon - a new age - which is bringing and will continue to bring many changes in the way we see ourselves and the world around us. We are dedicated to presenting information, views, images and ideas concerned with our transition into this new world which we are creating. Our editorial policy is androgynous, egalitarian and eclectic, supporting all growth oriented, magickal movements.

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N'Chi

MANAGING EDITOR
Kenneth Deigh

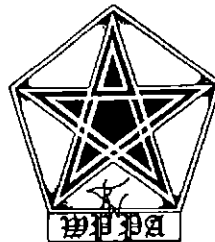
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
ΔKeter Elan

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Donna Stanford-Blake

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Antero Alli, Jaq D. Hawkins, KIA, Tara,
D. Rose Hartmann, Louis Martinie,
Lorraine Schein, Raven Greywalker,
Enheduanna, Donald Michael Kraig,
Donna Stanford-Blake, Yael Ruth Dragwyla,
Frater Annuit Coeptis, ΔBarak.

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
Otter

COVER
Nybor



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For more information about the WPPA write to:
P. O. Box 1392
MECHANICSBURG, PA 17055

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EDITOR'S FORUM

mun-dane (mun dān'), *adj.*

1. of this earthly world. 2. noting everyday concerns rather than spiritual matters. 3. ordinary or commonplace.

This is the word that many people in the Neo-Pagan community use to refer to anyone who is not a member of the movement. I've heard it at Gatherings, Sabbats, Lodge parties and Bacchanals for years, and the word has always bothered me.

Sure. I realize that it's only meant as a harmless way of referring to the "uninitiated," but how harmless is it? It may be our intent to simply indicate the non-member status of a specific person we know in our non-pagan environment, or of the non-pagan world at large, but the "conceptual fallout" may be more than we bargained for.

While the meaning of the word "mundane" certainly seems to describe the world and people we use it to define, it also creates an illusion of separation between the sacred and the mundane or profane.

Take a look around you. Is there ANYTHING that is not touched by the hand of God/dess? Is there any

person from whose eyes there flows no glimmer of the divine?

To label the world we go to work in, play in and make love in on a daily basis as "mundane" is to deny the essential divinity in all things and all people. If anything, we need to be MORE aware of the sacredness of this everyday world, for it is THIS world that we are struggling to heal and transform.

I'm not suggesting that we strike the term "mundane" from our collective vocabulary list and try to find a word more appropriate for our use. Instead I suggest that we use this word to remind us that our world is anything but mundane; that ALL people, plants, animals, stones and seas are sacred, for we are ALL of the God/dess.

As someone once said, there are no ordinary moments.

Celebrate the Mysteries!

Be Awake!



The Sacred Prostitute

An Introduction

There is a newly emerging -- or Re-Emerging -- face of the sacred in today's magickal community; one that has been raising a lot of eyebrows -- and more.

Who is this creature we call the Sacred Prostitute, Kadesha, Babylon, and Scarlet Woman? What does SHE mean to us, and how can we touch and be healed by HIR presence?

The first answer that arises from our work with the Sacred Prostitute is that SHE is in all of us, and does not withhold HIR favors from any who would truly seek HIR.

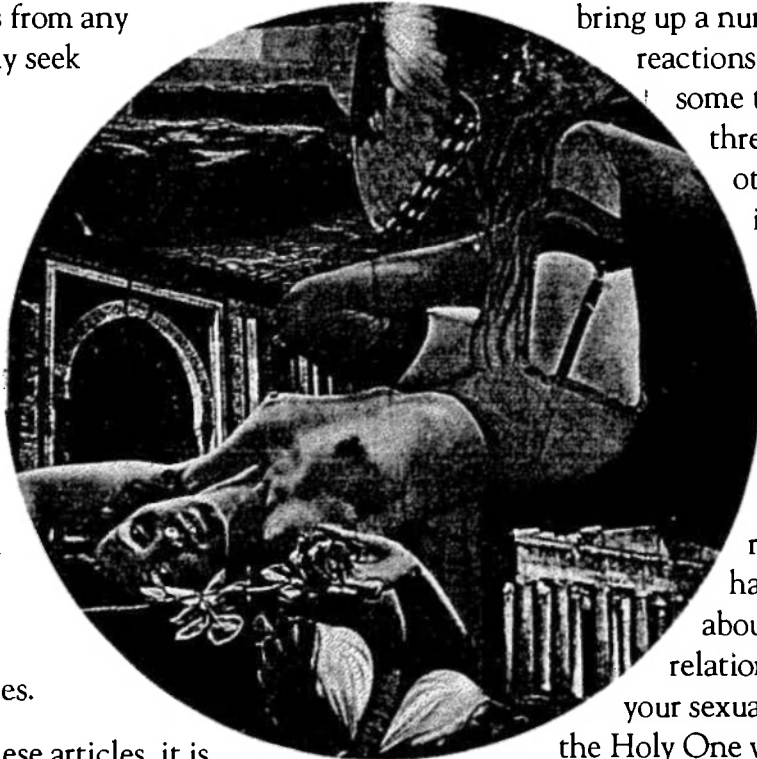
The Sacred Prostitute is many things to many people. SHE is worked in a variety of ways, by both women and men. Some of the diversity of HIR nature is shown in the following articles.

In reading these articles, it is important to keep in mind that the ideas presented are neither all inclusive nor all exclusive. These are the views of some who have worked with HIR, danced with HIR, or simply mused on HIR mysteries. And to each of us, SHE may show a slightly different face. Look for what resonates with your own work--in your

own heart. Look for where SHE speaks to you, and through you.

Anger...fear...lust...desire. All these--and more--may arise at meeting the Sacred Prostitute. HIR power is the sexual energy which generates the universe. SHE is one who knows these mysteries, and lives them. Whether SHE is embodied externally, or rises from within you, HIR passion is for healing, for Love and for Re-Union.

Reading the following articles may bring up a number of reactions. You may find some to be threatening -- others to be inviting. Pay attention to what you are feeling as these faces of the sacred are revealed to you. Your reactions may have a lot to say about your own relationship with your sexuality, and with the Holy One within you.



Each encounter with this archetype is an opportunity to heal the wound between Virgin and Whore; between the ethereal mind and the earthy body; between Animus and Anima; and, between Man and Woman.

The Archetype of the Sacred Prostitute... Today

by Jaq D. Hawkins

The history of temple prostitutes goes back many centuries. They are well known in Phoenician history, and appear in some form among many pre-Christian religions. The function of these holy women in their society was to teach the young about sexuality at an appropriate age, and to give of themselves in sacred rites, bringing the embodiment of the goddess to her worshippers.

There is also a history of the apparent opposite of the temple prostitute... the Vestal Virgin, who is most recorded in Roman history. Vestals, by whatever name in whichever culture, were revered in much the same way as temple prostitutes. The difference was in the expression of sexuality. While the Prostitute gave freely of her favors, the Virgin withheld them and no man dare infringe on her sacredness. A Vestal had only to walk by a square of execution and the condemned would be freed, so sacred was her person.

The connection between these two holy offices is that in both cases women are being worshiped as holy beings on the basis of their sexuality. These holy women, in both guises as Prostitute and Virgin, are still

worshiped in today's society, be it less obvious.

Sexuality has a way of becoming very important in every society. Whether it is worshiped as something sacred as in fertility rites, or forbidden and taboo as a means of exerting control over the masses, it seems that leaders and governments always have something to say about our sexual practices. It would seem that our modern post-sexual revolution society would have evolved

beyond the early tribal and superstition-based controls

over our individual sexuality, yet we still maintain the same archetypes of the Sacred Prostitute and of the Virgin in our views of sexual behavior today.

Most women represent some of the attributes of both of these archetypes to some extent to the men with whom they are in

daily contact. This includes relatives as well as friends and casual acquaintances. A father sees his daughter as a most perfect virgin, or as the school slut if he has heard much of her sexual adventures. A husband sees his wife as both prostitute and perfect virgin, even though she has born his children. A man interested in a woman with whom he works will see her at first as the unattainable Virgin, then as the possibility of becoming her lover becomes more real to him, she becomes the Sacred Prostitute in his mind—She whose sexual



favors will bring enlightenment and joy to his world.

Celebrities and people beyond our immediate scope also represent these dual archetypes to us. The Sacred Prostitute is easy to spot. A Madonna concert will do. Queens of rock music or actresses with special appeal are worshiped by men, and even hetero-sexual women, as an image of an ideal of hedonistic pleasure. Women do not have to flaunt their sexuality in order to represent the Prostitute. Indeed, an actual prostitute that one sees on the street corner does not ordinarily attain this sacredness in the minds of her "clients". She is only the physical gratification principle, while her counterpart on the silver screen commands respect from her worshippers, though they will never touch her.

What of the Virgin? The obvious answer to that would be to look in the local Jr. High School and see the attention paid to which girls "do" and which girls "don't", but to see a real example, a trip to the local abortion clinic is in order. See those people in front with the picket signs and angry voices? The protest of abortion in the name of religion is none other than the old worship of the Vestal in disguise. It is not the life of unborn children that is at the heart of this protesting, more babies could be saved by these people if their efforts were directed at rescuing the thousands of children in the world who are suffering from starvation, even in our own country.

It is the desire to see the fallen virgin reap what she has sown. We cannot bury fallen women alive as they did in Rome, but we cannot allow her to escape the consequences of her actions altogether! No, this woman has sinned. She must go through the physical discomforts that go with pregnancy, endure the torture of

childbirth, and then when she thinks the worst is over, she must choose to keep this child and become a single working mother with no time to properly care for the child, and not enough money to ever buy anything for herself again; or, to go through the heart wrenching experience of giving it up forever to total strangers, never knowing what may have happened to this small, ever needy child.

There are less dramatic examples, of course. There are even some actresses who seem always virginal to us. Who could imagine that Sally Field has ever had sex? Especially those among us who are old enough to remember her as "The Flying Nun."

Despite all of the noise about equality, women are still in the habit of giving very much of themselves in general. This can take many forms, from the woman who keeps a family in order in somewhat of the traditional manner, to the career woman who carries more than her share of tasks to prove that she is worthy of her place in the work force. There is also a tendency for women to take on the responsibilities of organization in magical groups and to give much of themselves in the role of priestess.

It is this natural tendency to give of herself that equates modern women with the Sacred Prostitute in history. Sexuality in western societies is still very much focused on the woman's choice of whether to give of her favor or to withhold it. A woman in the workplace is regarded by her male co-workers on the basis of her sexuality first, and her ability second. No amount of screaming about equality or sexual harassment will ever change the basic nature of the male animal. Whether he looks upon women with respect or with frustration, still in the darkest recesses of his

mind he worships us as goddess,
keepers of the sacred fire of his lust.

Many men would be made
uncomfortable by this postulation,
yet the statement is not intended
to insult. It would not make sense
to look on those who would
worship me with contempt.

I have made some general
presumptions in regard to attitudes
so far which may not fit each
individual, yet the fact remains
that women are regarded on the
basis of their sexuality as much
today as ever. The mundane
feminists tried for years to attain
equality in the work place by
denying the difference that makes
them woman. There has been a
change in that attitude over the
years, though. Recent trends
portrayed in feminist magazines
show an awakening to the unique
power of woman. Articles are
frequently appearing about the
different approach women take to
management and authority.

The effects of goddess worship
are showing in mainstream society
as women learn to glory in the
power of their sexuality rather
than to deny it. We have taken
back control of our bodies from the
patriarchs who sought to control us
through religion and superstition,
and just as the Sacred Prostitutes
of old, we give of ourselves as we
see fit. Today, every woman has
the power to become goddess.



Remembering Ishtar

by Tara

I remember You Ishtar,

And Your Priestess,

Veiled and voluptuous,

Who lit the fire behind the walls of Your sacred temple
To form the link with you that night before they returned,

Cold, tired, and hungry

To the temple in which the blood of life and death

flowed from my womb

Upon the altar to feed You.

Cold, tired, and hungry they returned.

Was it I who with my warm wet love healed them

From the shock of battle?

Or was it You, with your passion and hunger for blood,

Who sucked from them the horror of the killing?

Which cuts through the pain to heal more swiftly Ishtar?

The edge of your glistening sword

Or the lines from my veil

As I dance in Your honor?

Dance Ishtara, Dance!

Dance your Goddess into Being,

That She may Do.

Musings on the Sacred Whore

by D. Rose Hartmann, M.A.

The Sacred Whore seems an enigma to most people. Try to explain Her to a friend not versed in esoterica or occultisms and you'll surely receive raised eyebrows of surprise, or a grimace of repulsion. The adjective "sacred" means worthy of religious veneration, something declared or made holy. Prophetic texts are labelled sacred, as are a variety of rituals and icons, even particular mountains or rivers are considered sacred, but whores? Prostitution is defined as the use of sex as a means to produce gain—money for the street hooker, fame for the untalented Hollywood starlet, security for the suburban housewife who married for the sake of fear. Such being the case, Sacred Prostitution might be defined as the use of sex as a means to gain God/dess, and to attain enlightenment!

Holy Whores! your friend exclaims. A blasphemy! A nonsense! An oxymoron! Yet the term Sacred Whore is not oxymoronic, but redundant. Diving into the etymology of the words "whore" or "harlot," we find that the split of priestess and prostitute is a relatively recent one. Barbara Walker, in her Dictionary of Woman's Myths and Secrets, points out that the Hebrew word *hor* means a cave, pit, or dark hole. To be likened to such dark empty amorphous things was not considered derogatory. The cave, the pit, the hole, the bottomless black lake—were metaphors synonymous with the Great Goddess—She who is unnameable, that darkness primordial from which all life (light) is born, The Everything and The Nothing. Hole-y, Holy, Wholly. The Sacred Whore at work was the Great Goddess.

These ideas have not been completely lost. A Hebrew folk dance called the *hora*, a tradition at many a Jewish wedding, was named after the circle dances of the sacred harlots. Such holy harlots were often "brides of God" similar to modern nuns who are "brides of Christ." But these women were set apart to give birth to Sons of God. The Spanish word for whore, *puta*, derives from the Latin term for a well and pit, but the Latin term for grave was *puticuli*, meaning womb of rebirth. And the Latin had its root in Vedic, where the word *Putā* is defined as pure and holy.

Ishtar, the Great Whore of Babalon, was sometimes called the Goddess HAR, as she was mother of the Harlots. These Harlots were not prostitutes as we know them, but priestesses, sorceresses, prophets, and healers. In her book When God Was A Woman, Merlin Stone informs us that the Hebrew word *zonah* means both prostitute and prophetess. What a lovely word *zonah* is; concise but beautifully complicated. Sacred Whores were known sometimes as the "Holy Virgins" of Goddesses such as Ishtar, Asherah, or Aphrodite; the famous Vestal Virgins are thought to have practiced secret sex magical rights, in honor of the Roman Matriarch Vesta.

The word Virgin did not mean that the hymen was intact or that these women were kin to the immaculate mom of J. Christ. A virgin was an unmarried woman, a woman who claimed ownership of herself. Think of Athena, the maiden goddess who jumped off a cliff rather than submit to wed-lock. But the Holy Whores weren't man-hating feminists either. The function of the Holy

Virgins, the Holy Whores, was to dispense the grace of the God/dess through sexual worship, through the giving of themselves to worthy male initiates and to each other.

The idea of going into a womb—a cave, a pit, a hole, a river—in order to attain a new life of the spirit stems from the neolithic period (approx. 15,000 b.c.e. - 5,000 b.c.e.) when the common belief system had it that the main God/dess was female. Gods were not absent, but served primarily as consorts for the Great Goddess, or played the roles of sons of the Great Goddess, as in the figures of Horus and Jesus. (Put the Virgin Mary back together with Mary Magdalene, and you have a Holy Whore and the mother of a man/god, an evolved man.) The Great Goddess was All; the son represented the Self-Realized human (male or female).

It was thought necessary for a man to go through a woman (literally) in order to achieve contact with the Deity.

In these early days, before the patriarchal entity (not men in general, but an imbalanced masculine force) imposed itself upon the cultural reality and insanely forced the Goddess underground, women were seen as the mediators between the Goddess and the tribe. She could access the power of the Goddess easier than a man as she could more easily identify with Her. Before the science of anatomy explained away the mystery, women seemed more magical. They bled in sync with the phases of the moon and each other, for days without dying. They bore the babies and from their breasts came milk, the sustenance of life.

Women were also the first healers. While the men went out to hunt, the women explored, gathered the food and gained knowledge of medicinal herbs and produced magical cures for the snake bites of their men. Women were also privy to divine wisdom—The Delphic Oracles listened to Pythons, and Eve took the advice of a serpent. I theorize that woman's "innate" ability to tune into the Goddess and communicate with Her might have been facilitated by her knowledge and use of magical herbs, particularly psychotropic plants such as psilocybin.

When God was definitively female, women had the edge. It was thought necessary for a man to go through a woman (literally) in order to achieve contact with the Deity. Male devotees of the Great Goddess would offer gifts, undergo painful or humiliating preparatory rituals, wait years, fast, and give about anything up for the opportunity to be initiated by a Sacred Whore, and in doing so, attain the power of the Great Goddess, as well as the opportunity to contact with what modern magicians might refer to as the H.G.A.

Priestesses took their homes in the temples, devoting their lives and their bodies to the Goddess. By law, Babalonian brides would prostitute themselves at the temple for seven days prior to their marriage; this, in order to appease the Goddess, who disapproved of monogamy. (She is all excess and no restriction.) The profession also became a refuge to women who wished to keep claim of themselves. In Hellenic Greece, courtesans maintained a status legally and politically equal to men, while wives were reduced to servants.

The idea that a man needed a woman in order to attain apotheosis, or give birth to the potential God/dess hidden within

himself, lives between the lines of most modern religious texts. Crowley had his Scarlet Woman, Simon the Mage, his whore, and Jesus, Mary Magdalene. In fact, Magdalene means “she of the temple-tower.” Fundamentalist Christians believe that the door to the kingdom of Heaven is opened to those re-born of fire and water, but sex-centric traditions such as Tantra, alchemy, and paganism, explain that we can realize and experience our divinity when immersed in the fires of sexual passion and the baptismal waters of the happy holy hooker.

The loss of the Sacred Whore creates a societal imbalance.

So what happened to the Sacred Whore? Sexually-empowered women, let alone whores, are often seen as threats, as bitches, dykes, ball-busters, etc., by both women and men alike. Sexually independent women—once respected as sacred vessels of the Goddess—are now demoralized to evil temptresses, obstacles between man and a heaven full of sexless wimps. (Male Islamics, however, go to a heaven full of re-virginating nymphs, but Islamic women are said to be soul-less.) Mad violence against women is also increasing as confused men take to raping prostitutes and sexually attractive women, only to murder them afterwards, cursing them for causing their lust. And millions of women deny themselves orgasmic pleasure because they are taught that “good girls don’t” which worships a bachelor god, a god without a beloved, a god which abstains from the joys of sex? It’s no wonder to me that Yahweh’s so irritable. The common god of the 20th century is a degeneration, a far fall from the

Father Mother Sister Brother God/dess YHVH. Yahweh is severed from his wisdom, Sophia, the Sacred Whore compassionate—and both children are still born or waiting in the ethers for their mother.

Sacred Prostitution was banished when that Patriarchal Entity became power hungry, raising its blade in war, rather than immersing it in the holy waters of the Sacred Whore. Its goal was power OVER women, children, and nature, as well as the weak, the poor, and the hungry of either sex. The Holy Grail was lost, but we need only to open our eyes and our hearts to find it.

The loss of the Sacred Whore creates a societal imbalance. Many men are stuck playing roles of toughness, strength, and eternal courage, while women learn at an early age that submission and passivity is the ticket to survival. Anyone who has indulged in kinky sex games will tell you that both roles contain joys, but to play only one and never the other brings monotony, sadness, or dangerous obsession. We all suffer. Self-help books are the biggest sellers in the publishing industry.

The Patriarchal entity is a tyrant who feeds on control: Power Over. The Holy Whore is a manifestation of Power With, Power Shared, and Power For All. Think of the Strength card in Tarot: A woman holds the Lion’s mouth open; a woman has identified and taken control of her power. Lion = Leo = Fifth Astrological House = Creative Power. Crowley changed the name of the card to Lust, and changed its numerical value to 11, thus assigning it the same value as the High Priestess (2), which some Tarot scholars interpret as the holiest card in the deck. The word Lust is derived from the words luster, light, and originally meant “religious joy.” Strength, Light, Lust, Holiness—all one. In Crowley’s rendition,

the lion is the many-headed beast of Revelations and the Whore of Babalon rides the beast. In the commingling of beast and Babalon, a great power is realized. Crowley called the state of Lust eroto-comatose-lucidity, where a magickian might connect with the Universe, converse with an Angel, or imprint His Will on Astral Planes.

Let's take a look at another version of the Beast and the Beauty. Re-read the original fairy tale or indulge yourself in the magick of Cocteau's film version. Interpret Beauty as the Sacred Whore, she has gone to live with the beast to gain the life of her father, who stole one of the Beast's prized roses. The Beast woos her, painfully, he wants her but knows he is ashamedly ugly, animalistic. He pines away and would die, but she sees beyond his mask, she sacrifices (makes herself sacred) and goes to him. When she gives herself to him with a kiss (the best you could do with a myth disguised as a children's story), he is reborn as a gorgeous prince. Once again, apotheosis.

It's hard to invoke the Love Goddess when you believe your body imperfect.

But powerful women—holy-sexy women—are scary. Because the Goddess is more than Mother and Whore, and when you invoke her two aspects, the third is sure to join in. The Sacred Whore becomes the Crone, as well, the Destroyer, eater of men. She is the witch, the vampiress, as in Keats' poem "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" (the beautiful Woman without mercy), who sucks the life force (sexual energy) from her enchanted victim: She grows stronger, while he fades away. She is Kali giving birth with one hand while squatting over her dead consort Shiva and devouring his

entrails. Not a pretty picture, especially if you're working on becoming alike to the god Shiva. But the Sacred Whore (when in full power) controls the higher rites of passage, and is the mistress of both death and life in that order. She is Mut, Great Mother of Death, and also Isis, whose love makes possible the higher birth of Horus from the inert Osirus. Love/Sex is linked with death. Renaissance poets called orgasm the little death. Scorpio rules sex, death, and transformation (i.e., initiation). Love is the key to evolution. Through love we become the chrysalis, we sprout the angels' wings which will fly us to God/desshood. But change, and the harbingers of change, are scary.

Of course, women can't flock to temples and set up camp as Holy Whores in this day and age without being arrested. But a change in the way women see themselves, and in the way men see women might be a start. Every woman can invoke the Holy Whore into her life with pleasure. A Jungian psychologist, Nancy Qualls-Corbett, describes the Holy Whore as "a woman, who, through ritual or psychological development, has come to know the spiritual side of her sexuality, her true Eroticism and lives this out according to her individual circumstances." The Sacred Prostitute lies on all of life's walks. She is a woman who knows her True Will, has attained contact with her H.G.A., has reclaimed her Self. This is one powerful woman, this woman who has connected with her will. Most importantly, she is that woman who has reclaimed the sacredness of her body, particularly her genitals.

But reclaiming one's womb (if you're a woman) is not an easy task. A few months back, a television network aired an episode of *Murphy Brown* which depicted the protagonist, an unmarried woman, having a baby. This independent woman was not

punished! She did not die, or suffer emotional trauma, nor lose her friends or her job. The moral majority pricked up its ears and our vice president, Dan Quayle, flew to Hollywood to tell high school students and the media that the message that the TV program intimates is an evil one. "It suggests that it's ok to bear illegitimate babies," Quayle said. Ludicrous! Illegitimate means against the Law. How can a baby be against the law. Whose law? Yahweh's? St. Augustine's?

Terrence Mckenna, in his book Food of the Gods, speaks of the stupidity of declaring plants, particularly psychotropic plants, illegal. "Nature should be legitimized," he states most logically, while the Vice President of our "free" country preaches that babies born to mothers are illegal. Quayle's words are chains tied round the breasts of the Sacred Whore, a chastity belt made out of spikes, spikes plunging into Her lush, white thighs. Quayle and his buddies are tentacles of a jealous patriarchal entity who fears that the Sacred Whore would usurp his throne if he gives her an inch (although she'd rather have the bear skin rug by the fireplace).

Conscious Rebellion & Let's Get Yahweh Laid! What can we do? First and foremost: Pay attention to what the purveyors and promoters of degenerate cultural realities—advertisers—are telling you. This goes for men and women. How are women to re-claim their sacredness, their goddess power if they are fed the message that they are "sick" with PMS or menstrual cramps two weeks out of every month, if they are told their yonis stink, that they need douches, feminine deodorant spray, deodorized tampons. It's hard to invoke the Love Goddess when you believe your body imperfect. Refute Big Brother! Yell at the TV. Take black markers to the ads in Vogue magazine. Honor the menstrual cycle.

Change the language associated with it, call it moon time or bleeding time, instead of the vulgar rag time. Have wonderful messy sex when you or your partner are menstruating. Fertilize your plants with menstrual blood. Work on erasing the programming that says a woman who sleeps around is a slut. Work on it. It's a hard job, but we can do it.

As above, so below. The god will learn by the people's example.

It's my current belief that this world's chance of surviving—and of healing—is dependent on the reclamation of the Female aspect of deity (Goddess) and Her integration in the minds of the people enmasse. We are made in the image of the God/desses we created and Yahweh is, sadly for us and all the living things on this beautiful blue-green planet, most miserable and grouchy and seemingly on the verge of suicide (just watch the evangelists pray for Armageddon). It is women who are the givers of birth, and it will be the Goddess who will give birth to the New Aeon. But her power is in the collective, especially in the collective mind of women.

Yahweh's not happy alone on the mountain, perhaps he thought he would be, but he's made a mistake. So it's up to us—as alchemists, as magickians, as people dedicated to the Great Work of evolving—to realize his error, to help him acknowledge his Mother, his Lover, his Great Whore! As above, so below. The god will learn by the people's example.





Graphic by Otter © 1992

Babalon of the Labyrinth

The Sacred Prostitute in Amenta

by Louis Martinie

Many Paths lead inward and few lead out. Babalon sits at the heart of this labyrinth. Her songs echo through its everchanging corridors. The singing is wordless for it contains the words of all songs and its sweet, necrotic melody calls the souls of the Blessed ever deeper in search of her open arms.

The Kali-Yuga is a fiery house cleaning. It is a time of aimless wandering; a time for cataloguing the blind alleys of the soul. In the Kali-Yuga, there are no straight passages to the heart of this Babalon. The corridors of the labyrinth close one in upon the other. To attempt to follow the sound of her singing to its source is to be lost in a field of infinite echoes. The singing bounces off the walls ricocheting down false passages, carrying with it the unwary seeker.

The Sacred Prostitute is of necessity neither male or female.

In the wake of LA, finding a path out or in seems hopeless. Solutions quickly shed their colorful robes revealing more problems. In the New Orleans Parish school system, the number of children shot at school in gang violence has recently increased dramatically. The solution was to employ more Ton Tons ("uncles" with its protective connotation; armed guards) to patrol the

schools. Now I have just heard that one of these men shot and killed a student while cleaning his gun. Solutions dissolve, adding further body to the tragic brew.

What is the nature of the Sacred Prostitute in this vast temporal expanse of the Kali-Yuga, in the Aeon of Horus, in an age of warfare and strife? "Now let it first be understood that I am a god of War and of Vengeance. I shall deal hardly with them (AL, bk 3, v. 3)." Before speaking to this question, it may be a good idea to look at some of the characteristics of the Sacred Prostitute.

The Sacred Prostitute is of necessity neither male or female. A male or female may stand forward ("pro" before and "statuere" to cause to stand) and offer themselves. Our traditions generally locate the function of the Sacred Prostitute in the female. Babalon, as discussed by Aleister Crowley, is an example of the Sacred Prostitute who welcomes all and gives herself to nought. The position of Babalon is most often filled by a woman.

The Sacred Prostitute steps forward and offers initiation. The Mysteries into which she offers entrance include the state of "no difference." The ugly and the beautiful, the awful and the delightful are accepted as equal sources of ecstasy. If her light be shined in a slightly different direction, she then offers all of the loudly roaring and softly poignant joys to be found in duality.

The secular prostitute steps forward and offers genital sex or a variant thereof. The offerings of the secular prostitute fail to

ignite the heart's deep fires. The offerings are localized, restricted to a small area upon a vast field of experience.

The great initiators all ride within the Self. They mount the personality from within.

I write as a man and it is through the filter of my maleness that I apprehend the Mysteries offered by the Sacred Prostitute. She enters into a dance with my maleness and the figures of her formula are traced by the steps of this dance. My devotion to her is tainted if she, in the rank of her position and scope of her function, lives, of necessity, outside of my skin. I would soon come to resent any figure which can bestow so great a benefit. If she can give, she can just as surely take away. There is a onesidedness to the exchange, grace flows in but one direction. Dependency raises its hydra-like head and a new savior, be she virgin or whore, is raised to the worn pedestal's impossibly small peak.

In order to avoid resentment and insure respect, the Sacred Prostitute must be contained within and her function "lent" to others when personal need and the other's Will coincide. The great initiators all ride within the Self. They mount the personality from within.

As a man I walk the labyrinth, my footsteps sound in counterpoint to the singing which haunts its walls. "We have chosen to incarnate during the Kali-Yuga. This is our environment; this is our Angel talking to us, whispering of our secret selves. (Crapulous Creeds, Soror Chen, p. 73)." I have chosen to incarnate during the Kali-Yuga. This labyrinth surrounding the Sacred Prostitute in her manifestation as

Babalon is not simply an obstacle or mere happenstance. I have chosen each bush which grows within its wall. Labyrinth itself has something to tell me about she who is at its center. It is both a barrier and a key.

In this labyrinth movement is futile. To go is to return and to return is to go forth. It is through the seeking that the center is lost. It recedes if approached. I must be still if the center is to reveal itself. The siren song of this Babalon is everywhere equally present. She, and the center which she occupies, is no less equally present. The labyrinth is the World in all of its elegant, formal beauty. It is not a means to an end, but one manifestation of the end itself. The world is one way in which the Divine Prostitute shows herself.

Babalon is she who gives birth to her own father.

A key to the nature of the Sacred Prostitute can be found in Crowley's spelling of the word Babalon. Aba is a Hebrew word for "father." The father lies within Babalon, he grows within her womb. Labyrinth and Labia share an interesting orthography even though they are not related by root. Babalon is she who contains her own father in the entirety of his Name. Babalon is she who gives birth to her own father. In so doing, Babalon stands outside of time. Her throne sits in eternity; in the Egyptian afterworld of amenta. The labyrinth with its false starts and stops can only exist in time. The journey through the labyrinth to the Sacred Prostitute in the guise of Babalon is a journey through time to eternity.

The nature of the Sacred Prostitute in the

time of Kali-Yuga is veiled. She and her function of sacred initiation appear to be far away, hidden within a seeming labyrinth. The dulled spirituality so characteristic of the Kali-Yuga feeds these perceptions and there is no way through the labyrinth as long as these views are held. Realizing that the Sacred Prostitute with her gifts of "no difference" and "joy in duality" can be found in every element of existence breaks down the perceptions which separate the seeker and she who is sought. Every part of the labyrinth becomes the sought after center. The Sacred Prostitute is then realized in the Self and can be shared with all.



Our Cover Artist

Nybor has always earned his living as an artist. In his other persona "James R. Odbert", he sold his first picture at the age of six.

He took his formal training at the Minneapolis School of Art and spent the next twenty or so years as a studio art director, first in Minneapolis, then in New York City.

He had always done some of his own work, but he went completely free lance and created his present technique in 1985. It has been extremely well received by both the public and the critics.

Nybor and his lady, Elspeth, live with their 2 cats and a garden in the mountains of West Virginia. He may be seen in person at Renn festivals, SF Conventions, and Pagan gatherings across the country. You may recognize him by his wild grey hair and bemused expression.

Kabbala 2

by Lorraine Schein

The dream
 was the color of water.
 Now angels
 like hurricanes
 sensed
 but not seen
 disturb my morning's weather.
 Unaware of their own existence,
 they are destroyed
 every evening
 by imperceptible claps of thunder
 and renewed upon waking.
 I reach for them
 and catch one
 by its tendril of air,
 still shaking.



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Notes of a Professional Babalon

by Raven Greywalker

The art of sacred prostitution is not dead, though its forms and customs have changed. The gates of its temples are known to businessmen and construction workers alike and stand by quiet suburban houses as well as ghetto street corners.

The initiations that wait within for some, are as sudden and shaking as a whip crack or as subtle and lingering as faded perfume.

She waits, who is Whore, Teacher, Lover, Confessor, Father, Psychologist, Wife, Physical Therapist, Friend, Brother, and Witch. She waits in a place not far from where you are and if you seek Hlr along the darkened passageways of the unconscious, She waits also within.

She is WoMan girt with a sword and destroys the hive structure of society

Law and social pressure have censured Hlr for many reasons, perhaps the deepest being that She is Choronzon's mate. Hlr sexual potency is the creative and destructive urge of Chaos. To be touched by Hlr is to enter Da'ath, to know that you Are/Not, and to be changed.

She is WoMan girt with a sword and destroys the hive structure of society, so that

we may be born as individuals and gods. The distractions of workaholism, consumerism, and duty to have bleed off sexual energy and tie you into a game that hinders personal evolution. You begin to live for your work, your things and your children, not yourself.

You have been told that the spiritual and the physical are separate. Your body is that of Babalon, and no part of you is but of Hlr. Decry this division of self from self. The body is the soul. Sex is god.

True healing comes not just through the mind, but through the body as well.

Those who put their trust only in the rational and its ability to analyze and divide with categories and words, those who fear chaos, the unconscious and irrational power that is the root of integration, those who envy the Tao (archetypically feminine) sexuality of Being, and those who would prohibit the oldest means of womens' economic and social independence so that she remains weak, will continue to argue on the side of law and "morality".

They will talk about the breakdown of the nuclear family structure (which history implies was never that strong or productive for individual evolution to begin with). They will talk about pornography and crime (between which there is no proven link). They will talk about the degradation of women (while degrading them by not respecting their rights to choose for

themselves their sexual, artistic, and career choices).

They will talk about disease. Dis-ease is a thing that often comes from within. A child once hurt may become an adult afraid of touch and intimacy, out of touch with Hlr emotions and body, and feeling unworthy of pleasure. The physical manifestations of repressed emotion (stress that weakens the immune system) are many and their solution is not fear.

One of the solutions may be an above ground tantric priestcraft functioning in the world, that does not have to hide what it is and can operate without fear of authorities on the part of both seekers and clergy.

True healing comes not just through the mind, but through the body as well. In fact, change can be effected more quickly working from the chemical level.

A sacred prostitute knows how to prod evolution, through psychodrama (taking on the godform of the seeker's anima/animus to facilitate integration; re-enactment of a critical event or idea in the seeker's evolution that needs adjustment; using role playing to create a time, space, situational boundary within which the seeker has permission to expose parts of Hlrself not normally exposed; so that, eventually, the seeker feels safe being intimate with others in the outside world as SHe is, without shame).

SHe also instructs from the physical level. The kalas of many mixed in Hlr womb are a strong potion for breaking down body armor so that new ways of feeling and thinking can emerge; they are also a way for all who come to Hlr to connect sexually/emotionally/energetically with each other through Hlr; and, they are seed

for Hlr own magickal children and evolution.

The strength of this potion requires that the vessel (prostitute) holding it be balanced within Hlrself or it may not flow freely among herself and others. If any part remains too long in the cup without being used properly, there is a danger of poison (dis-ease), not just to Hlrself, but also to those unbalanced enough to be drawn to a poison cup.

Especially in the case of a biologically female prostitute, the connection with yang energies is important, and she should have skill and comfort with using them! While the prostitute remains in dynamic balance with Hlrself and others, SHe is a connection point, a mirror for divinity to view itself, touch, Hlr and you touch the dancing multiverse.

Because of this power is SHe reviled, and the term whore made derogatory. For those who fear union, SHe is seen as a succubus, draining strength, and indeed, those who will not drink of Hlr, will be weakened. Starving people amidst the Feast!

But for others SHe is nurture, love, the source of vitality. Wordless, SHe takes the message of the Great Work to all—proclaiming through touch that every One is a star.

By Hlr example SHe teaches openness, through Hlr those who fear touch can touch many and learn to love and rejoice in their strength. SHe stands now outside our society as a link between it and those who have left it in search of the Unknown, and she gives light on that journey into the Abyss.



“Keep the Woman Smilin’!”

by KIA

The current of the Sacred Whore manifests in the Thelemic mythos as an entity/state of mind called the Scarlet Woman, or Babalon. This current is intrinsic to Thelema, as Thelema is concerned with union and separation, and the transcendent third entity produced from the annihilation of opposites. The Scarlet Woman and the Beast whereon she rideth are a polarized pair, descended from Nuit and Hadit, working together as a magickal formula.

The Scarlet Woman plays the Sacred Whore, the Cosmic Cunt: She gives herself willingly and enthusiastically to every experience, to taste the utter joy in existence. Her Priest/esses play her out through all facets of the Goddess, for every movement towards evolution is her sacrament. She is beyond our little labels of pain/pleasure, attractive/repulsive. She is the ultimate Whore because she gives herself freely to All — to PAN. She accepts all, refuses none. Therefore in her is all power given. She partakes of every power, and holds the keys to every treasure. She is the Cup, the Holy Graal, and she does not, cannot, withhold — she bids the Beast to withhold, to bear up in his rapture — then can he bear more joy!

She is the Great Liberator, freeing trapped energy from Taboo, destroying the chains of ignorance. As Desire she craves ever the new and spontaneous. She grants the freedom of new experience: When one perspective is exhausted she is the Lust that drives one to new heights. Thus is she unbridled; thus do those of restricting

dogma curse the Woman and the Beast. She is the unknown and the lust for the unknown, and every knowledge of her is a “little death”...for those who cling to the formulae of past aeons she is the absolute nemesis.

An Excursion into Thelema

The Thelemite is directed to “be Hadit”. Be your Trueself, walk your true path. Hadit is the manifested self, the mage upon the earth in a state of pure awareness. “Potentially limitless” is the power which drives Hadit. The only limit Hadit has is the boundary defined between existence and non-existence.

Nuit is the infinity of possibilities of existence, the nothingness from which Hadit springs, the continuity of existence which is divided “for love’s sake, for the chance of union.” Nuit is related to the concept of the Higher Self, or Holy Guardian Angel. Through the illusion of separation, Nuit takes on the role of “other”. Nuit (and the HGA) represents the-self-that-Hadit-will-become. Therefore does Nuit ask us to “Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendor within you: Come unto me!” Therefore does Hadit say, “<Come unto me> is a foolish word: For it is I that go.”

Nuit represents the as-yet-unknown. Hadit represents The One Who Goes, the Knower. The Scarlet Woman and the Beast are those symbols repeated upon a “lower”, archetypal plane, and they symbolize the process of “knowing” as sexual. To know something is to assimilate it, to work it into your frame of reference. In lovemaking, partners partake of each other’s essences,

they “know” each other through the sharing of sex. They use ecstasy to tear down the shield of the ego, to give themselves fully and to open themselves to the divinity of the other. They take the chance and reveal their Trueselves to each other. But this is not merely an intellectual or emotional knowing. Through the exchange of bodily fluids, the lovers absorb what is actually the other through the sacrament prepared by the other’s body. This is a deep connection on a truly “gut” level, and opens the door to further alignment of the chakras.

Men can certainly play the Scarlet Woman — men, please do!

The Beast is a symbol for the body, the “lower self”, The One Who Goes, the self that strives towards enlightenment. The Scarlet Woman is a symbol of the creative fount, the HGA. And like the HGA, she is much desired, elusive, truly known by few, and when she comes watch out! The individual mage is always the Beast. It is only when we consider ourselves in relation that the Scarlet Woman appears. The Woman can be a magical personification of all that one Beast desires to unite with, therefore Nuit, therefore the HGA.

Sexual Roles of the Woman and the Beast

The nature of the Scarlet Woman is to be a gateway. It is in essence a passive role, and by her Yin nature, she is the Receiver, the Cup. Essentially the Woman opens the gate to the divine, and thereby partakes of the divine, but She in herself is not the end of the path. If your Cup never be emptied, then it must ever flow. It is imperative that

the Woman “gets out of the way” and let the flow work through her. It is her job to manipulate the flow but She is not the source. If She takes as her source the Angel of her lover, and works energy down the Tree, she can do naught but play in the inspiration. If the Woman and the Beast intend to ascend the Tree in ecstasy, the Beast is the drive for the energy while the Woman is the dancer, transmuting and elaborating and enticing the Beast further. The Woman plays the role of Divine Temptress, plays upon the lust of the Beast for the Infinite. She ever tempts him to the Divine because there is always more Divinity to discover. The Scarlet Woman and the Beast play the roles of Yin and Yang — both are essential to the Tao.

Yin and Yang energy should be exchanged during lovemaking for a healthy, balanced relationship outside the boudoir. Men can certainly play the Scarlet Woman — men, please do! When my lover assumes the Scarlet Woman, he is like a seductive black hole, drawing me into him, and I rush towards the ecstasy of unity yet I resist his pull, to savor every moment of his Divine Temptation; I rush towards annihilation in his being. I take the active role, I am able to resist or to rush, but in resisting too long, I become the desired one, and the polarities switch. Seduction is a feminine art, an art of drawing hither rather than going out and getting. Women, please take an active role! How many of us have heard our lovers say, “I wish women would initiate lovemaking more often...”? It is impossible for one always to give and the other always to receive. Sex is a reflection of the balance of the Universe on the physical plane. Even in same-sex dyads, one partner will assume Yin more often, and the other, Yang. The bodies we wear matter not — it is the exchange of energy that is central to integration of the unknown.

So the Scarlet Woman is the Cup to the Beast's Wand; she is the fertile Earth for the seed; she is the cauldron of creation that receives the frothing soup. Both are indispensable for creation. It seems, though, that throughout the past Aeon the paternalistic establishment tried to do away with the Cup through repression, thinking itself the only creative force. How foolish, how egotistical. It was a Wand out of balance, a Wand become a Sword, a boy's dream that he could suppress the feminine and rule through his martial strength alone. Slowly the Goddess has returned, and we see her reclaim her power, come to redeem her world, come to forgive her child and teach him again the virtues of the dark. Even in America, Woman has begun to reclaim material and political power. Yet let her not forget the womb, the darkness of the transformational abyss, the irrational, the realm of artists: This is where woman truly reigns. Let her not poison her Cup with false ideas of Power: True Power exists in a state of balance. Neither the blinding Light nor the engulfing Darkness has dominion in this world of dualities.

Enlightenment Through Sex?

When I say, "I am a Scarlet Woman and YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT BABY!" what do I mean? I am one who works a path of enlightenment through sex. Yes, sex can be very enlightening! Very intense and mind blowing! Sex stirs up the energy in a person so all the muck on the bottom gets aired. Any technique of "raising energy" will do this. A Scarlet Woman has a commitment to opening herself to the Infinite, to let the Infinite work through her. The combination of opening yourself as far as your courage allows, and the building energy of sex, allows for access to parts of the psyche not usually available — getting

into that space between the worlds. There, reprogramming and positive imprinting can be worked. I incorporate other magickal techniques that I've learned along the way, disciplines like ritual, meditation, and drumming and dancing!

For me the Scarlet Woman has been a role of power. She has provided a forum in which to unleash my sexual power; the play has provided a space where it is okay to have sex and like it! I have found that my creative potential is limitless, and the teaching guides itself, in that as I learn, I gain more power. It has brought sensitivity to my lovers' desires — and these teachings apply out of bed also, as I have learned to be more sensitive to the world around me. I have learned the healing power of sex, and even the healing power of saying No, Thank You, I have learned the power of patience, the value of good timing. Babalon has led me to the source of my creativity — she has truly been the Holy Grail for me. This learning, of course, is individualized, since we all come to her with our unique inefficient programming. It has helped me to recognize and unravel those nasty tape loops of behavior, and I have uncovered mySelf.

Transformational sex requires a deep commitment to honesty and communication, which builds trust in a relationship. When I make love I try to be my Trueself. I know that when I get distracted or embarrassed, I am an awful lover. (Yes, it's true. Even I, the great KIA, get embarrassed, sometimes.) So, I try to "let it all hang out" and keep my focus on pleasing my lover. As he also is a Scarlet Woman, when he is happy so am I. Nothing pleases me more than seeing him satisfied. Because then he'll turn right around and return the favor. It's as simple as that.

Notes for the Beast

One plain fact of sexual differences is that it takes longer for a woman to be fully aroused than for a man. The best gift a man can give is control of his erection. Stoke the fire slowly and keep it glowing over a long period of time. Consider the teachings of the alchemists concerning a "gentle heat". There are many good sexual energy technique books available. I recommend Mantak Chia's Taoist Secrets of Love. (For women, his Healing Love Through the Tao is excellent.) The jury is still out, but the issue under consideration is: Many Western men do not know the value of pleasing a woman, and so are untrained in control of their ejaculation. So sex is generally rotten for most people. Is sexual frustration a cause of our society's ills? I sure don't feel very good when my kundalini is all charged up with no place to go.

The Woman seeks to unite with the Beast for as long and as ecstatically as possible. There is more than bodily desire here; it is a lust for the Infinite, a lust to exceed. We all desire freedom. This is the seduction of the human towards the divine, this is the force of evolution at play. The Woman tempts us to surpass our limitations: She is ready to receive us, always. We are her children and her lovers — by striving ever unto her, ever unto Nuit, we discover our Trueselves. This is all She desires for us.

Therefore, O Beast, keep the Woman smilin'! There is no rapture like a Woman satisfied: Her Cup floweth over and over and over, and upon ye, o Beast, will she bestow the kisses of the Goddess Herself. She will continue to give as long as she is in rapture. May the Cup ever flow...



NOTICE:

The CONVOCAATION OF THE MAGI is held at the Humm in Spencer, NY. It is not an annual festival; rather, it's held when the energy is right. Characteristically, this festival is shamanic and intensely transformational. It is not for the weak at heart. Past Convos have included trinary realities, death and rebirth experiences, BAJ-hugging, personal confrontations, and Babalonian bliss, all fueled by the Elixir of the Gods.

This year the energy is right, and the theme will be a gathering of the Cthonic - Auranian OTO. We are trying to invite all initiates by means of the initiatory mycelium on which the Order was founded.

Who: Mostly initiates and a certain extended family, by invitation only. Most folks attending will have some years experience in the magickal community. Thelema is the common mythosphere, and tolerance will be strictly enforced.

When: Labor Day weekend.

The Humm is a private estate. Conditions are primitive, so come prepared to camp. Cars must be left off the land, and the camping space is one-quarter mile from the nearest drop-off point — be prepared to carry your stuff up a hill and/or get people to help. Facilities include outhouses, an outdoor shower, a community cooking fire, well water, woods and fields. There will be a Saturday evening feast with roast beast and vegetarian entree.

Cost: \$31.

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The First Planned Orgy I Ever Gave "Reflections from The Orgynizer"

Enheduenna
HPS of the Cult of the Sacred Prostitute

Sacred Prostitute. The words seem a contradiction. Mundanely, "sacred" implies divine spirit; while "prostitute" suggests a defilement of the body. The words together, to me, celebrate the healing of that spiritual/sexual split.

To me, a Sacred Prostitute is a priestess/priest who willfully employs sexual energy in her/his magickal practice.

"There are many kinds of power, used and unused, acknowledged or otherwise. The erotic is a resource within each of us that lies in a deeply female and spiritual plane, firmly rooted in the power of our unexpressed or unrecognized feeling."

Years ago, Audre Lorde started me on my path with that quote from The Use of the Erotic as Power. I wanted to learn the art and science of drawing on that feeling, feminine, power within. Sacred Prostitute work, for me, is the assertion of the life-force and the active reclaiming of it in every aspect of my life.

The current pagan mythos concerning the Sacred Prostitute romanticizes a "revival" of presumed ancient Temple practices. Seekers supposedly had sexual union with the priestesses/priests in order to experience some aspect of divinity within self. In my Temple, sex may or may not be overtly used at any given moment, but sexual energy and its riteful use is always the goal. My hoped for outcome is to reclaim true feeling, divine love, back into my body and fully experience the "Beloved" (God, Holy Guardian Angel, etc.).

Perhaps at this point it would be useful to point out, to the many who have asked, whether I intend to have sex with every lonely sexually frustrated person who seeks me out in my Temple at festivals? The answer is how the heck do I know? Hopefully, as always, I will take every interaction that presents itself in my path as consciously, lovingly and honestly as I possibly can in that moment. Assuredly I desire to work each of those moments with as much erotic/sexual energy as I am able to muster, but sex is not guaranteed! On the contrary, "expectation" in any realm, is usually a turn-off for me. This may or may not make sense to those who are not used to working sexual energy.

My favorite personal image of my Sacred Prostitute magic is the Tree of Life folded upon itself with Malkuth and Kether joining as one, through Tiphareth. Therefore, while sex can be one area of divine union, I want to feel this union with the "Beloved" at all times, while washing dishes, going to work in the morning, smelling the sun on a field at dawn, dancing, talking to a friend, having a fight with my lover, getting the kids to clean the house, etc.

The "work" (magickal, of course) to this end is, in my mind, extremely taxing, dangerous, ecstatic and enormously rewarding. Qualls-Corbett suggested healing our spiritual/sexual "split" in dream work involving the development of our internal anima and animus. Magickally, I see this as the alchemical union of opposites. As a magician, I am creating an interior bridal chamber and then striving to "marry" the bride and bridegroom within.

Toward this end, I utilize the theory of breaking old patterns by finding the contradiction to the particular pattern you are working, reaching to one's limits, extending boundaries and pushing to new realms (in daily life as well as magickal operations). This is dangerous to the equilibrium of mundane and psychic life, usually stirring up a "dark" side. While I welcome this chaos in the service of transformation, I pay a lot of attention to creating the safety I need to perform such operations. To me, this means support in community, counseling, women's groups, etc.

This particular working was intended to consciously extend my boundaries by exploring my ability to utilize the sexual current in a community sense. A planned magickal orgy. This was (and continues to be) exciting and frightening and therefore a new "realm" which I hoped would open up transformational riches (personal and collective).

Although I have been involved in group sexual activities, none were consciously planned as a magickal or other "working". My major issues were: How to provide the safety I needed as well as deal with the "dark" side I surely have learned to expect when I call in new realms and stir up old patterns.

My "Reflections" tell that story. Were expectations met? YES YES YES. I was euphoric that I did the thing at all, that was empowering. I was delighted when I got feedback that others felt similarly, one person even experienced a profound initiatory experience!

My "expectations" were that as a group we would create safe sacred space, our goal would be loving each other and sexuality was the "unknown" to be explored each according to their will. These were met by

ritual intent. The expectation that "dark" side stuff would come up manifested as well. For me, this meant, interestingly, an almost complete psycho/sexual shutdown.

The hoped-for "outcome" of increased energy, love, vibrancy and sexuality is summed up in a short note I received from a participant a few days after the event. This woman is an ex-lover, dear friend, newly married mother of four with a nursing infant, a strung-out isolated witchy woman with no available local contacts to any active pagan community. She had complained of feeling "dead"...

*Rantings of a Psycho-Sexual Slave Queen:
Greetings to all you Neo-Pagan Sex Maniacs,
exactly what is the wished for outcome of such a
delightful Orgy? Might the loosening of psycho-
sexual bondage chains be a just result? As I
emptied a bundle of laundry, my thoughts floated
once again to the charge I've been enjoying since
our encounter. Youth and beauty have returned to
my blood. My twat once again vibrates...I
remember the time when my thoughts belonged to
myself, decisions about my future seemed full of
life and light. Possibilities for saving the world are
again (excuse me, I have to tape Ken's leg back
on).*

"The Goddess".

From another participant in the working:

*The emphasis [of this experience was]
definitely in the healing. None of us has been
trained. The only things we have learned about
sexuality, from an early age on, range from
extremely painful to embarrassing and everything
in between.*

*With the orgy, we provided a sort of
playground for ourselves where we could allow
ourselves to feel the power of the sexual current
when it is freely flowing; a sacred experience
indeed. To introduce and work with this
particular energy in whichever form, be it an orgy
or masturbation or both or anything in between, is*

the work of today's Sacred Prostitute.

I personally did not have time to build up any kind of expectations, nor did I know what to expect since I had never had a sexual group experience before. But any expectations I might have had would all have been surpassed by the actual orgy itself. What we experienced was a self-induced altered state, to an extent that I had no idea was possible.

The Process

Festival after festival we called in Pan around the fires, dancing the flames, worshipping, playing, fucking and finally arrived at LumensGate '91 and Tara's Kadesha Rite.

Tara and I shared a common bond in our focused intentional personal work to create the Sacred Prostitute within. (Interestingly, five people present at the Kadesha Rite were present at The Orgy.) Tara's beautiful ritual deeply impressed me. I wept at the altar of the Virgin, prostrate, face buried in the dank sweet hay. I took the Whore to my bed with wild wonderful loving and fucking as the archetypes continued to blend within. The work of the last year, after the Kadesha Rite, to get to the place of holding The Orgy (this magickal operation) was intense, euphoric and terrorizing. Let me share with you a letter I wrote to Tara and could never send until now:

I laid my battered and well loved stuffed animal and very therapeutic kitty baby bottle on the Virgin's altar giving praise to the Re-Evaluation Co-Counseling I'd started this year, unleashing enormous inner child healing. I'm so glad you went to the Bradshaw workshop, Tara, and that we had shared our mutual professional knowledge of working with victims of incest and sexual abuse—that it is easier to hold than surrender to being held!

Me? Need to heal an Inner Child, too? Great White Priestess Therapist? Me?

How many counseling sessions did I scream with hysterical laughter, squirm with frenzied giggling as my repressed teenager emerged full force? How many sessions did my co-counselor hold me in his arms as I sucked on that bottle and felt the deep peace of the Great Mother? How many nights this winter have I found myself at four am on my knees, wailing and rocking the grief of all sacred prostitutes, virgins and whores, until I could do no else but fall, forehead on the floor, prostrating myself in the lap of the Great Mother and weep and weep and weep, begging her forgiveness. MOTHER! Thank-you, Tara, for celebrating this in ritual.

Where do we go from here? My informal Cult of the Sacred Prostitute (not gender identified) is continuing to remove the veils, seeking new levels of exposure and courage in greeting God. Some of us have decided to use ritual theater to co-create safe space among friends to act out our sexual fantasies. Give ourselves room to giggle, squiggle, love our bodies, openly admire each other, share and process pain, grief, fear and generally explore new facets of Self.

And so The Orgy began to manifest.

Time for a party! A small group sat in my Temple and as usual jokingly talked about an orgy. I thought, why not? Most of us had experienced many group sex adventures—together and separately. But licks of fear surrounded the notion of a focused, conscious sexual operation to bring sexuality and spirituality together. We'd talked about it long enough—time for action. Giggling with excitement, we started to plan.

Ms. Organized Capricorn (me) started the Orgy List. I thought of those friends

who had expressed excitement in the past when the subject of group sex came up, and those people in my life whom I simply knew from experience to be wonderful fellow Sacred Prostitutes.

The list included men and women of varying degrees of involvement in the magickal community, some had been witches and magicians for years, others skirted the community through friendship. Some knew each other well, others were complete strangers. The calls were placed. A few politely declined, most accepted. The excitement built.

We had twelve people arriving in a week. My personal agenda was Safety and a focus on Celebrating Our Loving Each Other rather than “having sex”. In that vein, I arranged the only three components of the ritual that I insisted would take place.

I asked one invitee to read a description of how to throw a sex party aloud at the orgy to establish safety and group sex etiquette. I requested another participant, a magician/healer to conduct an “opening” specifically designed to create safe sacred space. After these two rites, I wanted people to have a chance to share hopes and fears. These were the only rituals planned. The rest truly “happened”.

The lists grew and grew; colored party bulbs, condoms, rubber gloves, oil, scents, etc. The guests were told—no expectations—that what would come from our celebration of each other was our magick. Someone asked to be a Voyeur—fine! Someone asked to bring their husband—fine! When I walked into a party the Night Before and a young friend gleefully told me about her fabulous orgasm that day, the Priests and I simultaneously knew this young magickal couple must be included—fine! Now we were fourteen! I began to wonder if I could handle the energy.

The space became higher and higher. The anticipation grew. As we prepared, the men became Temple Slaves, readying the temple space, erecting a rod for the curtain, nailing the carpet tiles, screwing in the colored light bulbs. They began to giggle and tentatively share their hopes, fears and desires. The women cleaned and cooked food, nursed their babies and thought about costumes. They too shared hopes, fears and desires. The anticipation built. It bemused me that we had comfortably fallen into stereotypical gender identified “roles”. I mused that this was a quest for safety in this highly anxiety provoking atmosphere!

The guests began to arrive. Flowers were presented to the hostess and placed on the altar. People mingled and chatted. A tray of fruits was adroitly arrayed, grapes and pears and apples cut to reveal the five pointed stars within. An aphrodisiac drink—kava kava—was conjured in the kitchen by an artful male magician.

The guests gathered in the Temple Waiting Room at my orders, I wanted a formal Temple Viewing. Behind closed doors, The Priest of Dionysus was charging the temple space with light, the phosphorescent dots on the ceiling were building energy, music sounded rich and eerie, amber incense perfumed the room. At the appointed time, the lights were extinguished and the guests told to go into The Temple, close their eyes and lay down on their backs. Oooohs and ahhhhs filled the air as their delighted eyes beheld the gorgeous night-sky array. The relief at the non-sexual nature of the encounter vibrated Safety. I had forgotten these people assumed the orgy had started!

When the lights were eventually turned on, we sat in a circle and the Magician/Healer led us in omming and chanting white light of safety into every part of our

body and mutually shared space. Holding hands we ommmed—one member chirped—laughter rang out, safety increased. A friend read the chapter on giving a sex party and sex etiquette from Suzy Sexpert's Lesbian Sex World by Susie Bright. Much laughter. Now we talked about personal issues. The group decided no names would be used when discussing the event later and a videotaping suggestion was ruled out. We agreed that people would respect each other and obtain permission for sexual or other interactions. Then we started to party.

A whole bunch of people left The Temple to have a cigarette in the Temple Waiting Room. There among the clothed smokers, a gentleman immediately stripped naked, sprawled full body on the couch and proceeded to whack, mash, knead, and generally in every way possible coax an erection for the next two hours—I was fascinated. Others giggled and chatted in groups of two or three. The Official Voyeur inspected the temple space and announced shortly “nothing much yet”.

While there were many party games available—feathers and honey dust powder, squeeze bottles of oil, Twister, etc.—barely any were used. Drumming and dancing started. We wanted to move and shake our shyness away. The Virgin Milking Mother boldly stripped and turning upside down stood in a handstand in the middle of The Temple. Kissing and stroking, clothes and boundaries were beginning to be shed.

The group elected to play Spin the Bottle. Men and women kissed each other long and passionately without regard to gender—a releasing catharsis where some homophobia is present. Much kidding as the Dionysian Priest managed to win every spin, kissing all the women and many men present—no wonder he had fondled,

caressed and drank from that bottle for the last three days!

Mostly I found myself fascinated by the beauty of the scene and delighted in watching the pretty scenarios. As I shed my own layers of fear and insecurity, I realized anew how profoundly the sexual current runs, affecting our lives so deeply. Grief, loss, fear, jealousy, joy, euphoria, love, all emerged and were dealt with in the week following.

For me personally, this meant intense levels of fear were triggered. Enormous waves of jealousy swept over me—I'm the sex goddess! How could these other women emerge so suddenly—and magnificently—when it took me so many years of hard work! I found my inner child on incredible overload, causing me to fear boundary and ego loss so acutely that it resulted in an emotional and sexual shutdown. I couldn't fuck and didn't want to be touched. For the rest of the evening I became an Active Voyeur, surrendering to the fear, but not-processing until later. I utilized my ReEvaluation Counseling session that next week to discharge this block and scream with terror. Writing this journalistic/diary style document also grounded the energy as well as being with my women's group. Only then was I able to talk to the other participants who shared their own frustrations, anger and so on that had emerged. We hugged, wept and laughed at our humanness. Friendship and community bonds knit tighter.

At any rate, while I was sitting in the smoking room, the Official Voyeur announced the need for more male energy—too much yoni power in the Temple! The Dionysian Priest, by now handcuffed, began to drum—the myth of the handcuffed drummer! Laughter. The Lactating Goddess squirted milk on a hard

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True Family Values

by Donald Michael Kraig

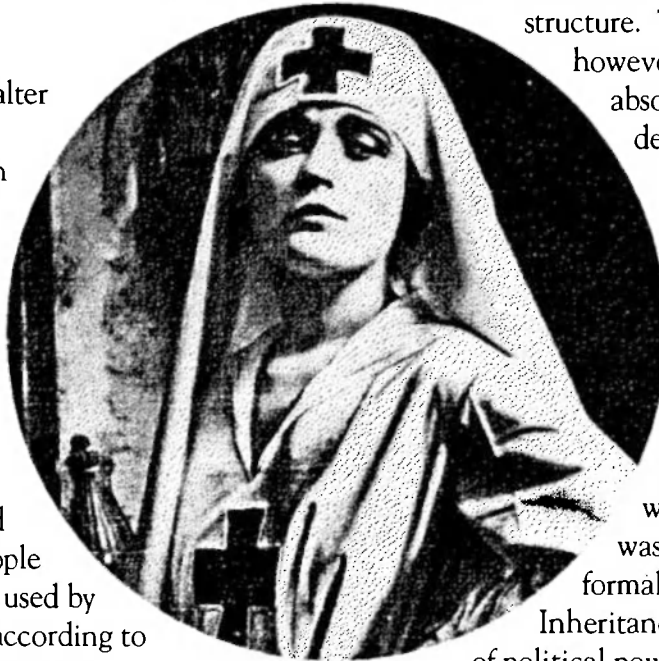
As I write this, the last of the election primaries has been completed. In a speech, the Vice-President attacked a fictional character because she wasn't living up to family values.

The late Dr. Walter Martin, head of the "Christian Research Institute" (CRI), used to be the "talk jock" on a fundamentalist Christian-oriented radio program called "The Bible Answer Man." On that show, he would frequently warn people against a technique used by the "cults." Cults, according to him, use the same terms as fundamentalist Christians, but give them different meanings. In this way the cults can use the same terms but mean something different than what another person—a fundamentalist Christian—would mean by the same expression.

Similarly, by not defining the term "family values," people can be in favor of such values without actually saying what those values are. By not defining terms, they are really saying nothing while sounding like they are saying something meaningful.

Are there some aspects of family values which can be defined? I think so, albeit only in a general sense. For example, one of

the family values which is frequently discussed is the nuclear family. After this there is some disagreement—where and how the nuclear family should live. Others point out that the nuclear family, "consecrated" by a marriage ceremony, is an ancient and traditional family structure. This later idea, however, is not only absolutely false, it is also destructive.



The Marriage Myth

If we look back into western culture we will see that there was one purpose for a formalized marriage: Inheritance. Royalty, people of political power and the wealthy would be married so that they could have an official heir. In this way the man could have sexual relations outside of the marriage but there would be no doubt as to who the true heir would be. Paternity was determined, in a sense, in advance. The wife, of course, was treated as a possession, like a chattel, and her sexual behavior outside of the official marriage was frowned upon. She might have a child as a result of such a liaison which could result in a wrongful heir.

In short, this type of marriage was based upon the disempowering of women. Many times another purpose of such a marriage was simply to indicate to society that a man had taken a wife and was legally entitled to

the dowry offered by the woman's family.

There was another type of marriage, however. This was the type of marriage practiced by the common people. Simply put, two people moved in together. This very act made them husband and wife in the eyes of the community. Sometimes there would be a celebration, sometimes not. While such marriages were frequently permanent, sometimes they would only last for a period.

As time passed and the acceptance of women as chattel increased, laws were developed to protect disenfranchised and disempowered women. These are the basis for "common law" marriage laws.

The idea that most people throughout western history went through a religious or civil marriage ceremony is false.

The idea that most people throughout western history went through a religious or civil marriage ceremony is false. In fact, it has only become a popular idea in the past few hundred years. It is based on the notion that women are possessions and should be treated as such. This practice helped to limit the rights of women and put both men and women into limiting structures, something which was (and is) destructive to society as a whole. It is a direct denial of women's power, spirituality and sexuality. It runs counter to the notion that women could even combine their spirituality with sexuality—the derogatorily termed "sacred prostitute" who should have a highly respected place in history.

This is not meant to say that marriage today is bad or negative. In fact, those who choose to marry can actually use marriage for mutual support and empowerment. Rather, it is to show that the notion that everyone used to get married in a sacred or civil service is false, and that in many cases marriage was disempowering to women.

The Nuclear Family

While the marriage myth can be seen as destructive (if not reinterpreted in terms of modern-day empowerment rather than disempowerment), the myth that is positively dangerous is that of the nuclear family: Father, mother, 2.3 children, dogs, cats, picket fence, etc. Many people who are holding to the value of the nuclear family also describe it as being traditional and an ancient practice.

Really? Can they give examples? Throughout historical record and myth we do not see the nuclear family as being important, rather it is the extended family which is seen to be of traditional value. Terms such as tribe, clan and family have been used to describe the extended family.

The extended family consists of blood relatives, relatives through marriage and those who are not related to the family by blood or marriage. Thus, an extended family might consist of great-grandparents, grandparents, parents, uncles, aunts, cousins, children, in-laws, etc. Also included would be what in Yiddish is termed *mish-pukh-huh* [from the Hebrew word for family: *Meesh-pah-khah*] and in Italian slang is termed *goom-bah*. This means a person who is not a blood relative or an in-law, but is considered part of the family. They are frequently given the honorific of "uncle" or "aunt."

Perhaps many of the initiation rituals

(are not covers and magical orders forms of extended families?) originated as a means by which a person could join a family. I remember in my childhood watching films and TV programs such as *Broken Arrow* which featured two people becoming “blood brothers.” In this way, an outsider became a member of an Amerind tribe and was treated as a member.

The advantages of the extended family are many. First, several people could contribute to the economic well-being of the family. Second, there was always someone to help with the children because they wanted to contribute in that way. There is no need for child care costs or planting the kids on their grandparents simply because the parents work or want to get away for a few days.

Third, education was another positive benefit. There would always be someone around who would know a particular subject. A parent was not required to be an expert in all subjects. Fourth, people could live and die among their loved ones. People didn't have to travel many miles just to appear like vultures when someone's transition was imminent.

there are far more difficulties to make a nuclear family survive than to make the extended family prosper.

It is no wonder that the important people of history (until the past few hundred years) were part of a family—an extended family. People who lived in a nuclear family—especially in myths—were frequently frowned upon, had deep

problems, were unhappy or actively evil. When you look at the nuclear family, however, it is easy to see that the problems may outweigh any benefits.

First, as in the marriage myth, the wife is expected to stay at home. Once again, this is disempowering to women. I do not mean that women who freely choose to work at keeping a home should be thought of as disempowered. Rather, what is disempowering is the lack of opportunity to choose whether to work in the home or outside of the home. When any person has his or her choices limited, that person is going to face their own frustrations. These frustrations may eventually be directed toward the family, causing terrible tensions. This cannot be seen as positive for the family, the marriage or the woman. This topic was very popular among writers and playwrights earlier in this century.

The man in the nuclear family does not fare better. He is expected to go out and make a good living to support his wife, children, pets, house, cars, etc. Further, he is expected to “keep up with the Joneses” or exceed them. If he either does not wish to keep up, or does not have the skills to keep up, he can become frustrated. Again, these frustrations may be taken out on the family, and this cannot be seen as positive.

In today's society, of course, most families require that both parents work outside the home in order to make ends meet and acquire just a few of the pleasures that are constantly paraded before us in the media. Some of the women in this situation are unhappy that they have to work (i.e., they are denied the choice) outside of the home. Some of the men in this situation feel frustrated because they cannot live up to the myth and be completely responsible for supplying all the needs of their families.

The increasing number of latchkey children, runaways and throwaways is also a cause for concern. This is not to say, however, that there are not many successful nuclear families—there are. Rather, I am pointing out the difficulties which must be overcome to make such an arrangement work. And there are far more difficulties to make a nuclear family survive than to make the extended family prosper.

So why would anybody want to extol the nuclear family? Well, there is another “benefit” of this living arrangement: Isolation. Frequently we don’t know who our neighbors are. We become isolated and alone, developing a we-vs.-them attitude. Humans are social animals, but rather than extending our families and uniting with our neighbors, we go to other organizations to replace the extended family: Churches, synagogues and other groups. In short, groups which require our money for their survival want us to feel isolated, alone and threatened so that we will come to them.

The “sacred prostitutes” of earlier times are seeing the uniting of spirituality with sexuality once again.

While recently in Southern California, I listened to a fundamentalist Christian radio station, KBRT. Numerous times they made the claim that 20% of [fundamentalist] Christians suffer from clinical depression and need professional care at one time or another. With their strong support of the nuclear family, it is no wonder that this is so.

The Temporary Autonomous Zone

I think it should be clear that going back to the traditional, real family—the extended family—is a positive goal. Can we assume that this will happen? I don’t think so, at least not in western cultures. So what can we do?

The writer Hakim Bey has written and edited a remarkable book called T.A.Z. The Temporary Autonomous Zone, Ontological Anarchy, Poetic Terrorism. Although some of it reads like the Mao Tse Tung Book of College-Level Philosophy, Communism and Fol-der-ol, he points out in his major essay that people all over the world are creating temporary areas where they can be free of society’s legal restrictions and mores. Examples of such temporary autonomous zones would be the Rainbow People Gathering, the numerous Pagan and magical festivals and even a bunch of people getting together to go skinny-dipping at a secluded pond. Each group (or dare we say it, extended family) sets up its own rules, which may be as simple as harm none or Do What Thou Wilt, or may be as complicated as some of the rules I’ve seen for some festivals.

It is within these temporary settings, these impermanent extended families, that we can do some of the socializing that we need. In some of these situations sexual freedom may be allowed or encouraged. In many cases, this may involve the combining of sexuality with spirituality. The people move to the future while adopting positive aspects from the past. The “sacred prostitutes” of earlier times are seeing the uniting of spirituality with sexuality once again.

Somewhere, the Goddess smiles.



Evoking the Divine Whore to Physical Manifestation in Theory and Practice

by Frater Annuit Coeptis

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

I originally embarked upon Thelema as a form of Practical Magick, when it occurred to me that it contained THE formula for Evoking The Goddess to Physical Manifestation. Those who have Worked Magick with me, each and every one, regardless of their opinions of me or the results of other Magickal Works, agree that I have succeeded in this, if only this Work.

Every woman (and some men) have the essence of The Goddess within them. The Work is to manifest this. The formula in a nutshell is to be a Magician and inscribe your Will on the Pantacle you choose. Make sure the Pantacle (girl) is of worthy metal (preferably a princess) before you start, and do not start on another one till you've finished/accomplished the Work with your primary choice. Take the girl and UNDER WILL worship her through Bhakti Yoga, Invoking often and with inflamed heart. Put Her on a pedestal above you, where She can do no wrong. Build an appropriate Temple to Her, a real Temple not a psychic one. Augment this with others who see Her as the Goddess too, where they also regularly worship Her as the embodiment of the Goddess and adore Her with various Rites. Fulfill Her Will (and thereby your own covertly). Perform this in perpetuity as an Alchemickal Work and Abrahadabra!...

Keep in mind, that using this formula, Love is under Will; that the Will is supreme and not to be swayed by the mere fluctuations of love or desire, Her's or your own. It helps to keep in mind that Thoth indicates that love is merely the two of Cups, Lust is a Major Atu, especially during this aeon. Always Lust Her, never stop. Force yourself when you fail. Love is sometimes good, sometimes hateful. Lust Her all ways always. How many "cheat" on the one they love, in favor of the one they lust? Lust Her and None Other, and the Goddess Will appear before you in physical form....Trust me.

As far as my personal relationship with the Divine Whore, I fear that my interpretation is soooo off the wall and pornographic that I will be reduced to the level of being not taken seriously if at all, even by Tantrics. Basically it revolves around a relationship symbolized by the Beast and Whore of the Book of Revelation acted out as Dramatic Rite and a model for one's daily lifestyle. I actively Evoke the Goddess in Rituals to physical manifestation, by the reduction/elevation of Thelemic Rituals to Sex Rites.

This is Thelemic Magick in Practice, and not verbal Theory debate or "waiving sticks and knives in the wind." Even Liber Resh is a Sex Rite; does not Resh = HEAD? "Neglect not the dawn meditation!" The words and adorations seem to imply this, especially when compared to the Priest's adorations throughout the Mass. So does the 69th Lie and therefore the 36th as well. Stellae Rubeae is another case in point. It's the only "A" class Ritual, and it's a menage

a trois and includes the Holy Hexagram.
And then there's the Supreme Ritual.

Not all Goddesses are Divine Whores. I fell in lust with Thelema, partially because the first Scarlet Woman I met in the Caliphate was immaculate in heels and lipstick, and touched herself deliciously doing NOX in the Star Ruby. I scoff at hags and natural "thelemic" witch/sisters that haven't taken the role of Whore to heart. I once got on the case of an EGC Priestess (of some renown within that club) who plodded along the serpentine dance of the Gnostic Mass like she was taking a brown bag lunch to work at General Motors and then proceeded to slouch on the Altar. Takes more than that to lift my lance mate, an'oima bloody saylah! I can get that type of symbolism with the goddamned R.C.'s.

Sabrina Aucette of the Church of the Most High Goddess comes close but failed to apply Crowley's Liber XV sidenote of "A Sworn Whore" as one who is dedicated to a particular partner, and not any John Thomas that cums up. Again the Initiated Secrets are keys to success in Magick, take heed you Thelemic Scarlet Women. Keeping it Hermetic and within the family is the secret (not so secret) to staying healthy. Getting down and erotic with your mate is the secret (not so secret) to Evoking Babalon, the Queen of Whores and Mother of Abominations who Rides upon the Beast, emptying every drop of His Blood into the Graal of Her Divine Fornication...AND ONLY THEREBY is Hadit formulated in Nuit on the higher/other plane. Hey Sabrina! "Cum live with me, and be my love, And we shall all pleasures prove" and bring your sister Priestesses, but bring AIDS test results.

Don't take these attributes as fact, just consider...

Nuit does Not exist. Is Not real. Is manifested during Orgasm (O.N.).

Babalon is the Wife/Priestess before she is Set upon the Altar.

Hadit (Ra) is the penis/Priest/ego, Osiris dead and/or risen, Baphomet who speaks the Word, The Winged Snake who gives Knowledge & Delight. The Right Eye of Horus that can see Nu and is hidden by Her. The Tower or Pe as a Lion Serpent. The Mark of the Beast.

Ra-Hoor-Khuit is the Man/Deacon, Double Wanded "abiding at the helm."

Hoor-Par-Kraat is the semen, the Word, the Lord Initiating, an image of the father/babe in the egg and is silent.

Heru-Ra-Ha is the combination of these last two. These three combined formulate 0 = 3, and with Hadit in the center is Centrum in Trigono Centri, The Eye in the Triangle.

To perform this formula of Evocation, Men should disown their genitals as their own (become Heru-Ra-Ha) and see the Phallus as the sole/soul (for women have no souls....ya better duck after that one Tiger!) property (bad word) of the Whore Goddess (Wife) to be used at HER discretion and he is merely Its custodian. He abandons sexual desire and in effect eliminates rape. Meanwhile, he should hit the books and improve his mind.


Ladies who wish to embody the Divine Whore and not just the Goddess, should wantonly offer themselves in devotion to ONE God, Osiris (their husband's phallus 0 = 1 not the man) & None Other (read sapphic 0 = 2 as per Rubeae by the Yod and Pe....mouth this time) and when Set is

triumphant and Osiris is Dead and can no longer be raised again & Again, hit the books to improve their minds. This is AGAPE or The Art of Magick. It takes a special girl to Work in a Solar Phallic Cult and not burn out or burn up.

The relation between the man & wife(s) should be one of mutual respect, true love, through their Lust or Devotion to the God/dess each carries with them. All this should be taken to heart. This is The Great Work and all else is Black Magick, so sez my H.G.A. Therefore, this only pertains to me and None Other, and is not meant to be a rule for others to follow.

Love is the law, love under will.

*That is not dead which can eternal lie,
And with strange aeons, even Death may die.*


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OCCULTURE

Part Two: Media Conspiracies and the Truth About Evil

by Antero Alli

(Author's Notes: This is the second of a two-part essay inspired, in part, by my astrological interpretation of the current Uranus and Neptune conjunctions in Capricorn (1991-95); as with Part One: The Rebels of Imagination, I will not explain the symbology [sic] of any planets or signs but instead offer my own translations in English, with astrology as invisible subtext. For more astrological details, I refer readers to my book, ASTROLOGIK; the chapter entitled, "Transits to Post-History.")

The collapsing economy—the recession, the loss of wages, jobs, and homes—impacts us, personally, to the extent our time and consciousness have been invested in money; the more nuts about money you are these days, the greater the shock to your consciousness. The economic recession is acting as if it were a kind of triggering mechanism, catalyzing not only an economic crisis but a crisis in consciousness itself by forcing people to rethink money and perhaps, how to not think about it so much. During times of overwhelming consumerism, cultural survival may depend on minimizing and even avoiding commercial appeal. How does one continue to nurture the life of the soul—that is to say, the “real” life—amidst the pervasive advertising of gorgeous images and catchy slogans promoting the contrary?

The notion of “living a real life” is a philosophical quandary. As one searches long enough, it grows apparent that there is no one absolute truth or formula that fits all

sizes, shapes and colors of people; any teacher selling one, is selling pantyhose (“one-size-fits-all”). A quandary it remains, an unanswerable question burning away inside the heart. The Gurdjieffian turn-of-the-century mystery schools have, perhaps, produced some of the more serious written work on “living the real life,” followed by related writings of E. J. Gold, Claudio Naranjo, Robert Augustus Masters, and Charles Tart. These recent philosophers possess greater degrees of imagination and humor, two traits conspicuously absent from many post Gurdjieff teachers attempting to carry his torch, postmortem.

Despite this, Gurdjieff's work has managed to lay down significant ground for widespread occultural seeding and germination. It is my perception that Gurdjieff's work, alongside the seminal writings of Alice Bailey, Madame Blavatsky, and Buddhism, have been widely misunderstood and confused inside the New Age occultural revolution of the eighties.

The eighties' “New Age” movement—which, like other real occultures, continues propagating in “time-warp” pockets, globally—seems to express the most passive side of the oppressed poetic genius. With its sit-down visualization approach to life and its inspired, albeit dead-naive, idealism, “New Agers” are an easy target for cynics and skeptics alike. Yet, their fundamental, and somewhat fundamentalist, innocence suggests more to me than meets the eye. Like other occultural movements, the New Age emerges as a reaction to a collective crisis or shock. When I see millions of New Agers groping for ways—channelers, UFO cults,

the so-called 11:11 “call”—to leave their bodies, something in me wonders if it’s not some genetic migrational signal alerting the race for mass extinction; or, maybe it’s just some kind of delayed passive reaction to watching too much television. The New Age movement is slippery in this way.

The New Age apex came and went in late 1987, as millions of people responded to the mass media coverage—from Doonesbury to TIME magazine—of a grassroots celebration of the earth coined, “The Harmonic Convergence” by Dr. Jose Arguelles (an art historian turned “intergalactic emissary”; by his own words). Its precepts were simple: Go outdoors and celebrate the earth. The swirling cosmology surrounding the ritual, however, cast a compelling spell of epic proportions...

THE PLANET ART OF JOSE ARGUELLES

Harmonic Convergence, no matter how it was perceived, enacted the most far-reaching two-day global occultural ritual since Woodstock ended the sixties; a planetary art form was born from some kind of magick with Arguelles as the master concept artist and spell-caster extraordinaire. Having worked personally with Jose and his wife Lloydine between the years of 1984 and 1987—when we were neighbors in Boulder, Colorado—I witnessed the accumulating momentum from its inception. One of the things I walked away with from Harmonic Convergence was how the mass media convoluted Arguelles’ original meaning of the Harmonic Convergence by “advertising” it as another “end of the world” prophecy. This, of course, dampened Arguelles’ already wavering academic credibility by labeling him just another

apocalyptic guru; sensationalizing the event for “televisionary” consumers.

Similar to the mass media reaction to the emerging sixties’ hippies, in 1987 the established networks of news services opted cynical, condescending attitudes about “those flaky new agers and their wigged-out guru.” So when Harmonic Convergence came and went without so much as an extraterrestrial invasion or a cataclysmic earthquake to swallow up the unfaithful, the mass media triumphed and the so-called New Age turned belly up; it wrote its own occultural epitaph by resigning as a commercial publishing and commodities genre. By this time, I saw how the occultural powers of advertising were not to be underestimated.

Unknown to media coverage was Arguelles’ seed vision—which he told a handful of his friends and supporters, as early as 1985—of the 1987 Harmonic Convergence being only the first of two “gateway” dates, the next of which was the “Time Shift” of July 25th, 1992. The media naturally sensationalized the 1987 date and somehow completely overlooked 1992. Jose went on to say how these five years (’87 to ’92) would herald a simultaneous “campaign for the Earth” and “an era of unprecedented chaos”; pretty good call, considering the massive ecological campaigns alongside all the wars and revolutions in these past four years.

The intention of the 1992 Time Shift was about changing the way people relate with Time; specifically, the “time shift” from the twelve month calendar year to the thirteen lunar cycle year. July 25th, 1992 was and is targeted as the date to get the most people aware of Time Shift as possible. (Since 1988, Jose and Lloydine have retreated to the Hawaiian islands to design

and produce *The Dreamspell*, a “multidimensional board game for galactic players learning to experience fourth dimensional time.” *The Dreamspell* is free; for a copy, send \$7, for shipping and handling costs, payable to Dreamspell, PO Box 472442, San Francisco, CA 94147.)

Mass media twisted Arguelles’ message into a promise that could never be kept; in other words, an “advertising failure”. Soon thereafter, Wall Street and Procter & Gamble chewed up and spit out the image of the whole earth everywhere in massive advertising campaigns promoting everything from organic lipstick to energy-efficient automobiles to biodegradable toilet paper. For awhile there, it seemed that the earth itself was for sale.

Less than three years after Harmonic Convergence, mainstream society began assimilating the fringe dwelling New Agers’ “earth surrender rites” by adapting the image of the whole earth to promote Earth Day, 1990 and continues to do so, today. (Remember, the image of the “whole earth” was photographed and circulated by NASA back in 1969; it took twenty years to commercialize.)

Advertising is a genuine occultural phenomena. It is an art form and a form of magick that casts its gorgeous spells onto the high seas of public imagination and, for the most part, continues to transfix its bounty of minds. Every advertising CEO knows well enough that before selling the public anything, that public must first be convinced their lives are inadequate and unworthy—the way they are—without their product, and that by purchasing and consuming it, their lives will be worthwhile, again. People with low self-esteem naturally identify more rapidly with television commercials that promise

“security, status, smarts and/or sexiness” by consuming the product advertised. Memorize these four “S” words and you may begin to see how real advertising works, while seeing through the commercials themselves.

“MOONS, NOT MONTHS”

The occultural phenomena predating most others are the various nature, or goddess religions: Wicca, witchcraft, paganism, neopaganism, and the countless forms of pantheism. It does little justice to clump these spiritualities together, as their depth and complexity of styles can widely differ. Yet, their one binding element is the relative secrecy through which all have had to learn to practice their craft over the past two thousand year reign of Christianity (alongside its historical and incestuous marriages with the State).

How many nature religions rely on the thirteen natural cycles of the moon to measure the passage of time, rather than the twelve month Gregorian calendar year? Besides being a “bad luck” Christian superstition, the number “13” also symbolizes lunar power, the power of the feminine; of the women who are in sync with the moon every day of their lives. Basic math shows us how thirteen cycles of twenty-eight days each equals three hundred and sixty-four days, the time the earth takes to orbit around the sun, minus a day. Twelve months or thirteen moons. On paper, there isn’t much difference.

Yet, in the lives of the people who live according to each “calendar” extraordinary distinctions exist. The twelve month year was invented by Sumerian and Babylonian priests based on the Egyptian 360 degree

circle as a scheduling device to control local commerce; no matter how efficient, it is still a mental construct. The natural cycles of time, measured by the moon and the tides, have been recognized by indigenous people for ages past as “the time of our lives” model of Time.

THE TRUTH ABOUT EVIL

Goddess religions have always been a formidable threat to the “one and only true male God” of fundamentalist Christianity. Both male and female Goddess worshipers have been persecuted, burned and murdered as “evil witches possessed by the Devil” for centuries on end by the more militant executioners of the Christian faith. This massive persecution has done more to associate the word “occult” with “evil” than its actual meaning of “beyond the realm of ordinary knowledge” and “disclosed only to the initiated” (courtesy of the Random House dictionary). The real truth is that the truth itself has never been that popular. Advertisers and journalists stay away from truth for this very reason and push promises, fantasies and wish-fulfillment, instead.

The reason truth generally hasn't sold that well, is it's too obvious, too ordinary and too plain to see, AND/OR it's just too strange, too shocking and too miraculous to believe. Even the so-called “reality” shows on television (live police arrests, people's funniest videos, the news) are still simulations of reality produced by its programming station and their advertisers. The truth about the life you are living is that it's transitory; as life happens to you, it happens for the first and the last time, ever. How often have you said something to the effect of “I can't believe this is happening”? Often, the most difficult thing for us to believe is the very thing that is happening

to us. Why? Once again, whatever is happening—here and now—is happening for the first and the last time; it is alive and beyond belief, period. Life, and its parenthesis death, require no dogma to occur. Life and death happen; the measure of our ignorance is in how much we need reminding.

THE WAR IN HEAVEN

The competing realities of Christianity and non-christian dogma make up just one battlefield in a massive occultural war occurring at the level of mind; if heaven is in the mind, as many philosophies proclaim, there is now a war in heaven. Warfare between “the intuitive artists” and “the materialistic advertisers”—a kind of World Entertainment War—has grown confusing and complex with countless world-class artists employed in the advertising business as hoards of self-advertising artists flood the entertainment industries.

In military warfare, spies and intelligence agents work in enemy fields as “field operators.” As part of the training for entering the World Entertainment Wars, artists eventually enter the esoteric and occult world of advertising not only to survive economically but to sidestep the commercial boobytraps reserved for uninitiated consumers. Advertisers are also initiated into a kind of Art Boot Camp training for staying abreast of the latest hit movies, pop songs and fashion statements that could lead to the next hot image accompanying their product.

STREET-WISE MEDIA-MAKERS

Occulture, as the “secret marriage of art and magick”, has remained inaccessible and hidden (or “occult”) to those unable to

afford the technology, talent and training for creating it themselves; until now. With the rise of affordable state-of-the-art camcorder and home-editing technology, more people are becoming occultural adepts, whether they know it or not, scripting their own stories and shooting their own movies.

Of the millions of camcorder owners, it's highly likely that at least a handful end up changing the course of occultural history by recording the action as it happens, without advertising pressures and budget deadlines. These individuals will revolutionize media-making at the grassroots level by providing our own species' rebellious poetic genius the multimedia outlets for expressing its ever-changing multidimensional nature.

Computer desktop publishing has also inadvertently spawned an explosive revolution in the underground press, unleashing thousands of alternative "zines" offering anti-media output of fresh unpredictable information and unsalable truth (subscribe to FACTSHEET FIVE, the undisputable champion reviewers of underground zines at PO BOX 1163, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201; \$3.50 for sample issue). Music industry dinosaurs are sending their own field operators out to scout grassroots talent due to the increasing affordability of recording time for producing cassettes and compact discs; musicians are surviving longer outside of record company control by recording and distributing their own work.

Between words, music, and images, the human species' enraged poetic imagination toils to rearrange the way we see, hear and feel the world; the way we end up living our lives. The efforts of these struggles are immense—imagine Jacob wrestling with the angel—and their effects, as fundamentally

unstable as the high seas themselves. We are a culture dreaming itself—ourselves—into history, with as little as a song, a prayer, and a vision...and are entering that portal where almost anybody with enough commitment, courage and vision can step forth and join history, herstory, our story in the making. Whether it's on the streets and/or incognito computerized virtual realities, the time has come for the chaotic emergence of the species' own intuitive genius.

How will we recognize it? What will it look like and what will it do? It transmits a dream more optimistic than the beats, more precise than the hippies, more dynamic than the New Agers and more soulful than the bleak cyberpunks. What's "it"? All these occultural movements make up the groundwork of its unfoldment [sic]. What "it" is, however, is now up for grabs which makes IT all the more breath taking, dangerous and imminently alive.

*"The Gods of the earth and sea,
Sought thro' Nature to find this Tree
But their search was all in vain:
There grows one in the Human Brain."*

*William Blake
excerpted from "The Human Abstract"*

Antero Alli, author of five books on mystical realism, editor of Talking Raven Quarterly, and intermedia artist. His free catalog of books, tapes & services can be obtained by writing him directly at PO BOX 45758, Seattle, WA 98145 or by calling (206) 781-5691 and leaving a message with your name and address.



NEOPHYTE'S NICHE

What's in a Name?

Donna Stanford-Blake

As a woman in this society my name has not remained the same. In fact - at times - it doesn't even seem to reflect who I am. I did not chose it, and it did not chose me. So when I made the discovery of magickal names, I was immediately intrigued. At first I thought these fanciful names were just pseudonyms conjured to protect the anonymity of a Pagan author. But I soon realized they represent something much deeper and more complex than a simple shield against the prying public. So, once again, my always curious mind started forming questions. "What is the basic significance of magickal names?" "How do you chose one?" "How do you use it?" And, once again, I have asked a select group of knowledgeable practioners for clarification.

The first question went to E.E. Rehmus (author of The Magician's Dictionary). "What is the significance of magickal names?"

"What people call us is what we call ourselves. So every day, by virtual autosuggestion, we reinforce within ourselves whatever accidental (or purposeful) meaning our names suggest. It stands to reason that a technikrym can confer super advantages. The right names enable us to undergo necessary experiences and acquire desirable characteristics. Formal Magick requires the initiate to take a new name at each stage of his development.

"Strictly speaking, magickal names are mottos used as names. When Crowley took

Perdurabo ('I shall endure to the end'), he wanted to increase his persistence. Violet Firth's pen/magickal name, Dion Fortune, was her family motto *Deo non fortuna* ('God, not luck'). But magick, being neither science nor religion, makes its own rules and - when necessary - breaks them. So, to me, magickal names are anything you like. Writers are magicians of sorts and 'pen names' are magickal names. Voltaire so called himself, because his surname, Arouet, sounded like a rouer, 'to be beaten,' - hardly a propitious name for battling the Establishment of his day! By the same token, nicknames are unconscious (or conscious) attempts by society to impose its magick upon individuals. All the more reason to fashion ones own! Eliphaz Levi, the magickal name of Alphonse-Louis Constant, was drawn from ancient Hebrew tradition. On the other hand, we can but wonder why the founder of est changed his perfectly good Jewish name to the egregiously Aryan monicker, 'Werner Erhardt.' One of my electronic BBS handles was in complement to a fellow correspondent and combatant who signed himself 'Nekhekh.' Since this is the name of Osiris's flail, I logged on as 'Heq,' Osiris's hook. My usual magickal name, however is 'Romulus' which I use to redress the violence he did his gentler brother Remus. Since Rome is the origin of Western Civilization, my hope (vain or not) is to express my own microcosm freed of materialism and technology."

Hmmm...It is becoming obvious that our very reality can be affected by the meaning that we ascribe to our name. I recall looking up the definition of my name in the back of the dictionary and feeling a

bit pleased that “Donna” means “lady”. And all new parents go through the almost ritualistic baby name search. Of course, usually we are not trying to imbue our unborn with any noble characteristics but are more concerned with an acceptably benign label that won’t be laughed at on the playground. However, as adults we can change that label. Subtly or with dramatic flair, we can project to the world who we feel we are or what we are striving to become. Wonderful! But how? Is there a process? Or does the name just “come” to you?

So, I went to Ben Barak with my second question “How do you chose a magickal name?”

“In most cases, the method of choosing a name arises from the way in which the name will subsequently be used. Every tradition has its own methods for choosing a magickal name, but most of them fall into one of two categories, either active or passive, which reflect the purpose and use of the name.

...ultimately the answer is found – inside where the journey began.

“The active processes can entail a great deal of personal searching, divination and consternation as you try to determine the best possible name for your current process. This is a process of consciously objectifying and defining your Magickal Process in a name or motto which articulates – at least for you – the path which you are walking.

“One way to do this is to express your path as a motto – a short statement of who

you are and what you seek to achieve with your work – and then compress this into a name. Your motto may be expressed in a different language as well. Hebrew, Latin and Greek are long-time favorites. For instance, say you are beginning a solitary working of self healing and discovery which you have determined to commit to for at least a year and a day – and you want to choose a new name to express yourself during this working.

“Say you have already determined what it is you hope to achieve – a healthier sense of self – and how you will be going about it. And that you have a simple statement that expresses this process to you. ‘I Will Walk This Path’. This could be shortened to ‘Pathwalker’ as well, and translated into another language to further obscure its meaning from others.

“Speaking of obscure, your created name may also be a combination of meaningful letters, sounds, numeric values (Kabbalah), or even a combination of God/dess names, chosen to reflect your own path.

“The passive process can be a kind of vision quest. You go in search of your name and you keep looking (both internally and externally) until the name comes to you. Another variation on passive method is to have your name given to you by the group that you work with. This is often the case with covens or other groups that work closely with one another. This name may be shared only among ‘family,’ i.e., the group with which you are working magick/craft.

“In Sheya, we use both methods. Some names are actively chosen by the practitioner, to reflect their own expression, while others are received during initiation. After all, we have many names.”

It seems to name one's self you must first know one's self. Or at least know where you want to go (grow). The process is another step in the never ending journey toward self-knowledge and the ultimate realization of one's true Will. Whether done alone or in a group, carefully researched or passively received, trust in the inherent magick of reality is definitely required. I suppose that goes without saying but this strikes me as a crucial aspect of choosing a magickal name. It can not be "faked". This is serious!

Now we know how to get our new "tool" but how, when, and where do we use it? So I ventured all the way to the Great Northwest (via the telephone) to ask Hezrah, High Priestess of the Temple of Neith, "How do you use a magickal name?"

"The use of the magickal name, like its choice, should be very carefully considered. We all have more than one name. The common (legal) name and the magickal name are only two of many. These include different names and variations by which we are known to different people in different places—friends, family, teachers, lovers, work-mates, children, students, etc. Each of these is completely specific to the company in which it is used, and usually reflects the subtleties of the situation involved (I'd feel really strange if my lover started calling me 'Miss Henderson-Winnie,' or if my parents began calling me 'Mistress!'). Use of the magickal name, however, is often a bit harder to place. Shall I have a name that only my Gods and I will know? Shall I limit it to initiates of my temple/circle? Friends only? Family? Acquaintances? One for each of these? Will I be able to keep track of all these names?!

"A name like a ceremonial robe (or any other tool, for that matter) is use specific.

One must consider its magickal intent, along with the mental/psychic territory of your audience. Who are you to them? What 'sphere' will a given name evoke? Is that what you want? Remember - it isn't having visions, and dreams, and voices, that will cause you trouble—it's simply telling the wrong people!

"In many traditions, the sound of a special name, like a deity or spirit-name, is a triggering device, or beacon for particular energy forms. So it is with the individual magickal name or motto. For these reasons, as well, it should be utilized with care. Be cautious and knowledgeable, for the tendrils of the Holy Chao (sic) creep into the most improbable of places—and with careless use, one cannot foresee where the chain of words and names on strange tongues may go! The results can be quite surprising – possibly unpleasantly so. Prudent and judicious use is the key.

"You are already 'One known by many names in many lands.' May each exalted in its proper circumstance bring the desired result."

A name – at once so simple and so complex. Obviously more thought goes into a magickal name than how it sounds – Who am I? Where am I? Where do I want to go? What do I want to become? How do I want to get there? Questions beget more questions. But ultimately the answer is found – inside where the journey began.

I see, now, that choosing and using a magickal name is a step in accepting the power of magick in your life – acknowledging one's ability to consciously shape reality. It's not a mask or a fantasy. It's the essence of you – the whole YOU – the magickal you.

What's in a name-indeed!!!

VOICE OF THE SHEYA

The Embrace of Union

The Sheya System has its own approach – or approaches – to sex magick. A great deal of the initial work is internal and individual, based on the concept that it takes a whole person to interact whole–y.

The work is essentially a process of connecting with both Dhyanna and Maggah—as lovers—and then creating Khyatta – the Magickal Child – within the crucible of the Inner Self. This Magickal Child is yet another level of experiencing your own Realized Self. This same Process may then be re–enacted externally with a similarly prepared partner. The pattern is the same, as is the subjective experience, but the scale is exploded into another level of interaction.

For the moment, I'd like to focus on the external – secondary – level of this process, and to share with you a very effective and enjoyable exercise.

This exercise is designed to create a

sense of shared power within the sexual relationship. This is especially necessary when both partners arrive in that blissfully liminal space, where time and space dissolve into pleasure, and the self is suddenly a much different experience.

While in this intimate state of



consciousness, it is easy to take imprints of new information; to alter your conscious and subconscious definitions of Self and Other. The most deeply receptive parts of your soul are very accessible at this time – especially to non–verbal, sensual input.

It is this receptivity which this exercise is attuned to

address. The message we hope to express – through the intimate language of touch – is that we – as men and women – have equal access to the full spectrum of human experience.

Dhyanna is in all of us, as is Maggah. It is not only women who can experience the power of receptivity, nor men alone who may feel the exaltation of "going forth."

This work can be performed by lovers of any sexual orientation, since it celebrates that which makes us all One.

Choose which of you will invoke Dhyanna and which is to invoke Maggah. If you do this exercise a number of times, it is good to switch roles, so that the effect is even more balanced.

Raise the Temple (both Outer and Inner Temples. This helps to focus and concentrate the energies.) and invoke the Aspects you will wear. Come together in the center of the Temple and sit facing one another. Gaze into the eyes of your beloved and See/Know the Divine within Hlr. Speak to Hlr as the spirit moves you. Open your heart and soul to the Person/Aspect/Deity that sits before you. Open your heart to listen to Hlr words as well.

Let Maggah reach out to Dhyanna, and let Her receive His hand. Let Her take it and place it upon Her body, and caress it, as She would have Him caress Her body. Let Her show Him Her whole form, with His hand.

For the first part of the exercise you will want to avoid focusing on the genitals. This will allow the aroused sexual energies to build to a greater peak, and cause a greater alteration of consciousness.

This part of the exercise will bring you closer together, both physically and energetically, and it may be difficult to maintain the intent – remembering “who is who.” Try to keep this focus. When either partner feels that they – or the other – is losing concentration, bring yourself, or them, back to it. This should continue until Dhyanna feels that She has adequately communicated Her desires, and until Maggah feels that He has understood.

Now you may come together, Dhyanna

welcoming Maggah into Her embrace, into the Chalice of Earth. Enter Stillness together and feel the transformative energies flowing through the combined entity which is You.

Dhyanna, feel Maggah flowing into you. Let yourself be filled by His life force; consumed by His flames. Move into the flames and become them. Allow yourself to become the fire, the flowing energy, become Maggah Himself.

Maggah, feel Dhyanna's embrace. Feel Her as the vessel which contains all that you are. Feel yourself being absorbed into Her form, losing yourself in Her body. Allow yourself to move into the vessel, becoming the body, the form, becoming Dhyanna.

Now, that which was Goddess has become God, and that which was God has become Goddess. Draw apart and gaze once more into the wholeness and the depth of your Beloved. Recognize both the Aspect and the Sheya – as One.

Finally, release the Aspect you now wear, feeling Hlr depart from you and from the Temple. Release the Temple and take some time to ground.

I recommend spending time in non-verbal space with your partner immediately after this ritual. Breathe together, move together, stare into each other's eyes, embrace. Make a pot of tea and sit together, face to face, or back to back, simply enjoying each other's presence.

Warning. This work can be addictive.

L/L/L

ΔBarak

Temple Enoch 1991 e.v.

WISE GUY ASTROLOGY

ARIES:

Your professional advancement depends on how close you are to your sources of inspiration now more than ever before; you may have to temporarily disappear to appeal to the Muse of Endless Money.

TAURUS:

Why would a practical person like you give way to quasi-mystical longings during the recession?! While everyone else fights for their measly niche, you're about to give yours away for something larger.

GEMINI:

If you're not digging down roots right now, you haven't heard the news yet. The winds of change are about to blow your mind, all five of them. Advice? Root down before branching out.

CANCER:

The homebody is a closet social butterfly? The influx of exotic strangers and unexpected friends may seem as if it's beyond your control now because: It is. Look around, your future family has arrived.

LEO:

Your cosmic duty, if you choose to accept it, is to find work that's synonymous with love and then, give up the rest. This includes love that doesn't work and work which refuses to love you back.

VIRGO:

Finally, those irritating energy blocks are breaking, unleashing torrents of life force

throughout your body. Enjoy the rush and then, get back to work. Read LEO for your subconscious message.

LIBRA:

How long will the indecision last? As long as it takes to realize your real security no longer exists in him, her, it or them but in the consistency you find, invent and/or create in yourself right now.

SCORPIO:

If you're not having the time of your life by now, backtrack to that crossroad where you chose between the paths of power, passion or creativity; have you forgotten the fourth way? The path of slyness.

SAGITTARIUS:

Whoever said, "You can run but you can't hide" doesn't know you. You can run, you can hide; in fact, do both for your favorite deity and I promise not to tease you for archetypal chauvinism, you teaser.

CAPRICORN:

By updating your definition of power to include the influence of friends, you'll see more places for those movers and shakers showing up at the party. Real power is now negotiating power.

AQUARIUS:

Whatever you've learned, over the past seven years, you've assimilated with the hidden intention of teaching to others. Your only impediment to "Authority" is being one yourself, you expert, you.

PISCES:

If you see with your own eyes that other people are beginning to have more faith in you, it's only because you're shining now. Whatever you've done to nurture that glow, you must keep feeding yourself.

Antero Alli is the Author of ASTROLOGIK plus four other books updating archaic mystical systems; and editor of TALKING RAVEN QUARTERLY. For his extended 1992 Katalog of books, tapes and services, please send \$1 to: Antero Alli, P O Box 45758, Seattle, WA 98145.

The First Planned Orgy...Continued from page 26

and throbbing cock. The music is loud, pounding, the bodies vibrate, the moans build. Humping and sucking at 1:57 am we Achieved Penetration (announced loudly by the Voyeur) and at 2:00 am Male Ejaculation. The entire room of fucking pairs and caressing bodies broke into cheers and applauded. Cigarette break.

Guests began to depart and Third Shift emerged. Reading poetry, sharing wonderment and joy, we solidified community. We discussed the incredibly high glow we had created—usually associated with psychedelics which were not used at this event. Astonished, we reevaluated the meaning of the pagan euphemism for tripping—Sacrament. This sexual/spiritual magickal working was mutually agreed successful. The Goddess returns to reside in the body, mind and soul.

As a young goddess related later—"When I first entered this space I wondered who would want me? Now I wonder who wouldn't want me!"



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Paranoia, Necromancy and Magick

by Yael Ruth Dragwyla

Originally, so that use of Magick wouldn't disrupt local or more widespread ecological balances, either of one's body or one's habitat, use of Magick was tied in to operation of the reticular activating system, a part of the old vertebrate brain-stem which in mammals is necessary to the "normal waking state" and which is at peak operation in states of high arousal due to alarm, such as fear or rage.

When the RAS was not operating at peak, the only other way to get Magick to operate was by means of a state of high sexual arousal. If both states were impossible to achieve, Magick could not be done. Therefore, to do Magick required conscious effort and great expenditure of energy. This limitation kept the organism from expending the vast amounts of biophysical and biochemical energy needed for Magick except at times of real need.

To a great extent this is still true. But since sexuality is often repressed, and even when it is not repressed, needs more time and more complex cues for arousal than do rage, fear, or similar states, it is usually easier to attain a pro-Magickal internal state by getting angry and frightened simultaneously and staying that way for the duration of the Operation, than it is to cultivate Tantric arousal states as such, by themselves.

This is why necromancy is so attractive, and why paranoid schizophrenia is almost invariably attended by real telepathy, and even telekinesis in the paranoid schizophrenic. Magick is attractive. Then,

since fear and anger are easier to maintain than sexual arousal, necromancy is easier than Tantra to do, and though, in the long run, it destroys the practitioner, it looks very attractive to the impatient.

Paranoid schizophrenia, which involves odd dysfunctions of the brain stem (the RAS in particular), and portions of the limbic brain, causes the sufferer to become and remain chronically alert, fearful of and angry about the chronically sensed presences of beings whose origins are either solely electrical impulses in the brain stem or otherwise harmless astrals misperceived as fearsome earth-plane ogres. Because of this continuous state of high arousal generated in its sufferers, paranoid schizophrenia almost always also gives rise in the sufferer to real Magickal power.

Now Magick in general is attractive in some measure to everyone, consciously or not. In particular, it has very strong attractions to those who were badly abused as young children, when their essential powerlessness and dependency upon others put them at grave risk from those in whose "care" they then were. Such individuals have ever since understandably craved power as a result, for safety, security, and to raise their very low feelings of self-worth. This is especially true of those who suffer from paranoid schizophrenia, who almost invariably were victims of horrible violations of their trust and grave injuries of body and spirit as small children from parents or significant others.

In addition, the state of continuous high arousal exhibited by one having paranoid schizophrenia creates a condition in which one's body is continuously flooded with

adrenaline, cortisone and androgens of various sorts (even the female body manufactures androgens to some extent, though usually not at the levels achieved by the healthy male body, especially at times of alarm or rage).

These internally generated chemicals key receptor sites on the hypothalamus, causing pleasurable sensations as a result (men tend to have more of these sites on the hypothalamus than do women, but still many women can come to appreciate the pleasures of this "natural" high, too). Consequently, one can easily come to enjoy this state for its quasi-sexual overtones, as unpleasant as it otherwise might be.

For all these reasons, paranoid schizophrenia becomes an addictive state, one the "sufferer" learns to cultivate and reinforce in him—or herself for the "rush" it gives as well as for the advantages, if any, in trying to do Magick made possible by this state.

For this reason as well, necromancy, which is most successfully practiced in a psychic state which is for all practical purposes indistinguishable from paranoid schizophrenia, is enormously attractive: To the quasi-sexual adrenalin thrill of the state itself is added the real Magickal power attendant upon it. In Tantra, the drug-high quality of the paranoid state is (when Tantra is properly performed, in its "pure" state) quite definitely missing, and proper, successful Tantric Workings take far longer to learn to do, require far more work, and need much more practice. Tantra, unlike necromancy, is not a study for those desirous of "instant magickal gratification".


Summing up, the chronic state of mind of the confirmed necromancer differs little, if at all, from that of the confirmed paranoid

schizophrenic, in psychological terms; and the paranoid schizophrenic is no less a practitioner of a sort of Magick—and practices a kind of Magick no different from—the necromancer.

The self-righteous chronic high dudgeon of the confirmed paranoid schizophrenic is, by the way, often seen in self-proclaimed "white magicians" or "white witches," whose only difference from self-admitted necromancers is their anxious need to feel social approval—or at least super ego approval—for their actions. The Nazis, at least originally, were in fact among just such "white magicians," believing themselves to be defenders of the Good, the Right (no political pun intended) and the Holy.



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Letters

Mezlim,

As usual, your "Pagan Gatherings" issue was outstanding. I subscribe to about a dozen pagan/magickal magazines and Mezlim is the only one that never fails to satisfy and surprise.

Now that I've rubbed you up, let me point out a bad data entry. On page 16, in Richard Keenan's article "A Pilgrim's Guide to Pagan Festivals," the author claims that activities at Kansas City's Heartland Fest are "more restricted, e.g., no skylad." I don't know when Mr. Keenan attended Heartland, but as someone familiar with the festival and its organizers, I want to point out that the skylad policy has varied over the years depending on location.

In 1991, for instance, the festival was held at a Boy Scout Camp and skylad was disallowed by the owners. In 1990, at another location, skylad was the rule. As of 1992, Heartland has its own land and skylad was certainly in evidence. Midwest does not equate to conservative.

William Scott
St. Louis, MO

To Whom It May Concern:

Mad Dog has a very good point. Personally, I wouldn't really want to go to a festival that had no late night drumming or/and bonfire.

I have difficulty getting to sleep at a festival without the lulling sounds of drums to send me off the dreamland, like the heartbeat and breath of my lover beside me.

Pagans as a whole are accepting open-

minded people. Some of us fall asleep to city noises, domestic lights or the radio in the next apartment. Some of us, to crickets outside our window. We are infinitely adaptable. We know that the angrier we become, the less likely we are able to sleep. As for myself, I love to fall asleep to the sound of drums so much that I have been known to tape them for the purpose of falling to sleep to the beat at home.

There are ways around these problems Dog brought up. Usually there is a "quiet area" far from the drumming circle. Similarly there are designated late night drumming space(s) and it is appreciated if all the late night drumming is kept there.

When you attend a new festival, find out where that area will be and select your camp site accordingly. If the sound of the outhouse door slamming all night makes you crazy, you wouldn't camp next to it, would you? If you dislike a certain type of ritual, you don't participate, do you?

For me, the bonfire drumming and dancing are at least 50% of the pleasure of a festival. Mad Dog is up in the top 5 on my list of favorite drummers.

Ranger Rick's drum article and etiquette also brings to our attention some other problems within the circle of drums. Thank you.

Be Percussive and Prosper,

Anomie

Care Brother Kenn,

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

Since there was an article in the last issue by an ExELF who regrets not being

able to join the Caliphate because he "swore an oath" with Bill Seibert (of all people) that prevents him from joining the Order, I don't feel obliged to speak forth his truth in song. We all know him as Dog, appropriately. Actually, I get along fine with Dog, like one of my tattoo clients, except when he starts giving me his philosophical outlook but I also freak-out those who disagree with my point of view. For example.....

The drumming thing is a case in point. I love it, although I know that I'm not that good at it. Mad/Bad Dog Melton is OK but he's no Tito Puente, yet his argument Thelemicy misses the point that my Will ends where yours begins. One can follow the Motta school and basically trash all other Wills that appear to stand in one's way. I don't except verbally, in debate or just getting my ideas across when asked. Liber AL straddles the fence here depending on which of the three cults one gets into. Too many people seem to "say nay" to what Dog does, and surrounding oneself with only adoring fans is not a true test of one's Thelemic correctness in debate.

I like the fellow and his drumming, at a distance. He lacks the cultural class (call it snobbery if you will) that I enjoy in my close friendships. If he were drumming with Tito or the Kodo Drummers or reviving Polynesian Drumming, I'd have a helluva lot more respect for his craft. This all sounds like the results of the old story about buying one's nephew a drum set. Music classes are always a bitch on an unwitting audience regardless if the musician sees him/herself as in the act of devotion or raising hell (i.e., devotion to someone else's God). My sister went to school across the street from Victor Borge's home in St. Croix, and her teacher complained that the conflict between the beautiful music and the rowdy children sometimes was too

much. Usually Franz List won out and the kids were told to lie their heads on their desks and take a nap.

Dog's insistent all nighters have in part brought the law down on otherwise peaceful Pagan gatherings. I hope that during the Rite of Sol, Thelemites will stay true to form and go to bed and Mass out, instead of keeping up the local neighborhood all night long and drawing down the law. In his letter, he was asking for opinion/feedback.

We must be careful not to impose or waste our Will on the unwitting. Sensual intercourse, touch, speech, taste and sound, cannot be turned off like sight and mind. One should be sensitive to the Other's discomfort in the senses that cannot be turned off. If they don't like what they see, or one's ideas, they can always cut you off. If one wishes to drum "like a man possessed" one should find a place where you can do this without upsetting those that don't want to hear it. Lothlorien is no longer that kind of place. (Here's the sales pitch: A. C. Oasis IS.) Dog et AL have always been welcome to come to A. C. O. to drum till their hands fall off. The invitation stands....

Love is the law, love under will.

Frater Annuit Coeptis
Aleister Crowley Oasis
East Chicago, IN

Writer's Guidelines

Are you interested in writing for Mezlim? We are always happy to review submissions of articles, artwork and photography in a Magickal vein.

Articles may range in length from 500 to 4500 words. All submissions should be typed, black ink on white paper. Please enclose S.A.S.E. Address all submissions to the Editor.

Reviews

Reclaiming Woman's Voice –Becoming Whole

by Lesley Shore, Ph.D.

From Llewellyn Publications
St. Paul, MN

Reviewed by Donna Stanford-Blake

“Becoming Whole” -the sub title of Lesley Shore’s first book- sums up what most of us seem to be striving to do. The title - “Reclaiming Woman’s Voice”- names the part we seem to be missing. The book itself allows the reader, whether male or female, to discover the path to finding the lost feminine aspect which resides within and without us all.

Though directed toward women because, as the author explains, women in our society are caught in the double bind of not being allowed to be either masculine or feminine, the tone of the book is refreshingly non-sexist. No male bashing here. Ms. Shore readily sees the need for ALL people to connect with the feminine aspect.

Weaving her personal journey, clients’ cases, and research together, Ms. Shore eloquently tells us how we, too, can reclaim our lost voice. The tone is informal—as if you are reading her personal journal at times—yet she includes facts and references that testify to the effort it took to research the topic. The bibliography is impressive in comparison to the relatively short length of the book - just over 200 pages.

Ms. Shore made her initial connection

with “woman’s voice” by moving to a home in the country-aptly named “Harmony Farm”. By the end of the book I wanted to go move in with her! She discusses the feminine aspect as the earth, nature, Gaia. While espousing no personal religious beliefs, she views the renewed interest in the Goddess religions as an indication of the deep need of peoples of both genders to reconnect with the Earth Mother. I enjoyed reading of her new found feelings of wholeness that developed as she relaxed into the rhythms of nature. I felt her joy in feeling the rich soil as she gardened. And I envied her when she realized that her “black hole” of emptiness had been filled.

The angst and triumph of her clients are also moving. She illustrates why she draws the conclusions she does well and clearly. It is obvious that she is writing about them out of respect for their experiences and not because they are somehow different from us. In fact, I recognized myself and saw the women in my life reflected in their stories.

Society’s subtle taint on all that is female is explained and explored. Though a quiet sense of outrage is evident, it’s directed not so much at the male population but the pervasive societal programming both sexes are subjected to since birth (conception?). Placing blame is not the issue—healing is.

The methods used to find “woman’s voice” are not as easy as following a written set of directions. Each person is unique and Ms. Shore honors that spirit. Yet, this book inspires the empowerment of self, to feel the rhythm of Gaia, and learn to speak with Her voice.

Gifts of Unknown Things

by Lyall Watson

\$10.95 from:

Destiny Books

One Park St.

Rochester, VT 05767

Reviewed by Donna Stanford-Blake

Nus Tarian or Dancing Island is the setting of this provocative story. The author writes in the forward "...you will not find Nus Tarian marked on any map. Nevertheless, it exists. Only I and the name have been changed." What unfolds is an intriguing mix of native Indonesian island life and unusual metaphysical occurrences. The author writes in first person so it is assumed this is not a work of fiction. But the book unfolds like a very well told story. Dr. Watson is obviously a person with a scientific mind, in fact he refers to himself as a "scientific nomad." It is his exploration of phenomenon using simplified quantum physics that sets this book apart from others that attempt to expose and explain the unknown and the unknowable. He does not insist on finding the "correct" answer but suggests a very plausible explanation after obviously giving it much contemplation. He adeptly blends science and philosophy-with a dash of wit.

The book is divided in four sections labeled as "states:" Fire, Earth, Water, and Air. Each "state" consists of two "steps"-except the last-Air-which only has one - "The Garden Gate." The intent is to illustrate initiation. Each state includes a story from the author's stay on Nus Tarian. Roughly arranged chronologically, these vignettes and their related commentary build to an intense climax. The main character-I want to say actor because it is almost like a classic drama - is Tia, a young,

enigmatic native girl with the gift of dance. As the story unfolds, Tia finds that her gift is complex and disturbing - disturbing to the village elders and Muslem holy men. Predictably, conflict erupts on the peaceful island. Ancient forces versus man-made beliefs and fears. Although the climax is not a surprise, it is adeptly told. I especially enjoyed the grace with which the author leads the reader through the book until the net is pulled in and realization dawns that something more than "just" another diverting tale of the unusual is going on here.

Actually, this book tells nothing new; it is as old as time itself. Yet, the telling stirs something new - it fulfills the title's promise "Gifts of Unknown Things."

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The City of Salem, in cooperation with neighboring towns, has announced plans to observe the 300th anniversary of the New England Witch trials. A year-long series of events has been planned. Although city officials have promised that the anniversary will be "dignified," the city's mayor has told reporters that the objective is to double Salem's tourist trade. In "Witch City," yesterday's Witch hunt is today's source of easy money.

No More Witch Hunts! is an interfaith network that is responding to the 300th anniversary of America's major Witch trials. We believe that the past should be remembered in a sensitive, dignified manner, so that all Americans can mourn the victims of bigotry and oppression. It is important, also, that Americans understand that "Witch hunting" still exists in the 1990s. Violence and discrimination against women, gay males, religious and cultural minorities, and against other groups, is still easily accepted in many parts of America. Church and state powers still work together, in many communities, to control women, gay males, religious and cultural minorities, and others.

We say, "No More Witch Hunts!"

Robert Murphy, Director
No More Witch Hunts!

In the next issue of
MEZLIM

Death and Transformation

Never an easy subject, Death is still at the heart of our Life Process. It is the process of inevitable Transformation, and each of us must face it in our own way and our own time. What does this mean to you? How do you deal with these transformations in your own life? Our next issue will examine these themes of mortality and immortality.

We are currently seeking submissions of articles, artwork, photography, poetry and prose on this topic. For more information, see Writer's Guidelines on page 49.

Deadline for submissions: **September 11, 1992.**

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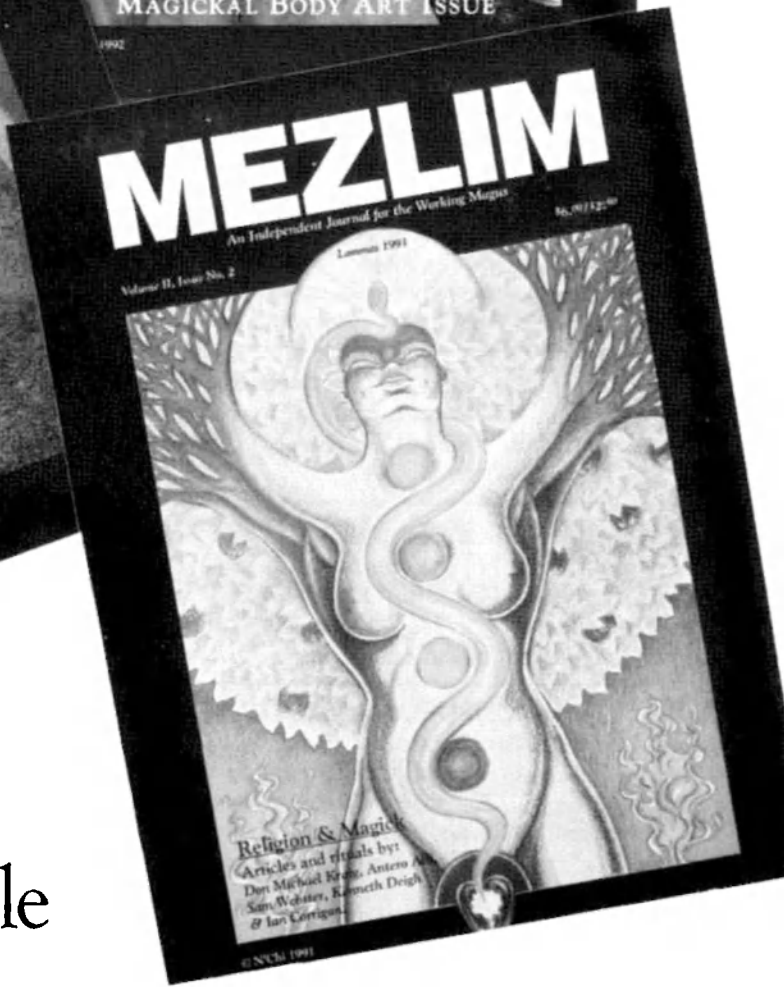
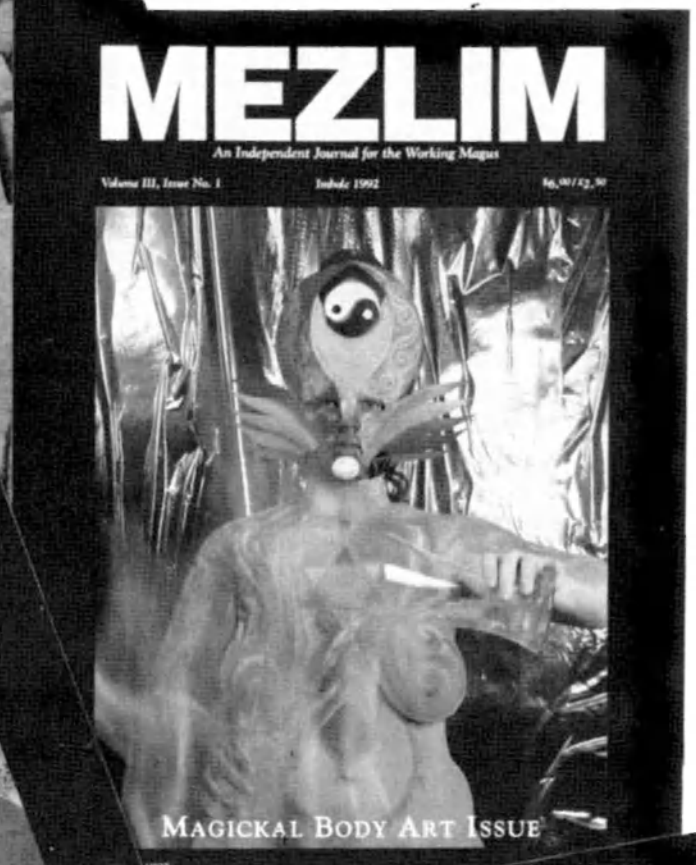
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