

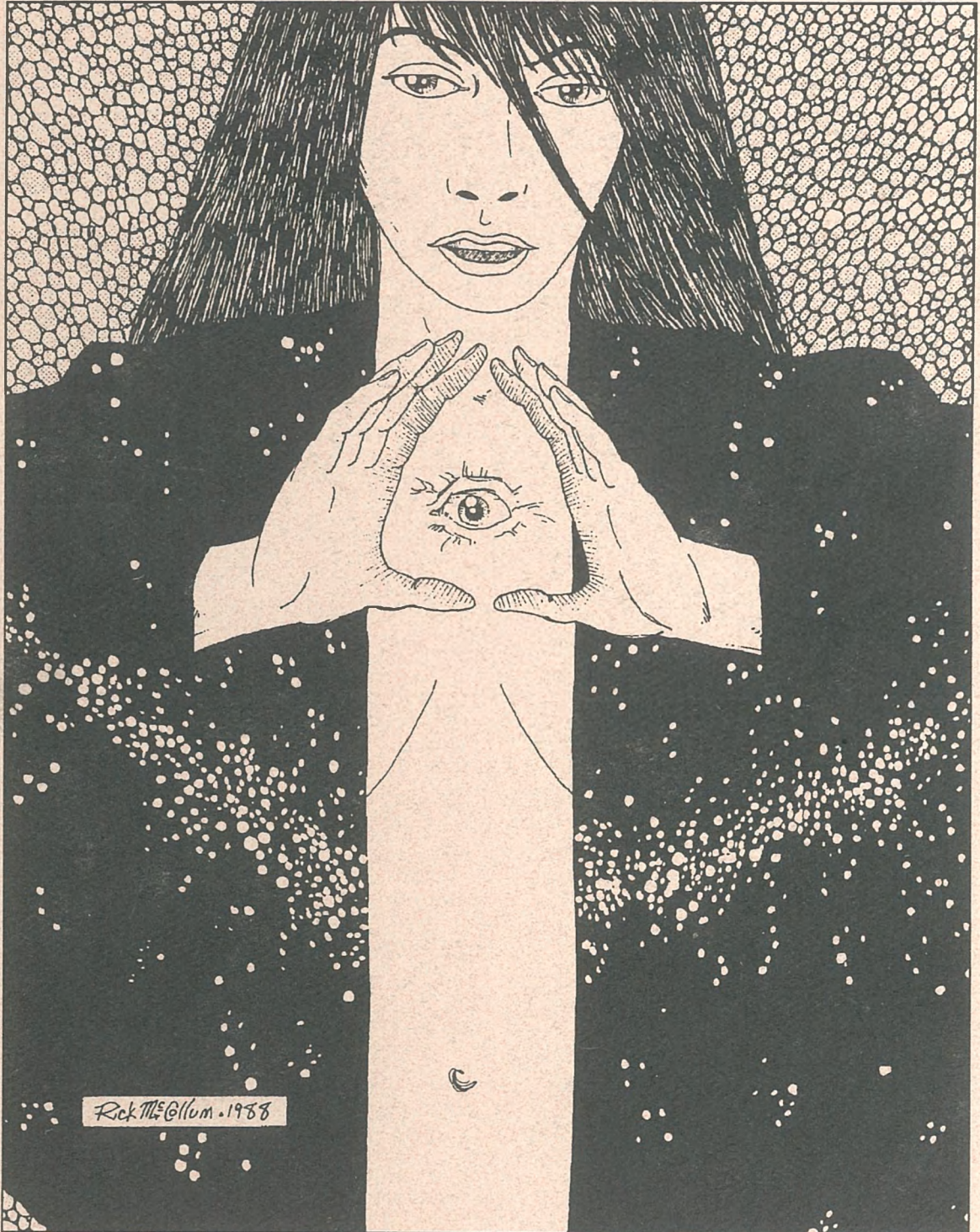
# MEZLIM

An Independent Journal for the Working Magus

Volume I, Issue No. 1

Candlemas 1990

\$4.00



Rick McCallum • 1988





**L.V.X.**

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# EDITOR'S FORUM

Being a parent is a chore and an addiction. Whether you're dealing with your very own biological offspring, a long term project, an initiate or even a magickally created entity - anything you put that much of your life force into becomes an extension of your self.

This sense of merging can be just fine - up to a point. You get to watch your own little piece of "immortality" grow before your eyes. Then you come to the point where you realize that it has nothing to do with you . That this miraculous child has a life of Hlr own, independent of you.

Growth leads inevitably to letting go. If you don't get there, you're not growing. I'm not claiming that it's easy. I'm going through the pangs of releasing a couple such relationships in the last year. It's not a pretty sight. Perhaps that's why I have little patience with those I see hanging onto their conceptual children, denying their growth and insisting that they return to the womb from which they came.

Such an unnatural request is only human. We all want to hold onto those we love - whatever the conditions. It is difficult to watch while your favorite project grows beyond your ability to handle it alone

and you have to delegate the responsibility for maintaining it. It's hard to watch the character of your creation change as it/SHe comes into contact with other people and their energies. It's called growth - and like it or not, we need to promote it in our "children" or lose them to stagnation and death.

Recently I've encountered a great deal of anger from some conceptual parents who are watching their "child" growing far beyond their own plans for Hlr. She has become something more than they had planned and so they want to stuff Hlr back into the womb and throw out anything that seems foreign to their own vision.

It's sad to watch this happen - to watch people desperate to the point that they openly deny that growth is a positive force. They place themselves instead firmly in the path of their own inevitability.

Perhaps they need their child to take form and come to them, to whisper into their dreams as they sleep the magick words - "Let Go!"

MaZL ToV!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Kenneth Deigh". To the right of the signature is a simple line drawing of a flower with several petals and a central stem.

Kenneth Deigh, Managing Editor

# MEZLIM

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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 and magickal movements.

The views expressed in the articles, reviews, and other contributions published in **MEZLIM** are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the editors and publisher. **MEZLIM** does not endorse or guarantee any service or product offered in any advertisement or article. The publisher and editors make every effort to ensure the accuracy of all information published, but cannot be held liable for errors, changes, or omissions.

Display advertising is available for the upcoming issue of **MEZLIM** at the following rates:

Full page - \$120, half page - \$80, quarter page - \$45. All advertising for the next issue (Wahlpurgistnacht, 1990) is due by April 14, 1990.

**Writer's guidelines:** All contributions should be letter quality type (high quality pin printing is also acceptable) and submitted on 8 1/2 x 11 paper. Submissions should be on pertinent topics with a length of 500 to 4500 words. Author should include full contact information and SASE.

**Editor's Note:** Magickal spellings, QBL equations and all other specifics of the manuscripts in **MEZLIM** have been maintained exactly as presented in the original text submitted for publication so as to ensure the accuracy of the transmission as detailed herein.

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**WITH THANKS TO:**  
Chthonic/Auranian OTO

# TRANSITION

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

MZLA <MEZLA> is a word which derives from the Hebrew meaning *the influence from Kether*, or <for you non-qabalists out there> the influence which the divine supernal godhead has upon our daily lives. MEZLA has been with us in one form or another since before the first intelligent lizard stuck a stick into the mud & pulled him/her-self up onto his/her hind legs, thus bequeathing to us bipedal monkeys a perspective unknown to quadrupeds. MEZLA is the emanation from the inner spark of limitless light which balances and reciprocates the aspiration from our outer form of animate matter. When combined, this emanation and aspiration formulate the reciprocating driving force of evolution — biological, intellectual, emotional, spiritual, and magickal.

Every endeavor and every institution embody this force to some degree, for it is the very pulsebeat of life. Yet certain individuals and certain institutions seem to embody it more than others. Why? In my experience, initiation into pre-existing current which honors/nutres this reciprocating flow facilitates/accelerates my ability to tune-into my personal creativity and to do magick <which may be defined as the ability to cause change in accord with will>. For some, initiation may come from viewing a rock video, locking eyes with a stranger for but a moment, or reading a book or magazine <such as the one you are

now holding>. For others, formal initiation into a magickal Order such as the A.:A.: or the OTO may be more suitable.

MEZLA is also the rather pretentious name of a magazine which began back in 1973 as a single page mimeographed newsletter put out by Soror Tanith-798 <Janice Ayers> and Frater Iadnamad-111 <David Smith> of the Typhonian OTO. In 1974, I joined the staff to oversee typesetting and printing, and to instill the other staff members with the grandiose idea of evolving MEZLA into a hard-bound series of volumes <much like Crowley's *Equinox*> which libraries and private collectors would cherish for posterity. I also began funding MEZLA so that it need not rely upon sales for its continuance.

Over the first volume <8 years, 13 issues> MEZLA grew to 10 pages with a small worldwide circulation in America, Canada, England, Australia, Italy, Switzerland, Poland and a few other Warsaw-pact countries. Through our printing of obscure OTO material, we began to be footnoted in books by Grant, the Caliphite OTO, and in various Crowley bibliographies. But within MEZLA <the magazine> fomented the inspirational leavening of MZLA <the influence from Kether>. At one time or another, conflicts arose between each of MEZLA's staff members and Kenneth Grant <founder of the Typhonian branch of the OTO> when that member's MZLA was in apparent contradiction with Grant's MZLA. [I say *apparent* because what Grant saw as contradiction, I saw as an augmentation brought about from our individual personal perspectives.] One by one the staff tired of conflict with Grant, left MEZLA, and resigned from the Typhonian OTO — until yours truly was left as the one staff member

too stubborn to quit.

Somewhere around 1982-85, I purchased all unsold copies of MEZLA from Janice Ayers <MEZLA's founder>, and obtained her blessing to continue MEZLA as an independent organ. In 1985, Cliff Pollick <of the Caliphate branch of the OTO> and I put out MEZLA Volume III #1 <Volume 2 being a volume of silence> as *An heretical organ of the OTO*. Volume III #1 prompted immediate response from some of the more conservative branches of the OTO ranging from letters of suspension to irate phone calls to threats of lawsuit. Publication of Vol.III#1 also expedited/precipitated the reification of the Chthonic/Auranian branch of the OTO, dedicated to the proposition that the OTO can be a free-form seed crystal of personal growth facilitating personal/group MZLA, as well as <the more traditional> top-down hierarchal initiatory pyramid demanding fealty to one person, rather than to the OTO current as a gestalt.

Then followed a second volume of silence <Vol. 4> during which MEZLA collected articles, acquired staff, and amassed a bit of working capital. Then a funny thing happened. MEZLA began to take-on a dual personality. Conflict arose, then division. Where once was one magazine, now there are two. Not in a dualistic thesis/antithesis tension, but in a reciprocating spiral like a cosmic child playing with a slinky on the infinite stairway to heaven. MZLA has successfully invoked MZLIIM <MEZLIM>.

In the mathematical artform known as qabalah to magickians of the OTO, every name of power has <at least> one number, by which it can be compared/contrasted

with other names of power of identical or analogous numeration. MZLA adds to 78, the number of cards in a traditional Tarot deck, while MZLIIM adds to 137, a receiving; the qabalah itself. MEZLA is a magazine dedicated to that emanation of MZLA utilizing the language/jargon of Thelemic magickians who grew-up steeped in the lore, mythology, and ritual technology of the OTO and the A:.A:. while MEZLIM is geared more toward making that emanation far more comprehensible to a much wider audience.

With this issue, MEZLIM begins regular quarterly publication, while MEZLA <once again> goes underground to brood & ferment while it amasses the necessary capital <about \$10,000> to come-out with its first (100-page) issue. MEZLA Vol.V#1 had a very limited circulation <mainly to prospective advertisers and bookstores>, so Volume 5 #1.61803 will contain most of the material from Vol.V#1, along with many other items which were omitted for lack of space/time/finances. [By the way, the rather bizarre notation of Vol.V#1.61803 seeks to denote an overlap with Vol.V#1 while indicating our aspiration toward the harmonic ratio between art & prose which will make MEZLA most useful to the widest possible audience.]

MEZLIM intends to comport itself in a businesslike fashion with a regular schedule to induce support from regular advertisers and distribution channels thru bookstores. This strategy is aimed at keeping costs low while maximizing distribution. At this time, MEZLA has no intention of becoming a regular publication. We will publish whenever MZLA provides us with essays, artwork, rituals, and poetry which our editorial staff feels is worth preserving for posterity and insofar as we are able to

amass the necessary capital to put out an issue.

I do not see how MEZLA can cater to the commercial needs of the marketplace and still remain true to MZLA. I do not see how concerns over profit/loss or deadlines further the great work. But then again, I have never been a practical businessman in any of my endeavors. So far, my free-form anarchistic economic perspective has worked for me. But it does necessitate some strange quirks which editors/publishers of other magickal journals do not seem to understand.

When we are ready to go to press, MEZLA will accept a limited amount of advertising. But we do not expect ads to significantly underwrite the high cost of producing a hefty journal which is printed and bound to last a century or more. I expect MEZLA to cost somewhere between \$30-50 per issue — placing it far beyond the budget of those students and neophytes of the Great Work who have not yet progressed sufficiently to tap them into the flow of universal prosperity which pervades the manifest universe. \$13 per issue would <in my opinion> make MEZLA accessible to all who have a serious interest in it. This means we need patrons — sponsors who have progressed far enough in their own Great Work that they are able to support those who hold high the lamp of gnosis so that MZLA may become more manifest in the world.

Over the past 15 years, MEZLA and Math of the ChRySTAL HUMM powerzone has been supported thru the efforts of its hard-working staff, by those who have attended our workshops & transformative weekends, and by Soror

L.E.O.S. who has gifted me with myriad cash gifts amounting to over \$100,000. Soror L.E.O.S. has recently departed this plane, leaving us without a major patron. MEZLA will continue. How quickly and how smoothly is <at this time> uncertain.

*Love is the law, love under will.*

Bill Siebert

frater Ra-Hrakti Nephesh Ptah

-also known as-

OTz PTN—690, fra.P, PVN, ASHT·Chozar-SSaratu

Those interested in contacting me or MEZLA may do so c/o MEZLIM or by sending mail directly to:

Math of the ChRySTAL HUMM  
2220 Spencer Road  
Spencer, NY 148783  
USA





For the... 88-

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

*We look forward to your response to our publication. The Letters to the Editor will be serving as an open forum for the Magickal community, so if you have a response to one of our articles, some interesting news, or just some fascinating topic of discussion - write!*

*As you can see below, we have already received some mail in response to our transitional issue.*

Dear Editor,

Well, I got your first Mezla and the cover letter explaining the change to Mezlim and I just decided to write and tell you that it looks good to me. It seems both informative and interesting and it's nice to know that a magazine like this now exists. Our Community is (among other things) really all over the place and we deserve a chance to share our different practices and opinions. It's also helpful to find one place to read all different kinds of material when usually you have to buy a lot of separate magazines to get the same thing. (And you don't even cost a lot!) Call it whatever you want to, but keep it up. I, for one, intend to stick around for the duration.

Sincerely,

Frater Ipsos

To the Editor(s) of Mezla/Mezlim:

How can I take your publication "Sirius-ly" when you include such items as Riz Aleister Crowley? Am I to infer that you don't believe in the "Sirius-ness" of your

efforts? I'm entirely at a loss as to whether to treat your journal as a sober attempt to provide an open forum to the broad spectrum of the existing Magickal Community; or whether to take the entire thing as a satirical attempt to poke fun at those Practitioners who fail to take their Craft with the proverbial grain of salt. In either case, it was a most entertaining read. Keep up the good (if slightly confusing) work!

Talyra Anderson

Dear Kenn,

It's been quite some time since I've seen anything of any quality come out of the States. Not meaning to be chauvinistic, but that's how it is, you know? What with all the airy fairy pagans over there, I guess it's rough going to put out anything with more of a punch to it than the Beltane Hymn.

That said, I was quite pleased to see your latest project, MEZLA. It seems to have quite a promising future ahead of it. It would be too much to ask - I suppose - to include some of the more current Magickal work, ala Kaos Magick. There's some rather good work on the market here in Brit. But there's nothing like inbreeding to kill the joy of it all. (Just look what it's done for the Royal Family.)

Good luck and all that. Send me the next one when you get around to it.

*(Name withheld by request)*

# THE FUTURE OF MAGICK

by Donald Michael Kraig

In western societies there are currently two major trends in the study and performance of magick. The first of these is Witchcraft. Although modern Witchcraft traces its origins to pre-Judeo/Christian origins, for the most part it owes its existence to such people as Gerald Gardner, Alex Sanders, Lady Sheba and Ray Buckland, who popularized Wicca in the sixties and seventies. A big change in the nature of what might be more appropriately called neo-Paganism came with the publication of two books, *Drawing Down the Moon* and *The Spiral Dance*. Tens of thousands of people became interested in Wicca as a result of these books, but few could find initiation into a Coven. The result was the founding of new groups by those who had read the works of the earlier-named people.

For many years there was a joke going around the occult community that "Witches don't study and magicians don't do magick." In many cases, it was--and is--sadly true. But some of the people who were starting their own covens were doing their own research into ancient traditions. The result has been a rebirth of interest in Norse, Greco-Roman, Celtic, Native American and other forms of Paganism. In some instances the creation of neo-Pagan covens based on these traditions have been highly influenced by the writings of the Witchcraft populizers.

The point here is that even though many neo-Pagans are deeply involved in study of ancient tradition, their magical systems are based on the past--not the future. This is not meant as an insult, nor

is there anything wrong with this. It is simply a statement of fact.

Ceremonial magick systems have had a different situation--a situation that has lead to stultification. This is because the sad fact is that most self-proclaimed magicians do not do magick. They simply read about it--endlessly--in books both old and new. Many of them can quote what different authors said on a subject. Some consider the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram to be the greatest and most important ritual ever devised, and they may do it some day when they finally get enough information. I know one "magician" who wrote a ten-page essay on why a Hebrew name of God, "Adonai," should be spelled in English in a particular manner. Who, other than him and numerous occult readers/non-practitioners, cares?

But because the majority of "magicians" have been readers and not doers, the written words of magick have become of vital importance. And because of this, the Golden Dawn has become the most important occult group in history.

The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn came into being when little was being published on the subject of magick. It just so happens that many of the people who were members of the G.D. could write and were published. The result is that virtually every important book on magick written in the past century was either written by a member of the Golden Dawn or by someone who was either directly or indirectly influenced by that Order.

The most important book on the Golden Dawn, of course, is the one by Regardie. Almost every occultist has one or more editions of the book, either the hard or softbound versions from Llewellyn Publications, or the huge hardbound

rewrite from Falcon. When Regardie was doing the version for Falcon I wrote to him, begging him to put things in a logical order rather than having subjects covered in a rather random and haphazard manner. He ignored my suggestion. And while most occultists do have a version of his book, few really study it.

Perhaps the one thing that people don't understand about the Golden Dawn is that it was an *experimental* order. People learned the system in order to have a solid background for performing experimental magical rituals. Mathers, the head of the G.D., was responsible for introducing into English several magical systems and *grimoires*. Golden Dawners then experimented with the new (in English) rituals and methods. In his huge book, Regardie gives a few rituals that he invented, based on the formula of the Neophyte initiation ritual.

But somehow, probably because most "magicians" are really scholars and not practitioners, the words of the Golden Dawners became etched in stone, "The *Greater Key of Solomon* has good spirits and the *Lesser Key of Solomon* [actually one part of the *Lesser Key* called the *Goetia*] had evil spirits." Really? Is that because somebody said so or because you investigated the matter? "All of the Golden Dawn Rituals are in Regardie's book." Really? He only gives a couple of magical rituals based on the Neophyte ritual. Where are the magical rituals based on the other, *higher level* initiation rituals? "Crowley was a black magician." Really? Regardie told me that members of the Golden Dawn began to call Crowley a black magician because he was sexually liberated.

Where is the new experimentation? Where is the new research? The sad fact is that many people who publicly claim to

be following the Golden Dawn tradition have calcified, doing what experimental magicians were doing 100 years ago. That would be like a physicist ignoring all of the discoveries that have occurred in the last century.

Do not feel bad for the public Golden Dawners, however. Some are selling initiations (a time-honored tradition that goes back to Mathers' wife, Crowley, various fringe Masonic Orders, and continues today with Anton LeVey), and, I am told, are doing quite well in the Golden-Dawn-initiations-for-a-profit-business.

Perhaps the most experimental of the original Golden Dawn magicians was Aleister Crowley. Even though *The Book of the Law* said to get rid of the old, "black" rituals, he continued doing them, modifying them and adding to them with his personal vision. He added the name of his Holy Guardian Angel to the Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, and numerous others today follow this pattern, never thinking that perhaps they should discover their own HGA and add that to the LBRP.

The sad fact is that many who try to emulate Crowley have left out the most important parts: originality and experimentation.

## THE WINDS OF CHANGE

There always have been avant garde magicians--those who experiment, try new things and develop new systems. The unknown magicians who devised the Solomonic system of magic exemplified by the *Keys of Solomon* were such. So were Dee and Kelley, Mathers, Yeats, Crowley and Regardie. But these and others were individuals, and in many cases their



writings--visual records of their originality and experimentation--have been locked in stone by people today. Their words have become laws instead of directional beacons. But over the last two decades two revolutions have taken place that are likely to take magick to new and higher levels.

The first revolution was the publication of the works by Kenneth Grant. In those books he basically described where magick had been and where he thought it was going. Along the way he made some rather wild claims. For example, he claimed that to Crowley, eleventh degree OTO-style magick was not necessarily homosexual. Know-it-all that I was back then, I knew that this was wrong. Then I researched further and discovered that Grant was correct. On the other hand, Grant made some conjectures based on word etymology that I still don't accept.

As his series of books was published, new and greater discoveries awaited what was then an indifferent public. (The fact is, his books were never fast sellers, and more people have heard about Grant than have actually read all of his books.) He also wrote of other people experimenting with magick in new directions, including Nema, Michael Bertiaux, Spare and others. Numerous individuals and groups are experimenting with new systems today. One woman is sharing her magnificent drawings based on her experimentation vaulting the Tunnels of Set, while Spare's magick, among other systems, gets used in Thee Temple ov Psychic Youth.

The other revolution you hold in your hands. Printing and publication have, as a result of improved technology, gone so far down in price that it is open to anyone. It used to be that photocopies were poor quality, expensive, and didn't

last. Now they are inexpensive and can look better than originals. To do typesetting that looked good required machinery costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. Today it can be done for a few thousand, and some copy shops will even rent you time on their typesetting computers so that you don't have to pay for the hardware.

Another facet of computers that make them part of the new magical revolution is "bulletin boards" (BBS). Information on magick can quickly and inexpensively be exchanged by people using computer BBS. In short, the second revolution that is important to the advancement in magick is the advancement in easy communications. Journals such as this (Mezlim) are being sent all over the world.

I feel that magick is truly entering a new phase, one that uses the past as a basis for the future. I like to think that my book, *Modern Magick*, helps people achieve that level of having a good grounding in what people have done up to this time. And in spite of being bashed by Bible-waving Fundamentalists, who, in a heresy-stopping furor, are once again making false claims that all occultists are evil and performing human sacrifices, I believe that magick is in a better situation than it has been in the past fifty years.

And as we move toward a new decade and a new century, the best is yet to come.

Editor's Note: Readers interested in a working occult BBS should contact the Black Hole Literary Review BBS which has both *The Magus Library* and a Special Interest Group (SIG) ongoing correspondence file. Contact information is as follows: 1200 BAUD (513) 821-6670  
2400 BAUD (513) 821-6671 8 Bits. 1 stop bit.  
No parity.



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# THE CIRCLE

Laurali

The holy Ereshkigal seated herself upon her throne,  
She fastened her eyes upon her (Inanna) the eyes of death,  
Spoke the word against her, the cry of guilt,  
Struck her, turned her into a corpse.  
The corpse was hung from a nail.

- from Sylvia Perera's  
*Descent to the Goddess*

A couple of months back, I took part in my first journey through the Underworld of my fears. My companions and I passed through the seven gates, leaving our conscious Selves and our clothes behind. My twin sister took part in this muddy little adventure. I left our connection at one of the gates along with my wardrobe. I was no longer acting the part of her caretaker, as I always had before. I was a primal explorer, without the excess baggage of reason or morality. In the Great Round, beneath me and within me, I found parts of mySelf I seldom see or share. I found myself encircled by a hissing serpent, and became it. I transformed myself time and again into the creatures I found there in the center of my abyss. My belly burned with hunger. I became my own worst fear, ready to snarl and slither and kill.

I was unafraid. I heard my sister whimpering somewhere in the dark, like a frightened child, and I didn't care. I was experiencing my own power. This was not her show. It was all mine to explore. Later, she told me that she was afraid of me. I knew she was frightened, and was glad for her fear. I felt Ereshkigal in my shadows smiling. She knew that my sister and I had seen a hidden part of me - now revealed. There are so many more layers to dig through, to expose to myself and others. I know so little of my dark side. There in the Underworld, I spat, hissed, drooled and

hungered for raw flesh. It was a blast!

Like so many people I know, I am both attracted and repelled by this dark side of my nature. I feel the Dark Mother visit me in my nightmares and in my lovely dark depressions. She comes to me when I grow tired of breathing, and knocks at my door, reminding me. I tremble with intrepid delight.

As a child I was informed that expressing my anger was "bad". My loving mother would order me to stay in my room till I stopped foaming at the mouth. She would yell at the top of her lungs at me, and I would have to stand there and "take it". I couldn't say, "Damn you, Bitch! Stop hurting me!" I couldn't say that without getting my face slapped. I know it's not unusual in this mildly repressive society. In this land of amusing parents, children are told to behave like perfect angels (or not at all). I am sorry, but I am not one of those damn cherubs.

Several months ago, one of my friends got caught in the abyss. She asked me if one could get stuck there in the Blackness forever. Can a person become trapped in their own darkness, unable to return? I say that Death is a part of the process of rebirth, and we must be patient with time and with ourselves. This is the process of life, which we will go through again and again. The Darkness is a primal source of creativity and healing, and this process of descent, death and rebirth will continue for as long as our blood flows.

Under my Will, I will also let my feelings flow. Invective and laughter are both forms of inner expression, and I do this for Me.

Blessed Be.

# WHAT DOES ALISTER CROWLEY HAVE TO DO WITH THELEMA ANYWAY?

Samual Webster

It's strange being a magickian among the witches. Stranger still being a Thelemite magickian, a member of the OTO and other Orders and always getting blamed for Uncle Al's misbehavior. Really! What does Aleister Crowley have to do with Thelema anyway?

He's only its founder...

In 1904, in a small hotel room in Cairo the end of the world occurred. The Apocalypse happened and only a middle aged cynical rationalist Buddhist was there to see it. He did not want to be there but after his pregnant wife started telling him "They're waiting for you," he took some interest. He asked "Who are They, What are They like, What are their Attributes?" And she, neither initiate nor studied, rattled off the secret and unpublished traditional Golden Dawn correspondences for Horus: His color, planet, station in the temple, her husband's relationship with the god and many other attributes. The Buddhist, formerly an adept of the Golden Dawn, calculated the odds of correctly guessing the right combination and it was astronomical. Horus was calling.

He was still skeptical. "Show me his image," he demanded of his wife, and off they went to the Cairo Museum. He secretly smirked as she walked right past

image after image of Horus until she stopped and pointed, "That one!" It was the Funerary Stele of the Priest Ankh-af-na-Khonsu. In the Museum catalogue it was numbered Stele #666. Crowley, whose mother used to always call him "You Beast!" was dumbfounded. He had the curators make a copy and a translation and went back to the hotel.

Rose, his wife, told him to do an invocation to Horus, but the way she wanted him to do it broke all the rules. He was to invoke the archetype and force that is Horus among the Egyptians from among four other cultures all at the same time! Although common in modern practice, in his day this was unheard of. He went and invoked the Patron of all Magicks, Thoth, who told him to obey his wife.

On March 20, 1904, Crowley was told by the image of Horus he invoked to enter the emptied room of their hotel suite on April 8, 9, and 10 at the stroke of noon with only paper and pen and wearing a simple white robe.

He sat down at the desk facing the wall of the room with paper and pen in hand. As the twelfth bell was tolled, a Voice behind the scribe began to speak, "Had, the manifestation of Nuit..." This was Aiwaz, the minister of Hoor-Paar-Khraat; the babe in the lotus, the god of innocence and silence. He had come to announce the end of the reign of Osiris, the Slain God, and the enthroning of Ra-Hoor-Khuit, the Risen Lord. Very much like the angel of the Apocalypse of John, who came bearing a little book to be kept sealed until the end times, Aiwaz came bearing words of a new testament of the relationship of Humanity with the Divine.

The central image of this relationship is Ra-Hoor-Khuit, which means in Egyptian the Illuminated Solar Hero. Horus is the only god among the Egyptians who is, dies,



and is born again forgetting all of his godly wisdom but with all of its unguided power. Through His struggles against Set (read Matter) and with the help of his teachers Isis and Thoth, he remembers Who He Is. He awakens from His dreamlike ignorance and chooses to war no more against His Twin as He now remembers Set to be. No longer needing to fight with Materiality, educated in Art by Isis, and Science by Thoth, He is suitable now to rule.

Without an adversarial attitude toward the world, what of the Buddhist doctrine "All is Sorrow?" Chucked. What of the Christian attitude of suffering? Not necessary. "Remember all ye that existence is pure joy, that all the sorrows are but as shadows, they pass & are done; but there is that which remains. (AL II, 9)" What Aiwaz was saying Crowley would not accept but he was forced to write on, "I see thee hate the hand and the pen but for me in thee which thou knewest not..." For three days from Noon until the stroke of One, Crowley wrote the two hundred and twenty verses of the Book of the Law.

For nine years the manuscript gathered dust in the attic of Crowley's Scottish Highland home. Until one day, while looking for skis for a guest he found the manuscript. He had avoided magick and all things related since the time in Cairo. No yoga, no meditation, just being a husband. I think his marriage ended at this point or he chose to go on an excursion to the Sahara for some particular reason. During his sojourn in the desert he was inspired to perform the Enochian Calls of the 30 Æthers. During this visionary experience he became convinced of the profound importance of the Book of the Law and determined to promulgate its way.

In essence, Thelema is a call to radical individual Liberty and Responsibility. It is summed up in the axiom "Do what thou

wilt shall be the whole of the law." Thelema is Greek for will in its creative, magickal or primogenital sense. Thus for an incarnate being, one's will is the intent for which one incarnated. The working hypothesis is that if all things did their Will, did what they are "supposed" to do, there would be no Accidents. The model to describe this is the orderly Solar System, each planet following its own orbit. However, stars, some times whole galaxies, collide. "As brothers fight ye," we are counseled. There will be conflicts of will, perhaps from a greater perspective the conflict itself is the central act and not the apparent ends, and so with the awareness that we are essentially all family let us enter into our conflicts with justice, fairness and honor in our hearts.

This brings us to the phrase, "Love is the law, love under will." This is the principle which is expressed in physics as gravity. In the Egyptian and Hermetic philosophies there is no separation between the forces of nature and the actions of the Humanity and the Divine. The apparent differences are a question of scale. Love is seen at the natural attraction of all things for each other as gravity binds all matter together over vast distances. The place of will is then a matter of determining the right relationship to have with other bodies. We are at the correct distance from the Sun for our kind of life to flourish on Earth. Not much closer or farther would kill us. Thus is Earth in a state of love under will towards the Sun, prolonging its rightful existence. We choose to be near our friends and lovers, we choose to be far from places of pestilence and decay. The law is love, we must have relation, but we get to choose how to relate, placing our love under will.

Throughout the Book of the Law there are little messages to Crowley telling him he will never fully understand that which he has written. An ego blow for sure, but when we look at the declaration made in the third

verse, "Every man and every woman is a star," and look at Crowley's life it is obvious that he never outgrew the Victorian misogyny he was raised with. Although he intellectually comprehended the equality of the sexes he never lived it. Unfortunately, some who follow this path follow in Aleister's footsteps, others are simply blamed for it...

I was raised by stern Irish-Polish Catholic parents. It was wrong to say "no" to them; obedience was a virtue. I was expected to follow out the program set down for me by my parents in education, then grow up and get a "respectable" job. However, the world my parents grew up in is not the one I'm living in and they simply don't have the experience necessary to advise me. With the way I was raised I was very uncertain of myself. I did not know what I really wanted to be when I grew up. To Know Your Will is to know Who You Are and What You Want. This is the essence of the practice of Thelema.

Using classical and self-created rituals and meditations I seek and attain to knowledge of my Will daily, ever knowing that my Will is not a dead static thing but a living process. Perhaps in an ultimate sense one's will is always perfect, yet from our limited perspective we don't always see how. Many 'accidents' become windfalls, if viewed in this light. This is the central teaching of Thelema, that everything is already perfect, if we should just awaken from our ignorant slumber and see.

When Crowley returned from his trip in the desert, several books of verses came spontaneously to his mind and pen and, having written them, he was as yet uncertain of the author. They came to be known as the Holy Books of Thelema, recently published by Samuel Weiser & Co. These cover in greater detail the Cosmogony of Thelema as a representation of

the Egyptian Gnosis and as an extension of Hermetic Philosophy. These texts show the Great Work as the working towards the ending of Sorrow, Sickness and Death: Hedonic Immortalism; learning through pleasure, through love, creativity and cooperation. No longer is it necessary to have a ruler high upon his or her throne to tell us all what to do. "There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt." Each of us is a sovereign with the right and the power to create the world we wish to live in, and also the responsibility.

Responsibility is the key to practising Thelema. By being willing and able to respond to the needs of the times, we as humans fulfill our role in the world as the causers of change and growth. No animal on this planet has the tool making and using skills that we have to transform our environment into a living Heaven or Hell.

Archimedes said, "Give me a lever long enough and a place to stand and I shall move the world." If working the path of causing responsible change is your heart's desire, then Thelema might give you the Lever Long Enough and a Place to Stand.

Oh, yes, what's Crowley got to do with Thelema any way?

Well, he wrote it down...

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### THE ORDO TEMPLI ORIENTIS - A BRIEF HISTORY

In the 18th century the tradition appeared under the leadership of Adam Weishaupt (1748 - 1830); it was then known as The Order of the Illuminati. In the late 19th century an Austrian Adept named Karl Kellner gave to it a new impetus and the name by which it is now known: Ordo Templi Orientis. Kellner was the first Supreme Grand Master of the Order in its modern guise. In 1905 Kellner died and a German Theosophist, Theodor Reuss, became its head; the masonic element then became dominant. In 1913 the English magician Aleister Crowley, took over the leadership, becoming the third Grand Master until his death in 1947. For the ensuing eight years the Order's affairs were conducted by its treasurer, Karl Germer. In 1955 another English occultist, Kenneth Grant, assumed leadership of the Order, dissolving its masonic structure, although not its masonic affiliations, and realigned it with the Stella Wisdom Tradition that originally infused it. Since then there have been numerous claims to the leadership of the Order, as well as internal scisms, resulting in a variety of "OTOs" for the modern initiate to choose from.

# A SEX MAGICKIAN'S ALCHEMICAL GUIDE TO QUARTZ CRYSTALS

by Bill Siebert

Bill is a co-founder of *Math of the ChRySTAL HUMM*, a Shamanic/Alchemical Thelemic Powerzone near Ithaca, NY. He is one of the 3 founding Sovereigns of the *Chthonic/Auranian OTO*, a branch of the *Ordo Templi Orientis* dedicated to exploration-&-union of the Dark/Light Mysteries of all Aeonic formula. Bill is also a regional coordinator of the *Esoteric Order of the Dagon*, a Lovecraftian Mystery School descended from the Sirius mystery cults of Egypt, Babylon & Sumeria, by way of Gateways within creative individuals who are capable of *dreaming the mythos* & making it accessible even to those who do not believe dreams to be real.

## Introduction

I have been working with quartz crystals for a decade now. I began in 1980 with a crystal to assist me to recollect & re-work my dreams. I was so amazed at the power & native intelligence of my newly acquired

tool, that I sought more information<sup>1</sup>.

I always feel somewhat at a loss when talking about crystals. I have found that *Truth* (with a capital T) cannot be communicated explicitly thru human language — it can only be hinted-at. Whenever I encounter someone else's attempt to express *Truth*, I find it obfuscated with dogma. I can only assume that others find my own writings similarly flawed. I find that dogma has about the same relationship to *Truth* that dry dogshit has to a dog. That is to say, I find dogma to be a lifeless desiccated residue of living ever-evolving *Truth*. I have found that it is far more useful for me to water all dogma which comes my way with inspiration, in the hope that it may fertilize my own personal living/growing mythologies, than to enshrine it on my altar, or cast it about as though it were manna from heaven. The best way that I have found to convey *truth* (with a small t) is to use metaphor, mythology, and lots of personal anecdotes.

I have found that I can best work with crystals by treating them as wise sentient beings, irregardless of whether they are or not. I make no attempt to be an objective observer, or an impartial experimenter. The only way I can become objective is for me to become an object. I feel that living beings are verbs, not objects. To live is to change. It is thru the act of *going* that I become more real, & more at-cause in my personal Universe. As part of my *Magick of Becoming*, I treat everything as though it is

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[1.] In 1981-82, I acquired my preliminary *formal training* in crystals from *Oh-Shinnah Fast Wolf*, a Crystal Shaman & Amerindian Medicine Woman. *Oh-Shinnah's* eclectic mythologies coupled with her direct hands-on approach & her myriad personal anecdotes gave me a firm foundation in working with crystals. Her eclecticism & diversity simply impressed me greatly.

I also read some *New Age* books on crystals, their use in magic & their mythology. I skimmed many more such books, but much *New Age* material is far too moralistic, preachy, & dogmatic for me to stomach it in large doses. For the most part, I learned most of what I know about crystals from crystals themselves. I have found that personal hands-on experience is the best teacher — particularly in regards to quartz crystals. Crystals are vast storehouses of information, as well as eager sentient allies upon the Path of Magick.



sentient, intelligent, and able to communicate with me. For the most part, this is a partial truth — which becomes more real the more I express it & practice it. If my approach does not sit well with you, invent an alternative mythology which fits-in with your personal experience of *All-that-is*. [Sometimes, crystals appear to me to be repositories of energy fluxes, rather than beings with whom I communicate. Crystals don't seem to care how I view them, or whether or not I think they are intelligent.]

This essay is a series of meditation exercises, instructions for dream workings, and other practical ritual techniques. These exercises are not designed to be followed to the letter. They are *jumping-off places* for creating/discovering how you can best work with crystals. I have found the following general guidelines to be useful in all of my work. If they work for you, feel free to use them. If they do not work for you, write your own.

1. Ritual has a life all its own. Do not attempt to constrain a living ritual into a pre-set mold. Allow/encourage it to grow/evolve.
2. Read over the rituals as I have written them. Familiarize yourself with what you will be doing & what equipment/supplies you will need.
3. Make whatever change(s) you think/feel are appropriate. Be practical. Don't make the ritual so complex that you get lost in it. Use whatever materials are at hand. If you require yourself to acquire lots

of tools/toys you can't afford, you probably will never get around to doing the ritual.

4. Go over the ritual in your mind until you feel comfortable that you understand what you are doing.
5. Assemble whatever equipment /ingredients you need. If you do forget<sup>2</sup> some crucial ingredient, it is inadvisable to break your meditative flow during your ritual to fetch something you forgot. Cancel your plans or improvise<sup>3</sup>.
6. Put this book & all of your notes away before starting your ritual. Do not disrupt the flow of your ritual to consult your notes. If you cannot remember what to do next, sit down with your crystal(s) & meditate on what it is you are working to accomplish. When inspiration comes upon you, flow from your meditation back into your ritual, without fussing over whether you are following your original ritual outline or not.
7. Do whatever comes naturally. Your crystals themselves are your best guide. Use this book for as long as it is useful to you, then pass it on to someone else.

## A Creation Myth

First, a bit of mythology. From my perspective, planet earth is a collective consciousness, named *Gaia*, who is the vector sum of all individual consciousnesses within it<sup>4</sup>.

From what I am able to comprehend of

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[2.] Forgetfulness is often a symptom of some internal turmoil. If you find yourself canceling-out on rituals a lot because you have forgotten something, I suggest you examine your motives to see why you are sabotaging yourself.

[3.] Improvisation can be fun if you are adventurous. Once I forgot the wine which was to be used as a sacrament in a ritual, so I dug into the earth until I struck water & used it instead of wine.

the nature of the Universe, individuated conscious life seems to be an inexorable phase in the evolution of the consciousness of existence, which some call *God* or *Goddess*. Biological life (such as us humans) is a latecomer to the ecology of *Gaia*. Simple mineral crystals are representatives of a form of the continuity of the consciousness of existence which was ancient when the first biological organism became manifest.

Life when viewed from our provincial biological perspective, seems to be concerned primarily with assembling more of itself thru growth & reproduction. Life may be thought of as that which has the Will to impress its food with its own self-sustaining self-replicating pattern of organization. For biological life, the main vehicle for growth is the internal chemical template (RNA/DNA of genetic code & the chemical factories in our cells). Mineral crystals are quite similar to biological life, only their chemical factories are external, rather than internal. They grow by accretion & reproduce by budding &/or with seed crystals, using their own outer surfaces as templates.

There is an old Arabian saying which states that God must have been the first blacksmith, for it is not possible for any mortal to forge a pair of tongs unless s/he already has a pair of tongs. The RNA/DNA template is analogous to a blacksmith's tongs. If it does not already exist, life cannot be forged afresh. Positing God (or Goddess) as a motivating force may indicate the *Why* of biological

creation, but not the *How*. As a magickian & *god-in-training*, I am ever-striving to understand the origin of God's tongs, the primal biological template.

Quartz crystals seem to suggest part of an answer. Before biological life manifested upon this planet, the oceans were warm, rich in minerals and filled with simple organic molecules, the basic building blocks of life. This nutritious soup engendered thru simple chemical reactions, with sunlight & lightning acting as catalysts. The microcrystalline structure of Quartz clay (abundant along the shores of the primal sea) provided the necessary matrix within which Life began. The chemical template structure of quartz is by no means as complicated or as sophisticated as even the simplest of today's genes, but it seems to have been sufficient to inspire the onset of biological life — particularly if *Gaia* had memories of other experiments with biological life, or a sample of that which it was seeking to bring into manifestation.

Viruses, as well as bacterial, mold & higher fungal spores, are able to journey thru the vast cold emptiness of interstellar space. This mode of transportation is not as certain or as direct a means of information exchange as spaceships, but it is far more accessible to those organisms which lack the manipulative ability to build larger ships with stardrives & navigational equipment.

Inference & experimental data gained thru past life regressions, dream memories, and consciousness exploration within my

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[4.] For me, *Gaia* is most definitely an *IT*, rather than (the more commonly presumed) *She*, for the greater bulk of life on this planet (whether measured in number of individuals, number of species, or raw tonnage) does not fit our rather provincial sexuals tereotype of *Mother-Earth*.

By the word *IT*, I do not connote that *Gaia* is either neuter or non-sexual. Qabalists may recognize *IT* as the *Hermit* & *Lust* cards of the Tarot conjoined, by which I seek to express that Planet Earth is perpetually sexual & in constant orgasm. To say that in another way, *Gaia* is conscious of the continuity of existence, rather than being *divided for love's sake, for the chance of union*.

genetic code all seem to indicate that Gaia first manifested biological life thru the use of silica quartz clay as its primal template using ideas &/or samples of co-evolutionary biological life which came here from other (much older) star systems. Some humans seem to be living hybrids of Terrene life with alien spores &/or viruses from other planets. This mythology helps to explain the intuitive link which we humans have with quartz crystals & with the earth as our parent. It also helps to explain the fascination which many of us feel for far-away places amongst the stars.

### Crystal Selection

To me, every crystal is alive. Each crystal has its own unique personality & Will, and its own unique purpose. For me, working with crystals is much like exploring a sexual relationship<sup>5</sup>.

My primary experience is with clear quartz crystals. Colored crystals each have their own mythologies & their own very specialized uses. For use with this *guide*, I recommend good clear Arkansas quartz, especially if you are a beginner. Their character is strong & vibrant. If you find that Arkansas quartz is too *edgy* for you, try working with Brazilian or Madagascar quartz, which are reputed to have a more mellow & rounded character. For most general work, stay away from doubly terminated crystals (those with points on

each end) — at least until you feel you know what you are doing. This caveat applies especially to Herkimer diamonds, a particularly vibrant doubly terminated quartz found only in Herkimer, New York. I suggest picking a crystal which fits comfortably in your hand. 2-4 inch crystals are good — depending on your hand size & personal preference. Stay away from small jewelry crystals for the practices in this guide. You need one which is massive enough for you to feel — even when you are sleeping.

### Cleansing

Crystals are recording devices which are perpetually on. They pick-up & store information & psychic impressions constantly. Their capacity to store & retrieve information appears to be infinite. I have reason to believe that although each crystal is a unique entity, each is also an integral part of the consciousness of *Gaia*, and, as such, acts as a local access terminal to the planetary equivalent of the Akashic Library. I have found that a crystal's memory may be divided into 2 portions — that which is temporary (erasable) & that which is a permanent part of the consciousness of *Gaia*. A crystal's personality, Will, and Path cannot be altered thru cleansing, which erases its temporary storage, but it can be fixing, which makes temporary storage permanent.

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[5.] I found that when I first became sexually active, it was very useful for me to commit myself to an intense monogamous relationship until I had some idea what sex & relationships were all about. When I began working with crystals, I was given my first crystal by my lover. I worked with that crystal exclusively for about 5 months before my prime dream crystal & I found each other. I worked with that crystal every night for about 4 years, at which point I gave it to a new magickal friend to forge a dream link between us. As I gained skill, knowledge, & confidence, I expanded my horizons. Now, I work with dozens of crystals — some of which have been with me for years, and some of which come & go thru my life so quickly that I barely get to know them. On the other hand, I have found that each person I know tends to have a unique relationship with the crystals in his/her life. I have known people who bought their first crystal thru a mail order catalog (which strikes me as being about as bizarre as marrying a total stranger!) &/or who began relationships with dozens of crystals within the first few months of working with them.

Crystals are most readily cleansed by soaking them in a salt water solution, which is approximately as concentrated as sea water. Use your taste & intuition rather than exact measure to determine the appropriate strength of your cleansing bath. I soak each crystal individually for at least 24 hrs (3 days if I have never cleansed that particular crystal before). I discard the solution after one use. If I have several crystals to cleanse, I use separate cups or jars to soak each crystal. I prefer to use glass or plastic containers. I do not like earthenware because it picks-up & stores the vibrations I am trying to get rid of. I almost never use metal<sup>6</sup>, because metal impresses its vibrational character upon the crystal being cleansed. Glass is a chemical cousin of quartz, but its crystalline structure is much more fluid. Glass is de-energized completely by washing in salt water, so it

makes a good cleansing vessel. Plastic (especially Teflon, TFE, & Polycarbonate) are insulators & neutral storage containers for subtle psychic energies. They are ideal for cleansing crystals & are also ideal for long-term storage of crystal essences, which I will talk about later.

Many authors of *New-Age* crystal books seem to feel that a crystal must be cleansed before it can be used. I have heard all sorts of dire warnings about negative psychic energy which might possibly emanate from uncleansed crystals. They make it sound as though a crystal which comes to you from a close friend or a trusted merchant should be treated as if it were a letter-bomb or an AIDS suspect. I have heard unsubstantiated tales of psychic vampires, insanity, virulent disease, & suicide being attributed to using crystals without cleansing them first<sup>7</sup>. Hogwash! Such talk

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[6.] For advanced work, cleansing a crystal in a metal container, or with metal &/or metallic salts in the salt water can be used to imbue a crystal with the essential character of that metal. For details, see the section on miscellaneous techniques in part II - next issue.

[7.] Sure, it is *possible* to acquire a crystal which was once used by a powerful magickian (perhaps even a black magickian, if you believe in-&-fear black magick - To paraphrase Isaac Bonewits — Black Magick is that magick which is practiced by those people I do not like &/or who use methods of which I do not approve (i.e., understand)), especially if you shop for crystals in antique stores or frequent auctions & garage sales. To me, such crystals have *character & experience*, rather than psychic contamination. If you do manage to locate a truly powerful crystal relic of some Archmage or psychotic, its *character* is probably so *fixed* that the only people skilled enough to cleanse such an *ally*, would probably find the idea of *erasing* it abhorrent. If you come across any crystals which you feel to be truly *cursed*, please send them my way. Many so-called *cursed objects* (A rather infamous crystal skull I have heard about, but have not yet met, is purported to be able to transfer its *curse* to any gemstone stored in the same safe with it. Although the skull is far out of my price range (even if it were to be offered for public sale, which is not likely), I would dearly love to locate its whereabouts. In my dreams, I know this crystal skull, and would love to get to know it in person. I would like to create an arrangement with the skull's present custodians so I could have the skull charge some crystals for me to distribute amongst those who are interested/capable in communing with its energy.) are, from my perspective, more than likely to be powerful magickal entities who are seeking symbiotic relationships with those human magickians who are able to appreciate their energy, and not fear their intensity. Such crystalline beings probably have better things to do than instruct novices or be treated as *Objects-of-Art*. On the other hand, I have met several crystals which seemed to have no interest in a relationship with anyone. They acted like library books or travelling teachers, who seemed imbued with a *geas* (A *geas* is kind of difficult to describe. Its meaning varies somewhat according to the context in which it is used. A *geas upon* a person might be a task which they feel compelled to fulfill. A person acting under a *geas* might be thought of as acting obsessed. However, in the context I am using *geas*, the crystal is not obsessed. The crystal, itself, creates the *geas* & is the focus of its action. A *geas'ed* crystal places a willed stress upon the probability matrix of the multiverse to induce (but not compel) all animate beings/forces to cooperate in transporting the crystal (an inanimate being) to where s/he/it wills to go. Perhaps *geas'ed*



is only middle-class germ phobia translated to psychic realms.

Magick is the Art & Science of causing change in conformity with Will. Crystals magnify internal thoughts/feelings & reflect them back to those who work with them. As such, crystals which are worked-with <uncleansed> over long stretches of time become excellent allies in the on-going work of editing subliminal feedback loops. On the other hand, those who project their negative program loops outward as fear and paranoia may find that crystals are difficult (or impossible) to work with — until/unless they are willing to deal with (what I term) their *victim consciousness*.

I suggest that if you pick-up a crystal for the first time & you don't feel comfortable with its energy, **Don't Use It!** — even if it was given to you by a powerful magickian or a close friend. Return it from whence it came (explaining your discomfort, but without apologizing for your feelings). Or, act as the crystal's steward/matchmaker<sup>8</sup> until you pass it on to someone whom you feel may be a more suitable match for the energy of that particular crystal.

Sometimes I do recommend regular & thorough cleansings for crystals, but such instances are rare. Here are a few examples:

Professional Healers (as distinct from

those who are just learning how to use crystals) may wish to minimize energy carry-over between clients by rinsing their healing crystals in salt water, each time they are used.

Those who teach crystal classes may want to cleanse their loaner's after every class so each student can tap-into the essence of his/her crystal unencumbered, rather than having it mixed with the mental/emotional states of all the other students who have ever used that crystal.

Crystals which are used in hospitals & hospices to assist the dying (see advanced techniques, Pt II - next issue) are usually kept in a very strong salt water bath which is changed daily. Crystals used institutionally are frequently cleansed in bulk, rather than one crystal per container. I feel that this is a commonsense procedure, so long as care is taken that each batch of crystals is allowed to cleanse for at least 3 hours after the *last* crystal was added to the batch.

Washing (sometimes called cleaning) is very different from cleansing. I have found that many crystals love to be rinsed in cool tap water; some even like being buried in snowbanks. Washing removes surface grime, enlivens a crystal's psychic field & enables clean contact between your hand & the crystal's physical being. Some crystals prefer to be bathed in light, rather than water. Many like to sunbathe —

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crystals get the reputation of being cursed when so-called sentient beings lock them away, thus preventing other animate beings from assisting them in their travels — frustration simply induces the crystal to turn-up the intensity of their *geas*! (Modern Western civilization (I lump most communist countries in Western civilization) seem to me to be very audacious (or stupid) in their bureaucratic property-&-border fixated blind encumberence of pilgrims, madmen, & shamans.) to keep them moving. My best guess is that they do this so as to keep their knowledge/experience in circulation.

[8.] I always help each crystal to get to the person who is attuned with its vibration. I don't try to wash-away that which makes me feel uncomfortable. I have developed relationships with every crystal which has come my way without cleansing any of them. I like to know where each crystal has been, share in its life's experience, & learn from its adventures. [This seems to be analogous to my enthusiasm in getting to know a new lover's past adventures, rather than wishing she were a virgin.]

Herkimer diamonds seem to be the major exception to this rule<sup>9</sup>. I do advise caution, however, in exposing crystals to temperature extremes, as they may crack or

shatter<sup>10</sup>.

*This is the end of part I. Part II of A Sex Magickian's Alchemical Guide to Quartz Crystals will appear in the next issue of MEZLIM.*

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[9.] I have been told (but have not verified) that the *quality* which makes Herkimer diamonds so *special*<sup>a</sup> is obliterated entirely if the crystal is ever exposed to direct sunlight. Once a Herkimer has been exposed to sunlight, they seem to enjoy being in the light, where they behave like very clear & brilliant specimens of double-terminated quartz<sup>b</sup>.

<a>: Supposedly<sup>c</sup>, Herkimers which have never been exposed to direct sunlight make excellent allies for those experienced magickians who specialize in astral projection, communing with advanced races of beings from other Star Systems, and forging symbiotic relationships with sentient lifeforms from other dimensions. I am told that the only way to obtain such a specimen is to mine it yourself. Then (to maximize its effects & protect it from inadvertent exposure to sunlight), it should be sealed within a hollowed-out polished disk (engraved & painted with appropriate sigils) made from a slice of meteorite, and worn on a band around the head. This device professes to channel most of the gross energy of the Herkimer diamond within the meteorite, while encouraging its subtle energies to interact with its wearer thru his/her *ajna* (third eye) chakra. Herkimer/Magickian/Meteorite act synergistically. Lines of force connect the newly-formed gestalt consciousness (H/M/M) thru extra-terrestrial channels within the meteorite, while the diamond quests for communion with other Stars. The magickian provides the Will/focus to speed the search for appropriate contacts.

<b>: I have never met a Herkimer which had been kept away from sunlight. I am reporting untested information which came to me by way of an Atlantean power crystal I met at a rock-&-gem show. Much of the information was later corroborated by a crystal healer I once met who has memories of being a Mage in Atlantis.

<c>: Double-terminated quartz crystals are usually excellent teachers for those who wish to learn astral projection & crystal skrying, but they tend to be over-protective of those who are adventurous in their wanderings. I have found that Atlantean power crystals<sup>d</sup> are the exception to this rule. Such crystals often lead novices on wild adventures thru Space/Time.

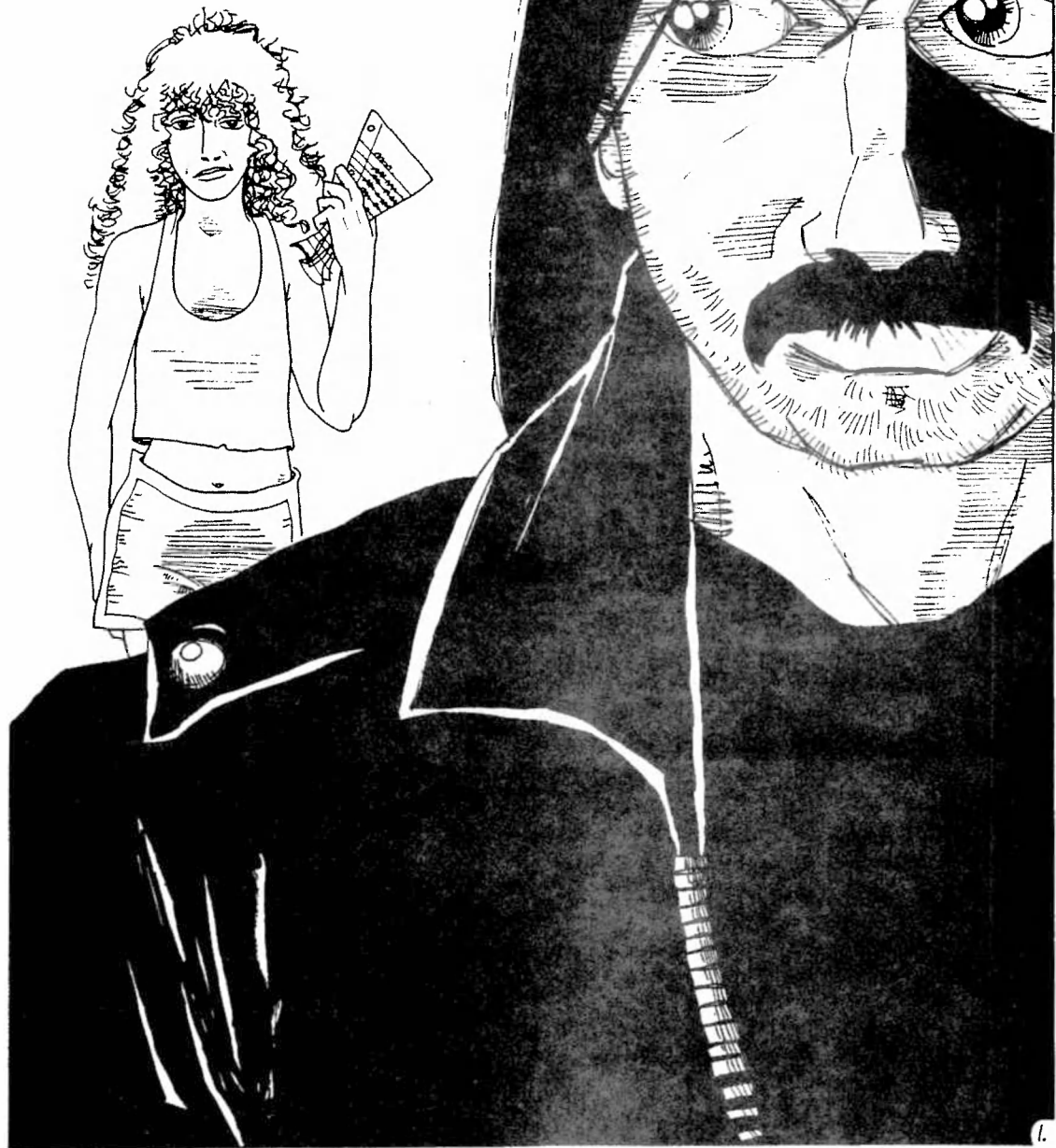
<d>: When I speak of an *Atlantean Crystal*, I do not mean to imply that a particular crystal was physically present at Atlantis. It may have been, but I have no way to verify such a claim. To me, an *Atlantean Crystal* is one which somehow taps me into an Atlantean mythology and invokes (or perhaps *evokes*) knowledge &/or images relating to technological use of crystals — usually for communication/transportation. Often this information is presented allegorically or mythologically with implications of a meta-technology involving physical time travel and D-hopping (as an outgrowth of the merger of physical science, spirituality, and transcendental Alchemy). I have found that such crystals have physical similarities to one another. In my experience, *Atlantean Crystals* all have a very distinctive (if held in the proper light) angular & highly reflective metallic inclusion. Most have one inclusion. Some have several. The inclusions are most often triangular, and are generally translucent, rather than opaque or transparent.

[10.] Sometimes a crystal will ask you to expose it to extremes of temperature to bud-off a small fragment. I usually give such seed crystals to friends or bury them at global chakra-points.

CINCINNATI BABYLON:  
**A BIT OF BLOOD**

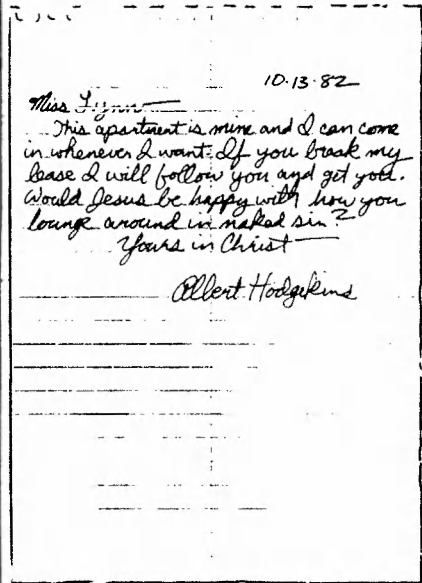


BASED ON A TRUE  
STORY BY *Rick McCallum*/1988

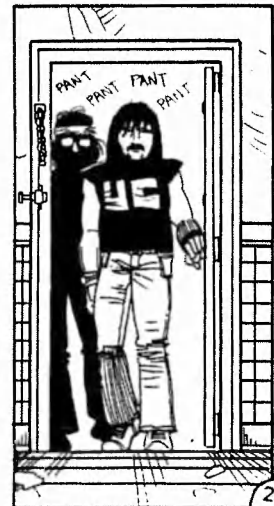
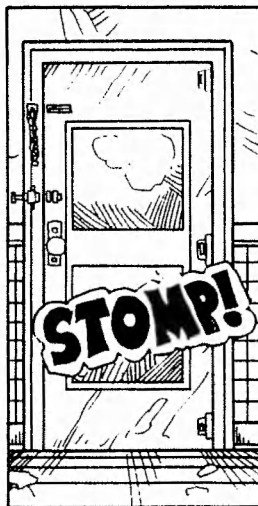


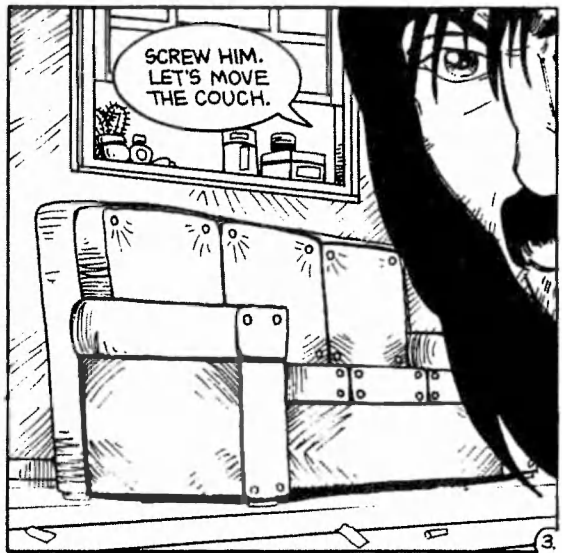


"THE NEXT DAY, SHE FOUND THIS NOTE TACKED TO HER DOOR."



"SO LYNN DID WHAT ANY SENSIBLE YOUNG WOMAN WOULD DO."









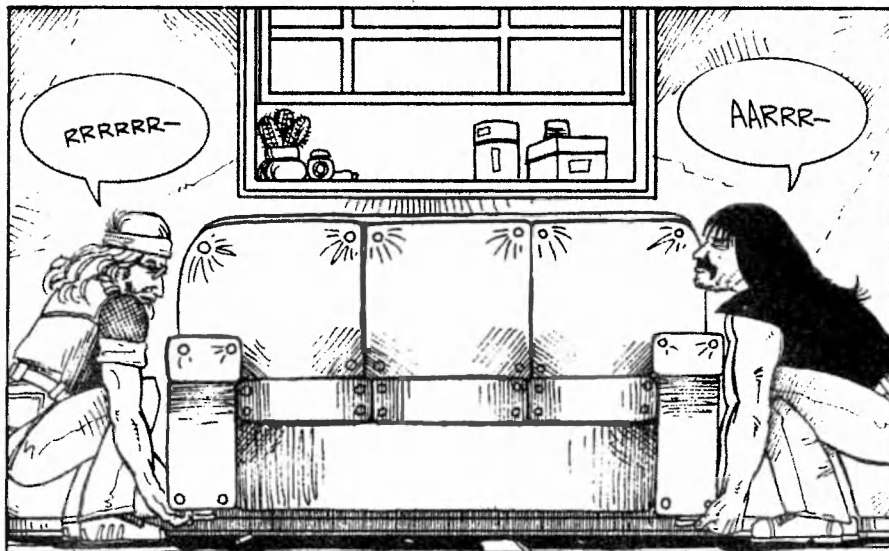
YEAH.

IT'S HEAVY.



OH-HH-  
MY ACHING  
BACK!

HUMPH.  
YOUR BACK  
AND MY ASS.

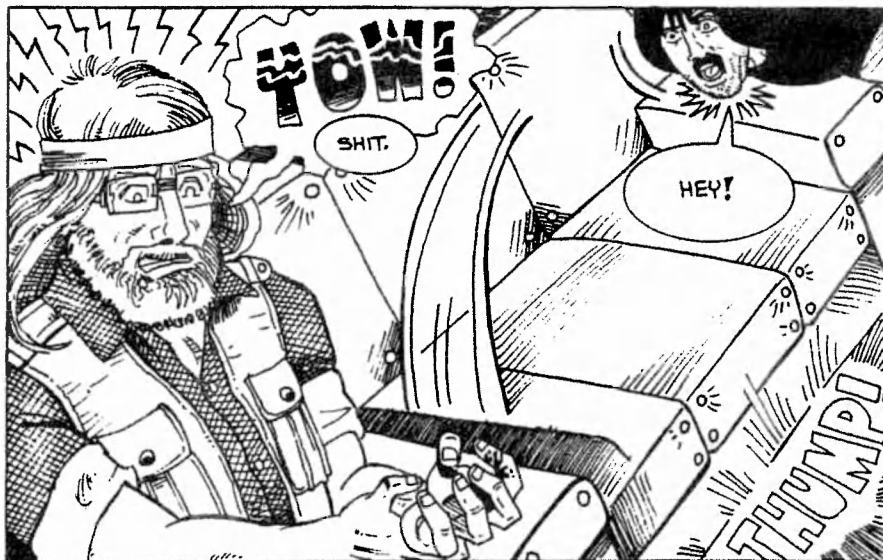


RRRRRR-

AARRR-

CREAK!

CREAK!



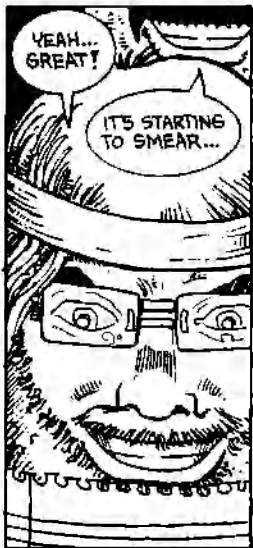
**POW!**

SHIT.

HEY!



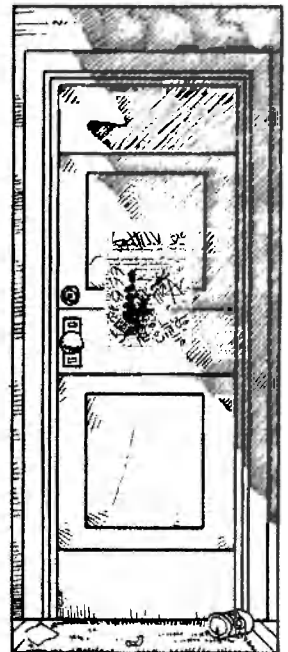
DON'T WHAT  
HAPPENED?



"WE DID A PRETTY GOOD JOB, CONSIDERING THAT OL' DON'S FINGER WAS LOUSY AS A PEN OR BRUSH."



"WE FINISHED MOVING. THEN, WHILE LYNN WAITED IN THE TRUCK, DON AND I TAPED THE LANDLORDS' NOTE UP ON HIS DOOR. WE CHANTED SOME INANE OCCULT GIBBERISH ALL THE WHILE, JUST LOUD ENOUGH FOR HIM TO HEAR."



"HE NEVER OPENED THE DOOR. HE NEVER BOTHERED LYNN AGAIN. SHE GOT HER DEPOSIT BACK THE NEXT DAY, ALONG WITH A NOTE OF APOLOGY. HE EVEN PAID HER LAST MONTHS' UTILITY BILL."



LYNN DROPPED ME. OH, ABOUT A WEEK LATER, SHE THEN STARTED DATING DON.



THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT.



SO WHAT DO YOU WANT, ANYWAY?

END.

## Utopian Vision

The Visions of Kanadu  
can be Realized at last  
Arise, O Great People  
Arise and Awake  
Your Time is Post-Nigh at Hand  
Take action this moment  
and the Wars will stop this day  
I've seen great visions  
I've seen great signs  
This day All shall know  
The Quantum Die is Cast  
And Kanadu is Here at Last  
Yea,  
The Child has Conquered  
The Child has been Crowned  
and By the Crown the Kingdom is Found  
Hold!  
News Flash  
First Tensegrity Sphere City  
100% Operational  
To Space, To Space  
Hear I, the Cry  
For in Infinit Space can Estacy be Found  
Yea  
In the Night the Stars are Bright  
Hold  
News Flash  
100 Monkey come together  
for gleeful dance  
O great People  
Arise and Awake  
So All Might dance  
With these Most Holy Hundred Monkeys

-Tamo Willsat



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# BIRTHRIGHT

## A Working in Nine Months

© Kenneth Deigh 1987

### Prelude:

The Birthright working was born out of fear and confusion. My magickal work had been becoming increasingly intense and my ability to rationalize its effects was slipping. Over the 18 months preceding, I had begun receiving images which seemed to fit into a pattern of ritual magick. I had repeated visions of robed figures moving about a fire - underground. At first they seemed to be in a cave, but it was domed and had a smoke hole at the top, and sometimes it was only a deep pit. The tools the figures used were of bone and hand wrought metal and ceramic. The overall impression was quite primal.

Along with these visions came intuitive, emotional and kinetic "sensations" - realizations of who these figures were and what they were doing. These sparks of akashic memory frightened me. I had no wish to "channel" any information, for any reason. But it soon became clear that I was the one who needed the system that I was receiving.

Only recently I had gone through a self initiation which had swept away any real belief in the Reality I had been taught, and I was still shaky from the experience. It felt as if I were being consumed by some incomprehensibly huge being, who was just barely aware of me. This terror did not disappear after the initiation, and it was in hopes of putting my experiences into some sort of context that I began the Birthright.

The following are excerpts from my journal of the time.

### The Working:

5-5-86 During my meditation today I felt a strong current of Dhyanna energy. I got some pretty interesting images by setting up a screen and projecting unconscious images about my fears.

The first image I got was of an old dog that just growled at me, then began to age rapidly as I seemed to pull back away from him and up into the air. The next image was of a prowling dragon. Red and green mottled skin, surrounded by fog or smoke. The dragon was not on the screen, but behind a transparent wall, and I was a child - in something like a one cage zoo. The dragon seemed enraged, bitter, wounded and dangerous. . . from the eyes of my child. E. appeared beside me in a shining coat of mail, carrying a huge sword, and I knew that she would protect me if necessary.

At one point the dragon told me that it was me, and I was terrified to imagine that I might be this raging beast. The breakthrough came when E. asked me to ask the dragon what hurt it. At once I got a vision of a blasted and lonely planet - the dragon as the last of his kind - all else destroyed - the whole universe destroyed! No one else appeared in the vision, and I could sense the dragon's grief and abandonment. At this moment I realized that not only had "I" passed through the glass wall and become the dragon, but this dead world was what I had been taught to see by my childhood. With this new awareness the scene rippled and changed into life again. The dragon, instead of going out to destroy, as I had expected him to, became very happy, childlike and curious and went off to explore this new universe.

This seems to have something to do with the idea of "Birthright" - as a sort of universal

potential which we all have access to, but have forgotten how to reach. I'm not quite sure what it is, but I feel that circumstances have denied me something which should be a part of me. And I intend to find it. In order to do this I commit myself to a working of nine months to recreate my child, to be reborn into the birthright of humanity.

---

*This was my motivation for the Birthright working. It felt strange to be working towards such a vague and distant end. I was used to having very definable and attainable goals to my magickal work, and this was an entirely new phenomenon. I spent a good bit of time trying to define for myself what it was that I was attempting to do. It felt like I was awakening a "process" - as opposed to a "thing."*

*The form of my daily ritual at the beginning of Birthright was quite simple. I began by opening the Temple with my own version of the LBR, and then doing an evocation of Dhyanna. Dhyanna being my connection to the whole of Mater/Matter; my creative womb; my idealized Mother and my own body. Then I communed with Dhyanna for a time, allowing Her to lead me into the process of Awakening my Child. Then a brief closing and banishing.*

---

5-6-86 I just did a quick meditation to energize my Birthright of power - I can feel it right now. The energy flowed into me almost immediately. I still am not real clear about the form and content of this working, but I like the spontaneity of it.

Later: Another meditation - this one looking for my fears again. Realized connections between sexual arousal and emotional distress/pain - watching Mother in physical pain while I'm rubbing her back during one of her asthma attacks. I'm young - 7-10 years old - and sexually aroused by the situation. I seem to resent the arousal; I'm also very sleepy and confused. Despite feelings of guilt, I have fantasied of crawling up into my Mother's vagina - back to the womb. In my meditation I fantasied about performing oral sex on mother, very aroused. Sudden thoughts of my younger sister. Perhaps something to do with the breaking of incest tabu? Visualized myself shrinking down to about a foot tall and crawling into mother's vagina - like a big wet cave/tunnel - flashes of child & pre-birth images. In the womb again. What am I afraid of? It feels like I am afraid to face that I am God - really God! What does that mean to me? Is this the veil of fear that separates me from the Ain Soph Aur? The flashes of realization I get from beyond this veil are of utter perfection and certainty - immense power and mythic form - all the archetypes of Godhead. These images are very strong! My body is blazing with energy! An angelic figure takes form before me - just beyond the veil. SHE tells me to call HIR Avatar, after warning me that I would find HIR true name too disturbing right now.

Avatar speaks to me for awhile - sends images, impressions, memories - telling me that I am avoiding my own completion; that it is this wholeness that I fear. I don't remember HIR leaving, only waking up in the temple room.

I wonder what this archetype can mean. I don't trust its face value. I can't seem to accept what it has to say, but I am very aware of the intense love and acceptance I can feel radiating from it to me.

---

*From the beginning, I was quite confused about what direction to take, what I was supposed to DO in this process. Dhyanna kept telling me that I needed to Trust my inner self to guide me. This was not a comfortable notion. I liked to be in the "driver's seat", choosing which direction to take, with clear goals in sight.*

*Instead I had a vague idea that I needed to develop a relationship with this Dhyanna entity, as my perfect mother, and that this was in some way going to release aspects of my child that had been repressed.*

*It was especially disconcerting to find that within a few days of beginning the working, I was*

losing even the ritual structure that I had chosen to contain the experience. I had planned on spending time just sitting with Dhyanna and talking - kind of a Gestalt psychodrama session in Temple. But it seemed that every time I sat down to chat with Dhyanna I would take off in another direction. Usually confronting a fear that I was only able to express as a fear of Being God.

---

5-9-86 Today's rite was incredible! I feel like I've made a major breakthrough! I started by putting myself into a deep trance state before entering my astral temple and setting the wards. Once there I projected an image of Avatar beyond the transparent walls of the temple and called to Hlr. SHe appeared immediately. Hlr image was one of an angelic, androgynous child - an impression of great solar wings - very warm, loving, humorous, powerful! I still wasn't convinced that I wouldn't end up being God if I embraced this being, and told Hlr as much. SHe replied that I had nothing to worry about, that SHe was the Avatar of my own life and nothing more, and that it was only my fears that held me back from realizing who I was.

After some hesitation - the fear was still quite intense despite all assurances - I stepped through the wall of the temple and embraced Avatar. I was immediately at the center of an explosion of light! I could feel the power and all I could see were waves of golden-white light thudding through me!

This lasted for perhaps ten seconds, then I came out of it. I was in my physical temple again. I was hyperventilating - my whole body screaming with energy! I felt HUGE! I felt reborn - a Phoenix arising from the ashes!

This feeling of being blasted full of energy lasted for a little over an hour before dwindling to a pleasant relaxation. I don't know quite what to make of it. I remain [desperately] skeptical, but it's not easy. I feel like this is the HGH that I thought I had met years ago. I find it hard to believe that the working could have succeeded so quickly, although I've been working along the same lines for years now.

Whatever else, this has changed me, opened me. I'll just have to wait and see how.

---

*I feel that it was at this point that the whole mental focus of the working began to clear for me. I had been quite unclear at first, and was following my intuition along with a few stray words that seemed to resonate on deep levels within me. Now I had a vivid sensation of passing through another level of evolution. I wasn't sure what changes this would manifest on the physical plane, and I could feel myself literally clenching my body in fear of what might happen next. But at least there was a measure of clarity. Birthright was about evolution! It was beginning to "make sense" - at least to some extent.*

*At the same time, I wasn't even a month into the working, and I had committed myself to nine months of this. If this sort of thing was happening now, what could I expect by then? I felt myself withdrawing from the process, and for a few days I just sat there in Temple, feeling like I'd tied my mind into a gordian knot.*

---

5-12-86 The intensity has worn off, and I've avoided connecting with Avatar since the integration. The fears have come back, but there seems to be a part of me on the other side of them now that knows I'll be okay. Still, it's almost impossible to force myself to continue the Birthright.

[Later] I did a reading today to try to get some insight on this Avatar character.

1) Queen of disks 2) Knight of disks 3) Ten of swords 4) The Aeon 5) Four of wands 6) Two of swords 7) Queen of cups 8) The Tower 9) Six of swords 10) Three of disks 11) Adjustment

The resistance to dealing with any of this is so strong that I can't do anything more than record the reading. I am getting no impressions whatsoever from the cards.

In retrospect, the Queen of Disks in Keter was my own capacity for self nurturing awakening in the desert of my psyche. This was the necessary beginning of the work.

Knight of Disks in Chokmah was the fertility and creativity awakened by this new oasis of nurturing.

10 of Swords in Binah referred to the psychological abuse and repression received from my biological mother, and also my own avoidance of my own healing process by hiding in my intellect.

The Aeon in Chesed was Avatar, acting as my guide and the architect of my future self. This made the path safe - eventually - and allowed me to continue.

4 of Wands in Geburah indicated that my essential strength lay in what was to arise from my unconscious; and, that I needed to allow myself to rest when necessary to maintain this strength.

2 of Swords in Tiphareth was the key to my healing, and to the vision of my Higher Self. The combination of the influence of Chokmah (2) and Binah (as the Rose of the Mother) in their most peaceful aspect allowed me to recognize that my identity lay not in my biological parents, but in those which I create within me.

Queen of Cups in Netzach told me a great deal about the quality of my interactions with others, and with myself. It also showed me that I could become less reflective and reactive; that I still had to assume my own sovereignty.

The Tower in Hod made sense to me even then. It was the simultaneous breaking apart and illumination of my intellect. I began to realize that intellectual Knowledge and intuitive Gnosis were quite different animals. And I began to learn how to Let Go.

The 6 of Swords in Yesod gives the underlying pattern of the whole process. I would eventually succeed in my endeavor. This was inevitable. But I had not yet been able to see into this "dream".

The 3 of Disks in Malkuth is not a pyramid, but a tetrahedron. This card showed me the manifestation of the working - a strong and stable structure, founded on the prime aspects of my being.

Finally, Atu VIII - Adjustment in Daath - attaining the balance of Knowledge and Gnosis; recognizing the NEED for balance; and, allowing myself to let go of the old imbalanced perception of myself.

On some level I realized my need for rest and allowed myself to take a break from the daily ritual. I didn't know at this point if I would choose to continue or not. A part of me felt that I had already completed the working by connecting with Avatar.

In addition to the confusion, I was also fighting extreme depression, without being able to trace it to its source.

Eventually I decided to return to my original program and work at developing a relationship with my nurturing mother as Dhyanna.

5-21-86 I've gotten back to doing devotionals to Dhyanna as the nurturing womb/mother again. The major effect seems to be one of a growing body awareness, sensuality and inertia. I can sit for long periods of time now just enjoying simple sensation.

5-22-86 During my Dhyanna devotional today I was taken to an Island in the middle of a large calm lake (volcanic?) and shown a shrine at the very center of it. It was a small white stone structure, overgrown with vines and ferns. I went in and saw the vague form of a body, which formed the altar to the shrine. I couldn't understand what Dhyanna was trying to show me until I touched the body and felt a spark of joy as I realized that I was back in my temple, on the astral, touching my own physical body. Dhyanna tells me that this is the secret of the shrine of the Sheya that I must know in order to fully accept my Birthright.

The experience left me feeling happy and less anxious, but I am still encountering a lot of

resistance and death-like images - as if parts of myself are trying to scare me away from this path.

5-24-86 Had a very strange experience as Uriel/Enochi, the angel of Death - given as a gift to one who awaits their passage.

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*I still haven't figured out the connection between this experience and Birthright, but there is one. I can feel it, but cannot rationalize it. Uriel is the Angle of Death, Hlr gift is the process of transition, the letting go of one world in order to enter another.*

*I was at a handfasting for some friends in Indiana. We were sitting in a circle outdoors. There was drumming and chanting, and I was rocking gently back and forth, rocking into an altered state. I was still conscious of the ceremony, but also of lifting up out of my body to stand in the circle. I had the feeling of having been summoned by the need/desire of someone there. My sense of self was altered in much the same way as it is in a dream. I had originally felt that I was manifesting Enochi, and was expecting to give the couple my blessing and then leave. But then I Knew (in the gnostic sense of the word) that I was Uriel, the Angel of Death. I saw L. at the far side of the circle and knew that SHe was the one who's need/desire had called to me. I could feel Hlr love for Death and Dissolution, but I also recognized that SHe held Hlrself to Hlr form almost as a sort of penance. I wasn't concerned with whatever SHe was atoning for, but I arched across the circle, gently kissed Hlr forehead, and then left.*

*The daily "devotionals" were continuing, but they were on a very nonverbal level. I would evoke Dhyanna and ask Her to speak to me through my body. Then I would sit and listen to my body, paying acute attention to everything that I was feeling through my physical form. This was difficult to put into words at the time - and even now - so I simply noted that I had performed the ritual.*

*As the working continued, more of the "responses" came in dreams and in synchronistic events. It felt as if there were a foreign body awakening within me.*

---

5-26-86 I dreamt last night that I was a great serpent, writhing about beneath the water, and chewing on my own tail. For some reason I thought this was hilarious in the dream.

5-27-86 More on the Triad today. Khyatta - the Child Exalted - is not just the culmination of Dhyanna and Maggah, but that state prior to Dhyanna and Maggah - prior to separation. We could not exist without being a balance of [both] masculine and feminine energies.

---

*At this point the working began to turn back to the intellect. Khyatta refers to the Child aspect of Godhead, synonymous with Horus. Maggah to the Father aspect, synonymous with Osirus. I was realizing that I was becoming that which I had been - that which I already was.*

---

6-3-86 Some interesting notes today.

Just as the "red" rose absorbs all but the color red, and is thus anything but red, so are we defined by what we are not.

Although we are "known by our fruits" they are but demonstrations of our Will.

The Supreme Rite is inevitable - it is the Equinox of the Gods - the inevitability of our Will. Grow fat upon the fruit of your Will. Feast upon your deeds. Consume all that you have done, for that is all of you that may live upon the earth.

And what is the Law? But One - It IS! Even as every faltering step of the Child is in inevitable accord with the higher wisdom of the Aeon - so is every fruit of your Will but another face of the Law. The Law is that which IS. Even as you can never escape your Will, so can the Law never be altered from that which it IS. In this, Law and Will are identical. And so are my Will and my Desire but two faces of the same Law. In being mutually complete, they define each other.

As I AM my Will, so am I set free of self-judgement. I AM ruled by Desire - no more by Reason!

---

*I began "speaking" from the Primal Khuyatta - that which existed prior to separation - and recognizing the connection of this to my own Higher/Potential Self, or HGH. In a cabalistic sense, I passed over the bridge of Daath and told Anubis to "piss off".*

*At first this all seemed like a lot of good clean fun, but then I started reading the received material. All this talk about Equinox of the Gods was being backed up by images and "memories" of a great and universal Rite in which I played the part of the newly born and remembering God, flying to the center of the universe, to the Killing Ground for a ritual combat with my Father, who I had never met. While I was in Temple, it all seemed quite natural and coherent, but once I banished and closed the vortex my natural skepticism resurfaced and I began to wonder if I wasn't screwing with my lithium balance or something.*

---

6-11-86 I'm seriously considering dropping this working. I think that right now the only thing that holds me to it is sheer stubbornness. All I've been getting lately are some vague ideas about putting out a "Call of Awakening" to activate the current of the Child Exalted in the hearts of other people. Actually I'm not all that interested in taking the responsibility, but it does seem to be somehow connected to the Birthright.

---

*I was by now actively resisting any more verbal material coming from Enochi or Khuyatta - or anywhere else in my microcosm. But I was still getting images of small group rituals that were changing the fabric of existence as we know it. Actually picking up on a vibration - a crack in the cosmic egg - and transmitting it out into the world.*

*It seemed that the more I struggled to keep things to a controlled level of me sitting down and getting to know the various parts of my inner self - the more everything wanted to fly apart into mystical visions and cosmic connections.*

*I began to experiment with invoking Dhyanna - rather than evoking - and working from within the structure. I became "aware" of my body in a very different way. Although I had been invoking these aspects in different ritual settings over the last few years, something about the context of this working made for a very different gestalt. I began to realize my Self as Racial consciousness/godhead/individual/cell/organism/vibration...and was able to center in any one of these and consciously choose to bring about changes in that structure or relationship.*

---

6-23-86 I feel like Birthright is becoming more defined as I get closer - or more accustomed - to the current. It appears that we have a vast potential as human beings that we do not begin to realize. We only see a small portion of what we can be, even of the world around us. Our preceptors have somehow become shut down. We've forgotten how to see, how to live and breathe. We have somehow forgotten what it is to be a Human Being, and it is the remembering of this that is our Birthright.

I no longer have a sense of Dhyanna as a separate entity. She is almost always the form and identity I take on when summoning HIR - more images of the island, hints of an entrance to the underworld here, perhaps the "hidden ways" through the Abyss.



*DNA work - mostly non-verbal at this point. I began to feel that I was playing the part of the weight of the pendulum - swaying back and forth - moving from verbal to non-verbal, emotional to ethereal. It seemed that each time I would draw nearer to some goal of remembering - and then shy away, running from that room into the darkness of some other part of the whole, but always returning to that same veil.*

---

7-31-86 According to Khyatta, I still need to deal with that old Demon, "Fear Of Success". I need to welcome that which I desire into my life - to recognize it and enjoy it. It is time for me to become the Shrine of the Sheya in more than name alone.

The most intense experience I've had with the working lately was a swift burst of feeling synchronized with everything, and suddenly seeing a room with several figures of glowing light sitting around. They tell me that they are my "Friends" and that they've been waiting for me. I feel myself falling into a void - everything rushing away from me - and have to pull myself back. This experience left me exhausted for most of a day.

---

*I had had experience with the inner pantheon welcoming the awakening God/Child before, and had put it down to a psychological allegory of one sort or another. I am still not certain how much of these experiences were generated on the internal and how much might have been more external.*

*The "Shrine of Dhyanna" refers to one of the mysteries of that aspect (that within the Greater Body of the Goddess all things are connected, and that one who is Alive in this connection is a source of the power of the Goddess to all others.), which results in the initiate receiving all manner of gifts from those who would seek and receive the blessings of Dhyanna. I had felt rather uncomfortable with accepting the gifts - in spite of the realization that it was necessary for me to accept them in order for the cycle to be fulfilled. I first needed to accept that I was entitled to these gifts in my own right.*

*I found refuge in retreat to the comfortable devotional structure of my daily ritual.*

---

8-5-86 Khyatta - the Child Exalted - has been appearing more than anything else lately. I've just been letting the devotionals run their course. I take on the aspect of Dhyanna and spend time just nurturing my Child, feeling love and warmth and affection for Hlr. I feel like I'm developing a real personal relationship with my Child-self. It's about time.

---

*This was, after all, my original intent for the working - that I develop more healthy parental aspects within me, thus releasing and awakening my Child aspect. It was quite enough for me to pursue this end for the next couple weeks. However, as my relationship with Dhyanna deepened, she showed me more and more of Herself and of Her mysteries. I began to realize that the very transformations I had vaguely imagined were indeed taking place within me. I was more and more aware of parts of myself cut off from me as a child. I began to allow my child "out" for short visits with trusted friends and found that he was welcomed and enjoyed - not scorned or rejected.*

*I began to have a sense of myself as "larger" than I had felt previously. I was discovering hidden treasures within me. At this point - some three years after the completion of this working - I feel that the most enduring and important result of it was the awakening of my Child and the continuing integration of this aspect into my whole self. But there was more to come.*

---

8-16-86 Very strong visual today. I entered the Underworld beneath the Shrine on the Island of Dhyanna, and was led to the Throne of the earth where I realized that I had assumed the aspect of Khyatta and was being crowned by Dhyanna and Maggah. Dhyanna became the Throne, Maggah became a blazing scepter, and I turned into a golden-white ball of light rising upward through the Earth with angelic beings in a rising spiral about me - celestial music - the whole nine yards. Very entertaining! I must be getting close to

something.

I have noticed more and more over the last few months - especially since my first run-ins with Avatar - that I've been much more aware of things coming to me on the physical plane. Much happier with myself as well. My only depression seems to come out of resistance to this current.

---

*And resist I did. I was realizing that every turn and twist I took within the maze of the working represented my attempts to avoid some increasingly inevitable realization. There were times, when I was deep in the symbolic world of my ritual, that I felt completely at peace with this process, and willing to allow it the time to work itself out. I began to see the whole Birthright working as but one small step in a much larger process, and I certainly view it in this way today.*

*My resistance came in any number of ways, and redoubled as I approached the source of my fears - the goal of the work. I would "forget" to perform the ritual from day to day. I would find that I had no time to record the results of the work, and then find that I had forgotten them like a dream from the night before. And then there was the omnipresent voice of my internal judge, demanding proof that I was doing more than wasting time in a more "ritual manner" than usual.*

*The Aspect Maggah refers to the masculine counterpart to Dhyanna.*

---

8-28-86 I have felt today an overwhelming frustration - "a Lust for results" - that leaves me breathless and angry. These are the voices of limitation - asking that I prove myself. I AM - there IS no other proof. Still, it's so hard not to act from rebellion - to still be controlled by the voice of the Judge. . .

The oracle reminds me that my Will is to action, and that I Will achieve all that I desire.

---

9-1-86 From today's devotional:

"My house is built among the bones and ashes of the cremation grounds. From these ashes I have risen. From the heat-snapped bones of All-Man. I am that which I am; eternally recurring; destined by my nature to the infinite finitude of duration.

The necessity of the dark night is fulfilled. There is no more reason to dwell on what I AM not.

Even in this single moment, I have still my house, outside of these two faces. Every conjunction is the same. You and I are Fire and Water, You are good, I am evil. Each time we meet, our glance performs the great rite.

Out of the ashes of a single face we rise. We are the Phoenix yet again, singing our song as the two mouths of the serpent. We are in love again, because we are no longer one. How soon we forget who I AM."

Even as I rise into the Air, wings outstretched and filled with the breath of flame, I look down and tie my shoes. I don't want to trip going across the cosmos.

---

*Once again I began to receive extremely verbal material and also to express some of the more esoteric visions in a sort of twilight language that kept me from dwelling on it too closely.*

*"My House" refers to my self and to my greater Self, and to the process of duration which makes them One. The Dark Night is my own passage through the Abyss and my realization of its nature (definitely the stuff of a different article) reflection of the Self upon the Self - ever viewing the Other as the opposite of my own identity - projecting the larger part of myself as "that which I am not".*

---

9-4-86 "I called the Wards of the Temple, and opened the Way of the Matrix. I called to

spoke to me and loved me. I called to my Father, who is the god Maggah. He came to me, and he blessed my Life and my every action and deed. He loved me and guarded me forever. I called then to the Child god, Khiyatta, and I did answer, knowing fully that this I AM. And my Mother and Father stood to my right and my left hand as I was made ready. And they ascended with me to the throne room, passing through that veil we call fear, and into the very Holy of Holies - the throne room of ENOCHI. Standing before the three thrones - mine being the center one, seemingly made of a single burning opal, alive with light and color - I spoke to my parents, saying, "I AM the Throne and the Law." They smiled as if I had passed a test. "I cannot rule," I continued, "by separating myself into King and Subject. My reign shall be one of Self-knowledge and Love, and my throne shall be each body, every Form. My Law shall be each Will." They embraced me, and told me that the time had come for me to receive the cup of Dominion, giving me power of my Earth, Fire, Water, Air and Spirit. I accepted the chalice and drank. I was filled with the essence of ENOCHI - Blood, Water, Semen, Oil, Amniotic fluid and Wine. And I heard the voice of the Great Serpent who wraps around the World, saying, "You are my own true Child. Born of my loins. You are my own self reborn into the world. You are the Phoenix, the New Serpent, the Serpent Consumed and made Whole - Pure and brilliant! You are my face in the World." And I blessed myself, knowing that my blessing carried with it - indeed was - the blessing of the Infinite."

---

*This was the sort of thing I had been avoiding. All very dramatic and symbolic. It was all well and good for me to say, "but this is the Birthright of every human entity. I am no different than the rest. But the fear was still there and I had to deal with it face to face. It is one thing to say, "I am God, and so is everyone else". It is another thing to be able to accept the responsibility for that statement while recognizing that most of your neighbors are still bent on hiding from their sovereignty. It was more than a simple struggle to accept that this was a valid experience, and one which I could not hope to grasp in a purely rational fashion.*

---

9-9-86 The Birthright is the Awakened Child; the Phoenix reborn into the world. This is the Right of every Human Being who truly desires it.

9-18-86 Last night during my devotional, I realized that the age of the Child Exalted cannot really begin until the old god is killed. I saw the five Sheya, including myself, gathered for a Rite within two interlocking triangles. We gathered about the inner triangle and created a being from merging our astral forms into one - a huge astral form of the God Child. SHe went to HIR Father's throne, which sat in the very center of the universe, on a dead planet, surrounded by temples to dead gods.

They perform a ritual combat with shadowy weapons. As the Child cuts HIR Father's head from his shoulders, SHe cries, "I set you free!", and there is a volcanic eruption of light and flame beneath me as I rise up into the air. I look down and see the flames still issuing from the form that enclosed me, and I Know the Child is here! And a great scream of desire echoes out into the multiverse.

I almost dread the actual performance of this Rite, if we even get around to it. But if there is a universal Birthright, this seems a necessary part of the process.

---

*We return to the Equinox of the Gods mentioned earlier. (The term Sheya mentioned in this entry refers to a practitioner of the magickal current I had been encountering through these and other workings. It is an androgynous term meaning "those who sing the song of the serpent arising".) I had not been ready for this before. Now I recognized that - in some manner - this was part of the work that I had chosen to accomplish. I saw that the rite must be performed, but I did not know whether it was to be performed on the inner planes alone or on the outer as well.*

*Also, although I saw the obvious continuity with the ideals of Thelema and of the Will of the Aeon, I was not at all certain of what role I would chose in this work, especially since I saw that I*

*was surrounded by these other shadowy forms, each of which held their own sovereignty and seemed fully capable of performing these Rites with or without me.*

---

9-26-86 Looking at how my life - and my way of looking at life - is changing over these last few months, I am satisfied that, if nothing else, the working has achieved perceptible results.

---

*I was more and more aware that, if I was still confused over the visions of the changing of the Gods and such, there were definite results of a more immediate and evident sort. My child was more and more evident and trusting. He was learning to interact with other people and recognizing that he was a valid and beloved part of my whole. This was changing many aspects of my life. I began to feel more at home, more comfortable with my self and my life. I found that I could see into places in my self that had been completely darkened before.*

*This is not to say that I was, in nine months, made whole and complete, but that there was now room for the healing to sink deeper, and for the roots of my growth to be grounded in a healthy center. There is ever more work to pursue, but it was as if someone had handed me a great lamp by which I could see myself, without being too judgmental.*

---

9-27-86 I'm wondering if the devotionals didn't have an effect peculiar to my own nature - that they might effect someone else entirely differently. The only way to tell is to try. [Within infinity all things are inevitable.]

10-2-86 I feel more and more that all this Magick is just a way of getting in touch with the cycle of human evolution. "God is just a word."

10-6-86 "I am the world - giving gifts to myself."

10-15-86 Although the concepts have been spinning around in my head for some years - more or less just taking up space - most of Magick remains tied to that old saw about how we live in an illusion.

It seems that the urgent voices, telling me to get my Magickal system completely packaged and ready for sale at the corner drugstore, lessen as the old recording of "You must make something of yourself in order to prove that you are worthy to survive. . ." begins to fade.

What is really new? Perhaps the absolute simplicity still staggers me - and terrifies me. The world we "know" is a very fragile thing, composed of our "knowledge" of it. Not that I have any wish to upset that delicate balance.

---

*The Results of this part of the working are still resounding and reverberating through my life. At the time, I felt like I was running a race with my eyes on the people watching the race. Now I can no longer use the same analogy. I am learning what I truly enjoy doing, and following in whatever direction that leads me.*

---

10-23-86 More from the Triad current:

I AM the same unto myself, but to each of you I have a different face. To some I am Shiva, the Destroyer. To others I am Horus, the Life Bringer. I AM your own true Self and through me all things are inevitable.

10-27-86 Sleep and waking - two eyes in the same head -focus and freedom interchanged.

---

*One of the prime themes of Birthright seemed to be the interpenetrated duality and trinity of the polar Aspects of Dhyanna and Maggah, mutually consumed to create Khiyatta, and integrated to form Enochi. This fundamental interaction seems to me to lie at the basis of every relationship, every entity and every form.*

*During this part of the working, these concepts were appearing in ever exploding patterns where ever I chose to look. It seemed that I could not escape them. I realize that it was - and is - mySelf which I cannot escape.*

---

11-3-86 There seem to be varying degrees of nihilism. As I go/grow I fall into my face from faces before this was born. . .and all this as well. What is the difference between a robot and this biological mechanism which I sometimes appear to operate?

---

*The "nihilism" I mention here was in response to the overwhelming realization of myself as the inevitable result of my Will to Live - my True Will. The whole concept of Ego and free choice seemed to be a comfortable myth which we (humanity) had created in order to avoid looking at the real structure of our existence. It took several days to get through this episode of "existential nausea" and realize that it was really just a different perspective on things.*

---

11-23-86 I had a vision during devotional today that I am developing into a full blown ritual for the cabal. Journey - the experience of being Mother - Father - Mother being consumed by Child - Child having consumed parents, etc.

---

*This ritual seems to be the culmination of the working. It is a mythical journey illustrating the transition of the Aspects, one becoming the other, seeking the inevitable integration into Self.*

---

11-30-86 "I am the sword - I am the wound."

---

*Once again, this is a whole working in itself, but the beginning of it is here. The Sword is the Life Force and the Wound is the Body - take it from there.*

---

12-5-86 It's really a relief to wrap up this working. I have the Journey Rite done now, so I took myself through that today, and got a real powerful surge while carrying Khiyatta - as Dhyanna - into the underworld sea to wash off the afterbirth. I reached/saw Khiyatta reach for my/her breast, and then fed on my own nurturing mother self for awhile. Good stuff!

---

*Afterword: I feel that the working was a great success. It has certainly changed my life for the better, and these changes have not only lasted, but continue to occur. Like the ripple spreading out from a single drop in a mirror pool, everything is changing - everything is changed.*

*As to what the Birthright is, I think that can best be answered by inheriting it. It is there for the receiving.*

**Cansha om pacsha.**

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# BAPHOMET & SON

## A Little Known Chapter in the Life of 666

by R. A. Gilbert

### PART II

(Part I of this article appeared in the "transitional issue" of MEZLA/MEZLIM .)

In the last issue of NUIT-ISIS the activities of the English branch of the OTO in its formative years were considered in the light of the new material contained in the hitherto unpublished "Golden Book" of the Order. The five year period recorded from 1912 to 1917 comes to an end with Crowley's "will" appointing Charles Stansfeld Jones as his magical successor in the event of his own death. Records of the later years of the OTO in its decline, and in its recent revival, are not entered in the Golden Book and are thus beyond the scope of this study. The material that remains to be considered is that which throws light on Crowley the man rather than on Crowley in his role as Baphomet.

Shortly before his departure for America Crowley appointed George Macnie Cowie as Grand Treasurer of the Order by the following instrument, signed, ratified and sealed by Crowley himself:

"(January 1914) - I hereby appoint Sir George Macnie Cowie VII degree to the post of Gd. Treasurer General and Trustee of the property real and personal of the M.M.M. and the Lady L.N.I.B. Waddell IX degree as Gd. Secy.Genl and Co-Trustee with him.

Baphomet X°  
Ratified by the Executive Council.  
Saint Edward Aleister Crowley X°  
Natl. Gd. Master Genl.3

Cowie performed his duties faithfully, even to retaining the scrappy piece of paper on which Crowley sent him the following instructions in October 1916:

"An XII Sol in Libra Baphomet X°

Note: All regulations, messages etc., sent from time to time should be entered in the Golden Book and signed by you as Keeper of G.B. That is, when they are formal & official."

This formal manner was maintained consistently in all the orders and regulations sent for the guidance of the Order, and it contrasts strangely with the somewhat juvenile humour of Crowley's more usual style.

The regulations themselves concern the management and finances of the Order and the procedures for setting up new lodges. Apart from the Will and the "Regulations on Greetings" already printed, they are uniformly dull and pompous yet highly illuminating with regard to Crowley's character. A set of "Bye laws" relating to Profess Houses of the Order lays down that the Supremus Rex is "to be entertained at any house of the Order throughout the whole world as befitting (his) Royal Rank"; while another set of instructions urges that Lodges should be held whenever possible, in Profess Houses of the Order and that those members wishing to qualify for VII degree status could advance more readily by turning their own houses into Profess Houses. Unlike other high grade officers, who were expected to pay for the hospitality they received, the Supreme Rex was to be entertained free of charge - a neat demonstration of Crowley's aptitude for social parasitism.

The extent to which Crowley took advantage of his privileges as Grand Master remains unknown, but there is no doubt that he milked the Order of much of its funds. The instructions sent to Cowie require half the receipts of every Lodge to be sent to the Grand Treasurer. There is no explicit statement as to what he was to do with these receipts, but it is known for certain that up to the early part of 1915 Crowley received regular sums of L50 and L100 from Cowie (Symonds, *The Great Beast* 1974, p. 225). There is no reason to suppose that these "donations" as Crowley termed them, of Order funds did not continue for several more years. Despite this, Crowley turned on Cowie and with the generosity he invariably displayed to

erstwhile friends attacked him in his "Confessions".

"His character changed completely; he began to intrigue against me secretly and even to rob me, or rather the Order, outright...He sent a balance sheet. The cat was out of the bag. The Order had been systematically defrauded. Let me instance only one item. A sum of L500 was entered twice. It was the most barefaced outrage in experience."

(Confessions ed Symonds & Grant 1969, p. 857)

Doubtless the Order had been systematically defrauded, but assuredly not by its inoffensive Grand Treasurer.

The remaining regulations concern the chartering of Lodges, and here we move from fraud to fantasy. A charter to start a Grand Lodge required three members of the VII degree to petition for leave to commence Temple working. Then "as soon as one hundred and eleven members in any district have reached the grade of Perfect Initiate they may apply for leave to work up to VII degree". If this instruction was followed religiously, then VII degree working must have been rare indeed. What is remarkable is that this lunatic injunction was made in an official instruction to one of the principal officers of the OTO and was duly entered in the Golden Book. But Cowie can hardly have taken it seriously when he knew how many members the Order contained.

On the last few leaves of the Golden Book are recorded complete lists of the names of those members who had achieved the VI and higher degree (see appendix). Assuming that the OTO had developed in the same manner as other magical Orders it is probable that its membership included two lower degree members for every one who had successfully aspired to the VI degree. Ignoring the indeterminate number expelled for their misdemeanours by the Grand Tribunal, the total figure of membership can be taken as forty-five, for the VI degree boasted no more than fifteen members--thirteen Knights Templar Kadosch and two Dame Companions of the Holy Grail. The numbers attaining the higher degrees are progressively smaller with only three men and one woman, Leslie

Waddell, reaching the IX degree. Perhaps this is just as well, for had all thirteen of the Knights risen to the IX degree the prospect of initiation may well have daunted even Crowley's Scarlet Woman.

Crowley himself evidently projected on to the OTO his image of what it ought to be, but while he remained in his private dreamland--created in order to protect himself from his own inferiority complex--the members of his minuscule Order cannot have been unaware of the thinness of their ranks. Presumably they remained as members because they preferred the role of Big Fish in a little pond to that of plankton in the ocean of occultism. What is unclear is the extent to which they really understood the full implications of Crowleyianity, which were not apparent from the original rituals of the Order. These were prosaic in the extreme and, for all Crowley's insistence on the use of the Book of the Law, still contained references to the Bible. Crowley himself could doubtless interpret "the Bible" as referring to Liber Legis, but the contents of that dubious compilation would scarcely have helped to swell his ranks, so the ambiguous "bible" references stayed. Delusions of grandeur do not preclude ordinary mortal cunning.

The Minerval Grade ritual is evidently not by Crowley alone, but is the work of Reuss revised by Crowley. In this first revision--the ritual was rewritten more honestly after 1919--he avoided explicit reference to the true nature of his beliefs and teachings, for despite the streams of invective against his fellows, Crowley was a good judge of character and knew his occultists well. Had he presented them with full-blooded Thelemism, his Oriental Templars would have fled in dismay, so he weaned them slowly from their own traditions and thus kept the Order in his own hands.

The determination with which he maintained his grasp on the OTO cannot be entirely explained by his ability to batter on human credulity in order to fill his own pockets, although this was certainly not a minor consideration. The true reason lies in the limitations of his own personality. However they may protest to the contrary, occultists delight in public acclaim, and in

Crowley's case this desire for the limelight amounted to a deep seated need. It was of no matter to him that he attracted condemnation more frequently than praise so long as the world took notice of him. If it ignored him then he would be unable to sustain the veneer of self-esteem and would be forced to face the reality of his damaging and deeply ingrained feelings of inferiority. In the Golden Dawn he had failed as a Magician, in the World of Letters he had failed as a poet; the OTO represented his last opportunity of achieving success and when the reality of its gradual decay could no longer be avoided, Crowley removed himself to America from where he could maintain his self-deception and continue to issue directives to his phantom army of magicians.

In the end, even the phantoms vanished and the Golden Book remains as a sumptuous but solitary monument to this episode of Crowley's life; as with all other monuments, it is a record of failure.

## Appendix

### The Rolls of the OTO contained in the Golden Book

1. Roll of the Mystic Temple of the Illustrious Order of the Knights Templar Kadosch and of Dame Companions of the Holy Graal VI degree OTO:

Sir Theodor Reuss  
 Lady Laylah Ida Narissa Bathurst Waddell  
 Sir Saint Edward Aleister Crowley  
 Lady Anna Wright  
 Sir James Thomas Windram  
 Sir Lionel Evers Kennedy  
 Sir John Daniels Reelfs  
 Dr Sir Edward Frosini  
 Dr Sir H Breitling  
 Sir M McB Thomson  
 Sir Arturo Reghini  
 Sir Lewis Bertram Yardley  
 Sir Benjamin Charles Hammond  
 Sir George Macnie Cowie  
 Sir Richard John Adams

2. Roll of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Masonry, Prince Patriach Grand Conservators of the Rite of Memphis. Absolute Grand Patriachs of the Rite of Misraim VII degree OTO

To this exalted degree all members listed above save Hammond, Yardley and Adams rose. Of the

Dame Companions only Laylah Waddell made the grade.

3. Reuss, Crowley, Windram and Laylah Waddell were the sole members of the VII and IX degrees; respectively the "Secret Areopagus of the Illuminati VIII degree OTO" and "Sanctuary of the Gnosis IX degree OTO".

The tenth degree was purely administrative. The three Summi Reges had the following jurisdictions:

Theodor Reuss (OHO)	
Germany	(Merlin)
Sir Edward Aleister Crowley	
British Islands - Ireland, Iona and all the Britians	
(Baphomet)	
James Thomas Windram	South Africa
(Semper Paratus)	



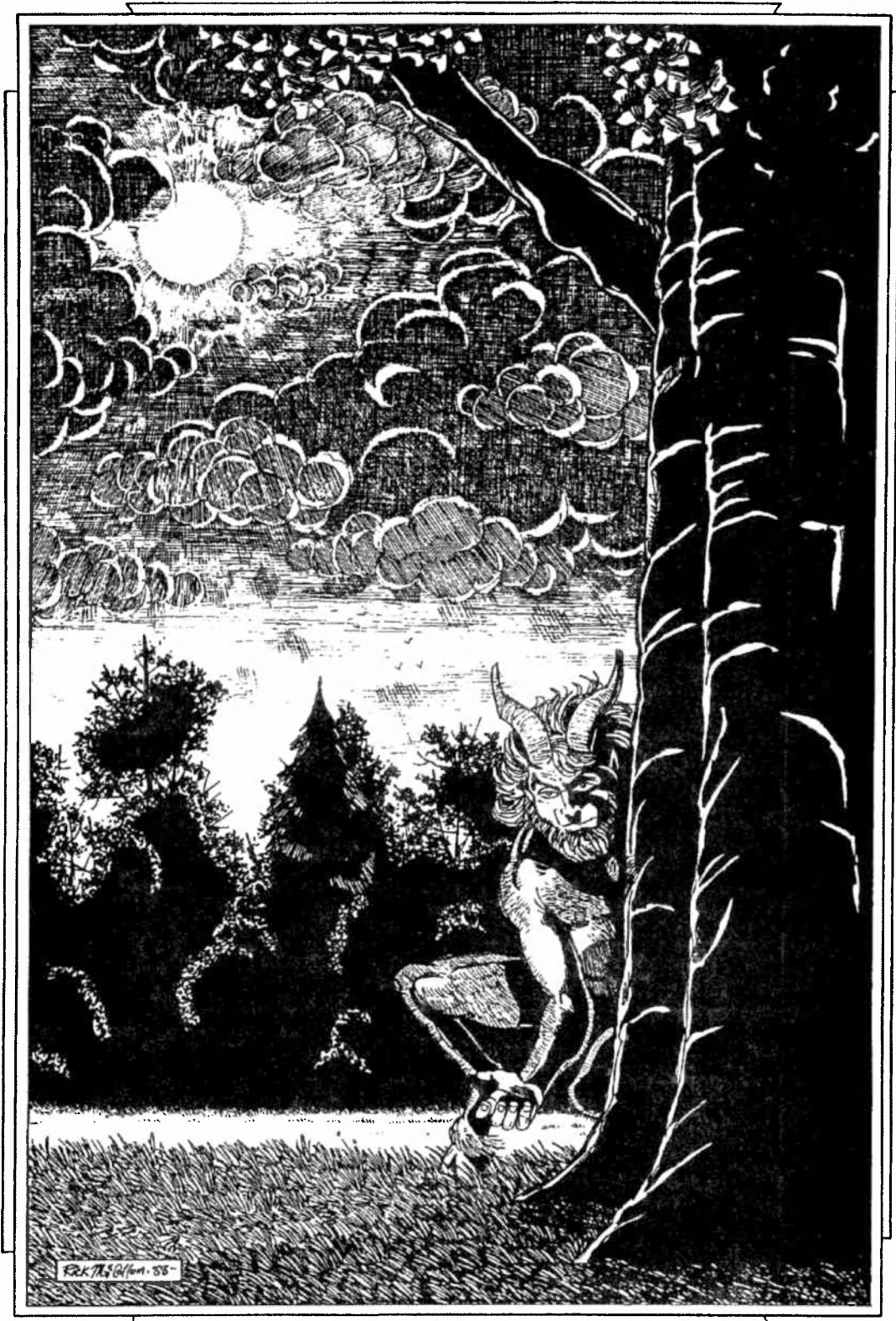
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# THE NIGHT OF PAN

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I wait in the darkness, beyond the circle of light cast by the fires at the south gate to this woodland temple. I wait here in the dark, and listen to them sing to me, call to me. Their drums sing a deep primal rhythm that rises in me as an overpowering lust

*Thrill with lissome lust of the light  
Oh man! my man!  
Come careering out of the night  
of Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan! Come over the sea  
From Sicily and from Arcady!*

I feel the call moving within me, within the depths of my body, hardening and drawing me here, into the light, into the temple. I watch through the south gate as the humans fling themselves around the wheel of the year in their dance, and their lust mounts, and draws me out, draws me to them.

*Roaming as Bacchus, with fauns and pards  
And nymphs and satyrs for thy guards,  
On a milk-white ass, come over the sea  
to me, to me,*

It is Walpurgisnacht, the night for dancing widdershins about the foundations of the world. And these dancing peasants have called me up to their fire, to their song, and they do not know what they have called. They move about their altar, a long table set on the grass, piled with fruit and flowers and a large cup filled with summer wine. Their Priestess leads them in the old song, in the incantation of my own peculiar madness.

*Come with Apollo in bridal dress  
(Shepherdess and pythoness)  
Come with Artemis, silken Shod  
And wash thy white thigh, beautiful God,  
In the moon of the woods, on the marble mount  
The dimpled dawn of the amber fount!*

It is an old song, sung in different word, in diverse tongues, yet ever the same and thrilling call. They move the wheel of the year towards Beltane, and I creep forward towards the driven flames, raising the wind about me with my rage. I am just outside the light, and I feel the call so strongly now, so deep within me. I feel it in a place that is never silent of desire, but ever wanting, ever thirsting after life, and more.

*Dip the purple of passionate prayer  
In the crimson shrine, the scarlet snare,  
The soul that startles in eyes of blue  
to watch thy wantonness weeping through  
The tangled grove, the gnarled bole  
Of the living tree that is spirit and soul  
And body and brain -- come over the sea,*

In a final rush I leap the fires and land snarling in the midst of the circle. For a moment the shock of my appearance breaks the spell, and the song falters. I almost escape. Then the priestess picks it back up and sings from the depths, merging with the pounding drums and the whirring feet.

*(Io Pan! Io Pan!)  
Devil or god, To me! To me!  
My man! My man!*

I want them to run from me in terror, but they are drugged by the song and instead they gather about me, and I strike out, enraged. I lift one large and hairy man high above my head, feeling his weight shift as he squirms in my grasp, and throw him to the ground, and

still the song grows.

*Come with trumpets sounding shrill  
Over the hill!  
Come with drums low muttering  
from the spring!  
come with flute and come with pipe!  
Am I not ripe?  
I, who wait and writhe and wrestle  
With air that hath no boughs to nestle  
My body, weary of empty clasp,  
Strong as a lion and sharp as an asp --  
Come, O come!  
I am numb  
With the lonely lust of devildom.*

I move through them like a wave through water and find myself before the priestess. I pause for only a moment, taking in her heat, her beauty and the heady power she holds in drawing me here. She clutches the crown of the sun king to her breast, with its solar disk and sharp rays, as if it were some last desperate weapon to save herself from that which she has summoned.

*Thrust the sword through the galling fetter,  
All-devourer, all-begetter;  
Give me the sign of the Open Eye,  
And the token erect of thorny thigh,  
And the word of madness and mystery,  
O Pan! Io Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan Pan! Pan,*

I throw her to the ground, inflamed by desire, and find the tines of the crown cutting into my flesh. But it is nothing to the rage of lust that screams within me. I tear her cloths from her, and she opens herself to me, like the womb of the all mother. I bury myself within her to the rhythm of the drum song. Feeling my flesh enter her warm and welcoming flesh, feeling her take the violent rage of life and balance it with form.

*I am awake  
In the grip of the snake.  
The eagle slashes with beak and claw;*

*The gods withdraw:  
The great beasts come, Io Pan! I am borne  
To death on the horn  
Of the Unicorn  
I am Pan! Io Pan! Io Pan Pan!*

I am lost in the thrusting exaltation of my desire. The crown bites deeper into me, and I throw myself against it to achieve my own desperate penetration. I cling to this vessel as I feel myself growing. Like a flame in a field of dry grass, I rush through these people, filling them with my power. I am the dawn! I am the star of the morning unchained! I feel myself rising once more to the peak, becoming lost in the rites of desire. I am becoming the words, becoming the song, becoming the seed!

*I am thy mate, I am thy man,  
Goat of thy flock, I am gold I am God!  
Flesh to thy bone, flower to thy rod.*

*With hooves of steel I race on the rocks  
Through solstice stubborn to equinox.  
And I rave; and I rape and rip and I rend  
Everlasting, world without end,  
Mannikin, maiden, maened, man,  
in the might of Pan!  
Io Pan! Io Pan Pan! Pan! Ioiooooo PAN!*

With a last cry of ecstasy I send the spark of my life through the body of my lover, and into the crown. As the light begins to fade, and my body begins to cool and stiffen, I hear the worshippers as they gather about me, lifting my still form above their heads, and carrying me out between the fires of the gate, and back into the womb of the earth.

*The king is dead! Long live the king!*

*Editor's Note: The text of the invocation is taken from Hymn to Pan by Alister Crowley. The narrative is based on the opening rites of the Goddess Gathering, summer of 1988.*

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## **Blo - Rick McCollum**

Rick's illustrations are featured on our cover and throughout this issue, and we hope to have a continuing saga from him for our future issues.

Employed as a graphic artist for the Special Services Division of the City of Cincinnati, Rick is a Fine Arts graduate of the College of Design, Art and Architecture of the University of Cincinnati. His work has been published by Comico, White Wolf, Crystal, Fantaco, Pyramid, Swing Shift and numerous mini-comics (including the infamous Kallisti Magazine).

Rick's current work includes "Fin De Salome" for TABOO, 3 Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle stories for Turtle Soup, Mirage Press, and HORDE for Swing Shift Comics.

His interest in the occult developed from "rebellion against fundamental christian hypocrisy and power trips." He is particularly interested in neo-paganism and conspiracy theory.



# INTERACTIONS

Edited by Soror Kether

The following entries were extracted from Magus SIG correspondence over a period of several months. They have been organized in such a manner so that computer "threading" is not required to follow the train(s) of thought. In addition, they have been edited to reflect "cleaner" spellings and punctuation. With the exception of these few changes, each individual entry remains essentially unchanged.

Access and "contributions" to the SIG are possible through the Black Hole Literary Review BBS. See contact information included in the Editor's Note on p. 10 if you want to join in on all the fun!

**From: Barak To: /magus**

Personally - I would like to see more people get off their conceptual asses and talk. Maybe even voice some opinions or ask some questions. The problem is that - until recently - there haven't been that many interested parties for the magus SIG. Perhaps we could fix that. How about some really stirring occult type dialogue here, eh? Let's have some questions and answers, some blood and sinew on the walls, some heavy breathing on the voice mail - SOMETHING!

Then again, we could have a nice calm, scholarly discussion of the pros and cons of using condoms while engaging in sex magick....

I think it might be a good idea to start off with some good solid discussions. Possible topics: Is god dead or are we just losing our sense of humor? What can you really DO with Magick on a day to day basis? Was Crowley really all that BAD? What did Uncle Al really mean by the Book of the Law? Any good rituals being written and performed? Is anyone interested in forming a working magickal group? What about

Darkside workings? Any takers there? Where does sex magick differ from getting laid? Is this an ethical question? Have at it!!

**From: Grendle To: /magus**

Re: Darkside working

I agree with Barak! It seems that the more esoteric approach to the wide and wonderful world of the human (and pre-human?) psyche isn't getting much of a workout on this board. Is anyone out there interested in underworld initiation, dark goddess workings, chthonic rites or bringing back the Old Ones?

**From: Barak To: /magus**

Re: Darkside working

I agree. We need some more attention to the chthonic elements of the Great Work. (What did you have in mind?)

**From: Kaos To: /magus**

Re: Misc. Foolishness and assorted others

Hello All! I've not been around for a while, SO I'll expound on our beloved Sysop in drag....err—whoops! This SIG is for occult things!

Oh, hey! How about a Cult of the Cross Dresser with Sysop as High Muck-a-Muck? Nawwwww! Oh well, maybe if he appeared in a pink chiffon (off the shoulder) dress, tea length (of course)! Perhaps accessorized by white pumps with.....Mmmm.....4 inch heels! Oh and we mustn't forget the pearl encrusted clutch purse. Yes! Yes! And a white satin pillbox hat—with a veil no less! No, I don't think this is the basis for a "true" religion.

I must admit Eris has "Wham Bam Thank Ya Ma'amed" me into all sorts of sticky situations recently. Hmmm!

Whatta ya guys think of rituals that get too serious? I can't stand it. Chaos is an integral part of Magick. Anyhow, I feel this is a pressing matter of occult thought! If I

can't SCREAM "Hail Eris" at any point that I want (in a ritual), then I don't wanna have anything to do with it.

Hey! Wow! What a message! From our Sysop in drag to conducting rituals! As usual—HAIL ERIS!!!!

**From: Sysop To: /magus**

Re: Misc. Foolishness and assorted others

I really don't think this cult will work. First off, I doubt I'd look anything but revolting in a dress. Second, Swami Bogananda strictly forbids we initiates from cross dressing—except in matters of life threatening emergency. Thirdly, who would take a cult seriously whose major icon was a thirty-ish bearded dude running around in drag. Why if I even started to preach this rubbish, people would nail me up or something.

No. This cult has no possibilities whatsoever.

**From: Corby To: /magus**

Re: Reply to Barak

Why some magicians can't lighten the \*\*\*\* up:

A) Magick is a Vocation which equals energy, time and commitment (ya, some of us OUGHT to be committed); and, because it requires such love, endurance and sacrifice, it may be easy to forget that all things are relative. Practice changing your perceptions and hold on to no personal dogma. It's all equally meaningless.

B) Some people actually believe magick is about worldly power. (Imagine!!) They're so insecure that they need someone else to take them seriously, so they act IMPORTANT (snicker, snicker).

C) Let's cop to it, the western tradition in particular draws individualists and egocentrics. I AM ("becoming" is closer to the Hebrew meaning) is at the core here.

God is alive and magick is afoot. (Does that make prestidigitation a hand?) God is a metaphor vast in scope; diverse in meaning. Hard to talk about since any two people will

likely assume they mean the same thing when they say God—and they won't.

Uncle Al was Hermes. Situational ethics his speciality. And to speak of good or bad is almost always irrelevant to the subject.

We don't DO magick; we ARE magick! Not daily, but every moment of eternity! And, as to the Book of the Law, all I'll say is that any working or would be Mage must first discover the real meaning of Will; then find Hlr; and, then learn how to best discipline Hlrself to come into accordance with it. This seems to be the greatest point of confusion over Thelema.

MUSIC TO MY FLESHY PSUEDOPODS!!! I've been hoping for group workings of the type you suggest! Nothing like that's been going down in B-ton, I think, since Crystal Serpent broke up some years ago.

Sex magick is as to getting laid as a gourmet chef is to a burger flipper at McDonald's. But the appetites of the individual should be diverse enough for both.

To Chaos. Bless you, my son, says Queen Raven Raving Bitch. Where would we be without the generative powers of Chaos? A ritual is effective when it impresses itself deeply on the psyche (next time you call the western gate, try raspberrying a mouthful of water). But balance is required. Ever hear of controlled anarchy? All contradictions are true.

Aren't there any Erisians out there, as well as Discordians?

**From: Grendle To: /magus**

Hail Eris! It's about time that someone remembered the old dear!

(Did you know that God is really a woman and Hlr name is Eris? And

is you don't believe in Hlr, She is going to be majorly pissed!)

**From: Kether To: /magus**

Hail Eris and all that to those of you that log into this Sig and have anything to say. Chaos obviously reigns here and that's OK

too. Herr Orcus (for those of you that have read this thing from start to finish) seemed confused about a lot of things—too bad he couldn't find the right sources to guide his studies and the time to follow through.

Barak, the SIG-op, keeps asking for intelligent discussion on topics of interest to the magickal community. I certainly don't claim to be intelligent and as for whether the items I might discuss represent topics of interest to the magickal community—they will have to decide for themselves, but I am capable of discussing any number of things, at length if the urge strikes me—so I'm going to help out Barak here and attempt to discuss some of his questions.

One interesting premise in response to Barak's question about the death of God is this: The External Gods are dead. Conceptually they have either been explained away by science or turned inward by current thought in psychological circles. High Magick, the Great Work, concerns itself with the internal gods and their synthesis into the One God of Self—the Higher Self to be sure—but still the only true God.

The current Judeo-Christian mythos espoused by Bible thumpers everywhere is illogical to the extreme. I, the individual, am born a sinner—the Bible's word for "human pond scum", and am "unworthy" of interaction with God. I have no choice in this matter and certainly no validity as an individual or as a human being because "original sin" dictates my status to the world.

My status as a sinner dooms me to eternal damnation in the fires of hell (continuous residence in the abyss?) and, should I tune in to this wave length, is supposed to make me feel as lowly as the "pond scum" that I have been told that I am. Bull droppings! This God, who dooms me from conception (so what's so bad about aborting pond scum? Sorry—another issue), also — amazingly — says He loves me and wants to be reconciled with me! He even holds out as a reward eternal joy and bliss in His heaven! To enter however, I have to first die and let His Great Reconciler Jesus rule my heart and soul. Sounds like possession to me.

Death in one universe as an entrance way to

another universe is a concept a lot older than Christianity and is valid in its own right without any illuminating visions from this particular God. However, to get back to this love business—how can one logically love what one clearly labels as pond scum? Why desire to be "reconciled" with same? This sounds like some sort of scam to convince those of us who know and value who we are to begin to feel that we are without worth as individuals and can only be "saved" by the efforts of Jesus.

"No sir, sorry, but that's not gold you've got there—merely iron pyrite—but because I'm a kindly man (God), I'll buy it off you for \$1/pound just to show you that I'm not an unfair kind of guy." (But it is gold and it is valuable and once it's "reconciled", the purchaser can use the "gold" for His own purposes.)

This is probably not the best example of what I'm trying to say, but the point is that Christianity recognizes the value of the individual and espouses an entire mythos of propaganda designed to keep people from their own work, the Great Work, of realizing their own divinity and becoming gods themselves. After all, the propaganda clearly states that their God is a jealous God, who probably doesn't want to share this universe with any others. Possession of our spirits through complete destruction of any sense of personal worth is a marvelous way of going about ensuring that competition is minimal at best.

So, our culture stands in the way of our growth and High Magick can be a means of circumventing our previous programming in order to move forward on our own personal paths to godhead and immortality. Don't let outdated programming get in the way of your personal path.

Magick is often perceived as peopled with flakes—but the flakes were the first (usually because of somewhat different initial programming) to recognize and begin to move down this path. High Magick is for everyone and I hope that others in the more conservative walks of life will come to this realization soon.

In the meantime, let's keep up the interaction in this SIG. Growth needs support and here's one place we can look to

get it—from others like ourselves. (I warned you that I could discuss things at length!!!!) 93. Kether.

**From: Kaos To: /magus**

Re: Ahem

I really dislike reading anything that is more than 3 or 4 screens of stuff. It's a bit much to digest at one time. A warning to the Gentle readers out there—if you are not careful, this room will end up looking like the Religion room on many national net bbs's (bulletin board services) with plenty of discussion, but saying nothing.

Anyway, what do all of you think about bathtub magick?

**From: Sysop To: /magus**

Re: Ahem

What is bathtub magick? A new P&G product?

**From: Barak To: /magus**

Re: Ahem

Well, I don't care much for bathtub magick - they tell me it's all wet. In any case, you might want to review the several screens that Kether had to say (see above). Certainly some food for thought with those whose religious bent could use some straightening.

**From: Kether To: /magus**

Re: Ahem

I warned you all about the length of my messages before launching full scale into the body of my missive—and regardless of the length—I think that you missed the point. Religion is the last thing at stake here in any of this.

All religions are bull simply because they are religions. Anyone who takes anything outside themselves as both greater and dead serious is missing the point. My multiple screens were an attempt to generate discussions with people who are beginning

to question the validity of religion(s) and the existence of god(s) as anything other than reference systems to our own internal worlds.

If that's "saying nothing", then you're probably either not ready for the message or have long since grown past it. In either case, you should read more carefully before you comment.

**From: Corby To: /magus**

Re: Religion sub Kether

I, for one, would rather have an excess of discussion than none. What else are we here for? Kether made some valid points, but here's more food for thought (I hope).

God is without as well as within (for matter and form are emanations and reflections of divinity). All exoteric (orthodox) religions have their esoteric mates (sufism, kaballa, gnosticism). Choose any metaphor, they're all equal. Just because I like the notion of divinity indwelling, doesn't mean that divinity outdwelling can't be a more useful metaphor for someone else, or even myself at another time. It's not what game you play, it's what you learn from it.

Some people are too freaked by "thou art god" to work with it. And most of us mages were raised in an orthodox belief. Let's consider that instead of the massive amount of time and effort required to change our most basic programming completely, we might utilize some of it as is, modify some, and throw the rest out. Thou shalt utilize energy the most efficient way.

This is not directed at Kether, but why bash Christians? Aren't we beyond giving ourselves identity and cohesiveness by having a NOT US to point at?

Any new input on chthonic workings?

Love is the law (chesed) and love is the bond (geburah). Love under Will (Kether).

**From: Kether To: /magus**

Re: Religion sub Kether

You make some good points. But, being very new to this area, I remain confused

about part of what you're saying. If matter and form are "emanations and reflections of divinity" (words which indicate a separate and unique source—apart from matter and form), what do you posit as the source?

As for "Christian bashing", sounds like a cyber-punk sport! However, bashing anything other than dogma was not my intention—although I can see why you might gain that impression. What I really resent is any particular system which purports to impose upon me its version of reality as the only valid interpretation. Christians are not alone in their singular focus on the universe. It's just too bad that all such monosystemic individuals don't study and question a little more.

There is no "NOT US". There is only each of us as singular individuals with value—who are striving in our own ways to do our own wills. As long as that acknowledges each separate individual's right to His own will—then I thoroughly buy in to the program.

I also agree that some people are too freaked out by the "thou art god" concept to work with it—but I still posit that they should at least play with the idea sometime. It can be very "opening" to one's mind set. It certainly was to mine. Let's keep the dialogue going—this gets more interesting all the time. 93. Kether.

**From: Barak To: /magus**

Re: Religion sub Kether

How about that "dogma bashing"? We could send out teams to mill about on street corners.....nevermind. I think it comes down to the idea that each culture is only capable of positing the existence of a god that can be recognized through its own filters. In some ways, modern western culture is capable of "creating" a much more complex deity than were the aboriginal civilizations, but we have lost a lot of the primal power and drive that were inherent in the "Old Ones". I wonder how much the pantheon describes the worshipper.

**From: Sysop To: /magus ATT**

Re: Religion sub Kether

I would submit that the pantheon describes the worshipper to the extent the worshipper describes the pantheon. In a coarse view of history, this is true. However, in a microcosmic sense, the pantheon does not describe the worshipper as much as the parents of the worshipper.

Each generation chooses its pantheon as a reaction to the spiritual workings of the parents. Not what the parents practiced—but more of what they truly believed. The spiritual doubts and misgivings of one generation often become the outward heresies of the next. It usually takes at least that long for the individuals involved to disassociate themselves from the guilt inherent in any challenge to dogma.

Our parents fill us with their innermost feelings and teach us our ritual from their innermost world. We are taught on two levels, the outward cultural level and the inward personal level. As we rebel in adolescence, we carry both with us. We also rebel against both sides of the teaching. We synthesize our reaction based on the synergy of these two separate teachings.

Synergy is an important word here, for it is the part that is greater than the sum of the constituents that becomes each generation's contribution to the culture. It is what saves us from stagnation, and allows us the collective dignity of a generation.

Rather than bore the short people with multiple entries, I will include the rest of my missive as an attachment. Read on, if you dare!







L.V.X.