

# MEZLA

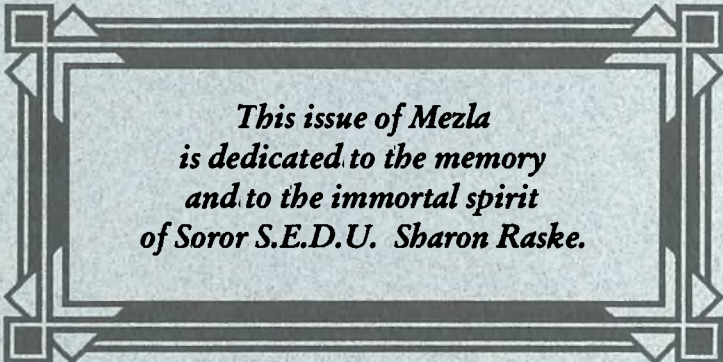
*An Independant Journal for the Working Magus*

*Volume V, Issue No. 1*

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*This issue of Mezla  
is dedicated to the memory  
and to the immortal spirit  
of Soror S.E.D.U. Sharon Raske.*



## EDITOR'S FORUM A NEW SEED • A NEW SPARK

It is night. The stars are out - there are few of them, but they are very bright! The wind is chill and brings the voice of winter and HIR tales of the sleep of death - the sleep of change. I feel myself ready, more than ready to climb into this dry husk of myself - to wrap these aged wings close about me and drift, content with my dissolution and my combination. Here in winding paths of evening is one voice - speaking to HIRself. Here is the child, telling HIRself HIR own peculiar story - of going under and arising - blinding bird of night and laughter, fire and the great beast of transformation - speaking in a voice that tears through our waiting with its own tremendous silence - it is time, and we are that child of light and darkness.

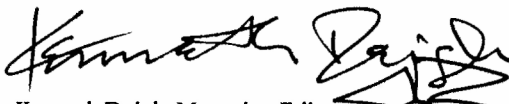
These years between the end of so many solid faces of the old aeon and birth of these struggling dreams of the child are a bridge that we are building - from one world to another. We are the trans-formers, the creators and destroyers of the ages. We are the equinox of the gods.

This spark leaps from the broken head of the old god, from the shattered vessel of the crone. It falls into the vast night of becoming - into the depths of our soul. This divine spark - this Mezla - is but a seed of what we are to be.

The underworld holds fertile soil for this seed. Who knows what may answer our call to awakening. The seed is planted, and we grow!

Mezla is both spark and seed, word and voice, and a fascinating spirit to work with. With this issue, the torch has been passed into my hands as Managing Editor. Most of the articles in this issue have been compiled over the last couple of years, in anticipation of this rebirth. Now we are actively seeking new material, new voices and new ears. You are part of this seed. You are an integral part of this process of becoming. I invite you to contribute in words, images, presence or silence.

Cansha Om Pacsha

  
Kenneth Deigh, Managing Editor

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**Editor's Note:** Magickal spellings, QBL equations and all other specifics of this document 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.

MEZLA is published four times a year on the cross quarters by N'Chi, P. O. Box 19566, Cincinnati, OH 45219. Any similarities noted between the events and characters in here and the ones out there are all in your head. (My what a big head you have!) The views expressed are the views of those expressing them, and not necessarily anyone else's. Submissions are welcome. Subscriptions are \$16.00 per year.. Please address all enquiries, etc. to N'Chi, at the address noted above.

# A MESSAGE FROM THE ADVERTISING EDITOR

Fr. R' LATH

And so, dear readers, at long last the premier issue of Mezla is here. It has been a long and tortuous path to get to this point, and the path was marked with the endings of some things, the beginnings of some things, and the continuation of still other things on their way to becoming. It has been a journey marked with ecstatic highs and crushing lows. I feel it appropriate that I share with you, our readers, something of the path that we, the Editors, have travelled along the way to bringing this Flagship issue of Mezla to manifestation. Conceptually, the "resurrection" of Mezla was born during the winter of 1987-88, during a small gathering known as the "Feast of the Magi", held annually at the home of the (former) Managing Editor in Ithaca, N.Y.

Although the notion of this "resurrection" belonged strictly and solely to the (former) Managing Editor, I and my mate/partner (Sharon Raske, Soror S.E.D.U.) quickly realized the worth and value of such a publication, and so we pledged our time and energy (which, at the time we had an excess of) and material resources (which we had a dearth of) towards the goal of making this a reality, and the three of us formed a cooperative partnership to make this happen. Almost immediately, things began to go right and wrong, at the same time. Those of you who are practitioners of the magical arts will recognize this phenomenon, well known to the world-at-large as Murphy's Law. (Nothing is as easy as it looks, everything will take longer than it is supposed to, and if anything can go wrong, it will, at the worst possible time.) Every success seemed to be

offset by frustration and setback. It was, for a time, almost like trying to walk on roller skates in a wind tunnel; lots of movement, but the end of the tunnel never seemed to get closer. As time went on, our original goal, to publish by Samhain of 1988, seemed less and less probable. To be sure, there was progress, but it looked as if we would have to postpone the publication date for a couple of months. "Oh well," we said, and resigned ourselves to taking whatever flak would come our way. As time went on, our spirits soared as interest in the publication manifested from literally all over the world. The setbacks seemed fewer, the progress seemed more significant, and we felt absolutely certain that we would be able to meet a Yule 1988 deadline. Then disaster struck. On July 7, 1988 Sharon collapsed at her secular workplace. Upon admittance to the hospital, she was diagnosed as having Acute Myelogenous Leukemia. I wish I could convey to you how I/we felt upon learning this, but this is one of those times when language is utterly incapable of doing so. Needless to say, every ounce of our combined energy and resources, and those of our very large extended family, became devoted to battling this disease, and the Mezla project was put on long-term hold until such time as this most immediate battle was done. For a short time, it seemed as if a victory might be won. A quick course of treatment, consisting of intense chemotherapy, produced what seemed like a complete and total remission, and 31 days after admittance, Sharon was released from the hospital, looking and feeling as much like her old self as anyone could after undergoing such an experience. But it was a short-lived victory. On October 3, 1988, less than 2 months after release, she suffered a relapse and was readmitted for further treatment. This was, I believe, the turning point in the progress of the disease. Although she was released in 28 days, again supposedly in total

remission, I became all too aware of the fear which haunted her from that day forward. We spent many a long hour talking about what the future might hold for her, for us, for our hopes and dreams, for our children, for our community. In spite of the fear, Sharon continued to attend festivals and gatherings whenever time and energy allowed her to, and we continued to engage in our private ritual practices at all times. However, the final blow was struck on January 6, 1989, the day of her 41st birthday, when we were told that she had relapsed again. Although she did not want to undergo a third round of chemotherapy, she chose to do so, in the belief that it could buy enough time to seek out alternative treatment possibilities. This was not to be. Her body could not take the chemical abuse that chemotherapy heaps on the human system, and she never fully recovered. On May 29, 1989, at 1:56 am, after five days in a coma, Sharon A. Raske, Soror S.E.D.U., the ultimate friend, companion, lover, soulmate, mother, magickian, priestess, shaman, went to her greater feast. I had steadfastly refused to accept that Sharon would succumb to the disease. After all, we were practicing immortalists, and one of our fundamental beliefs is that no one has to die, unless it is a conscious choice. We had been together for about 15 years, and we had plans to be together for a long, long, time. We had integrated ourselves as completely and totally as a couple could, and still retain our individual identities. I firmly believed that, some how, no matter how bad it seemed, she would find some way of integrating this anomaly, this disease, into her system and find a way to live with it, that she would miraculously pull back from the brink, and we would continue as before. Slowly and painfully, I began to see that she was very tired, and was essentially holding on for my sake, because I could not let her go. And so, in order to show her

that I understood the infinite ways in which our beings were linked BEYOND this mortal incarnation, I wrote the following poem for her. Before lapsing into that coma, I read to her that poetry which I had written to her just two weeks before. It was the last thing she heard from me. One hour later she slipped into the coma. I would like to share it with you.

#### IMMORTALITY

we are immortal, you and I  
borne on the wings  
of the fantasy dream of Nu,  
the feather flight of the heart  
homing to the domains  
of Soul-with/in-Soul  
and igniting the flames of desire  
within the core of the star engine;  
fiery brilliance of union  
pushing back the darkness;  
defeater of defeat;  
but then the spiral staircase  
downward beckons,  
downward into the blackness  
of the Well,  
crashing us upon the needle spikes  
of existence,  
the descent into flesh,  
the betrayal of the senses,  
of passion and love,  
of pain and ecstasy,  
of anguish and despair,  
deception, and illusion.  
The experience of life and death.  
Phoenix Fire, Phoenix Blood,  
alchemy of transformation  
and resurrection.  
Rebirth happens, again and again.  
we are immortal, you and I.  
Breath of Fire upon Earth  
and upon the black and silent stillness  
of the eternal ocean,  
and then there erupts a new wrinkle  
of Life  
lusting for the fullness of Creation...  
Liberty, Love, Life and Light;  
one, and one.  
cornerstone of Three, and then Four;  
Father, Mother, Son, Daughter.  
Component, and self-sufficient-

the four sides of The Well,  
and the Circle Squared.  
Four Keys to the palace,  
Four breaths inhaled,  
and the vortex is set in motion,  
reaching upward and downward,  
arching over the body of Nuit  
as it reaches for itself and the sweet  
ecstatic bliss of completion.  
Once again Pan is in the wood  
and Diana hunts.  
Ah, we are immortal, You and I.

Dreams of forever,  
forever Dreaming.  
We are connected by the Umbilicus of  
KNOWING  
the diamond hardness of the Link  
Which Binds Us.  
We Weave ourselves into the Tapestry  
of forever,  
the threads of our being  
crossing and re-crossing,  
and we endure.  
The Blade of no Warrior, no King,  
shall cut that tapestry.  
It is the Quilt of Dreams,  
and the Armor of Peace.  
We are Weaver, and Weaved.  
we are Immortal, You and I.

The Gods live  
because they are Remembered.  
Remembrance is but a window into  
the Consciousness of the Continuity  
of the Consciousness of Existence.  
I Dream and Remember.  
You Remember and Dream.  
I am within You are in Me.  
This is, and was, and will be.  
We are Immortal, You and  
I.

Rest peacefully in the loving arms of  
the Star Goddess.  
We will be together again.

Fr. R' LATH

*Though loved ones die,  
Love does not,  
and Death shall hold no dominion.*

-Dylan Thomas

## RITUALS..... THE RITE OF NAMELESS ALCHEMY

O. The purpose; to invoke the essence  
of each of the four Archetypal Aeons of  
Tetragrammaton fulfilled/begun. The  
Aeons being those of Mother-Father-  
Son-Daughter. Each Aeon has a key  
Alchemy, represented by an Elixir or  
Logos; 4=0, 0=Nameless Aeon.

1. A Magickal Circle is prepared,  
banished etc. at Will.
2. Incense is burnt, candle lit; a token  
of Pan is present.

“Begotten is...Begotten as the Nameless  
Aeon are the words of Pan which lie  
feathered and aflame  
Amist the Morningstar's rays,  
unhallowed and forlorn”

-B.O. Gate Called Pan.II.1&2

3. Assume the form of Pan;

“I am the Void incarnate  
I am PAN  
And there is NO WORD.”

-B.O.G.I.13-15

4. The eucharist of each Aeon is set in  
its proper quarter.\*  
All are charged by the Magickian in the  
center.

“Wine, Blood, Elixir, Honey; it is All  
the same  
unto I who AM and AM-NOT”

-B.O.G.II.21

\*Each is consumed;

\*North-Wine;  
“The sky clears and the moon shatters

the Stars like a mirror, shards fly and  
form a dancing circle of satyr-nymphs"  
-B.O.G.II.5

\*South-Blood;  
"The Sun rises to embrace this in the  
hard stones of his breath-growing old  
he is slain upon his own altar in his  
priest-cloak of green"  
-B.O.G.II.6

\*East-Sexual Elixer;  
"The altar is rent asunder and the Beast  
and his Bride rise up out of the earth to  
trample the temple under their feet,  
giving birth to their Child. He flies  
from their arms into a star-filled sky, all  
burning before him..  
-B.O.G.II.7&8

\*West-Honey;  
"A single tail Feather falls into the  
outstretched hand of the Little Sister  
who builds anew the Dream"  
-B.O.G.II.9

Sign of Silence;  
"And I embrace these, I distill these, I  
destroy and reshape these."

5. At this point "Illuminate the three  
hearts with the tongue of emerald"  
(B.O.G.III.12) that is, energise the 3  
chakras, gunas etc. (Head, Heart,  
Yoni/Ling) with the green light.

6. See the energies invoked as a  
blending whirl of gold & silver. Within  
the Tower that is 'you'.  
(B.O.G.III.13) It will then  
cancel....then access is attained,

7. Close;  
"All feasts are mine  
as are all JOYS my devising  
and I come when I WILL  
Thou shalt know me  
by the taste I leave

In your Mouth"  
-B.O.G.II.22 &23

Banish as thou wilt.

Comment;

I strongly suggest that the adept do this  
in a secluded spot in a forest, beach etc.  
I also think he/she should do it alone, at  
least at first. The sexual elixer and  
blood should be as 'fresh' as possible;  
questions concerning both are answered  
in the Book of the Law; I.49, I.51, I.57,  
& III. 24.

There is Nothing, it plays; that is All.

131  
Summer Solstice  
Mt. Baker

All quotes are from THE BOOK OF  
GATE CALLED PAN.

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# BAPHOMET & SON - PART 1

A Little Known Chapter In the Life of 666

R. A. Gilbert

The principal facts about Aleister Crowley's association with the OTO are widely known, but his biographers (including himself) give only a meagre and unsatisfactory account of his early years of the Order in England. For this, Crowley himself was to blame; in 1917 the authorities in this country, irritated by the miserable treachery of his work for German propaganda publications in America, raided the London headquarters of the OTO and seized Temple furniture, regalia, books and manuscripts. None of this was ever returned and information about the early activities of the English branch of the Order has consequently been difficult to obtain.

Recently, however, what can only be presumed to have been one of the seized manuscripts has reappeared. The material it contains provides new information about this important period of Crowley's life and about a number of his contemporaries. This two-part study will give a general survey of the new material and assess its significance. A number of hitherto unrecorded documents are here printed for the first time.\*

The Ordo Templi Orientis was founded in 1902 by Karl Kellner, a wealthy German industrialist with a taste for occultism and the more esoteric Degrees of Freemasonry. He was soon joined by Theodor Reuss who had in the same year, received from John Yarker, the English occultist and purveyor of Masonic Rites, a charter to establish German lodges of the Ancient

and Primitive Rite of Memphis and Mizraim. This rite soon became submerged by the OTO, whose higher grades involved the practice of sexual magic and were thus far more enticing than the purely symbolic degrees of the Ancient and Primitive Rite.

By 1912 the OTO had arrived in England in the person of Reuss himself - now head of the Order - who intended to establish an English subsidiary Order with Crowley as its Chief. There is no doubt that Crowley travelled to Berlin for his IX° initiation and to receive the purely administrative X°, but his own account of how he came to be involved with the OTO is little short of fabulous. He claimed that Reuss suddenly appeared one day in 1912 accusing him of having stolen the sexual secrets of the OTO. The accusation was based on the contents of certain chapters of *The Book of Lies*, but once the astonished Crowley was able to convince Reuss that he had arrived independently at the secret of the IX° and that its inclusion in *The Book of Lies* was unwitting, Reuss invited him into the Order and installed him as *Supreme and Holy King of Ireland, Iona and all the Britains that are in the Sanctuary of the Gnosis*, with the magical name of Baphomet. The title and the magical name are correct, but the rest of Crowley's story is a nonsense, for he had known Reuss since 1910 through their common association with the Ancient and Primitive Rite, and *The Book of Lies* if not unwritten was at least still unpublished in 1912.

Whatever the true facts leading to its foundation the OTO commenced its career in England with great ceremony, duly recorded in the newly recovered manuscript, which is nothing else than the *Golden Book* or minute book of the

OTO. It is a sumptuous production in a binding of purple morocco with the minutes entered on parchment leaves and the golden seal of Baphomet on the inside of the cover. The Order did not acquire the Golden Book until early in 1913, as shown by the first entry which is dated June 30th 1913 - and which refers not to the OTO but to the Ancient and Primitive Rite. It concerns a Convocation of the rite in London to elect a successor to the *deceased Bro. John Yarker as Sovereign Grand master of the Rite*. In accordance with Yarker's wishes, the post was filled by one Henry Mayer, and Crowley himself had to be content with the office of *Patriach Grand Administrator General*; but he did have the satisfaction of seeing his own home, 33 Avenue Studios, Fulham, appointed as the headquarters of the Rite.

From this point on Crowley's efforts seem to have been directed largely towards promoting the OTO and the Ancient and Primitive Rite faded out of his life. Beside himself, only Leon Kennedy and Theodor Reuss out of the seven Prince Patriach Grand Consecrators were also members of the OTO, and it would be interesting to learn of the future careers of the other four, especially as one of them, W. H. Quilliam, was made keeper of the Golden Book; evidently he failed to keep it for very long.

The official account of the establishment of the OTO follows the record of the 1913 convocation. It is written in Crowley's hand and is typical of his most bombastic and egocentric style. Some of it, at least, is worth quoting:

*Here followeth an account of the establishment of this most arcane, most illuminated and most Omnific Order in*

*partibus gentium Britannicorum. The OHO<sup>1</sup> approached me at the Equinox of Aries An VI, acknowledged me as a VII<sup>o</sup> of the OTO by right, and subsequently inducted me to the VII<sup>o</sup>. After various lengthy negotiations he conferred upon me and upon Lady Laylah I B N Waddell the IX<sup>o</sup> and last of all crowned me with the X<sup>o</sup> Supremus Rex by his charter of the first of June 1912 ev. I accordingly obtained permission from the A.: A.: and proceeded to recognise the Order on lines suited to the present Era.*

The permission from the A.: A.:, also in his own hand, follows and includes one highly significant passage:

*In all lodges of O.:T.:O.: and M.:M.:M.: in Great Britain and Ireland the Volume of the Sacred Law shall be the book of Thelema, or a facsimile copy of Liber Legis (CCXX), and no initiations upon any other document will be recognised by the Grand Lodge.*

Thus early in July 1912, when this was written, Crowley was beginning to mould the OTO to his own ideas and to the *revelation* of the Book of the Law. Many of the German membership objected strenuously when this became clear to them; the more so when Crowley was invited by Reuss to rewrite the Order's rituals. All this, however, is later history and falls outside the scope of the Golden Book.<sup>2</sup>

The English branch of the Order was called the *Mysteria Mystica Maxima* and its constitution, written by himself, was approved by Crowley on the 15th February 1913 in his office of *Supremus Rex* and signed with his magical name of Baphomet. As with all of Crowley's enterprises, dissension was soon to appear. The financial affairs of the

Order were in the hands of Victoria Cremers, but after less than a year Crowley discovered that she *had embezzled large sums of money*, and soon afterwards she *melted away to hide her shame in Wales*. The whole bizarre affair is recounted at length in the *Confessions*, but echoes of it appear in the Golden Book. At a session of the Supreme Council in October 1913, Baphomet - as Judex ex-officio - decreed that

*We do hereby remove the Lady Victoria Cremers from the Supreme Council and degrade her to the VI<sup>o</sup>, this edict to take immediate effect. We further remove her name from the position of Grand Secretary General, and of Trustee of the property of the M.:M.:M.:, calling her to account for the property aforesaid, and to hand it over intact to her successor. We further appoint Lady I N B Waddell in her place as Trustee.*

Miss Cremers was evidently unwilling to be called to account, as the following month a Grand Tribunal was held at the Council's *Court of Paris* at which she was expelled from the Order. At the same tribunal thirteen other accused brethren were tried for such shocking crimes as absenteeism and indifference. A few had been guilty of more picturesque offences.

These included Nina Hamnett and R. L. Felkin, both whom received warnings for being in *bad standing*. Felkin, who was a relative of the Dr. Felkin who ruled the *Stella Matutina*, was also guilty of absenteeism. A serious warning and reprimand was given to W. C. Minchin for breach of loyalty to the order (and) attempting to seduce the wife of a Bro. without his knowledge or consent, but only the most heinous crimes resulted in

expulsion. That fate was reserved for such as Phoebe Miller, who was expelled for the *Exercise of her profession within the Order to prejudice of brethren, (and) Swindling*. It would be fascinating to learn more of Miss Miller. The overall impression given by the Grand Tribunal is one of sheer hypocrisy, for Crowley was as capable as the next man when it came to adultery, treachery and swindling.

Despite these alarms and diversion progress was still being made. In April 1914 the Golden Book records that the executive council *completed the purchase of Boleskine House and lands*. Not that it had a long career, for it never served very actively as a Profess-house of the Order. During 1914 Crowley started on his travels which were to keep him out of England for the duration of the war and the later entries are made by George Macnie Cowie, who had been made Grand Treasurer General of the Order in January. Cowie dutifully recorded all the pronouncements and regulations sent to England by Crowley from his various retreats in America. Of these, his detailed regulations over the correct form of greetings within the Order (printed below) provide an interesting example of Crowley's ideas and his sense of humour. It dates from September 1916 and is the last entry but one in the Golden Book. The last entry itself is the only document received from Crowley in 1917; presumably it was entered shortly before the police raid that shattered the English OTO until Crowley's return. Chronologically it is the last document, but in importance it must rank first.

While in America Crowley had acquired yet another Scarlet Woman in the person of Jane Foster, whom he

named magically Hilarion and privately the Cat. Their acts of sexual magic had the specific aim of producing the magical son predicted in *Liber Legis*, and in this they were completely successful. Crowley's principle disciple in the New World was Charles Stansfeld Jones, who had joined the A.:A.: in 1909. In June 1916 he wrote to Crowley to say that he had made the stupendous advance of crossing the Abyss and attaining the grade of *Magister Templi*. The date was exactly nine months after Crowley's IX° operations with Hilarion and he was immediately convinced that Frater O I V V I O<sup>3</sup> was indeed the *child* prophesied in the Book of the Law. The sonship lasted only until 1926 when Crowley disowned Stansfeld Jones but in the meantime he had written *Liber Aleph - the Book of Wisdom & Folly* - for the benefit of his *Son 777* and had written the somewhat startling letter to Cowie about Frater O I V V I O<sup>3</sup> which appears in the Golden Book.

The original letter is preserved in an envelope inscribed by Cowie thus:

*Will of Baphomet as to his successor.  
Not to be opened except in case of death  
or incapacity.*

GMC  
Mar 22/ 17 ev

The letter reads as follows:

The House of the Juggler  
An XII Sol in Pisces  
Luna in Cancer

Care Frater,

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

I am taking it as a fact that Frater O I V V I O (Sir Stansfeld Jones) is the person predicted in *Liber Legis* I.55.56 and similar passages. All the statements there made about his generation have come out exact by way of Liber 418 & the IX° of OTO. I can't give details: it means almost a Book to explain. But I thought I would write this; in case of my death or incapacity he will automatically succeed me both in A.:A.: & OTO. This letter is to be taken as evidence of my will: you should put it among the archives.

*Love is the Law, love under will*

Faternally

In the Bonds of the Order  
(Therion) 9° = 2° A.:A.:  
Baphomet X° OTO  
I. I. et O. B.

How this decree was received among the remaining English members of the OTO is not known, but it seems likely that some at least of the ten members of the Supreme Council VII° would have resented this foiling of their aspirations and had the police not intervened with their raid, yet more expulsions would doubtless have followed soon afterwards.

*to be Concluded in next issue....*

\*This article first appeared in Spectrum Magazine #5

*Notes:*

1. O.H.O. = Outer Head of the Order
2. A manuscript notebook of December 1912 has recently (1986) been discovered by the author. It contains the initial draft of the part of the O.T.O. Rituals and a number of Crowley's drawings which may be reproduced in future issues of NUTT-ISIS.
3. O I V V I O = Omnibus in Vnus Vnus in Omnibus.

# TEXT OF CROWLEY'S REGULATIONS ON GREETINGS IN THE ORDER

This is the word of Baphomet to all members of the OTO

## ΘEAHMA

In the opening of the Lodge in any grade, the R W M as he opens the book will say *Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law*. In closing, the second officer will say this before saying *I declare the Lodge closed accordingly*.

In greeting any other person, even a stranger, this may and should be said ie: *Pleased to make your acquaintance. Do what etc*. If the person is one of us, let him reply *Love is the Law, love under will*. This should be the regular morning greeting in a household; also at *Good-night*. It is not obligatory, though it is desirable to make it a habit. It may be omitted to a superior, if you are afraid (but why should a King have a superior or be afraid?) that he will think you mad. All letters, especially official OTO or A:A. letters should open with that sentence; and close with *Love is the law, love under will*.

In conferring a grade, at the obligation say *Do What etc, I will and do declare you a man and a brother* or whatever it is. Also, closing, after FFF all add *The Word of the Law is Thelema*. The phrase should also be employed on all solemn occasions of consent. This I have used in accepting a pupil, *Do What etc, I, so and so, will and do take thee, so-and-so, for my son (or daughter)*. He or she replies in the same terms using father instead of son.

Repeat this for *brother* or *sister*. Repeat again for *friend* and *friend* (you can raise the pupil, who is kneeling, at this, by the hand. Embrace for *brother* and kiss for *friend*). *All this preaching is of supreme A:A. importance, observe that to revolutionize the world, as I am now about to do, one must not worry over individuals or details. One must take some very simple very deep word which cuts at the heart of things. The Buddha did not attack caste and so on; he just said Anatta and Hinduism crumbled at the touch. So Mohammed said Allahu Achad and upset the whole show. I say ΘEAHMA Go on therefore, preaching this and nothing else in season and out of season. You won't have to wait long afterwards for results. You must, however, be ready to explain that it does not mean surrendering to every whim, but the reverse. It involves finding out Who you are and Why you came into this world, and never swerving a hair's breadth from that Will. It's Ekagata plus Gnana, more or less, but simpler.*

Please observe that since I have adopted the plan of using the greetings as above stated, I have got the favourable notice of several important people. We have to advertise, and that is an A1 way of doing it, it costs nothing but a little embarrassment. The first time one does this to a correspondent, one can enclose a *Law of Liberty\** which explains everything nicely.

Issued to Lodges Sept 1916 ev  
By Order of our G M G

\* The Law of Liberty is a four page tract issued by the OTO. In Gerald Yorke's bibliography it is dated *about 1917*. From the above it is obvious that it was in circulation before September 1916.



**VOTE CTHULHU!**  
WHEN YOU'RE TIRED  
OF THE LESSER EVIL.

# CAMPUS CRUSADE FOR CTHULHU

COMING SOON TO A CAMPUS NEAR YOU!

Arkham, MA

The obscene idol grotesquely squats on top of a rough hewn granite pillar. The fire around it crackles and roars high. We are joyously dancing around it all; hands linked, half naked, we are whole, laughing with joy and desire.

The best is yet to come....

Bored by an ordinary, nothing life? Searching for excitement, power? Seeking a higher cause, one worthy of your very life? The Campus Crusade for Cthulhu offers all this, AND MORE!!

How does Tall, Green, and Slimey sound to you? Pretty scary. But you can handle it. You will have to learn how to. You will learn to yearn for the soft squeezing caress of undulating tentacles. Or you will be eternally sorry that you did not.

Think that you are searching for meaning still? Well, search no more! We have found you. Soon, when you expect it least, our agents will contact you. Soon you will not have to worry about anything. Ever. Again.

We know more about you than you can ever learn about us. And who are we?

We are both the oldest and the newest college organization in existence. We are sponsored by the ancient Cthulhu Cult, which predates all history. Before the United States of America, before ancient Greece, before Atlantis. Before the first Illuminati attempts at world conquest our tentacles had an unbreakable grip upon the entire Earth. We have never let go.

Ever since we were pre-men, the Cthulhu Cult has served the Great Old Ones, the unspeakable horrors of

legend. It is they who lived eons before they brought life upon this Earth. They came from distant unknown space, falling out of the sky upon our virgin Earth.

Through covert means, their lurking shapes held sway over our young planet, guiding the course of events to suit their own needs. They destroyed the dinosaurs when they were done with them, and so made way for the first men.

The Old Ones died three million years past, gone into the Earth, under the sea. Dead they were, yet undead, their dreaming still bodies reached out, and so molded the minds of our distant ancestors. The greatest of their High Priests, whom we know as Cthulhu, lay deep within his sunken R'lyeh Temple and guided all of history through the Cult. Ever we have prepared the world for the day they shall return. Then the world shall fall under the clinging grip of the Great Old Ones reborn. And only those who serve them in this life shall survive. For a time.

That is why we worship Cthulhu, why you can not afford not to. Ever we await his return from his tomb at R'lyeh. For we know that the words ever hold true.

That is not dead which can eternal lie. And with strange eons even death may die.

The history of our club is a strange and wondrous one: Early on in this century the ever growing Cthulhu Cult founded the Campus Crusade at Miskatonic University, the hallowed center of learning located among the misty hills of Arkham, MA.

Our first moves were carefully planned: Information tables in the

University Union, arcane bake sales, ceremonies in the remote regions of campus, and the like. After a year we had become a campus fixture.

By the end of the second year, we had possession of the entire University! Classes were cancelled so that all could take part in our ceremonies and ritual Virgins of both sexes begged to be sacrificed on our behalf. Our political control of Arkham was absolute.

### THIS POWER CAN BE YOURS!!

The next year we reached out for other campuses. Yale, New York University, SUNY-Binghamton, they were but a few. Now we have over 666 schools in our rule. And that is only counting the United States!

### IMAGINE WHAT OUR SUPPORT CAN DO FOR YOU!!

Remember the uprisings of the sixties. REMEMBER Kent State? They were small experiments on our part, to demonstrate our power, the kind of power that we can have through Cthulhu.

### AS CAN YOU, IF YOU SWEAR ETERNAL LOYALTY TO US!!

SINCE THEN WE HAVE GROWN IN POWER A THOUSANDFOLD!!

### YOU CAN NOT AFFORD NOT TO BECOME ONE WITH US!!

Remember, we have been watching you for a very long time. We will continue to do so for the rest of your life. However long that shall be is up to you.

So join the fastest growing conspiracy on the planet! Be ready for the time of the re-awakening.

REVEL IN THE WONDERS OF THE UNDEAD GOD WHILE YOU STILL CAN.

### UNIQUE BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP:

- Intimate contact with those of like interests.
- Eternal companionship in this life and the next.
- The safety of numbers.
- Spiritual support in case of legal prosecution.
- Enhanced lifespan: Chances of surviving the return of the Great Old Ones double when you are with us.
- POWER—Come the New Time, you will be given absolute control over the city of your choice, if all turns out as planned. The festering remnants of humanity will be yours to do with what you wish.
- Never again shall you be bored!
- Never again shall you be cold!
- AND you get your very own membership card, which entitles you to a ten percent discount on all items stocked at our numerous occult shops!

### UNIQUE CONSEQUENCES OF NOT JOINING:

- Greatly reduced life expectancy.
- Justified paranoia.
- Constant fear.
- Great chance of your becoming a Cthulhu breakfast snack.
- A death guaranteed to not be quick and painless.

Wouldn't you really rather be one of us?

Why Save your soul?

Sell it!

Cthulhu pays top dollar!





# THOSE WHO SING THE SONG OF THE SERPENT ARISING MANIFESTO OF THE SHEYA ENOCHI

This manifesto is to announce the formation of a magickal order, for the purpose of developing a community to work the Current of the Child exalted through the rites of the Sheya Enoch. The order takes the form of a growing community of people looking through the dark night of the soul for their lost Child. Through a cycle of five initiations, the individual becomes Sheya, holder of His own particular current. The goal of the initiatory cycle is to have all members of the community become fully initiated Sheya.

The Prime aspect of the Sheya is Enoch - the I AM THAT I AM. This is the aspect of unity - both Nameless and Bornless One, outside of Time and Space.

**Aleph** - I AM the Voice of the great Elder Serpent who dwell outside of time and space and cannot be seen nor felt, nor understood by god or man. My Word is the Birth of Thing and Life. And this is the first Aeon.

**Nun** - I AM heavy with Form - for I AM the milk of Gods and the blood of man, the Child of Gods. I AM the Mother, feeding the infant Dragon, the Lord of Light to be. I AM the Waters come down. And this is the second Aeon.

**Kaph** - I AM the Warrior of Thebes - Father of Man and the Messenger of Life. From me comes the shadow of Life and the blazing gate of Death. Even as I am preceded by the wound of

my sword, so do I precede She who will wield me in peace. And this is the third Aeon.

**Yod** - I AM the Child, remembering the Word and the Voice of the Great Serpent who has become me. I create my own Mother and Father within me, and become my own Child. I AM both Man and Woman, Goddess and God. In this vessel of Light, I Awaken, and sing my song of Desire. *"To me, to me, to me!!!"*

## MANIFESTO OF THE SHEYA ENOCHI

000. The Sheya Enoch manifest as the Power of Water to give Substance to the Idea, to support Life and to form the basis of the alchemical Combination. The essence of this Triad is Creation, and is reflected in the alchemical equation "Dissolve & Combine".

00. There is no separation between True Will and Right Action. Every step we take reflects the essence of our being. The work we do in accord with our Will is effortless. Know thyself and you will know thy Will!

0. The Child Exalted is both Mother and Father within Himself. Each of us is an Androgynous being, fully connected to the entire spectrum of human experience, including the extremes of Masculine and Feminine. Every individual has equal access to the Matrix of the universe.

## TO THE PROSPECTIVE SHEYA

Every part is effected by the whole. We cannot separate ourselves from our history - or our future. We are the Microcosm. There is no separation. That which we were and that which we are form the foundation of our Becoming. The Sheya Enoch recognize

the right of each individual to realize  
Hir own unique potential.

The philosophy of the Sheya community is expressed in the manifesto. We are dedicated to growth and discovery, to mutual communication and support. We hold all individuals to be equal, according to their Will. There is no government within this system, any appeal to a higher authority is an appeal to the Self.

The Current of the Sheya Enochi is the Call of Awakening - the Song of the Serpent Arising. Our goal is the healing and integration of the Microcosm and Macrocosm - in that order. Our work is the evolution of the Self, the Great Work!

The term Sheya refers to every Magus who holds the Current effectively. Unlike other systems, the Sheya Enochi maintain that it is the responsibility for each individual to hold the magickal Current for HIRself. It is for each Sheya to harness the energies of Hir being and to work Hir Will. The Sheya is anyone who is doing this work. It is necessarily an androgynous term, since it exalts the inner spirit, manifest in any form.

The Sheya Enochi are dedicated to the Awakening of the energies and Magickal Current of the Child Exalted - the Will of the present Aeon; to the healing of the Self and the Matrix of Life which feeds us; and, to the awareness of the Birthright of Humanity.

We are planting a seed. What will grow from this seed, only time will tell. All we can do is create the most whole and beautiful seed possible, nurture it with love and plant it in fertile ground. Then we must be ready to let go of what we are, as we grow into something new.

**"I Am the Child Exalted.  
SHe who carries HIR Father  
within HIR womb."**

For more information on the Sheya Enochi or the Community of Sheya, please write to :

**N'Chi  
P. O. Box 19566  
Cincinnati, OH 45219**

### ENOCHI

I drum the pulse  
Of the world of darkness  
Creating form  
From the pool of light.

I sing the song  
Of the birth of knowledge  
Awakening souls  
To the light of life.

I dance the path  
Of the moving circle  
To set the course  
Of the lives to come.

I am the god  
Of my own creation  
Becoming all  
That I will to be.

### THE SONG

I sing a song of arising  
Up through the primeval sea  
I sing a song of approaching  
All that I want and can be.

I sing a song of long searching  
For answers where none can be found  
I sing a song of despairing  
And learning to cry without sound.

I sing a song of awakening  
To darkness within my own soul  
I sing a song of beginning  
To integrate parts of the whole.

I sing a song of becoming  
Though each step is made with great pain  
I sing a song of completeness  
And dream of beginning again.

Kether

# The Circle

Laurali

In the gentle midnight breeze, I find myself swirling within vibrant spheres of ecstasy in a meadow of tall blades of grass, and I, the Maiden, dance to the Mother's silent heartbeat. I alone do the dance of wonder.

This is my idea of magic. To be one with the Earth and with Life is. To see and feel the beauty that surrounds me. This is magic. I like the feeling of being one with the All. But is this magic? I am not sure.

I know Nothing, and I know Everything. In my twilight perception of being, I, as the Crone, am a wise woman. But the child in me questions where to go in this world filled with so many possibilities, so many ambiguities and so many lies.

Howdec, folks out there in the abyss. I don't see your faces, but I can feel your presence. My name is Laurali, and I have been asked to write a column for the working Magi. I am using The Circle as the title of my column, and I, in my Own way, have cast a circle of Light around myself, and I call upon you to come join me in this dance. Come on, what do you have to fear?

Since we will be together for a while, I should tell you a little about myself. I am an artist, a writer and philosopher queen. And a damned good fire dancer. I call myself an eclectic pagan; I am not, yet, a ceremonialist. It all sounds so solemn. Is it? Or is that only a silly myth wrapped up with the history of religious dogma and ritual?

Anywhoo, you could say that I am rather neurotic and emotional, taken to flights of sudden Panic. A good friend of mine says I am nu-crotic, not neurotic. And I like to think of myself in this light. Old tapes are then shut down. Heck. I like being weird. Long live insanity! Hail Eris types! This is my last quarter at my university in Southeastern Ohio, and soon I will be off to face the "real world" of masks and men. Holi shit! But I want to create my own life. This is my Self. I create my own becoming. I can believe this on an intellectual basis, but knowing it, is something entirely different.

Recently, I met Hecate, keeper of the cross roads, on a white beach in a visualization trip. She was this crooked old crone with a

sardonic laugh. Her face was hooded in mystery, but I could see her dark eyes laughing at me. In my ritual, she said I had three choices: Either walk to the left of the waves, to the right or straight into the briny sea. I felt at the time she wanted me to seek my own death. She kept laughing at me. She was laughing at the fool inside. She was laughing at my fear of the unknown. And I, the one being afraid to change, became infuriated with her. How dare the hag laugh at me! I thought. But I know now she was an aspect of my Self. I was laughing at my own fear. At that moment in time I chose not to dive into the waves. But under my Will, I shall. Eventually.

My first experiences with magic were in a Wiccan coven. I was initiated, entered into the circle in perfect love and trust. The circle soon died out because of the hierarchical power trips on the part of the high priestess. She lived in her own reality of manipulation. She believed in forcing her Will upon others. Not pretty. That kind of turned me off of magic for a time. I know now that that was not real magic. I don't know whether she will ever know the real meaning of the word. I feel as if I am learning. I have learned that magic is transformative and requires a firm commitment to thy Self. It also requires unconditional love of all of Me. Both the light and dark shades of Laurali. This is a hard one. I always had to prove that I was worthy. I couldn't just love Me for being Me.

My dark monsters that I find down there in the blackness are not friendly creatures. They have sharp, pointy teeth, and they love the taste of human fear. But seeing glimpses of my real beauty and power has made me stronger and has kept me moving forward. I still have so much to face; I have only just begun to understand.

I believe this column is one step in my understanding, and I ask for your help. I want to hear from you wise magis out there in the abyss. What are you thinking? I am curious.

Blessed be.

*Laurali*

# CULTUS MARASSA



Do thy will.

The name reflects the ontologically compound nature of the cult. The marriage of the Latin "cultus" and Voudoun "Marassa" speaks to a type of creative synthesis common to both European pre-christian\* and African New World religious expression. Many are the paths to the essential.

The cult is thelemic in its orientation and recognizes the beauty propounded by the solar mystic Aleister Crowley in the words "Do What Thou Wilt."

Cultus is derived from the word "colere" meaning to care for, to cherish, to cultivate. That which is cultivated is the will. That which is cherished is the Mysterie Marassa. The Marassa are literally the "Twins" of Voudoun. As twins, they are two produced at the same birth. They are the first manifestation of duality; they were not so much created, as being, in themselves, creation (i.e., love).

The twins are the first emanation from complete abstraction. Therefore, in their nature is the seed of the initial abstraction. They are not to be transcended. They are to be cherished and, as such, readily bestow their hidden nature upon those who re/member them.

Mathematically, they may be expressed as  $0=2$ . The Marassa are The Great Gates of Unity. Theirs is the place of the first division, "For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union" (Liber L). They make the ecstasy of union possible. Theirs is the balance of affirmation and negation; they are the moment before. The Marassa are the birth of magick.

As essence, or that which makes something what it is, they are the magician.

## CULTUS MARASSA MANIFEST

The following constitutes a

declaration of Cultus Marassa and is meant to describe (not circumscribe) the cult's manifestation or partaking in the Holy Sacrament of the Physical. Cultus Marassa draws substance and inspiration from Bate Cabal (see Bate Cabal Manifest).

Tradition is seen as past imaginings. These past imaginings are revered as such and their ability to extend themselves in time is acknowledged. Present imaginings are held to be in no way inferior. Let the present and the past freely combine. The scythe of time is wielded by an apt gardener.

Esthetically Cultus Marassa embraces:

**Anarchism** - The cult is anarchistic in the original sense of the word; "without leaders." The means to complete Workings rise out of the context of the Workings themselves as the context comes into contact with the wills of the individual participants. The magickal will is paramount.

**Postdrogeny** - Masculine and feminine gender roles create a destructive context in which sexual magicks fall far below their potential. The fire of the stars is neither masculine or feminine. The beings who would communicate with us through our magicks make a two gender role system obsolete.

**Feminism** - Feminist philosophy presents a road to postdrogeny and is brilliant and moving in its analysis of the Old Order. Feminism is the advance guard which moves toward the dissolution of restriction.

**Egalitarianism** - Fear of that which is alien is a formidable block to magickal experience and the stellar magicks put the magician in contact with a vast variety of life forms. Racism, handicapism, sexism, etc. are expressions of this fear in daily life.

**Non-violence** - There are entities which feed on violence. They take

much and give little in return. Their palets are uneducated as to the difference between victim and victimizer; therefore it is wise to be neither.

The above statements are not meant to be taken as postulates or assumptions. Perhaps the ground of being on which they can be best understood is that of Banquet. Take what you will, leave what you will.

Cultus Marassa may be contacted c/o Black Moon Publishing if you have projections or ongoing projects and believe that the Cult may be of assistance.

## BATE CABAL MANIFEST

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

HE - Love is the law, love under will.

VAV - All grades, offices, and attainments are accepted by the Cabal. Every reality is authentic in terms of the specific system that generates it. If the grade, office or attainment is of a general nature, it will be recognized as such by those individuals that come into contact with the space governed by it.

Let success be your proof.

There is no Law beyond  
do what thou wilt.

HE -?  
the final 'HE'  
who is to say  
if this be concealed  
surely All is revealed  
Every man and every woman is a star  
will/love

\*T. Owen Knight; conversation in Ithaca, NY; 1983.

# LIBER 211

## HRUMAKHU THE DOUBLE-WANDED-ONE OF THE Z-AEON

ZAON 210 8 211

This article will be to share with you, my fellow magickians of the New Aeon, some of my ideas, intuitions, and channellings concerning the Z-Aeon.

This Aeon is traditionally ascribed to it's ruler and revealer - Hrumachis - the Double-Wanded-One to come.

References to this god-form in Liber AL are as follows:

"Hrumachis shall rise and the double-wanded one assume my throne and place."

AL III:34

"I am the Lord of the Double Wand of Power; the Wand of the force of Coph Nia - but my left hand is empty, for I have crushed an universe' & naught remains."

AL III:72

"Hail, ye twin warriors about the pillars of the world! for your time is nigh at hand."

AL III:71

Hrumachis is the Greek name of the Egytian god-form Hor-Makhu, which means Horus of the Star, referring to Sirius as the Sun behind the Sun. He/She is also called the Lord of the Balance and the Lord of the Two Horizons. The Sphinx is also a manifestation of this form. The name HorMaKhu splits into Hor (who is Horus, the hawk, the son), Ma (who is Maat, the balance, the daughter), and Khu (which is the great magickal power, the shining splendour, the star fire, and the twins).

In the Lord of *this* Aeon - HERU-RA-HA - is already revealed in many of the double or twin concepts that will later manifest fully in HRUMACHIS. HeruRaHa splits into RaHoorKhuit (Herakhaty) in his 'light' aspect, and HoorPaarKraat (Harpocrates) in his 'dark' aspect, of the Horus-Set twinning. Set & Horus are one in the double-headed god Sut-Hor or Sut-Nubti, who has the head of a hawk looking in one direction and the head of a jackal facing opposite.

Here is the Gematria according to the Hebrew and English values of some key names used in this article:

### Hebrew QBL:

HRUMACHIS

$$5 + 200 + 6 + 40 + 1 + 8 + 10 + 300 = 570 = 12$$

HRU-MA-KHU

(this name to be explained later)

$$H = 5 \quad R = 200 \quad U = 6 = 211 = 4$$

$$M = 40 \quad A = 1 = 41 = 5$$

$$K = 20 \quad H = 5 \quad U = 6 = 31 = 4$$

$$HRH = 5+200+5=210$$

$$HMK = 5+40+20=65$$

### English QBL:

Hrumachis (Greek)

$$8 + 9 + 3 + 4 + 1 + 3 + 8 + 9 + 1 = 48 = 12$$

Hormakhu (Egyptian)

$$8 + 1 + 9 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 8 + 3 = 36 = 12$$

$$Hru = 9 + 8 + 3 = 20$$

HRUMAKHU

$$8 + 9 + 3 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 8 + 3 = 38 = 11$$

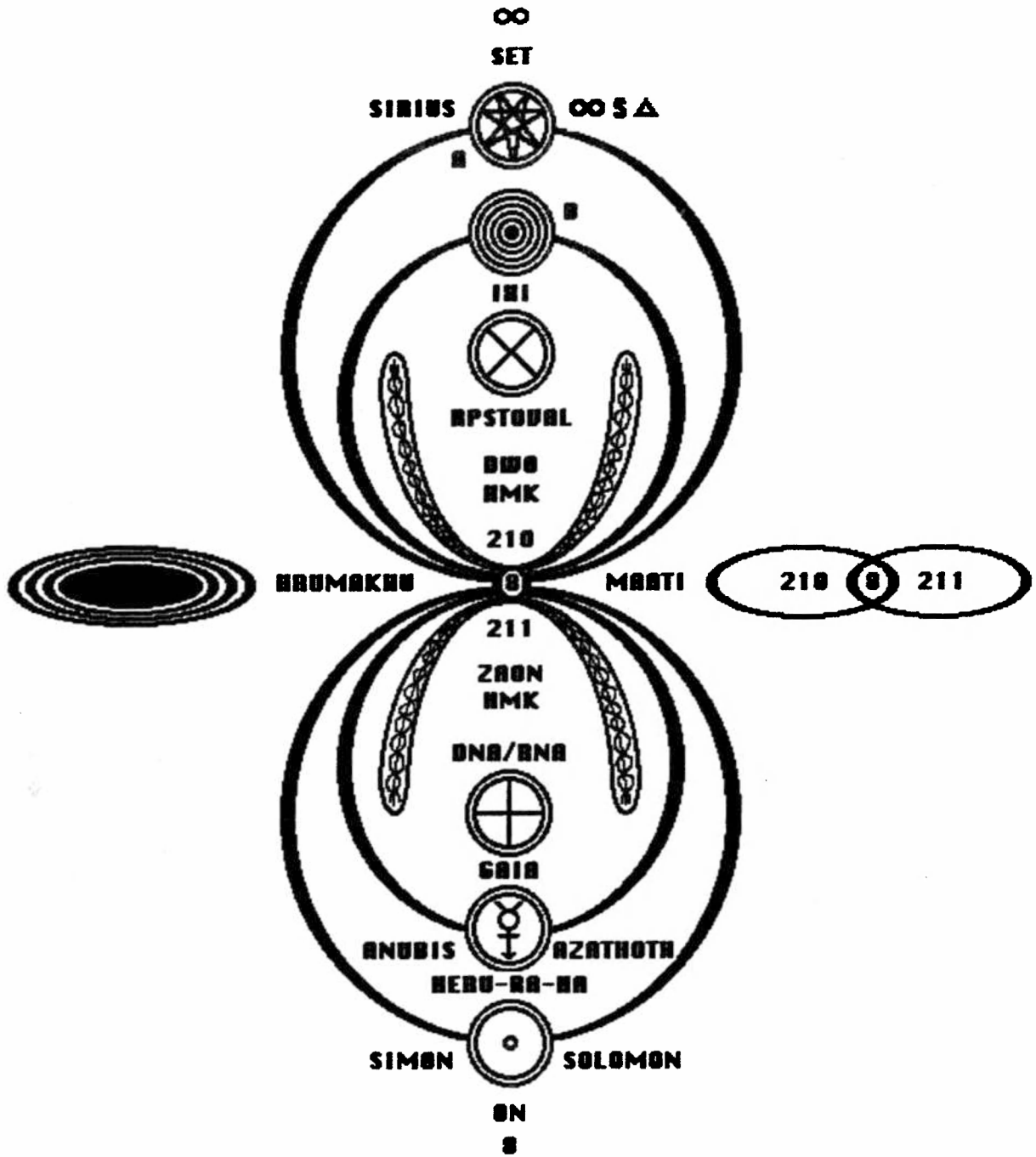
ZAON

(the Z-aeon)

$$8 + 1 + 6 + 5 = 20$$

As you can see, the numbers 2&1&0 come up often as the final numerical values of many of these names, by

4638ABK24ALGMOR3YH2489RPSTOVAL



OO ZRON OO ZRON OO ZRON OO ZRON OO ZRON OO ZRON OO ZRON OO

whatever QBL. The whole concept of 0 = 2, the NOX sequence 210, and the 211 concept will be delved into later.

The concept of the double and of the twins has been well explained by Grant and others. "The Childe is twin...the former reaching back to an indefinite unknown past, the latter projecting

towards an equally unknown future. The point in Time at which they meet is the present moment, the event-act created by the explosive union of these two contraries. At this Point the past and future are obliterated and known to be unreal; the Now alone exists, and Existence is Now, not of Time, but of Eternity." (Grant). And I am sure the

double Aeon of Horus-Maat is also understood by the readers of this paper. The double is dual, the devil, diable, the dark twin, the double-one = 11, a number of the Double-Wanded-One. Set-Shaitan-Satan is the ruler of this world of duality, where all opposites dwell, even within us. The Devil is dual, having both sexes within him, being outwardly solar (Therion) and inwardly hermetic (Baphomet) in male and female forms. Baphomet is the Templar-OTO manifestation of the double-one, directing us both up and down at the same time, in his all-encompassing wisdom. The gnostic Abraxas and Zurvan also deify this duality. The Phoenix, being a bird of going and return, is a form of the DWO, also being the secret name of Crowley in the German OTO. The Beast and Babalon conjoined form Baphomet as Yab-Yum. Mercury, the trickster, is double, and holds the double-wand Caduceus. And VisvaVajraSattva is the Tibetan form of this lord, who holds the crossed double-dorje or vajra wands. Even the name of the Hormunculus betrays Hormakhu, being a hermaphrodite formed of the combined male and female sexual fluids. He/She is everywhere coming forth into our consciousness now, his form hidden in our past gods, his purpose bursting forth now into our Aeon even as Harpocrates bursts forth anew from his Egg double-armed, double-willed, double-phallused, with the swirling swastika double-wand of the Lord of the coming Z-Aeon of Hrumachis.

Index to Kenneth Grant's references to Hrumachis and/or the Double-Wanded-One:

The Magickal Revival: Pages 15, 17, 22, 51, 53, 66, 219, 223  
 AC and the Hidden God: 54, 60, 152  
 Cults of the Shadow: None

Outside the Circles of Time: 112-114, 197, 264-266, 279

My own personal knowledge of Hrumachis comes from a stellar vision/transmission I received on 12 July 86. My set-up included 15 years of working with various religious systems, from early christianity to zen buddhism to hatha-mantra-bhakti-guru-kundalini yogas to tibetan tantras, then west into theosophy to initiation into celtic wicca to the magickes of crowley-grant-nema, to eclectic, etc. For about nine months before this experience I worked to open my crown chakra by visualizations & god-names/mantras & dreams to the Stellar currents that are impinging onto our plane from our future-evolved selves/others/angels/aliens. One morning, on an astral plane in the state between waking and dreaming, She Came To Me, as a column of light penetrating my crown. She communicated to my mental-astral through the phone line, which I know sounds funny...but think about it. She told me her name, and said she was from the star Sirius B. She then took me out thru the top of my head to that star-system. To make a long story short (three visions, each lasting about 2 hours, morning noon and night), lots of information came through, some of it personal in the form of automatic writing, and some of it new intuitional knowledge about the Sirius system and the Current that comes to us from it/them. I was shown that She is a manifestation of Maati, that She is the goddess of Sirius B in the same way as a form of Set is god of Sirius A. Most importantly I received the new information that Hrumachis is their hermaphroditic son/daughter who dwells on a planet encircling both suns, and that he is the Double-Wanded-One of the future Aeon to come! The name



of that planet is **RPSTOVAL**, the full coordinates to that planet/plane being **4638ABK24ALGMOR3YX2489RPSTOVAL** as given in Liber AL.

WHETHER THIS INFORMATION IS RELEVANT ONLY TO ME PERSONALLY, OR WHETHER IT CAN BE APPLIED BY OTHER STELLAR MAGICKIANS, I DON'T KNOW. But I take the chance of sharing it as a workable mythos/system. I know I have benefitted greatly from reading others' transmissions, from CJCN to Nema to Aeon magazine etc., so I hope this will have some relevance to someone out there, because this is what I have been guided to speak of. Of She ( $\infty\Delta$ ) who first contacted me, I cannot speak, that being a personal Yidam relationship with this Secret Dakini of Space, this Sirian Star Goddess. But of her "son" I can speak:

**Hrumachis** has revealed his true name to be **H R U M A K H U**.

As stated earlier, the Hebrew numeration is  $211 + 41 + 31 = 283 = 13$ . But I prefer the less archaic and perhaps more relevant English numeration of  $8 + 9 + 3 + 4 + 1 + 2 + 8 + 3 = 11$ , which matches his double-wandedness. **HRU** is the male fire of the hawk of the sun-star like unto Heru-Ra-Ha of this Aeon. **MA** is the balance of truth and justice and in-betweenness of Maati, whose Aeon overlaps this present one. And **KHU** is the female fire of the serpent of the inner sun-star, like unto Kundalini, Kukulcan, Kurukulle, Kalachakra, and Kalika, the gods/goddesses of the sexual fire used by us for internal alchemickal transmutations. **KHU** is **Q**, the great magickal power, which is in the female in the tail, the root of sexual energy. Thus the sun and star fires are brought down and balanced and used thru tantra

to transmute the human entity.

From Crowley's "The Law is for All":  
"The Khabs is in the Khu, not the Khu in the Khabs."—Liber AL

Commentary:

"Khabs is the secret light or L.V.X.; the Khu is the magickal entity in man...Khabs means star...This 'star' or 'inmost light' is the original, individual, eternal essence. The Khu is the magickal garment which it weaves for itself."

From Grant's "Outside the Circles of Time":

"Worship of the Khu releases a downshower of the Light of Aiwass. The Khu terminates the name Hormakhu, and is the magickal power of the son (Hor) and daughter (Ma) combined."

Hrumakhu, to me, is like a Star-Hawk-Dragon, Horus-Serapis or Hrumachis-Serapis, half hawk and half seraph in its totemic form. His/Her human form combines all the historical forms of the Double-Wanded-One mentioned earlier, always using both hands/arms to manifest above and below, left and right, blasting all opposites and manifesting all opposites in the same swirling movement.

Here are some more quotes on the concept of "the double" from "The Mysteries of Heru-Ra-Ha" by Aio-n 131:

"The universal conception of reality as two 'opposing' or different forces, meeting/conjoining/repelling and producing a third or 'thing beyond' is the root of physics and religion."  
(Crowley) "points out the work of

magick is one of constantly uniting ideas and concepts with their opposites and 'riding' the resultant energy to the next union."  
(the child)

And some of my notes and *my expansions* from that article:  
HRH is the child of the union of Nu, who is space, and Had, which is matter/energy/time. RHK is the active mask, and HPK the passive. HRH is our HGA, but the masks we wear in this world, being a manifestation of Horus and Set, are a manifestation of the DWO.  
(DWO = Double-Wanded-One)  
HRH = 5 + 200 + 5 = 210 = NOX  
211 = LUX doubled  
DNA = 4 + 50 + 1 = 55 = malkuth  
*DNA is our wand in the world  
the double-wand of malkuth is  
DNA + RNA = ONA*

NU = 0 HAD = 1 HMK = 2 = 11

0 = 2 = 11 0 twisted = 8

The symbol of HMK is a ∞. This the moebius strip at the twist of which space and time magickes become accessible. How do you get from a 0 to a 2? You simply twist the zero one turn and you get a figure 8 which manifests the two. The 0 doubles into 8, into two zeros. The DWO is of the Aeon where 0 = 2 is fully understood and used, in quantum physics, magicke, and philosophy. Thus the numbers 0, 2, 11, and 8 are the keys. These will be discussed later. For now let's get into this system of the Double-Wanded-One, of Z-Aeon Magicke, and of the Great Sirius migration:

The "future" Z-Aeon of HRUMAKHU - the Double-Wanded-One - is the "silent" Aeon of Zain or Zayin or ZAON, silent save for the

buzzzzzzzing of the stars and the hissssssing of space.

This being/god/angel/devil/spaceman /dolphin/??? of the future Aeon desires to tease and draw us into Space as the Source from which we came and the Ocean in which it is our destiny to set sail. Our human nature was helped genetically aeons ago by seeding from the stars, whether by superintelligent spacebeings, or by the "Angels of God", or by the cosmic cooks of Lovecraft, or perhaps by cosmic rays we are personifying, or by accident. You choose the mythos. But since I am into the Magickal mythos put forth by Crowley and Grant and Nema, and by my personal experience especially, I see these beings simultaneously as a super-evolved race from the star system Sirius, and as our future selves knocking on the doors of our subconscious to pull us out of the possible future of nuclear annihilation and towards our future evolution into the Commity of the Stars (as Nema calls it).

The mythology of the Current of the Z-Aeon being transmitted to this planet and into our heads is as follows: The path of this Current originates at the spacemark coordinates given in Liber AL, shorted here to the name of that planet as RPSTOVAL, which orbits Sirius A and B. From HMK (HRUMAKHU) on RPSTOVAL the current travels to ∞Δ (Maati), the "goddess" of Sirius B, then to Set/Shaitan/Lam or whatever you like to call him as the "god" of Sirius A. Thru the agency of Nuit (space) and Hadit (light) it passes into our own Sun SOLOMON, then through Mercury/Thoth, to shine upon our Earth, there to penetrate the crown chakras of magickians sitting here open to this Current. In the Sirius system:

Sirius A is like the Sun, Sirius B the Moon, and RPSTOVAL the plane of Mercury *and* the Earth. The guide is Anubis, who dwells at and projects out thru Quoph, and who is our guide to HMK radiating out there.

Thus with this mythological map (fill in whatever godnames you wish for these space-points) you can meditate and visualize, astrally project and rise on the planes to contact this Future Aeon Current. I am just giving you the path I was pulled thru during my Transmission experience, and which I have successfully run thru since then. I project out thru my Crown as a silver saucer of a white ball of light, which is my vehicle. I leave the Earth and head for Space. One method I like, which is based on models of interplanetary travel is through using gravity whip to loop around the Sun, then out to Pluto, then back again to build up the velocity to leave the solar system, shooting then Sirius bound. Then once in the Sirius system you can spiral in by slowing down in ellipses thru the gravitational fields before landing. Anubis will be your guide. It is yours to try.

Here are some notes about the Sirius system in the mythologies of the Dogon tribe and Egyptians in Africa from Robert Temple's "Sirius Mystery":

Sothis-Anubis-Sati are the three  
gods/goddesses  
in the boat of Sothis-Sirius

The triangle and the uraeus together is  
the symbol for Sirius

Po (in Dogon) is Sirius A

Emme Ya is Sirius B

Sagala is the metal of Sirius B

("Srigala" is "jackal" in Tibetan)

(Set/Anubis being connected with Sirius  
by Grant)

There is a planet around Sirius C  
(C is as yet undiscovered)

Al Wazn is the Arabic name for  
Sirius B, meaning heavy star  
(Sirius B is superdense)  
ISIS = Sirius A

Nephtys = Sirius B

The jackal Anubis is the wolf and the  
dog symbol in Europe,  
and the Sirius tradition may also be  
accessed thru Wicca,  
which uses those symbols in the  
northern Celtic Tradition.

Some more set-ups for Z-Aeon  
Magickes would be variations of  
Thelemicke and even Lovecraftian  
deities for the six directions of space  
and for the inner chakras:

Hrumakhu takes his place in the East

Heru-Ra-Ha is now at the Zenith

Hadit is the South

Babalon the West

Nuit at the North

Seton is beneath

with Anubis behind

and Maati all around us

Therion can also be the North

(magickal name) is within me

∞Δ is at my Crown

(or any form of the

Star Goddess you love)

(magickal name) is at my Ajna with

Tahuti/Thoth/Mercurius

Anubis is at Quoph

Hrumakhu at my throat where both of  
my arms originate

Heru is winged at my Heart

Solomon and Levanah rotate

at the Plexus

Shaitan/Therion is my Lingum erect

and my Will

Set works beneath me is my physical  
contact with the Earth

NUIT is the ElevenStar like a radio-  
antennae at the Crown

HADIT is the spinning SevenStar  
at the Ajna

ANUBIS is a black hole at Quoph  
 TAHUTI a rainbow EightfoldStar at  
 the throat  
 HRU-MA-KHU and MAATI balance  
 $\infty$  at the sternum  
 where the double wand holders  
 branch off from the body  
 HERU-RA-HA shines as a Hexagram  
 at the Hridayam  
 Beneath this are the chakras of the  
 Earthly plane  
 SOLOMON & LEVANAH float as a  
 Hexagram in the Hara  
 SHAITAN/SET rules the Pentagrams  
 and Crosses  
 of the Kundu/Base chakras.

And now back to the numbers that seem to be of the same vibration as HMK the DWO: 0 = 2, 2 1 0, 8, and 2 1 1. (Note that Sirius is 8 1/2 light years from our Solar system). The equation first introduced in the West by Crowley, namely 0 = 2, has been elaborated on in many commentaries. This equation is also the basis of all Eastern systems that start from the zero point and yet accept all the 10,000 things of nature as valid also. These systems I will call Tantricke (because all opposites are acknowledged and united back to zero), like Taoism, Kalachakra, Tantra, Shaivite and Kalika Tantras, and the Prajnaparamita.

As written earlier: If you twist a zero one time you get two zeros or an eight. 8 has always been the number for the double gods, like Mercury and Ouborous and all hermaphroditic gods, who manifest the opposites whether sexual or electro-magnetic, and loop into themselves to weave those opposites together. These gods do not cancel out the two into the one, but rather dwell at the turning of the loop where zero and two continually give birth to each other. That loop, the

vortex where all is possible at the stopping of time, is represented by the figure 8 or  $\infty$ .

HruMaKhu and Maati are the double gods/goddesses who manifest in the figure 8. HMK is double-wanded, and the figure 8 shows the field that flows around a wand that is double pointed, like the field around a bar magnet. Some of the forms of the DWO listed earlier hold the Tibetan Vajra or thunderbolt, which is a scepter that illustrates the two coming out of the zero and the one, then flowering into the eight (in the typical eight pronged vajra). The Caduceus is also made from looping figure 8's, illustrating the figure 8 vortexes that flow around the chakras and weave between the stars. Maati holds the double scales, balanced on the loop of the  $\infty$ . The double-vortex and double-current is seen in the 8. The Universe is based on the spiral, and these spirals seen in two dimensions form the 8, as does  $\infty$ DNA $\infty$ , our inner spiral spirit.

The number 2 1 0 is a linear sequence of the 8. 210 is the path from manifest reality back to the one and then to the zero source. I am the Hadit point 1 that is poised between the 0 and the 2, poised on the loop of the twisting 8.  $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 =$  the synthesis of the 5 pointed star = 120. NOX (NOTz) = Nun+Ayin+Tzaddi = 210. "210 is the number of reversal, topsy-turvy, and therefore with the reversal of the senses." (Grant). (210 is also the number of Belarion ((John Jack Parsons)), with who I have a great affinity.) Thus through meditating on and applying the 210 formula, the magickian can reverse creation and return to the Source (0, NU). Done right this of course throws you above the Abyss to the Night of Pan, the

realm of AzaToth, the Dissolution of the All. "My ego is the mirage that appears in the desert of Set." (said someone). So be prepared to be blown apart and eaten by all your subconscious monsters.

What is the way of return from this 0 space for the magickian of the Z-Aeon? He/She comes back Double-Wanded, holding the opposites of light and dark, male and female, 0=2=11, in his hands. He is like Baphomet holding one wand up and the other down, or like Horus the Enterer throwing both arms forwards. The formula of this feat is in the number 2 1 1. This 211 is the manifestation of the dual-tantrick magickian into the world of duality double-armed for action (and non-action, holding 210 as a secret within). Manifesting 211 is acting in the full knowledge and formula of 0=2, using both hands, past and future, subconscious and superconscious, god and devil, anima and animus, to achieve that strained balance that rejects nothing and uses all-things. That is Tantra! 211 is the Dual-One, the master of opposites, coming forth Double-Wanded to do his will upon the Earth.

The number I use to illustrate the return cycle of 210, and then the twisting of 0 into 8 back out into the world of 211 again is:

**2 1 0 - 8 - 2 1 1**

To manifest the DWO in this dualistic world, it is helpful to relate to the psychologically opposite parts of yourself as your Angel and Demon. This sets up a creative tension between your selves which leaves room for new beings to appear in the void in between. These beings are our hermaphroditic magickial children or masks. Of course

you have to be established in the higher third of your integrated consciousness to pull off this trick. The farther you can separate the opposites in yourself while still having them integrated through a higher operator, the more creative "yous" will be birthed.

In what I'll call Future Sirian Magicke, the DWO is in the DNA circuit that was transmitted to us from the stars when we first evolved, and the DNA is the Double-Wand that we as a race can hold in our future with which we shall do our Will unto ourselves and into the galaxy. 210 or 8 is the DNA structure. DNA has an irregularity where mutation can occur at the 23rd angstrom. 23 represents the chaotic state between two stable states. 211 is the disruption of the DNA molecule, a splitting apart of it to add new genetic material at that 23rd space. Sirian Magicke may consist of using DNA as the double-wand and the two-sided pantacle through which to cause change on the physical plane. DNA looks like an 8 with the ends cut off. And it looks like the Hebrew letter Aleph, the first movement out of zero, which soon falls into the two. Through manipulation of the DNA material in our future magickes we can mutate into a space-migrating race. "The future is for mutants." The Double-Wand is being handed to us by the Double-Wanded-One HRUMAKHU, who is our benefactor from the Sirius star system (in the mythos I propose). Take it with both hands.

Some left-handed Tantrickes already use the DNA in sexual fluids as their pantacle, causing mutation by cosmic rays and willed thought, imbibing the results to bring about internal changes and mutations. Also such work can be done at the crown chakra through

receiving the wavelengths of certain stars in space and then manipulating the electromagnetic fields, matrixes, and vortexes of the brain.

The use of double terminated wands, like vajras, spinning batons, even double-tipped dildos, is suggested for experimentation. The DWO works the sexual formulas with his/her double-wand and double-cup at both ends simultaneously.

But the best results I have gotten so far is from using double-terminated quartz crystals. The field is like an 8 or  $\infty$ . And these crystals are perfect for being programmed with the vibrations of the DWO. Using them in physical mandalas-matrixes-vortexes to collect programs from the stars, and using them directly on the crown chakras, works extremely well.

According to the Mayan calendar, the next Cycle (?the Z-Aeon?) will fully manifest in the year 2010...

.....

And finally some information on this subject from the book **The Lion Path** by Musaios, which I highly recommend to anyone interested in Sirian Initiation:

Pluto as Anubis is within the orbit of Neptune from 1978 - 1999, which happens only once every 500 years. On 4 May 1989 Pluto is closest to earth, on 4 Sept 1989 it is closest to the sun, and on 7 May 1990 it is closest to the earth again. These are the time doors to go thru Anubis to Sirius or wherever into the stellar fields.

“Proper timing plus varying intensity of meditation would tend to open the rather ‘rusty’ neural valve in the brain (most probably in the vicinity of the hypothalamus (Qoph - my note)) that

controls the window or lens-opening for a higher light and life energy to pour through into us from a higher level of reality.” This is Resonately Assisted Theurgy. “Lay a heavy hand on one’s neck and say, I hope you’re going to like this trip we’re going on!”

And as quoted by Musaios from the Egyptian Book of Coming Forth into Day (commonly known as the Book of the Dead):

“I am Yesterday and Tomorrow, and have the power to regenerate myself. Hail, Lord of the Shrine standing at the center of our Earth-realm and stretching to celestial heights. He is I and I am He . . . The garment wherewith I am clothed is complete . . . and the tears start from my eyes as I see myself journeying toward the Divine Festival and made strong. I have been working many days and hours aligning the twelve star-powers in me and connecting them, joining the hands of their Company each to each . . . the hitherto closed door of the wall is thus thrust open. I rejoice thereat and come forth like one who forceth a way through the gate, and the radiance my heart hath made is enduring . . . I can walk in my new immortal body. I rise like Ra, I am strong through the Eye of Horus, my heart is uplifted after it was brought low, I am glorious on heaven and on earth. I fly like the divine falcon and have the egg of the sacred wild goose, and I can alight upon the Lake of Life and rest upon it . . . Then I rise up and am like a god, being nourished by divine food, and go to the domain of the starry gods. The double doors of Divine Justice-in-Mercy are opened unto me, the double doors of the great deep are unbolted before me, and I rise on the stairway to that heaven where dwell the gods . . . Now I speak with a

voice and accents to which they listen,  
and my language is that of the star  
Sirius .....

.....Sothis speaks to me in  
her own good time. .... " "

HRIRILIU is the cry of the hawk  
HERU-RA-HA  
What is the cry of the StarHawk HRU-  
MA-KHU?  
?AZAZAZAZA?

Creative imagination is the Religion of  
the Future.

This article is such a manifestation  
from me.

Editor's Note: Magickal spellings, QBL  
equations and all other specifics of this  
document 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.



# RITUALS..... NU AEONIC VEHICLE

## (Nu Aeon Thunderbolt Ritual)

Aion 131

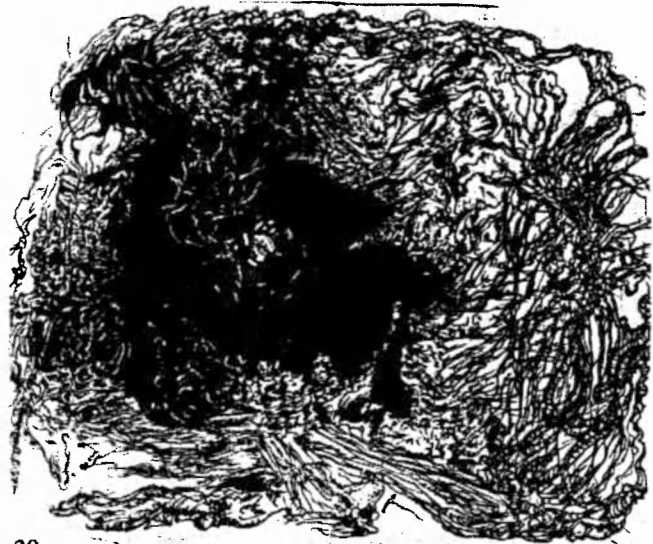
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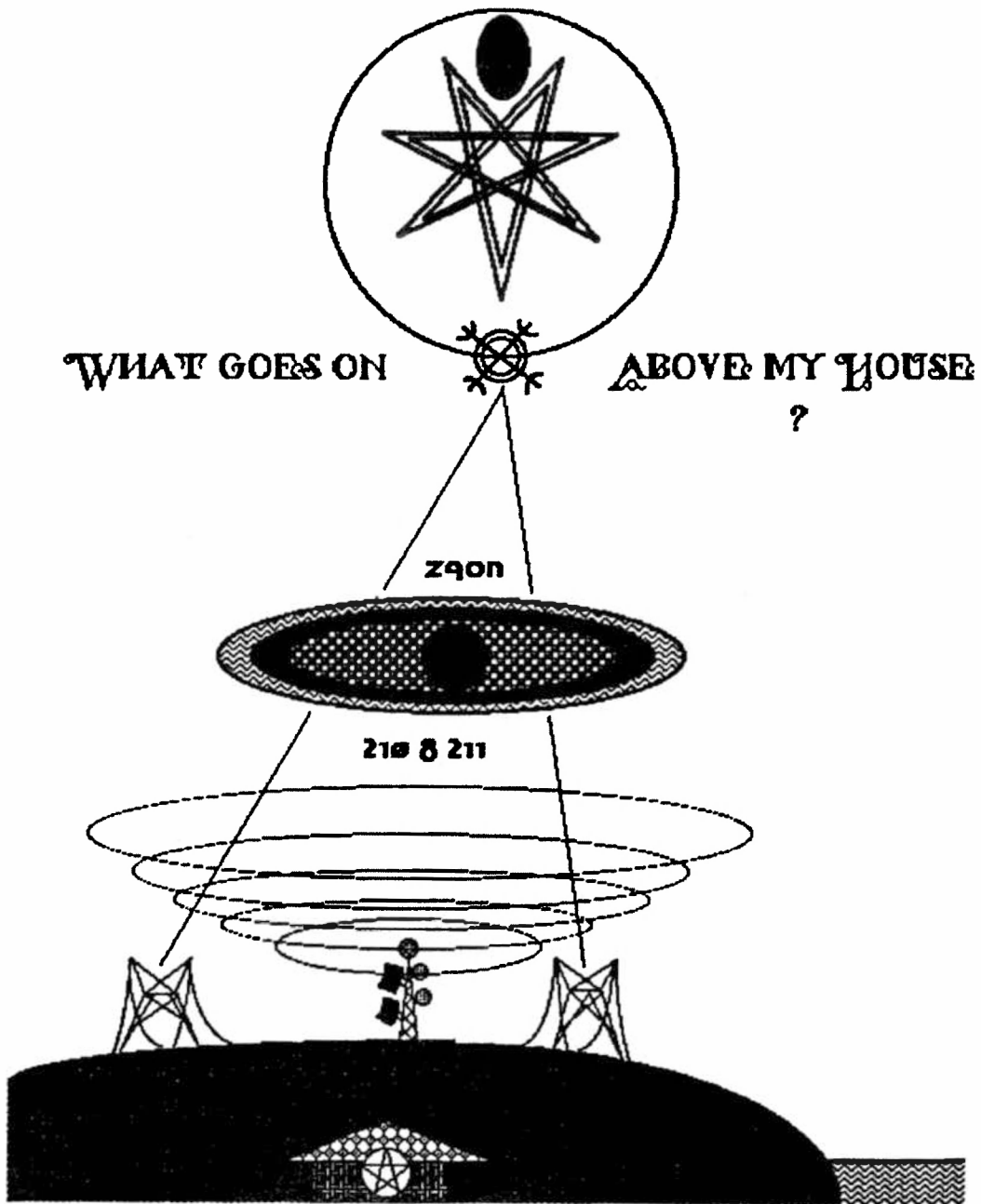
### O. BANISH THE TEMPLE (8 Fold Banishing if desired)

1. Part the Veil; AMN ! HO !
2. Visualize the Dark Yin Pillar on  
your left side; AGAPE !
3. Visualize the Light Yang Pillar on  
your right side; THELEMA !
4. Center force at base of spine;  
Kundulini; ABRAHADABRA !
5. Raise the Energy up to the heart;  
connect with the Life-Force, the  
Biosphere; IO PAN !
6. Launch the Force of True Will  
to/through the 3rd Eye; IPSOS !

### SIGN OF SILENCE

7. When finished, Earth and close  
Veil; AUM HA !







# INITIATION OF THE AIN SOPH AUR

Be'er Kayam Ben Barak

Initiations become increasingly more subjective as the magus rises along the middle pillar of the Tree of Life, and so the explanation of my own experience can only serve as analogy to the experiences of others. And the words which I choose to clothe it with are as changeable as the reader desires. I do not wish to set the dogma of a particular initiatory experience, but rather to offer the memory of my own initiation as a series of reference points to those of you who tread similar paths.

## I

Before the ritual, I had been giving a great deal of thought to the passage of the Abyss which I was currently helping someone through. I wondered what I had to offer in the way of new rites after "Threshold". (A Rite of the Sheya Enoch, for the crossing of the abyss of knowledge and the introduction to the Supernal temple.) I asked myself, "What next?" I felt that I had reached the limits of what I had to offer others. Despite the sense of relief I felt at the thought that I would not have to put myself through any further trials, there was still the nagging sense of responsibility towards those who might benefit from my further work.

## II

The ritual in which I was about to take part was designed to escape the limitations of time & space. My role was that of Le Mat, the Fool, Sebek. . . I dressed for the part in death's head make-up and body paint. I was feeling very primal, and my conscious personality began to submerge as I danced and spun around the circle of

Magi, each occupying a circle on one point of a large uni-cursal hexagram -- symbolizing the cycle/circus of Aeons.

Throughout the ritual, I danced in and out of the spiral, prodding and cajoling the others towards the center of the great spiral dance. I carried with me the sacrament in a wineskin, strung around my neck. The energy of some 40 magi was channeled through me and into the wine. At the close of the rite, we shared the sacrament and grounded the energy.

## III

As I recall, the ritual did not include an effective banishing, and I was by that time far too regressed into a primitive state to consider the need for one myself. I squatted for a while (time was already becoming increasingly subjective) at the edge of a circle of people who were taking turns singing and playing guitar. I felt very much in a dream state (Yesod), and everything seemed very magickally linked. On top of this was a strongly intuitive perception of the people around me. I felt like a somewhat visible spirit, guesting at a bardic circle. I could sense, almost smell or taste the conflict between several members of the group. And yet, there seemed to be no way for me to communicate with them. I could no longer even form words in my own mind, much less place them on my tongue. There seemed to be no stability around me, and I was becoming increasingly confused as the world seemed to dissolve into pure chaos. There was a part of me that told me that this was the crossing of the Abyss, that I'd been here before, and that I would survive. But the part of me that was most aware at that point knew no words and could not be comforted by them. It was with great difficulty that I managed to bring my waking personality forward enough to ask M to take me back to our suite. As soon as

we arrived, I retreated to our bedroom, and tried desperately to fall asleep. I was locked firmly in the grip of Daath, but the parts of my Self which would have appreciated the situation were nowhere to be found. I felt like a whimpering fox, about to be run to ground by the slaving hounds of hell. My waking self returned for a moment then, and I quickly pushed aside the terror and focused on getting across...and then I faded out again.

The next sensation was one of abject suffering, that I KNEW would last forever. I felt that I was in the archetype of eternal hell from which I could not escape. There was first the consciousness of suffering, and then the fleeting awareness that there was somehow an "I" connected to that suffering, to be conscious OF it. This "I" felt only that something was happening, and that it would just have to deal with it. I will not dwell on this aspect further, except to say that it was indescribably horrible.

At this point, though I somehow sensed that I had also left my soul writhing in torment behind me; I realized that this was because I had died. Opening my eyes, however, I saw around me the room in which M and I were staying. Trying to fit the pieces together, I assumed that I had become "unstuck" in time, and was experiencing my death from before, during and after -- simultaneously. I Knew that I was dead, that the world in which my body lay no longer contained me. My natural curiosity led me to wonder what my cause of death had been, and I decided that I had been "poisoned" by the sacrament.

Still, there was the part of me that was also still alive, at least from its own perspective, and I began to wonder if I shouldn't be more upset about the prospect of dying and leaving the world. I managed to call M into the

room, and asked her if it was important that I felt that I was dying. She seemed to think that it was. Speaking with M allowed me to identify more with my body, and I began to resent the fact that I didn't seem to have any choice in the matter. This allowed me to get dressed and make my way out to the next room, where several people were seated around a long wooden table. They seemed to be completely unconcerned about my death, so I wandered back to my room and turned the lights on.

I lay down on the bed. The feeling of suffering was gone now, but I kept feeling myself slipping out of my body, and I stubbornly held on to my physical form. Now it seemed just as important to stay awake as it had seemed earlier to go to sleep. For a moment I slipped out of my body, and there were several beings of warmth and light clustered about me, welcoming me. I floated through the wall into the next room, where everyone rose from the table in unison, and told me that it was "all right", and that they'd been "waiting" for me. I didn't like this at all, since I had no plans of leaving my body and life behind at this time, so I fled back to my body and forced my eyes open, yelling "I am not dead!". To reinforce the point, I marched my body into the next room and informed everyone there that I was not dead as well. They all nodded pleasantly, and I returned to my bed.

By this time, I had M sitting on the bed next to me, J sitting on the foot of the bed juggling thought forms, R perched in the corner opposite the door and P squatting on the floor next to the bed. I slipped out of my body again (at least once) and found that P had followed me and I suddenly "realized" that these people around me had been with me through countless lives, wearing countless faces. I felt my self burning, exploding, falling and freezing -- all at once. I Knew that I had led

myself down this path, to this moment, and that I was connected with these people in ways that I cannot describe. We had been everything, and even the novels that I had read were only clues to jog my memory. For I had forgotten who I was/AM.

It bothered me that my mind did not seem to want to function in any way that would make sense of all this. It kept throwing images and feelings at me and refused to place one word after another, or even to attempt to order things. As I closed my eyes, I felt that I was at the center of a cyclone of personalities, but I couldn't tell which one was "mine". All sense of who I was, and what was important to me, was spun away. I felt unborn, unattached to any of the various faces which my/our mind threw at me. The "I" that remained to experience this vortex of chaotic energies was torn between two great desires, which the "I" which I speak from now can only define as the Will to Be and the Will Not to Be. There was at once a lust to embrace some great mystery which "I" Knew to await me, although "I" Knew that such an embrace would mean annihilation as well. At the very same time was an incomprehensible horror of this embrace which would mean the end of all things, and the great desire to flee. Both desires saw themselves as the right and proper path, and neither could understand the other. I tried to relax into this grip of terror and love, and I felt the aspects transform.

Opening my eyes again, I saw that I was in a dark and tilted room. (I had left my body again, but no longer recognized it as "mine".) Below me on a bed lay an ancient man, with long white hair and beard. Clustered about him were his companions, whom I somehow knew. It did not occur to me to question this knowledge; it was a part of the being that I was.

As this being, I began to pass through a cycle of lives, incarnations--whatever. I do not know if these were possible selves, racial archetypes, or simply past life experiences. From time to time the images would return to an Arthurian setting, in which I played the role of King Arthur, surrounded by Gwen, Lancelot, Merlin and Mordred on my deathbed. It was during one of these pauses that someone must have brought me a glass of water, because I noticed it sitting there on the bedside table, wreathed in cobwebs and mist -- the very symbol of poison, as far as my subconscious (or what was left of it) was concerned. It was during a similar pause that I turned to M, and asked "are you waiting for me to die?" When she replied that she was, I began to drift again. This death seemed inevitable.

Passing into the next room, I could see things and people overlaying one another, like multiple photographic exposures. But each view retained its own context. There was no confusion within the chaos. On at least one level, all these people were beings/friends whom I knew "in between" incarnations. They were waiting for me. They had something to tell me, and I felt very loved and warmed by their presence. I focused my "self" onto the plane to which it seemed they were calling me; here I saw my friends gathered on alabaster benches, all dressed in flowing Greco-Roman attire. The walls of the cabin had become transparent, and I saw that we were on a great open plain of clouds, in a temple at the very apex of a great mountain. And although this image sounds confusing now, that is the only way I can describe it, except to add that it seemed most natural at the time.

Looking around at the figures on the benches, I could make out the archetypes of the Higher Archana. There were the Hermit, and the Magus, the Empress and the Priestess, and all

were goddesses and gods, and I knew then what they had to tell me. I turned and saw that one stood behind me, one who I knew to have been my priest before, who had returned to remind me of myself. He stood in the posture of the Child Exalted, of the sphere of Silence, and I heard him say, "remember your solar nature." Looking down at the palm of my hand, I saw that it was composed of nebula, and that I stood with my feet spanning galaxies.

I was at once striding across the universe and standing before my priest and fellow deities in a white alabaster temple, and lying on a bed, or a carpet in a hotel lobby, and all possibility was open to me. Before me in the temple was suspended an ever-burning lamp, and it moved away from me, guiding me down a corridor which became brighter and brighter as I walked along it. My priest followed me, reminding me again and again of my solar nature, so that I knew that he did not see what I saw, and that he did not know what kind of God I was. And a great celestial orchestra of burning lights and voices rose about me as I drew nearer to the blazing light, and I saw that I had two faces - - one light and one dark, and that I was both man and woman, and before either, for I was the Child from which both god and goddess spring. And at the same time as I approached the great light that burned me away, I was also walking between the stars towards a vast violet veil of light shimmering before me, and all that was, watched as I approached that veil. And as I pulled back the veil, I turned away from the light in the temple, and still I was consumed and knew nothing but the light, which was music and desire and all that was.

I sat up in bed. The first thing I remember saying was, "I died! I died and came back", but I was confused about who I was. It seemed that I had any number of choices, and could even

choose all of them at once. I looked around me on the bed, and saw there the Priestess, the Hermit, the Magus and the Devil, and I Knew myself to be the Fool, but in a way which is unknowable. Off to one end of the bed was a shadow of myself, and they were all gathered there for me. I could only call it "waiting for me to die", and yet I Knew myself already dead, and that what they were waiting for was more akin to the "sacrifice" I had made in Tiphareth. There, in another place and time, I had seen that I was not alone -- that I was a part of a greater whole, and I had given up my separateness, or so I thought. Now I awaited a further awareness.

I blinked my eyes, and I was suddenly in a hotel lobby, and my companions were now dressed in casual 60's, and P was telling me that they had just been fucking with my mind telepathically. Just as I was trying to decide whether to believe them or not, I blinked my eyes and I was back in Camelot again. Gwenivere sat beside me on the bed, and Mordred -- who was somehow Comrade, Nemesis and Judas all in one -- kept trying to get me to drink from a chalice that was covered with white cobwebs and mold. I knew that my "Death" had taken on another meaning, but I was too unclear about what "meaning" was to grasp it.

Returning to the next room, I saw the pantheon gathered around their stone benches, and suddenly realized that, not only was I a god too, but I was a Father of gods, a greater God. This is what they had been trying to tell me, that I was their God, and that all that I had experienced during my life on earth was a part of a great cycle of ritual trials through which I must go as a part of my responsibilities. I turned to P, who had followed me again into the room, and tried to explain to him what I was realizing. It took me a few moments to realize that the part of me that could

speak to P could not explain. But I managed to tell him that I had left clues for myself throughout history -- myths that would remind me of myself. And even more recently, I put these myths into popular fiction (like Zelazny's Chronicles of Amber) to lead me back to the memory of my true self. I was part of a family, in the Dynastic sense, of supernatural beings.

This was the beginning of a long and inexplicably intense spiral of Godhead realization, in which I grasped my Wholeness on ever ascending levels. I was connected to all the information of the Akashic record. I had only to ask a question to know the answer.

Once again I found myself multi-locating in an infinity of bodies, many of which were stellar. At the same time, I was watching P with his finger against his lip, and realizing greater levels of the mystery of silence -- which cannot be put into words. But his posture kept me from descending the ladder of realization, by reminding me that it was happening. For a moment I resented his presumption, and a part of me, who was god to his high-priest, flared up at him to remind him that he could only do my will. At the same time I was aware that as God, I could easily re-route "reality" in such a way as to allow myself to fall easily back into whatever existence I had been enjoying prior to this journey. I proceeded to lay the seeds for this, and so my more limited self ran into massive terror again. My "earth personae" had the absolutely overwhelming feeling that this particular Godhead was only another veil, and with this flash of intuition came a wave of absolute immortal Terror!! Next to this, the fear of crossing the abyss had been more like burning a batch of popcorn.

I looked down at my hand, and saw that it was once again composed of stellar bodies, closely set against a dark

void. Looking down at my body, I saw galaxies and nebula entwined. Soft, violet hues radiated from my chakra. I was filled with a huge sadness and a great longing. I felt utterly alone, and that I was returning to the end/beginning of an incomprehensibly vast cyclical journey. Before me in the dark void, I sensed a great veil. And I knew that the Fear that I experienced was merely the barrier which I had placed there to keep myself from returning before the journey was done, even as the longing Desire I felt was but the lure to bring me back eventually. As I approached the veil, all my senses were extended and excited beyond bearing. I felt all Joy, all Sorrow, all Love and all Rage, and knew them all to be the Law. I was Pain, Pleasure, and utter Freedom. I was seared with the heat of stars and frozen beyond redemption by the Void. And still I drew nearer to the Veil, shimmering now all about me.

I was dimly aware at moments of my body in bed. There I was going through the Birth and Death of Everyone -- expanding into the past and future at once. I was the First breath and the Last.

I reached out and drew aside the Veil, and Saw mySelf as if in a mirror, and I Knew that it was no mirror, and I Knew for one infinite moment that I AM -- All that Is. I AM Existence reflecting upon Itself, and in my knowledge of my solitude, I have created Infinity. All that Is, is only my Self -- exploded into an infinity of intelligences who do not remember that they are me, for I have placed in them my greatest horror, that I am alone.

That Greater Me ceased to be then, and I was only the lesser me, gasping for breath in my bed, surrounded by people who I knew now to be myself. And it took me some time before I could separate myself from them enough to speak or to move.

It was a great relief to be just a minor deity again, and even the confusion about who I was didn't really bother me much. The only thing that bothered me was the nagging feeling that, although I had managed to fit myself back into "reality", it would never be quite the same. I went through remembering that I had been the Sumerian God Enki, (but of course I had been everything, so that was easy) and playing with the power that I felt flowing within and about me. Still I was greatly relieved to finally go to sleep.

## AFTERWORD

Since this experience, I have found that it is dangerous to deny the lessons learned, or they come knocking at my door again. And so I have done a good deal of reflection on the initiation.

It seems that I rose up the Tree of Life through Daath, encountered Binah as the "Vision of Sorrow" and Chokmah as Janus, etc.; Kether as Godhead, and then the Ain Soph Aur as the Limitless Light which is the One. I think that every Magi must find His own way up the Tree, but eventually we all realize the One. This is the inevitable evolution of each individual, though it may take many lives. The point at which my experience seems to diverge from other accounts, is in the "return" from beyond the abyss. Classical tradition teaches the adept to recreate His world from the top down - descending into the world of forms from the supernal temple. Instead, my own journey took me directly to Malkuth - though not at all the one I started from.

I find myself very open to different views of reality, since I know them all to be equally valid. Even as Daath strips away all meaning outside the Self, so does Kether strip away all being

outside the Self. When there is a void, many things will rush to fill it, and I have had to be very careful to choose according to my own will. This is perhaps one of the greatest dangers of such initiations. There is the great desire to EXPLAIN what has happened to you - to give yourself some footing in the 'real' world again. It is very tempting to grab the most convenient reality tunnel and burrow in. But to do so erases much of the work done. You have gone through the terror and trauma of destroying the universe. You owe yourself the time it takes to choose the one you create with care.

For those of you who have your universe ready made for your return, I can only imagine that it is quite a different experience. One which would seem considerably more sane. And yet there was always a feeling - an intuition - that this was not the way for me. I have a strong sense that it is necessary at some point to cast even these preparations away, and to struggle once again with the primal creative vortex - to recreate the All.



# RECIPES • • • • •

## RIZ ALEISTER CROWLEY

*(to be eaten with curry)*

Use pilaff rice (best 5-7 years old).

A. Throw into quite boiling water, with a little salt in it. Stir with wooden spoon or fork.

After 8 minutes, test it by taking a grain and pressing between finger and thumb. It must be easily crushed, but not sodden or sloppy. Test again, if not right, every two minutes.

When quite right, pour a lot of very cold water into the saucepan.

Empty the rice into a cullender, and wash well under cold tap.

Put cullender on a rack above the flame (gas) and let it dry.

Stir continuously with a fork, using a lifting motion, never pressing down. During this process, remove carefully any black specks or hard discoloured grains.

Shake the cullender every minute or so until the rice moves freely, almost as if it had not been cooked at all.

Empty cullender into saucepan B (see next section).

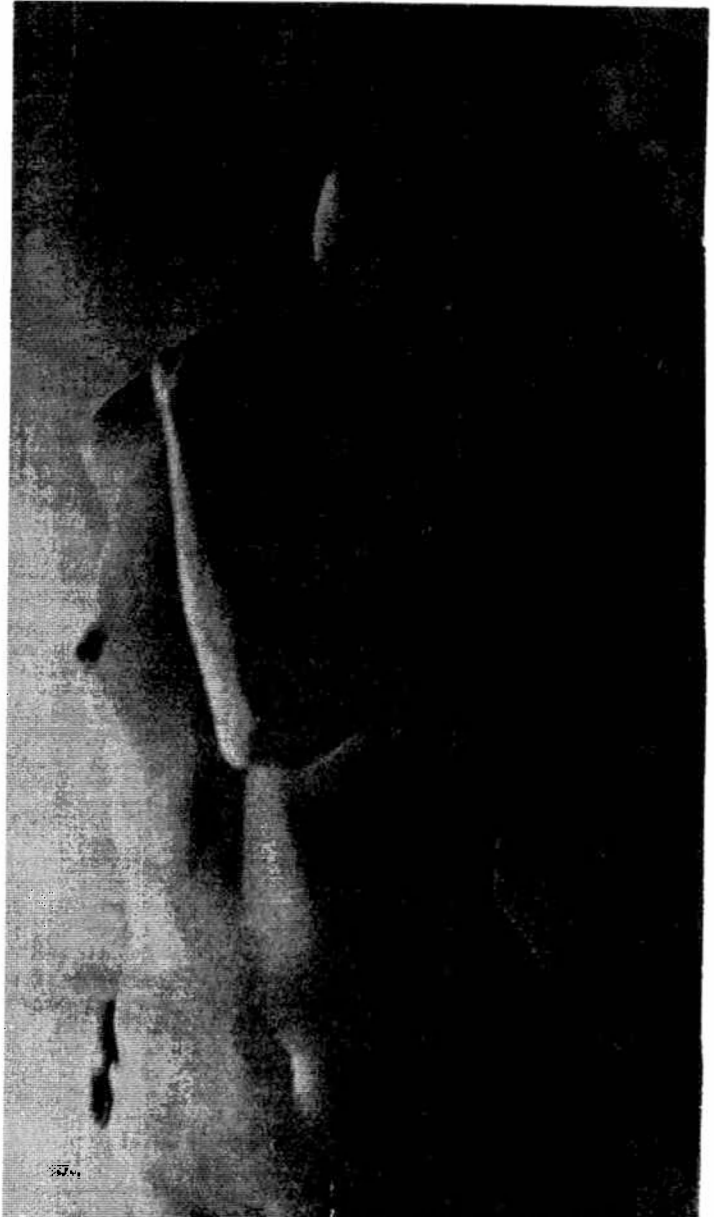
Stir until all is uniform, a clear golden colour, with the green pistachio nuts making it a Poem of Spring.

B. Take Sultanas, Jordan Almonds, Pistachio Nuts, Cloves, Cardamoms (very few), and Turmeric Powder (enough to colour the rice to a clear golden tint).

Stir all well together, in an ample amount of butter, in a large saucepan, and warm gently.

Keep warm until the rice is ready to add.

ALEISTER CROWLEY



# RITUALS•••••

## WATERING DRY BONES

### CULTUS MARASSA

Louis Martinie

Do thy will.

The ancestors are those who have come before and now stand at one's back. It is their combined weight that fills and informs the sorcerers' words in their becoming. The ancestors may include many or few, their number or numberlessness is a choice of the individual practitioner. They contain within themselves all that has combined to make us what we are. It is as if they stand holding hands in an unbroken line that reaches back before the creation of this world. The rites allow us to consciously take our place in this great line. To speak the name of all of ones ancestors is to speak one's own name in its most pregnant fullness.

The following is a description of a rite I perform in the morning upon rising.

Altar - The altar faces North and through it flow the combined wills of all those dead who have gone before. On the altar are objects that carry the touch of physical, esthetic and spiritual ancestors. A large figure stands upon the altar. It is infused with the virtue of the obsession that brought me into incarnation.

Food/Drink - There is a cup upon the altar containing sweet and bitter waters. Sugar is used to create the sweet inland water and salt is added to form the bitter sea water. The contents of the cup are replenished as needed. Each time more liquid is added to the cup, a plate of food is prepared and set upon the altar. It may be important to note that when human ancestors feed, they do not leave mold upon the food. The

growth of mold points to pre-human appetites.

Rite - Enter the temple and stand before the altar. Both hands form the gesture of the Marassa (twins) as separate. This is done by bending down the three mid-fingers and separating the thumb and small finger as far as possible. The Marassa stand apart. While in this gesture, create the self as separate from all about it. Next, join the small finger and the thumb. Spread the three mid-fingers in the form of a triangle. The joining of the thumb and the small finger is the union of the Marassa. The three mid-fingers form the flower created by this union. The configuration illustrates the formula  $1 + 1 = 3$ . In this equation, the plus sign is seen as the third element. That which unites the twins forms three.

Dip the joined small and mid-fingers into the waters. Hold both hands up while creating a current and sending it back in time through the link of the ancestors. One hand sends current back through the father's side and the other hand sends current back through the mother's side. Repeat the names and image all the ancestors that are remembered. Send the current back past conscious memory. At some moment in its travels, the current will seem to weaken. Call the current back upon yourself the instant before it begins to weaken. This becomes quite easy with practice. When the current strikes, eat the names of all remembered and forgotten ancestors. Touch the forehead with the joined fingers of both hands. Depart from the temple.

will/love

Louis Martinie  
Autumn, 85



# REVIEWS•••••

## SOME BOOKS FROM FALCON PRESS

—Fr. NOXious O\*, E O D

Founded several years ago by Israel Regardie and Christopher Hyatt, Falcon Press' catalog features an incredibly diverse list of books, by a rather small coterie of writers—Robert Anton Wilson, Timothy Leary, Donald Holmes, Hyatt and Regardie—all of whom shamelessly quote from, write introductions for, and cross-promote each others' books.

Falcon Press has become the main outlet for the non-fiction work of Robert Anton Wilson. They have published *Prometheus Rising* (Wilson's recension of Leary's eight-circuit consciousness model), and *Wilhem Reich in Hell*, a surrealist musical drama about the theories of the heretical researcher. Falcon had also reprinted the classic *Cosmic Trigger*, and the long-unavailable *Sex and Drugs*. This latter work, written in 1972, is still one of the best, sanest, most objective studies of the highly-subjective realms of sexual magick and brain-change agents. Its value is increased by being readily available in the midst of the anti-hedonic social inquisition of the eighties. I suggest it as required reading in all high schools.

Wilson has updated his earlier work by including long introductions to the recent editions. This strikes me as a more respectable route than that taken by his friend and fellow Falconeer, Dr. Timothy Leary.

Leary has recently signed with Falcon, to republish several of his 1970's books. Two titles have been released so far—*What Does WoMan Want* and *Info-Psychology* (formerly *Exo-Psychology*).

Both books have had their texts revised, in light of Leary's current cyber-punk obsessions, creating a couple of real problems.

*Info-Psychology*, in its original form, was Leary's detailed exposition of his eight-circuit reality model. The new Falcon edition has had its first several chapters completely re-written. This is a common practice in scientific texts; the problem is in how shoddily the work was done in this case. The original edition contained a series of diagrams showing how the different stages of each reality circuit connect and interact. These diagrams appear unchanged in the new work, but Leary has updated his views, making some radical changes in the original concepts. No effort was made to update the diagrams themselves; instead, Leary suggests "....take a pen and reverse the direction of the arrow..." etc. Why does the reader have to mutilate the book in order to use it? It seems like an obvious corner-cutting technique on the part of the publisher...rather odd in light of—

*What Does WoMan Want*. Originally published in a limited edition by 88 Books, this humorous account of Leary's 1971 exile in Switzerland has been marred by its extensive revision. Leary, who used his real name and described himself as a "fugitive philosopher" in the original, has re-created himself as "Tom Dylan", a folk/rock musician persecuted for the subversive content of his song lyrics.

His ex-wife Rosemary is now "Rosamund". This, and several other irritating alterations of the original text, do nothing to improve the prose. *What Does WoMan Want* worked well as autobiography. Leary's attempt to turn himself into a fictional character makes the entire tale seem forced and unbelievable.

As for unbelievability, *The Illuminati Conspiracy—The Sapiens System*, by Donald Holmes, takes the award. The overtly fictional first half of the book is truly wretched, and seems to be just an elaborate way to prepare the reader for the second half. This is an amazing exegesis of world history, bringing together hundreds of seemingly disconnected facts and theories. The conclusion? The "Illuminati" are the multi- (or supra-) national industrialists and bankers, and the goal of Citibank, Dow Chemical, the Rockefellers, et al, is the accelerated evolution and advancement of Homo Sapiens. Holmes does a very good job in trying to convince the reader, and, as in the climactic scenes of "Birth of a Nation", one may find oneself rooting for the "good guys" without remembering the larger context. I toyed with Holmes' reality for more than a week, but memories of the Bhopal poisonings, Chernobyl, and holes in the ozone layer finally broke the bubble.

The late Israel Regardie has left quite a few contributions to the Falcon Press catalog. If quantity is as valuable as quality, then his edition of *The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic* is certainly impressive. An enormous hardbound tome, weighing in at around five pounds, it is supposed to be a more comprehensive version of his earlier Lewellyn collection. The earlier book was poorly organized, and

contained no subject index. The new, "improved" edition, perhaps 50% larger, is even less logical in its flow, and contains much "new" material by Regardie and others. Unfortunately, it is not at all clear in many places, which essays are "original" G.D. manuscripts, and which are contemporary. This renders the book useless from a scholarly and historical viewpoint, though not necessarily from a magickal one. And, of course, there is no subject index.

Falcon has published some invaluable Crowley works, including the *Gems from the Equinox* collection in hardback, and a paper edition of his epic poem, *AHA*. I'm not sure what the "Caliphate" branch of the O.T.O. thinks of "their" copyright being violated. Get these while you can!

In spite of all the above carping (and did I mention that Falcon needs to hire a proofreader? Maybe two?), not since the heyday of Samuel Weiser has so much thought-provoking literature been available in one catalog. Write for it, and tell 'em MEZLA sent you. ("Mezla?" Who's Mezla?)

—Fr. NOXious O\*, E O D





