

LIBER QADOSH

THE MAGICAL RECORD OF MEITHRAS

XIth degree O.T.O.

Given from the Sanctuary of the Gnosis

Under the Seal of Meithras XIth Degree

LIBER QADOSH

MEITHRAS XI°

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law

Herein I intend to record my operations of the High Magick of the Order of Oriental Templars vouchsafe unto me by the loving kindness of OHO BAPHOMET XI within his works and records, prime among which are Opus Lutetianum, Grimmoirium Sanctissimi [sic], Bagh-I-Muattar, and the Lost Continent, etc. (viz. De Arte Magica and the Diaries of the Beast 666).

Opus 1 - PHOENIX in the fundament of the King - Insero Inregia Rex Leoninus Serpens Exstasis Inextinctio Elatio Voluptaria Meithras, Object - dissolution of all of our complexities; annihilation of the magical childe within our bodies of light; the black egg of our consciousness joining with that of another, higher intelligence. Elixir - entirely absorbed within the Eye of Horus. Result - complete success, attained conscious communication with the Emissaries of the H.G.A. - samadhi upon the Object of the Operation. Note - in the Highest Workings there is no "Object" at all.

Opus 2 - ATHANATOR in the fundament of the King. A. acting as Priest and I as Priestess as per the formulae of the Gnostic Mass. Object - the revitalization and realization of the current within the Sanctuary of the Gnosis and further knowledge of the XI. Elixir - completely absorbed within the EYE, orgia ecstatic. Result - we are rewarded by the renewal of our energies in the direction of codifying the methods of the secret magick as per the Rite of Shiraz.

Opus 3 - (same series) ATHANATOR I.F.of REX (via the secret asana) Object - same as above. Elixir - copious and strong, very thick "on the stomach of the squire", anointed the vital centers therewith. Result - astoundingly successful, the virtue of the talisman sending me quite beyond ATU XVI.

Opus 4 - Soror Alaya Kephra 359 - p.v.n., a perversion of the IX. Object - to know the powers of the sacred lotus in the muladara chakra. Anus quite excited at the intrusion of hostile alien solar-phallic object, the penetration of her secret soul by the radiant wand of its rightful lord. Anal fluid mixed with the substance of the sun produces a vital reaction in women and men. Her Yoni and backside completely "oozing" with the passionate breath of ineffable release - extremely horny girl. Elixir - consecrated to redemption of her slimy hole, quite lost in its depths. Result - success, activating chakra to influx of higher energies.

Comment on the sexual methods of Taoist alchemy: They deny the fundamental thesis of the Black Lodge (read Christian) that the sexual impulse is the source of sin and is of Satan (it is - but not as they understand it). On the contrary, they recognize it as the source of vitality and life, the root of the living principle - the TAO. That they devote this energy entirely to mystical ends is their own affair, but perhaps limits the possibilities inherent in the system. It should be noted that the method of the O.T.O. is high treason to the Chinese technique (at least in the Outer). I remain true to their principles while transcending them in the mode of my experiments.

The secret of their reconciliation is simply that I dedicate my energies to a further goal - the involvement and elevation of my total being into Godhood. I may absorb the substance of the life force via many channels. I may send it forth as a star, always retaining the vital link between it and myself. I may become absorbed within it. I may simplify or complicate its implications within and/or without myself, as my will directs. Thus the Thelemic conception transcends even the TAO, or more correctly the Chinese conception of the TAO, in that we recognize the secret of retaining the "vital breath" even while letting it go.

M..

Note - 93 All of my work with the "magical method of the O.T.O." is of an experimental and experiential nature. Its prime purpose being to further my understanding of the greater mysteries already so gloriously unveiled before me. To push on into the inner sanctuary of perfect and enlightened souls, "to make it with the saints" as it were. Thus this record of the magick art I must also dedicate to this self-same goal. So Mote It Be !

93 ! See De Arte Magica from Our Father Baphomet - "if it be the invoked prana that operateth the miracle," the phallus, the transmitter of Panphage-Pangenitor, the secret link between mind and manifest existence, is the physiological basis of the Over-Soul, the connection between sexual operations and the deepest centers of subconscious volition. Thus the vitally charged Lion-Serpent is to be found in the acts of concentration counterminious with coitus. At orgasm, the sigil of the desired force is activated, an "effective dream", attaining independent reality in its own sphere of the universe, within or without the

being of the magician.

It should (I suppose) be recorded herein that in all the years since I began to work with the technique, I have never done a fully ceremonial application in ritual form of the secret of O.T.O. It occurs to me that an organized battery of full ritual invocations should be performed. Athanator is the most qualified and certainly available initiate to assist. Several blue-prints are already at my hand. Give innovation a chance as well to declare the truth of its mystery and experience the ritual for what it is in and of itself. Need a house away from usual areas frequented, cut off from outside contacts, even members of the Order. We must stand outside of time or relation for the duration of the sublime rite. More on this idea later. 93-93/93

More on oriental sexual mysticism - the Chinese sex alchemy, in that branch which actually allows intercourse, conceive of the TAO as being made up of the interplay between yin and yang forces, female and male. Adepts engage in epic battles of mammoth proportions to obtain the yin or yang of their respective partners. It is, for instance, permissible to give a little yang for a great deal more yin, and vice-versa. The obvious connection between sexuality and vampirism is thus explicitly acknowledged within the Chinese system (see the Space Vampires by Colin Wilson). Crowley would use this formulae to drain off excess sexual energies in certain individuals, the effect being purely beneficial to the person concerned while increasing his own quanta of force. That a cosmology such as the above actually exists is certainly no more strange (and I might add a good deal more healthy) than the morbid hold Christianity exercises on the nervous constitutions of thousands. Certain Hindu tantric cults undoubtedly utilize their time in similar fashion. The 5 Ms are to a degree dependent upon the retention of the "vital light," preventing the immortal seed from escape and so create a new karma. The Tibetan Vajrayana Yoga reflects the forces within upon the inner screen of Buddha consciousness, and they are absorbed within the Dharmakaya or clear light of uncreated mind. The Chinese versions I can only attribute to the peculiarity of their nations evolution for more than 3000 years. Perhaps they have been influenced by Confucian and militaristic Buddhist thought. If so then this would explain the blind spot in their Taoism.

Opus 5 - (Aug. 22, 80 e.v.) A. Priestess unto my Beast, XI - Object - general increase in compatibility. M. Priestess unto A.

Object - same as above. A. Priestess unto my active Beast once again. Object - same as above. Minor opera in the morning, Elixir - eagerly consumed in all cases via our overly emphasized unmentionable vessels. Result - minor success, breakfast and coffee, a return to relaxed general interest. A. is now in the other room filling the cup of Our Lady Soror Alaya Kephra 359. A return to the TAO no doubt.

93 ! Llee Heflin once told me "the only difference between initiation and madness is knowing it is initiation and not madness". Our Bro. Phoenix XI has reorganized this as "properly understood initiation is madness and madness is initiation", or Turners words in Performance (the Mick Jagger/Nicolas Roeg Film) "the only true art is the one that achieves madness," or today's letter from Frater V.O.S. "Thelema is IN-SANITY". I take this to mean that if one is not In SANITY, then one is insane, or something very much like this. As we descend to the obscuroom obscuriorum we tend toward the awakening of the opalescent orb of true knowledge and light in DAATH. 93-93/93

Note - the secret of the O.T.O. goes far in the direction of unifying all previous magical systems. It is a lens through which practically any formulae may be employed in an immediate & convenient form. It also offers a rational method that all men and women may readily accept equally regardless of the religious or cosmological setting they may be working in. However it is my contention that only a Thelemite may draw the full measure from this holy and sacred chalice, capturing that flame of gnosis so cherished therein as a child or world of the future. Anyone not fully in tune with their own inner god and hidden goals, i.e. their true wills, would of necessity be divided and compromised by the technique.

On the other hand, experimentally inculcated workings with stars who are as of yet still shrouded in mystery from their own light, whatever the nature of the shroud, should be encouraged and are an Object in themselves. In this way we are saved from the devastating error of turning the entire thing into some new superstition or another. Such words as the many used above do no service if they are interpretations which fundamentally mislead - "spiritual, sacred, holy, secret, science, supreme" - all of these may be correctly employed in describing Our method, all may also become the source of new error. In fact, now that I come to contemplate it - there is nothing especially "sacred" about it, at least no more so than any other facet of the life process - the secret resumes the life process and the life process consumes and/or conceals the secret. There is no difference in the final analysis. The technique would then seem to be a sort of "Bohemian handling of the symbols"—a Bohemia Esoterica to coin a phrase. Some young ass reads the Scented Garden of Abdullah the Satirist of Shiraz and comes upon a statement by El Qahar "withdrawing the pen of my thought from the inkstand of my desire, immediately I behold the Abyss of the unfathomable stars" and takes this to mean that the 11th sephiroth is located in another young boy's anus—is this anything but gross misinterpretation of the intent of the text !?! I will leave it to you my dear and enlightened brothers to decide !

93 ! Speaking of Llee Heflin (you recall we were speaking of him ?), I understand that he is back in San Francisco once again. A fascinating and most interesting character as far as I can see. His book The Island Dialogues was responsible for turning me on to the entire experience of the XIth degree with Phoenix, under whom the actual initiation occurred. Heflin joined the Order under H.A., later resigned and wrote his book then went to live on Ibiza, a rather notorious island off the coast of Spain, where curiously enough Mr. Gerald York maintains a summer house. It should be noted here in view of his many detractors that Heflin was instrumental in the Pub. Of the Thoth Tarot book and cards now so popular and which have played so important a role in the rebirth of Our Order. I met Mr. Heflin once in 1974 e.v. in the Haight/Ashbury and had an interesting few hours discussion on the subject of magical initiation. Apparently he and the Caliph had a run-in of some kind (or series of them) and he vanished until now (but then so did the Caliph !). In this connection it is not without interest to note what the Caliph told me (H.A. knew Mr. Heflin much longer and better than I) on several occasions. After a certain experience with a Solar current on top of a hill in Big Sur, Heflin was never the same man again. It seems that he became a demi-god, an angel, perhaps an asura, in any case an elemental circuit in the macrocosmic system, but no longer a human being. The Caliph insists that this is the case. That he was overcome by one particular aspect of the cosmic force and is now its willing tool. I find this a remarkable series of conclusions personally. Nevertheless H.A. explicitly acknowledges that Heflin did make contact with some form of praeterhuman entity.

93-93/93

My dear and perfect brother in the gnosis A. is now (in his form of H.K. 1131) out with Soror Gelos 93 explaining to her the universal necessity of a certain working to be done within the Rites of Eleusis, in the Rite of Luna especially under the guise of Satyr and Nymph.

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A strange impulse stirs within me to record herein this diary the secrets of my soul, the babblings of the ape at the onset of divine ecstasy, the intellectual orgasms in the wild triumph of the mind that has smitten it to dust, leveled my house to ashes, the lightning that licks up in all consuming flame the last agony of my brain. "Then shall my flame unutterably expire in thy great N.O.X. Oh Thou Infinite God "all this within Our Sacred Sanctuary" But without are "purses poor penniless ones who revile the guests" who are coming to join us within – and what can I say of these ? Grant, Motta, Bertuax, et al, the less said the better ! Let me fix all my thoughts on love alone !

Opus 6 - (Aug. 23) M. VIII Object - worship unto Priapus ! Prolonged opera in the middle of the night, on the stomach of the King. Elixir - very thick and copious, extremely subtle and substantial. Result - success - F I A T .

Opus 7 - (Aug. 23) M. VIII Object - as it was upon awakening that the opera was performed - breakfast and coffee. Elixir - mostly consumed by myself, reserving a small amount to share (which thereupon occurred) with 359. Result - success, having coffee now and awaiting food at Mommy Fortuna's.

Note - I am a magician. However in the world of men of this earth I am "gay". Thus as a self-defined individual I am free from the definitions of the troglodyte world. Because I accept one of them, I am free to function in that role (at least in most quarters of S.F.) without hindrance. But the truth of the matter is quite different—for as I said—I am a Magician—I have "sex" with sexes that don't even exist within the accepted biological realm of this world we call the earth. Thus it does sometimes occur that an earthling will catch a glimpse of one of my "alien" opera. This is often a source of great disquiet and concern to them.

Opus 8 - (around one year ago) Phoenix attempting at the Eye or Gate of the King's Palace - Meithras XI. Object - none.

Elixir - on the leg of the slave, quite metallic and electrical substance, impression somehow impure? The operation proper bungled badly from the start and developed into P. leaving. I unsatisfied and somehow degraded. Had to take a long bath to sooth my nerves, for although the opus was so badly handled, a great rush of unrealized force was nevertheless generated.

Result - failure. Comment - reconsecrate the circle of my magical awareness completely. Definitely not

the desired outcome.

Further Comment - I include this reference as I understand how strange all of this "success" must sound. Let me explicitly state that although I have written this outcome after most of the workings so far recorded, I realize the immanent possibility of a much further success in any given operation. I chose this one from last year because, as of late, I've had most satisfactory experiments.

Opus 9 - (approximately 3 months ago) Damian makes M. XI. Object - Revolution. Lasting a mere 30 min., above "Gus' Pub," unspecified nature of the revolution. Elixir - in the mouth of the King. Result - returning back downstairs to the bar and parting company with said individual of local renown the entire crowd breaks into terrible attack upon my friends; fight ensues with much energy (moon entering scorpio); at the same time SHEMIAH XI punches out his boyfriend across town at the Truckadero Transfer - Pe (WAR) XI connection ? Result - Success - invigorating destruction of Gus' Pub.

93 ! Reading the Rationale of the Dirty Joke by G. Legman. First discovered this writer when the Caliph turned me onto his other book - The Guilt of the Templars - the best history of the Order of the Temple extant. He has also written - The Horn Book - on sexual folklore around the world. He includes the Bagh-I-Muattar and is obviously familiar with Aleister Crowley and his works. The man is a very good researcher.

Opus 10 - (Aug. 23) M. VIII - in the bath. Object to entice and perform a fascination upon the astral form of Soror 359, merely in love and fascination with her delightful enticements - the return of the current as it were, a gentlemanly action in response to her call. Operation prolonged while the summer wind cooled the inner fire of Shin, the work to invigorate her form.

Elixir - within the waves, all over my physical vehicle, the sacred tool sheathing my soul from hers - that we may make love beyond the infinite of years. Result - success, at least in the astral part of the work. I await reciprocal energies to manifest on the material plane and in the flesh - and so on forever.

Note - my workings with 359 most interesting. Should I call it a perversion of the IX or the XI (and I was prone to think that one could not pervert the latter !) formulae i.e. the p.v.n.?

In answer to the many uninformed and also self-serving individuals who continually assert the grossly misinforming rumor that Aleister Crowley sodomized Victor Neuburg, I must state that it was (in general) the other way around. Also to these same souls who state that Crowley gave up on the eleventh degree in his later years, that this also is contradicted by written evidence left us by both Crowley himself and his associates. My apologies if the current Grand Treasurer General of Ordo Templi Orientis takes this personally. Rather it was the ninth degree that he finally let lapse from his life. In addition to Frater L.T. and a host of others, there was Mohamahd Ibn Rahman (see the dedication to Crowley's play The Scorpion) with whom he spent his later years almost exclusively receiving the Sacrament of Shiraz. Also it was with or during the Opus with Mohamahd that his first genuine hallucination (I use his own words) or elemental manifestation, or visible contact with the Secret Chiefs (perhaps all 3 ?) occurred. All of this

has been, as I have said, documented. Some people I suppose just like to read those things they already think.

But back to Legman's book; it seems that if one laughs at a "dirty joke" then one has fallen prey to the joker and usually at one's own expense. However—if on the contrary one is unmoved, it then becomes an illuminating insight into the essential neurosis of the individual telling it ! Legman then goes on to analyse some hundreds of jokes, the outcome in one's consciousness being that whatever strange and dirty joke one happens to hear, it is automatically referable to page such and such of Legman's book ! Actually I think this to be a fundamental advance in the history of human thought, even though personally I quite like dirty jokes. Legman actually lives in, or rather on, an old installation of the Knights Templar in France. The process is analogous with the practice of Yoga. Whatever question that may arise in what ever dispute may be annulled or won through the active form of simply ignoring it. The battle going to whoever is the superior yogi. It also has analogies in the process of the qabalah - see 777 (the book not the man), any phenomenon may be referred to such and such a column in that book.

Opus 11 - (Aug. 23) M. VIII. Object - success as satyr with nymph in the Rite of Luna tomorrow night, visualized the sigil of the Mark of the Beast (the Sun conjoined with the Moon or the Sacred Solar Phallic projection of energy) superimposed on the nymph like form of Soror 359 in the El Sobrante Temple. Must do I Ching on this same question. Elixir - in the navel of Pan, mostly escaping in the performance utilized in this Rite. What I could get I orally consumed in adoration of the goddess of the moon. Result - will be recorded in due time after the ritual on the morrow.

Note - it is of the first importance that I not be disturbed during these VIIIth degree operations or any opus. The VIII is of course the most useful in estranged circumstance, but the mere thought that I might be disturbed is enough to offset the entire work.

Yi King on doing satyr form tomorrow night with 359 as nymph - Chun - difficulty at the beginning. Above, K'AN - the abysmal waters, below, Chen - the arousing thunder. 6 in the 3rd place, 9 in the 5th, 6 in the 6th place. (note - this is the same hexagram that 359 got in relationship to a similar question upon a course of action just yesterday, as she was or is to be the nymph... perhaps some connection.) Perhaps a full consummation is not to be in the form imagined. The hexagram does seem, however, to indicate that with patience all shall go well. Opus 11 above should go to prepare the working in that case.

Note - I must get to the point where nothing can disturb any given opus, that is the core of the work in and of itself ! M.

Discussing with 359 the possibilities of 561 and the advent of the Rite of Mitylene under the auspices of MARASHTI XI Degree O.T.O. My lips are sealed forever more.

The basic idea of this journal being an appendix to the XIth degree instruction papers, Liber Qadosh , which is quite short and to the proverbial point as to the procedure in acting out any given opus. (There is also my comment on this Liber in the possession of Frater Sub Rosa in NYC) The general idea would

then be to record as faithfully and as completely as possible my work in the gnosis, a series of strange and subtle points that may arise in working the current of the XIth degree and complementary formulae where it illuminates our own. Then to make copies available to initiates of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the O.T.O., Rite of Shiraz - and as the actual method itself is nowhere revealed herein, to other chosen candidates and even members of the ninth degree of proven worth. All of these things require discretion as well as tact. I shall proceed as the moment may dictate .

Opus 12 - (Aug 23) M. VIII. Object - Glory unto Priapus, visualized astral form of some young Ganymede receiving the staff of his Lord in joyous abandon, Elixir - mixed with the performance (it is similar to lube), consumed what I could retrieve. Result - successfully glorified.

Strange set of events apparently under way in NYC with the Order there operating 3 different and independent centers. I received a letter from Sub Rosa stating that the local IXth degree Lodge Master was a "closet Christian" and general disquiet in the work all in all I composed a (what I hoped would be a soothing reply) letter of response containing suggestions of reconciliation of the energies and a call to Beelzebub's 49 servitor demons to do the job, but as of today (Aug. 23) I have received no reply.

OHERNUSHRAM

O Thou uncompounded brilliance of the band of lights !

O Thou being-becoming beyond all that I may call myself !

O Thou all-consuming flame - essence - of Sabeian night !

I Invoke Thee

I Call Thee Forth

I Ask that Thou Appear

Thou Ray from the Supreme Mazda

Thou Teacher of the 13 Sassans

Thou Secret One in the Midst

of the Light and of the Darkness !

As I believe I mentioned earlier, my initiation into the XIth degree mode of working came about after reading The Island Dialogues and meeting its author, Llee Heflin. I then proceeded (although with bated breath) to engage myself in experimentation along the indicated lines with one Frater Iakasa (now Our Phoenix XI O.T.O.) with remarkable success. We joined an eleventh degree community in S.F. and

proceeded with our work there (or now rather here). This community (or family) had been the matrix through which Heflin himself had emerged previous to his departure from the country. Many interesting individual stars - it was nevertheless in a sense "led" by a rather bohemian old gentleman and poet genius named Frater Olun. Had the whims of fate differed he may have taken the place of Allen Ginsberg - 'tis a blessing of the universe that he did not, for he remains untouched by the devastating winds of fame, innocent amidst a local notoriety and generally one of the most loving individuals of color and light I have ever had the opportunity of knowing. But more about this community of undefiled XIth degree Saints later.

Opus 13 - M. VIII. Object - celebration unto the Lord Priapus. Visualized the combat between two naked warrior boys, both of whom threw off tunics and sacks at meeting within a midday forest glen in someplace like Greece. They stalk about each other and all the while their erections grow steadily more stiff and strong. Suddenly the larger of the two boys hurls the other to the ground, pinning him there against his will. Dragging him to where his sack lay, he removes an ointment therefrom and in one deft motion has the younger boy under his control, firmly grasping him by the testicles. One angered cry from the victim: "Thou shalt not have thy way with me!" and the stronger boy thrust his vital member into his adversary's spread-eagled behind. Elixir - copious and strong, able to catch a few drops, the rest lost in the waves (I was in the bath). Result - the Lord Priapus rejoiced exceedingly, Yea in good sooth! IO PAN!

The question of "magical rape" is most interesting and of intense practical import under certain circumstances. The Mq. De Sade has written extensively on the subject and it was a favorite technique of the Master Therion in the initiation of various subtle currents of force within the psychic-bodies of individual candidates to the Order. Rending the Veil of false Innocence is essential in approaching the Law ... it is implied in the formulae.

To tired to continue

93-93/93

Opus 14 (Aug. 24, early morning about 8:00) M. and Soror 359 - Lingam-yoni combined in the secret sign of the Illuminati or if you will the orthodox path of the IXth degree O.T.O.. Object - none but Love under Will, celebration of the radiant dawn - OM NAMAHO SHIVA YA OM - lasted about 20 min. Elixir - let go in the Vesica of the Priestess. Result - same as Object.

Comment on Opus 14 - once again a strange perversion with 359. Opera started out as p.v.n. - but I suppose this all to straight forward for my companion and was transferred into the orthodox method. It seems that no matter what the formulae, her indecent soul cannot allow any sort of complacency in the act - note - she denies this and says it was on the contrary, to much of a surprise that early in the morning. ??! I shall have to further investigate the truth of this claim.

XIth degree Applied within the proper circumstances, in the proper manner, and to the proper individual -

thus - when fully and duly performed upon the essentially prepared personage of the candidate, it takes him beyond his previously acknowledged limits. Any form of congress other than the usually accepted action tends toward a higher plane. The energy denied realization on one level, inevitably does so upon another. Thus it is perversion taken to its nth possible degree that results in constant mutation or initiation to the Highest Power. Thus it is the truly supreme formulae of magick. This is so, no matter what intellectual conception one has. Anybody who has once been righteously fucked up the ass can never again deny the very real and significant knowledge gained therefrom. Just suppose then it is not the dumb beast of man, but rather the radiant ray of some Leoninus Serpens that thus invades one's being - charged mightily with the image of Will or the eidolon of God - what then could not be accomplished in such an Operation ?!.

M.

Note - that the creative energy is within man, not without. The consciousness is the vehicle of the physical life, not vice-versa as has been previously supposed (see Christianity).

I find it most difficult to relate the concept of "magical rape" without coming into some Freudian framework (although Freud isn't always wrong !). I fear that I shall be misinterpreted and fall from the readers' grace. To express the all too obvious need of some people to experience what may seem quite bizarre to public morality and taste, can upon occasion land the writer in a good deal of trouble himself. Well, in any event, onward into the fog ! The explosive release of the libidinous flow in the midst of conscious agony, fear, anger, disgust, terror, loathing, the repellent monstrosities of disfigured mind, the yet deeper and more subtly hidden abstractions of abhorrent reactions in the unconscious layers of the silent self has been described in the works of Lovecraft. These horrible anti-selves we keep locked beneath awareness in chains lest they escape and devour us. In order that they never hold sway over our conscious volition, we deny them their place in this world and in ourselves. The more so we deny them however the greater seems to become their power over us. . Those "things" of which even Poe was but dimly aware and the Qabalist calls Qliphoth. In the initiation ceremonies of various aboriginal tribes, the canzo of Voudon, the ordeals of the ancient Egyptian and Chaldean secret schools and many another form of mystic reception - the candidate is placed in circumstances beyond his conscious control. He is brought face to face with the veritable demon of his own soul and all of its ominous powers. The candidate is confronted with an energy or arrangement of affairs that has no neutral solution. He must ascend to another plane of being; he must suffer a translation in the core of his Self into another order of motion and energy, before the Dark Night of the Soul will give way to continuous enjoyment of this new state of affairs. This is the Black Dragon of the Alchemists. This is the middle letter of the sacred word or name of God IAO which has analogues in practically every religious and mystico-magick doctrine.

In discussing these ideas with 359 and 326, the question arose as to "point of view". Indeed the word "rape" is applicable to the above formulae in a certain sense but not in another, such as it would seem to the candidate or "victim" him/herself. Such action on the part of one star to another may be justifiable under peculiar circumstance. The only test is the attitude and state the "victim" is in after the fact. Repellent as is the idea rape may at times be the gateway to extended awareness if the initiate can so use it The Babe in the Egg of Blue is Hoor Par Kraat serenely silent and unaffected by the crocodiles who

search the Nile for him, not realizing that he invisibly walks upon their backs. There is an alternative formula however, and this is THELEMA whereby the candidate is both the initiated and the initiator two in one which is none. Here the transformative ray attacks in such concentration that automatically the aspirant is made one with it. His initiation being simultaneous with the projection of the ray. Identity is stressed rather than opposition. The only question here however is for the star who is experiencing it and his possible reaction within that experience. De Sade used the former technique with great success in the liberation of vital psychological and physical energies till then unnaturally pent up in various ways. Not to belabour a point but rather to illustrate a certain idea do I affix this entry to my record.

93 ! As it now stands I am rather dubious about the whole affair of this magical record on the "royal and imperial arte". It certainly is having difficulties. Indeed in a sense what could be a more erroneous path to follow than the recording of such orgasmic experience ? On the other hand perhaps it is an inducement to some sort of proper experiment in searching out the parameters in this field of possibilities. But it is true, I understand that greater accomplishments than mine have been achieved - a ray of light whereby I may walk - but also that any other conception than that of the absolute certainty of success is in and of itself self-defeating. I must avoid the alternative pitfall however, of imagining attainment where there is only satiety. How then to truly record the actual and real initiations - the likes of which I have experienced ?

93-93/93

Opus 15 - (Aug 24, late at night) M. and 359, Lingam-Yoni (PK). Object - fulfilment of Opus 11 of this record. Performed during the Rite of Luna "climaxing" the Eleusinian Mysteries - in the bath of the Galaxy in El Sobrante O.T.O. GHQ. Entire working precisely as indicated by Yi King. Standing it lasted approximately 30 minutes. Elixir - dedicated to the moon, entirely absorbed within the Vesica. Result - success in the said ceremony realized i.e. satyr and nymph manifesting the magnetic realism of the ritual. Energy lasting most of the following day.

Comment - Opus 15 - the rites were a great success this time around. Different to the last series. It seems that in the first round there was a greater deal of manifesting energy yet not in control. This time the energies must have been more subtly realized than before. The technical perfection of the rituals being quite beyond our first attempt. Possibly in the next series having gained control of the "mechanism" of the ceremony we shall be able to channel much more in the direction of the perfect absorption into the god-form.

Opus 16 - (Aug. 25, late at night) M. XI INSERO INREGIA REX LEONINUS SERPENS EXSTASIS INEXTINCTIO ELATIO VOLUPTARIA MEITHRAS Athanator within the Palace of the King. Object - general reconciliation of our forces. Elixir - in the Eye of Horus. Result - possibly not to be realized in any dramatic form.

Opus 17 - (Aug. 26, early morning) M. XI A. same as above Opus 16. Object - same as above. Elixir - in the eye. Result - also very much the same.

In a sense this record is somewhat like doing a throwing of Yi King. These workings reflect the macrocosmic flow of things. Thus Opus 15 above was the outcome of an entire sequence of ceremonial preparation within the various Rites of Eleusis—which were in themselves also but a part of how the yarrow sticks fall. Coincidental ? Perhaps, but what else is the universe itself, divine synchronicity of all parts and the whole ? On the other hand this haphazard record certainly does reflect the actual situation correctly. An opus here, a normal orgasm there, a little magick on Monday but none on Tuesday at all. I manifest the energy only to let it become confused with later experiments—all in all not amounting to much of anything. I need a "battery of ritual" the methodological building of the force as a pyramid underlying all such undertakings. I should conceive of it as of any other form of yoga or art, indeed as any given opus itself - a rhythmic flow of invoked consciousness, the serpent that encircleth the world - kundalini.

Opus 18 (Aug. 26) M. VIII, Object - in the bath - a cleansing of my psychic-body. Elixir - in the waves and all over the goof. Result - going far in the direction of the object.

Note - I am concerned about this record. All of this with workings from over a year ago may well strike the reader as to a degree "written up" for dramatic purposes. The truth of the matter is quite the opposite though. I have given (and find it very difficult to do otherwise) only the remotest glimpse of some of these experiments. I wonder sometimes if I am not indeed an Ippissimus and don't know it ! This would certainly take care of the so-called erratic character of these entries which I complain of so much. Being in a state that surpasses all conception whatsoever certainly would reconcile my rather blasé attempt at a formulae of magical rape. But what if I am just blowing it ? I must consciously invoke the presence of the current. So far I have doubted. I have even doubted doubt., but not taken it that one step further that shall put an end to hesitation. I must doubt even if I doubtest doubt. Only then will the "Horn of the Doubt-Goat be Exalted". This is analogous to the procession of the Equinoxes of the Gods and the passing of the Aeons. In the Aeon of Isis man is awareness simple and uncompounded by complexities. Following hard upon the realization of the Osirian epic, man becomes aware that he is aware. An agonizing state of affairs. His being is blasted by excruciating self consciousness. The separation of man from god, duality the most expressive beauty is a man hanging from a cross. Now in the Aeon of Horus we are coming to a very different interpretation of our situation in the cosmos. One based upon living experience instead of dogma and fear. Man is becoming aware that he is aware of his awareness. I must become absorbed within this formulae. I must continue my work without questioning my questioning of my questions. I must become every question and every answer, two in one which is none. Also anyone reading this record must not interpret it on its merits alone. He must see beyond its immediate failings (as must I) and into the face of that energy with which it attempts to deal and manifest.

It is of the members of the Rite of Shiraz, the initiates of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis that I ask above all others to assist me in this task of bringing scientific methods to apply in our workings with the essential formulae of the O.T.O. through which we possess an energy subtler than any yet known to man. It is of them that I ask at once the most sympathetic co-operation and the most complete analytical scepticism in the study of this record. This Childe is as of now but barely born. Of the six members of Our Rite but a few have attempted a systematic investigation into the possibilities of the XIth degree even as skeletal as this. Part of the problem no doubt lies with the fact that the nature of the energies involved are of an

exceedingly intimate character and not easily verbalized except in some sort of alchemical, Crowleyian, almost religious garb. This sort of thing is fine where it tends toward any sort of actual work, where it tends towards stupid repetition of the sex life of Aleister Crowley it must be thrown out the window in no short order.

93 ! Soror 359 after reading over this journal tells me that I am developing a "diary mania" over it. I can't really disagree with her analysis but I just gave it to a visiting pagan who has never had connection previously with this sort of material (aside from the Wiccan Great Rite and that sort of thing) and to my great surprise he found it terribly fascinating and asked for a copy of the completed text. But the truth of the situation is that I am entirely dissatisfied with my own progress. I write "success" but such experience can be blinding to a much greater experience. To quote from the instruction papers of the VIIIth degree : "but remember this Oh most Illuminated One, that there maybe a darkness that is greater than all thy light." This is a formulae of the first importance (and the last!). Any artist who is worthy of the name is not attached to his own work. He sends it out into the world and it is no longer his own personal property. Even a minor involvement with the finished product (aside from its integration within himself) is enough to drag him down and limit his soul. This is sometimes no easy task. What is a worthy Object in any given Opus, that is worthy of actually performing one. The elixir of the gods is only degraded if not applied to similar a substance capable of the alchemical projection. The magical multiplication and ramifications throughout the infinite spheres. Man is God and therefore source and object most worthy to the quintessence, but only when so oriented in light toward that particular goal. To make gold you must take gold. This is most proper to the transformative aspects of the secret gnosis.

93 -93/93

Spent most of this morning out with A. and 359 going about San Francisco contemplating the mysteries together. The Soror gave me a new and useful diary in which I may set out the preliminary sketch for this later typed version. Before this - however - this occurred :

Opus 19 (Aug. 27, upon awakening) M. XI A. Meithras within the Palace of the King. Object - IO PAN ! The exercise of Lord Priapus and his essential energies. Elixir - within the eye. Result - the outcome in the days activities recorded above.

Note - IO PAN !

93 ! I understand that yet another instruction of the gnosis exists. It is known as the "Sign of the Seal of Hermes" penned by Crowley with the idea in mind to observe the critical points of success in the performance of the IXth degree. This is a curious document in that I do not believe that even the Caliphate is in possession of a copy. The especial records dealing specifically with the magick of the higher grades written by Crowley include :Liber Agape', De Arte Magica, Ninth Degree Emblems and Mode of Use, The Elixir of Life, Liber 36, Chapter 61 of Liber 333, Bagh-I-Muattar, Opus Lutetianum, Grimmoirium Sanctissimi and actually quite a few others that do not come immediately to mind. In addition to these there are also several instructions from the Order of the Shining Star that may be

employed after this fashion. Personally I would place Liber Samekh prime amongst them. In cross referencing these documents (should you be so fortunate as to possess any or all of them) the actual working method should become quite plain. The Secret of the O.T.O. presupposes a basic understanding of magical principles which are quite readily available within the pages of Magick in Theory and Practice. All that is required is the application of them within the realm of sexuality.

The Alchemical allegory of the Gnosis may be employed in so many ways that it is almost ridiculous to attempt any "one" pure and simple explanation. Note - Solve = the volatilization of the fixed, Coagula = the fixing of the volatile But see this apparently contradictory formulae : Solve = the fixing of the image of the will. Coagula = the realization of that image as a reality within the universe. Note that thus the "solve" aspect of the work cleanses the quintessential of all alien thought forms or previous coagulations of impurity (i.e. of any energy not properly in service to the will. These must be broken up and placed in a harmonic with the image.), it is the fluidic and transformative Mercury itself, the "Coagula" returns it to the macrocosmic system from whence it came, but now in its essential and perfect form of Self. Whatever particular Ray required by the Alchemist. Similarly applied such allegory may be put in the service of other aspects of the secret science - i.e. to the actual formation of the elixir itself. In every part of the work however, it should be remembered that the Solve contains the Coagula and that the Coagula contains the Solve. All of these allegories are of use in various ways but have purposefully been designed to deceive. As Crowley counsels us in The Paris Working : "When deciphering the old magical grimoires, the secret always lies in suspecting the worst", in other words - some form of sexual symbolism.

93-93/93

Opus 20 - (Aug. 27) M. VIII, Object - glory unto Priapus. Elixir - in the hand of the King. Result - quite acceptable.

To quote Soror 359 "What we're really into is those rare genuine magical experiences in life, which sometimes occurs during sex and sometimes doesn't."

Well, I've got a few entries in this version of this record now and some odd 20 Opus', and I think that I at last have a somewhat worthy "magical record" after all of these years and strange experiences with magick - I am at last getting a little of it down on paper (very little actually, the high points of my record are but the residue or after effect of experience. As sad as it is or isn't, I have not been able to convey a millionth of what has happened. Nor have I even attempted to record the experiences surrounding the reception of the Law.).

Having sufficiently ignored the mundane world so far throughout this narrative's length, perhaps I should now try and organize some sort of overview to the scene here at Ashbury St. where presently I spend so much of my time. On the other hand the mundane is so utterly mundane that perhaps I shall just skip over this question for now.

93 ! Herein follows a list of past and present assistants in the gnosis :

1. Lon Davis (Phoenix XI) 1974 e.v. - was the 1st person with whom I undertook to realize the magical implications in such relations. We worked together on this exclusively within the sanctuary for the following 3 years.
2. Frater Olun - only performed a few actual operations together, but the energy between us coming from exceedingly refined and high sectors of the cosmos we were easily sustained between 75 and 78 e.v.
3. Soror 359/520 - 1978 till now (Aug. 1980 e.v.) companion, friend and colleague. Intensely libidinous girlfriend and generally one of the most enlightened members of her sex I have ever known.
4. Athanator XI - 1978 till now. With me reconstituted the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Gnosis in the XIth degree as an official part of the Order once again - The Rite of Shiraz - his imperial image is reflected within me forever more.
5. Frater 326 XI - 1977 till now. Very few actual opera. My companion on various travels - NYC and a tour of all O.T.O. GHQ. Very good friend. An anarchist Witch or Hermetic Heratic - involved heavily in social reform from a mystical point of view. Is an absolute Aquarius.
6. Soror Cadejah - we were to be married in the Great Pyramid at Gizah in Egypt. Our life together one continual sexual marathon over a period of about 4 months. Lasted from the latter part of 78 to the beginning of the 80s. Obviously our plans now different. Radically beautiful girl with a quick mind and equally gemini as I. No longer with me.
7. A.D. IX, Bishop of EGC - a single operation performed at the Rite of Venus during celebration of the last series of the Eleusinian Mysteries. Object of which was more or less the ritual degradation of her persona in the outer, sorely in need of something very much like my formulae of magical rape outlined on previous pages of this journal. The tearing asunder of her shroud of concealment that the light of her star could shine through which if not completely veiled was then at least very heavily covered by cosmetics.
8. Innumerable "one night stands" and small orgia with several impressive persons or alternatively "Grand Opus'" with several minor gods. Whichever way you like.

Note - the above list are only the most outstanding individuals with whom I performed actual workings. Others with whom the light of the 93 has occurred but not especially in this form are many. For instance one of the highest relations I have ever had was with a certain young lady named Michael in SLC, but unfortunately ours was a purely "spiritual" experience. Although at one time I am almost certain that I did manage to dry hump her to the point of orgasm and/or came on her leg. If this was indeed the case then I must definitely include her to be No. 9 on the above list. For many a moon I believed her to be my divinely chosen soul/mate. I would go over to her decadent abode on the other side of the park for margaritas and Kentucky Bourbon every night or so and together we would call up the shades from Miltons' Satan to the discorporeal forms of Brian Jones and Aleister Crowley.

Then there have been several with whom I have "had sex" devoid of any sort of invocation aside from teenage lust. My First Lay Debbie something, I can't remember who. I loved her for over a year and almost died when we broke up. Determined to "show her" , I decided to escape from reality by becoming an addict to LSD. Needless to say long before my 1st trip was over I had been plunged headlong into the very heart of a reality much more vivid than anything I had ever imagined possible. Debbie had somehow

lost her significance.

Then there was Susan with whom I occasionally had sex with while tripping on acid. She sort of reminded me of Mother-Goose and acted as one of my 1st psychedelic guides. Finally I became "To way on out there for her" and she became a troglodyte housewife. Dozens of other less memorable encounters with various high school cheer-leader aspirants during my teens. I can't remember the name of a single one of them. After a certain point I really couldn't waste my energies in seeking out sexual partners. This was the beginning, in a way, of the gnosis for me. In fact I could find nothing in the manifest world but ignorance and the cold hand of intellectual fate covering the fair face of the world.

Those few stellar-lights whose current occasionally would reach me usually were deflected by the no-doubt malignant appearance of my aura. Beset as it was by the hordes of elemental opposition temporarily galvanized into existence by my resolve to attain to freedom and the terrific battle that I was waging on them. There are things just a bit deeper buried beneath our conscious awareness than those things which are revealed in the typical LSD experience. Nevertheless It is the function of this drug to hurl the magician into the abyss of the mind. Certain energies once aroused cannot be put out of one's life current, for they are of the current itself. One of my first and most potent contacts with these forces came about through an experiment in the mountains involving the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. Imagine a Great Wheel revolving in Thy Mind or a single vibration which holds potential to move the World, like an electrical buzz-saw with a Blade made of a Lazer beam passing through you from external physical space but originating at the base of your own skull and you will have the best analogy I have so far been able to apply to this experience with any degree of exactitude. It was a "visible vibration of the universe" you might say for I could also hear it as it spun through my being . It had a certain metallic and electrical feeling that somehow conveyed to my mind that it was the essential energy of which these forces are but the outer manifestations. This ceremony placed me in direct relation to several of the "things" mentioned above. You might call them the demons of the elements. I have developed several other theories as to their true nature. The experiment was performed between 3:00 in the afternoon and continued on just past midnight / when a ride which I had arranged to meet me appeared, I was under the influence of three doses of some form of clear-light LSD at the time. To those occultists who may so ingenuously point out that the above ritual is designed to

"cleansing the aura of the magician" and should have effectively placed all elemental forces out of my sphere of awareness, I can only reply that they have obviously not the slightest inkling of what magick actually purports to accomplish, nor do they understand even the tiniest amount of what may be required of one who would become a magician.

93-93/93

It was somewhere around this period (1973-4) that I was invited to southern California by a young girl named Vivaka who perhaps should be placed as No. 10 in the above list. We stayed together on the top of Mt. Washington near Pasedena and just around the corner from Paramahansa Yogananda Self-Realization Fellowship International Headquarters (really the most degenerate bunch of diseased and pestilent priests and saddhus that I've ever seen.). Every morning after spending the previous night in

mad erotic embrace we would go downstairs and have a "happy breakfast" with her mother (a tolerant enough woman who would then invariably look at us like she would secretly love to have us murdered.) Quite twisted actually. I accompanied this girl to a summer outdoor camp in the mountains about 100 miles south of L.A. I think it was called Idlewild or something like that. Here cradled between several quite huge peaks I began the study of The Island Dialogues by our Mr. Heflin. One day I had decided to hitch hike out of the hills and go into the city by myself. I was picked up by a young man in a truck and invited to join him for a drink at his chateau in those same mountains. I readily accepted and we found ourselves quite drunk and discussing the occult.

I acquainted him with the Law of Thelema and the works of Aleister Crowley, while he for his part tried to interest me in the philosophy of Krishnamurti. It was really very beautiful in this cabin nestled as it was there in the hills over the desert. In any event we parted company as true comrades in the light. I returned to our camp. A few weeks later we (being quite hungry) were determined that we should go out and eat something at the best restaurant the little community had to offer. We thus (on the evening of our departure back to L.A.) entered "The Honeybear" dining establishment with nothing on our minds aside from a good meal and few glasses of wine, when low there is my young gentleman from a few weeks previous ! He is with another young man who had very long and curly red hair and is introduced to me as a co-editor of the Level Press in San Francisco, the publishers of Llee Heflin's book ! He informs me that should I desire to meet said author all I need do is to contact the publishers for Mr. Heflin is the chief editor there. I marked this down to another acute cosmic synchronicity of the sort I had become quite used to by now - and went back to L.A. with Vivaka.

Upon returning to the city I was greeted by my brother who had just come in from S.F. and already met the Level Press people in the Haight-Ashbury. Together we returned to the Bay Area and I was introduced to a man called Honeybear who had been one of the cofounders of the press in the beginning of its organizational phase. This gentleman was also called (or so I learned later) among his intimates - Frater Olun. He called Llee on the phone and within 20 min. he had arrived and I was speaking to him. There was an incredible amount of energy around this group at this time. Most of these people were already well involved with magick in its many and varied forms but most especially the XIth degree conception underlined everything in their community. Only later was I to understand the genesis of these people from the old Kaaba ClerkHouse and their relations to Grady L. McMurtry.

I stayed only a few days and was off to SLC once again—where I was met by Iakasa and my other companions of the Church of the 4-Sided-Triangle or Interstellar Illuminati as we also sometimes called ourselves. I introduced Iakasa to The Island Dialogues and Words from Kahotek along with a host of other manuscripts and books I had acquired in California (at this time Crowley material was very hard to find). I told him my story of L.A. and S.F. It was thereupon or shortly after that we ourselves decided to engage in some experimentation in the field. That is another story though, for now suffice it to say that with a certain amount of experience beneath our belts (as it were) we came to the golden city by the Bay and joined the

"magical family" there (that is here and now - 1980 e.v.). All of this eventually led to contact with the O.T.O. of Grady L. McMurtry (Caliph Hymenaeus Alpha 777 Xth degree) with whom we affiliated as a

genuine representative of the 93 current and Aleister Crowley's magical Order. This was in 1977 e.v. and while a detailed account of the History of the modern O.T.O. should well be written - I shall content myself and my readers only with the pertinent points in regard to the matter at hand. Iakasa and I had both been members of "The Network" and students of Robert Anton Wilson in the new science of Exo-Psychology he had created with Timothy Leary. We had also been representatives of the Level Press for a number of years and had published several of Crowley's works on our own. Now we had heard that a Man existed called Grady McMurtry who was a Master of the Temple in the Order of the Shining Star and possessed Aleister Crowley's Seal Ring of Ankh f na Khonsu but (as the story went; he had become the tool of a very powerful witch named Phyllis and had fallen from The Path.) he was no longer around. We let the matter drop as something interesting from the past but hardly significant to us now. A few years later we would understand that this was the guy from the Tarot Cards we had written to and had never gotten an answer from (in fact I later discovered our letter along with hundreds just like it at Grady's house. He just didn't have the time to answer them all. The early members including myself then did so.) the day a friend said that an old man was reading cards on Telegraph Ave and that he was this same Grady McMurtry. We were further informed that his group met every Tuesday evening. Iakasa and I went in search of him but no one was at the appointed rendezvous. On a very long shot we called Robert Anton Wilson and asked if he knew anything about it. He did know Grady—but nothing concerning Tuesday nights. He was however willing to call him and ask permission to relay his phone number. Five minutes later Grady himself called. It turns out that there was a person or persons using Grady's name to sell Tarot Readings in those days. In any event we joined his group (that incidentally met on Thursday evenings) and along with maybe 7 other people organized the re-birth of the modern O.T.O. I was immediately made the Official Representative of the Order in the City of San Francisco and personal Herald of the Caliph in the Outer. One year later I had determined to test both myself and the fledgling new group. Grady was a very well known opponent to Llee Heflin and the Level Press also he didn't much like "weak sisters" or in other words - homosexuals. In fact people were generally afraid to bring the matter up with him. Encouraged by ATHANATOR, I undertook the adventure of re-creating Ex Nihil Lux the lost Councils of the XIth degree once again within the recognized body of the Order. First I secured the aid of most of the influential members of the Order to support (at least passively) my enterprise and then presented the Caliph with documents announcing the advent of The Rite of Shiraz Xith degree Ordo Templi Orientis. This was in 1978 the night before I was to take the 1st degree of the Order. I had already determined to leave the organization if Grady did not sign the documents and could not produce legitimate objections to them. My previously mentioned co-conspirators anxiously awaited my corpse to be brought out the front door of Grady's house. No one expected me to escape expulsion from the Order, let alone my success. The Caliph signed the documents after only a few questions thus vindicating my certainty in the Order and incidentally raising me to the rank of a Supreme Grand Master of the XIth degree. I must note that the Caliph did not hold (nor did he want to) this degree. Nor did he bestow it upon me. I re-created the eleventh degree O.T.O. based upon my own research and experiment - the Grand Lodge then "recognized" the new Rite of Shiraz and myself as the legitimate representatives of that Current. I immediately formed the Council of the Degree around 4 members including myself and this was known as the Z'tuch Qadosh.

The point in this narrative of import to the present record is this: that indeed the translation of my energies into a magical context allied the current of my creative will in just the right direction and so

increased the quanta of force within my life that the panacea of the eleventh degree formulae has allowed me to realize that current within the flow of becoming-being that is the prelude to the unfragmentary non-atomic fact of my universality.

M .

Opus 21 - (Aug. 28) M. VIII, Object - worship unto the lord - in praise of Priapus and the blind eye that weeps. Visualized a beautiful young boy - Greek again - a slave in the house of a wealthy soldier degraded and fucked up the ass by this captain in entertainment for some of his officers "a finger in the eye of god." Orgasm long and stimulation of prostate gland completely illuminating. Elixir - in the waves. Result - the young beautiful slave yet blushes amid his tears.

Comment - In certain of these VIIIth degree workings I can sometimes transcend any other mode. I frequently am of the opinion that this formulae is to a degree dependent upon the stability of the teachings of the VIIth degree within the being of the operator. The discharge of energy only being possible in the correct manner and under the circumstances inculcated in that degree. But stranger still to my mind is that the occasion for such an entry as Opus 21 should ever have come to be recorded by myself. However in defence of the above operation I must note that a certain "Commune" in the Haight-Ashbury (Utopian Eyes) do not allow masturbation in any form on the grounds that to perform it one must have an image, that is an object held in mind during its performance (untrue !). In other words they object to the object on the grounds that it tends to make people into sex objects. Isn't this just a bit of an image itself ? Of course I agree that any given Object is indeed just another imperfection upon the otherwise translucent body of the goddess—but then so is our universe.

Note - Athanator tells me that I should definitely not destroy this record (as I have done with all previous diaries), or end it. Rather, and I quote : "I think that you should make it the new War and Peace !

I am disconcerted at the notion that I read like some pompous occult asshole going on about "mysteries" he has never known. I see no way around this problem though. If I am to write anything down at all - I guess I'll have to chance it. I have already destroyed several good notes because of this attitude—a curse upon self-consciousness !

Aug. 29, 1980 e.v. I acted as Saladin this evening in the 1st degree initiation of one Edward Kelley. A well run job done by all the Officers of the ceremony with our dear young candidate "jumping into the W." before any instructions were given him (but he dived in !). Also a very unique honor was bestowed upon me. The Caliph gave me the seal-ring of Ankh-af-n-Khonsu to wear during the ritual itself. I believe that this is the 1st time anyone but the Caliph himself has worn this ring during an initiation since Crowley died.

Aug. 30 - a reply from Sub Rosa XI dated 22nd of this month. Nice letter, it contains the theoretically predictable results that I had designed and anticipated when writing to him. A calming of the energies in general and a mutual self respect and support now existing between us even though 3000 miles apart. He

informs me that a deeper degree of direct personal communication should be going on between us. We'll see once we can get together for more than just a few days.

Opus 22 - (Aug. 31), M XI A, Meithras within the fundament of the King. Late last night. Object - reconciliation of ourselves with the current of our creative wills. A probing just beneath the surface and a soothing of opposition. Elixir - in the eye. Result - a night of strange dreams for A. and absolute oblivion for me.

Opus 23 (Aug 31) M. XI A. (upon awakening in the morning) - Sympathy in our reconciliation above in Opus 22. Not quite as prolonged as was last nights' mantram - the boy receiving the "precious gift", I slaying my lion-serpent in his ecstasy - thus duly and fully "extending him" in full ceremonial fashion. Elixir - within the Eye of Horus. Result - seemingly successful.

I have been working on this record for almost a week now and still I do not feel I express my point (whatever that is). Could this be a key to creativity ? The perfect most likely would not express anything....Thus my original contention is most likely correct. Imperfection is responsible for this diary.

I am moved to write of the various sort of entity of which I have previously spoken on other pages of this journal. For instance—the little fellow named by me ZODALANESHEA is actually an inhabitant of another star-system than our own. He has no size as our conception of size goes, Indeed he is not fully corporeal in our sense of the word and neither is his star system. He is in fact not even composed of elements that we would or could verify as such. He is altogether of another variety of being. This does not preclude sexuality existing in the creature however. On the contrary he is of a certain "sex" that indeed possess a far wider ramification than does our own. One must not make the devastating error of believing the cosmos to merely reflect the biological proclivities of mammals. Mystical symbolism that thus employ such analogy as comparing the experience to a "Bride's Reception" do no service to understanding but rather tend to darken council. I don't even think it quite proper to refer such beings to popular mythos such as - The Old Ones, Illuminati, Sirius Dwellers, or Space Eggs, Para-Mentals, and extra-terrestrials. I very well may enlarge my conceptions of these "things" to include our own dimension as well as those above referred to at some point in experience - past/present/future. Lets take a closer look at Z him/her.itself.

It resembled a sort of mushroom-jellyfish. A large cap with a series of long tentacles hanging below typified its general appearance. In between these two basic aspects of his form was a sort of interweaving or entwined "body" of delicate muscles. The thing looked rather like (or gave this impression) a sponge-fish on dry land yet surrounded in its own strange menstroom of fluidic substance as it floated there in the air heedless of our material laws. Somewhat animal and somewhat vegetable somewhat material yet ethereal it was nevertheless quite materialized and solid. It was at the very least altogether alien to me . I was both fascinated and repulsed by the thing - repelled and attracted by it yet a feeling that death would result should we touch. In the center of its body these muscles would gently and slowly "pull and stretch" - contract and then expand - they would interchange functions with one another and this was marked by the reversal of their colors - its center was pure and perfect blackness surrounded by various shades of ultra-violet and then infra-red, yellows and gold would flicker forth out of its inner-stuff and would then

spiral back into its depths—hidden—it so seemed to me within its very center, yet somehow surrounding all the rest was a minute drop of radiant pearl like energy that could only be detected when closely examining the thing. It was floating about 6 feet off the ground above a small pool of streams in the mountains at night—apparently appearing in response to my experiment with the Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram.

I should note that I was under the influence of LSD at the time, but having gained a working and intimate relation to this drug for several years previously I must note that nothing else about the forest was in the least bit changed. No mutations of the trees or foliage, no "traces" or colors aside from this thing floating about 10 yards away from me. It was an entirely new sort of thing, not just another blow-up of normal reality. It was, I am convinced an independent intelligence in its own right. Nothing in the least abnormal about the entire situation in fact—aside from the one fact that I felt like I was about to really lose it. The experience was (another paradox to the above) quite heavily charged—no-doubt by my previous working of the Pentagram.

The above does not really give a very clear picture of the entity which I have taken to calling ZODALANESHEA but will have to do for now. This was not a name given me by the creature but merely a handle which seems to fit it in my mind. The only message I was to receive directly from it - was its presence. I nevertheless analyse the name Qabalistic : ZODALANESE = the S taken as a Samekh adds to 233 in Sepher Sephiroth I find the following - memento / the Tree of Life / see 228 - 228 = First Born / Blessed! / Ruler of the Earth / The Tree of Life - The S taken as a Shin adds to 473 in the same book I find the following - the 3 persons (ATH:HVA:ANI coalesced / skull / Molitrices -

So perhaps I have experienced a total exteriorization of my own brain stem

? !

Below a drawing of the "thing" with a good deal of detail left out :

Opus 24 - (Aug. 31) M. VIII - in the hand of the King. Object - IO Pan, in a Palace someplace like Shiraz surrounded by the "qadeshim" - the Master tore yet another veil from yet another candidate to the mystery. Elixir - orally consumed the whole thereof in adoration of the Master. Result - sufficient.

Opus 25 - (Aug. 31) M. VIII - in the bath. Object - IO PAN. Elixir - in the waves. Result - orgasm prolonged and intense, a cessation to all normal thought for several minutes.

Sometimes I am inevitably forced to the conclusion that the universe does conspire to haunt me with these absurd and ridiculously strange phantasms of normality's thought. As soon as I begin to make manifest the mystery of my being in any way whatsoever, there is no doubt at all, that the mighty and terrible stupid bungling hand of fate will—but as a natural course of affairs—most assuredly intervene and put an end to the whole thing. Thus there is in fact, every good and obvious indication that my present sojourn here at Ashbury St. is now coming rather rapidly to its rather uncomplicated end.

Energies between the rest of the house and myself are strained and quickly becoming unworkable in a living situation. The Cat is now Out of the Bag. They have finally caught on to the small truth that I do not care about any of their projects. The politics of the house bore me. My imperative is not theirs—I do not dedicate my energies in the same direction as themselves (directions which are quite valid for Them). Here is the rub—nothing is so traitorous as disinterest. It is the "idea" of the thing that affronts them so mortally. What can I say you live with people for a long time they are bound to notice sooner or later.

93 ! Perhaps a short narrative of my journey to the east coast O.T.O. would be in order (no pun intended). 1st Lodge we visited was the Ra Hoor Khuit Lodge - directing GHQ for the east and Syracuse in particular. The Lodge Master was and is a gentleman member of the IXth degree, very learned and sharp, totally dedicated to the Caliph personally. He (and his Lodge) actually seem to incarnate one of the Caliph's major aspects. The Warrior King. After being there about 5 minutes I felt quite at home and familiar with them. They took a bit longer to warm to us. We were obliged to undergo their scrutiny as Thelemites and members of the Order. One must be a Knight you know. I really don't know if they thought we were some sort of inspection team from Grand Lodge or the police or what - but they definitely were a bit reserved about the whole thing. Then on the other hand they understood me to be the fabled Meithras - Yeah Brother ! - the Terrible and Mysterious Dark Lord of the Eleventh Degree of their very own secret sanctuary of the gnosis - to which - well at least some of us aspire.. I believe that we finally won them over and we were accepted, albeit with some reservation and questions as to the sanity not only of my companion (326) and myself, but also of Grand Lodge for allowing me to so establish myself in a position of authority in the Order. They certainly were not begrudging in their hospitality or even actual interest in us. Had a very interesting and protracted conversation with their Master concerning many aspects of initiation which I still consider valuable.

We then immediately went to NYC and after a week of anarchy found our way to LASHTAL Lodge Led by K.D. IXth degree a young and devout former Theology student. Here I was met at the door by one Mr. A.C. (now our Frater Sub Rosa XI) We attended the Saturday morning meeting and were entertained and instructed along with others in a regular lecture on the Order. Quite well done as I remember. But here we were (owing to conflicts within the IXth degree) under even more suspicion than in Syracuse. Everybody just seemed to take it for granted that I was some sort of secret agent for Grand Lodge. My no doubt glorious sense of humor saved the situation and our stay in NYC was enhanced by the freely given aid of this Lodge's membership.

We then took a train up to New Haven, Connecticut and the Brocken Mountain Lodge of J.C. VIIIth degree. In a way the most unique of our tour. The Lodge Master is a fine Qabalist of the 1st stature and one of the foremost authorities on the ENOCHIAN system of magick known to me. Here we were met at the door and invited in with the words: "Oh you must be from Grand Lodge" before we even had the chance to introduce ourselves! Here we encountered no paranoia at all. Being secluded as it is by the sound and the beach they have more time to devote to their attainment and are less harassed by apparently monstrous circumstance—which keeps so many modern occultists busy and distracted from their work.

93-93/93

Opus 26 - (Sept. 1) M. VIII - in the hand of the King. Object - g.t.p. , visualized Dorian Grey raping a young male harlot he has bribed up to his decadent abode. Elixir - orally consumed the whole thereof in adoration of Dorian's God-Form. Result - g.t.p.

I am really quite sure that this record must reveal me to be a classic case of psychopathology, if not actually some kind of dangerous megalomaniac, well at the very least a schizophrenic OK but who isn't ? I mean really. THE ONLY THING IS THAT I AM A GEMINI; we accept our schizophrenia so its OK and are made whole by it. Its much more pleasant when one does so.

93 ! Again - although I definitely did not invent Z I did invent his name. What good is it then to analyse it ? Well I can't actually say, it just felt right and his appearance does seem to resemble what the name revealed ! Yet I did not construct the name around the things' appearance either. Consider the circumstances under which he manifested, he resembles, perhaps these formulae as I was perceiving them at the time through the lens of my particular sensorium - sensorium of whatever plane that I may have been utilizing . But it is the thing's essential nature that the name should reveal not its mere appearance. If Carl Jung is to be believed (if only in part even) then perhaps this form was a projection onto the entity in terms of my own symbol system called up by the unconscious to intuitively interpret the actual nature of the thing ? ! Maybe. In other words I have this devastating contact with this thing that I don't know a fucking god-damn thing about and it affects me in a perhaps equally mysterious manner that I am incapable of understanding.

Note - Although I was reacting to the encounter in a variety of rather bizarre internal ways - I was nevertheless quite aware that I was a magician in the midst of his exorcism and was intensely endeavoring to integrate this new information.

93-93/93

I have been having several very interesting discussions with 359 concerning the formulae of 561 and the actual method that it would employ in any given operation. Ideas occurred reflecting the oldest known mythos of the human race—which The Book of the Law has also projected for our future. I.e. the vulture goddess who is impregnated directly by the north-wind without physical intervention of the male. This "inception of the light directly" or the "egg" being fertilized via the Aether itself.

Let us examine how a woman would operate (being an Adept and member of) the ninth degree technique. Obviously from the papers left to us by Crowley the entire matter rests with the "Lion". A Priestess to operate the secret must then so be able to "direct" the disposition of this "Lion" that he—knowingly or not—incarnates her desired Object. Thus perhaps the method would be something like the "fashioning of a vessel" that only the desired sort of "light" may then enter. I leave this important question for the female members of Our Order to elucidate !

93 ! Another insight into the mystery of the unfolding of the Aeons: In every era the esoteric gnosis is

that which will in time become the exoteric doctrine of the succeeding epic. Thus in the Aeon of Isis the world, life was conceived as a gift from the great-mother. Nourishment being drawn directly and exclusively from Her—the secret of the high priesthood of this period was simply that the intervention of the Father was indeed not only part of, but the essential to continuation of life. When the "secret," such as it was, is at last out of the bag, we then have the advent of the worship of Osiris/The Father-God. The type of womanhood is trampled back into the earth. But the actual secret of their gnosis has now been succeeded by another – the old hidden mystery now the property of the common people who accept manifest formulae as the word of truth. The new secret then is not merely that sex has a connection with the bearing of children (the old practice of virgins lying under a full moon and so become with child has long been considered rank superstition), but that sex can be used towards other goals.

Note the Taboo against its use even in the pursuit of any sort of pleasure - 'tis the devil ! So in one form or another it was sexual magick that was the true key to the Osirian High Councils - their forbidden and occult truth ! Ordo Templi Orientis guarded this mystery at the turn of the century and it was this brotherhood which was transformed by THELEMA and the Childe-God Horus which re-veils it today ! The old gnosis is out of the bag, sex-magick books adorning the shelves of our present day intelligencia. We thus have at present several "sex-cults" coming into being, all claiming to hold and to reveal this ancient and forbidden fruit to the world. Advertized secret schools of inner-only (no outer types allowed, please) mysteries of sexuality. Clubs for people who like to think of themselves as magicians as well as sexually liberated star-type individuals - first rate - top class esoteric ones, if there is such a thing - they are it - "You Know Where its At Baby" occult societies. Of course they are all the true children of the light. The first of the new era, not like those hung up old gappers of the dead and long gone unturned on type of sort of like whatever they were anyways. The O.T.O. of Kenneth Grant no doubt tops the list of this sort of organizational non-subtlety, the frantic freak outs of the Franco-Haitian O.T.O.A. the desperate wing of the same phenomenon. I would place this one distinction between the two aforementioned societies however : Grant believes in what he is doing and has turned a good mind to the re-hashing of a dead era's magick - while our Mr B. has actually seen through the whole thing and now spends all of his time selling anything he thinks people will pay for. It is the worst sort of Rosicrucian racketeering really.

Supposing then that there is something to my outline of these mysteries in fact. If so then, what is the true inner-essential gnosis of our own time ? Sexual Magick is old hat—everybody knows "the secret of the IXth degree" already. Its on television for god's sake. Every few days someone "discovers" it over again or accidentally reveals it..."whoops gave away the secret of the ninth degree again." The agents of whoever they are have published all but the most significant documents, and these contain not much of anything that has not been said in slightly more esoteric ways already—and figured out as well. Very few are capable of actually performing it; but my point is that with the dissemination already so wide and interest so great—may it not be possible that another "secret" may already have produced its seed from the old tree and taken root in the inner-inner of the Aeon? Like the previous mysteries it shall have grown out of the old gnosis but contain a dimension that while including the old formulae is much, much more. The nature of it (if our other allegories are correct) would be diametrically opposite, perhaps in every direction now, to the old mystery. It will not be a return to a previous times sorceries, it will be as operational and real as were any of the verifiable aspects of the old science, but its use and complete

ramifications will be obscure. No one shall have preceded us in the direction of research we shall be following. Most will consider us mad for trying—but? !

Thus if there be another and hidden mystery, aside from that already so widely known (at least in gross & erroneous forms)--let us turn our minds thereto—focus our wills and endeavor to subdue the actual and formidable thing and make manifest that realization within our own beings. It is my contention that the eleventh degree holds the key to understanding.

Opus 27 - (Sept.2) M XI A within the Palace of the King. Object - destruction of the dyad, reconciliation via the secret asana.

Elixir - in the eye. And on the stomach of the King, orally consumed. Result - IO PAN !

Perhaps a significant difference between the sexual-magic and the sexual-magick, i.e. between the old and the new formulae is that with Osirian methods - evocation was the major outcome i.e. the aeon certainly had its fair share of phantasms - the visions of the saints of a shadowy character - also note that since "sin" concealed the Priesthoods monopoly of the central mystery - all the demons and devils attributed to witchcraft are most highly shunned. Of course they objected to anyone but themselves who possessed the secret. The new formulae will then most likely utilize the secret as a mode of Invocation or as a synthetic of both realized as one in the experience of the cosmos coming to know itself. There are certain aspects of the eleventh degree that are more apt to understanding of these subtleties than the other methods that may be employed toward that end.

Opus 28 (Sept2) M. VIII , Object - g.t.p. Elixir - i.h.k. consumed the whole thereof. Result - g.t.p.

93 ! It may be questionable whether or not this diary would hold the interest of a serious student of the Law of Thelema - say someone who was both an actual Thelemite and a magician - like I would consider - say - myself for instance. But the one thing that I have noticed thus far among so-called "mages" who have so far appeared in alignment with the 93 current and the work of To Mega Therion 666 is that they all try to sound just like him. It seems then that to truly effect the world in this era in accord with the will of the master, which is based upon absolute individual creativity, one must have nothing whatsoever to do with this image of the demon Crowley ! How-Now then, dear reader, am I, one who is consciously working with his system, to eradicate this image from my own work ? The only answer immediately available is that I shall not try in one way or the other to—or not to—"sound like Aleister Crowley". I may sometimes do so and others not. Crowley sounds like Swinburne and we All sound a little like Apes ! I have and am integrating several aspects of his work within my own system. That is all anyone may do, try as they might to do otherwise—to be "the reincarnation of Aleister Crowley". Therefore I most heartily object to anyone interpreting this record in such a light as, say for instance, "Oh another follower of Aleister Crowley." If such designations do become attached to my work you may be sure that I will keep whatever I am doing with it solely within the pages of this journal—the idea of publishing something at this time is not a pressing issue in any event.

This is THE MAGICAL RECORD OF MEITHRAS and anyone who thinks otherwise is purely and completely deluded, obscured, confused, entirely mistaken and absolutely not in any way at all the least bit aware of what they are - or are not - talking about in the smallest or largest or intermediate particular.

Having thus taken care of any confusion as to the true author of this record—I feel free to put an end to this day's recordings for now.

Love is the law, love under will

APPENDIX I

Excerpt from the

Rites of Shiraz and Mitylene

«The female fluid is acidic, corrosive. What happens when you combine the contents of two vessels of acidic fluid? The combination of any two fluids may produce a reaction, so that they become a third substance, and elixir. Now a dramatic corrosive chemical reaction may then cause a reaction with the very material of the vessels, corrupting them each according to the manner in which the elixir reacts to the material of each. Note that the shape of the vessel matters very little in this case, especially as, in a dramatic enough reaction the mutually corrupting fluids will become highly unstable and melt down not only the core but the entire outer structure of the vessel. There may be a chain reaction throughout the being containing the vessel and perhaps beyond it. In keeping with the 'undulatory' female pattern, as the structure of the vessel begins to break down pulses go out, smaller explosions which trigger a series of larger explosions rather than a single event as per the 'catastrophic' male pattern. While perhaps rarely reaching the level of impact or radiation of the latter, the female pattern creates less interference with itself and is therefore generally more sustained.»