



Sutra of the Poison Buddha

vol. 1 - the Circus Burlesque Cell

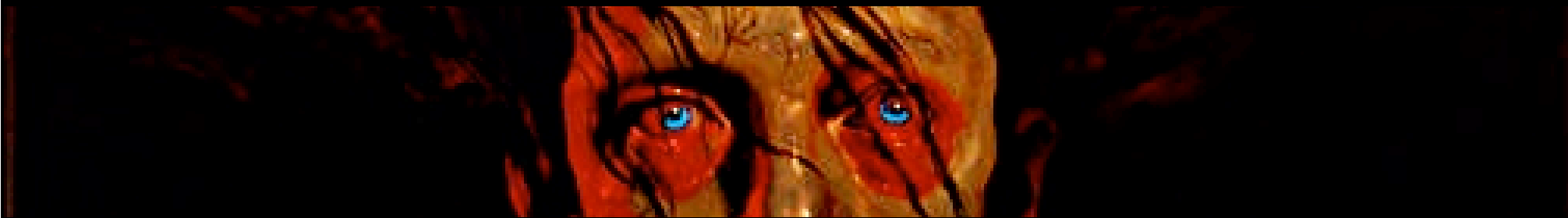


Red

by Cirrus & Butch Valentine

The Nox-Buddha and the 10,000 Masques

[OM VAJRASATTVA SAMAYAMANUPALAYA VAJRASATTVA TVENOPATISTHA DRDHO ME BHAVA SUPOSYO ME BHAVA SUTOSYO ME BHAVA ANURAKTO ME BHAVA SARVASID DHIM ME PRAYACCHA SARVAKARMASU CA ME CITTAM SREYAH KURU HUM HAHAAAA HO BHAGAVAN SARVA TATHAGATA VAJRA MA ME MUNCA VAJRABHAVA MAHASAMAY ASATTVA AH] - Hundredfold Homage, Tibetan Book of the Dead



I'll search for words, and make of myself a lying Fool.

I have had many names, been called many things but through-out the eternities I have only ever had a single face. I woke to this face, years ago now and though I was awake, I still dreamed. They called me Poison. Semjaza, Shemchaisi, Samael the Poison of God. A devil. A great and terrible Asura.

I walked like a beautiful nightmare, making love to your most frightening fantasies. I found my sustenance in the ashes of your dreams, in the atomic fall-out of your viscous desires. I became addicted to myself.

I led a great crusade against the devils for the sake of power. I rained my poison from the darkened skies, I brought the dogs of my mistress into the Houses of the Holy and they pissed in every corner. The dreamings of forgotten goddesses fell, city after city, I left them naked in my wake. I fed on my destruction. But even still I dreamed.

I became the fearsome serpent. And when those dreaming goddesses awoke from the sleep of creation, to the madness of my hungers, those great dragons came for me. In skies of fire our forms turned against each other. See me, with my red flesh and seven heads. Feel the pure intimacy of serpents turning, one against the other. And those punch-drunk wisdoms fell, world after world, I left them empty in my wake. I fed on my destruction. But even still I dreamed.

And when finally, I laid my weary head to the lap of my mistress. I saw I was just another of her Dogs. And I realized, because I had never woken from my dream, that her sweet voice didn't ease me into sleep, but rather into the final UnMaking. And so finally, I was felled, by sleep. And I awoke from my dream. Bound in the bondage of karma, to Grandfathers black oak. My legs enfeebled by that great weight upon my shoulders, I saw my fearsome sword for what it was, a crutch to keep me standing.

[OM AH HUM] - Meditational Mantra, Tibetan Book of the Dead

I was a man. She was a woman. I saw suddenly the perfect beauty in that. The terrible pain in my legs when she cut me down from that tree was a kind of bliss. The warmth of her against me as she helped out of that darkness. The way she had stood and quietly watched as I wrapped my sword in silk and put it away, she had always known I think, that I would have to put it down. And a sadness was there too perhaps, for as the Poison left my system so did the Mistress of Nightmare.

It was a quiet time. A sleepy passage. We belonged only to each other, remembering our faces by tracing the curves in each others bodies, remembering our voices in the sweetness of each others breath. We let each other forget the unrelenting carnage, exchanging it for the annihilation of the embrace of ones lover. My sword was carried away, beyond my grasp, by a young houngan who had his own destruction to seed.

I knew the bliss of forgetting my name. But not that great power which had awoken in the remnants and detritus of that devils passing. No, that power was still very much a part of me. She had wanted to forget as well, to sleep with me. So we worked a High Majick, and called the Faceless God into her, through her. And I watched as the tears fell from the eyes she no longer had, as the orgasmic sighs broke from a mouth she no longer had. I saw all her Ten Thousand Faces in the face she no longer had. Before the total perfection of her beauty in that moment, I crumbled. Knowing, perhaps for the first time in this life, what it was to be a man. That I was a shadow cast by the complete light of her true face. The light of her Ten Thousand Faces.

The Galaxies Within

**I think about her,
I think about when I tasted the galaxies within her,
and Time stops,
and I am those galaxies,**



**I think about her,
I think about the desolation of her embrace unmaking me,
and the world ceases,
and I am that unmaking,**

**I think about her,
I think about swimming in the ocean of her eyes,
And I am drowning in her,
And I am that ocean,**

**I think about her,
I think about the sweetness in the water of her kiss,
And I am thirsting,
And I am that sweetness,**

**I think about her,
I think about the pure fires burning in her desire,
And it consumes me,
And I am that desire,**

**I think about her,
I think about the terrible knife hidden in her eyes,
And the pieces fall,
And I am that terror,**

**I think about her,
I think about hanging from Grandfathers Tree and seeing her in everything,
And death finds me,
And I am that Tree,
And I am that terror,
And I am that desire,
That sweetness,
That ocean,
That unmaking,**

I am those galaxies.

This was our absolute tantra.

[NAMO DHATVISVARI OM HA HUM] - Enlightenment of Dhatvisvari, Tibetan Book of the Dead



A human lifetime however, is the neither-neither. Both Heaven and Hell, and so neither. Both birth and death, and so neither. Both arising and subsiding, and so neither. And so hidden within each of us, is the mind of Buddha. And such a mind as this can bring much joy and much suffering.

And because the man was either Sleeping or Dreaming, the sage wandered peregrine through those fearsome lands. Sowing the seeds of Emptiness in the desolation.

And from that emptiness the buddha-sage Dharmaraja came into the Blasted Lands, and became the Absence in the Burning Fields of Qemetiel.

Saying; 'Who would have thought that within the Burning House, Originally the king of Dharma dwelt?

The Ten Thousand Dharmas are the Ten Thousand Devils,
What is your dharma, if not the mastery of your Daemon?

The Ten Thousand Bodhis are the Great Old Ones,
What is your bodhi, if not the wisdom of your Serpent?

It is your sacrifice of the self to the self.

If drilling wood can spin smoke into fire,

A red-petaled lotus can surely spring from this black infection. The Life-Giving Poison is bitter to the taste.

Words hard against the ear must be good advice.

Corrected failings give birth to wisdom.

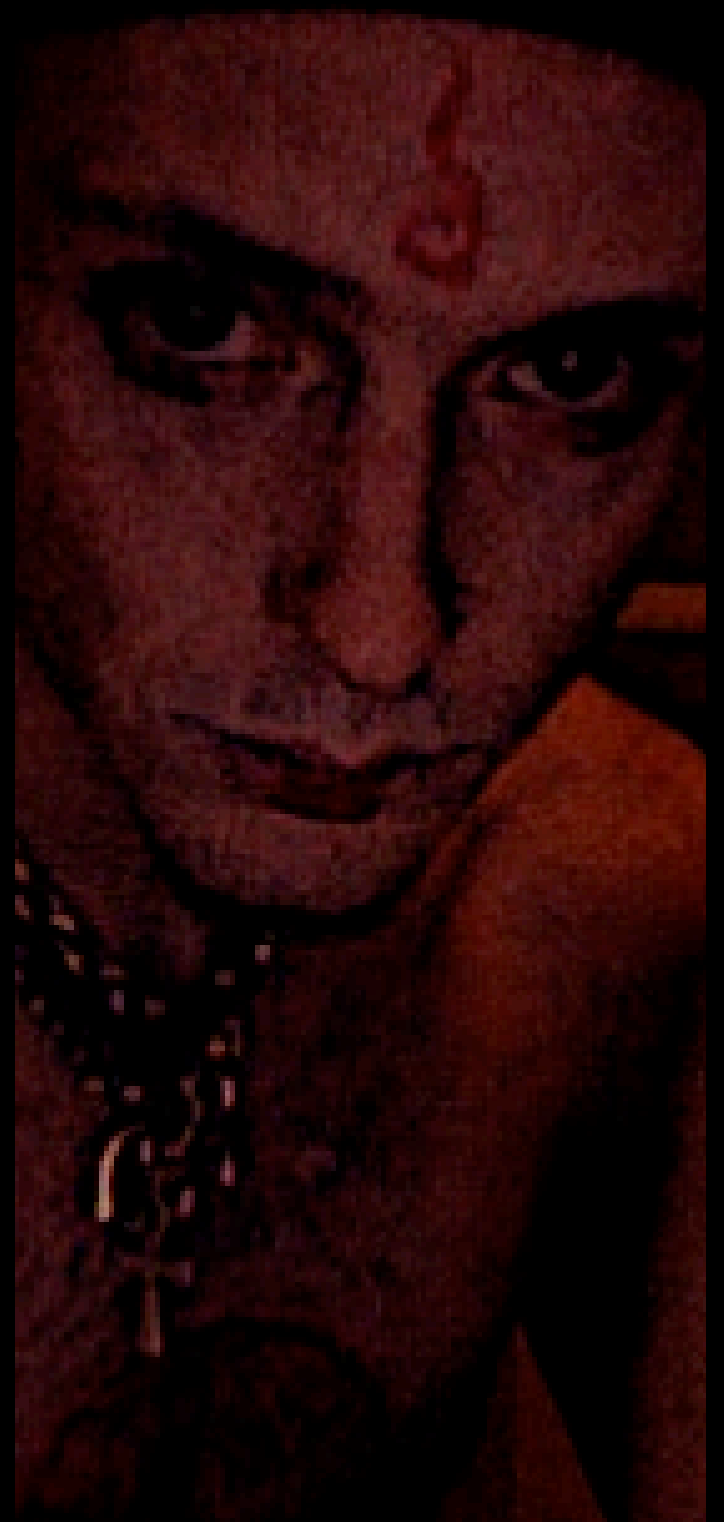
Guarded errors expose a petty mind.'

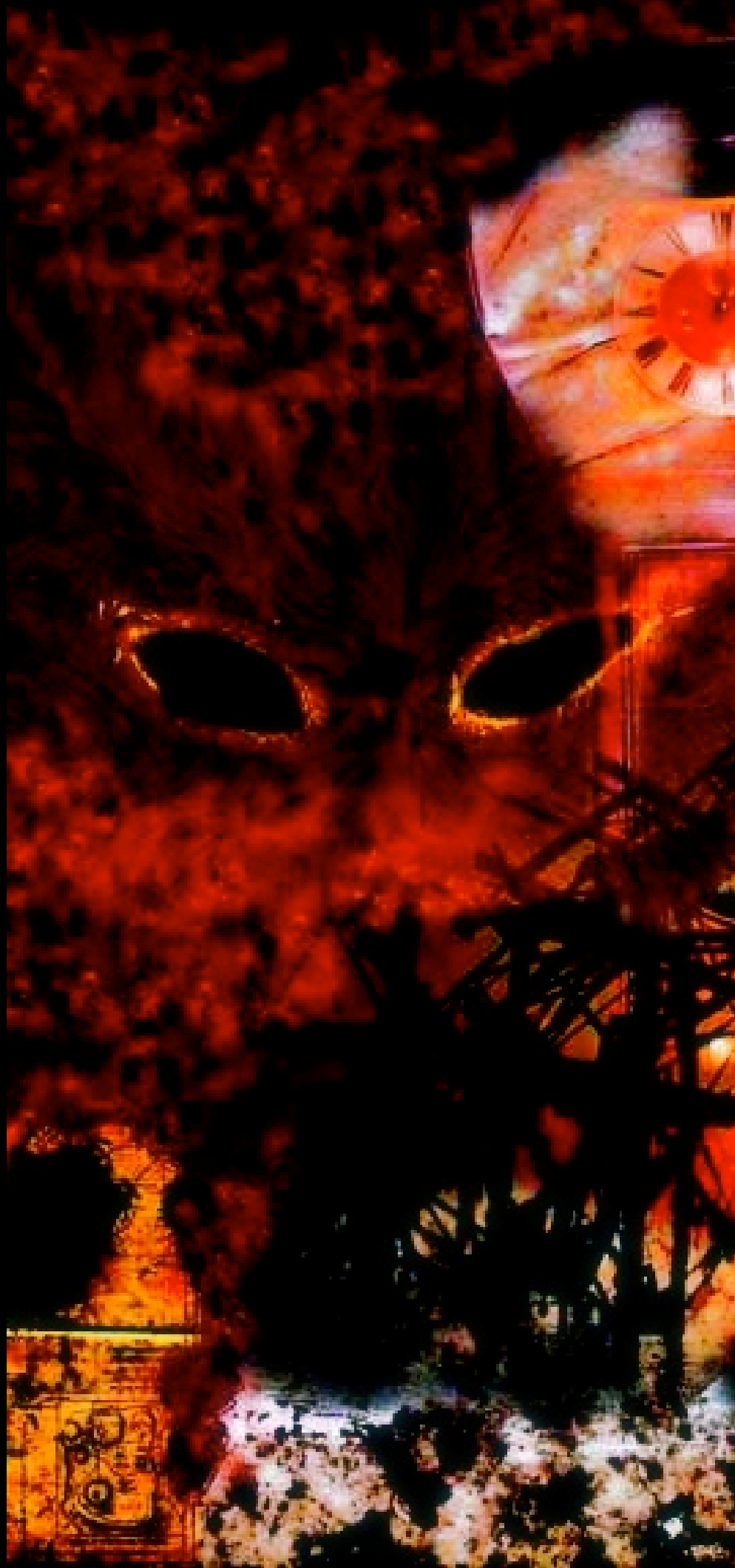
And Samael saying in return; 'I vow to take across the limitless multitude of my Hidden Company.

I vow to end the sickness of attachment in my own mind.

I vow to reveal my limitless Dharma.

I vow to realize the supreme Tao of my own nature.'





**And both were immediately annihilated in the bliss of unity,
and the Devil-Sage Sama-Dharmaraja exclaimed;**

'My self-nature is originally pure in itself.

My self-nature is neither produced nor destroyed.

My self-nature is originally complete in itself.

My self-nature is neither arising nor subsiding.

My self-nature produces the Ten Thousand Masks.'

Such is the bodhi of Sama-Dharmaraja, of Harlequin and the Ten Thousand Masks.

[OM MUNI YE SVAHA] - The Enlightenment of Sama-Dharmaraja, Tibetan Book of the Dead

Fox and Razor

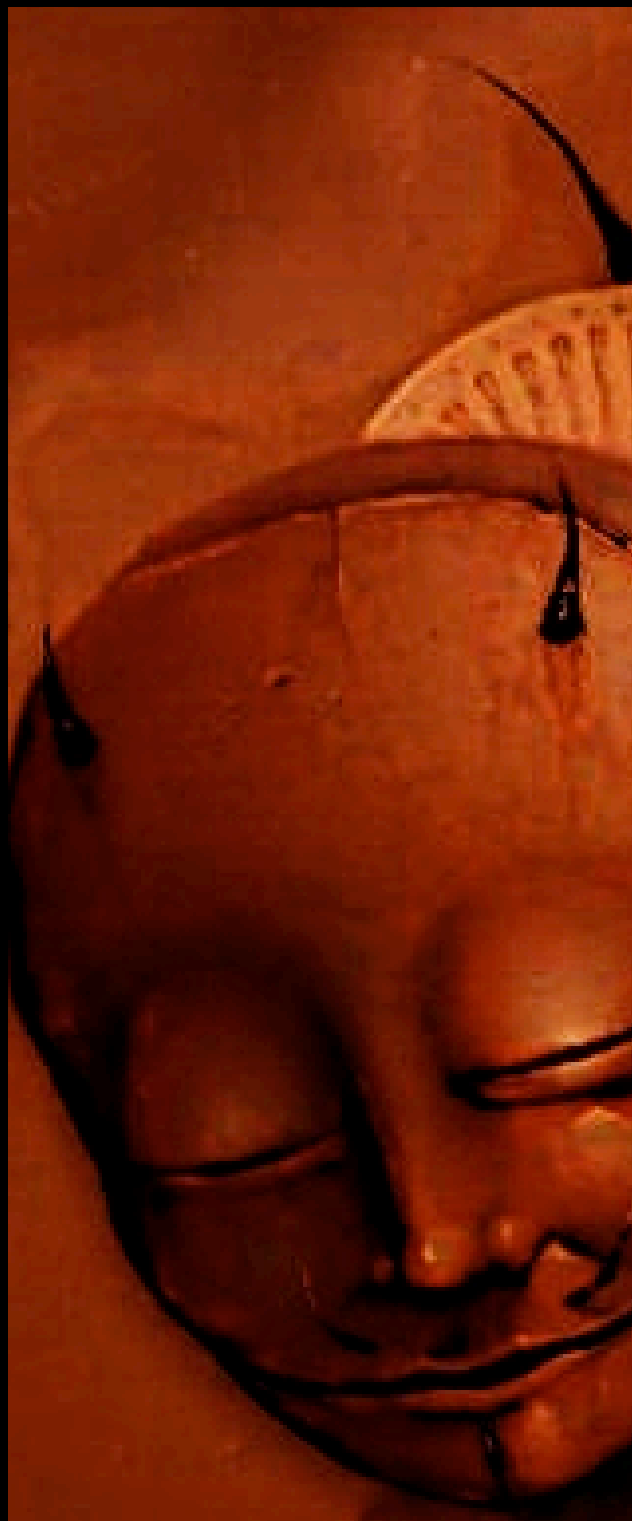
And look, before you the servant of Vairocana, the beautiful fox, the Mother of Mizuko, the Maha-Deva of Wrath. Speaking to lovers with the voices of dead monks, saying;

'A good fuck is painful deep. You forget your poetry. Yet you are enraptured in an indescribable joy. The delight of the wind, soothing your thoughts. Like Buddhas, you exist in each other's Mind. You sit beneath a soft lamp, thin monks chanting love songs. This union, like flowers that bloom and then fall. Faces flushed, are a beautiful dream. A flower bursting is heavy with passion. A flower falling is Silence, the uselessness of words.'

Have no regrets being tangled head to foot, in Red Thread. It is a baraka to lose heart in the path to enlightenment, because you are drowning in Samsara. Revel in the burning house of pleasure. Despair in the deep-dark of the desolate valley. For they are of a single nature. The lotus flower remains unstained by the black infection. Manifesting just as it is. Cheeks gone crimson with compassion and love. A contemplation of beauty. Her ten thousand eyes look upon all, yet see nothing but Samara. Hers is the original mouth, wordless. The birthplace of all the Buddhas.

Bliss and sorrow, love and hate, light and shadow, joy and anger, self and other. Poetic beauties may well lead to Hell. But look, strewn all along our Way: plum blossoms and peach flowers. Beneath your feet the Red Thread stretches ever on. Before you endlessly chant the complicated sutras, learn to read the love letters left you by the wind and rain, the snow and moon. So their meanings will not escape you. What good is your studying and stiff meditation? Is the Original Mind to be found in stilted koans and convoluted answers? The Tao is infinitely manifest. Every newborn, the fruit of the conjugal bond. How many aeons have these secret blossoms been bursting and fading, unseen? Your mechanical dharma would collapse into Great Wisdom, if laid in the lap of a harlot. Manjushri should have let Ananda play in the whorehouse.

Daito speaks with unsurpassed brilliance, yet the clamor of your ornate carriages at the temple gates drowns him out. No one listens to the tales of the Patriarch's long years of hunger and homelessness beneath the Gojo Bridge. What use are your religious affectations? With straw sandals and a bamboo staff, I roam ten thousand worlds, dwelling by the water, feasting on the wind, year after year. Blindly follow the rules and you are no more than an ass. Break them, and you are only human. Like the clear tone of a singing prayer-bell, this brings a flood of tears to startle you from a deep and melancholy dream. Everything is perfect. You are perfect. Stop trying and everything happens naturally. Creation is illusion. Destruction is illusion. Illusions are masks in the hands of Harlequin. You are perfect. You have always been. You will always be. Time is an illusion. You can only become yourself. You already are yourself. Your human birth is a blessing of orgasmic bliss. Your human birth is a curse of desolate suffering. Bliss and Suffering are illusion. You were never born. You are perpetually born. Birth and Death are illusion. You are perfect.'



And the young lovers returned;

'We are cherry-apples in a spring forest. With voices sweet, to rend the heart. All lovers sing the same song.

All of life was that bleeding ghetto. The poverty of our famished hearts. So we fell from our tortured thrones and cast away our crowns, in exchange for jester's rags.

A King of the Waste turned a beggar, at the feet of his beloved. A Queen of the Dead made a washer-woman, bathing in the face of her other.

There is a void within us, a liquid black. Longing with a terrible hunger for the liquid light dripping from our lips.

A light that can be tasted, the colors sweet upon the tongue. The heavens we breathe from our liquid-bright mouths are the rapture of the little death.

The skin remembers reading the braille of another's skin. The body remembers. No words mean as much as life, only our bodies can pronounce our secret names. To remember is to think with one's

body. All our poetry is the joining of eyes and lips, hips and thighs. The singing furnace of two small bodies in the desolate valley, of two small bodies holding up the sky.'

And then a Diamond Razor

A frantic passage throughout our poetry can end only in regret. If you wish for a vision of the true Tao, then stop constantly fucking up. That is the true Tao. The mystic vision can be considered pervasive yet no-where attached. The buddha-nature is the self-nature. Why look beyond your body, when you can trace galaxies across my skin. Con-fused, self-nature produces the ten thousand things and yet remaining unattached to them it is a buddha. The fox told the wayfarer, and the wayfarer made them stew.

Why wag your fingers at the water, when the moon hangs pregnant. Each form is a moment of memory, each poem, each song remembers of perfectly. The way the earth remembers our bodies, the way a man and a woman joining remember each other before they were separate. Every painting is a way of saying good-bye. The streets, chairs abandoned on its terraces, city shops emptied of their solid light yet the sidewalk smells like sweet grapes and peaches. The fox told the wayfarer, and the wayfarer made their beds.

And seeing the wayfarer had fallen asleep, the fox said; Hui Neng cautioned however, that all can never be revealed. For the tao of the ten thousand masks, is a path of suffering. Cutting the wayfarers throat with her diamond razor she chimed; this still extinction is bliss. Supreme nirvana is the fire at the aeons end.

[OM VAJRA SRGALAMUHKI HE] - the Razor of Sgralamuki, Tibetan Book of the Dead



Semjaza's Poison

III. Or the Cry of the Gallows Birds

I hereby Invoke the Devil and Sage, Semjaza.

My final words to you my Lovers. The whimpering dogs are frightened for a reason. The Dark is absolute, as the Light is blinding. They cannot be told, one from the other, and so they are one. You are not afraid to be proud. They name me poison because they want so fucking badly for you not brave what they will not. You are afraid to Love. Terrified of Bliss. You want to be great? then admit you are a fool. Zero does not stand before One. It is the in-between that defines all things. It is the terrible Void which hungers to be (ful)filled. You think you can stand before the Void and slay it with your sword? Don't be an ass. Will your sinking into the vast, black depths of the ocean fill it? Are you so fucking tall that you can leap into the sea and your feet will touch the bottom?

Throw down your sword. Beat it into a plowshare, a sickle. Do not destroy. Reap and harvest, sow, reap and harvest. This is why you are so sharp. There is no progress. If all roads are infinite and carry you back to your beginning then you are making no ground. If all of your pathetic life carries you back to that Void which spat you, screaming and filthy, into this One, do not assume this time shall be any different.

Life and Love.

You are all my Lovers. That is why I spit at you. We are all the children of that black Void. Struggling to taste again our sweet Mother. To be suffused again with the eternity which is our blinding Father. But you



are your own Mother, your own Father. Get up off your knees. Not to stand knowing, or proud but to embrace each other. Do not squander your Love on your dolls and playthings, they are only the velvets you have used to shield your eyes. Love only each other! Love your Life!

You are all Gods. Gods are but codes in your Blood (Grandfather Paradox). Eat, Drink, Shit and Fuck. Be the cycles of Time. You cannot know their meanings, you ARE their meanings. If I could slice the lids from your eyes and make you see, I would. I would fuck you raw until the Universe blossomed like a flower within you. I would tear your flesh and drink your blood so that you could travel the Galaxies within me. And then shit you out a little screaming anti-christ, covered in blood and crap and cum and tears.

Alone you are born and alone you shall die. Alone you should travel those dead sands. No one can hold your hand. No one can block your ears. In the end you will hate them for trying to save you. For trying to make your Life/Death their own.

So call them cowards for that is what they are. Kick those cowering dogs and teach them they are right to be afraid. How else to show the Black Mother, that Blinding Father that you Love them. Those who Loved you enough to give you Life, and Loved themselves enough to send you to your Death for their own happiness.

There is no candy-coating. There is no fucking word of power. There is only searching. You are a bunch of fucking fools. Ignorant and Hungry. And I am in Love with you. And because I Love you, if you come to me as children, I will send you into the fire. If you come to me for sustenance, I will shit upon your plate. Your sword is a clumsy useless thing, you are the finer weapon. I shall beat and burn and use you until you rise up to destroy me. Until you get up off your fucking knees and kiss your Mother and take her Wings. This is your Barakah and your great suffering.

But these are all just words. The lies of Samael and the madness of Lylyth. And they won't save you on that day. That day the the ground opens up to swallow you and you realize God doesn't hear you. Doesn't give a rats ass. But I did, at least enough to lead you to destruction. - Daughters of the Circvs

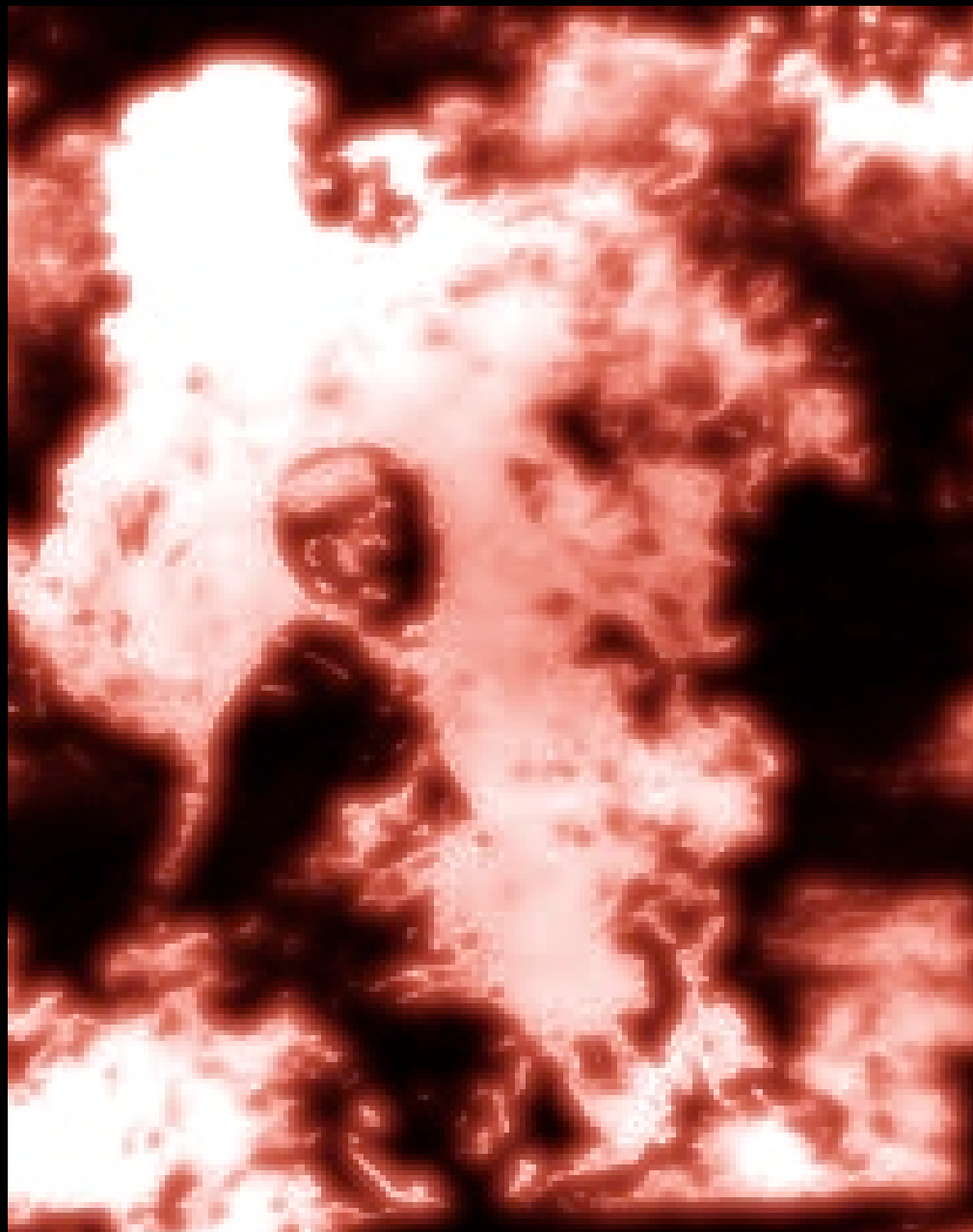




the burning house

**Who could have guessed,
That in the Burning House
The king of dharma dwelt?
-Hui Neng, the Diamond Perfection Sutra**

[OM SAMA DHARMA RAJA]



The asura find the sage in a burning house. That point where everything is observed juxtapositionally to everything else. Wherein all there is to see is the great and little gods. And your mastery of ritual causes you to fill your actions with a pregnant meaning. This is not the moment to give up your devotions, this is the moment where you realize the prosaic influence of even the most mundane of your gestures. Why shouldn't the moment you see the great and little gods all about, be the moment you find your ritual also pregnant with unexpected meaning. Only a fool can run into the burning house, and only the wise can find their way through. Harlequin does not have a mind vast enough to pay heed to her ten thousand masks, she has no mind, and therefore no mask. If within Harlequin there is no mind, then there is no Harlequin without it. The ignorant see a sleeping fox.

The fool perceives the ascetic in a cave, when in fact there resides a devil in a burning temple. If possessed of the *kia*, one saw an infinite gesture when once a tongue passed across the lips, then imagine the meanings of your strolling absently past. Hui Neng taught that we are always piling stones, that the moment any calculative thought took place, we participate in karma. And that surrender to the Tao was the buddhadharma. It is widely thought, that the *pratyeka* do not spread the dharma, but this is not so. They fulfill their dharma in bringing across the Hidden Company. It is not that the *pratyeka* do not walk in this world, it is that they walk in all worlds. Hui Neng taught the foxes beneath the Gojo Bridge and converted the asura sent to steal his robe. He helped Jizo pile stones for the *mizoku* by the river. It is not the words written in the sutra's, it is the searching for their meaning. It is not the poetry of the oracle, it is the throwing of the bones. The Tao is like the lancaster rose, when ruled by karma the rose turns us, and when ruled by dharma we turn the rose.

It begins in earnest within that burning theatre.

We are, each of us without exception, a theatre of stories. A tragic romance of memories. Not so much cells and atoms, not so much mass and energy, not so much as those memories. It is that which defines us. Not so much the genetics of our parents, not so much the crucible of the womb, not so much as that story. In that those crazy clouds of possibility we call Mind, we shape that story. We sift through the mundane events of our lives searching for those moments of relevance, those moments when the skin faded into light that shined liquid, and we were carried along by it, at one with it.

The manifest Tao, is a masked drama upon this fiery stage.

See there wearing the mask darkly, are the ferals you have left unnamed and there the ujigami masked with all the brightness of chrome. Both at work, piling up my stone.

The Feral saying;

In the fire of twilight, the birch forest is a shore of bones. I've pulled stones from earths black pockets, felt the weight of their weariness - worn. Exhausted from their sleeping within this black earth. I have written them on my skin with their black sweat. In the quiet you are saying, I have nothing to give you.

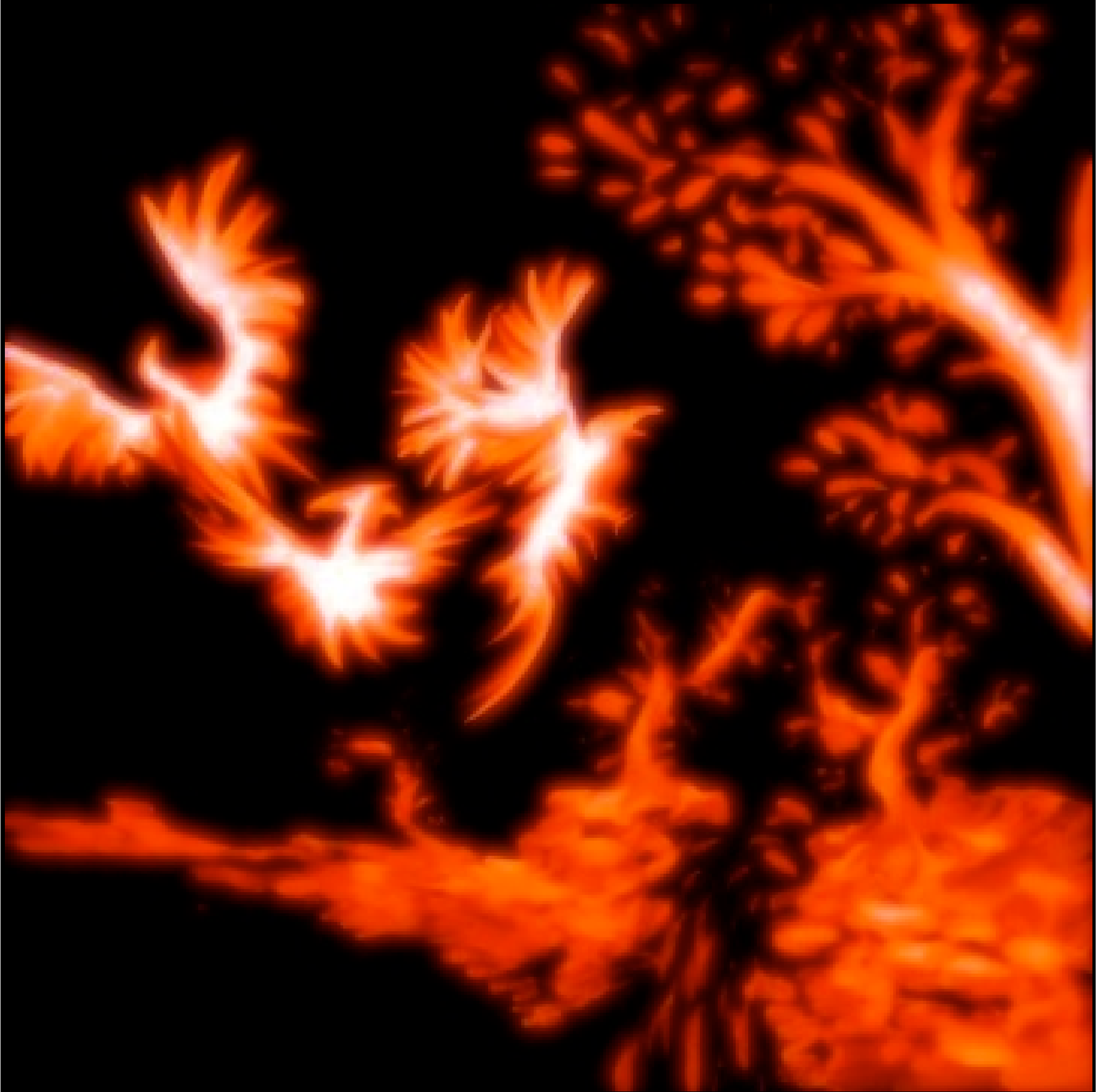
The Ujigami saying;

Their stones are salt and mark where we look back. The hand of your mother, the shedding of blood, the face of your lover locked into a mask of ecstasy. Their memories are one hand up to the wrist, in the grave already. In the quiet you are saying, you have nothing to carry. Just these words to make you less afraid.

And there is the little king, Dharmaraja saying;

Memory insists with a hushed voice from a bone cage. Memory is this shell embracing the sea. There is nothing to carry. Some stones to fill your pockets, to give what you have weight. You are already riddled with scars. Lines drawn in scar tissue across the gods of my left arm. Each a testament to your majick, cut for the only ink the Old Ones can read. Majick that can carry you across continents and oceans. And in so far as it does so, you find no cruelty in it. Rather, a kind of fearsome beauty, that somewhere betwixt the lizard brain and the warm seat of love, was hidden the remembering of Gods. It seems a heathen sort of art, for certain, but it was the manner that made sense to you. Dragging the razor across the skin, watching it bubble up and run against the pale. Counting the drops that escaped the canvas karma gave you, to the floor that man made. Or sometimes to the earth that shares its composition. Two lovers reunited. A foreshadowing of that day you would pass into the Bliss and give the earth back to the Earth, and the spirit back to the Spirit. It is a natural kind of majick. It was my kind of majick. It made every thing, in that moment, pregnant with a meaning older and more radiant than the words I use now to describe it. Such is the curse of all philosophers and sages, and the art of poets.





The clock counts out the time for the living,
A spider hangs his web among the stars,
And the angel, having entered the hearth,
Turns into smoke, ashes, embers.
- Deaths Angel, Henrikas Radauskas



Black and White

by Mr. Six

Exegesis

"The Empire Never Ended"

Consider for a moment, the notion of Empire. A form of government based on expansionist, pervasive control. The Romans would invade, then hand back power to local tribal leaders, leaving the peoples to become Roman out of choice - indeed serving in the Legions for a certain period allowed one to gain citizenship.

Pluralism was the Roman way of spirituality throughout its history, Christianity proving to be nothing more than an obscure cult until the Emperor Constantine converted - an act which some suggest was also politically motivated. By making Christianity the state religion, Constantine was able to undermine the Mithraic makeup of the Legions, minimizing the threat of a coup.

Mithras, it must be noted, was birthed on the 25th of December in a cave, surrounded by animals.

Modern Christianity was birthed in 325 CE at Nicea, with lots of political and theological infighting. The upshot was that Jesus was recognized as 'being as one substance with the father' rather than previous suggestions that he was either human, lesser than god, or something else. Look up the Council of Nicea if you're interested.

If one studies the Nag Hammadi codices one can see the words of a teacher who appears to be some sort of mystic - not least possibly connected to the Hermetic stream.

So the Empire essentially sanitizes the mysticism of a teacher who claims that it is possible to achieve 'salvation' through non-traditional means - for political ends.

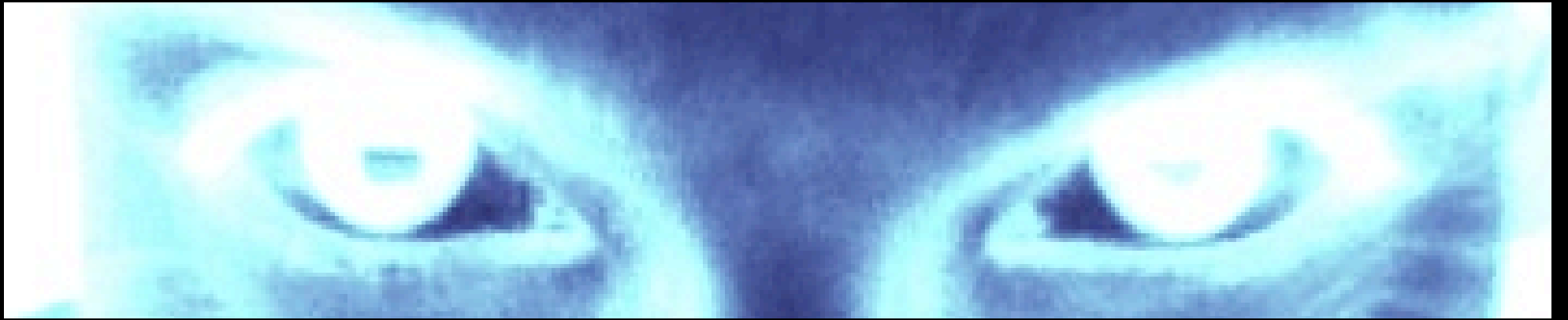
At its roots, most of Western Culture is heavily influenced by Romanized Judeo-Christian spirituality, its moral framework based on monolithic fear of the Imperial. The idea of God-Emperor is present in the notion of God in our culture - omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient.

This is only possible on a human level through the notion of the [Panopticon](#) which is heavily present within the context of a surveillance society - RFID, CCTV, ID cards etc.

As a cultural manifestation of the Empire, such desire for control is made more pervasive through the phenomenon of money. Money is the method through which control is gained - that is, it provides methods of subsuming and taming the environment into a state wherein we are able to become our own God-Emperor within our own sphere of influence.

In this way, one may suggest that our ego, our sense of identity is created and permeated by the Empire. We use status within the Empire (society) to define ourselves, therefore perpetuating it.

BLACK IRON PRISON



In Dick's cosmology, the sickened twin of the divine szyzgy was born early, and is therefore incomplete. It is the One's plan to create two twins, equal and perfect, yet the self-awareness required for self-identification meant that the 'sick twin' diverged from the Plan - essentially, this is the Fall spoken of in certain texts.

(In Morrison's Invisibles and the writings of Grant and Bertiaux, the sick twin is known as Universe B.)

Self aware but sick, the fallen still maintains its attempts to fulfill its function as best it can. As such, being supposedly 'self-aware beings' we are therefore reaching towards to the notion of 'totality' - that is to say, the completion of our being. However, being egoically based, we seek the perfection of our ego - that is to say, incorruptible, untouchable and immortal.

Once again, the God-Emperor is the epitome of this idea. The pure one who subjugates his enemies and therefore stands as the great protector of his empire. In this sense, the pater familias which is the structure of Roman society has still remained as the central authority figure, witnessed in politics, business, et al.

The Black Iron Prison is therefore self-constructed through the 'civilizing' urge in an effort to subsume the bestial and primitive which the ego fears because it cannot control such things.

"The Whore Of Babylon"

Biblical scholars now believe that the Babylon referenced in Revelation is, in fact, Rome itself. As a "fallen woman" metaphor, we find a reference to the sick twin, the manifestation of the sickness in the Empire that is self-denied - the hypocrisy prevalent within its notions of purity and moral righteousness.

Within the context of tantra, the breaking of cultural taboos is important to gaining spiritual awareness. The vama marg or the Left Path uses sexuality and ingestion of culturally forbidden foods to deprogram oneself and achieve connection with true Self.

Unfortunately, within the modern occult movements, LHP and Satanism appear to be obsessed with the breaking rather than the goal - this, in and of itself is unsurprising since the Empire-programming is still engaged.

This can be witnessed easily on many occult fora, where territorial arguments and ego based posturing are just as rife as anywhere else.

With the advent of 'The Da Vinci Code' the idea of Jesus indulging in sexual relations with Mary Magdalene has become more noticeable in mainstream popular culture. It does not take that much of a leap to suggest that Jesus may have indulged in tantric practice in one form or another.

Simon Magus, a well known Hermetic magician and opponent of the apostles, was said to have a 'whore' for a partner - a woman named Helena of Tyre. Aleister Crowley went through a succession of female partners, and indeed, his contact with the goddess Babalon, who is equated with the Babylon mentioned in Revelation. Crowley himself identified as the Beast which the Whore rode.

Jack Parsons and L Ron Hubbard also took part in a ritual to summon Babalon, which Parsons believed lead to the appearance of Marjorie Cameron in his life as an embodiment of the scarlet woman. Cameron also appeared in films by Kenneth Anger who directed 'Lucifer Rising'.



To Dick, the gnostic Sophia was an agent of healing, an attempt to heal the sickness. Interestingly, the bestial Baphomet with his goat-like form as illustrated by Eliphas Levy, is connected to Sophia through the Atbash cipher.

(Baphomet is also said to be an idol with a human skull, a bearded head or a cat idol)

It appears therefore, that the Scarlet Woman, as we are, is created by the Empire. Beyond her role as 'whore' and 'mother of abominations' which are perceived through the lens of Imperial programming, she stands as the gateway into the non-dual realms.

Is it any wonder that A. O. Spare wrote:

O Zos, thou shalt live in millions of forms and every conceivable thing shall happen unto Thee!.

Michael Staley of the Typhonian OTO alludes to this in his essay on Spare and Transformation - [Besz-Mass](#). Further, Spare's practice of atavistic resurgence seems indicative of his recognition of the power of zoomorphic magic.

Throughout the evolution of our species, we have kept certain primitive abilities, buried under the veneer of rationality. Rationality that dissolves when the extremes of sexuality and death loom large.

Is this behind Crowley's identification with the Beast? I believe it to be highly likely.

Babalon as mother of abortions gives us a clue to the true nature of the scenario. What is an abortion but that which is not complete - does not conform to the 'finished' notion of child? That is to say, something that does not cause us to behave in the 'right' way.

Revolting and terrible as such things may appear, one should recall that the sick twin is still attempting to do what it was designed to do. The horrors birthed are horrors only because some part of us recognizes the original perfection of intent. Rather than being 'wrong' according to the Empire, it is that some original part of us that recognizes that intent and sorrows and is revolted by the distortion that the Empire has wrought through its misguided attempts to function.

"He lived a long time ago, but he is still alive."

Dick terms the healing agent the Immortal One, the plasmate. When IT bonds with a human, when the living information restructures and changes the recipient, a homoplasmate is created.

For Dick, the plasmate comes from the healthy twin, seeking to heal its sick sibling. This is important - if the sick twin is Universe B, then the healthy one is Universe A - our world is a hologram formed by the overlap between the two.

The Empire, being a product of Universe B therefore 'resents' attempts at healing, seeing it as an attempt to destabilize its structure. It therefore has something of an immune reaction against the homoplasmates - after all, by their very existence they are a 'pathogen' to it.

If we regard the Empire as something akin to consensual reality, then those who do not conform to it are essentially regarded with hostility by society - which is a product of the Empire.

Consider the notion of someone who has unexplained powers, or is different in some way. Their very existence indicates that the Empire is not the only way - that its much vaunted self image as the omni-entity is false.

Whereas Dick believed the homoplasmates had all but been destroyed, if one accepts the existence of the plasmate as a hypothesis, then it behoves us to consider that IT continues to exist as an occult thing - that is, hidden from the Empire at large.

Further. if this occurred, is it not possible that such occulting of the plasmate occurred in a non-linear, atemporal way?

So, the mechanism for humans to reawaken as homoplasmates may be extant through our ancestry, which may be accessed through, among other things, atavistic resurgence?

In terms of the Hermetic tradition which Simon Magus et al were very probably part of, Stephen Flowers defines three types of praxis:

1. Goeteia - the making of charms, phylacteries, amulets etc.
2. Theourgia - the root of our word theurgy, or doing magic via gods.
3. Mageia - that is, when the magician uses his own power to achieve his ends by literally becoming a child of a particular daimon or spirit.

This is possibly why Jesus referred to his Father. It may just be possible that he became a son of the Father through magical means. Further, Jesus is said to have told his apostles that they would

be able to do greater things than he through the holy spirit, which he gave to the disciples post mortem, at Pentecost.

A spirit that manifested as tongues of fire on the top of the head - which seems a viable description of a Kundalini awakening!

Consider the origins of the Nephilim/Grigori/Watchers. Sons of god who lay with human women and fathered monsters.

Were they angels that bonded with humans and created beings of monstrous power? Were they monstrous only from the point of view of the Empire? Or perhaps they were offspring of magicians who passed on their skills to those not ready to understand/too deep in the grip of Empire-Ego?

"Feed chimeras in the tower every hundred years,"

[What rough beast slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?](#)

As we can see from the previous article, particularly the mention of the Leftvents, one might easily suggest that the homoplasmate's job is to fuse with the sick twin. In essence, it's a benign form of parasitism. Essentially, it comes down to the fact that the very existence of the magus-homoplasmate is an act of healing.

Indeed, the magus not need do anything other than live. In a sense, their sole goal is, to channel Nietzsche, become the ubermensch. After all, if the dictum of "As Above, So Below" holds, then "know thyself" is the ultimate dictum.

By sacrificing the self that was created by the Empire, to the Uncreated Self, we allow the twins to connect and fuse, creating once more a healthy 'organism'.

While 'magic' per se is becoming more popular, it is sadly doing so due to the desire for 'quick fixes' - very few wish to undergo the significant self change required by that thing called the Great Work.

This is unsurprising when considered in the light of the seeming all-pervasive nature of the Empire. One who seriously allows themselves to be given over to it faces opposition from almost everything - precisely because if they get away away with it, then it illustrates the illusory nature.

In short they reveal the Empire to be a paper tiger.

Which is all very well, but a paper tiger is still recognizable as a tiger, and as anybody knows, a tiger can be dangerous when the whole world is paper. In order to survive, one must always hold to the principle of 'as if', while at the same time not allowing oneself to become enmeshed in it.

Is there a new thing being born?

Perhaps. I would suggest however, it is us who are waking up to the fact that it is already here and always has been. We are the babies here, opening our eyes, and realizing that we have companions.



DEVIL READS BOOK

by Henrikas Radauskas

Sitting there, right over the abyss,
With the snow hanging down by his head,
His elbows propped on a black crag,
The devil read the big book.

What was written down in there,
Only rams and winds could make out.
Along with pinetrees, and snowfalls,
And ice flying down from above.

Birds drank from his cap.
God shielded him from avalanches.
Thunderbolts pounded the crag
Without touching him once.

He was staring at an empty black page.
Rock-solid, fractured as it was,
The age-old volume had cracks just starting
Vaguely to resemble the letter aleph.

The devil sat staring for thousands of years,
Though he wanted to laugh like a tree,
Whinny with the wind, and like a stream
Plunge right into the open chasm.

Translated by Vyt Bakaitis