



The Sutra of the Poison Buddha
the final volume - **the Blood Flowers**



- letters from the night side

'This dark and wayward book is affectionately dedicated to my enemies—to the curious ones who take fanatic pride in disliking me; to the baffling ones who remain enthusiastically ignorant of my existence; to the moral ones upon whom Beauty exercises a lascivious and corrupting influence; to the moral ones who have relentlessly chased God out of their bedrooms; to the moral ones who cringe before Nature, who flatten themselves upon prayer rugs, who shut their eyes, stuff their ears, bind, gag and truss themselves and offer their mutilations to the idiot God they have invented (the Devil take them, I grow bored with laughing at them).

To the anointed ones who identify their paranoiac symptoms as virtues, who build altars upon complexes; to the anointed ones who have slain themselves and who stagger proudly into graves (God deliver Himself from their caress!); to the religious ones who wage bloody and tireless wars upon all who do not share their fear of life (Ah, what is God but a despairing refutation of Man?); to the solemn and successful ones who gesture with courteous disdain from the depth of their ornamental coffins (we are all cadavers but let us refrain from congratulating each other too courteously on the fact); to the prim ones who find their secret obscenities mirrored in every careless phrase, who read self accusation into the word sex; to the prim ones who wince adroitly in the hope of being mistaken for imbeciles; to the prim ones who fornicate apologetically (the Devil does the can-can in their souls); to the cowardly ones who borrow their courage from Ideals which they forthwith defend with their useless lives.

To the cowardly ones who adorn themselves with castrations (let this not be misunderstood); to the reformers—the psychopathic ones who publicly and shamelessly belabor their own unfortunate impulses; to the reformers (once again)—the psychopathic ones trying forever to drown their own obscene desires in ear-splitting prayers for their fellowman's welfare; to the reformers—the Freudian dervishes who masturbate with Purity Leagues, who achieve involved orgasms denouncing the depravities of others; to the reformers (patience, patience) the psychopathic ones who seek to vindicate their own sexual impotencies by padlocking the national vagina, who find relief for constipation in forbidding their neighbors the water closet (God forgives them, but not I); to the ostracizing ones who hurl excommunications

upon all that is not part of their stupidity; to the ostracizing ones who fraternize only with the worms inside their coffins (their anger is the caress incomparable).

To the pious ones who, lacking the strength to please themselves, boast interminably to God of their weakness in denying themselves; to the idealistic ones who, unable to confound their neighbors with their own superiority, join causes in the hope of confounding each other with the superiority of their betters (involved, but I am not done with them); to the idealistic ones whose cowardice converts the suffering of others into a mirror wherein stares wretchedly back at them a possible image of themselves; to the idealistic ones who, frightened by this possible image of themselves, join Movements for the triumph of Love and Justice and the overthrow of Tyranny in the frantic hope of breaking the mirror; to the social ones who regard belching as the sin against the Holy Ghost, who enamel themselves with banalities, who repudiate contemptuously the existence of their bowels (Ah, these theologians of etiquette, these unctuous circumlocutors, a pock upon them); to the pure ones who masquerade excitedly as eunuchs and as wives of eunuchs (they have their excuses, of course, and who knows but the masquerade is somewhat unnecessary).

To the pedantic ones who barricade themselves heroically behind their own belchings; to the smug ones who walk with their noses ecstatically buried in their own rectums (I have nothing against them, I swear); to the righteous ones who masturbate blissfully under the blankets of their perfections; to the righteous ones who finger each other in the choir loft (God forgive me if I ever succumb to one of them).

To the critical ones who whoremonger on Parnassus; to the critical ones who befool themselves in the Temples and point embitteredly at the Gods as the sources of their own odors (I will someday devote an entire dedication to critics); to the proud ones who urinate against the wind (they have never wetted me and I have nothing against them); to the cheerful ones who tirade viciously against all who do not wear their protective smirk; to the cheerful ones who spend their evenings bewailing my existence (the Devil pity them, not I); to the noble ones who advertise their secrets, who crucify themselves on bill-boards in the quest for the Nietzschean solitude; to the noble ones who pride themselves on their stolen finery.

To the flagellating ones who go to the opera in hair shirts, who excite themselves with denials and who fornicate only on Fast Days; to the just ones who find compensation for their nose rings and sackcloth by hamstringing all who refuse to put them on—all who have committed the alluring sins from which their own cowardice fled; to the conservative ones who gnaw elatedly upon old bones and wither with malnutrition; to the conservative ones who snarl, yelp, whimper and grunt, who are the parasites of death; who choke themselves with their beards; to the timorous ones who vomit invective upon all that confuses them, who vituperate, against all their non-existent intelligence cannot grasp; to the martyr ones who disembowel themselves on the battlefield, who crucify themselves upon their stupidities; to the serious ones who mistake the sleep of their senses and the snores of their intellect for enviable perfections.

To the serious ones who suffocate gently in the boredom they create (God alone has time to laugh at them); to the virgin ones who tenaciously advertise their predicament; to the virgin ones who mourn themselves, who kneel before keyholes; to the holy ones who recommend themselves tirelessly and triumphantly to God (I have never envied God His friends, nor He, mine perhaps); to the never clean ones who bathe publicly in the hysterics of the mob; to the never clean ones who pander for stupidity; to the intellectual ones who play solitaire with platitudes, who drag their classrooms around with them.



WALLACE
SMITH

To these and to many other abominations whom I apologize to for omitting, this inhospitable book, celebrating the dark mirth of Fantazius Mallare, is dedicated in the hope that their righteous eyes may never kindle with secret lusts nor their pious lips water erotically from its reading—in short in the hope that they may never encounter the ornamental phrases I have written and the ritualistic lines Wallace Smith has drawn in the pages that follow.'
- the Mysterious Oath, B. Hecht

This will be the last Sutra, I know its unthinkable. Here you are, finally accepting that this catalytic resource was preeminently reliable, and here it is in its ending, in its returning to the no-more and it is tragic and wonderful to think on. I must confess though, on behalf of we three who crafted it, that this day has always been known to us. We had never presumed to teach you jujū, never in all honesty even thought ourselves capable of such a divine act. No, like charlatans, we bewitched you, so that you might hunger for it, lust after it, be always desirous of it. We did that, whoever we are.

What this has meant to the Buddha-Lwa, how can we possibly know hovering as we are over its creation? The buddha-lwa who are full of all-things. No, if there is learning to be done, it will be that which fills this absence which your desire has given shape.

This work of ours has existed in two forms. The first, the pdf. e-zine of the same name we have given to this publication was the product of a binding oath I participated in with two others, who are present within its pages as Jeremy Faustus and VI. The particulars of which required us to delve as deeply as one could into the Mysteries currently before us and to write and share those experiences which arose from that undertaking. I undertook to collect from those documents those portions which we three at the time considered the most relevant and poetic and having collected them then mercilessly slaughtering them until it was a middling few pages of art and nonsense.

I assure you that my contributors were quite right to accuse me of possibly twisting the meanings of their works for I did so as often as I could, going even so far as to contribute my own to it's mass. The fourth edition of the e-zine, les Mysteres des Houdeaux found us each thoroughly exhausted and desirous of isolation and reflection. Some time to absorb the profound changes which had taken place in our awareness. It was never my intention to meaningfully convey the insights which arose during the duration of that oath, of which the e-zine was a product, but rather to conjure in the imagination of its reader the spirit of those profound moments the lot of us shared. The tremendous interest which followed this attempt became its own justification for seeing the thing through.

Once VI had introduced the nomadic principles the whole exercise became about movement, much more about moments in time than moments in space. Though, in its triumphant moments it is both of those things. VI and Jeremy know thier philosophy and in some ways this text will serve as a primer to it for those of you who choose to engage it from a more fundamentally superstitious angle, like I did. VI also obtained copies of much sought after contemporary occult texts and it was from that heady cocktail that we approached our materials. Believing that we could engage those great mysteries of Being, that we could grasp Heidegger and fuck him in his Da-sein and in some senses we totally did.

For their part in our conspiracy, I can find no fault in Jeremy and VI. They took their philosophers and filled them with the magic they pined for but never quite reached, they sought to make real the existential terrors the sages envisioned haunting the roots of language and existence and to meet them squarely. Whether I myself measured to that bar, which I so casually measured my compatriots by, who can say. Not I, of that we can be

certain. Insofar as a bar had been set however, I shall do my best to correct what failures I can recognize here in my retrospection. Was I able to defend the carving edge of paranoia and superstition against Occam's fearsome razor? As of printing I have yet to be presented with a reward for getting the french philosophers to sit down with the Gods that dead slaves made. No, in the end that accomplishment was accompanied by the overwhelming certitude that I would pay for that somehow.

You just know that when its all over the philosophers are going to follow the dead gods home with the intention of mooching free drugs and probably get their wallets stolen. I know, deep down in my heart, in the place that speaks with my mother's voice that if I ever did coke with Jacque Derrida or Michael Bertiaux I would end up punching them in the face. Or getting punched in the face, either way some face-punching would be going on. Yet having Damocles sword in one hand and Occams razor in the other is made a reward through its own merit, though a reward both fearsome and grim. Thinking on it now I am reminded of Sucax, who came when we called upon the Goddess of the Tents, a warden so absolute in his dedication that he gave up his wand for a second blade.

It was a great luxury for me to be able to express my thoughts as they were in the pages of the e-zine, to speak on daemons and devils without the pre-requisite rationalizations and justifications which usually accompanies such a discussion because for a superstitious hill-billy they have always existed without them or a need for them. The mystic does not say, 'there is no such thing as a demon', the mystic says, 'there is no such thing.' Where there is the thought 'a demon', then there is a demon as well, at least in the Platonic sense. Recognizing this the mystic does not say, 'the thought is the demon', the mystic says, 'I am the demon.' The dialectic (Hegelian, Jain, Buddhist, etc.) does not presuppose the nature of the thing, only the necessity of ones relationship to it and seeks to express in its fullness the economy of meaning that arises therefrom. It was here, at this understanding that we found our gateway between the austere devotions of Sophia's lovers and the rum-soaked melancholy of the poets. A common space in which the distinctions of 'philosopher' and 'mystic' are dissolved and one might easily pass into the awareness of the other and it was this space that we sought to describe in the pages of the e-zine.

I have no idea how many people who read the Sutra e-zine knew what it was that they possessed. The closest analogy that I can draw to another text would be A. Crowley's 'the Vision and the Voice', which was a sorcerer's recollection of his skrying of the 30 Aethyrs of J. Dee and E. Kelley's Enochian system. Only there was no real system to what we were doing, we were looking into each other. We were skrying into the hidden wonders of ourselves. We wrote those things down, spent hours with cameras and photoshop, conspired to reach deeper, to remember the whole. All because of what we saw in those places. The Sutra was only a part of a much larger creation, a much larger process which encompassed the whole of my being. The spirits that run rampant through my work in the Sutra now live within me, their secret names are a mark across my shoulders and down my left arm. Written with a needle and ink.

There was of course, another work which had behind it we three. A work we had entitled the 'Handbook of the Zenarchist Cells', ungainly I know, we were still young. That particular work, so unassuming with its plain black text on white paper, without embellishment or illustration was quite possibly the most toxic and self-destructive collection of rituals and gnostic materials ever compiled. We ultimately worked to suppress its distribution though it made the rounds anyways I think. It was largely exploratory writings from the beginning of our respective journey's into the unknown accompanied by the rituals and magicks we had used to open our ways into it. We were very much creatures of instinct in those pages, whole chunks of it are in blatant error. In many cases our mistaken interpretations were

correct though our justifications for them were entirely misplaced. The magicks themselves though very determined and effective were often the gnostic equivalent of breaking an unlocked door down instead of just using the door knob. To complicate things we each grew up out of very different backgrounds and traditions. Whole portions of it went into the Sutra at different points, in the deep madness we would sometimes read it like an oracle. It was still the truth of our paths and a thing created out of the meat of our existence, back when we were still young.

In many ways, this final volume is more akin in spirit to the Handbook. We haven't compiled a Sutra in a very long time. We needed to pause and collect our thoughts and remembrances and it is really that collection which resides in these pages. We discover that we are not so young as we once were, that most often doors *want* to open. We discover that braving the terrors of our youth bestowed a healthy pragmatism upon us. We discover we are all possessed of devilish hearts and that those devils are beautiful. I can feel satisfied with those discoveries.

Turns out I never found the juju that would make a philosopher out of an old hood, although I found a few pretty convincing glamours. To me it seemed that philosophy was a collection of wondrously incomplete things. I could wander among them, admire them, get lost in the depth of their questing but never conspire to consolidate them. The consolidation of wonder into fact is just so not my thing. I am a juju-man, a hustler and a lady-killer and here at the end, it is only those secrets I can give you.

[V. V. Note - Ryan Valentine died on the 20th of April, he went with a joint in his hand. Without any real fanfare his heart gave up. Sometimes the heart just breaks, treacherous vessel that it is. Too many hard women and merciless men. As was his desire I am releasing this last volume of the Sutra, which contains the most central and perhaps controversial of his and VI's magicks. VI who was his friend and brother right up to the end.

Ryan believed that even the hardest of lives was worth living right until its glorious finish, he believed that there was greater value in loving your woman than in loving your whore (and so he loved his whores too). Ryan believed that it was the drugs and sex and art that made life wondrous and it was his great honor to have made all of those things, he believed that death was just a beginning, that love was just a beginning, that sadness was just a beginning.

Ryan Valentine died on the 20th of April, he went with a smile on his face.]

R. Valentine 1977 - 2009

RYAN VALENTINE





the Forgotten Letters

"I waited for you, 'neath the black moon. As promised. I waited beyond the shoreline, ever-smiling.

Had I not promised I'd wait till the stars burned out? But... I lied. I left the day before. You never could trust me. But you knew that. Still; I waited till the day before. I suppose that might've been enough; had the world not been ending.

I waited betwixt the fever-dreams and with the wide-open stare. It was the days before the gods fell like stars from the sky and 'fore the end of all things. I waited, smiling. You never came. And I left early. As before. As always. You can never trust the half-caste.

... But after I left, and beneath the reeling veil of stars, I found it... The black gate far beyond the Basalt Tower... The place of endless dreams; trans-substantiated selves... I wish you could've been there with me."

- Forgotten Letter, dated 2001. Unsigned.

"It's the dog that caused this. Don't ask me how. Don't ask me why.

But it's the dog and the trickster-messenger that brought it all on. It was the dog-faced god, first. The lycanthrope God. The Death-like one. Call him Red Death if you want, but he's more... lupine. All around the death-gates you find this association between dogs and vampires and death and more importantly the land of the dead. Hades' helm is the face of a wolf. Cerebrus guards the gates. Anubis judges the dead souls.

To the Romans you got Hermanubis, son of the giant-slayer, as this half-breed half-myth that rules over the Dog Days of long summer... Wodan and Warg. Outcast. Exile. Dead-decayed-not-social things that stir and mutter in the hours before dawn. Dracula and his howling children of the night...

The white fox. The black dog as familiar. And that's what I found, then, after the cities began burning. I could smell the fires 'fore they even lit 'em. 'Cuz all the damned children can smell the fires as they approach. I could see the Iron Queen on the throne, and Dreadful Saturn crowned as an Emperor amidst the tides of blood...

I'd blame you, Adoniah, but... Well, wasn't it my impulse to make the damned thing? I just didn't figure you'd feed it a Goes and that the daemon would live inside it and make it whole... Though I guess that's the way to make a nicely working caco-daemon familiar..

You're a fuck, by the way. A right fuck. Just so you know."

- Unsent Letter, July 2008. Signed, Jack.



١٠ ١١ ١٢ ١٣ ١٤ ١٥ ١٦ ١٧ ١٨ ١٩ ٢٠ ٢١ ٢٢ ٢٣ ٢٤ ٢٥ ٢٦ ٢٧ ٢٨ ٢٩ ٣٠ ٣١ ٣٢ ٣٣ ٣٤ ٣٥ ٣٦ ٣٧ ٣٨ ٣٩ ٤٠ ٤١ ٤٢ ٤٣ ٤٤ ٤٥ ٤٦ ٤٧ ٤٨ ٤٩ ٥٠ ٥١ ٥٢ ٥٣ ٥٤ ٥٥ ٥٦ ٥٧ ٥٨ ٥٩ ٦٠ ٦١ ٦٢ ٦٣ ٦٤ ٦٥ ٦٦ ٦٧ ٦٨ ٦٩ ٧٠ ٧١ ٧٢ ٧٣ ٧٤ ٧٥ ٧٦ ٧٧ ٧٨ ٧٩ ٨٠ ٨١ ٨٢ ٨٣ ٨٤ ٨٥ ٨٦ ٨٧ ٨٨ ٨٩ ٩٠ ٩١ ٩٢ ٩٣ ٩٤ ٩٥ ٩٦ ٩٧ ٩٨ ٩٩ ١٠٠ ١٠١ ١٠٢ ١٠٣ ١٠٤ ١٠٥ ١٠٦ ١٠٧ ١٠٨ ١٠٩ ١١٠ ١١١ ١١٢ ١١٣ ١١٤ ١١٥ ١١٦ ١١٧ ١١٨ ١١٩ ١٢٠ ١٢١ ١٢٢ ١٢٣ ١٢٤ ١٢٥ ١٢٦ ١٢٧ ١٢٨ ١٢٩ ١٣٠ ١٣١ ١٣٢ ١٣٣ ١٣٤ ١٣٥ ١٣٦ ١٣٧ ١٣٨ ١٣٩ ١٤٠ ١٤١ ١٤٢ ١٤٣ ١٤٤ ١٤٥ ١٤٦ ١٤٧ ١٤٨ ١٤٩ ١٥٠ ١٥١ ١٥٢ ١٥٣ ١٥٤ ١٥٥ ١٥٦ ١٥٧ ١٥٨ ١٥٩ ١٦٠ ١٦١ ١٦٢ ١٦٣ ١٦٤ ١٦٥ ١٦٦ ١٦٧ ١٦٨ ١٦٩ ١٧٠ ١٧١ ١٧٢ ١٧٣ ١٧٤ ١٧٥ ١٧٦ ١٧٧ ١٧٨ ١٧٩ ١٨٠ ١٨١ ١٨٢ ١٨٣ ١٨٤ ١٨٥ ١٨٦ ١٨٧ ١٨٨ ١٨٩ ١٩٠ ١٩١ ١٩٢ ١٩٣ ١٩٤ ١٩٥ ١٩٦ ١٩٧ ١٩٨ ١٩٩ ٢٠٠ ٢٠١ ٢٠٢ ٢٠٣ ٢٠٤ ٢٠٥ ٢٠٦ ٢٠٧ ٢٠٨ ٢٠٩ ٢١٠ ٢١١ ٢١٢ ٢١٣ ٢١٤ ٢١٥ ٢١٦ ٢١٧ ٢١٨ ٢١٩ ٢٢٠ ٢٢١ ٢٢٢ ٢٢٣ ٢٢٤ ٢٢٥ ٢٢٦ ٢٢٧ ٢٢٨ ٢٢٩ ٢٣٠ ٢٣١ ٢٣٢ ٢٣٣ ٢٣٤ ٢٣٥ ٢٣٦ ٢٣٧ ٢٣٨ ٢٣٩ ٢٤٠ ٢٤١ ٢٤٢ ٢٤٣ ٢٤٤ ٢٤٥ ٢٤٦ ٢٤٧ ٢٤٨ ٢٤٩ ٢٥٠ ٢٥١ ٢٥٢ ٢٥٣ ٢٥٤ ٢٥٥ ٢٥٦ ٢٥٧ ٢٥٨ ٢٥٩ ٢٦٠ ٢٦١ ٢٦٢ ٢٦٣ ٢٦٤ ٢٦٥ ٢٦٦ ٢٦٧ ٢٦٨ ٢٦٩ ٢٧٠ ٢٧١ ٢٧٢ ٢٧٣ ٢٧٤ ٢٧٥ ٢٧٦ ٢٧٧ ٢٧٨ ٢٧٩ ٢٨٠ ٢٨١ ٢٨٢ ٢٨٣ ٢٨٤ ٢٨٥ ٢٨٦ ٢٨٧ ٢٨٨ ٢٨٩ ٢٩٠ ٢٩١ ٢٩٢ ٢٩٣ ٢٩٤ ٢٩٥ ٢٩٦ ٢٩٧ ٢٩٨ ٢٩٩ ٣٠٠ ٣٠١ ٣٠٢ ٣٠٣ ٣٠٤ ٣٠٥ ٣٠٦ ٣٠٧ ٣٠٨ ٣٠٩ ٣١٠ ٣١١ ٣١٢ ٣١٣ ٣١٤ ٣١٥ ٣١٦ ٣١٧ ٣١٨ ٣١٩ ٣٢٠ ٣٢١ ٣٢٢ ٣٢٣ ٣٢٤ ٣٢٥ ٣٢٦ ٣٢٧ ٣٢٨ ٣٢٩ ٣٣٠ ٣٣١ ٣٣٢ ٣٣٣ ٣٣٤ ٣٣٥ ٣٣٦ ٣٣٧ ٣٣٨ ٣٣٩ ٣٤٠ ٣٤١ ٣٤٢ ٣٤٣ ٣٤٤ ٣٤٥ ٣٤٦ ٣٤٧ ٣٤٨ ٣٤٩ ٣٥٠ ٣٥١ ٣٥٢ ٣٥٣ ٣٥٤ ٣٥٥ ٣٥٦ ٣٥٧ ٣٥٨ ٣٥٩ ٣٦٠ ٣٦١ ٣٦٢ ٣٦٣ ٣٦٤ ٣٦٥ ٣٦٦ ٣٦٧ ٣٦٨ ٣٦٩ ٣٧٠ ٣٧١ ٣٧٢ ٣٧٣ ٣٧٤ ٣٧٥ ٣٧٦ ٣٧٧ ٣٧٨ ٣٧٩ ٣٨٠ ٣٨١ ٣٨٢ ٣٨٣ ٣٨٤ ٣٨٥ ٣٨٦ ٣٨٧ ٣٨٨ ٣٨٩ ٣٩٠ ٣٩١ ٣٩٢ ٣٩٣ ٣٩٤ ٣٩٥ ٣٩٦ ٣٩٧ ٣٩٨ ٣٩٩ ٤٠٠ ٤٠١ ٤٠٢ ٤٠٣ ٤٠٤ ٤٠٥ ٤٠٦ ٤٠٧ ٤٠٨ ٤٠٩ ٤١٠ ٤١١ ٤١٢ ٤١٣ ٤١٤ ٤١٥ ٤١٦ ٤١٧ ٤١٨ ٤١٩ ٤٢٠ ٤٢١ ٤٢٢ ٤٢٣ ٤٢٤ ٤٢٥ ٤٢٦ ٤٢٧ ٤٢٨ ٤٢٩ ٤٣٠ ٤٣١ ٤٣٢ ٤٣٣ ٤٣٤ ٤٣٥ ٤٣٦ ٤٣٧ ٤٣٨ ٤٣٩ ٤٤٠ ٤٤١ ٤٤٢ ٤٤٣ ٤٤٤ ٤٤٥ ٤٤٦ ٤٤٧ ٤٤٨ ٤٤٩ ٤٥٠ ٤٥١ ٤٥٢ ٤٥٣ ٤٥٤ ٤٥٥ ٤٥٦ ٤٥٧ ٤٥٨ ٤٥٩ ٤٦٠ ٤٦١ ٤٦٢ ٤٦٣ ٤٦٤ ٤٦٥ ٤٦٦ ٤٦٧ ٤٦٨ ٤٦٩ ٤٧٠ ٤٧١ ٤٧٢ ٤٧٣ ٤٧٤ ٤٧٥ ٤٧٦ ٤٧٧ ٤٧٨ ٤٧٩ ٤٨٠ ٤٨١ ٤٨٢ ٤٨٣ ٤٨٤ ٤٨٥ ٤٨٦ ٤٨٧ ٤٨٨ ٤٨٩ ٤٩٠ ٤٩١ ٤٩٢ ٤٩٣ ٤٩٤ ٤٩٥ ٤٩٦ ٤٩٧ ٤٩٨ ٤٩٩ ٥٠٠ ٥٠١ ٥٠٢ ٥٠٣ ٥٠٤ ٥٠٥ ٥٠٦ ٥٠٧ ٥٠٨ ٥٠٩ ٥١٠ ٥١١ ٥١٢ ٥١٣ ٥١٤ ٥١٥ ٥١٦ ٥١٧ ٥١٨ ٥١٩ ٥٢٠ ٥٢١ ٥٢٢ ٥٢٣ ٥٢٤ ٥٢٥ ٥٢٦ ٥٢٧ ٥٢٨ ٥٢٩ ٥٣٠ ٥٣١ ٥٣٢ ٥٣٣ ٥٣٤ ٥٣٥ ٥٣٦ ٥٣٧ ٥٣٨ ٥٣٩ ٥٤٠ ٥٤١ ٥٤٢ ٥٤٣ ٥٤٤ ٥٤٥ ٥٤٦ ٥٤٧ ٥٤٨ ٥٤٩ ٥٥٠ ٥٥١ ٥٥٢ ٥٥٣ ٥٥٤ ٥٥٥ ٥٥٦ ٥٥٧ ٥٥٨ ٥٥٩ ٥٦٠ ٥٦١ ٥٦٢ ٥٦٣ ٥٦٤ ٥٦٥ ٥٦٦ ٥٦٧ ٥٦٨ ٥٦٩ ٥٧٠ ٥٧١ ٥٧٢ ٥٧٣ ٥٧٤ ٥٧٥ ٥٧٦ ٥٧٧ ٥٧٨ ٥٧٩ ٥٨٠ ٥٨١ ٥٨٢ ٥٨٣ ٥٨٤ ٥٨٥ ٥٨٦ ٥٨٧ ٥٨٨ ٥٨٩ ٥٩٠ ٥٩١ ٥٩٢ ٥٩٣ ٥٩٤ ٥٩٥ ٥٩٦ ٥٩٧ ٥٩٨ ٥٩٩ ٦٠٠ ٦٠١ ٦٠٢ ٦٠٣ ٦٠٤ ٦٠٥ ٦٠٦ ٦٠٧ ٦٠٨ ٦٠٩ ٦١٠ ٦١١ ٦١٢ ٦١٣ ٦١٤ ٦١٥ ٦١٦ ٦١٧ ٦١٨ ٦١٩ ٦٢٠ ٦٢١ ٦٢٢ ٦٢٣ ٦٢٤ ٦٢٥ ٦٢٦ ٦٢٧ ٦٢٨ ٦٢٩ ٦٣٠ ٦٣١ ٦٣٢ ٦٣٣ ٦٣٤ ٦٣٥ ٦٣٦ ٦٣٧ ٦٣٨ ٦٣٩ ٦٤٠ ٦٤١ ٦٤٢ ٦٤٣ ٦٤٤ ٦٤٥ ٦٤٦ ٦٤٧ ٦٤٨ ٦٤٩ ٦٥٠ ٦٥١ ٦٥٢ ٦٥٣ ٦٥٤ ٦٥٥ ٦٥٦ ٦٥٧ ٦٥٨ ٦٥٩ ٦٦٠ ٦٦١ ٦٦٢ ٦٦٣ ٦٦٤ ٦٦٥ ٦٦٦ ٦٦٧ ٦٦٨ ٦٦٩ ٦٧٠ ٦٧١ ٦٧٢ ٦٧٣ ٦٧٤ ٦٧٥ ٦٧٦ ٦٧٧ ٦٧٨ ٦٧٩ ٦٨٠ ٦٨١ ٦٨٢ ٦٨٣ ٦٨٤ ٦٨٥ ٦٨٦ ٦٨٧ ٦٨٨ ٦٨٩ ٦٩٠ ٦٩١ ٦٩٢ ٦٩٣ ٦٩٤ ٦٩٥ ٦٩٦ ٦٩٧ ٦٩٨ ٦٩٩ ٧٠٠ ٧٠١ ٧٠٢ ٧٠٣ ٧٠٤ ٧٠٥ ٧٠٦ ٧٠٧ ٧٠٨ ٧٠٩ ٧١٠ ٧١١ ٧١٢ ٧١٣ ٧١٤ ٧١٥ ٧١٦ ٧١٧ ٧١٨ ٧١٩ ٧٢٠ ٧٢١ ٧٢٢ ٧٢٣ ٧٢٤ ٧٢٥ ٧٢٦ ٧٢٧ ٧٢٨ ٧٢٩ ٧٣٠ ٧٣١ ٧٣٢ ٧٣٣ ٧٣٤ ٧٣٥ ٧٣٦ ٧٣٧ ٧٣٨ ٧٣٩ ٧٤٠ ٧٤١ ٧٤٢ ٧٤٣ ٧٤٤ ٧٤٥ ٧٤٦ ٧٤٧ ٧٤٨ ٧٤٩ ٧٥٠ ٧٥١ ٧٥٢ ٧٥٣ ٧٥٤ ٧٥٥ ٧٥٦ ٧٥٧ ٧٥٨ ٧٥٩ ٧٦٠ ٧٦١ ٧٦٢ ٧٦٣ ٧٦٤ ٧٦٥ ٧٦٦ ٧٦٧ ٧٦٨ ٧٦٩ ٧٧٠ ٧٧١ ٧٧٢ ٧٧٣ ٧٧٤ ٧٧٥ ٧٧٦ ٧٧٧ ٧٧٨ ٧٧٩ ٧٨٠ ٧٨١ ٧٨٢ ٧٨٣ ٧٨٤ ٧٨٥ ٧٨٦ ٧٨٧ ٧٨٨ ٧٨٩ ٧٩٠ ٧٩١ ٧٩٢ ٧٩٣ ٧٩٤ ٧٩٥ ٧٩٦ ٧٩٧ ٧٩٨ ٧٩٩ ٨٠٠ ٨٠١ ٨٠٢ ٨٠٣ ٨٠٤ ٨٠٥ ٨٠٦ ٨٠٧ ٨٠٨ ٨٠٩ ٨١٠ ٨١١ ٨١٢ ٨١٣ ٨١٤ ٨١٥ ٨١٦ ٨١٧ ٨١٨ ٨١٩ ٨٢٠ ٨٢١ ٨٢٢ ٨٢٣ ٨٢٤ ٨٢٥ ٨٢٦ ٨٢٧ ٨٢٨ ٨٢٩ ٨٣٠ ٨٣١ ٨٣٢ ٨٣٣ ٨٣٤ ٨٣٥ ٨٣٦ ٨٣٧ ٨٣٨ ٨٣٩ ٨٤٠ ٨٤١ ٨٤٢ ٨٤٣ ٨٤٤ ٨٤٥ ٨٤٦ ٨٤٧ ٨٤٨ ٨٤٩ ٨٥٠ ٨٥١ ٨٥٢ ٨٥٣ ٨٥٤ ٨٥٥ ٨٥٦ ٨٥٧ ٨٥٨ ٨٥٩ ٨٦٠ ٨٦١ ٨٦٢ ٨٦٣ ٨٦٤ ٨٦٥ ٨٦٦ ٨٦٧ ٨٦٨ ٨٦٩ ٨٧٠ ٨٧١ ٨٧٢ ٨٧٣ ٨٧٤ ٨٧٥ ٨٧٦ ٨٧٧ ٨٧٨ ٨٧٩ ٨٨٠ ٨٨١ ٨٨٢ ٨٨٣ ٨٨٤ ٨٨٥ ٨٨٦ ٨٨٧ ٨٨٨ ٨٨٩ ٨٩٠ ٨٩١ ٨٩٢ ٨٩٣ ٨٩٤ ٨٩٥ ٨٩٦ ٨٩٧ ٨٩٨ ٨٩٩ ٩٠٠ ٩٠١ ٩٠٢ ٩٠٣ ٩٠٤ ٩٠٥ ٩٠٦ ٩٠٧ ٩٠٨ ٩٠٩ ٩١٠ ٩١١ ٩١٢ ٩١٣ ٩١٤ ٩١٥ ٩١٦ ٩١٧ ٩١٨ ٩١٩ ٩٢٠ ٩٢١ ٩٢٢ ٩٢٣ ٩٢٤ ٩٢٥ ٩٢٦ ٩٢٧ ٩٢٨ ٩٢٩ ٩٣٠ ٩٣١ ٩٣٢ ٩٣٣ ٩٣٤ ٩٣٥ ٩٣٦ ٩٣٧ ٩٣٨ ٩٣٩ ٩٤٠ ٩٤١ ٩٤٢ ٩٤٣ ٩٤٤ ٩٤٥ ٩٤٦ ٩٤٧ ٩٤٨ ٩٤٩ ٩٥٠ ٩٥١ ٩٥٢ ٩٥٣ ٩٥٤ ٩٥٥ ٩٥٦ ٩٥٧ ٩٥٨ ٩٥٩ ٩٦٠ ٩٦١ ٩٦٢ ٩٦٣ ٩٦٤ ٩٦٥ ٩٦٦ ٩٦٧ ٩٦٨ ٩٦٩ ٩٧٠ ٩٧١ ٩٧٢ ٩٧٣ ٩٧٤ ٩٧٥ ٩٧٦ ٩٧٧ ٩٧٨ ٩٧٩ ٩٨٠ ٩٨١ ٩٨٢ ٩٨٣ ٩٨٤ ٩٨٥ ٩٨٦ ٩٨٧ ٩٨٨ ٩٨٩ ٩٩٠ ٩٩١ ٩٩٢ ٩٩٣ ٩٩٤ ٩٩٥ ٩٩٦ ٩٩٧ ٩٩٨ ٩٩٩ ١٠٠٠

WALLACE SMITH

“Dear Friends,

I write this so that you may understand. Or, failing to understand, that your confusion may at least have something to gnaw upon, as my confusion has gnawed upon me.

Although what I will have done by the time you read this contradicts the Word explicitly, do not mistake me for an atheist. I know better than most men that God is real. For I have seen miracles performed before me.

I have felt His touch, and His power. And it is not enough.

For many, a puff of smoke, a brief apparition, a small epiphany is enough to sustain their faith. It is enough to see that the world is more than politics and barter. For a while. But every meal is eventually digested, and a man feels hunger once again.

I fed my hunger with the learning of the Arabs, and through them the Greeks, and the odd Roman. Their pagan learning, their inquiry into nature, into the created rather than the creator is what set me on this path. Knowing God, I turned my mind to God's works. In knowing God's works, I came to better acquaintance with His Mind and His Power, but I saw no evidence of His Mercy. His precious Mercy, which we speak of daily. In the passing months, I have begun to wonder if we do not speak so voluminously of His Mercy precisely because there is no evidence of it.

Soon, I will be in Hell, and I will ask Lucifer, between my screams, why God has done as he has. For Lucifer, of all, must know. He, like I, knowing God, disagrees with him. The complaints of the atheists mean nothing compared to our cries. Perhaps the twinned screams of Lucifer and myself will reach the divine ears. It is now clear to me that the screams of those of us on earth do not touch those great ears any more than those of a man 10 miles distant reach mine.

I am the only man you will hear say these things, but I am not alone. Worms often live at the core of apples, and most men have the common sense to eat around them. Being hungrier than most, I devoured the apple, and got sick. Now the red of every apple screams poison. I will not eat of this fallen world, for in every bite I taste the seed of its corruption.

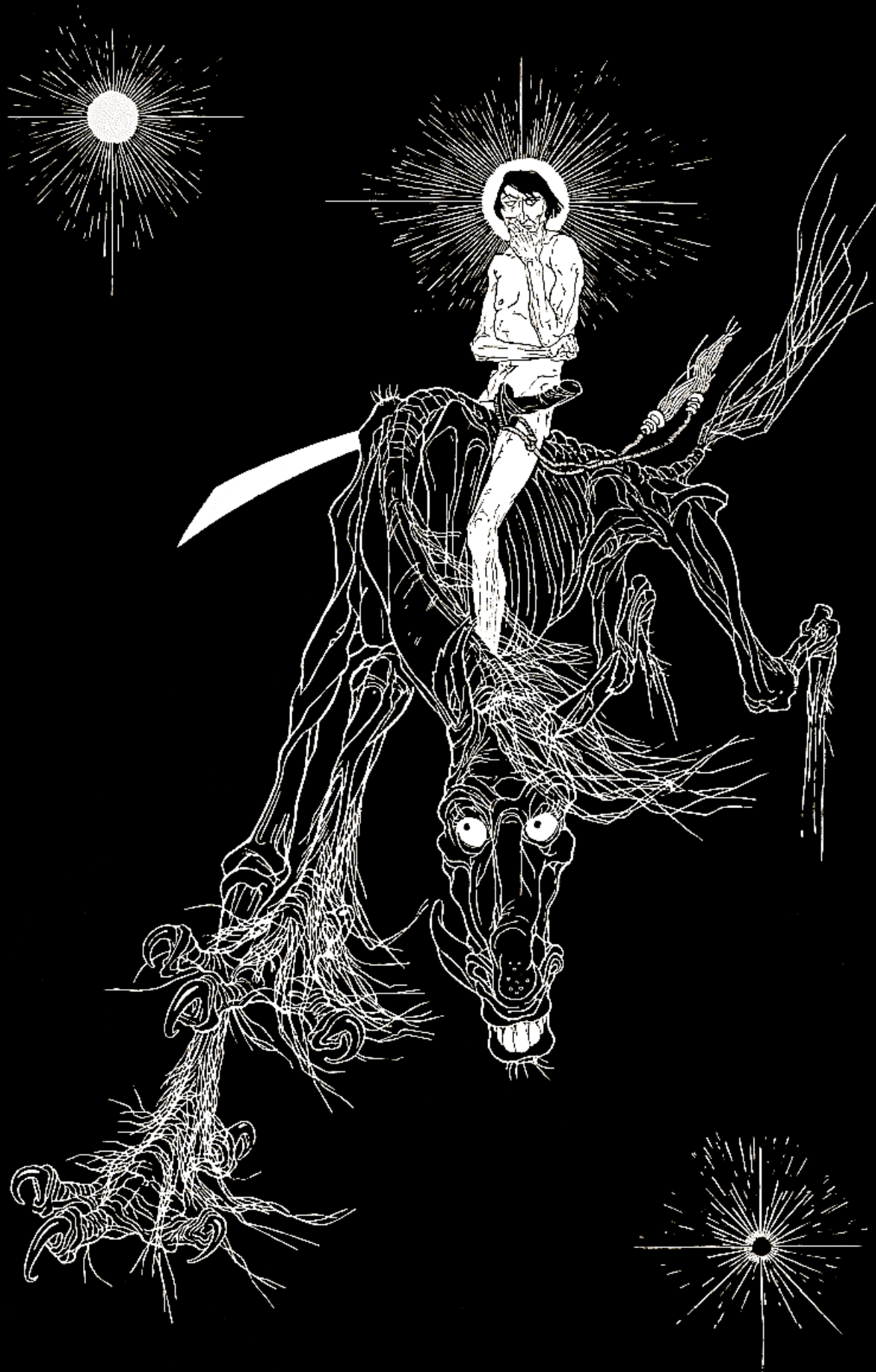
There are other hungry men and women who know this taste. Many grow accustomed to it. They grow teeth for its meat. They have not felt God's touch, and so they know nothing better.

But I, having felt His presence, am different.

In a few moments I join the Accusers. As Martin Luther nailed his protest to the doors of St. Basilica, I nail this letter of protest to the temple of my body.

In blood,
August Dupine”

- Suicide Note left by August Dupine



“I just have to write it all down you know? So it makes sense. Sometimes something only makes some kind of sense if it makes some kind of sense to someone else too. You know? Anyways, you always get it. There is always an answer there somehow when you look at it. You know? But I had to do it that way, it was the only way that I could even think of. It had to be done like I did it. You know? What else could I do after finding myself surrounded by hungry ghosts and in such a dark place. And me standing there without even my freakin’ skin on! Can you imagine that? Its like that dream you have of suddenly realizing your naked in school, only its not school its some horrifying half-life and its not your friends and teachers its a crowded and agonizing death and instead of not having clothes on you are some kind of hideous skinless abomination. I guess its pretty different from that dream actually, I mean, now that I am looking at it here after actually writing it down. You know what I mean though. So I just fed all that right into my mount, which was sorta horse-like but actually one of Dee’s Kerubic Intelligences. You know how that happens sometimes, when something *looks* exactly like a horse when *really* it is a genus loci recorded by a renaissance astrologer. It was one of those, and I was riding it. More like it was carrying me actually, to say I was riding it makes it seem like I was somehow the boss of it. So anyways, after all that I finally get to where you left your dog at. Right where you said it would be, sitting outside of a cave in the foothills of the Mountains-Which-Obscure-Everything. And the Kerubic Intelligence that looked just like a horse wasn’t gonna be fitting in any caves that burrow their way through Obscurity now was it? And your dog had been sitting there waiting for who knows what eternities and so the Kerub went into him so that he could have a tongue and know his hungers. I mean, when you look at it *that* way it must *totally* make sense right? I didn’t know your dog was gonna be hungry for that thing I killed that looked like a man but was really a hungry ghost. Poor little guy must have been starved, don’t you figure? I mean, maybe we both went a little wrong in our own ways you know? Anyways, I guess I shouldn’t have cut you. In retrospect that seems pretty unreasonable. Still friends?”

- Unknown Author

“There is a secret me that I keep hidden. He had a mohawk once and a piercing in his lip but he doesn’t anymore. He played bass in some rock band but walked away from ‘all that’, back when he was young. Now he sits in his living room and sings songs about his heartbreaks and strums a guitar he doesn’t really know how to play. He is afraid he isn’t very smart. He dropped out of school because he hated that if he failed there it meant that he was stupid. He is afraid he isn’t very good-looking. He fought to make others respect his body because he hated that they couldn’t find it beautiful, back when he was young. He hasn’t broken as many as you think. Everything he knows about love he learned in the fall-out of betrayal and self-deception. He is afraid he isn’t very lovable. He became a criminal and an exile because succeeding in this world meant that he was right to be afraid. His parents no longer speak to him. He has never been to jail, not even over night. He finds the idea of capture, its suggestion of easy predictability bordering on compliance to be utterly repellant. He has never had a three-way and he does not have a future in porn. He is afraid this makes him a bad lover. He knows that the greater portion of what is thought of him has no basis in reality. He is afraid this is because he is boring. He is usually reading or playing video games or having sex. He will be a writer because he likes books better than most people. He thought you should know.”

- the Secret Smith



the house of locust of the shadow bath

*"It strikes me that the picture of Apollyon,
a vessel of iniquity, bears an unsettling resemblance
to the photograph of me that's on the back of Watchmen."*
– A. Moore, Moon & Serpent Egyptian Theatre of Marvels

listen close
to the buzzing
of a million wings

insectile thunder
brings ruin
smoke and agony

the abyssal army
with blackened king
brother to devil & messiah

(plunged from the firmament
keeper of the keys
-most ambivalent)

neither angel
neither demon
with gleam of aeon'd

...i

"I saw a star that had fallen from the sky to the earth. The star was given the key to the shaft of the Abyss. When he opened the Abyss, smoke rose from it like the smoke from a gigantic furnace. The sun and sky were darkened by the smoke from the Abyss. And out of the smoke locusts came down upon the earth and were given power like that of scorpions of the earth." - the Revelations

Once, many years ago, before the Sutra was a gleam in Valentine's eye, and I was still in the grubby concrete tower of academia that -on the days it wasn't whoring for funding, had the temerity to call itself 'ivory and I had a series of locust and scorpion experiences, that I won't bore you with here.

(Though truth be told, if you get me drunk enough, I will regale you with them, so you know what to do if you feel like hearing the details.)

Those experiences were however, the groundwork which set my now shaggy-skull ringing with implications...

...and in its way, this publication is like that. Explicit is not our nature, never has been, and never will be, if I have my way. Whether or not my intent survives the editor's grand design is neither here nor there. The point is to leave certain things implicit in the text, no matter how much he invokes the ghost of Burroughs and goes mad with the proverbial glue and scissors...

...running with scissors is positively encouraged. It sorts out those who have a sense of self-awareness from those who are, to use a British phrase, utter numpties. And if you are intrigued by such a word, look it up. For an extra challenge, try it without Google. I dare you.

I've heard suggestions that we're weaving a personal mythology here at Sutra HQ. This is not true.

(However, do please feel free to mail us with your visions of our non-local headquarters which doesn't actually exist..)

We're not weaving anything. Just following the warp and weft and threads of synchronically and occult connexion. For the Sutra is a piece of ourselves, scrawled hobo-signs on a landscape of esotericism. Run your mauve, your ultraviolet lamps over the walls and ceilings and pathways of this thing, and you will see the runes we made, and the runes we missed. It is the blackest of arts, and we love it, fiercely.

Soon, we will leave the Sutra behind. Whether it becomes monument or ephemera, folly or utility, is not up to us. Not any more. It is up to you, dear reader, and what you do with what we have illumined.

More properly, perhaps one should steal a term from the fêted Peter Lamborn Wilson, alias Hakim Bey, and say: 'with what we have endarkened'.

Such things as we have written of, such rites as have been performed, are not products of Enlightenment, or of Reason as modernity would have it. The Dagger of Intellect has not been employed to pare down, to minimize. These are not creations of rationality, of canal and highway. To such constructions and their makers, what we have produced is laughable, a schizoid break from acceptability..

I, at least, and I suspect most of the Sutra's contributors agree with this. In fact, this is our very goal. An experiment in schizotactics, to invoke the specters of Felix Guattari and Giles Deleuze. We are operating within the occult sphere – the hidden arenas and spiral labyrinths of wet brain-meat that gleams with fractal beauty.

Our Daggers plunge deep into the Cup, that most dark and mysterious of places, filled with heady scents. In this we share commonality with the alchemists of old, seeking the mysteries of the Black Land, ancient Khem. The dark waters in which move massive and ancient forms, thick salty stench of rot and river mud.

Perfumed gardens, shadowed glances and things that move in ways impossible to the mind, but rise singing with agonizing beauty, to the core of Being.

Is the Sutra solely about sex? Once you pierce the thick carpet of metaphor and meme, is it simply about knobbing, bonking, screwing, bugging and boffing...?

(By fuck! Let us not forget the lacy bloomers of 'sexual intercourse' in our hunt for luscious synonyms for that mo(i)st primal of Acts.)

Alas, if only it were so!

If only our writings and workings were simply the product of sublimated sexual frustration. If only our Psyche were calling to Eros, desperate for a liminal union of orgasmic, world-shattering bliss!

Suffice to say, we'd just go out and get laid if that was the case, and you'd never hear of us again.

But, as some mourn, we're still here. Why? The simple answer is that we are not civilized folk. While capable of erecting glammers of gentility and moving within varied circles, it comes down to the fact that such things are merely a means to an end.

We are all barbarians. Our ways are unintelligible to almost all of the world's population – even you dear reader, by even attempting to understand these words, risk being tarred with the brush that painted us black all those years ago.

If Philip K Dick, that schizophrenic prophet with his neo-Gnostic Exegesis, was even half correct, and the Empire never ended, we are indeed those who would be regarded as external to it.

Understand, dear, sweet, reader; barbarians are distinct from savages – our ignorance of civilization's psychological and behavioral norms is willful, post-exposure to the Empire, and in spite of its existence. Βάρβαρος, the Greek origin of barbarian, is onomatopoeic, representing the unintelligibility of the languages of the people outside of the Greco-Roman culture.

Is it any wonder that barbarous names are components of magic, that the voces magicae are long mantric strings with foreign meanings to the mind, and only when the tongue dances like a frenzied dove, and the grip of the conscious is loosened, do the spiraling serpentine coils of power begin to flow?

Is it any wonder then, that the thing that is feared by the conscious, is the spiral descent into the heated night of madness? Lines, depths, structures...signifiers all, writhing like snakes. What once appeared as one thing, is now found to be another.

Where others would wish fixed maps, gridded streets and walled cities, the barbarian is content with his so-called primitive methods. Occult, foreign and seemingly irrational, he is the man perceived to be dangerous purely for his unknowability.

The soil in which such creatures are grown is dark and deep, their context and aesthesis something alternately attractive and repulsive all at once. Appearing unbound, his movements are therefore effortless – the stranger, the Man with No Name – no definable remit, no way to be controlled.

Even beyond iconoclasm, the destruction that they wreak is by virtue of being themselves.

By presenting another way they are a threat, though they make no effort to actively destroy. Witness Clint Eastwood's portrayal of such characters, whether in the Dollars trilogy or High Plains Drifter, and you find a lone figure capable of upending things completely.

By pursuing the occult way, we move into shadow, with its inherent cornucopia of multiplicity. Such has been written about repeatedly in the Sutra in our issues. Yet, let's for a second, consider the infamous Nought-I Conjunction from previous issues.

(I say infamous, purely because it seems to have resulted in a plethora of queries, so we must be doing something correctly – though I'll certainly not be putting a disclaimer out as one slightly shell-shocked correspondent asked me to).

Essentially, the Conjunction is a defection. A willful rejection of the trappings of self-hood. One of its side-effects as far as many were concerned, was the realization that 'I' was not alone, that the lines between things were in no way as clearly defined as the conscious mind, and by extension, the rational world, would like us to believe.

If the Empire exists, one of its fears is the barbarians at the gate.

Going and joining those barbarian hordes, is, we are told, tantamount to treason, against ourselves and civilization. The punishment is damnation and/or excommunication. In our modern times, we are told the consequence of this is madness and marginalization. Are they really so different, despite the distance in time and the Enlightenment?

Onward then, to Endarkenment!

“The locusts looked like horses prepared for battle. On their heads they wore something like crowns of gold, and their faces resembled human faces. Their hair was like women's hair, and their teeth were like lions' teeth. They had breastplates like breastplates of iron, and the sound of their wings was like the thundering of many horses and chariots rushing into battle.”

In the Revelation of St. John, we find an ergot-lysine apocalypse; the word apocalypse itself meaning 'revelation' or the 'lifting of the veil. Like the al-Qiyamah of Islam, we are presented with a Day of Judgement, wherein the truly and holy nature of reality - be that the embrace of Allah, or the Kingdom of Heaven – is eventually allowed to unfurl.

The vision, beheld on the island of Patmos, is an interstitial piece, a narrative of in-between. The gap between the End of Days and the glorious resurrection into the new reality is full of lurid and jarring imagery. Its epic hyperbole and fervor come down to us, centuries later.

Coded in its imagery is a ribbon of meaning, a substrate that reaches far beyond the linear and logical. Its literal truth echoes an absurdity, and the only way to parse it is symbolically. It is the finger of the Noumenon, that which is both numinous and noumenal, jammed into the brain-pan with kundalini-scarlet flare!

Here we find revealed the gushing, flowing, pouring scent of war and death and whoredom! Here is She who Crowley named Babalon, riding her Beast into the hearts of so many.

Here, in this fevered, symbolically loaded, parallel process, we find angels and demons rising up from the dry desert-dust at the backs of throats. Tongues begging for the overflowing cup – to drink again from the wine of intoxication – to greet the coming of a new age while wildly, unabashedly smashed out of our skulls.

Watch the blood and wine and matter flow gloriously, splurging out of the confines of the cranium, 'til the terrible ecstasy washes you clean of the temporal world. And also, in this

agonized delirium, we cry out, for even in this place there are agents of the Noumenon striking those who have not given themselves over to it!

“They had tails and stings like scorpions, and in their tails they had power to torment people for five months. They had as king over them the angel of the Abyss, whose name in Hebrew is Abaddon, and in Greek, Apollyon.”

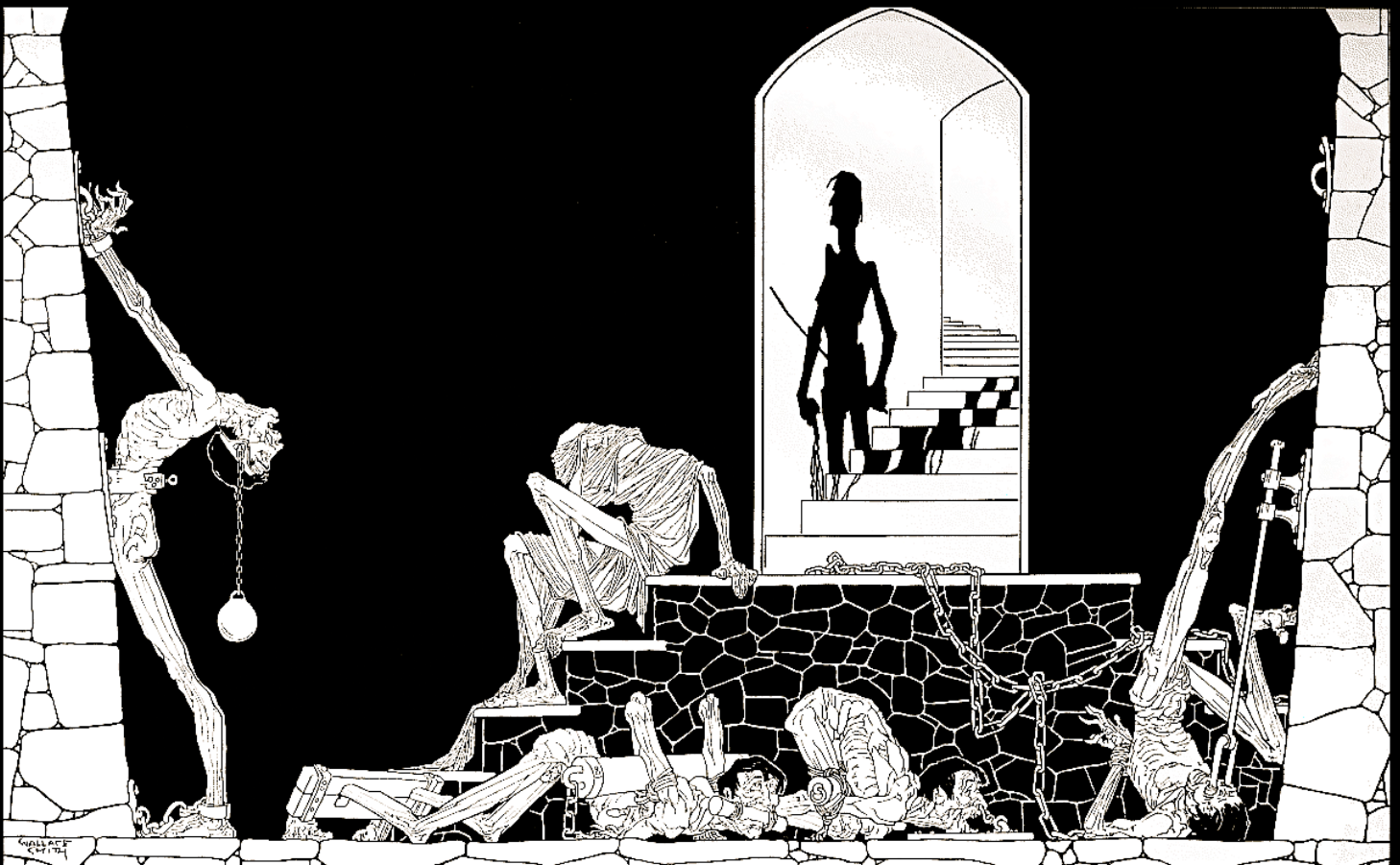
Look back then, to these locust folks, with their scorpion stings and hair like women and teeth like lions. See how they strike, a roaring, terrible multiple? Torturing the enemies of Noumenon-as-God, as they cling to their Enlightened ways?

(Barbaric, isn't it – billions of bodies buzzing, bumping, blistering, stinging, swarming and singing songs of bloody battle beneath a darkened sky...?)

Swat one, and a thousand take you down, as you begin screaming for five months. Faster than you can see, more than you can endure as you shiver, shake and spasm from the scorpions slick secretions that surge into your bloodstream. The wave-front froths and overflows like a ruinous tide.

These are the foederati, those who are neither citizens of the Empire, nor are they colonies, yet they are subsidized by the Empire in order to assure its protection. The Visigoth king Alaric I, served within the foederati as general under the Emperor Theodosius I before twice invading Italy and sacking Rome in 410 after three sieges.

It should be noted that the first invasion of Italy caused the withdrawal of the twentieth Roman Legion from Britain around 401, with the final withdrawal of the remaining Legions



coming in 407, effectively ending Roman rule there, thus beginning what might poetically be called six hundred years of Endarkenment. Elsewhere, it would be just over sixty years before the fall of the Western Roman Empire can be said to have ushered in the Dark Ages over Europe.

These tribesmen, these breakers and sackers of Empires, with their disregard for Roman statues, forcing change by their fierceness, demanding and taking through war...These foederati, subsidized external forces – these mercenaries – only desired for their strength and skill at arms, and afforded little but gold; these then are the ones that Empire seeks to have on its side, thinking it can tame them.

Yet all one has to do is look at the history of the mercenary to know that such tameness is at best, temporary, with these creatures going where and when they will.. Is it all difficult to see the barbarian as the black sheep, the necessary evil? I say not.

Loyalty to anyone other than themselves may be bought and paid for. Yet what holds them together is a bond which is stronger than gold. Ask any combat veteran, and they will admit that 'brothers-in-arms' is less of a poetic metaphor than a statement of fact. The currents and fogs and black, endarkening smokes are spaces where the clean lines of society are obscured, leaving only dim shapes and the sense of another's presence occupying a space that violates all notions of 'personal'.

“You don't know man, you weren't there!”

How then, to explain the strangeness of the darkened spaces, hidden from the eye of men? How then to convey the terror and joy and wonder which is found in the spiraling in-between? How then, to stand, as anything other than isolate members, bound together by experiences hinted at with cryptic allusion and symbolism?

What happens when the mercenary and his Art is no longer needed, when the soldier's skills of war become obsolete in the climate of peace? In a utopia, is there any need for that factor which ends? After all, utopia, were it possible, would surely be intended to last forever, no?

Alas, as the author of the original novel Utopia knew, such a thing is impossible, and stasis breeds nothing but decay at worst and decadence at best. The shattering of the eternal, into Time and Change, under the purview of Saturn – that most Outsider of classical planets – with its grim and severe face, yet enabling freedom and unparalleled creativity, enables works of such beauty and terror that is it any wonder we are afforded glimpses of the Noumenal.

Saturn, the Guardian of the Outer Darkness, its black basal metal the prima materia that ancient alchemists sought to transmute into gold, stands, like the Angel of the Pit, as both the Fallen Star and Initiator. If we refer to a planet as a heavenly body, then we may also equate such with stars, and since it is the furthest classical body away from the Sun, in a Heliocentric view it is the furthest away from the Divine, Life-giving Solar centre.

Thusly, Abaddon as Fallen Star, with gateway to the Abyssal Depths – essentially an interior form of the external trans-saturnian realm within the Earth itself, points to a kind of terrestrial firmament, beneath the Earth. Since the firmament is also said to be the abode of the fixed stars, that is, the stars which were held to be immortal by the Ancient Egyptians, and hence being the abode of the immortals themselves, this raises an interesting question.

l f

WALLACE
SMITH



Abaddon, which is also said to be a place is an equivalent to the firmament, then might it not also be that there are immortal, fixed stars within? If we follow this logic, then the notion of entities dwelling within the spaces beyond the Abyss are hence stars also, albeit ones cloaked in darkness.

If Abaddon is also said to be King of the Locusts, that is, King of the Destroyers, then in the barbarian sense, he may be said to be one of them. If this is the case then it can be understood that Abaddon is a 'dark star' in a similar mode to those who he leads.

Further associations arise when one considers that the Empyrean, or Highest of Heavens spoken of by Dante is, at root, a place of light and fire. its roots come from charring, and such charring as a blackening or burning. Such things are bound to generate smoke!

While most Gnostic theologies agree that the Emanations of the Pleroma descended into matter, and that the light of gnosis may be found despite its gross nature, with the demiurge assuming rulership over the material world, in my researches it has become increasingly obvious that the structure of the cosmos seems to function in a way that carries implicit divergence with the stated propaganda of any such Overseer.

Could it therefore be, that Abaddon as Keeper of the Keys releases that which gives the lie to such tyranny, by fundamentally ushering in a vision of the world itself as something more than gross matter, to be conquered and shaped.

A vision of a world brimming with multiplicity and vitality, where the gnosis is easily seen by the incense of burning cities, where the darkness itself is necessary for the light to exist? Beyond any notions of superiority, when the appearance of light flickers out, as the weltfeuer gasps for food, the darkness remains.

Empire and society would have us mourn the loss of the light, the falling of the cities, the backslide into barbarism. Perhaps they are right, but unlike our civilized cousins, who would fear and loathe and wish to forget their dead, the barbarian knows that the dead are with us at all times, for good and ill.

With this in mind, elsewhere, I present a brief ritual outline for those wishing to begin an intimate understanding of that being that is known as the Angel of the Abyss. Angel, of course, having its roots in the Koine Greek ἄγγελος or angelos, meaning Messenger.

And with that, it's time for this mercenary to saddle up and go and find new Work.

It's been fun.

Be Seeing You.

VI

The Operator performs their usual ritual preparations, before entering entering into a darkened room, securing the door behind them. Naked or clothed, ideally in black, they seat themselves before an altar placed in the North upon which one candle is lit.

[VIBRATE]: I-A-O, A-I-O, O-I-A

“Seven by Nine, this I sing.”

The Operator then Vibrates the Seven Planetary Vowels, nine times in succession, and then once more Vibrates

[VIBRATE]: I-A-O, A-I-O, O-I-A

The Operator allows the echoes to die away and then, whilst saying the following words, bathes himself in the shadows cast by the candle as if in water.

**“By the Ways of Old I do wash the dust of the city from my body
By the Ways of Old do I cloak my form from the eyes of vulgar men
By the Waters of the Abyss do I purify my soul and dwell in the dark and secret places.”**

Repeat until the whole body is washed, and then address the candle-flame.

**“Spirit of Flame, do not abandon me when the great storm comes
Spirit of Flame, do not fail me in my vigil here at the gates
Spirit of Flame, keep from me all that would seek to sting and send me into ecstasy.
Spirit of Flame, Lighten my Way and keep my path straight.**

Hear me, oh Spirit of Flame, for this I command by the power of BARBELO

At this point the Operator should fix their gaze on the candle-flame and keep it there without blinking for as long as possible. If blinking occurs the gaze should be returned there. The following should be intoned until the tongue becomes clumsy in the mouth:

“ZAZAS NASATANADA ZAZAS NASATANADA ZAZAS NASATANADA ZAZAS”

Upon achieving mantric status, still focused on the candle the Operator is to continue silently intoning such until it becomes a background dialogue without conscious input. Then the following is said aloud:

**“Hail to you, keeper of the keys, hail!
Hear my call, oh Abaddon, oh Apollyon!
Hail, oh barbarous one!**

**Hear me as I speak with a tongue unbound
I who will allow you entrance into the city
In return for the Wisdom ever-unseen by men!**

**Pass through, for I shall extinguish all light
And none shall see but those who know!
And none shall here save those who listen!**

BARBARBARBARBARBA.....

The candle is then blown out or extinguished by the Operator while still chanting until communion is achieved to satisfaction.



the work of bad jack or the sacrifice of the whore

"And he cried out with a mighty voice, saying, "Fallen, fallen is Babalon the great! She has become a dwelling place of demons and a prison of every unclean spirit, and a prison of every unclean and hateful bird." - the Revelations

The old man was a houngan, one of the religious cults that grew up out of the Freemasons. The Revelations remain to this day one of the single most important visionary records in my life. I simply cannot help it, I grew up reading it. Over and over again. I don't know how bang on my old mans interpretation of Revelations was, but he had a formula for calculating the 'days and weeks' which put the onset of the apocalypse at 1914, the beginning of the first world war. He told us that just because the world didn't end that year, didn't mean everything else didn't and in alot of ways that is a pretty compelling argument. I am not going to go into great detail regarding that extrapolation, some things are best kept in the family but if you know your biblical prophecy then consider this; if the end of the world comes like a thief in the night, how do you know it hasn't come already?

The 'Kingship' consistently referenced in the passages of Revelations has been deconstructed by most every paradigm in the western ceremonial traditions. The necromancers of Continental Europe especially made use of them. Dee in his work with Kelley records each of the 'Vials of Wrath' which are the spirits of god's wrath in his Aethyrs. Francis Barrett lucidly reveals the ten kings of the sephiroth as being those chief among the devils and the Poisons of God.

Among the Houdeaux, the Seven Souls (sometimes 'Powers', 'Heads', 'Lwa', 'Saints', etc.) are traditionally of greater relevance then for their contemporaries among the vodoun. The symbolism is nonetheless quite popular among not only the vodoun, but among the Santiera and many of the more esoteric Christian sects. Most commonly, the symbol is an image of Jesus Christ on the Cross surrounded by seven saints. Those saints have been called by many a blasphemous name by the houdeaux and vodoun alike. This is to say nothing of the extensive use of this numerical signature in occult and astrological texts, which is mind-bendingly extensive and prolific.

The link between the Goes devils and the Lwa is fairly well-documented. Anthropologists studying the development of N. American vodou have for some time now been shedding light on the parallels between the manner in which the continental europeans perceived these daemon and how the slave class did, and the manner in which this reflected the dynamic between the two groups. Interestingly, Revelations draws attention in particular to the 'faithful and discreet slave class' a number of times and to their being the Bride of Christ. Though at first it may appear to the reader that there are only seven Goes (horns) to each of the Seven Heads this is not in fact the case. Those parts of the soul considered immortal by the boko's each have a Goes given over to them which partakes of a dual nature. These are the three heads which bear two horns respectively. In traditional necromancy/alchemy, as well as merkabah qaballah, these daemon are given over to the centers upon the tree of life array which are of a dual nature (these are Chokmah which partakes of Hod, Binah which partakes of Netzach, and Keter which partakes of Tipharet). This dynamic has been clarified

recently as our understanding of the alchemical and qaballic hierarchies have been broadened here in the west. For those who have not yet grasped this mystery, meditation on the qlippot Thaumiel or the Twins of God is recommended before this work is began.

What follows here, is the initiatory sacrifice of the Lady-Killers, or the Little Kings of the Houdeaux.

“Mother Nature is a Whore, said the shotgun to the head.”
- Saul Williams

For one week, a talisman which has been consecrated with the blood of a virgin [that is, blood drawn from the yoni with the phallus] should be placed upon the altar as an offering for Babalon. Another talisman, corresponding to the boko's understanding of the Lwa should be constructed and consecrated with either menstrual blood or blood drawn in violence (ritual sword or dagger) to each of the Seven Lwa on their corresponding days with the consecrations provided.

The mantra provided link the 'Head' or Lwa to its corresponding 'King' or 'Horn' and has been drawn from the passages of Revelation which correspond to the fall of Babylon, and Christ mastery of the 10 Demonic Kings. This mastery unifies the will of the Scarlet Colored Beast (666) and the Christ-Consciousness (666) and elevates the Beast above the whims of the Harlot. At this point in the Revelations, Christ becomes the Heavenly Bridegroom (Kingship is then given him over Life) and the Scarlet Colored Beast is given dominion over Perdition (Death).

In this manner, the will of the Boko is made one with the will of the Bon Lwa. The demonic names used are those of the "Vials of Wrath" who remain inimical to the Mother Harlot and becometh the servants of the Little Kings/(Queen/King-Maker) who are the masters of their own Death, the architects of their own Suffering and the secret meanings of their Art. The Queen is dead, long live the Queen.

[Sunday]

recite ten times - **PAPA LEGBA SAMAE**L

consecration - **Bon Pa Ellegua, I have no rum to give, nor have I precious stones, nor have I rich fabrics, nor have gold or silver, nor have I pleasant spices, nor have I slaves or souls of men. Bon Pa Ellegua I have only blood to give. Amen. Amen. Amen.**

[Monday]

recite ten times - **PAPA LEGBA**

recite three times - **BON LWA LILITU**

consecration - **Bon Lwa Lilitu, I have no rum to give, nor have I precious stones, nor have I rich fabrics, nor have I gold or silver, nor have I pleasant spices, nor have I slaves or souls of men. Bon Lwa Lilitu I have only blood to give. Amen. Amen. Amen.**

[Tuesday]

recite ten times - **PAPA LEGBA**

recite three times - **TI-JEAN AESHMA-DEI**

consecration - **Ti-Jean Aeshma-dei, I have no rum to give, nor have I precious stones, nor have I rich fabrics, nor have I gold or silver, nor have I pleasant spices, nor have I**

slaves or souls of men. Ti-Jean Aeshma-dei I have only blood to give. Amen. Amen. Amen.

[Wednesday]

recite ten times - **PAPA LEGBA**

recite three times - **GRAN BARON BELIAL**

consecration - **Gran Baron Belial, I have no rum to give, nor have I precious stones, nor have I rich fabrics, nor have I gold or silver, nor have I pleasant spices, nor have I slaves or souls of men. Gran Baron Belial I have only blood to give. Amen. Amen. Amen.**

[Thursday]

recite ten times - **PAPA LEGBA**

recite three times - **PAPA GHEDE MAMMON**

consecration - **Papa Ghede Mammon, I have no rum to give, nor have I precious stones, nor have I rich fabrics, nor have I gold or silver, nor have I pleasant spices, nor have I slaves or souls of men. Papa Ghede Mammon I have only blood to give. Amen. Amen. Amen.**

[Friday]

recite ten times - **PAPA LEGBA**

recite three times - **LA BELLOT EZILI**

consecration - **La Bellot Ezili, I have no rum to give, nor have I precious stones, nor have I rich fabrics, nor have I gold or silver, nor have I pleasant spices, nor have I slaves or souls of men. La Bellot Ezili I have only blood to give. Amen. Amen. Amen.**

[Saturday]

recite ten times - **PAPA LEGBA**

recite three times - **MAMA ASTEROT BRIGITTE**

consecration - **Mama Asterot Brigitte, I have no rum to give, nor have I precious stones, nor have rich fabrics, nor have I gold or silver, nor have I pleasant spices, nor have slaves or souls of men. Mama Asterot Brigitte I have only blood to give. Amen. Amen. Amen.**

On the following Sunday, the sacrifice should be offered as follows;

recite - **PAPA LEGBA SAMAEL . BON LWA LILITU . PAPA LEGBA SAMAEL . TI-JEAN AESHMA-DEI . PAPA LEGBA SAMAEL . GRAN BARON BELIAL . PAPA LEGBA SAMAEL . PAPA GHEDE MAMMON . PAPA LEGBA SAMAEL . LA BELLOT EZILI . PAPA LEGBA SAMAEL . MAMA ASTEROT BRIGITTE . PAPA LEGBA SAMAEL**

Babylon, who is full of sweet liquor, who is full of precious stones, who is covered in rich fabrics, who tastes of pleasant spices, who is decked in gold and silver, who has consumed the souls of men and is drunk upon my suffering! Babylon who holds the worlds riches has been laid bare as sacrifice upon your altar! Babylon the great city burns upon your altar! Babylon whose blood is the blood of saints and martyrs is poured out as sacrifice upon your altar! She is yours! Consume her! She is yours! Every part of her! She is yours! AMEN! AMEN! AMEN!



WALLACE
SMITH



Letters from the Nightside - Ryan Valentine, Vanessa Valentine
the Forgotten Letters - Ryan Valentine, Mr. VI, Jeremiah Faustus, Baron Samadhi von
Coppockalypse (www.abysalepistles.blogspot.com)
the House of Locust - Mr. VI
the Work of Bad Jack - Ryan Valentine

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Illustrations are the lost works of Wallace Smith

Ryan Valentine and Mr. VI will be making the entirety of thier ritual progressions available to all in a hard-copy which outlines the entirety of their systems and traditions and these will be made available to all via the online store www.crimsonburlesque.etsy.com . It is our sincere hope that those of you who have followed this work will continue to support those writers to whom you have grown attached.

Its been weird.