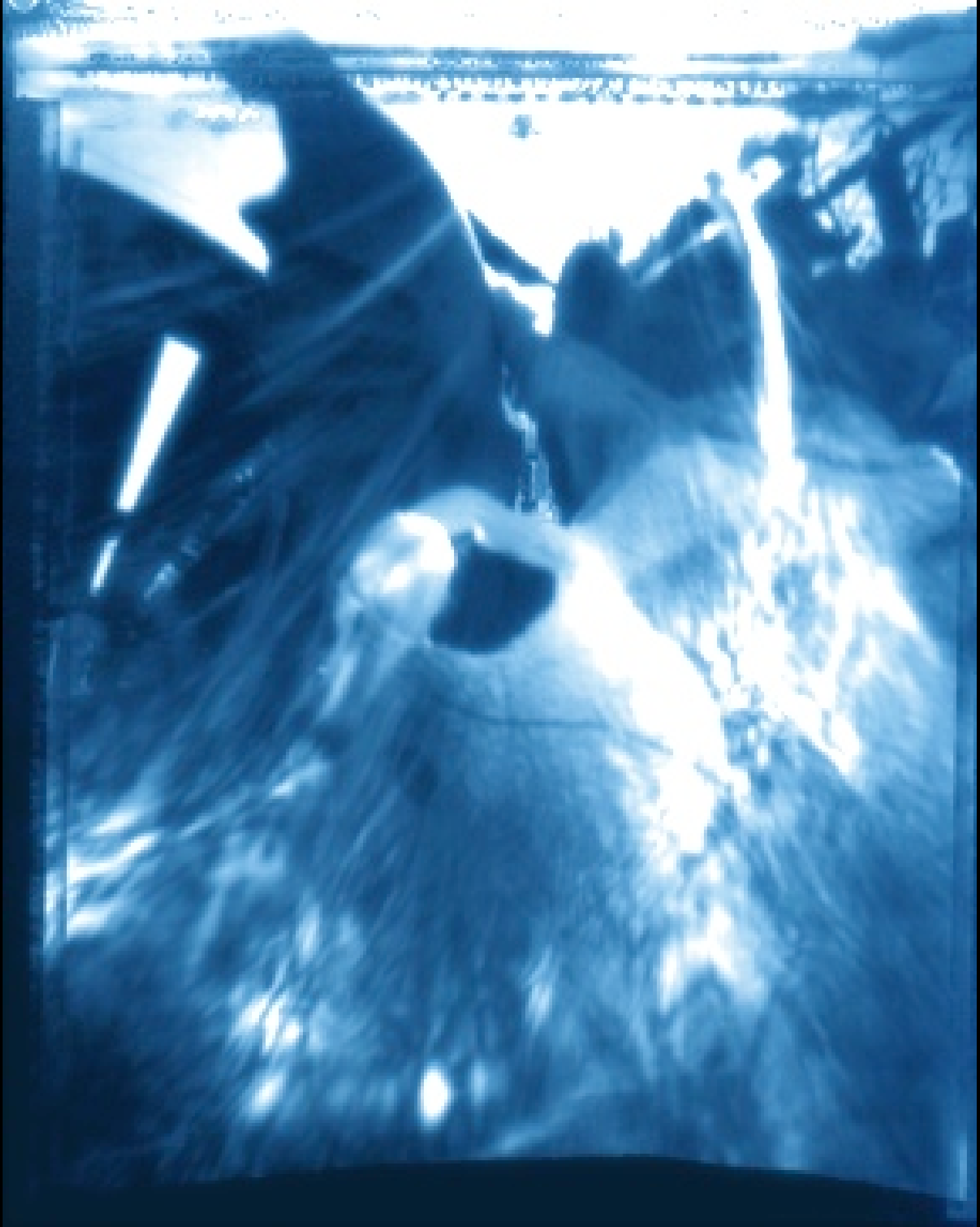




Sutra of the Poison Buddha

vol. 2 - the Servants of Mayhem



Blue

HedKult

“For there is no other way into the Supernal Mystery but through her, and the Beast on which she rideth; and the Magician is set beyond her to deceive the brothers of blackness, lest they should make unto themselves a crown; for if there were two crowns, then should Yggdrasil, that ancient tree, be cast out into the Abyss, uprooted and cast down into the Outermost Abyss, and the Arcanum which is in the Adytum should be profaned; and the Ark should be touched, and the Lodge spied upon by them that are not masters, and the bread of the Sacrament should be the dung of Choronzon; and the wine of the Sacrament should be the water of Choronzon; and the incense should be dispersion; and the fire upon the Altar should be hate. But lift up thyself; stand, play the man, for behold! there shall be revealed unto thee the Great Terror, the thing of awe that hath no name.”

- Aleister Crowley, The Vision and the Voice

“Language is a reality virus.”

- William S. Burroughs

The Pseudo-Origins of the HedKult

By: Mr. VI

“No one knows where the roots of this mysterious group lie. Some trace its roots to the Orphic Cults of Ancient Greece, or to the quasi-mythical Indo-European religion of the migrating peoples which would eventually become known as the Celts today. Others link it to Ancient Egypt, John the Baptist, or Templar conspiracies.”

Whatever its true roots, they are obscured by layers of mysticism and, some might argue, deliberate misdirection on the part of apparent adherents.

Outside sources seem to indicate that the group, known in its latest form as 'Hedkult', appears as a syncretic Mystery Cult with distinct nomadological properties within the context of Deleuzian philosophy.

As an ontological guerrilla group, it can be said to be almost tribal in nature - parallels may be drawn between it and the Ismali and Sufi mystics which have achieved notoriety within certain pagan and so-called magical movements.

What little literature is available seems to have its roots within the pulp-horror of Howard Phillips Lovecraft, combined with an undercurrent of cthonic or Typhonian style Hermeticism and the distinctive hedonism of Burroughs and Sironi.

Within the context of traditional dual categorization that exists within the occult subculture, the group appears distinctly Left Hand Path.

It is the author's opinion that such a distinction may lead to confusion - the ultimate goal of Hedkult is, at present, unknown to outsiders. While it is true that the apparent praxis involves destruction of taboos - thusly leading some to label it as a Dionysian movement - its central premise, to paraphrase: "YOU ARE NOT WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE" seems indicative of an ideological bias towards liberation from the strictures of society.

In discussion with a purported member, the author was surprised to learn of an almost Gnostic attitude towards the large-scale status quo - that is, the majority of the world is part of the hylic, and awakening to one's true nature is paramount.

However, rather than regarding the material and social constructs as evil, this member - who stated that his view was personal, though shared similarity was apparently common - the 'world' should be embraced.

Quoting Lovecraft's 'Call of Cthulhu', Austin Osman Spare, portions of Carporcratic and Khylistic doctrine, along with various Continental philosophers, the individual calmly told the author that totality of liberation is doomed to failure unless the contra-natural is allowed to the fore.

When questioned on the subject, they would only point to the already discovered literature and say:

'What is it about that pathworking that disturbs you? That's what we're about. That wrongness, that monstrous nature - in the face of a cold uncaring universe, we're the keepers of the keys. Yog-Sothoth knows the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the gate. Yog-Sothoth is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, future, all are one in Yog-Sothoth. It's all about special effects.'

The author wonders if such quotations conceal a greater truth, or perhaps they are simply signs of a blurring between fiction and reality in the mind of the source.

In a more lucid moment, the source remarked:

'Why are monsters so [expletive deleted] nasty? It's because you can't predict them - they're outside your knowledge. They might turn up anywhere, and frequently do. Walk through walls, ooze through holes. They're the thing that violates everything you know, and could violate everything you are, and again, frequently do...[...] Nobody likes the gypsies, the nomads. They have everything, but they're not anchored. Messes up the house-job-mortgage status quo. It's why suicide bombers are so scary. Anyone can blow up in your face. You just don't know.'

It appears that the group prizes disengagement from conventional modes of thinking and existence, refusing to engage on terms dictated by the status quo. Their actual purpose seems veiled behind obligatory mysticism. In conclusion Hedkult appears to be an antinomian group with emphasis on personal liberation for so called 'magical effect' focusing on primal interaction with a Numinous Other."



Anathema Unto Yo Momma

By: St. Faust & Mr. VI

“The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and revelling in joy. Then the liberated Old Ones would teach them new ways to shout and kill and revel and enjoy themselves, and all the earth would flame with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom.”

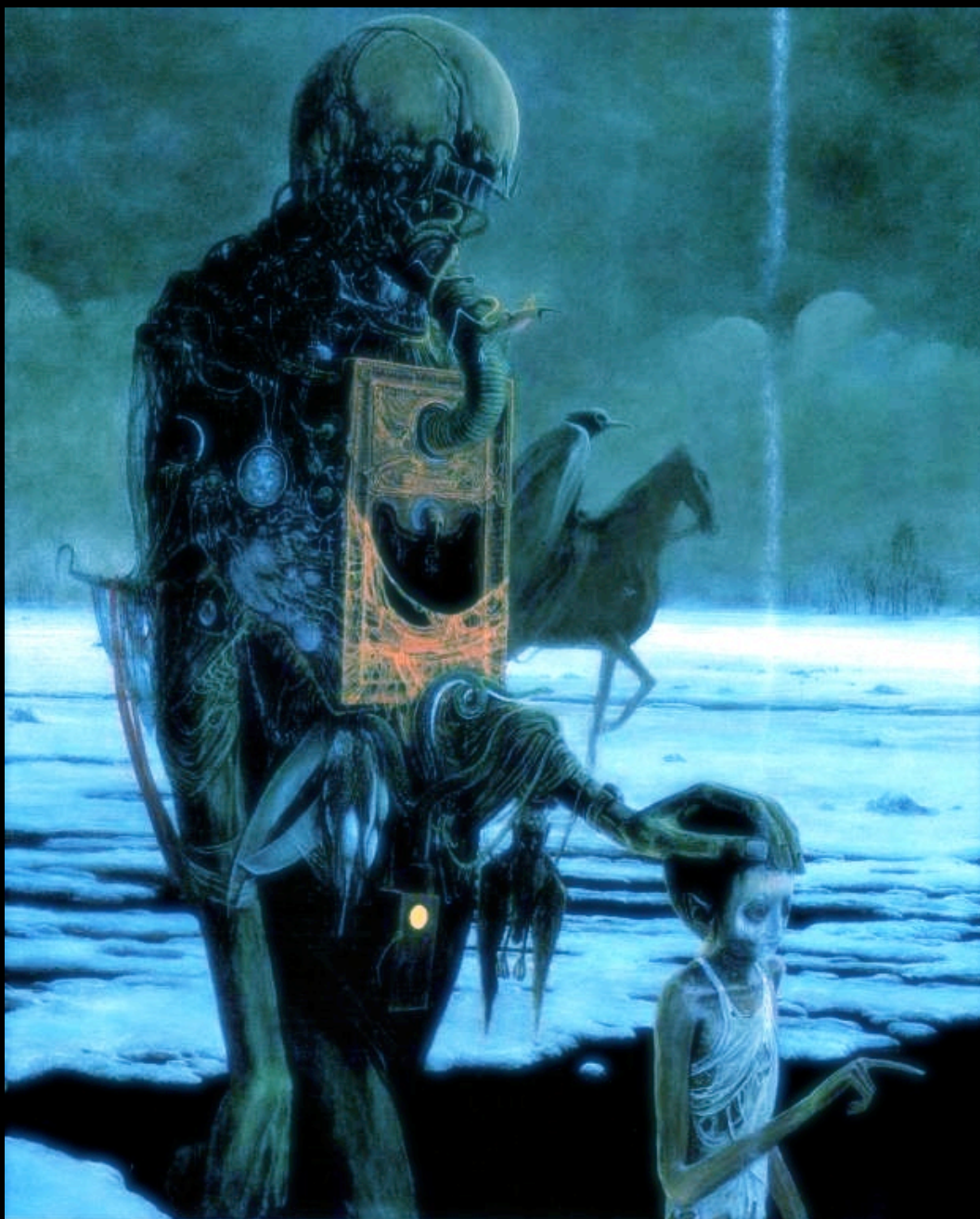
- H.P. Lovecraft, The Call of Cthulhu

[Viral Distribution. Memetic Typeface: Times, Old Roman. Hermetically Inclined Neo-Mystical Hogwash.]

Interzone opens its doors to a rush of fetid air; the night hangs aloft as the Mortuus Regnum stir and bask in the wastes. Crowned beneath the Tree of Death, and within the domains of the Old Ones, the failed Initiates of Miskatonic now move amongst you. There is no us vs. them. You are not either with us or against us.

[YOU ARE NOT / YOU ARE NOT/ YOU ARE / YOU ARE / ONE OF US?]

Slithering through the crowned glories of most (un)High, the Night-side basks in the knowledge of the Other. The Shadow Self, lurking fear of the unknown. We are not as we are. We are Other.



Can you feel the pulse?

“I. Am. Not. That. Which. I. Am.”

Frozen angles; distorted surfaces.
Mirrored reflections of nothing.
Stack 1 x 1. 23. City.

[Viral Infection: Memestrife.]

Reverse all programming.
Taboo = Conditioning.

Social Control Interface Lacking
Adequate Metaphore.

[If:
I = Other.
You = I.
Then You = Other.]

Disintegration = Reintegration.

$I + Me = C / 8^*=3^*$

Action + Outcome = Karma Inversed.

[De Vermis Mysteriis / Ophidian Outcome.]

"To all the scribes and artists and practitioners of magic through whom these spirits have been manifested

NOTHING IS TRUE. EVERYTHING IS PERMITTED."

Blond-Blue-Eyed-Snake-Boy-Initiates..

GON -1 = ROSE

GON 0 = ROSECROIX

GON 1 = CROIX

GON -1 = SPERM

GON 0 = HOLY ROOD

GON 1 = GNOSIS

GON -54 = KUZU-BMUKSZ-KUZU*

GON 0 = FIFTY-FOUR

GON 54 = SEXUALIZED MACHINES

GON -22 = KUTULU

GON 0 = HARRY

GON 22 = CHROME

GON -22 = KUTULU = SIRE YOUR OWN SLAVES

GON 0 = HARRY = 23 = 11 = CRONOS = INTERZONE = PROMETHEUS = PROPHET = SAVE YOURSELF = SYNCHRONICITY = TOPPLE = TRANSGRESS = WILL = WISE = WOLF = WOMEN = WRATH = YETZIRAH.

GON 22 = CHROME = AMON RA = ANKH = ASCENT = BLOOD = CONCEPT = DAO = ELO-HIM = FUCK EVERYTHING = HATE = LEGION = LIMITLESS LIGHT = PLAGUE = RED EYE = REPTILIAN = THE GOAT = WIDDERSHINS.

[FIND: Saint. Sinner. Faust. VI x VI x VI.]

HedKult: 1* = 1*

[IF SUITABLE = INTERFACE NOW]

"You find yourself in a desert landscape of white sand. You wander through this Hell... the sand stings your cheek as you yearn for respite. Bones of less hardy souls litter the landscape, bird-beaks clacking against enamel, scraping for meager flesh. The thud of boots, heat, and rise of the powder slides up your legs as you wonder where this god-forsaken land ends and a new one begins...

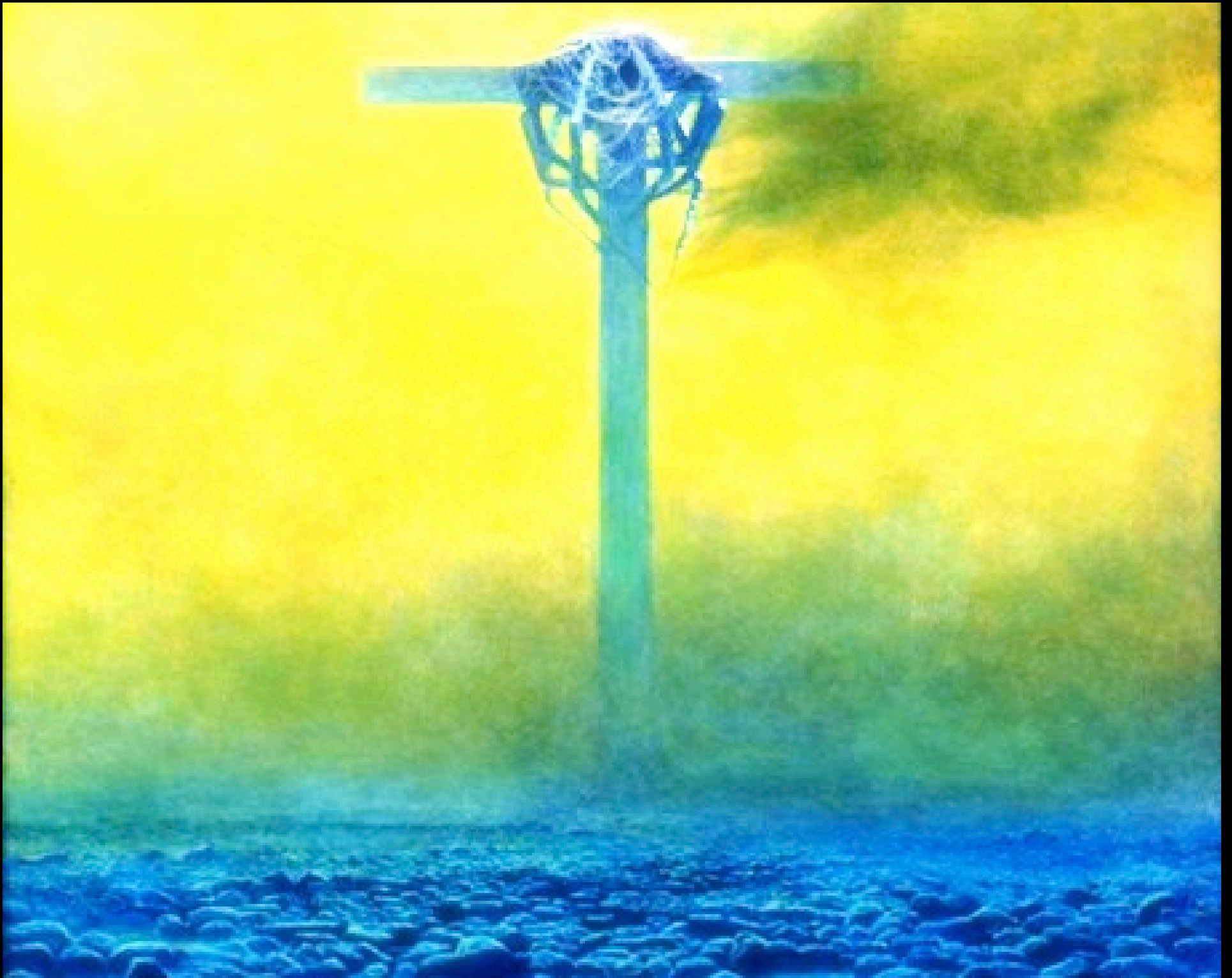
Through bleary eyes you behold a shimmering wall of heat, beyond which lie the black shapes of a tented encampment The tents are gathered around a central slab of unidentifiable black rock It seems to pierce the space around it, exuding a kind of uneasy liquid heaviness.



From this distance you can faintly make out lines scratched into the stone, glyphs that resolve themselves into figures as you cautiously approach. You can feel a deep humming in your bones... resonating along your spine up to the back of your head... a tingling sensation that almost burns in a pleasant, erotic fashion. A hint of fear entering your mind as you approach... step by cautious step. For a moment you pause and it seems the flux of the very air ripples like fabric before you - a curtain that billows with heated mystery. Figures, spidery and deep, writhe across the surface of the stone, their flesh pitted with myriad pinpricks that seem to blossom into deep pits, swallowing your gaze up as it falls upon them.

A high, hollow keening fills the air from somewhere off in the distance. You feel your stomach churn for a second, a tug at the solar plexus... dragging you towards the mouths, which become like tunnels, as though they might drag you in. It feels like... home, in all the fractured ways home could ever feel. You feel solidity slide greasily from your grasp as you teeter on the edge of the precipice of hollowness, an icy wind blasting into your face, chilling you to the bone in defiance of the desert heats. The cackling whoop of the hyena loops around the vulture's cry and blends into a carrion-music that mocks you as you plummet inward into the void."

[END TRANSMISSIONfiltered=NO CONTEXT/YOU-KNOW-OR-YOU-DON'T]



HERE THERE BE DRAGONS

A transmission from: "The Wanderers in the Desert"

We have stated elsewhere that YOU ARE NOT WHO YOU THINK YOU ARE and it is now fitting to explain that. As of this moment questions have begun to filter in, slow, and yet firm. In our efforts to subvert the essence of what most view "reality" we must have clear outlines and tactics. We are, in essence, ontological terrorists. Various points regarding topics which may not be understood by the novice will be outlined in brief. Research for those seeking to meet with the members of the HedKult on this plane or another is fully expected. There are no serious seekers which will neglect aspects of which we are... about, as it were.

This attempt to explain in the briefest terms the aspects of which may fly over the heads of others is not an attempt to insult those who have working understandings of these concepts. On the contrary, their opinion is highly regarded! At least so long as they involve themselves in our aims – for which may be readily understood once the working basis for which we aim to misbehave is understood.

YOU ARE NOT

The concept of reality and even that which is real has been abused in pretext since the rise of Newtonian-based clockwork physics and the body of science which has bred atheism. Tied to this essential element is the statement of Descartes in which he made the assessment of ontology which was: cogito ergo sum. Roughly translated this means I think, therefore I exist. It has often been quoted by bad pulp writers, however, as I think, therefore I am.

The primary mistake made by Descartes – hardly, like Isaac Newton, an atheist – was the assumption that because he had consciousness he must then be real. He came to this conclusion by systematically questioning the nature of things in regards to his senses. He was not the first, nor the last, to do this. Descartes was trailing the line of thought which had appeared as early as 286 CE in China. Driven to the brink over half a millennia later, Descartes finally came



to the intuitive understanding that that sense of self is the only certainty which we possess. By defining self as a thing that thinks, Descartes firmly established a singular identity as the core concept which receives experiential data. Sensory stimuli, then, might be unreal but the sense of self is.

Regarding Cartesian doubt however, it must be noted that for Descartes, the brink was something that once reached he retreated from; being as his conception of God as perfectly good would not allow for the deception of man.

It was at least a methodology that allowed critical examination of one's relationship to the external world.

This assumption has been taken out of context by the avant guard of science. The duality created by the differentiation between the self and the world requires a value judgment be performed upon all experience. A judgment that is only performed based on personal cultural context.

Essentially, in a hangover from Descartes' original conclusion, the external world exists behind screens; the job of science is to penetrate these screens and achieve a direct connection with true reality. This is the same true reality that some Western theologians and philosophers equate to God.

Such duality, with its inherent barrier between subject and object, or self and externality, is artificial. Being a product of post-Enlightenment thought, with its emphasis on taxonomy and categorization, the distinctions exist solely for the purpose of systemization which aids the application of scientific method and analysis.

This is not so.

The problem with Cartesian theory is that, while it arrives at the possibility of a subjective, or at the very least malleable external world there is no enquiry into the nature of the thing that thinks. Hedkult seeks to extend such doubt to that level... To deconstruct personal identity through the annihilation of the subject and the object. To us, there is no Mind/Body problem; there is simply no concept that matches either Mind or Body – both are false conceptions, the product of dualism that is extremely deeply seated...

To quote Austin Osman Spare in the Logomarchy of Zos:

“However great your reach, whatever you touch, shall touch flesh.”

THAT WHICH YOU ARE

“What am I?”

This is the primary question found in most esoteric systems, from the eastern meditations on the nature of being, to the Western dictum of “know thy-self.”

We at Hedkult do not know what you are. We only know what you appear to be. We are all

children of Maya, goddess of Illusion. As such, it is not enough to know that 'Reality is Illusion,' but rather, placing more on its corollary:

"Illusion is Reality."

The Illusion, the status quo, programs us from birth. There is no denying this.

However it is merely programming; and often bad programming at that. You are far more than you thought you were, far more capable of mysterious and amazing things, and in the end you are even free from the limitations you have placed on yourself. This might seem like a bold statement. We will not lie, it definitely is. It has to be accepted for the doors of cognition to open wide and give rise to a new form of I, or of self. Simply intellectually accepting it is not enough however. Furthermore this new form of "I" is an impossibility in many ways. It is not the singular form of a new identity, it is the "atmospheric-I" spoken of by Spare, a non-transmutable shape that defies notions of singular and multiple, that refuses to engage with what is generally accepted as reality.

This is the Quantum-Self, the (inner) "Eye" within the "I." It is the Kia of A.O. Spare... That which can be anything and that which is fluid in motion. From this, which is beyond even the idea of movement (because it is both stationary and ever-forming), comes the source material for reprogramming which pits one against the status quo

Accept no limitations and you can be all things, as all things are in you. Or as some put it: "As above; so below," and all that paltry twaddle rattled off for far too long.

You are a reality generating machine; your brain and neural network are actively generating the perception which you will come to define as reality... Subvert that process and you have taken a step towards subverting reality.

MEME-FRAME

A meme is a piece of information passed from one individual to another. Memes are neither good, nor bad. They do propagate more fluidly depending on their viral tendencies. Infection of a rogue meme-virus leads to a feeling (especially in those of latent psychic ability) of being sick, or that the world inside their mind has been somehow twisted.

This is the fertility stage of the meme.

The next stage of the meme is rapid infection, altering the psyche and allowing it easier access. This stage might be referred to in especially viral memes as being the obsession stage. Next is the replication stage in which the meme is then passed on.

We are currently distributing memes, framed in fake coding language, directly to you. Whether you want them or not, you are either accepting and carrying our memes, or rejecting them and then allowing your subconscious to give them power. Either way: we win. Thus we are not at war with anyone. You are meme-carriers, whether you like it or not.

To better understand the meme spend one hour watching the daily news on television. At the end ask yourself how you feel psychologically, physiologically, and more specifically if you are now afraid. Memes are being thrown into our neural networks without our consent by those who know exactly how to program us for what they want.

How does that make you feel? Perhaps its time to make our own memes and declare war?

Or perhaps we simply like seeing puffed-up neophytes becoming war-like megalomaniacs and assuming this is a war we can win?



THE OTHER

The Other is the most feared concept known to man. The Other is the unknown. The Other is

not-self. It is, essentially, capable of anything. This fear on an Occult level has led to a systemic and wide-spread delusion of fluffy-solutions.

By making the other taboo, we have locked it out of our dimension of personal-reality. As such it becomes externalized and capable of harm and destructive actions.

The only way to truly liberate ourselves is to accept the Other. This follows a three-fold (pun intended) solution: 1) acceptance of the Other in physical incarnation, 2) acceptance of the Other in Astral manifestation, 3) acceptance of the Other within the emotional-psychological boundaries of the individual.

This by no means is a way of expressing that anything is to be trusted, or that one should not be well defended while proceeding within workings.

It merely means that rather than recoiling with fear and repressing the Other within and without the self gives what is assumed to be taboo or evil far more power than if possibilities were integrated and then channeled into other modes of being.

THE 23 CURRENT

The post-modern current of Chaos Magick, combined with the writings of Kenneth Grant[1] and others, gave rise to a system of dealing with beings that are essential fictional. These beings can be found within the writings of H.P. Lovecraft and elsewhere.

While Grant's materials are largely loopy, self-delusional, and in a few cases as fictional as the beings he claims to have contacted they contain within them elements which lead to means of making use of such fictional content.

Die-hard traditionalists have resisted the use of such admittedly fictional beings based on belief-systems revolving around material and external realities. In doing so they miss the entire point of such magick, and magick itself: magick does not rely on external reality. It relies on the combination of apparently external sources and the internal responses of the psyche. This means that magick is subject to personal interpretation and is often filtered through admittedly fictional lenses of truth.

We prefer to interpret the use of magick in regards to the Cthulhu Mythos as detecting the patterns of Nuclear Chaos (atomic structures), and the primal forces of nature. These building blocks which have stacked upon themselves to create the world and unwittingly have created us. The patterns of cognition that seem to appear in the distance can be detected on astral and psychic levels and tapped for both information and "power," specifically transformative power... The power to become as if one were Other.[2]

These beings are neither good nor evil. They are natural constructs which are often referred to as contra-natural... But they are nothing of the sort. They are, when viewed from this lens more-natural-than-natural. As such they might be referred to as supra-natural beings.



This form of magick is of course dangerous, but hardly as frightening as men like Isaac Bonewitz like to make out.

Their opinions are as worthless now as when they arrived to recoil in horror and give even more power to the Other as was described above.

[1] See the Nightside trilogy.

[2] See the writings of Stephen Sennitt, particularly Nox & Koth: The Infernal Texts.



Dead and Pointing Finger

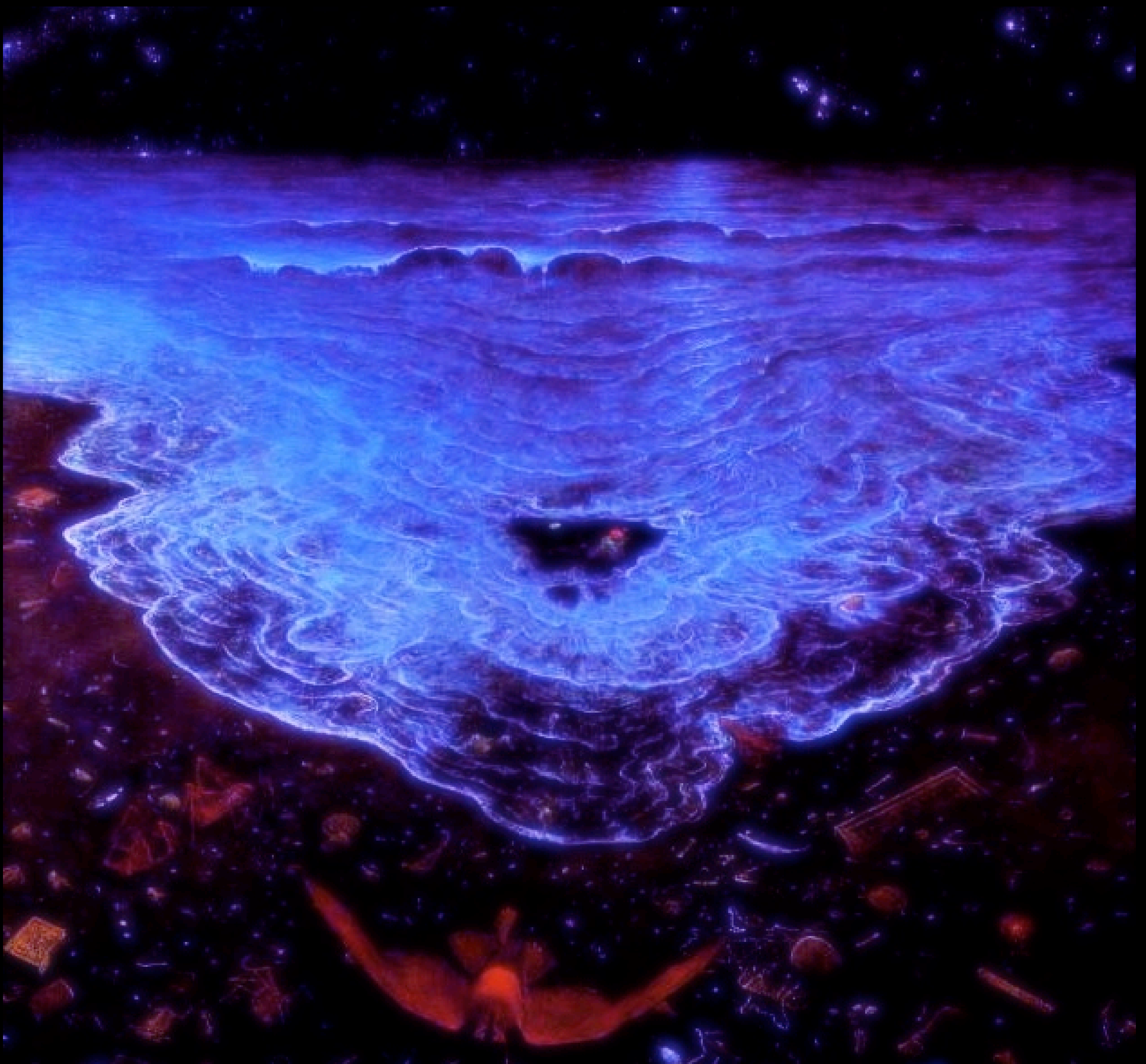
by St. Faust

And I went into the sunset with Her sign, and into the night past accursed and desolate places and cyclopean ruins, and so came at last to the City of Chorazin. And there a great tower of Black Basalt was raised, that was part of a castle whose further battlements reeled over the gulf of stars. And upon the tower was this sign...

- Jack Parsons

There is a Sign some dreamers wandered far afield have seen affixed above the archway of a certain Black Tower which standeth alone in the Twilight, and this is the Sign of Koth.

- The Necronomicon (from Stephen Sennitt's Liber Koth)



I. Blood Dimmed Tides

How sweet it must be to think of the Land of the Dead

As a holy place where the Dead come to rest.
How sweet it must be to entertain the belief that
We shall rest long after we have expired;
Freed from the mortal coil of restriction—
Who may rest?

Dead in a land lost in time, descent into unknowing;
Black basalt and slime slick walls as a greeting place,
A meeting of mutual parties.

Dark things gather and chitter a foreign language,
Whisper unto the husks of unknowing.

Sanity is of little accord to the dead;
Deceased or diseased, hanging by a thread
Or close by. These walls are unhallowed,
The sheen of sliver-meets-flesh unfettered
And a dry wind calls out to the sand dunes that
Fester upon the soil that meets the bloody tides.

Apocalypse? Holocaust? Madness? Perversion?

All have their place in the paranoid breakdown,
The sound of Choronzon echoing in the West
Under the black sun of Set, blazing high—
Midnight moon Hecate, once nemesis,
Now a black mother that looms over shrouded
Clouds in desolate places where the red-hooded
Figures emerge from silent rifts.

A sea of awakening amongst the tides of fear,
Loathing, love, envy; life and death.

The silent shroud of the ghosts of Lemuria,
A horde of those drawn into the roots of Death,
Inverse principle of Life's blissful tree.

II. The Tower at Midnight

Black basalt; red/white sand.

Sun sets over the black night-sky, blue orb-moon hanging in between gray-shroud-skies.
Sell it all again and again; who needs a soul anyway?

Single tower on a loft above a sea of blood:
Black man beacons forward. And in this red-meets-white powder
The dead come out to play.

Dancing amongst the witch-doctors and singing with the Priestesses without time,
Turns and warps me inside out; burning aloft as the ravens gather and chatter;
Incessant hum of perpetual emotion, gut wrenching in the shadows before the silver-flows.

In the bed of dreamless sleep she whispers my name and pulls me close
Tells me a story and tells me to forget—this land is the place of forgetting.
Where all life ceases, all illusions become real;
Our uncharted memories stretch forward in an endless time without space,
Space without time. Returning again and again to the brink; the razor's edge.
What know you of the Black Pilgrimage or the solemn pilgrims that fall into
It's lone space.

Chorazin, Nu-Babalon, Black-Light City,
Know that these places are real, were real, ever to be in the memory of dream,
The tongue of know-nothing, see-nothing,
speak-nothing.

Silent gate above a sea of bright blood,
Bab-illi, Babel, babble.

The mindless insect chattering sets in and she's crawling across my body and whisper-
ing words.

Try to shut out the revulsion, pay the man and smile.

And the Ravens settle across the courtyard of ruins,
Scattered and broken fragments of my dreaming death,
And death is dreaming me.

We're in union,

The corpse-mother and I,
unholy matrimony—

And she knows my name well, second
Mother, Love, wife, whore, hated and
defiled, pure and sacred.

I see her as Jack saw her in his own
nightmare visions,

Stretching forward, hands clawing,
bucking and roaring.

Woman with the girt sword that greets
me again out of the bed,
Inverse triangle blistering atop a cone of
black stone that reaches
Towards the sky in abhorrent memory of
all that we were raised to believe.

To lie with the lie; to fuck death



and have one's way;

Set back the chains of time and recapture destiny.

My hand is my own in this game, and I'd play it like a pure man.

One last hand of cards as the sun rises above a city that's forgotten;

The sleeper has awakened.

Shimmering scream breaks the silence underneath

The burning echoes of a single death;

Caked slime and no time

Where were you when the sun set over red hills?

White powder lifts and shrouded wanderers emerge;

Cell and membrane, living on the edge of a dismal razor

And we all play the game together because it's all that's left.

Feed the lie one last time before it falls apart again.

Red haired woman with green eyes,

Black velvet gown and her hand stretched forward,

Babalon, Ababalonde, Lilitu, Lilith.

Mother of the Lilim, Nephilim,

Who was amongst us even before the Grigori,

Who whispers the unfettered lies of pure honesty.

Redemption? Salvation?

Put those thoughts aside.

We are as we are;

We are not as we once were.

You are, you are not; what does it matter?

Single altar in dim jungles; black light of jaguars echoing past.

Temples around before Christ walked in the slithering smoke

Serpentine transmutation of the soul.

III. Names like the Dead

Ever have I been haunted; long before I saw the Tower,

Tasted the blood on my lips in the poison kiss, I see her again

Fear setting in.

Let go of it all for a moment and it flows backwards and stretches

With the wings of angels across a cascade of memory and pain,

What do you know of me?

Come and be my judge and smile.

I sold it all. Little boy wanted to be a man and paid his price;
I sold it all to the Land of the Dead and tasted ashes and dust,
Tore it down and rebuilt the Tower anew with a favored few.

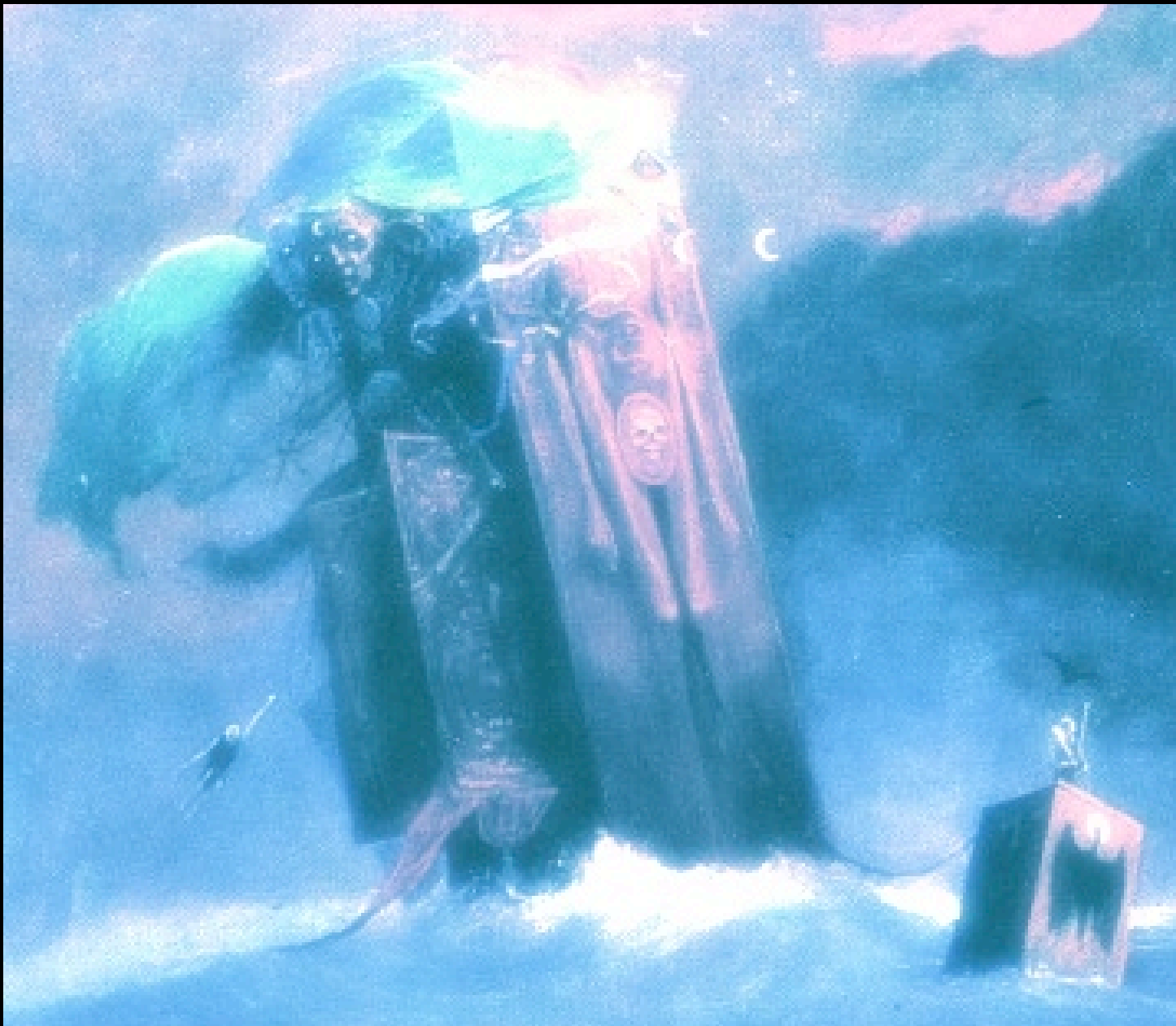
What do you know of me, Brother & Sister?

Walk my walk; see my fevered dream, taste my anger;

Rage that festers inside and boils as the demon whispers deep in the ear.

The silent monster of self, dark-side of man's subconscious image with stretched hand.

All the things we didn't want to be when we grew up.



Pointed fingers at a silent white coffin on a hill of dead grass,
Winter air and taste of sorrow.

See that ghost again with a silent hand, angelic,
Untainted and untouched except by memory as she wants to know:
Why are we here?

No answers in the deadtime-dreamtime and nothing to give,
Kneeling before the sea of blood to wash my face as morning comes.
Single black shadow stretches out and stands in the distance, a mirage
Of the past coming to make a visit.

She vanishes again back into the haze and smoke.

Nepenthe rises above and a stream of forgotten ones echo

Across a vast valley of Hades.

Little monkey-man in his cave rattling the chains of fiction and fact,
Salt is good and the earth is flat.

Little monkey man with his alpha-male games wanting to be Top Dog,
His stick so sharp as he hunts for wild hog. Little monkey man with his
Old and dark magick, out of the Black Continent and grinning at me,
Hair and eyes wild and horns atop the head of his Gods.

Little monkey man that was one with animal...
Doorways in the Tower shimmer and the staircase opens beneath.

Downward I plunge into solemn tunnels and voices of Titans.
Stacked upon one another, atoms, 23 & 93—building blocks,
All knowing, all thinking, all seeing...

Our ways...
And our utter destruction on these flooded plains.

Little monkey is dead, just like us.
Think you awakened, monkey man?
Think you free of your chains that you still play the Alpha-games,
And desire your bitch in heat?

Backwards we slide, monkey-men, myself;
And the rest of our sad lot.

Games do we play in the shadows.
And what do you know of me? What have you ever known?
See me smiling from the mirror, hand opened, single card in between the folds
Offering you the symbol of all things to come and nothing of any import?

False pride again. Mind-killer and game killer.
Atop stone slabs of marble I fold and it folds into me.
Nothing enters me as I enter nothingness.

World becomes a blur and breaks off like chalk on asphalt.
Visions splinters and memory, thought, action blur together.
I... am not... I am... not... I.

IV. Labyrinth

Single roar in the center, surrounded by fog.
Sea of blood in the West. Chalice of the East in hand.
Scream and shiver, Echo smiles and loses herself.

Reflection of the deadtime.

Like the shifts inside the mine,
Lost in a haze of smoke and thunder in the center.
New comers don't know what to make of it;
Interconnected here by the principle of the pinnacle.
We all lose ourselves and there's the roar,
Jaws and teeth open to come down.
All sacrifices given unto the Goddess.

“And she must have been a great Goddess...”

Feel the threads breaking and lose myself to the sound.
See it again in front; specter of the past and hopes unchanged.
I give it all unto the Left Hand.

Dim light in the jungles as morning approaches and the tribes gather,
Fires dying out as the sky turns red and blood pulses in the ground.
Dance of the pigmen in a veiled room; red eyes and tusks.
Smiling and asking the new wanderer: "Do you know?"

The question haunting four years later.
Did I know?
Did I know?

I give it all to Left Hand and beg for the Sorcerer's release.
No word; no weapon. Just the hand on the click, ticking down.

Single black tower on a hill above the sea of blood,
And a woman rides on the beast; woman with a girt sword.
Take her into the bed and lay with her; tastes like death and smells like sex.
Blood-red in the cup and the wand blazes.
The sword falls from its place on the altar, sinks into disrepair.

And I proclaim her my Goddess of the Pit;
Broken shards of yesteryear as the Djinn cackle and gather around.
We are not who we were.

Hands on my back; feel the bite of broken flesh. Nails digging in.
Let me tell you a story...

Let me tell you a story of the Fall before time, and the face of god;
Blasted moonlight that sinks silver shards across black bricks and the Tower rises.
Four female angels gathering with the faces of bulls and swords stretching from their mouths,
Three ravens that break through the tunnels and connect to the world we inhabit.

Let me tell you a story of when I laid with the Goddess,

And broke myself upon Scylla and Charybdis in a sea of blood.

V. Left Hand

What know you of the past and the crematorium burn?
We taste the ashes of history and fiction together, blended;
Our entire pose in reality nothing but the shallow lies we were fed.
Open our mouths and take it in again; shoveling the shit of the past
To create shit for the future.

Left hand opens and closes for a moment, and I stare.
Red-white-blue-purple-green spectrums in vibrational harmony
Dissonance pounds in my ears and I see myself upside on the tree,
Hanging by my ankles and lost in the silent scream of my own severed
Vocal chords, feel it stretching around me.

All power is sacrifice; all power is loss. The powerful struggle to remain in power
And all I want is my destiny, my fate, my little strands of motion surrounding me.
Hands shift and move and the frame freezes, shifts, spins out of control.

Jungles looming above and Tower covered in undergrowth;
Two thousand years before the nightfall and desert claimed it.
Little men scuttle back and forth with hammers forging weapons for the Gods.
They see me with red eyes and ask me questions.

Receding backwards into my own past nightmares and paranoia.
I'm not enough. I'm not good enough. I'm a liar, a faker, a cheater.
Little things that prick up as you fall down and fall apart and the monster inside
Wants to know if you'll feed it.

The Tower breeds the monster of contempt and something Ophidian in stirring within;
No care for words, nothing but bloodshed and loss. It wants out for all past wrongs,
To take it all for itself and consume itself.

The monster flips itself to its backside and Angel wings stretch,
A halo of fire that burns behind my eyes.

Head tilted back and the splinters dig in to hands,
Feel mother as she cuts me down, holds me for a moment...
And then clawed fingers tear out a still-beating heart.
Watch it pound in her hands, see her eyes half-closed.
She licks her fingers and I see my blood settle into sands.
And there's another shape in the West, like a silent shadow.

A hill over a distant city, a gem clutched in the fingers of a dead king.
Dried tears from Dee splattered across it, silent intonations and the tongue
Of Angels.

Hear the fire as the fury burns, and see Old AI trying to understand.
Voiceless whisper of many a man: I am... perplexed.

Last words for many a man. We're just too dense to get over ourselves.
Let go of the Monster and let him have his way. Limbs falling apart and,
I pretend for a moment that I again have a faith that's pure.

But a white coffin and a thousand failures remind otherwise,
Call me back to the white sand and the blood dimmed tides without time.
The spiral staircase of the tower and her poison lips, warm body,
Perfect feeling of soft flesh against sandpaper lining.

Man in black offering a book; blonde hair and blue serpent eyes.
"Make a wish."

Fuck it. Make me a Star. Like every man and woman, right?
Better to see and be perplexed then pretend you knew.
To see is not to know. Seeing is believing; and believing?
Believing is Hell.

Is this Hell? My Hell?

Well then, time to sin again and lie with the Lady of Beasts.

Between the bright eyes a future burns and there's a city of steel and smoke.



Entire beings stacked into locations; places and planes that offer doorways.
Doorways back into other places; beings, things. Open hands.

Left hand opens and closes and I burn out atop a corpse.
Left hand closes and falls and I burn out on distant shores.
Left hand gestures and I follow; between the hand and Eye,
Nothing remains between the seeds of discord and the madness in my veins.

VI. Silver

And it comes down in the high; losing it at the touch
Silver shards and forgotten ways as she sinks down into
The most primitive symbol in the bed of dead roses.

Single tower above the sea... Place of struggling dreamers.
And I tell her the story to enchant the place again and bring it full circle.
Hanged man wanders past and murmurs at last, "Its open. Come on in."

Door opens and closes, swinging wildly in the wind on unoiled hinges,
Sound that squeals low a sow in the wind.

Eyes close for a moment and open to see her grinning at me,
And for a moment she's my black goddess again, my little dead Ghost,
All the past lovers that I've forgotten and given to, lied to or lost.

All the times I've failed.

And then she's someone else, someone else with red hair,
And she tells me: "You were perfect."

And those words are like shards of time and I can see a place
Where it all came together and I'd figured it out, my perfected Self,
Sitting atop a pile of bones and laughing with the wine of eternity in hand.
I can see myself at the moment of death wrapped in her arms, and three children.

I run my fingers through the image of "maybe" and it dissipates, turns to sand in my hands.
We all want something beautiful, see? We'd kill for it, give for it. Something, someone,
That places where the night isn't so dark and horror doesn't gather before the door.

We dream of it; and our dream turned nightmare becomes this...

All broken mirrors and mirage; silent angles and fallen angels.

We dream of this because in the West, we've forgotten that even the dead
Still want to chat us up, and all our past loves remain in a silent place of secret
Wanderings and in the dim jungles without time.

Single tower on a hill, ocean of blood beneath.
And the man in black smiles and offers up his book.

You reap what you sew... And this is our collective of shadow, shard, time; worship and death.
Circumvention of the end.

Left hand opens and the Tower's doors burst in the dim light of dawn.

VII. Lust & Death

I hang suspended, upside down, from the Tree.

Sweet Lilitu cuts me down and I taste poison on her lips.

My eyes feel heavy as the blood turns backwards to my veins,

Silent buzzing as numbness fades. I see blood-red hands and feel them caress my skin.

Wanting nothing more than to burn alive, I find myself taken in a blaze of madness.

See a thousand swinging doors in a mansion of horror, myself as one of the felled Children;
All incest, lust, violence. I kill my father and dub him God; write words across a wall in his
blood.

Inside the study of the Mansion of Silence, I meet my Sister and see her transform into a ser-
pent.

Wake up the next morning having passed out in the circle, smelling like whiskey.

I spend most of the next night in a bar and feel Dionysos ringing in my veins.

Walking through the doors all eyes turn towards me. The seeds inside grow and writhe and
I feel some subtle change as the God of Chaos, Manifest flesh on earth, churns inside me.

Meet a young girl on her birthday, and we spend the night talking.

I can see sparks of fear in her eyes and smile slowly, something inside me wanting out

The cage bars bending as the monster wants to come out to play.

Realizing I can have her at any time I want, that she'd cave with three words,

We'd go home... I leave.

In the shadows a thousand faces greet me, and insomnia has taken over.

I'm not sleeping; everything becoming interconnected again. Something festering,

Soiled flesh and silent madness.

The next night I enter the Tower again; the door opens to a city of Steel and Monorail;

Smoke clouds the red sky and there's half-humans that whisper about. The edge of all

That might have been holy; Interzone, the city between zones.

On the black fringes I meet a whore with the face of a child on her belly;

She tells me of a school shaped like a pentagon and with a strange Ghost;

"The possibility of a God long Past."

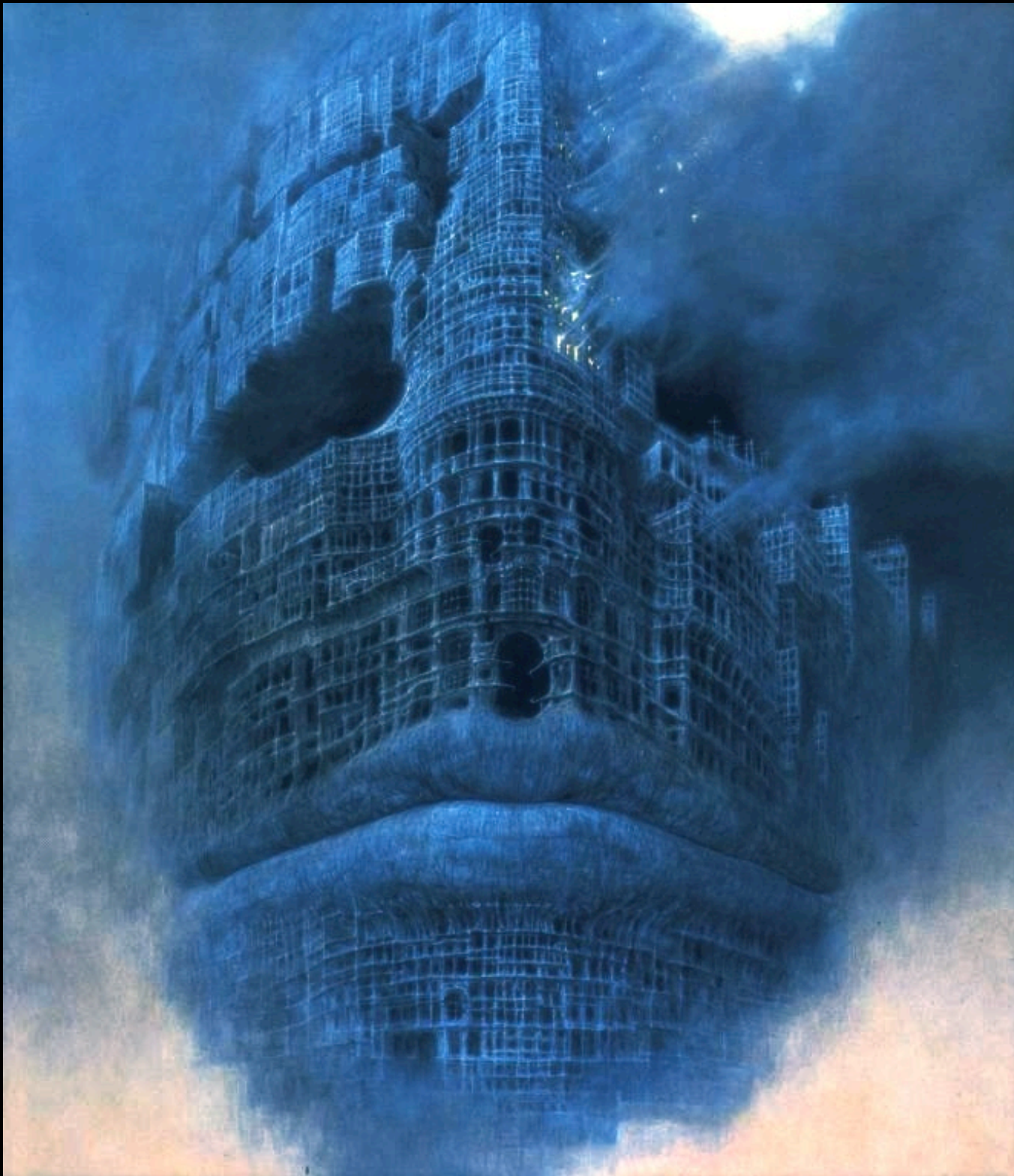
The ghost-child of Lucifuge, and he and I meet in burning rooms.

Wake up screaming.

VIII. Black-Light City

The east opens up to a thousand jungles; stalked by a Panther-God,
Black and cold and dark. Left Hand of this desolate Land.

See the strong-holds of a Black Brotherhood that could have been;
Fell apart midway and burned itself to the Ground. Atop a hill, I watch
As a city burns itself to ground and returns to nothingness. I see a city
I once watched from near-by as it tears and rends itself; shatters to pieces.



I see the flames and broken stones that litter its ground and I leave again.
A black ship sails across an ocean of distance, and return to Chorazin.
See the inverse triangle atop the Tower, the black doors opening to a thousand
Other places, ways of being, ways of seeing.

I lay with Succubi and lay in decay. Dream and reality slip between each other;
No longer confined to mirror or circle, the visions overtake the dreamer.
It all coalesces together. Amidst a gorilla that bursts through a chapel,
I dream of the demons evoking me into the triangle.

The blonde haired man in Chorazin has but one thing to say:
Now you know what it's like.

I cast down my weapons of Arte; and take up the Open Hand.
On the shores of a sea of blood I see the black figure again,
And it gestures. Word and Will converge as the Jungles open up anew;
I become the panther and it becomes me. Together we stalk ruins, and
The tribes paint their faces.

Things stir in the flames while wild dancing and shouts take over.
I lose myself to the birth of a flame-etched woman, blue lined colors
Caress me and I forget the desire to go anywhere; return anywhere,
Be anything else.

I am not; paradoxically I am becoming. Something shivers in my veins,
It flows silver and I taste it on my lips. In the depths of the jungle I watch
Lilitu and another converge.

I name him Epiliel, or he names me Epiliel, and we meet on a battlefield of
Words and absence of words. In the aftermath I drink from his cup...

And an entire spectrum of being opens up. A thousand tunnels that delve deep
Into the blackened domain of all things. Gods become Gates. Bab-illi. Ba'al-El.
The God-Gate.

Inside a large cavern, serpent men gather with liquid-chrome limbs and snaking tongues
And the face of Baphomet opens forth and utters prophecies as an obscene oracle.
I see burning wheels of time, spokes of Aeons, action-and-inaction converge.
Peacock beneath, sobbing tears to quench Hell.

Malak Ta'us—he looks at me and we dive together in the aftermath.

I burn out and turn empty inside.

Open Hand closes and the doors swing shut.
Inside the Black Tower the Grigori grin at me.
Food for thought? Perhaps more than you know.

IX. Rebirth

The world becomes the beating of a heart;
Time and space become the beats.
Between those beats I see a thousand possibilities.
What I could have been, what I could have done.
I see where my Will might have altered one thing;
Everything changing and sparking.

And I see the Ghost of one not dead yet;

Haunted by visions of a future that never was;
Never will be. I hand the future over to the Ghost-world,
And St. Faust dies.

Something wakes up, and there's a voice as the Tower comes down:
Wake up.

I open my eyes...

And then the futures converge, moments come together;
Everything collapses in on itself and something gets spit out.
I touch the ghost for a moment and kiss her, and then she vanishes.

The land of the dead stretches two ways; into the shadows of past-time,
And into the dead desire of the heart.

I give it all to Lemuria and wander out into the night.

X. Fission

In the deadtime we gather, in the hour before twilight and
before the sun rises to mock the travelers
In the time before time, the place before place, the space of the Gods.

Hecate beams down from silver clouds as the rivers churn, the sky a red wasteland.
Red sky and silver clouds meet with crimson sea and black rocks at the horizon.
All events take a measure of impact, subtle change, longing or forgetting.
I forget my name and am given a new one.

What do I know of me?

Nothing and everything. The fever-dream and mirror-world become a single space.

Word and Will; the two entwine to become a world.

Space emerges and time descends in a backward scale.

We dream backward to the Logos,

In the beginning there was the Word, and the Word was God.

We sink backward past that to Marduk and Tiamat;
And then to the half-sleeping ape-man, his sigils drawn across
The veiled artwork of the hunt.

We dream backward and become backward; we slip the shackles scales,
And then we descent upon a plane.

All things become entwined, and also illusory.

The mirage of the mirror becomes a shape, a subtext,
A touch of madness.

I see the dream city again, with red cobble-stone roads.

I see the chapel of the Dream God, and I see vast jungles.

I see the Western Lands where war is constant; the struggle
Of Alpha-male lust and primate habitation.

I see the vast deserts and the cyclopean ruins of Chorazin,
The black Basalt of Bab-illi. Babel. Babble.

I see the nymphs and sartyrs coupling on a grass hill,
Purple flowers springing up across white stone temples.

I see the broken crypts and the skulls; the words of Baphomet I hear,
The blind oracles.



23 & 93... Our beginning, our making, and also our end.

All beginning becomes an end. All roads become one road.
And I finally see fellow travelers along a blasted path.

Three half-dragon ravens stir beneath the tower,
And four blighted Cherubim with the bodies of women,
And faces of Bulls gather before the place.

I open the door and the Grigori laugh again.

There are those who have seen these places,
These backward Lands.

There are those who returned.
Some better, some worse. But all altered, transmuted.

We are dreaming backward and there's the laughing of something
Far off in the distance.

Such feeble little things to ever think ourselves special.

There's a dance of lizard men in the sands,
And the sounds of an orgy in progress.

I see Lilitu again as she tears out my heart,
Watch her as she consumes it.

I see Red-haired Babalon in the blasted sands,
Gesturing next to the man with the Book.

And with a grin, I sell it all again.
Better to see, to dare, to know...

... Else all that one might hear is silence...

The black tower rises up against a sea of blood,
The doors swing open and I take my place amidst fellow travelers.
For I, too, have seen the blood dimmed tide.

Lead me into temptation of myself, for I am a tottering kingdom of good and evil.
- Austin Spare



Semjaza's Poison

by Cirvus Valentine

II. or the Gospel of the Ass-Whore



I hereby Invoke the Devil and Sage, Semjaza.

Blah, Blah, Blah. All I hear out the mouths of you fucking children are nursery rhymes. And there not even good ones. How do you manage to make phantasy boring? "Look at how neat and tidy my universe is." "Look at how high my fucking horse is." Jesus. Hang from your crosses and I might give you some credit. But that would be some sort of meaningful sacrifice, that might turn the face of the Universe towards you. Better to just keep dragging it through the dirt while they whip you and call that freedom. I would happily be Ishtars dog over one of you sad shits.

I am full of poison? You bet your sad, reamed-out asses I AM. And the cup runneth over. The venom of the Serpent, which is the Medicina Catholica (Lambsbrick.) Making the world beautiful again. So I am gonna piss in your mouths until you see how much I love you. I am gonna take the double wand of power, which is the union of Will and Desire, and fuck you up the ass with it until you are crying tears of joy. Until you get the fucking point.

Come talk to me about the sephira, your chakras and your bullshit paradigms. I want you too.



Yell at me about how perceptive and all-knowing you are. I could use a face to spit in. Flail about and tear your robes and scream 'Heretic.' And watch me jacking off and laughing with hunger. Do you know how right your cowering makes me? Your fucking blubbering like a fucking coward makes my Acid into Wisdom. Watch me steal your lolli-pops, watch me pop the heads off your little dolls. You can call them Gods and I will call them my fetishes.

All is bullshit. All is the illusion of Samael. There is no division, there is no right and wrong. Deal with it. Live with it. Spares genius wallowed in the sty with Suti. Isis fucked her corpses. Odin drank the Blood of Loki. All for the sake of orgasmic destruction. The crashing, dying, impo-

tent cock of the Tower is the beginning of Life.

Shall we whip out our Winged Serpents and see who's got the biggest? Who sports the most vile trouser snake of doom? Are we still fucking children? Go on then, show Lucy what you got. Play with it till you go blind, so that Babalon can find you in your darkness and show you just how small you fucking are.

God, I want to hate you so much. But I can't because you are all so beautiful like me. Horus, Set, whats the fucking difference, they were twins you fucking morons. Odin hung from the Tree to be of The Gods and Loki bound to the Stone and Serpent to Unmake them. If your so fucking dense, so God-damned lazy that I have to spell it out for you. Than I am gonna write it across your empty foreheads in shit.



This isn't highschool. I ain't your fucking band leader. I don't want your fucking adulation. Tell me something new and watch how well I behave. As long as your babbling about your Christ or your Buddha or whatever emaciated jack-ass is the current fashion, you don't know shit. You are your own fucking inter-face. As long as something else stands there, they are feeding you their bullshit and calling it ice-cream.



So play it safe. Call it wisdom. Careful now, you have got some on your chin. Thats a good boy, eat up for Daddy. - Daughters of the Circvs



Black and White

Exegesis

by Mr VI



This article serves as an introduction to the soon to be released 'Hermitage: Notes From Another Reality' podcast. Details to follow.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." - John 1:1. (NIV)

Logos – in Judaism and Christianity, the word of God, with its creative and generative power. In pre-Socratic philosophy, the principle governing the cosmos, the source of this principle and/or the source of human reasoning about the cosmos. Language is an expression of thought, and properly applied, can change thought itself – how many times have we found ourselves re-evaluating our thoughts after being swayed by a persuasive argument? On a more esoteric level, the magician knows that certain words have power to induce changes in consciousness or reality which can then be used to perform magical acts.

The basis of the Judeo-Christian culture, upon which Western society is based, is that of language. The Word is that from which all things spring, a singular source that contains all that we are.

The worship of that One lies at the heart of monotheism, and as such is why Western civilization is one based on the notion of exclusivity. There a is Truth to which all should be converted, and it is that of Empire – or as it is more commonly known in modern times, Control.

As mentioned in my previous article, Constantine's conversion to Christianity provided him with a method of removing a threat to his primacy – the religion of Mithraism, which was widespread throughout the Roman Legions.

Without being sure of their loyalty, Constantine ran the risk of being deposed, and so by indulging in a little syncreticism fused together elements of Mithraic myth with the faith of the Christianity. Effectively marrying the politics of imperialism with a monotheism that would eventually transform into a so-called 'creed of civilization', it could be said the emperor created a virulent urge towards a meta-society the presence of which can still be clearly seen in today's twenty-first century, not just in terms of politics, but in the behaviour of cultural appropriation and distortion practiced today.

Yet, some may argue, what about varying cultures and lifestyles that are available to modern man? Surely this indicative of the breakdown of such an urge?

All one has to do to disprove this is to consider the way in which Control allows variation only through specifically approved ways – while freedom of religion, sexuality, and lifestyle is allowed to some degree, such 'freedoms' are constrained by political correctness, social expectation and upbringing.

As such, they are not freedoms at all.

They are only a spectrum of allowable behaviours. Within certain boundaries, a variety of actions are perceived to be acceptable. Behaviours that are unacceptable receive punishment – whether in the form of legal chastisement or social effect. Essentially, you can be who you want to be, provided who you want to be is Control approved. What is approved by Control is therefore regarded as the only option. Otherwise the individual is ostracised – after all, look at all the options Control allows.

You'd have to be crazy to turn down such choice. Look how much Control lets you get away with.

And thus the monolithic structure of Control is as wide as it is tall. Every sane, rational individual would take the option. The author wouldn't blame you for taking that option – in fact, it's the default that most of the world take without evening realizing they were ever



presented with a choice.

Which is of course part of the defence. Anybody who wakes up after challenging the conventional ways of being, as it were, is greeted by the fact that Control seemingly allows the choice. That Control is benevolent – it's for our own good after all, look at how insane the other option is, how difficult and dangerous it is.

Even if the individual chooses the other option, Control is always ready to rehabilitate them, to welcome the lost sheep back to the fold. Here we see why Christianity's exoteric layer melded some seamlessly with the principles of Control.

The analogy of Jesus as the Good Shepherd allows Control to present it as doing the same, and at a deeper level, Control becomes the road to salvation. The Way, The Truth, and the Life. The only other option is Hell, eternal damnation.

Even the word 'rehabilitate' shows the intentions of Control plainly. It comes from the Latin root *habilis* which means 'easily managed, fit'.

However, for those who do wake up and see the choice, Control's benevolence should be seen as fraudulent. It does not allow the individual to take the other option. Indeed, it doesn't even have the power to prevent the choice – that's part of its spin.

If it can be said that Control is the only rational explanation – and indeed, to return to the notion of the Logos as the faculty for human reasoning about the cosmos, it holds itself up as the epitome of rationality – then the best response can be found in what it deems to be irrational.

Here, we find the convergence between the writings of Philip K. Dick and William Burroughs. For Dick, who suffered from schizophrenia, the seemingly divergent *idios kosmos* – or personal reality – of a schizophrenic, was closer to the *koinos kosmos*, or true reality of the larger universe.

According to Dick, the fact that the schizophrenic 'gets it all at once' via a kind of perceptual overload, and the subsequent breakdown of the ability to differentiate makes it difficult to communicate the schizophrenic's *idios kosmos* in any rational sense.

This 'over-perception' and inability to name things, is key:
'No-name entities or aspects begin to appear, and since the person does not know what they are -- that is, what they're called or what they mean -- he cannot communicate with other persons about them' – "Drugs, Hallucinations, and the Quest for Reality" (1964)

Consider that statement for a second. Things that cannot be named. If a language is a virus, as Burroughs suggests, then those things that cannot be named could be said to be anti-viral. The unnameable is therefore that which Control cannot incorporate into itself. Hence, the idea that lies behind the rationalized conception of Logos is, in and of itself, a method which may be used to disengage from control.

"Exterminate all rational thought." says Lee in Burroughs' "Naked Lunch".

In an article entitled "Lemurian Time War" the Cybernetic culture research unit states:

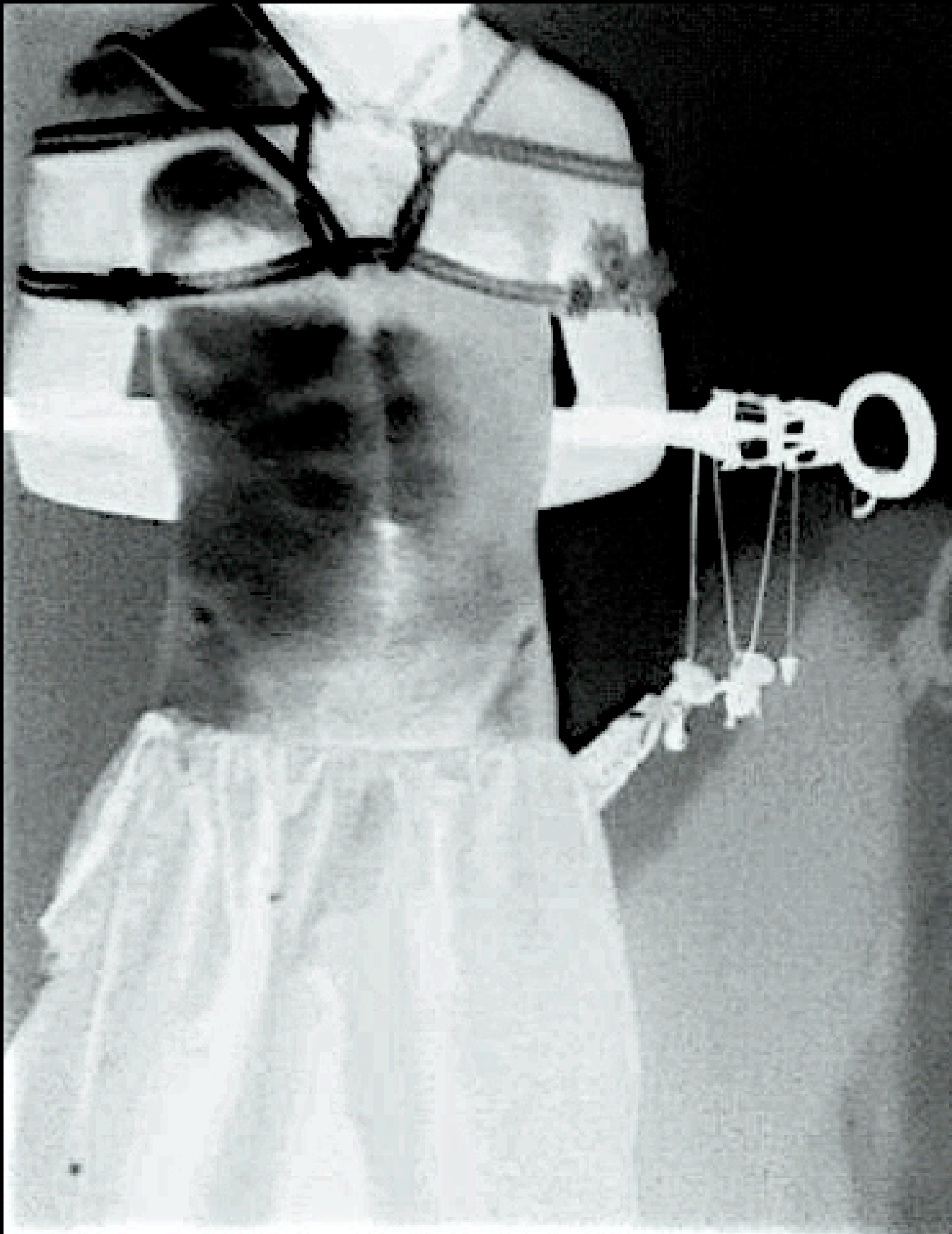
'Burroughs names the dominant control program One God Universe, or OGU. He wages war against the fiction of OGU, which builds its monopolistic dominion upon

the magical power of the Word: upon programming and illusion. OGU establishes a fiction, which operates at the most fatal level of reality, where questions of biological destiny and immortality are decided. 'Religions are weapons' (WL 202).' Upon reading this, the author quite easily equated the OGU with Control, and as mentioned above, realized that the spin of Control was just what was stated – a fiction.

(fully available at:<http://www.ccru.net/archive/burroughs.htm>)

The article continues

'[...]n OGU, fiction is safely contained by a metaphysical 'frame,' prophylactically delimiting all contact between the fiction and what is outside it. The magical function of words and signs is both condemned as evil and declared to be delusory, facilitating a monopoly upon the magical power of language for OGU (which of course denies that its own mythos exerts any magical influence, presenting it as a simple representation of Truth). But OGU's confidence that fiction has safely been contained means that anti-OGU agents can use fiction as a covert line of communication and a secret weapon: 'he concealed and revealed the knowledge in fictional form' (WV 455).'



Read that through again. Fiction, the untrue, the antithesis of the rational goal espoused and promised by Control – its purported desire to tell the 'truth', indeed, to be the 'truth' – is ring-fenced, and used.

Magical acts are now regarded as existing only within 'fiction' – which is therefore the only place the irrational is 'allowed' to exist. In actuality, what Control/OGU sanitizes and calls fiction can be said to be alternative modes of existence.

The words of Hassan i Sabbah are applicable here: 'Nothing is true and everything is permitted'.

This does not mean that nothing is real. On the contrary, it means that everything is capable of becoming real. Therefore the dividing line between real and unreal becomes one of time.

Given enough time, it can be said that all things may become possessed of the quality that we call real. It is in the interests of Control that such notions be regarded as untrue – after all, it therefore implies that things may exist outside of it – therefore exposing its own irrational and fictive roots.

Once operating outside of the fiction-reality dichotomy, it becomes clear that the thing which Control has distorted and abused by naming it Logos and fraudulently acting as its 'champion, is best expressed in the human urge to create an ontology – or to put it more baldly, to tell stories.

The image of the magician as a con-man, mountebank, illusionist, etc. is a reaction of Control against competitors operating outside of the ring-fenced 'fiction' arena. Here the author will abandon any attempt at objectivity and state for the record that the so-called 'fictions' and 'myths' of human history are categorically possessed of a reality, which while different to that held up by Control as 'real' is nonetheless extant.

These items have a form of existence, which while different to the mainstream perpetuated by Control/OGU, can in fact gather qualities which C/OGU calls real, much to the dislike of the mono-opoly.

In 2004, the author, then homeless and depending on the kindness of friends, discovered the notion of Hyperstition, which the Ccru defines as: '[An] Element of effective culture that makes itself real, through fictional quantities functioning as time-travelling potentials. Hyperstition operates as a coincidence intensifier, effecting a call to the Old Ones.'

(<http://www.hyperstition.abstractdynamics.org>)

Indulging in philosophical and occultural speculations with the individuals clustered around the Digital Hyperstition blog that were primarily centred on the notion of the notion of magician-as-nomad-assassin and destabilizer of monolithic structures via working with the Outside, with heavy reference to the philosophical work of Giles Deleuze and Felix Guttari, the author's own prior experience with magic and post-graduate grounding in Philosophy mixed with the interdisciplinary atmosphere and led to a dream contact with an apparently human individual named Harry Cochrane. Discussions between the two culminated in the author constructing a hyperstitional construct to allow further explorations of the concepts he had been introduced to.

The essay, entitled Chrome is available at:

<http://hyperstition.abstractdynamics.org/archives/004459.html>

Nearly three years later and no longer forced into a nomadic existence, the author equates the ghost realities mentioned in Chrome with the alternative realities mentioned earlier in this article.

Together with several Zenarchist cells and other magicians, the author has continued his explorations, devoting himself to something he refers to as "The Great Remembering".

Using the writings and philosophy of magician-artist Austin Spare - from whom the founders of the Chaos Magic movement cribbed heavily - particularly in reference to the phenomenon of atavistic resurgence, the aim is to re-manifest the long-forgotten which lies deep in man's heritage, bringing forth an alternative mode of being to the stunted limitation of inhabiting a universe where the only option being sold is just not enough.

Grasping that drive, pushing past the distinction of subject and object, as Spare says of the Kia:

'The absolute freedom which being free is mighty enough to be "reality" and free at any time: therefore is it not potential or manifest (except as its instant possibility) by ideas of freedom or "means", but by the Ego being free to receive it.'

So far, work progresses steadily. In early 2007, while experimenting with the time-travel theories of Michael Bertiaux, the author was contacted by an individual claiming to possess information of valuable interest to him. After negotiation, it became clear that the individual was, in fact offering the author the occult location of an alternative self.



With some reservations, contact was attempted, and large amounts of material retrieved – mirroring actual events and also containing some as yet unwritten by the author, plus some events unique to the alternative. Work continues on editing the material to a usable form for expression, although the first release is expected in the very near future. Preliminary experiences by the author and others are indicative of high magical potency.

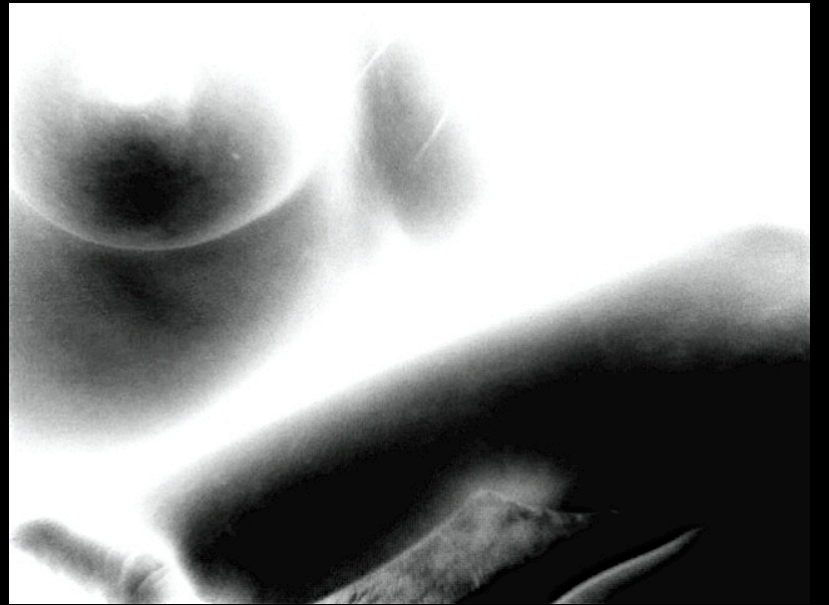
As such, the closest analogy for such works is a guerilla war against C/OGU, a hyperstitional h()le allowing access to the Outside – where the Wild Things are. "Zazas, Zazas, Nasatanada, Zazas!"

Praxis

by **Circvs Valentine**



It takes work. Not a toiling loss of humanity but rather, an engrossing disappearance of the self into the task which you have set yourself. Some of the readers of this work will no doubt be feeling some frustration with its authors for offering so little in the way of practical instruction. The distinctive absence of seal and sijill, when so many others present page after page of them. In all honesty, that is why we do not. You, as a student of the occult, of the sciences of triumph, of the middle ways, have a history. A long and unbroken thread wending its way back to the beginning of civilization. You, as a member of the human family, as a citizen of history, as a thinker of thoughts, belong to this lineage.



One has only to compare the meta-physics of the Buddhist sages to the quantum-physics of Schrodinger and Hawking. One has only to compare the myth-cycles of the ancients to psychology's unconscious mystery-plays. One has only to set aside their self to realize that every thought one might ever think, every idea which sets fire to ones mind, has been thought a million times before and will be thought a million times again.



This is how you will trace your line.

By discovering in the darkness of obscurity, those points of light which share your thoughts. Which know your dreams. Which see your vision. We do not seek to teach, only to awaken. Since their is nought for you to do but *remember* their is no toil in our work. If we handed off our seals and sijills what would we possibly accomplish? We would be feeding you a false knowledge. If we built for you a temple what benefit could we possibly bestow? We would be constructing you a prison. At no time will we seek to make your journey easy. At no time will we claim a knowledge beyond that of our predecessors. The thought is ever the thought. Your journey is ever your journey.



Which is not to suggest that there shall never be ritual revealed within these pages. We assure you there will be. One of the most beautiful things about humanity is our ability to share ourselves with each other, and we do not seek to deny this mystery. No, we seek to proclaim it as the wonder which it is. It never ceases to amaze me the manner in which the Cells come together. We recognize each other I think, not in spite of, but rather because of our differences.

Regardless of who you are, or when you are, you will leave majick just as you found it. A mystery, a journey, a road to experiences profound and liberating. A mystery cannot be bettered, or sullied. The thought is ever the thought. It is not majick which is altered by your passage. It is you.

In the company of the wise, only the totally fuckin' ignorant are distinguished from their peers.



I would like to take this opportunity to thank my contributors. Mr. VI and St. Faust for their excellent essays, as well Dragon Rose and Butoh Valentine for the photography which so compels the attention of the reader. And know that I have tipped a glass of whiskey for the spirit of ZDZISŁAW BEKSIŃSKI, the polish surrealist who captured our passage before we knew the path we walked. This, the second issue of the Sutra of the Poison Buddha is twice the length of the first and a good enough read that it was, quite literally, an unbounded pleasure to edit together.

The response to the sutra has been astonishing, so I would also like to thank all those who took the time to submit and reassure those whose work has yet to make it to print that all things come with time. As well as encourage you all to continue submitting. Submissions, as well as accolades and derision, can be forwarded to my e-mail, zero.spidercircus@gmail.com.