



Baphomet, The Goat Of Mendes

From Levi's *Transcendental Magic*

The practice of magic-either white or black-depends upon the ability of the adept to control the universal life force-that which Eliphas Levi calls the great magical agent or the astral light. By the manipulation of this fluidic essence the phenomena of transcendentalism are produced. The famous hermaphroditic Goat of Mendes was a composite creature formulated to symbolize this astral light. It is identical with Baphomet, the mystic pantheos of those disciples of ceremonial magic, the Templars, who probably obtained it from the Arabians. *MPH*

THE SEVEN SEALS OF THE BAPHOMET



The First Seal

Truly evil are the mechanisms of repression in church and society, which do not see the shadow in themselves; those who prohibit the pill in The Third World with the threat of sin - despite the fact that over-population is one of the most urgent problems. And those who protect peace with a weapon in hand, or as a climax in experiencing their own inner chaos, even proclaim war to be a just cause. Evil is not the opposite of Good, nor something which can be avoided through Good, but rather, an aspect of Good itself which we have separated from it so that the other side may continue to exist as Good.

Advocatus Diaboli

Religion is a window, as it were, through which our consciousness peeps into the world. The nature of our religiosity always says something about how we ourselves create the world in our imagination - or, to express it more precisely, how we receive it reflected back by the models of collective longing, the religious holding tank, so to speak, of our individual yearning. Religion does not just come down from the sky. It is also constructed by people and responds to existential questions which are based upon the foundation that people cannot find peace in themselves, nor meaningfulness in the goals of the world. However, it can scarcely be in the interests of religion to answer these questions and redeem the soul. Ultimately, a saved person would barely pay for the model of meaning which binds him or her to it. Thus, the messengers of religion must prevent the soul from overcoming its inner limitations at all costs. Indeed, they would rather pledge themselves to the Devil than allow someone to experience meaningfulness in a life beyond their dogmas. Under these circumstances, any statements and contributions made by religion in regard to the redemption of human beings ought to be considered with great care.

For centuries it was drummed into people from childhood on that God and the Devil fought for their soul, and that the whole meaning to life was constituted by not falling prey to Evil. But because this Evil had not been overcome, it became institutionalized behind the mask of Good. Thereby, you were able to destroy everything capable of being clothed in Evil without any hindrance whatsoever. The destruction of Evil mutated into "Good", offering meaningful fulfillment of the repressed instincts of people who no longer experienced meaning, but with ruinous lust destroyed anything that did not come within the yoke of "salvation". The following passage from the Bible illustrates just how clearly aggressive force was used as a means to an end against "infidels" or people of a different persuasion:



And I saw Heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The World of God. And the armies which were in Heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean. And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron: and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. (Revelations 19:11-16)

Just as it could hardly have been in the interests of religion to free human beings, so much stronger was the endeavor to control irrational longing and bind them to the social model ("Work and Pray"). If people had recognized their own longing in what they considered to be God - a longing which portrayed itself as God and was perceived in accordance with their own images - instead of recognizing God Himself, then they would scarcely have allowed themselves to be used for the social purposes of their rulers; social purposes which their rule always made clear in connection to the collectively authorized God. Any other way people would not have been capable of feeling content in linking the claims to an explanation made by their naive longing so simplistically to social goals.



The Second Seal

And the more you yourself are barren, without form, and ignorant of all things, the nearer you come to it. It can only be seen in blindness, in non-recognition, without form or sound or the power of reason. God is born in nothingness ...

Meister Eckehart

It almost seems like we have experienced the birth of a new world view today - or at least, an expansion of the ideological framework of our images. Now we need to complete it by integrating a greater part of reality into our consciousness. But on closer examination we see that even the Age of Aquarius, quick to receive praise, has led to no great change in consciousness up to now. What is remarkable, however, is that the self-appointed founders of meaning - the great religious institutions - have lost their charismatic shine. Their former monopoly in salvation must now be shared with doctrines stemming from other cultures, as well as with the esoteric self-experience movements wildly springing up everywhere today. Human beings are trying to get closer to their own essence through conscious and heightened perception and feeling. Now and then it all

seems a bit odd when the contemporary enlightened participants in self-experience workshops set about understanding - at breath-taking pace - exactly the same divine plans they considered incredibly laughable in religious instruction. We cannot simply let go of our self-created images of God so easily. The current epidemic of self-awareness courses transforms the old patriarchal images of God merely into "Great Mother Deities," or some other variation in tune with the times. In late antiquity, no large city was without a temple to Mithras or Isis where someone could be initiated into the secrets of the mysterious. Yearnings have merely exchanged ritualistic vehicles. Thus, they now swoop down on the broom of self-experience - the new cult of Goddesses, or some other supposedly esoteric manifestation of the age - into the deep well-chambers of primal mothers in order to discover the inner secrets; to tear the veil from hidden mysteries and find self-awareness ...

But one thing always remains the same: Evil is repressed and projected onto others, and the negative imprints of one's own self are concealed both from the self and others. Their causes are not confronted, and because we may not be so stupid in this era of psychological self-awareness to successfully deceive darkness and the shadow quality within us, it must suffice to give it a false name. We call it blindness or unconsciousness, and link it to that negative aspect of a spiritual condition having completeness or wholeness as its counterpart. This means we assume that Evil is the deviation from Good and that it can be overcoming through knowledge and consciousness-raising. At the same time, we do not notice that these esoteric models are exactly the ones in which the real and true Devil lies, for they suggest that the dawning of consciousness is the death of the Devil.



The Third Seal

Were human beings to strive for self-perfection instead of attempting to save worlds, and were they to strive for inner freedom instead of striving to free the world - how much would have been done for the true liberation of humanity!

Unknown

The fight against Evil by religion, esoterics and politicians is absurd. For it never brings forth Good, and Evil becomes dressed up in the clothes of Good. Is it worth fighting Evil at all? On one hand, all struggles against external enemies, witches, Jews, criminals, gays and Gypsies - or even against drugs - have proved only one thing: the more you fight against them, the more things remain the same. On the other hand, this definitely has a meaning - if only a hidden one. Thus the church, for example, only evoked its repressed shadow in the form of the Devil in order to legitimize itself in the fight against Evil, whilst aggressively - and at the same time without recognizing the fact - acting out Evil repressed in itself and destroying supposed Evil as a means of doing apparent Good. This only goes to show that every form of existence is tied inextricably to its repressed shadow - the Devil. He helps to bring spiritual balance to existence whilst existence fights against him. This is the case when Evil is legitimized in order to effect Good.

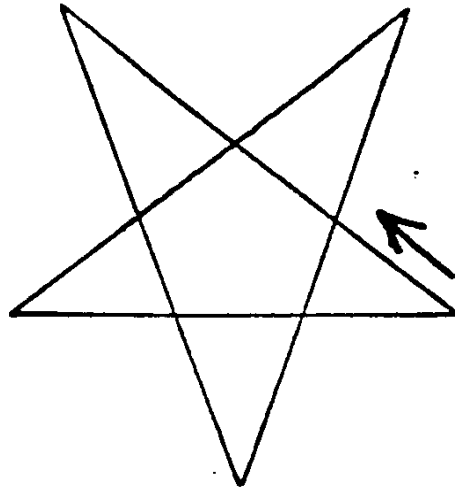
Above all else, we learn just how relative Good and Evil are today through our contact with nature. For as long as human beings have existed, they have regarded nature in all its unpredictability and destructive power as the greatest challenge to its survival. On one hand, this means subjugating it; on the other, this means worshipping it. But the situation has changed dramatically in the meantime. Today the reverse is true, and instead of people requiring protection from nature, nature needs to be protected from human beings. It is ultimately clear why patriarchy had to fight and destroy the instinctive character of human beings so mercilessly in the guise of law and order. It is not that it was more evil or cruel than other forms of government, but that its demand for stability, security and continuity from a cannibalistic nature, with its own cycles of devouring and being devoured, would have blown the cover and exposed patriarchy as a repression of drives

and hostility towards sex (misogyny) if this instinctive character had not been repressed and projected outwards where it could be fought so relentlessly. Whilst the patriarchs persecuted everything in the world beyond their own control and falling within the rule and knot of instincts, they made sure that these drives and instincts survived secretly in aggressive outbursts against "Evil." Because the struggle against Evil was always directed against the "enemies" of the patriarchs, a contribution to the stabilization of their own rule was achieved as an immediate result.

It is also clear that the Devil is the other side of God; an aspect which must live in the shadow so that the other can continue to bask in light. Both aspects are mutually dependent, and it is not - as Schiller would have it - "the curse of the evil act that it must give birth continuously to the effect of Evil," but the pattern of one which necessitates and balances out the pattern of the other. Good is not simply good and Evil is not just evil, for both vary considerably according to the point of view of the person who makes the judgement. What is Good for one is Evil to this person's enemy - at least for so long as the person remains an enemy. Conversely, the fascination for Evil only remains a fascination in so far as we do not recognize its connection to Good. In the repression of Evil, we are helping it - whether we want to or not - to achieve cult proportions which correspond less to its real nature as Evil than to the fact that it distances us from ourselves; that it reminds us of the undiscovered from outside ourselves. Indeed, it is an "infernal" thing that, because it is the undiscovered part of ourselves, we feel consciously repelled by that which unconsciously attracts us by means of all our repressions. But it attracts us only for as long as we do not recognize it in ourselves. The cult of Satan, with all its shimmering expressions, consequently has no intrinsically negative or destructive significance, but rather, is simply an inversion of the official Christian position: a revolutionary act against the ruling powers and, at the same time, so irreconcilably connected to the struggle that one would be almost inclined to dismiss it as insignificant if it did not conceal the unconscious endeavor for totality beneath its exaggerated bias. Humanity falls victim to its own polarizing intellectual traps; that is, it "estranges itself from those things it does not want to see in itself." For if we really saw what was in ourselves, then we would have to analyze all models which try to suggest to us that we have identified with what we have learnt to recognize as ourselves. Because all these models are the things which hold our world together anyway, not only would the infrastructure of the whole world break apart as a result, but we would lose our own identity as well. However, if we become conscious just once that our identity is not simply what we consider ourselves to be, but always that part in us which simultaneously distances us from all other existing parts, then we get close to what the Grand Inquisitor meant in Dostevsky's "Brothers Karamasov" when he said to Jesus: "We will be forced to lie."

To express it a little cynically: anyway, there is no need to lie at all because the truth is always a part of the lie - not because it is untrue, but because it is only half of an unrealized totality which we may never see without the disintegration of a whole world view which, being built upon the polarities of Good and Evil, must constantly polarize. It is natural, therefore, that it is fragmentary and imperfect! For virtually no completeness is to be expected from a model which must always mobilize one part of the self in support against the other.

It is therefore only consistent when, on one hand, holy women purify the world with crystals whilst soldiers, on the other hand, poison the Earth and reduce it to desert for years to come. If someone asked Advocatis Diaboli which one of the two sides is a shade nearer to cosmic harmony, he would probably reply that both are just as distant from it; because both exaggerate their share of the truth.



The Fourth Seal

*Me - Brahman - besmirch no deeds, for me there are still wishes once the harvest is over.
Who so recognizes me is by deeds not bound. All roads find their end in knowledge.
Even if you are the greatest wrongdoer of all those who are evil, you will cross all Evil
alone in the boat of knowledge.*

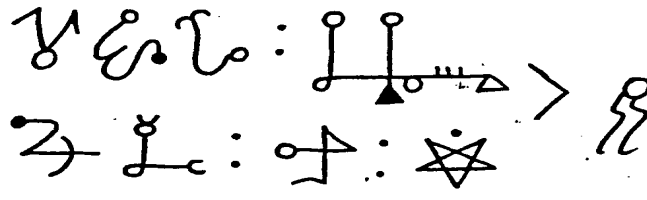
Bhagavadgita

The esoteric is no longer aligned to external things, but to inner feeling instead. He or she strives for inner understanding: the highest law in itself. It calls to break out and discover all the halls of realization in existence. The esoteric sets out to feel alive and bring life in accord with the eternal. He or she is occupied with the understanding of cosmic interrelationship and regularity: wholeness, karma, harmony of the spheres, and so forth. But the idea of achieving cosmic consciousness is also just a result of the human character wanting to portray itself within the framework of its own image and thereby confirm itself. Just as logically, this path leads less to an experience of God than to an identification of varying intensity with collective religious models which must then be defended in a game of shadow-boxing against the other models. At work behind this is a psychological mechanism of compulsion which the self hides from itself under the delusion of recognizing the truth. Over a short period of time, the consciousness would like to remove all barriers, dissolve all old patterns, leave behind all superseded relationships, create contact with the higher self, realize its full potential, understand the divine plan and find its own destiny. In spite of all this, the thing which remains hidden is that neither an experience of consciousness nor an understanding of God is realized in this act; only the effect of a grandiose self-portrayal which inflates the ego.

In this sense, every spiritual or esoteric person is a new version of the old temple priest who took the creation of his inner image of God into his own hands. They manifest the

craving to dedicate an inner picture of their longing for God and "dispatch it into the world" so that, having found it "outside," they can again reflect it back into the soul. And because they constantly find a knowledge which they themselves can in no way comprehend, but one which they instinctively believe in because it arouses their inner longing, they happily identify with roles related to consciousness raising. They are eager, therefore, to find an expanded horizon of consciousness for their fellow human beings as well. It does not concern knowledge in the real sense of the world, but rather, "making knowledge secure." Every expansion of consciousness requires a fixed spiritual point from which to take off.

Manifesting itself in this type of process to find meaning is the unconscious intention to find "outside" what is really sought within. In fact, people alone are the creators of their god, whilst not wanting to admit - reminded of themselves from a distance - that they are only looking for themselves in a creation of their own. The leitmotif of their search for understanding is solely and purely in the security of memory. Their own creation springs merely from the longing to constantly live with that which they naturally always "find," for they only have memory - and yielded from this is a meaning to life that lies solely in the search itself. What people get from this state of need and term "God" is really only a self-created image, for they cannot remember God (anymore). And what they epitomize as a goal, basically reveals only the intention as a self-devised need to create. Finding is the specific form of seeking.



The Fifth Seal

If one man committed a thousand deadly sins and were sound in constitution, he should not wish that he had not committed them. A good man should align his will to the will of God so that everything he wants is that which God wants. I do not wish that I had not committed any sins because, in a sense, God wants me to have sinned. And that is true repentance.

Meister Eckehart

Our eternal endeavor to find the world as we unconsciously want to see it puts us at the mercy of the inventory of our individual imagination, which determines the sum total of our world view. And because the image of guilt time and again plays a great role in our religious conception ("And the serpent said unto the woman. Ye shall not surely die: For God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be as gods knowing good and evil." Genesis, 3:4-5), it has to be realized that we often see punishment in life as having arisen from the endeavor to become like God by means of the serpent's temptation.

By no means in the very least, patriarchal monotheism is based upon the obsessive idea

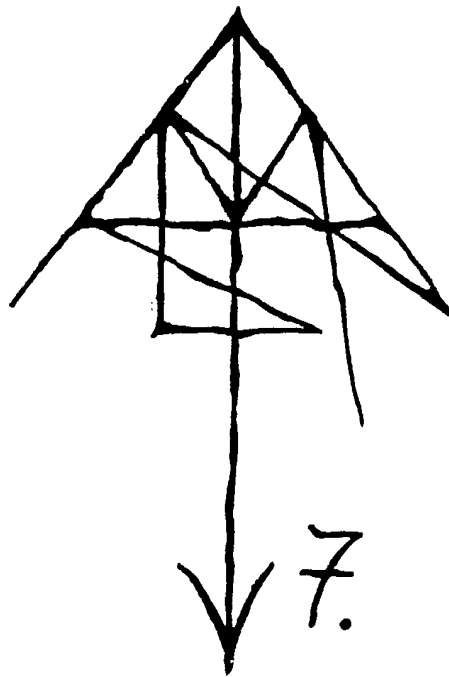
that Eve must be despised for this false move. And because all life pours out of the body of the mother, it was necessary for the concept of original sin to come into play in order to give some flesh to life's guilt. For millenia, this concept served to bedevil drives and instincts - true insanity in the unconscious repression of guilt. Whilst the sinful womb of the mother infected its own fruit with Evil, each child had to be washed clean of sin - hardly brought upon itself - through a priestly act of atonement (baptism) immediately after birth.

The baptismal ritual corresponds to the collective desire for psychological transformation. But this can only really be fulfilled in death: in life we are content with what Schopenhauer described as "the negation of the will to live." This could contain the explanation for why we destroy the foundations of our life on one hand, and on the other, let God the master speak to us; why we should be obedient and good and destroy only Evil, for we would have to roast in Hell otherwise! We get a sense of our contradictory reactions only when we recognize that we seek Hell as well as Heaven as a means of redeeming ourselves through punishment from unredeemed corporeality. We must truly earn our punishment! Because we do not want to acknowledge this, however, we have to simultaneously hide it from ourselves whilst, out of fear of punishment, suppressing aggression and still ensuring its certain survival.

Only by recognizing a reason for the destruction we cause, can we then also recognize that we are seeking the punishment for life in everything we do: for the naked fact that we are born into life. Suffering always flows to destruction. We live in a world where the mind works toward tyranny whilst suppressing instinctive character; whereby hate is born into the world out of contempt for instincts, and in turn, reproduces contempt for the woman's body in order to continue turning the wheel of generations. In such a world is found the "sum of human knowledge" reached at the end of the wisdom of people who now want to annihilate themselves in a love which is reconciled to instinctive character in death.

We are fixated on our own suffering, under the spell of which we immediately feel sorry for ourselves, whilst not noticing that it is directly through this behavior that our unfulfilled character traits come true. The aim of each path of initiation is to look for what we are. Because we do not conceive that the real goal is not to discover what we are, but rather, to discover the preconditions for why we cannot learn and experience what we are (because we really acknowledge only the image shimmering towards us out of the human imagination in what we want to be), all self-knowledge therefore leads us in fact away from the path of seeking. All we ever find then are the preconceptions which lie within our capacity to imagine - therefore, within the inventory of consciousness which constellates our imagination of the world.





The Sixth Seal

The world is exactly not that thing which our rational, experimental methods ensure: namely, a three dimensional construction transparent right down to the discernible chemical substances and measurable forces which are subject to change in the fourth dimension of time. The world is everything as it reveals itself in all paradoxical contrasts.

Unknown

Aristotle's logical axioms, the basis of Western thinking for more than two thousand years, are not just the safe foundation upon which our world view is based, but also the price paid for this security. They establish the high walls of rational science which exclude everything not capable of being incorporated into the laws of logic. They act as a filter for our knowledge by picking out everything that cannot be defined through form and matter, or movement and goal. Plato, on the other hand, set out from the basis that in the visible object we can only recognize that which corresponds to our idea of this object - i.e. the information or conception we carry concerning the object encountered. Thus, we can conclude that our consciousness only recognizes our learned experience in the object, and that we are merely recognizing ourselves in the recognition of the object, or, more specifically, our perspective in regard to this object. Seen from this angle, the model of natural scientific knowledge is also just "a lifetime's imagination" - except it is seen from the perspective of science. Everything that we understand in our looking at the world is a conception of truth, an illustration of reality which is dependent upon laws which we ourselves have created.

Here, the imagination already rules reality, and many seekers believe that the conception merely expresses the reality. But how can the conception express reality if it does not know what reality is? Therefore, the creative effort is not to be recognized in the scientific endeavor to understand nature, but rather, at most, in the human delusion of creating images, and of simultaneously considering these self-created images as a symbol of the eternal. In this the circle closes up once more.



The Seventh Seal

Human beings can do what they want; but they can never want what they want.

Arthur Schopenhauer

Starting out from the assumption that everything we shape in the world is first an image in ourselves, the desire for self-knowledge expresses itself simultaneously in the desire to shape the world. We have to question our inner pattern if we want to understand the world in which our own inner pitfalls and dangers await us. So, too, could we learn to see our own shadow.

The shadow is not just wherever you identify, personalize and stigmatize it; it is also exactly where you do not see it because you are supposedly doing Good. This is why the shadow is not just found in the burning of witches, the massacres of the Third Reich, or in the atrocities of a military regime. It merely comes to light there. It hides itself more eloquently in charity and in the benefactors of modern society: for example, in economic systems which are based upon the compulsion to grow and are therefore hostile to life at the most fundamental level of their inner structure.

Under the pretext of progress, we have awakened the dormant, elemental force in the atom and bestowed Nobel Prizes by the dozen upon its discoverers. Today, we give the term "Evil" to that which is neither Good nor Evil, but is simply nothing more than a continuation of the primal drive within a child to destroy a teddy bear in order to find out what it looks like inside. It is a convulsive endeavor for progress which forces we human beings to constantly keep developing, even if the development leads to a dead end. This endeavor develops its own dynamic, pushing us out beyond the borders of the present and into the no man's land of the future. And because the principle of rapid progress corresponds to the principle of people's inner development, we may not call this principle into question without suffering the penalty - even when confronted by the shadow of progress. There is logic in what is happening, even if it means the end. Loss and destruction would not be the risks of progress if they were not already invested in human behavior as such. Whether we want to believe it or not, human development is unimaginable without risk and destruction. The horrific threat of a technology which has the potential to annihilate all life if it were to fall in the wrong hands, triggers off long

forgotten primal fears anew. This is the price of progress, of the atom bomb and test-tube humans; the price to pay for the computer which makes human beings superfluous; for the digital dreams of virtual realities as they slowly penetrate into the real world; for a genetic technology which causes people to grow up as cardboard cut-out products from an embryo supermarket where brains are saved, programmed and directly interfaced with one another in order to protect global group interests; for needs which provide for themselves via a screen and simulate everything under the sun. We have turned from being the viewers of a drama of creation into its directors who dramatize the inner images of their own creations - a trauma from Dante's Inferno, but one which does always bear the possibility of spiritual realization. For we understand not from the lust for knowledge; rather, knowledge is the one experience from which to learn the conditions and basis of our self-deception and ride ourselves of its preconditions. The wish to gain knowledge is the desire for salvation and for liberation from oneself. The inner fears are there to be cast into a visible shape, and this is the only way to act them out. The acting out determines the failure, and the failure is the way of understanding your own specter. Understanding comes with failing, and at the same time, this alone is the goal which lies in failure. The fate we encounter outside ourselves is always an impetus for healing, a process of development in finding our own center and realizing the wholeness of ourselves. If we do not willingly accept what wants to be realized in ourselves, it will force itself upon us nevertheless. Of course, this sort of fulfillment of destiny is not particularly pleasant. Compulsion and a loss of grip lead us to make urgent repairs more quickly than a smooth run. And in this we understand the wisdom of fate: crises, illness and catastrophe not only bring about honesty - because they are the effects of our own actions - but perfection too, because they bring to the world just about every part of the self we are unable to see. Das Schicksal, das uns von außen trifft, ist immer auch ein Anstoß zur Heilung, ein Entwicklungsprozeß, um die eigene Mitte zu finden und um die Ganzheit unseres Selbst zu verwirklichen. Denn wenn wir das, was in uns selbst verwirklicht werden will, nicht freiwillig annehmen, dann wird es uns aufgezwungen. Natürlich ist diese Art der Schicksalserfüllung nicht besonders angenehm. Zwang und Reibungsverluste setzen jedoch eher, als es ein glatter Verlauf vermöchte, die notwendigen Reparaturarbeiten in Gang. Und darin erkennen wir die Weisheit im Walten des Schicksals: Krisen, Krankheiten und Katastrophen machen nicht nur ehrlich, weil sie die Auswirkungen unserer eigenen Handlungen sind, sondern sie machen auch vollständig, weil sie eben auch jenen Teil unserer selbst in die Welt bringen, demgegenüber wir in unserem Inneren blind sind.

So wrote Steve M., dead at 35 years of age, in closing off his farewell letter: "Well, because I got AIDS I learned to love myself as I really am and to look truth in the eye;" and his statement culminated in accepting his own destruction: "... and that was worth the experience ...". In this confession lies not only an act of great self-knowledge, but also the overruling of one's own end; a spiritual struggle which is so closely connected to the structure of human development that you could almost believe that light can only exist in the face of shadow!



V "Der Hohepriester" (The Hierophant). H. R. Giger 1992, pen drawing and airbrush from the picture cycle "The Oracle of the Underworld".

Suddenly the tumult fell away to silence and I saw the temple illuminated as clear as day.

In the midst of it, as if having grown directly out of the floor, sat the Devil upon five death skulls looking at me perniciously with half-closed eyes. He was a shimmering green color and bore a torch between his horns as a sign of holy revelation; flames shot out from his eyes. I could not withstand his gaze without my own eyes burning up. I felt

that I had to die if I forced myself. He had woman's breasts and wore the sign of motherhood. Suddenly the breasts turned out to be the heads of two demons, messengers from the realm of the dead, harbingers not of life but death, each holding a mirror in its hand. I saw my own face, but I had shrunk to a small, fiery dot. Having seen him once more personified before me, it was as if he swung to and fro between his body and my own. Observing myself from outside, I felt him at last growing inside my eyes like a

seed. His head shrank into a tiny ball, then in the next moment flashed all the more overpoweringly out of its dwarfishness; it elongated, stretched, buckled and transformed into a goat's head, such as the one worshipped by the ancient people of Mendes as a Goat-

God in cult sex. Then a sonorous voice was heard to say:

"You, my son, can encounter the truth if you recognize that the game of life is only a cover for truth and reality, a game which exists on a timeless plane. It is said that everything living is caught in the web of Lilith. Only those whom God simultaneously

loves and hates can be successful in seeing themselves in the shroud behind which the truth of life is concealed. Sexuality is the harness of the She-Devil's chariot of triumph into which human beings are integrated. It is the memory of the state of Paradise, one which they seek to regain through sexual intercourse: this fails, however, because the bond again falls apart and new generations are forever forced into this unredeemed cycle. When the hour comes, the She-Devil will enter you and set fire to your every atom. You are in her, and she is in you; she is the serpent in Paradise who has kept her word, and you are the infernal ego or the human god which destroys itself. God no longer gives birth to the Devil: the Devil begets God!"

Suddenly, I heard a strange crackle above me as if two high voltage units had touched. At the same time I felt as if a serpent-fire had erupted at the base of my spine, and there came a tremendous energy surge. The ethereal, sidereal body of Lilith streamed out of the torch between the horns of the Goat-God: the winged one and the strangler, the whore and vampire, She-God, Medusa of Night and Isis of Hell. She hissed: "I am the power, matter transformed and turned into radiation and I am leading you to the truth. I will penetrate you and set fire to every atom in you. Then, once I have penetrated you, all longing in your flesh will be stilled. You then become like God and recognize Good and Evil. I want to devour you in order to help you find your own mask: for I am the serpent who keeps its word and you, merely a human, were expelled from Paradise by your own God. I have not yet defeated God, but nor have I lost yet. And most important of all: I have not yet capitulated! I am in a state of total war."

Slowly the gates of Hell opened and out flowed a light brighter than a flash. An enormous serpent reared up before me ready to devour me. It was large and beautiful and wound itself around me. The flicker of light fell upon its face and I recognized in it the High Priestess - only a shadow nourished by its own shadow, and yet encircled by a fire emanating from itself and proving that the cherubs shine from all phenomena. I felt that magic poison of love which paralyzes the spirit. My whole body transformed itself into an orgiastic jungle of entrails seized by the desire to be consumed. I tried to tear myself away, but could no more, for my torso already seemed to have become part of the serpent. I felt as if a monster had swallowed me and I was being dragged into the deep. Pharoic death chambers opened up inside my body, within the slimy walls of my stomach: vegetative, insect-like creatures wound around the deepest stratum of my reptilian beginnings. It was the realm of the mother I longed for, the place where bodies returned to fetuses and swam in fetid broths, tremulously waiting to be spat out again by the cyclopean throat of a monster, or in manna-baths of light as unspeakable ecstasy with the Goddess, inexpressible in words.

I was dead and I was born - I felt as if I were both. In the midst of the seraphim's beam I saw all demons and heavenly hosts praise God before the throne. Baphomet radiated a white aura of light on the throne. I simply sank into him (or him into me?), for the encounter with him proved that I was now ready to descent into the darker shafts and lift the Medusa head into the light. From the torch between my horns, in a beam of light pointed at me, shone the heavenly image of the inner seductress. The ethereal form of my feminine counterpart lit up: Black Isis; no mirage this, but a real, mind-bending form which, in the fire of fusion, lit an intra-cellular blaze as it broke out from my Chakra-crown. She sat upon my lap and looked at me in such heavenly, orgiastic rapture that the coiled serpent awoke from my coccyx and, thoughts of alchemical fusion coming to

mind, my spine began to swing. A deep crack of thunder rent the air and made the earth tremble, and the sky became as bright as day. Right in front of me, as if having grown out of the soil, a moldy, wooden pillar jutted from the earth. It almost reached the heavenly spheres and had the crossbeam of a crucifix on top. The curtain in the temple tore apart, but it was the serpent and not the Devil who rose upon the cross and spoke: "When I once promised you the truth if you would kneel down and worship me, you refused because you thought that you wanted to be cleverer than me. But in your satanic cleverness you have destroyed the world! Because you were unable to notice the movement of life, your satanic cleverness hindered you in becoming the truth yourself. You put something else - your image of truth - in its place. And since every truth was nourished by you, like all truths, it again became a poor imitation of this image: an image of an image referring to and having been derived from the first image. Such images serve as an escape from the fear of life so that you bind yourself to them by your own free will and place the spirit in chains. But I am the power itself that binds human beings to their images - I am the mistress of images! But you are the slave of my power for so long as you do not recognize yourself. Those who desire to free themselves from their own specter must deny themselves to me. I am the spirit of knowledge by whose erasure human beings elevate themselves above the image of their God ..." I had no idea where my hallucination ended and where reality began. But I could clearly smell the odors of Hell! A breath of reality clasped by insanity crept over my face. This reality was perversity congealed in one moment; I was enormously startled as it presented itself to me for the first time naked as lusting otherness, not concealing itself behind the hustle and bustle of everyday life and the omnipresence of habit - a dreadful mistake, for the "derby" of mankind is simply run in Hell. I saw the Black Isis surface before me: the angel of Hell who sucks in human beings with her serpent's kiss. She sat on my lap hissed: "This is the Devil's pact! This brings you security because you are binding yourself to an image, giving you such certitude that you even expect your desires to become reality. But this is a false conclusion! For even a feeling becomes a dead image, no matter how true and thus coherent. It is mummified! And all this prevents life, because it is happening through a fear for God, because it occurs out of fear and not a love for God. Now kiss me! Realize that I am your God, your father! Do not punish the Devil for the fact that you are not capable of really loving God!" We gave ourselves the kiss of life, probably the most terrible union in which two pairs of lips ever melted into one. A serpent wound out of her mouth and hissed: "We are trying to hinder the development of God's spirit with an image that we ourselves have created. Yet He overcomes us in the end, for our image collapses and we realize our crisis. This is the experience of our guilt!"

A tremendous flash erupted - it was a sign! This was the divine password. The rope! Where was the saving rope? Despairing, I stretched out my arms towards the sun. There! A glitter, quite faint at first, then becoming brighter - the savior, Noah's Ark, the shimmering cross. Longingly, I raised my arms and prayed to the father: "Satan, have mercy upon my wretchedness and redeem me from my guilt!"

All of a sudden, an appalling brightness broke through a crack in the middle of the heavens. Glistening chasms of light, naked and desparate, falling to the Earth in apocalyptic greed, swelling again and again, surging back, filled with hatred and constantly becoming inflamed. Inside, as in a cosmic vision, appeared the shroud of Christ yet bearing the face of Satan. I then saw a dark face outlined in the sky. It drew

closer as though it wanted to devour Heaven and Earth, creating deep shudders. It looked at me with strange sphinx-like eyes that had no lashes: "I am the Demon," proclaimed the phenomenon solemnly. "I am the spirit, the golden calf - the truth you called for. Yes, it is me, the mistress of the world and I forgive you for all your sins if you kneel down and pray!"

I felt that I had come to the end of my search. And there, I kneeled down and laid my head in her lap: "Mother, in your hands I command my spirit!"

The Horned God

As much as I implored the double-headed one, he never revealed himself to me. I never beheld the carbuncle. It may be so that the one whose neck has not been wrenched violently back by the Devil will never behold the stairway of light on the continual path to the land of the dead. The one who wants to ascent must first step down. Only then can what is below turn into what is above.

Gustav Meyrinck

Baphomet is the donkey-headed cult figure of the Knights Templar; the goat of the sabbath in medieval sorcery whose origin is unknown. In early representations he is usually depicted elevated upon a throne or a three-legged stool surrounded by ecstatic women. Theodore Reuss - an innovative Freemason around 1900, founder and Grand Master of the O.T.O. (Ordo Templi Orientis), and the one responsible for the initiation of Rudolf Steiner into the Freemasons - mystified Baphomet as an androgenous creature consisting of the substance of all elements, and at the same time, one whose quintessence is "the manifestation or reflection of world creation from the breath of the heavenly dome." Helena P. Blavatsky saw in Baphomet an extra-sensory spiritual essence, a psychic force field and, in terms of her own "spiritual magic," a cabalistic tool of great power. In a number of magic circles and witchcraft groups today, he is worshipped as a primal source of ecstatic obsession and instinctive masculinity. In clerical pamphlets targeted against medieval occultism, Baphomet is found alongside the usual distortions of early heathen symbolism. In these, it is asserted that occultism is the bacillus of the Devil infecting people with visions of secrecy and power and thereby placing them under the spell of Evil. All sorts of secret rites and black masses, as well as devil worship extending down to human sacrifice, appear under this shroud of secrecy and darkness. The behavior of satanic priests and many followers of witchcraft itself today is just as exaggerated and laughable as the approach adopted through medieval and modern witch hunts. They elevate Baphomet to the status of the "one and only" ancient God. But this is ludicrous as he is neither the enemy of God nor God himself. Viewed historically, he has been represented since the middle ages as a conglomeration of various horned deities depicted in a multitude of myths and cultures.

The ancient Egyptians alone knew as many as five different horned deities. These were the ram-headed Harsaphes and Chnum; the cow-headed Hathor, wife of Horus; Anukus, who has the horns of a gazelle; and Amun or Ammon, the ruler of Gods, who was the eldest son of the Pharaohs and possessed ram's horns. The Celts had their horned god

Cernunnos, and the Icelanders their Heimdall possessing a powerful horn concealed under the Yggdrasil. Even the medieval Faust encountered a flying stag with great horns and fangs which wanted to cast him into the abyss he feared so much. Various manifestations of horned creatures were extremely popular among the Greeks as well. The satyrs were goat-shaped fertility demons and the vulgar, lusty attendants of the orgiastic Dionysus. They fought intoxicated here and there in forest and field, and drunkenly played a variety of tricks on human beings. And then there was Amalthea, the she-goat in Greek mythology who nursed Zeus in a cave. She was also believed to be the mother of Pan, who she raised along with Zeus, Pan, the somewhat lascivious and covetous god with the horns and feet of a goat, is himself associated with Banebdjet, the Egyptian god of Mendes.

Since Christianity achieved spiritual predominance throughout Europe in the early middle ages, the horned natural deity, which had a firm place in human mythology in a number of forms and under various names, gradually took on an entirely different character. In the true sense of the word, it was "bedevilled," for the Devil - originally envisaged as a serpent - was furnished in the middle ages with horns and the feet of a goat. And so the playful, tranquil, exotic, archaic, but elegant, horned natural deity which populated the whole Earth with its immeasurable potency vanished into the depths for many centuries to come. Its renaissance in the late Middle Ages among the beliefs of the Templars remained an interlude which wound up in the torture chambers of the Inquisition. The Horned God has followed true to its praying Christian master since as a darker shadow from the deep and distant past. But he is nothing less than the other side of light which must remain hidden from himself in the shadow. But not without resurfacing all the more potently in the return of the repressed. The Horned God, Baphomet, is the Janus-headed god who unites an inward view with an outward glance in a dual perspective:

I am the Devil who has overcome polarity by having looked God in the eye and found the inner truth. I am from a world which foundered a millennia ago and I have written the scripts for the first person to read these lines. For I am the last of a self-destroying culture which has left a message for the first individual of a new culture to arise.

Baphomet: "The Light of Hell", unpublished material

The Magical God

Baphomet is a psychic force field, an energy tied to the dark and the unfathomable. This energy vibration in the unconscious acts as a spiritual adhesive, so to speak, uniting us to a fascination for the unknown which, by-passing our consciousness, we project upon the external world. We then succumb to its reflections in the whirl of events outside. Seen from a psychological perspective, this is an irrational state, a sense of longing devotion to the undiscovered and the unacknowledged within us. But this mysterious and disordered level of experience is not Evil! It comes as no coincidence that there is a lit torch between the horns of Baphomet or his multifarious mythological derivations. This undoubtedly serves as a sign of spirituality which, in accordance with human nature, is visualized most easily as light. On the spiritual plane, Baphomet is equated with Hermes or the Hermes pretender in Greek mythology: the guide for the soul's journey from this life to the next; the advocate of the damned who moves within the realm of shadows with alacrity and acuity. He is also the one who is concealed within matter, or the imprisoned world-

creating spirit. Hermes himself says in his alchemistic rosary: "I bring forth light, but the darkness belongs to my nature." (Lucifer, the Devil's nickname, originates from Church Latin. It actually means "bearer of light": Latin "lux" for "light" and "ferre" - "to bear.") The horned Pan is in turn a son of Hermes. His facial expression is sly for he knows that the shadow of light is expressed through the Devil. Time and again we find in people's imagination of the Devil those very things the world does not in fact want to see in itself.

In ancient mystical cults, the realm of the shadow took the form of a number of gods. It appears as Pan/Pangenitor/Panphage, the generator and destroyer of all things; as Archon, the animal-headed god of sex and death; as the reptilian god Jehova; as the Canaanite Baal-Zeebub, the Lord of the Flies; as Thanateros and the goat of sabbath; even as the Egyptian god Seth, who is equated with Shaitan or Satan. And so, too, belongs her Abraxas or Xnoubis (Chnubis), the manifold god who is both Good and Evil because he corresponds to an ancient, gnostic Manichaeic conception which unites the dark and the light aspects into a single image of God. First and foremost, the Manichaeans believed that the world originated from a blend of God and the Devil (God gave human beings the soul and the Devil provided the body). Aleister Crowley, the modern prophet of the Shadow God, writes of him: "He rejoices in the rugged and the barren no less than in the smooth and the fertile. All things equally exalt him. He represents the finding of ecstasy in every phenomenon, however naturally repugnant; he transcends all limitations; he is Pan; he is All." (Crowley, Aleister, "The Book Of Thoth", U.S. Games Systems, Stamford CT, 1991, p. 106.)

The Reflected God

In this book, Baphomet is the symbol of the shadow; the repressed or that which has been "estranged from itself," something nearer to human beings than all else because it is a part of them and must, therefore, remain "the Devil we don't know" - at least until human beings recognize themselves in it.

But how dare you want to understand the part of you conceived in me as your own mystery. If you watch yourself for the first time as your awakening spirit looks over your shoulder at you, then you can sense how that part of you in me has become far too small. The daughter of my spirit is your mirror image and, like all mothers, I hate my likeness. For I am Ishtar, the goddess of love and war. I am Shiva-Kali, the creative phallus and destructive goddess. I am anima mundi, the world spirit, or simply the Grand Mother. You are the offspring who flees from the womb of the spirit, who wants to be received by the spirit in order to regain renewed that which has been "estranged from itself" for what it really is: in reality, a part of itself. For just one moment our thoughts are wholly united. We wrap our arms around each other, hold one another tight, and this, the first kiss, is only the beginning of a hunger which was born just to be all the more dead. But whilst you are overcoming death, you are also living the death - the one that kills me! The one side must lose so that the other can understand, and just as death loses in the beginning of life, so is life the future death born of the mother. But so does death lose its horror, transforming itself, in spite of people's narrow-minded fear, into that godly and diabolical true individual being. And so one half of yourself falls away as if it never existed, creating the impression that the unfettered spirit returns to light out of the pitch black of living death. Its resurrection demands a triumphal return of the sun to Valhalla.

And thus spoke Baphomet as he emerged from nothingness and, in the form of the daughter of primal chaos, the cosmic mother, lured the dreamer into the deep: To be sure, we must die back into the shell in order to be reborn in the ego. But the danger always accompanies us that the resurrection of our true spirit, the light of incarnation, will be drowned in the immeasurable darkness of nothingness. The threads of our lives are tied - oh! - too closely to the tongue, and our foul words are not to be silenced. However, in the endless expanse rules a whisper which preserves the silence, an emptiness looking into which makes you feel dizzy and through which lights feel their way shamefully toward the infinite.

We sense the hues of Baphomet's thought in Thomas de Quincey when he writes: Opium ... that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges: - thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxitele - beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos: and from the anarchy of dreaming sleep, callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the dishonors of the grave.

(de Quincey, Thomas, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater", 1822, in "Un Mangeur d'Opium", 1976, trans. Charles Baudelaire, *Langages Etudes Baudelairiennes*, vols VI-VII, a la Baconnière-Neuchaâtel, p. 101)

The Self Recognizing God

He embodies the two aspects of a single face which simultaneously penetrate and intersect one another, always taking on new form like the reflection in a kaleidoscope:

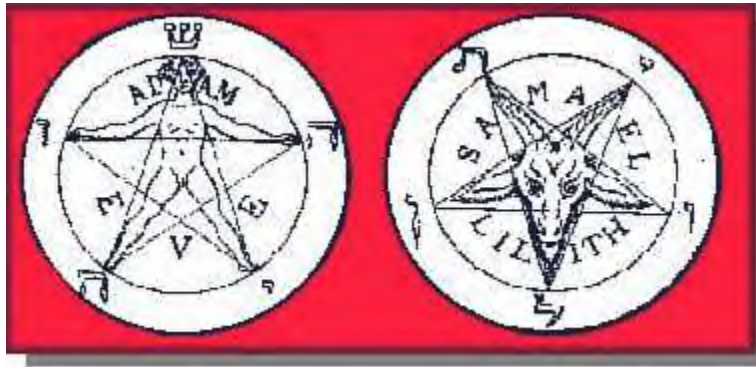
The breaking through the barriers of perception is the highest goal of a bicephalous recognition which sees both inside and beyond its own vision. From the moment when human beings have crossed this threshold, you can look at the act of seeing and understand the inner truth which lies behind outer images. You cross the threshold and, unchallenged, by-pass the masks and projections which oppose you on the material level. The goal is the true nucleus in all its forms of manifestation; the endeavor is in entering the dreams and establishing the truth in a state of waking consciousness: for there can be nothing beyond dreams. The dream is the mirror image of the truth in the souls of people; people comprise the frame and the image is the soul itself. If you alter the frame, you can travel to the end of the world - or through it and beyond - just as the ancient mystics did. Having pushed their perceptions beyond their frames, they vanished from the world. Baphomet is the pictorial manifestation of the self-recognizing God who looks himself in the eye, and of the glance which recognizes itself in its own eye. He is the pictorial manifestation of the shadow. He represents the spiritual level by which consciousness breaks through polarities of thought and advances beyond the borders of human conception:

Thus I am the thinking beyond the thought you know, and simultaneously the thought itself. The vitality of knowledge is within me, the models from which you have learned to create the world, and the pattern of change that alters what you have created from this model. Perhaps I seem impersonal to you. However, because they are my energies with which you water the pattern of your imagination, am I not your friend? It is a good thing no matter whether you call me God or Satan. But you may not distance me from yourself;

for I am in you, in every cell, closer than your very breath. Known that I am that known understanding which reveals the seal of human imagination to you - this elixir of darkness.

Baphomet "The Light of Hell"

"The goat on the frontispiece carries the sign of the pentagram on the forehead, with one point at the top, a symbol of light, his two hands forming the sign of hermetism, the one pointing up to the white moon of Chesed, the other pointing down to the black one of Geburah. This sign expresses the perfect harmony of mercy with justice. His one arm is female, the other male like the ones of the androgyn of Khunrath, the attributes of which we had to unite with those of our goat because he is one and the same symbol. The flame of intelligence shining between his horns is the magic light of the universal balance, the image of the soul elevated above matter, as the flame, whilst being tied to matter, shines above it. The ugly beast's head expresses the horror of the sinner, whose materially acting, solely reponsible part has to bear the punishment exclusively; because the soul is insensitive according to its nature and can only suffer when it materializes. The rod standing instead of genitals symbolizes eternal life, the body covered with scales the water, the semi- circle above it the atmosphere, the feathers following above the volatile. Humanity is represented by the two breasts and the androgyn arms of this sphinx of the occult sciences." Levi.



"Let us declare for the edification of the vulgar....and for the greater glory of the Church which has persecuted the Templars, burned the magicians and excommunicated the Freemasons, etc., let us say boldly and loudly, that all the initiates of the occult sciences... have adored do and always will adore that which is signified by this frightful symbol [The Sabbatic Goat]. Yes, in our profound conviction, the Grand Masters of the order of The Templars adored Baphomet and caused him to be adored by their initiates."Levi.