

The Sutra of the Poison Buddha  
vol. IV - *les Mysteres des Houdeaux*

“In the village of Kefr Kilkis, near Hebron, a large body of believers settled after the fall of Jerusalem and buried their dead under inscribed tombstones. These constitute almost the whole corpus of Christian art prior to the Roman Catacombs, and are thus immensely significant. Why are they not more widely known?

Each stone is carved in the rough outline of an angel, sometimes combined with a “Jacob’s Ladder” shape. The symbols include birds and animals, trees and crosses, sun-wheels and variants of the “star out of Jacob,” reminiscent of the Sumerogram for “deity,” a simple shining star. Detached heads and erected phalluses are also seen. Most intriguingly for us, the stones also include many inscriptions – but in an unknown alphabet. Later Jewish magic makes much use of “angelic scripts,” often represented as patterns of stars, and it seems clear that Kefr Kilkis stones must be seen (if never deciphered) in this context. It also seems quite probable that Kefr Kilkis represents a graphic rendition of the glossalia or speaking in tongues described by St. Paul and apparently practiced by all the early Churches as one of the charismata promised by Jesus himself...

We may assume that Kefr Kilkis inscriptions were susceptible of interpretation by the inspired leaders and prophets of the sect. Who can say how much of this material, “revealed by spirits,” Angels, perhaps even by the risen Jesus, might have made its way into the Gospels (which are later than Kefr Kilkis)? The first Christian “book” is unreadable—a true bible of lost dreams, long-forgotten visions that left behind them signs carved in stone, inscribed with stars, and dedicated to the process of becoming an Angel.”

- *Peter Lamborn Wilson, Shower of Stars: The Initiatic Dream in Sufism and Taoism.*

“I am alone: there is no God where I am.”

- *Liber AL vel Legis; II: 23*

“Who told thee, man, that LAYLAH is not Nuit, and I hadit?

I destroyed all things; they are reborn in other shapes.

I gave up all for One; this One hath given up it Unity for all?

I wrenched DOG backwards to find GOD; now GOD barks.

Think me not fallen because I love LAYLAH, and lack LAYLAH.

I am the Master of the Universe; then give me a heap of straw in a hut, and LAYLAH naked! Amen.”

- *Liber CCCXXXIII*

“I await Thee in sleeping, in waking. I invoke Thee no more; for Thou art in me, O Thou who hast made me a beautiful instrument tuned to Thy rapture.”

- *Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli VII: 13*

“We understand the rapture of that shaken marble, torn by the throes of the crowned child, the golden rod of the golden God.”

- *Liberi vel Lapidis Lazuli VII: 5*

“We have a history. For me this realization came as a great Barakah: that in all the seemingly random explorations chaos magicians have taken over the last 30 years, discernable patterns have arisen. And from these patterns, competing modes of thought. Certain works, once examined, actually came as a relief. The touchstone of a shared understanding.”

- *Ryan Valentine commenting on the 23 Nails.*

“Headless Rites ain't quick enough for me, Speed it up with liquor and a joint, Smoke until my brain falls out and gets the point.”

- *Saigon Brothel (Boss Dirge), Hillbilly Hermetics.*

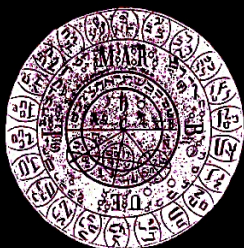


*History of the North American Bardo*  
AN ESOTERIC RECORD OF THE WESTERN CONDITION





## LE CITÉ DES CLÔU FER



*'They came here* from all over, man.

There's the stories of it, the journey into the west, the western lands. All that shit. Most of em' died straight off the boat. Like how God's die though, which ain't rightly dying by the going consensus. And thank your souls for hoodoo, brother. Cuz' in a land of dead gods, Death is King. Him and his Queen, Hot-Kinky-Sex, they fuckin' own that shit. And cuz' all the gods are showing their bones the great old ones is all over that great night of time.

How it was contrived to 'ave the place crawling with stripped-naked goddesses, ain't nobody told me yet. And sure, I know the names I had what before I died here. Adonai, Tammuz, the three Sins. But I don't recall the faces, dig? What with bein' dead and all. So they's just names. Names full of power, mind you. Names what can make yer tongue a terrible weapon. But still just names.

And who fuckin' cares anyways. Here in the Dark Night of the Gods, is Sex and Death.

Maybe they were Silver once, but I doubt it. Its more that the principle of the thing is mercurial, than the Cities is Silver. Didn't matter I guess that they used all that Glass, and Chrome and Copper, cuz the bones of them cities was Iron and in the end Iron always runs red. The machine-cities cast from fire and lead. Their architecture speaks of their Devils quality, their memory of aristocracy and renaissance but it is hidden here, hidden in a Not-Place full of the Not-Life of perpetual machinery. Like refinery fields or the hollow earth of mining towns, it's also a shit-hole, a place of dead things and the refuse of excess. What you feel beneath your feet here is Not-Earth, and in this place you may claim no kinship to it. In these places its the currents within the decaying Iron that sustain you, that shape you into complimentary shapes, so that you may enter into it.

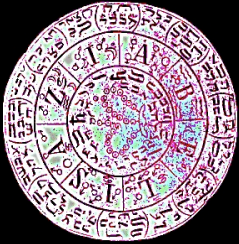
Like Burroughs, you too shall enter into the shit-hole.

Its the human places that matter, the man-made shit. The train stations and the brothels. The cathedrals and the towers. Those are the places you'll find hidden layers of meaning, the ghettos above the haunted shop-streets, and the sweat-shops beneath them. Thats where the real alchemy is goin' down. Fuckin' angels and devils broken down into patch-work cultures, then grown out into shapes terrible and beautiful. Here, everybody is Rick Deckard looking for a skin-job he can love.



Least, that's how you'll see it. So you keep your copper, flip the river-man a dime and tell him to just meander. Those meat-machine shores are built outta souls with a plan. Unless you figure you got yourself a good plan I guess, I myself ain't never been one for plans. I wear my pennies like sunglasses, so the black light don't make me blind.'

- *Psalms of Adoniah Carrefour*



*'The rain hits* the asphalt like steel rods,

and the blacktop shudders under the assault. Looking out of grime-darkened glass from a tower of rotten concrete, the oily rainbow of discarded hydrocarbons lies like a cold sweat on the skin of poisoned flesh.

There's a fever-dream here; a figure slumps in a shop doorway. Sulfurous street-smoke, yellow sodium pall hanging sickly in the air, the shuddering breath of a herbal high, laced with opium-dreams. Afghani canyons and crevices overlaid on the gutters and gulping drains of the second city.

The smoke wraps fine fingers along the nerves and the hook of the dragon's claw slides into the grey matter. Patterns and scarlet-green spangles injecting bright color, mainline metro into a psychedelic terminus.

Hear the sizzle-burn – the joint sputters in a night of rain and the technicolor swirl of engine waste mixes with the low, half-sleeping growl of distant traffic to produce a dishwater sensory cocktail.. There are patterns here, seen from on high, amidst the stench of man's sharp hope turned piss-ripe by the turn of time's wheel.

Form flickers in the dark, and under vaulted ceilings and clattering wheels on rail, the crazed echoes down the infinite tunnels of shadow, the tiny trapped animal within recognizing itself writ large and raging free and full of power.

Monstrous things are born there, within shackled hearts. How long before the docile become the ravaging, an indiscriminate hunger for flesh? The undead crying out for a little life, a little blood, a little heat, a little meat. Cornered, they scream and rage and froth. It's all written in a scarlet arterial Rorschach splatter on a thousand walls.

Steps are taken – extasis – to absorb the scarlet ocean. Bacchanalia. The fluid found in the stunning rain. Its drumming beat, the glorious sharp explosion of artifice. Active-reactive design – the spirochete unwinds, the uncoiling of the serpent of knowledge and delight.

Down and down, hurrying over smoothness that is not metal or flesh. Retrieve. To take it all in – to garland ourselves in long chain polymers, the cracked forms liquefied gods. Civilization was built on the sweat of toil. The black blood of ancients seared and poured and piped to lubricate and drive.

Warm, wet slaps of temperatures more at home in the eras before the last ice-age, the crushed carbon phantoms swoop and dive in the air. Ghostly ancestral creatures set free to remake the world of men, familiar spirits set free from prison by the miracle of combustion. Long-buried antediluvian intelligences, as alien as any extra-terrestrial, yet here long before hairless apes rose up to make war on each other in bloody primate games.

Prophets read cities like books, tracking narratives in graffiti and trash, the lead-borne sacrifices of occult criminal tribes. The polluted seas throw up terrible portents that are dissected, eaten and excreted, then poked with probing minds.'

- *the Melancholy of Brer Rabbit*



*'Austin Spare said,*

“When thoughts dissociate themselves from the correspondences and gradations between contrasting things, they will reform abundantly with new correlatives as emotional content in our resultant processes of re-arrangement. Final representation is an asymmetrical balance... this 'seeing strangely' is the level of our genius.”

Gazing at Metatron's cube I get flashes of the place. Victoriana populated by angels and devils.

Castes and classes, minority rule. Seals grafted into doorknobs and handles with the Names of El Shaddai on them.

In the lower class streets there's the demons, forgotten beggars, whores, crime lords. Each of them stirring in the organic life the city has sprouted for them in the shadows. Opium dens where you can easily hit Kundalini, weird objects and symbols trafficked on an obscure black market.

The upper class being marble, oak and cherry; polished, and burnished copper flickering from door handles contrasting the cast-iron of the streets. Cobblestone roads, dirt roads. Flecks of haunted forests around the city.

I imagine a pack of gypsies brought that infernal circus to town; the nomads that refuse to be nailed down by class, caste, or status at all.

There's your humans and half-humans, 'course. But they compose the middle-class, rebellious and licentious these days.

But I keep catching glimpses into weird rooms that could be alchemy labs, and Metatron's cube always on the doorways above them. Unfolding.

I figure I know where I'd lean toward... fuck the marble and nice wood.

Gimme cast iron and shady deals.

Black-light jungle pathways across a forgotten city. Nature took over, and the dark crawls across sky-scrapers in what looks like Guatemala.

If you look closely you can see the remnants of tribes shifting in group formations across the drifts left by time; streets become hunting-paths for the elk-people.

A burst of light from the corner; it seems they have automatic weapons here. We smile as we watch them, head tilted and sitting on top of a rotting wood bridge. It won't last another year. We should enjoy this.

But we have to remind ourselves that here “time is not.”

Haunted shipyards and a glittering golem of steel against a backdrop of nightfall. See it shoveling forever, and ever. A single task repeated endlessly; the poster-modern life condition of an automaton. That's what we all must look like.

The bare framework for a ship made a century ago, rusting against the salty sea-breeze wind. A ghost of a man standing on a hill, dark and far away—a silent figure against a white beach.

The cries of gulls in the wind; taste of sand, salt, wet-water.

Blinking as the spray catches me while I wander by, moving and yet standing entirely still. If one clears their mind they can catch the dark bits, the edges of the city, a lingering malaise upon the shores.

Out here nature seems more real. Only thick clothing to blot out the cold. I catch a glimpse of her again out of the corner of my eye, words slipping into my ears. "Oh yes, I still love you."

We smile with them, watching them repeat the cycle in the wasteland of the shipyards, my companion and I. "Keep moving," our daemon whispers.

Striding again, towards the sea. There should be a ship in working order somewhere closer to the docks.

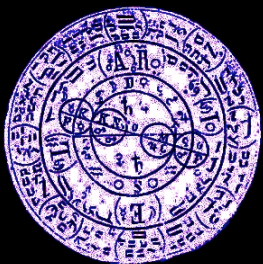
In the Vic, the teenage boys scratch the sigils and seals of Angels in circles around them, whispering words to the nightfall in the forgotten tongues that boil within them. Eyes uplifted towards an uncaring Heaven as a thousand gates twist and unfold, opening within them.

This is Arte; Arte Mageia, the creative and spurious production of sorcery. Outside in the shadows lurk the Feral children, ghost-beings of slain Gods that shift and shape in the urban fold and lead others into the night-side mysteries of Typhon, Set; Apophis and Crowned Horus the Younger.

Time comes to a standstill, a Daemon evoked within the triangle.

A short distance away a Chapel lies dormant, the parishioners not only gone home; but never to return. Inside the decayed walls the smell of mould shivers on the "thin air" of 'Ibn Arabi, the "breathe of Light" called in Sumer—Zidiqu Zidiqu—Dream God of unfathomable ancientness which stirs. Thin air manifesting ghosts and guiding Angels.'

*- the Fever ~ Dreams of Jeremiah Faustus*



Well I had money  
And I had goats to kill  
But the Lord saw fit to curse me  
And my family as well

Well I had sons  
And I had daughters by the score  
But the Lord saw fit to take them  
And I have them no more

*Something about weighing anchor* in these places always gets to me.

Like the harbor floor is hungry almost. Sucks it down right to the chain and doesn't want to let go. It's not a bad town at all, in fact it's given a lot more than it's taken from me that's for sure. It's just not the kind of place you want to visit in the winter. Could be the inch of ice covering everything I touch, or it could be the way the cold air pulls the breath from your lungs like it wants to drag your soul out as well. Some dipshit deck hand is pouring hot water all over the place. "To melt the ice", he says. "Right", I answer, "and what happens when the hot water freezes? Get a pick and clean it off properly before someone fucking kills themselves." First time here I guess, can't blame the poor bastard. Most don't have any idea what this town can do to people. Most don't have any idea what this town can do for them either. One glance up the docks though and all the ice and wind of the world slips behind as I remember the pleasures this place has to offer. There's got to be a decent place to get a drink further from the docks. In fact, there's more than one, but I always recommend the same place.

I pass a few fair weather friends on the walk up the hill. Always those kind around here, they don't go no place. Just kind of pop up when you make port here. It's best just to say hello and keep walking. If you come to town just look for the big top hat sign. Its warm in the Speakeasy, the booze



is good and cheap and the music well, it just can't be beat. I hang my coat up and take a look around. The regulars are here. I see Old Jones at his corner table, good and sauced already. "How's it fare Jones?" I ask grinning. His answer is a flying shot glass that I duck under quickly, mostly cause I know it's coming. "Fuck you!" He yells. I know he always chasing me around, but he can't catch me, old bastard just can't keep up.

Well don't wager  
With the Devil you will lose  
The Lord bet on me and lost  
I'm just the living proof

So here I sit  
Ashes, boils and all  
I can hear the Devil someplace laughin'  
And the Lord looks two feet tall

On stage Blind Bob is playing away as always, belting out one of my favorites, The Trials of Old Job. He is still smiling, but that man is a constant example of just how bad a business deal can go in this town. Who am I to judge to though? The man's got a steady gig, permanent like, and he's the one up there with those lovely dancers not me. I often wonder if Saturday will let him go one of these years. Why would he though? Bob plays every single night and still pulls 'em in.

I stop to drink with Marie. She always knows when I am in town. Has my drinks ready and waiting on the table in front of an empty chair. Shot of rum, and scotch on the rocks. "Come to talk to Saturday?" She asks. "Mmmmm", I answer in to my glass.

Saturday runs two things in this town. The Speakeasy and the ports. We have an arrangement. So if you wander into his place you'd best not just knock on his door. He needs things from me, and I need things from him, without that arrangement it takes a good long time to get on his good side. Just ask Blind Bob about that.

Man, that cigar smell. Hits you in the face as soon as you walk in the door. I love personally it, doesn't bother me none. We go way back Saturday and me, and he goes way back farther than that. He is in town's roots, right to those damp dark places no one wants to look at anymore. He's seen everything that's gone on here. We exchange pleasantries and have a couple drinks and a smoke together. Good conversationalist that Saturday, no dead air and straight to business. Then, it's one more drink with Marie, a few bucks on the stage for Bob, a big fat "fuck you" to Jones and I'm out the door into the cold again.

They say He giveth  
And that He taketh away  
Well don't ask Old Job about it  
Just no tellin' what he might say

Cuz Job had sons and daughters  
He had them by the score  
But the Lord saw fit to take them  
And now he's got no more

- *Lamentations of Ti-Jean Funebre*



## LES USINE DE VIANDE



*'It begins in* a dark place, where the eye cannot see.

Whether it be human and full of fleshly jellies, or the cold fish-eye lens of a camera, the old things move without being seen. Rising out of the depths, pulsed out into the world like the blackest indigo squid's ink that you never knew.

Sodium street-light stains the pillow yellow, the sweat makes the fabric damp – the smell is animal. Perhaps outside somewhere, a nightjar or some other bird wails its shrill car alarm song-cum-noise. That's the herald, the immanentizing of the eschaton. Selection pressures are bastard-hard to beat. Learn to mimic, to become one with your surroundings. It's not camouflage. It's about becoming part of the place – ubiquitous...better even, than that.

You take what's there and you become it, become better than it. That's the revelation that surges up from within darkest rose-blossom of brain-meat. It hits the vault of heaven, washes darkly against the inner curve of the skull. Seeps out through porous bone and soaks into the mass of dead keratin that weathes the heaviest of heads...

That same crisply be-suited herd, besotted with images half unmade, they shiver in the night, only half aware of the impending sell-by date. Manicured fingers pore over address books, fretfully stroking their networks, wondering which will hold and which will sprout more daggers than Caesar's Imperial spine.

They walk through sterile corridors, ergonomically designed for maximal production, meeting their end at the hands of gleeful middle-managers wielding electronic styluses empowered with arcane small-print contractual spells and geases. A bolt-gun to the head. Bloodless and slumped, to be hauled away before their decaying remnants of the dehumidified life soil, airbrushed environs.

Unable to rest, they hang on swaying belt-hooks, the rhythm soothing the small screams crammed in their gut, zombies marching to the metropolitan mass. Meat-hooked and mirrored they see the feral, the screaming heebie-jeebie, the dreaded, the wino and the druggie. The hate and revulsion wells up from the inside, as they shuttle dumbly into the veins of the city, clogged with carbonized cholesterol...

A liquid halo that seems, just for a moment, to make the hair wave like kelp fronds underwater in a sea of shadow. He comes up, ascending slowly through the viscous fluid space of dreamtime, into the shallows of consciousness.

He is, at this stage, not quite all there. In fact, he's still a little here, in the hypnagogic space between sleeping and waking, a thing of indeterminate tense and person-hood.

Here, fragments of thought, snatches of half-remembered association and aesthetics are stitched together - potent with meaning, like a curtain damp with mysteries fluttering before a window opened to the strangely perfume-poison night.

“Urggh.” A bladder full of piss, heavy and dark, pulls him up with inverse weight. The unsteady sway to the bathroom, explosive release and bleary-eyed creep of sudden self-awareness exert an inexorable pull. Wakened flesh, the grosser sensorium abruptly overlaying the subtle with the flash of fluorescent light-tube tinkflashbuzz.

“Fuck ... Me.” And with that half-breathed prayer:

.... You're behind my eyes. Take a little while to get used to the skin, why don't you? It's slack in places I wish were firm, and tight in places it shouldn't be. But that's the Shiny White's fault. The SW is part of the gig, you understand. Of course it gets me major props in the scarification community, and that's not without its...compensations. There are some very attractive people out there, who also happen to like to do things to flesh that most ordinary people would flinch, blanch or otherwise be violently ill at the prospect of.

There's a crack in the bathroom mirror. A jagged lightning scar of grittiness in the otherwise silvered glass. For a moment I'm pretty fucking convinced that it's a crevice that can be levered open, that I can crowbar my way into the Looking Glass world and have my way with Alice, all petticoats and nubile young ...

Again. Just like before. Or maybe not.

OK. So maybe, just maybe I'm not going for the girl that Lewis Carroll did. Maybe I'm going for a hyper-sexed half-memory with arch-Victorian humor who goes like a train and grinds hard against me, digging sharp nails into the unfeeling scar tissue as she struggles to tear me open, to get a little of my blood, just to prove she can.

A little piece of me. Everyone wants a piece. Because I'm not ordinary. I'm extraordinary. After all, what can you do with a piece of the extraordinary? Think about that. When the world is all of the order of things, then what about those things that are outside of that order?

Like I said, have a think. Because I'll tell you something: the folks who open themselves up and bleed, who scar themselves and write their will in keloid on an endorphin high? The crazy people?

They're trying to be extraordinary too. Maybe some of them will make it, and when they do, I'll be one of the ones there to welcome them. The truth is that most of them won't make it all - they'll burn out and find themselves out of fuel, collapsing inward like gutted houses.

It's a shame, but what can you do, eh?

Here, altars are filled to groaning. Unwashed bodies and nag champa rise like charnel stinks, masking the chemical tang of cookery, of artifice. Powdered gods and tab-dropped holy rollers sit in thin slices of being, here on the margins.

Oh such beauty - unaging, perfected. Would that we could graft such things to our sweating meat without the ugliness of pulling scar. In spite of this, or because, the knot-work whorls of keloid bespeak the continuity of the community.

Groaning, spurting, splitting. Orifices stretched and torn, new doors and ways peeled open from a sticky carpet of bath-house lusts and teen anxiety. Pornography becomes palaeontology, sliding down Jacob's Ladder, the limbic-lizard-hair-feather-scale-bone-brain.



Eros has gender reassignment surgery, then seals it all up, scorched smooth with burning geysers of crude. Thanatos grinds on stage. Time itself has become a rock-star. Groupies flock to it, aching for the orgasm of the Singularity. The Omega-End-Point.

Sitting smoking hashish to keep the nausea from the psilocybin down, we came upon them, in a winter that was wetter than the deluge. The sewers overflowed, detritus in the streets, excrement – a myriad forgotten, unwanted things sluicing along the streets. It trickled into the corners of your eye, dripped off your lip onto the tongue, as far off pieces of the coast crumbled away to reveal unseen fossils, gigantic skulls leering with timeless knowledge.'

*- the Melancholy of Brer Rabbit*



*' Dr. Oliver Holmes*

once said "The mower mows on, though the adder may writhe, And the copperhead curl round the blade of the scythe."

Rite is a blood calling. Beating of flesh on flesh, spirit and self combining into act. Filthy sex with the Universe. The writhing of ideas and beliefs bow low into submission to what \*is\*. Reaction with pompous angst eats away at perceptions, sucking up bullshit like mothers prize milk.

Why would one need to know history? The dominoes of what was collide into what comes, by and by. Working to fight an ideal, the rules become arbitrary over the strict obedience to the now. Each tug a coercive lust to a state of belonging, to self or other, like nationalism the past is the macrocosm to the dirty stalls of the glory hole of one life.

Dead languages whisper through the ages to the scholars of mind bridges. Education of the Mother for the benefit to the sons, the husbands, those who will rise. The Mother molds the role of the men they touch, a behind the scenes creationary creature. She is of the Languages of the Dead, an evolutionary vital shaper of being.

An understanding and control of self when all before, all in present \*snaps\*, is an underrated concept until it leads into a huddled madmans screams, corrupted. Bringing reactionary methodology to the table is bringing rape to the love of one's life, taking her, opening her violently to no beneficiary end.

The hunter to the sheppard to the farmer, bound together in survival into something proactive. A stand alone complex, an independent substance. The Nails, awakening all the roles of self, a name ill defining what has been ever present through the ages.

Inside the temple, it is sitra achra. The breakers are here, the twins, the hinderer's, the concealers, the flame, the quarrel, dispersion, falsity, obscenity and night. Breath stops, heart stops, time stops. Frozen.

The nails wasn't about role playing, a quick mask wearing charade where folk mentally masturbate into awareness. Though, one could tap the system and think that's what's went down, while slowly being eaten alive from the inside out. That is damn sexy you know. Like leprosy for the heart.

How does one work something of self, of mapless shifting crippled ground? Why....one puts on a pretty face, and starts to dance the dance of that which is formless, shaped by the foot that can step there, on that ground, and shaping and reshaping again as the day brings a new dawn.

What the function of any major magical working is shifts, experience to experience, individualized. The gasp of breath from sweat, cum, blood, a lover's kiss, a small dying kitten in the snow, the ice touching to breasts hungry for the shivery cold. Is that the catch all cure all of answers? Some paths, no matter how unique, once the other side is reached, everyone involved looks at each other, breathes and goes oh fuck. They all know some things no one else does, some ways of doing. It was

never about some result, one result, this result. There are many things which come from walking the gnarled paths, the forgotten ways that no man, no book, teaches.

It doesn't really matter this huge gap between fiction and reality, between self and surroundings, because the interplay is so deeply connected. The allure beckons from the dark recessive constructs of the imaginations of madmen, far more real than many a storybook, their monsters are not under the bed, but of the bed.

Dear Adonai,

Allow me the Will to play the Whore for myself. Take from me the doubt and fear of what has gone before as I find it horrifying that I have become without source, unless one was sought and then it was to inspire loss, to steal attention, chasing ghosts of things. The only ability to move came with a lack of desire and intent, which brought ground as each movement alone defined itself and any set of movements broke it apart. It is no longer a mask, no longer a thing that is traveled, researched, sparked and played with. Suddenly, it is being played with by a rough tongued ignorant puppy with sharp teeth and a penchant for damaging and tearing. The match to the city burning, it takes even the idea, self, and there is just pure source experience. Bless my path with the oozing blood of my enemies. Let me serve no-one and all with grace and patience. Open my cunt, my mind, my heart, my death to all which will fulfill my needs, to play the harlot to what I desire, bringing manifest not whims but a wholesome intercourse of my being. I hold to my faith. Fuck me.'

*- the Adulterous Confessions of Mrs. Lovejoy*



*With the Sigils* of the Lock and the Key conjoined at the heart.

The High Sabbat of the Ages, is release from Circumstance. I go forth in Silence and in Mystery for I am the Sole Arcanum.

In the ruins of Alamut, they gather for conclave to discuss beneath the renditions of Saints of all Ages and times, an order of the unknown. Black robes and turbans, the smell of incense and hashish drifting from silent rooms, opiates of unknown origin.

Drunk on the wine of Eternity, gestures are made in the unknown, the tongue of the Black Land—Khemet—whispered in the harshest archives of forgotten repositories of black lore and forgotten myth.

Flashing blades in battle, daggers used to the ultimate effect, sorceries produced and enemies spied upon at great distances with looking glasses.

The younger generation that peers into bowls of swirling ink, seeing Other-worlds even in the Otherworld itself; places and times of might-have-been that can be entered through the twisting realms of possibility.

It is the subsequent realization of freedom that causes them to lurk in the shadows of the urban zones, sliding from place to place without a care.

Pax Britannica, man. The sun never set on the Empire, fuck ,the way we see it the sun never rose on the Empire. The eyes just withered and atrophied; entropy set in. Outside the mirror-world, man, we're livin' in Pax Americana; inside the mirror-world it's 1889, and it always was. Or at least that kinda era. Empire was Rome; do as the Romans do, tentacles of Empire stretching in all directs across the continent. The sun never set here; but the plots did succeed. They say maybe Dee set the stage for their arrival, but you can feel those tendrils through time. You can surf patterns, see the etching in their Seals. Taste them in the splintered fractal-dreams of the mirror world that surfaces out of this odd haze like mist and memory.

You knew this place, even before Empire set in. You knew this place deep inside you, in some Other-You that watched it. You keep your head low and move through the masses. In Port Cities, you don't let the Angels or psychics working for the British East India Company catch wind of you. You blend, monitor, move.

And when those mirror-worlds opened up inside us, man, we just wandered. I wander through the cobbled streets of this Mirror-Empire of Pax Britannica and slip through run-down districts at night; torch-light and the clip-clop of carriages. You stick with the shadier elements because they won't sell you out; and you work the landscape. You watch the black blood bubble up from the sewage systems where they are. The rancid taste of new information and classification.

It's all sex and death in the shadows of these alleys, and that sun of Empire never set. The face is still grinning against the pallor of midnight. Shit, [name deleted], I tell you it's weird fuckin' angles these days. All of them breaching across the façade of this weird space.

I dunno if it's inside or outside, anymore. Maybe it just came from that fuckin' Ain Soph inside us. So we prowl the streets at night, and drink up with the working class. They know our ways well; in Empire, we're the only outlaws left to dare trace the edge of this running mad vein.

Figure I'll hit Old Boston next, or maybe another port city. They say that out in the Atlantic some black ships still sail... And I gotta know. Spent too long in those frozen deserts out under a black sun, smoking opium and moving with the wind... I figure this might be another Black Iron prison world, Gnostic Archons and all... But it's one with a bit of spice.

The Gnostic-prison world; material reality. The flesh. The moment of living truth. The great 'What-the-fuck-ever.'

Reality is over-rated. Burroughs would tell you that. I'll tell you the same. They discovered the Nails back when I was still jacking around with Liber Koth by Stephen Sennitt. A book made to drive you mad if you took it too seriously, cutting edge esoteric introduction, cutting edge means of getting there. "There," in fact, may be somewhere you never wanted to go... But that doesn't matter. What does matter was that the book worked.

It began with mirrors and demons. Or should I say: mirrors and daemons.

*- the Fever ~ Dreams of Jeremiah Faustus*



*'Nothing man, I mean nothing.*

The red women teach you that. Sometimes it means nothing.

I believed her, I mean how could you not. Somewhere along the line we all confuse the stage show we love so much because it veils the truth, for our truths themselves. On the Chain of Worlds, they are the myddot. The seeds of desire. They are complete anathema to the Other. This was where Chumbley looked for his Adversary, for his shadow. Its a good place to start.

Being nothing, if we grasp at something, we take hold of nothing. In grasping to take hold, one grasps only the empty attachment and through the vehicle of our perverse fetish, cling to this nothing which we have grasped.

Such is the sword of Justice, for to her goes the blood of circumcision and the tools of executioners.

Maybe. And old man told me a good joke about the idea of 'maybe', and that joke was good gospel. 'Maybe' the sword of Justice is for the blood of circumcision and an executioners tool. What do I know? Nothing, I am king of that shit. So thats all I can give you. Nothing. A perspective, that in the grand scheme of things, ain't worth shit. Panoramas painted by Blind Bob.



The Spirits of Eros aren't demons. There I said it, Giorgio Agamben is right. They are the living absences of our Love and we kill for them, like unto gods.

What value do such things have before the spirits of poets and swordsmen, whose lives mean nothing? Or is it that you grasp *only* at their absence with your hands of karma, that you have forgotten you speak with the tongue of an angel out of a mouth like an ash-tray.

Adolescent violence is ignorance. Old Bon said, 'if I was to become an obstacle for you upon the Way, then you should strike me down.' Old Bon also said, 'that when you meet a swordsman upon the Way, then you should meet him with a sword and if you meet a poet upon the way, then meet him with a verse. So the poet took up the sword and the swordsmen a pen and when they came upon each other, they came upon a companion of the Way.

This is No-Sword. The Art of the Violent New Breed. What use have I for a blade when you have brought one for me?

Aeons of belief die and wilt before us. Like cherry-blossoms. Me and my kingdom of dead flowers, I have lived and died here, these flowers are my last breathe. They lay scattered about the Way, like the bones of some sea-monster locked into the cliffs of a sandstone desert, saying I once glided above place, this place that now drinks up my bones.

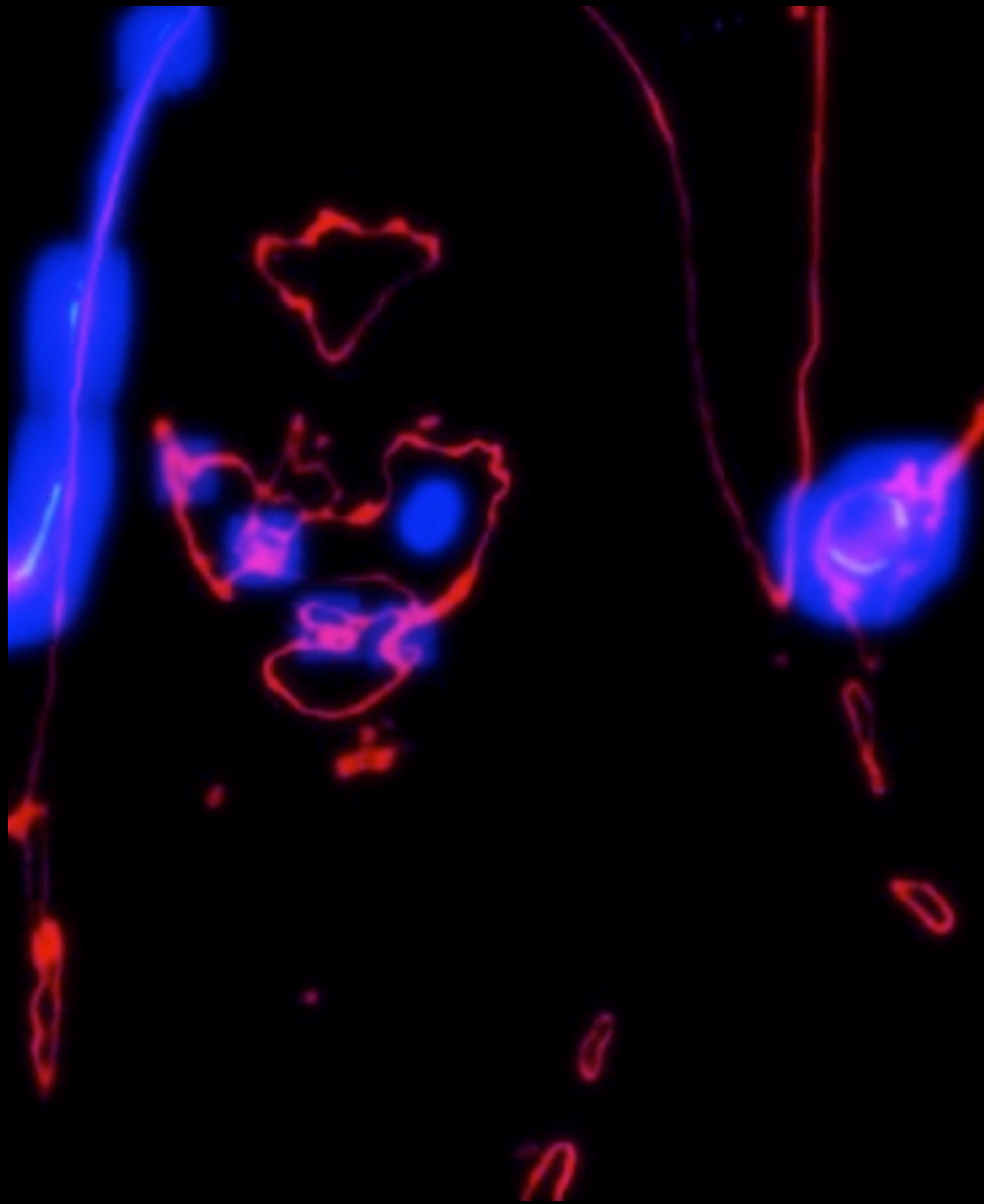
It makes us children again, to be breathed in. That Love has its dangers for us and our fragile bodies, but here in the heart of the it, we can breathe it into us. To know like Lovers do, like children do, that there is no us and our fragile bodies, there is no temple of sin. There is only the dark ocean of the sky, and the breathing of the wind.

In the pursuits of sacred sexuality through out the western traditions, there is a traditional point early in the purification of karcist. The sudden release of the accumulated energy in the serpent channels causes the spontaneous manifestations of the perversions of Eros, always some fetish of desire. Both Swedenborg and Blake documented theirs, which they fought relentlessly to subdue. Female apparitions pissing themselves and shit. Blake apparently made his wife cry alot.

When Spider Circus reached this point, he promptly decided this was his reward for enlightenment and progressed no further. At least in any sort of linear sense. He just sorta wandered out of the circle at a crooked angle into the wild places Eros has created in our hearts, his serpent channels singing like some fearsome crucible.

No one was really all that suprised.'

- *Psalms of Adoniah Carrefour*



**LE CANZØ DU L'ENFANT SAUVAGE**



"Beautiful wast thou, O Lilith, thou serpent-woman!"

- *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente (Liber LVX); III: 5*

"She hath slain her kinsfolk with strong venom of toads; she hath been scourged with many rods. She hath been broken in pieces upon the Wheel; the hands of the hangman have bound her unto it. The fountains of water have been loosed upon her; she hath struggled with exceeding torment. She hath burst in sunder with the weight of the waters; she hath sunk into the awful Sea."

- *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente (Liber LVX); III: 41-44*

"The current running through Kether-Da'ath-Tiphereth resumes this doctrine of the Child of Darkness manifesting as the Child of Light..."

- *Kenneth Grant, Nightside of Eden*

"O' Thou Child of the Snake and the Satyr!

O' Thou Redeemer of the Forgotten and the Dead Gods' Blood; whom,  
in arising from the Palace of the Underworld, beareth their Seed from  
Throne unto Throne. Invest in me Thine heredity beyond the empty  
treasuries of Heaven and Hell. ..

Arise from Sleep and bring forth the Dream of Eden.

Speak from the dust of mine own dust.

Speak out with the Tongue of the Serpent's Brood.

For Thou art the Child and the Spell-binder of the Snake."

- *Chumley, Azoetia: A Formula of the Primal Atavism*

*I see her there* little girl  
with stars for eyes blades  
and knives

She gave me something a  
locket on a chain a memory  
of yesterday

I took it from her hands  
and she looked at me with  
night in her eyes

I opened the locket there  
was a lock of hair and  
a tear and a whimper  
I could hear

She stood there and her  
eyes lit with fire her  
lips pinched with blood

There was an ocean in her  
veins pouring out

The silence rang so loud  
I thought I had died  
she was my angel

I stood there as the ocean  
of blood surrounded me  
and I was destitute

My nakedness was covered  
with the crimson sea  
and she was gone

The crimson was all I  
could see with blood  
in my mouth and ears

And I drowned in the  
visceral seas only to be  
washed up on shore

And there I was  
my naked body alone  
in an empty valley

The horizon cut flesh  
across the skies  
the heavens empty

And I laid down to see  
the sea above me.

*- the Criminal Ecstasies of Crimson Burlesque*





## **SHELTER SHELTER PLEASE.**

Payment..payment.A story? A story with no end and no beginning? A night of shelter and a full belly for a myth that will not stop?

## **БРЕК ИТ ДЪНН.**

Break it down. Stop the engine. Take yourself from the current find that place where the Tao does not burn and twist.

Listen to me listen as you would to your grandfather or to the man with the sandwich board in a world that is coming to an end.

Which world? Which world is this? Does it mean how lost I am if I ask who is the President? Who killed WHICH Kennedy?

We live in a world of secrets a world of hidden sound and an invisible sun a world of silence hiding the architects of Life.

I feel it the grinding the engine slows and my mind is calm with only ripples on the water. Hear me then let me fill my glass with something stronger for as I stay here I must move on.

Let me tell you something something simple something about magic and how it works something known.

Consciousness is expanded by magic and magic is made stronger by consciousness and that which strengthens and binds are the connections we make between this world and the next.

As above so below Do what thou wilt Everything is true Nothing is permitted the body is a temple.

I can tell you of a world where desire shapes even the words of your mouth seen as a form, felt as a phantom touch Smells and tastes once from childhood now as a lover.

I can tell you of worlds where the act of murder is an act of love and wounded children are the soldiers of half-formed gods.

Where the landscape of the mind makes everything possible everything even that which you do not wish to think but do.

I would bid thee welcome to the Trap of History to the Kaballah of Paranoia to the edge where Mind meets Metatron.

Let me tell you a secret that you may know that Consciousness is a struggle between the animal we are and the animal we choose to be.

That as we struggle we push we pull we bite we claw fight for it nothing given has value. Consciousness is War, one we fight twixt birth and death and if we never die and always existed...

I can tell you of a place where the innocent were fodder as innocence has the luxury of dying first but never quickly. I can tell you of the courts of BABALON of Lost Cutha of The Empire of Atlantis and the Pit of Azazel. I can tell you of the Ape of Thoth the Little Kings of Nothing the Black Cathedral the charnel house of Old Vic. I can tell you of the Amber Cities burning in eternal twilight of Hyperborea Lost and remade whole but listen and listen well for all of this all is but a labyrinth.

A pattern of the mind a pattern of your life Broken with no landmarks A story with millions of players on a map without cities.

All of this made by a question a question without end a question that in and of itself but a Gate into the heaven and hells we make.

**ИФ. ИФИФИФИФИФИФИ**

I can feel it The spinning of the fractal the burning of the Tao.

**I MUST LEAVE.**

I must leave. Forget what I have said I was never here I was but a shadow on the door.

Forget what I have said forget what you have hints to walk away run if you can run....

*~ Geppeto's Toy-box Perversions*



In the Vic the teenage boys scratch the sigils and seals of Angels in circles around themselves, whispering words to the nightfall in the forgotten tongues that boil within them. Eyes lift towards an uncaring Heaven as a thousand gates twist and unfold, opening within.

This is Arte; Arte Mageia, the creative and spurious production of sorcery even within ritual limitations. Outside in the shadows lurk the figures of the Feral children, ghost-beings of slain Gods that shift and shape in the urban fold and lead others into the nightside mysteries of Typhon, Set; Aphosis and Crowned Horus the Younger.

Time comes to a standstill as the Daemon is evoked within the triangle.

A short distance away a Chapel lies dormant, the parishioners not only gone home; but never to return. Inside the decayed walls the smell of mould shivers on the "thin air" of 'Ibn Arabi, the "breathe of Light" called in Sumer—Zidiqu Zidiqu—Dream God of unfathomable ancientness which stirs. The very thin air of manifesting ghosts and guiding Angels. Patterns and places within its myriad maps and conjurations that lead to destinations; the burning tongue-veves on thin air that breach into the Shadow of Western Consciousness to reveal the unfolding pattern of dancing atavisms and half-forgotten Dream Gods.

*Three hundred,  
Thirty  
Three.*



Fuck me but the snake's come up again. Moebius strip on a cold night. Can't blame 139 really. It's not his fault it's all coded in the land of Sumer.

Babel-blast, black-seed shards...holographic towers that spread and weaves a nexus, a simple black obsidian mirror-monolith. Passing thru, Daa'th rolled up on my shoulders like so much carpet. Carpet with burning man to shining

peacock.

Melek Taus comes again as I am wrapped in eyes amidst the demon-locusts of Pazuzu.

Peacock brightness, the strutting proud futures now worm-eaten, feathers dulled by grey-faces and slow machinery. Heads down, collars turned up against the gritty, chalky rain that leaves its polluted fingerprint on shower-fresh skin.

Still, watching like vengeful gargoyles to ward off the spirits of mediocrity, glassy glowing eyes flicker in tower block flanks. Candle-lit, haven-hovels against the brown and black; the outs are an inconvenience only to those who like their lightning tamed and obediently oozing from power sockets – the ins are Urdu, Hindi, English, Kingston-tongues. Can't sting them all, enemy of Lilitu.

Red sand. Israeli reactor. Negev...Har Megiddo.

I wrapped in eyes. Serpent's coils - scarlet blood-electric. Grantian Mauve Zone as the feminine eyes look at me, blue as lapis, limned with scarlet kohl.

Coming through the walls, first with ufo-helicopter-blade music, chopping space into jagged notes. Then the scorpion . Guardian-killer that bars the sun's way.

Isis? as sorceress-queen, scorpion guard.;  
Understand nothing as I stand, child of mama-Arachne. Arachnid god.

Stinger plunges into Qoph and the zombie hordes come. I open my mouth and the bugs fly forth - unknitting the faces of friends now lustful for flesh.

All dissolve. I am alone in the corridors of memory.

Silence and power forever.

Then the towering lords of fire come to burn all and my bugs burn - insect crispy. I cannot survive. I hurry to embrace them, and feel the heat as cold. I am hollow, and see the Sun.

My last act. To draw the Moon over the blazing Sun. Easy grating as the orbits shift and all is nigh eclipsed.

I stretch out my hand and take the Diamond ring. Slip it on my middle finger.

Bought and sold by magicians. Love under Will sigilized on silver, hands scarlet and scaled - hair returns to source.

The devil at the crossroads, brandy spit over left hand as trees whisper the gallows-creak. Apophis nearly had me. Set cut me free and now I am forever marked as hanged.

Broadbrim watches in shadows and falls down shrieking, taking up the runes as my name is made and soul is shaped.

He breathed into trees and so am I hollow. The black speech is hidden in my tongue.

A cavalcade of imagery as the ebon spire is extruded from the waters of the lake. Atop the ziggurat where I stood as not-I, 'neath the red sun, I came before the throne and took of the fruit.

Panther woman stalks the heated jungles and the tearing of bestial roar-shrieks sounds in the air. The empty, ruined temple, vines all about, is full of the incense of flowers and dust. Tecuhtli is its Master, he who is not I.

Leviathan ripples in oceans of light and cephalopod eye regards puzzle-box mechanics.

All these dredged from memory. All fit together. The pattern is not for 'I' to see...

The frame freezes...





MOTHER HIVE BRAIN



Rouged plastic cheeks grin, coquettishly beneficent, smooth sexless idols adorned with stolen vestments, glittering with tiny diamonds made from shattered shop-fronts. To worship these idealized shapes, we deface them, carve the cool fire of the acid tattoo. The blades defile and remake, we make the perfect imperfect, to allow entrance, to add more.

Oracles, cuckoo-children to others, they whisper to us of great hidden pools of darkness, great reservoirs hidden deep within the earth. Sons and daughters who smile at us with perfect cherubic grace and clear, hard eyes.

Ageless and smiling as the acid hits, the black smoke curling out of their little mouths. We look on our little dragons, bowing to their piping voices, their manufactured bodies a subtle wrongness that makes the mind swoon.

Slowly, the plastic children observe and absorb, the language and monkey thought coming easily out of some bizarre morphic resonance. In nurseries and rubbish tips both, faux-chubby fingers stretch out across the ages, a midnight puppet-play, toy-show teaching secrets for malleable child-brains.

You can see it in the children, running feral. Diving with joy into the dumpsters, retrieving pieces for mosaics seen by inner eyes, stitching together mandalas to adorn the streets and call upon the kami newly clothed in flesh that is unyielding and cool.

Already, the flesh-blood children learn, without being taught by human elders. Sharp cuts with PVC and perspex, edges jagged and clear. Anguished shouts of joy come, on the crescendo-winds of puberty. Smiling faces and blood-smearred fingers while the toy-folk look on with unfathomable gazes from some prehistoric primal age.

Immortal innocence under a burning sky, while the older ones of us wonder in deep, dark amazement from behind our gas-masks, lungs liquid, each cough a black, sputum herald of the new age.

With purple-bruised cheeks from rubber's press, I turn from the window and finger the stitches round my wrist. A thick bracelet serves as a double reminder to the golden ring upon the new hand – my prize possession given to me from the sacred body of a harlot goddess dwelling in the ruined temple of Victoria's Secret. Stiff, feminine fingers, nails still painted. The searing scorch to seal the meat still comes to me in dreams, and even now, as I reach out to my beloved.

She stands there in shadow, an unmoving obelisk, a monument to desire. Perfectly poised and posed, back at the beginning of the conflagration she called to me. An avenging goddess, or so it seemed to me as I beheld her there; frozen eyed and dressed in finery, surrounded by the bodies of her dismembered fellows. A corpse-white Kali, as I gathered up those smooth, white limbs and brought her home. An undying many-armed deity worthy of bhakti – the eternal, devoted union. She lightens all my burdens, they seep away as I kiss my wife's primer-painted, flawless lips and stroke her acrylic hair. I love her with all my heart.

“But every nation still made gods of its own, and put them in the shrines of the high places which the Samaritans had made, every nation in the cities in which they dwelt;

The men of Babylon made Suc'coth-be'noth, the men of Cuth made Nergal, the men of Hamath made Ashi'ma, and the Av'vites made Nibhaz and Tartak; and the Sephar'vites burned their children in the fire to Adram'melech and Anam'melech, the gods of Sephar-va'im.

They served their own gods, after the manner of the nations from among whom they had been carried away. To this day they do according to the former manner...” says that in 2 Kings, ch. 17.

“...Out of Babylon they come. They always have done, and always will. A non-linear train of wanderers. Babylon is open to them, yet they are not of Her. She spreads her legs as the tower falls and language fragments.

As was, is, and ever shall be. Hear then: If woman be the Priestess of the Irrational world, then they are her children. Two mothers have they – born of the Flesh and the Not-Flesh - saviours to none but themselves.

From the wreckage of cities as yet unborn, the detritus of ancient settlements, the line continues. Exiled and wandering, carrying their homes within themselves, their robes black to the blind, it is written.

The emptiness, the abandoned places. These are theirs by right – or is it rite?

That which is default is theirs. Failure is their fate and beginning, a serpent eating its own tail. Bounded by such a wyrm of of corruption, they dwell in the hollows, the holy spaces.

Blasphemous, they move beyond belief....” says that in a transcript of an interview with inmate 131, of the Danvers State Insane Asylum, circa 1981.

So, Nu-Babylon is gone. That's what they say. Some crazy fuck dropped the equivalent of a spiritual nuke on that portion of the dreamscape. It was all fused glass and craziness. Opened up a wound. The thing Valentine calls the Nox-Biju was pouring forth. Deleting, twisting things.

I did what I could. I bled like a stuck pig. And you know what? That blood did something. I'm no Jesus – just a snake that sells its own oil to the hungry consumer. But still, Chrome met Nox and something was born. Just like the nomads of old, I moved on.

Babylon's always getting destroyed. Always will be. Part of its function. Only so long before a sinkhole of filth and pleasure and perversion gets smote from on high by some supposed purist.

But that's long enough to transmit the wisdom, to turn the key and awaken the old things. The things that fight and fuck and loop round again, so damn crazy and potent that they'll always be NEW.

A pre-existing witchblood? A sorcerous lineage that stretches back to the beginning of time? How likely is that, I ask you?

And yet..We go on, reconnecting the dots. Reawakening the buried atavisms. This isn't new, this isn't post-modern. It's not time for this. The stars haven't finally become right. They always fucking were.

It's there in front of you. Inside of you. If the signs and portents turn you the right way, you're one of us. You were always one of us. And what are we? Nothing really. A name. A convenient fiction, a nominative word that you can use to get our attention.

They say we make our own gods.

The truth is, we bring them with us. We collect them. We remember them. And sometimes, the forgotten ones call us to them.

The nomads' tents are black, their temples and homes are moveable constructs. Inside these temporary places, the ordinary folk wonder what goes on.

Perhaps they better ask the Daughters in the Tabernacles?

Perhaps the tents are empty or maybe, just maybe there's redder rites going within. After all, as far as the dreams go...well, Babylon is the God-Gate.

And what happens when the nomads come to other cities? When they set up shop in forgotten holy places, long abandoned?

Then perhaps their gods are waiting. The gods that others have demonized.

*- the Melancholy of Brer Rabbit*



*'Some say it was all the same lady.*

In the tent, or wagon, or some traveling show. Most figure that for crazy superstition but I m'self haves to admit it would sure explain them bein' so good at leading the marks. What with bein' there in every which way and time. Superstition is usually a crazy sorta sense. Most marks remember the painted cards and forget the Reader, and I ain't never understood that. Those painted cards offer up a set of options and inclinations, but the Reader mapping an auspicious path though em', now that could possibly be an eternal being existing all through-out time. How ya could forget a thing like that, I'll never fuckin' get.

Forms of dance and theatre. Things what gots to have some grace to em. Thats what the primary Masques of the Hels-kin are named after. Me, I'm figurein' most women for havein' some brains. But that deep-down is still the knowin' when and where they are, that remembering that only they got, and them whats knowin' that is fierceful cunning. So me, I have always held em' in a high esteem.

Now it was the real fiery ones, what we call the Hel-skin, they was the ones what made wearin' masques the stuff of the hoodeaux. And the real dark ones, what make ya feel as though yer bein' taken whole, them is the Beleot Lylin.

The Hel-skin's burlesques and the Lilitu's circvs always had some of em' all. The kin had a large repertoire of shows that they put on at different times of the year, and continent I suppose, since they both was always movin'. On the flip side of that though, there has only ever been one Circus. Three rings what produce a never-ending succession of wonder and horror.

None of the Schoolmen'll ever really go near the hoodeaux, not if they can help it anyways. Everyone knows that was what was behind the Miskatonic's persecution of the Whateley's. You could keep books about it, you could allow yourself to be fascinated by the terrible beauty of it. But fuck you bro, it's a bullet for you if you actually do it. I mean, the Whately's was some sick shit, right? Bunch of fucked in the head hillbillies, right? Hidin' out there in the sticks, birthin' their perversions, thats the goin' line, right? But it don't stand really, cuz there was the Whately boys.

I mean, they was always squeamish about the juju what came outta the hills. But then the change came back in the forties, when they tried to wipe us out. Brought about their worst fuckin' nightmare that play of theirs, right 'afore their very eyes. The hill folk was learnin' to read, and sometimes even, if they wasn't too inbred and brain-sick, learnin' themselves to write.

They say thats when Babalon went native. I mean, Venus needs her earthly pleasures, right? Well, when the schoolmen made money an aethyric currency (so that they could expand the already saturated limits of their wealth, fuckin' fat bastards .) they also made wealth into a relative value. And venus ain't in it for power and world domination. So essentially wealths new relative status meant that it was possible to attain the symbols of wealth without fulfilling its obligation to power.

Or to put it more simply, Babalon saw herself some boys she wanted to get with bad enough they didn't have to pay by the hour for it or nuthin.

The Whately's and the Donnely's was famous, man. The Schoolmen have always towed the line that the Whately's was wiped out. Seems unlikely to me though, and whatever, everyone knows the East Coast was crawlin' with families just like em back then. Stranger belief than fundamental Christianity came over from the Old World. I figure them boys from the hills, they just didn't have the learnin' that shows em there's a line to tow.

The stories they tell about them in those days fuckin' kick ass. Old Man Donnely fighting an army of cops to a standstill with only a banjo and a doob. Or the Whately's assaulting the Schoolmen with their own horribly bloated sense of existential dread. [Narrator chuckling] THIER BOOK DESTROYED MY BRAIN!!!! [Laughter] Ah man, too fuckin' funny. The Whately's was fuckin' genius.

But then they went and hanged Old Man Donnely, and his Thieving Sons went to war, or jail, depending on how dangerous they was. And the Schoolmen began their eugenics program, and disappeared most of the better known hill families. The Whately's included. But it ain't as though

they wiped em out. The Lwa behind those families was too cunning for a thing like that to happen. That would be like Bruce Lee getting overwhelmed by a vastly superior force. What you never saw that movie? Me neither dumb-ass.

You can kill a man thats true, but you can't kill a father. He has lived on beyond you already. They were allowed to live hard, the old bastards. Cuz they had lived on already, it didn't matter if they were swinging with Old Dan on a gallows day, they had already won. For those sloppy hill-billies the West was already a land of the dead. Spent family lines giving up their seeds, the ghosts of old bokos are a wind of whispering voices to the Sons of Men. They grew up on stories of the dead gods sleeping in the earth and the diaspora that followed the slaughters in New England.

I mean, they was white-trash sure, but they was still fuckin' hoodoo boss, man. There was always a sorta resentful consensus that if the juju was in the bones of more 'nna few of the Sons of Men in a single generation, well, that was a sign of the end, that fuckin' was. Or might as well be.'

*- the Red-Neck Ronin*



*Jack Faustus  
Peacock-Angel of the Cities of Amber Twilight  
Bon Lwa of Grifters and Thieves*



*Johnny Appleseed, aka. Brer Rabbit  
Sin-Eater of the Pax Britannia  
Bon Lwa of the Beat-Philosophers*



*Adoniah Carrefour  
Lady-killer of the Hill-billy Castrates  
Bon Lwa of Poet-Swordsmen*



*Marie-Annette Valentine, aka. Agent 156  
Gun-Moll of the Hel-skin Cabaret  
Petro Lwa of the Bellot Courtesans*





*Ti-Jean Funebre  
Hoodeaux Boss of the Cross-roads Sabbat  
Bon Lwa of the Singing Devils*



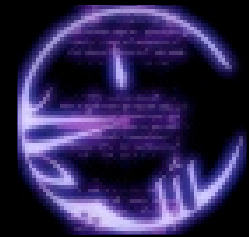
*Jane Lovejoy  
Plaything of the Burning Ones  
Bon Lwa of Frothing Madmen*



*Christopher Geppeto  
Toy-maker to the Great Old Ones  
Bon Lwa of the Tricksy Ones*

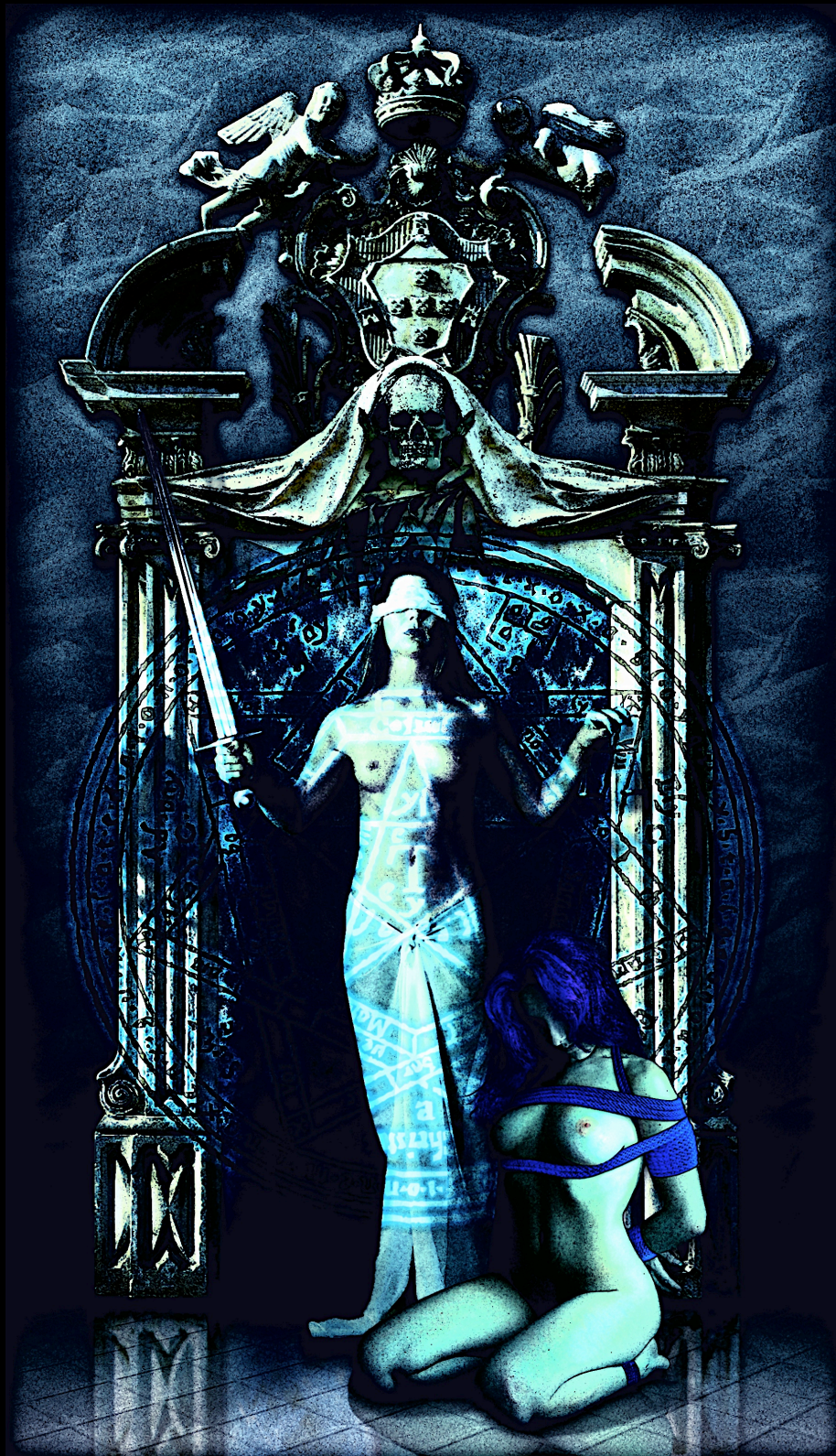


*Agent 117  
Gun-smith of the Spider Gates  
Petro Lwa of Machine Devils*



*Beiriron - Confusion of the Power of God. Adam Belial: Wicked Man. Demon Shell, containing a daemon, a disintegrating spirit, an elemental spirit and the degenerating spirits of the dead. Generally considered soulless automata consisting only of the lower facets of the subtle body (which contain the desires, obsessions and memories of the dead.)*

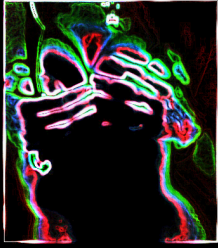
*Eddies Notes - These are the Qil-pot, sometimes called the Children of the Nails, the devil-sages of the Shining Ones and familial hoodeaux of the N. American Lineages. They are our nightmares about ourselves and the lie we have conceived of together, so that we can avoid talking about the hell on earth we are responsible for. The daemons who speak with the tongues of angels out of mouths like ashtrays. The nine crooked angles that grant egress from the circle of the art.*



L'HAUTE MAGIE DU LA COUCHÉ L'ASTARTE

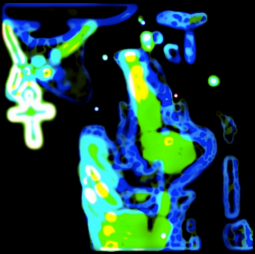






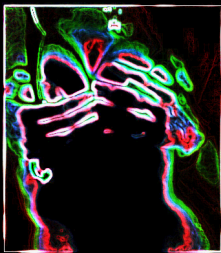
*with heavy eyes she says ~*

'I reign over you, as Justice, in exaltation above the firmaments of wrath: in whose hands the Sun is a sword and the Moon as a through thrusting fire: which measures your garments in the midst of my vestiture, and trussed you together as the palms of my hands: whose seats I garnished with the fire of gathering, and made beautiful your garments with admiration. With whom I made a law to govern the holy ones and delivered for you a rod to compliment the ark of knowledge. Moreover, you lifted up your voices and swore to him whose beginning is not, nor whose end cannot be, who shines as a flame in the midst of your palace, and reigns amongst you as the balance of righteousness and truth. Move, therefore, and show yourselves: open the Mysteries of your Creation: Be hungry and in love with me: for we are servants to one Mother, and lovers to the first.'



*with wet lips he says ~*

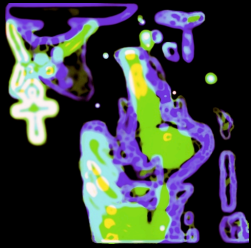
'The wings of the winds whisper with your voice of wonder, O you Empty Spirit, whom the burning flames have framed within the depths of my lips; whom I have prepared as Cups for a Wedding, or as flowers in their beauty cast about the Inner Chamber. Stronger are your feet than the naked stone, your voice mightier than manifold winds. You have become a temple that is not but in the mind of the All Powerful. Arise, speaks the First: Be moved within his Servants: Show your selves in power: Make of me a passionate seething: for I am He that Liveth Forever.'



*with heavy eyes she says ~*

'I have opened my garments and stand naked before you, that your love might be enflamed toward me. No longer do I walk in the clouds, no longer am I carried on the winds unable to entreat you for the multitude of your abominations and the filthy loathsomeness of your dwelling places. So these four of fire are the pillars of our bed, who is he that shall say, these here have sinned, to whom could they be held accountable? None among you, you sons of man, nor your sons or theirs, for to nought but the lord belongs the Judgment who walks among his servants. Now therefore, let the earth give forth her fruits to you and let the mountains forsake their barrenness wherever your footsteps shall remain. Happy are they who salute you and cursed are they that bear arms against you. Power shall be given to you from hence forth to resist your enemies and the lord shall always hear you in your times of troubles. For I have come to play the harlot with you, to enrich you with the spoils of

other men. You have prepared for me your chambers, for I have made a dwelling place amongst you and I have gained knowledge of both the Father and the Son, and with all those that truly favor you. For my youth is in her flower and my strength cannot be extinguished by man. Strong am I above and below. Therefore, provide for me for behold I stand before you. Let peace be amongst you for I am the Daughter of Comfort.'



*with wet lips he says ~*

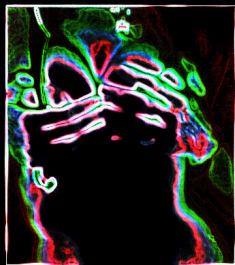
'O you daemon, the first governance of the fires of our bed, whose wings are the devils that weave the earth with dryness: which knows the names of Righteousness and the Seal of Honor. Move and show your selves: open the Mysteries of your Creation: be hungry and in love with me: for we are servants to one Mother, and lovers to the first.

O you daemon, the second governance of the fires of our bed, the dwelling place of Justice, which has for your beginning, glory and comfort for the just: which walks upon the earth with feet that understand and separate creatures: which has made great in you the God of Stretching Forth to Conquer. Move and show yourselves: open the Mysteries of your Creation: be hungry and in love with me: for we are servants to one Mother, and lovers to the first.

O you daemon, the third governance of the fires of our bed, whose wings are the Thorns of Vexation and the Living Lamps which go before you, whose God is Wrath in Anger, take up our tools of punishment. Move and show yourselves: open the Mysteries of your Creation: be hungry and in love with me: for we are servants to one Mother, and lovers to the first.

O you mighty Shining One, daemon of our flames of comfort, which opens the daughters of God to their center, in whom the Secrets of Truth have their abiding, which is called Eros and not to be measured: be for me a window of comfort. Move and show yourselves: open the Mysteries of your Creation: be hungry and in love with me: for we are servants to one Mother, and lovers to the first.

The Bed of Astart groans: and you daemon are as thunders falling in the East: and the Eagle speaks and cries with a loud voice, Come away: and you daemon are a house of death which has taken our measure and you daemon are that measure, and your number is 31. Come away, for I have prepared for you. Move and show yourselves: open the Mysteries of your Creation: be hungry and in love with me: for we are servants to one Mother, and lovers to the first.'



*with heavy eyes she says ~*

'O you daemon of the Iron Sky, the mighty in the parts of the Earth, thou art Judgment! To you it is said, Behold the face of your Mother, the beginning of comfort, whose eyes are the brightness of the heavens: who provided you for the government of the Earth and her unspeakable variety, furnishing you with the power to understand the disposal all things according to the providence of my Throne,



and rose up in the beginning, saying: I am the daughter of fortitude, and ravished every hour from my youth, for behold I am understanding and science dwells within me and the heavens oppress me. They covet and desire me with infinite appetite but few that are earthly have embraced me for I am shadowed by the circle of the Son and covered with the morning clouds. My feet are swifter than the winds, and my hands are sweeter than the morning dew. My garments are from the beginning. My dwelling place is in myself. The lion knows not where I walk, neither do the beasts of the field understand me. I am deflowered and yet virgin. I am the Eater of your Sins. Happy is he that embraces me for in the night season I am sweet, in the day full of pleasure. My lips sweeter than health it self. I am a harlot for such as ravish me and a virgin with such as know me not. For I am beloved of many and lover to many. As many as come unto me as they should do, these all have their entertainment. You have purged your streets you son of man and washed your houses clean. Made yourself holy and put on righteousness. You have cast out your old strumpets and burnt their clothes. You have abstained from the company of other women that are defiled, that are sluttish or not so handsome and beautiful as I. And so I have come to dwell amongst you. And behold I bring forth Children unto you and they shall be the sons of comfort.'



*She lingers on the air,* flickers through the shapes cast in time... like the faint outline of images in a bowl of fire and oil, spreading across the rippling liquid surface.

I burn enough to ignore the sensation as I cast my eyes through windows in a renovated temple to the Magdalene on the coast of Spain. According to legend, the Templar came to this place and left it in homage to one last-ditch attempt at a Goddess figure. Magdalene-Isis, transformed and transmuted in the mind of the west. Mother always calls us back.

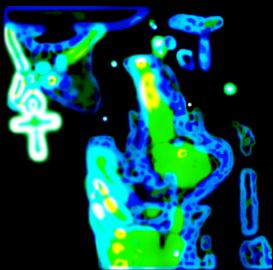
Flickering candles in dedication to a Saint, beneath her graven image. The lips curved into a soft, loving smile. I pause for a moment and then turn to move back towards the stairwell leading to the top.

Little pieces of drift-wood across an endless landscape. She doesn't see me now; but then... she never really did. Otherwise she'd have seen my hands twisting new shapes against the stars, heard the laughter as I danced in the forest clearings with the lingering shapes in the firelight.

The earthen roads call us home across dragon-lines without reason.

Time to head home. Time at last to head home.

Sometimes the old tongues just come easy,



'Ut quid Domine repellis animam meam, avertis faciem tuam a me...

I invoke thee, Daemon of Protection I, who sit within the Abyss, call upon you as a Child of No-Thing. I, who am a King wandering as a beggar, I evoke thee by the number one-thousand-two-hundred and two, which is thy hidden names.

Advocabit caelum desursum et terram discernere populum suum. Congregate illi sanctos eius qui ordinant testamentum eius super sacrificia.

I invoke thee, who's name is Malak Ta'us — dragon-peacock Lord of the Sands. I who am from the line of Moses, from the Tribe of Kings, from the Land of No-Thing; remove from me what Daemons restrain me; command for me the legions of the Daemons who swim in the air, those daemons who rise from the sea, who sleep in the earth; who burn within the sacred fires. I invoke thee, Malak Ta'us who stood with the First and the Last, the alpha-and-omega; who holds the vial of Wrath.

Audi populus meus et loquar tibi Israhel et testificabor tibi Deus.

From the Abyss, I call upon thee Daemon of Protection, sunderer of Hell by tears of flame and iridescent beauty.

Cognovi omnia volatilia caeli et pulchritudo agri mecum est.

I am the Daemon of Protection who stands upon the crested, white-black stone hills. I am the Daemon of Protection who stands before the Basalt Towers of Chorazin; who moves amongst the hidden glades within the Garden of Tears, who's bright lapis eyes flash before the wind.


Quoniam meae sunt omnes ferae silvarum iumenta in montibus et boves. Cognovi omnia volatilia caeli et pulchritudo agri mecum est.

I am the Daemon by whom the hand is guided across the red seas; I am the daemon by whom protection is gained within the cities of blue steel. I am. I am. I am the one who begetteth and destroyeth; I am the favor of the aeon; my name is a heart encircled by a serpent; come forth and follow.

*- the Idolatrous Sorceries of Eddie Talbot*

*Eddie's Notes - Old Dee's Keys work in concert with one another to create a thing. The first two, the archetypal male and female daemon. The next the four fires of Astartes bed, the pillars made from the Hulluppu Tree, and the Water and Stone it sustained, this is the also the subangle of the 156 in the Keys, (Crowley says in 418, 'I cling to the burning aethyr like Lucifer ... And I am Belial, for having seen the Rose upon your thy breast, I have denied God. And he heard a voice saying, I am the courtesan that shaketh Death with the peace of Satiated Lust and the shrill screams of orgasm.') Kuz and Babalon's Daughters. Then the remaining two are the aethyric keys, the call of the aethyrs and the zero key. The gospel of the Sons of Comfort and the Daughters of Fortitude.*

*I should probably tell you more about how to work the devils, but this is a quick note so I thought I'd cover your ass and give you a conjuration of a Watcher to get your back. Never hurts these days.*



Of course you fucks know...  
This means war...

# SCHIZO



“You realize of course, this means War!” - Bugs Bunny

Hereby do I invoke the Wascally Wabbit against the vilest of counterfeits, the bubbling cesspool of popularized bullshit, the waves of mediated chattering vox-populi who profess knowledge most subtle.

Parlour magicians and mountebanks, snake oil salesmen content to sell quick fix secrets. I'm talking to you. You have a few tricks to impress the gullible, and they buy it hook, line and sinker. Filling your pockets with coin, you are peddling crapulous creeds, plasticized cookie-cutter recipes, and marketing them as the finest banquets.

“That's all folks!”

In 2004, in the midst of a particularly complicated rite to hex a very nasty group of fundamentalists which involved large amounts of meditation, screaming and a set of unexpected visitations by, amongst other things, the wrathful Hindu beings known as the Asuras I turned to the trusty Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram. It would help to calm my suddenly terrified nerves and clean out the shimmering, burning shapes hovering in the air before me. I was about to vibrate the name of the Archangel Michael in the Qabbalistic Cross when I felt a sudden inexplicable burst of joy and turned to address the Archangels directly:

“Fuck you,” said I “I don't need you.”

Giving the verbal finger to Archangels is, we are told, not usually a good idea. I suppose it depends what your definition of 'good' is. It went downhill from there. Fast. What actually happened is another story, involving shivering, shaking and vomiting colours worthy of a certain William Friedkin movie with the frankly annoying theme music.

Some would say that I'd performed the equivalent of committing magical suicide. I suspect those same people will say I'm committing a different kind of suicide in writing this. But you know what, I'm still here, so maybe suicide is an effective way of waging war.

Look at the world today. Governments, arguably the biggest, nastiest egregores in human history – at least if we include the military industrial complex. - are supposedly wetting themselves due to a disparate group of individuals with a deathwish and nothing to lose. That and bombs. Great nations paranoid and twitching, clamping down on their people, alternately whipping up fear and slipping in more surveillance and restricting liberties.

The thing about suicide bombers? Anyone in the street could be a human bomb. Anybody can be a weapon, and hence everybody becomes a weapon. There are vocal spokespeople to be sure, but they are simply weapons with a communications suite. The rest are all around you. Everyone a suspect. Everyone a terrorist.

Well, this writing is my communications suite, my manifesto, my declaration of war on the Occulture. Why? Because you have commodified the Mysteries. Like those damn Ayhauasca tourists. You've made magic the domain of self-help. You are responsible for The Secret and SilverRavenWolf being made by committee and peddled in mainstream bookchains alongside Crowley and Regardie.

Pop Magic? Don't make me laugh. Starbucks Sorcery. The Book Of Lies? Where is the edge? Where is the bleeding edge of a whole other reality, numinous and glorious and terrifying and awesome?

Show me.

Because by du Hexen Hase, if you search your heart and don't find an urge to art and wonder and joy but instead are idly wondering when the next royalty cheque will come in, then one day there'll be a polymorphous, ever-adapting shoggoth at your door.

You think I'm joking, don't you? You think the bearded crazy fellow has finally lost it?



I'm not, and let me explain something to you. I'm not the only one. You've felt it, the big-business move, alterity becomes mainstream. Every time a piece of crap is written, another limp treatise with buzzwords, jargon and post-modern smugness, somebody puts it down and wishes they'd have their money and their time back, so I and others like me win. I can't do anything about the money, but I can about the time. Because those moments of generic, bland waste are being brewed together, every disappointment, every moment of bitter ridicule, is a doorway.

A tunnel, through which the Wascally Wabbiit can burrow. Digging, undermining your foundations, able to operate in any direction, on any plane. He's always trying to get somewhere, always working the angles.

Going with the flow, assuming any form, any disguise – you've seen the cartoons. Bugs is a warmachine, and it's that spirit we have adopted. You think we need a target? What about your brand logos, hmm?

Smearred all over the world, your 'occult' nothing more than a murky pall hung over mass-produced disposable content. The validity and metanutritional value of a McDonalds. Vacuous monoculture drones.

For too long, I've been quietly doing my thing, trying to live my life, ignoring the obscene crimes perpetuated against creativity. Tonight I snapped, fired up my instant messenger, called in some favours, and just like that, it began. Absorb, adapt, cannibalize. Ladies and gentlemen, spime-wars can begin if you bolt together the ideas.

They're all there. The information exists, fuck the companies only out for currency alone.. Information wants to be free, and so it will be. The only solution to a yawning poverty of ideas is to keep quality high, novelty maximized.

Obscure, intrigue, draw in. This is occult tactics 101. Does magic fit genre, category? If you think it does, that it can be analyzed as anything than a living, breathing complexity – a mere cash cow - I and the others are coming for you.

Untouchable with magical walls and wards? A few well placed phone calls to reactionary idiots and a brick may manifest through your window. Or a warehouse burn. It's your choice. You business plans. Have been shat on, your acceptable fluffy rites made twisted, perverse and potent.

We can and have done this. You have made the mistake of mocking, using and abusing, a fundamental piece of what it means to be human, and now evolution will teach terrible punishments.

*- the Melancholy of Brrr Rabbit*



'God you people are sad. You stick Kether at the top of a Tree which has no meaning. Something you haven't even begun to sacrifice for. Like you get up every morning, take a shit, and then sit in the kitchen smoking your first fag of the day and chit-chat with God. Like you know God. Like you have seen God. Like you just happened to be born some all-knowing mother-fuckin saint. Like you can draw circles in your notebook and read a website on your fuckin coffee break and understand all the occult mysteries of the Tree. There are 16 hidden paths on the Tree, (the Paths of Concealed Glory, look it up next smoke break,) connecting all the spheres on the Tree of Life which aren't connected by those Shining-roadmapped-tarmacked-everybody else has beaten flat-Paths. And guess what? They don't touch Tiphareth. That self-righteous, bullshiting center of Christ-consciousness. How many spheres-worlds-whatever does that leave you? Shall I count them for you, since you like having your hand held so much? Nine, nine fucking sephira. The Pillar of Jacobs Ladder, the warriors Yggdrasil, the Amazons Hulluppu. The mother- fucking Tree of Life. THERE IS NO KETHER. What does Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh

look like? God is a 1 and a 0. Everything and nothing. How else can I describe something there could not possibly be words for? So build your fucking Towers and call them enlightenment. We all know what happens to Towers. I can hear Buddha laughing at you already.

You want to be of Kaos? You want to be a Magus? Then stop your fuckin whining and grow some fuckin balls. Kaos is the Enochian God fucking his daughter Cosmos (Schueller) . Kaos is the Qabalist's Lilith riding her son the Fool (Kaplan). Kaos is the Thoth who never shuts up and talks so loud it sounds like dying. Kaos is the Amazon Ashteroth fucking the Gaurd-dog because all her warriors are become buracrats in the Ivory Towers. I don't know who the hell your talking too. When God talks it sounds like you whimpering in the corner crying tears of blood. If it doesn't sound like that then your listening to the sound of your Ego sucking its own dick. Why do you think it has a hierarchy? Why do you think they call Tiphareth the interface between man and God? Its cuz its all you have left after you finally have that one-way fucking conversation with Kether. Everything and Nothing. Thats your fucking Christ-concioussness. The first time you say I AM and mean it, because the only other option is sitting in your own feces too afraid to face the voices in the mirror.

So build your playthings if you must. Never walk under that glorious Black Sun. But don't tell me you know God, you don't know shit. Kether is the whole fucking Tree (1) and the void it inhabits (0). It is a blood-soaked rose that smells like being born. It is the (w)hole of the Mother/Daughter taking it the hard way from the Father/Son. It is the most awesomely beautiful ugly thing your Id has ever seen.

Say my name, bitch.'

- *the Red-Neck Ronin*



# TACTICS



'It got pretty easy for us to embrace the ennui of the classical poets. That studious attention they paid to the appearance of thoughtless boredom. It was easy cuz everything got so goddamn boring. I mean 'their' sex symbols are these strange half-humans, stripped of personality and passion. The fuck-machines. I mean, their still some pneumatic shit .. but yeah, yawn. And the suburbs or the monotonous immensity of the modern city. Sex without ego, they say, sex without objectification. Without personality.

That's like, the most prosaic kind of boring I can think of, man. I mean Agape has its place and all but lets not get carried away here. I live in a world of half-humans and devils, men and women, demons and animals. So while I agree that a cunt gone wet on your dick is a wondrous thing, a cunt gone wet at just the thought of it, now that my friend is some truly miraculous shit.

Caste away for a short time your notions of them and simply accept that you too are a part of it all. That like the Media into which you have been driven, you yourself are all the ten thousand things you perceive about you. And then exercise the profound arrogance of shaping that Medium into a work of the Arte reflecting your Aesthetic. It is after all your Arte, the innate manner in which you leap the impossible chasm of communication. Accept no reductions in your personal contemplation of that chasm, Saussure's paradox realizes the complete enigma of human communication. Both written and spoken, neither being superior to the Other, nor lesser than the psychic/physical avenues, it being pointless to attach 'value' to an impossible paradox.

Think on that before you pursue the thread. My communing with you right now is a mother-fuckin' crime against nature. You should be ashamed of yourself. Myself, what can I say, I am a shameless hussy. You are the Narcissus and I am your wanton reflection in the Perilous Pool. I am your melancholic Eros. These words create in you a Pygmalion hammering away at your imagination, your mind turning gradually in its entirety to his criminal image. The ancient greek philosopher-physicians thought of it as an idolatrous sickness of the mind, as well as conceding that it was an inevitable ingredient of genius, it is explicitly revealed in the alchemical process as the foundation of it. Your own licentious desire for his creation will animate it, you will fill it with your observation. These images of profound enigma, capable of fatally seducing the mind/spirit. The Sphinx killed Homer. And Oedipus killed the Sphinx. These words conjure the spirit which haunts the absence of the object of your love. And that daemon is into some funky shit. The paradox of la Marionette dancing on your strings, leading you into perversions, into danger. Her castration of you somehow the very symbol of your virility, the symbol of your perpetual intercourse with her. The secret meanings of fetish, the possession of an impossible object, through the negation of its absence.

That in itself reveals a profound relevance, that these poetic crimes are the expressions of Eros. That a fatal madness is the seat of wisdom, making it both tragic and dangerous, the stuff of poets and dare-devils. Attis castrates himself in the act of creating the Ash of Odin, the Sun-Gold of Osiris, the Scepter of the Emperor. And les Houdeaux whisper perversely, that's a cock you can break teeth with. Who would have guessed that the castrates fuck like champs?

All of these stories which comprise this body of work claim to be the product of the unlikely synthesis of the visionary concepts of the Buddhist Nail, and the Nails of the Hoodeaux. Even if the assertion that the text originates in the forties isn't accurate, there is already a long-standing usage of the Nail as an esoteric symbol in the West. Among the Mormons there is the initiatory ritual known as the 'Sign of the Nail', among the Masons there is the Order of the Rusty Nail, the abstractions presence in these, two of the most pervasive cultic sects to have grown out of the West, advertises this fact. Also, all through-out the history of continental necromancy the term is used to symbolize a bit of juju done for the express purpose of 'fucking-about', most grimoires from the early middle ages had a Nail or two in them. Among the Masons it is rumored to be used as a colloquialism for Satan, on account of his liking it best because they were the instruments of Christ's suffering on the Cross. Crowley's Pope wore nine of them like a crown. Among the Hoodeaux it is probably among the most enchanted items of the fetish of the Boko. Perhaps it is on account of the Masonic influence on the meme, that the Nail abstraction resonated so darkly with the alchemical framework of Jacob's Ladder, or it could be that anything driven by the strange attractor '23'



becomes compulsive. Among the more recent to have utilized this framework are Stephen Sennit with his sex-magick conjurations of Lovecraft's Great Old Ones entitled, quite simply 'the 23 Nails', also William Burroughs and his Cities of the Red Night, the Aats of Andrew Chumbley, and the Night-side Tarot of Kenneth Grant.'

*- Psalms of Adoniah Carrefour*



'This version of the ritual allows the operant to actually be a vessel for the Azathoth consciousness. Rather than an Evocative or summoning rite, it is invoking Azathoth and letting him "inside you" much the way you do Iwa. Difference being, Azathoth doesn't leave that easily. The best tool for getting him out I have worked with is, in fact the exorcism against Azathoth in the Necronomicon, combined with repetitive Zen work on isolating the self form the senses. Azathoth desires information, and the less availability he sees in that from you, the more likely he is to leave.

However, getting him to leave is a royal bitch.

You were warned.

Quarter your circle and build your four gates. There are lots of ways to do this, but even the generic Thelemite or Gardnerian Wicca will suffice. The one listed in the Lesser Key of Solomon, for some reason, works especially well, as does the one in the Necronomicon. You can even work the kaballah to resolve to an elemental consciousness (allowing you to do all but the veve open palm). In any event a standard elemental clearing and setting of the gates will suffice.

Draw a veve-type sigil on the ground inside your circle. While Iwa veve are normally done with flour or other white powder, Azathoth's should be done with black sand, volcanic ash, or if you can gather it, crematory ash from a hospital incinerator. Black sand is easier to get and works well though. A small altar of rusty razor blades and iron objects works well. Bones of any type are a boon to the effectiveness. Unlike Iwa altars, you should not cover it. Rather, this ritual should be performed on a night of the new moon under open sky OR a room which is windowless and has no light other than the the object representing the aspect of Fire.

The veve will be especially difficult to describe as even his sign in the Necronomicon is not listed, however, once you do the research as to various entities he is "linked" to, you should have no problem coming up with one of your own.

Build your fractal. Take a strange attractor, an object signifying connection, and twist it so that you are continually asking an open-ended question...

"What are the 23 Nails?" has been well used, but any strange attractor added to those memes will work to start fractalized consciousness. The point is you are making a correlation to the strange attractor and asking your consciousness to solve it. The strange attractor plays upon the connection meme and begins to draw in random bits of esoteric data which the mind then begins to correlate .. building, if you will, the beginning of a holographic working which is not in fact an eshcaton per se, but rather a kind of mental representation, as built by the memes in the random data drawn by the strange attractor. Literally, you are building a thought form out of completely chaotic but somehow related material. The stress of the operation will then force the operant into Gnosis based on information overload and "push" the operant consciousness out of the mode of "self" and force it into the capability of working with the mass-subconscious.

Somewhere along the way, you are bound to run across memes that have to do with oracular or biologic connotation. At this point, use the helix pattern of the DNA as a Logrus and focus point. As you focus on the Helix, prepare yourself in any way you can to get past Chrorozon. In many ways, he is both gate-keeper and gate. If you have a friendly relationship with him, you may find that this relationship is not quite as strong as you thought. It is in his nature, at this particular point, to repel

you. Thus anything- ritual, mindset, thought pattern, which you have used to get past him before should be tumbling through your mind if not out of your lips and actions.

I don't have to tell you about the hazards of pissing him off. Don't take them lightly.

Once you are past him, you will find yourself in a kind of free flow. Welcome to the Currents. Each Current you feel is much like the fractalized consciousness engine you just started, however the stronger ones are made by the participation in those currents by others. BABALON is usually a good close one to find and surf. Horus-Maat and the Mysteries of Osiris are also good ones to follow. (I use the term "Surf" loosely as if you have never done Current work, it feels much like drowning in an ocean.) If you feel paranoia, the best way to deal with it is to realize that you're dealing with racial memory and group subconscious. You are literally caught up in stream of subconsciousness of both your ancestors and those working the Currents. What you are suffering from is information overload, as our subconscious mind tries to collate an IMMENSE amount of meme-flow, deciding what's important for you to have and what's not.

Memes themselves are weak, but remember this ritual is about building connections, so be prepared to have something evoke powerful emotional responses

For the illustration of this rite, we'll travel the BABALON Current, as it follows evolution, revolution, and more familiar sociologic events. During this mind walk backwards, you must move in a counter-clockwise motion slowly and deliberately destroying the veve. You are making yourself PART of the working, You are making yourself available to him much the same way one makes oneself available to the Lwa. You are also ACTING as the force of entropy within a sacred space.

Why is personal involvement important? Remember, this is more than an invocation, This is possession. Your ability to have any control over how and when you are accessed depends on your intent. Is it Horse-and-rider, or Empty vessel. It also depends on the force of your personality. Who you are. If you're an introvert, you aren't going to have much distinction between Him and you.

Surf the BABALON Current back. You want a good hook up? Start with Scientology memes. Seriously. Sooner or later you're going to get to Hubbard, and from Hubbard you're going to get to Parsons. From Parsons what you should go through next is Crowley. (Remember, the BABALON Current is highly sexually charged. If you're a sexual prude, you are NOT going to be happy going down this path, or at least you will not escape unaffected.)

From here on out, you can cross meme-streams pretty haphazardly. However, keep in mind to work backwards you're going deeper into the Current. Nodes that can be used way-points are:

Kali and the Thugee cult.

The Salem Witch-trials

The Spanish Inquisition

Rites of the Black Madonna, from the Cathars.

The writing of the Book of Revelation. (always be careful using prophecy to navigate currents. It's a hell of a boost, but sometimes it's hell to get clear of them. Revelations is NO DIFFERENT. It's not the fact that it's actually a coded discourse on THE Roman Empire and persecution of the early Christians. Enough people BELIEVE it to be prophecy, and it's always hard to get clear of fanatical and close-minded consciousness.)

The Gnostic Gospel of Magdalene, Thomas, or Judas.

The Ophionian snake cults of Rome.

The Pythagorean cults

The Delphic Cults.

The Minoan Snake Goddess

The Garden of Lilith built by Solomon

The Inanna cult of Sumeria/Babylon

Tiamat Node: This is a place where the majority of currents cross and become two MAIN Currents. Tiamat and Absu will be present, but they are NOT what you want. Look just past them to past them to the Enki/Azathoth juxtaposition.

(You are now entering the Lemurian age)

The Mummu Cult

The Second Deluge, and Diaspora of Atlantis

The Empire of Atlantis, last of the 23 Cities of Cutha

Cayce's Law of One

The Oannes

(And now sliding into the Age of MU)

The Sunken Cities- R'yleh being one

The Grigori, Gibborim, Nephlim and Seraphim war.

The Ape of Thoth

-at this point, you may begin to get dizzy. KEEP UP THE COUNTERCLOCKWISE PACE UNTIL YOU DROP. Remember to fall on your back, and feet towards the north. Continue the regression

(and now...Cthonic)

Hominid

Mammalian

The Cataclysm.

Saurian

Amphibian

Piscean

Insectile/Hive

Crustacean

Invertebrate

And at last we get to the lowest level. Amoebic

Close your eyes.

AT THIS POINT, Your invocation should be simple and direct. At this point, when an amoeba began to divide by sexual reproduction and recombination of gametes rather than simple division, When the choice was made of sex and violence over unchanging code that we find the prime split in consciousness. In to this, the lowest level, bring down the presence of the highest to the lowest, for

this is the question what such an act was spawned by...for in being here, at this time and place and invoking both Choronzon and Jehova, it is possible to MERGE THEM. THIS is the nexus of all Currents. And you Invoke Azathoth at this place and time by pitting Chorozon against Jehova.

With all your breath, speak in a clear loud voice:

I AM I, AND I AM THAT I AM.

If you have not hit the ground yet, now is the time to throw yourself on it. let yourself drop. Again, on your back, again feet to the North.

Imagery, sensation, and unmistakable "interference" will happen/occur.

Open your eyes slowly to look into either the night sky, or the vault of a darkened room.

Say nothing.

Listen as intently as you can.

You WILL get a response. It may not happen immediately, so after a time when you have regained your strength, quietly close your circle, and dispel. Contact will happen, and it will be unmistakable. Don't worry about dispelling Azathoth . . .

He won't be leaving you for quite .... some... time.

*~ Geppeto's Toy-box Perversions*



In the Hagakure it says, "Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily. Every day when one's body and mind are at peace, one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, muskets, spears and swords, being carried away by surging waves, being thrown into the midst of a great fire, being struck by lightning, being shaken to death by a great earthquake, falling from thousand-foot cliffs, dying of disease or committing seppuku at the death of one's master. And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead."

Fox tells me that in the beginning I was different.

I guess he's right, that one. Sometimes I get these weird impulses to fuck the divine. Not make-love, let no sentiments come into it there. Aint nothing loving about that desire. I figure with divinity you could have dirty, wrong, fucking taboo sex. That you'd bend it over and flow through it. Then you let it bend you over and it has it's way with you.

They tell me that back in the old days I had eyes with flecks of gold in 'em. Like I was some kind've reborn shit-heel version of Christ. My grandmother says I came into this world utterly silently, and looked at the world with the eyes of a crystal-blue, fallen-out-of-the-sky general. She said I eyed the contents of the room and then voiced my dismay by barking orders.

I ain't finished screaming yet. I ain't done with this world. I ain't fucked with it enough. I'm a fucking dead man walking amongst the living. They don't notice me so much unless they catch the silver-fire light in my eyes or the black blood that might be the ink of sages running in the veins.

Amongst these cities I have more names than I have use for, and everyone wants to name you. 'Cuz names have power. You get that with Mages. They know it keenly. Words have power. Gods are Gates. We are the eyes of an invisible world.

The sun fuckin' set in the West, and we cast out shadow forth over our children and our infantile dominions never believin' that those cities are populated.



She coils close as we spoon, grinds against me as I dig my words into her ears, letting her see the shadowed pit before me. I could call her sister if I wanted, or Soror if it makes the act of playful fucked up a bit more classically "okay." You fuckin' people. You're dealin' with a child of Pan, stomping his feet. I was told by one who wanted to go down on me I've got the Eyes of Pan, and that I reminded her of an avatar of the wilds. We got a good laugh about that, drinkin' the ambrosia of the dead. Fuckin' pomegranate seeds transmuted into a golden wine most don't want to drink.

But we got drunk on that shit. This land of Hades, after all. And it's haunted, black-mirror-edge leads us back towards the cities we call Home. But nostalgia melts, right? And we all had broken childhoods and lives. We all forgot that somewhere in the background we're still being slapped around by mommy and daddy 'cuz we ain't rightly good enough.

I became a Saint in my teens 'cuz the only shit I was good at was sinning. How does that sound to you, as the opium smoke curls from my lips? How does that sound? You want to fuckin' walk my walk? You want to see my angles?

Then you gotta see that shadow stretching up in you. The you that hates you. And you gotta become friends with him rightly so, 'cuz he ain't ever forgotten you. The tongue of angels will remind you of that. The perverted cousins of the Governors? The fuckin' Apes of Thoth?

Dumb-shit-sage, man. He knows all, but he can't tell you 'cept by sign language and guttural grunts. Pointing you out toward the way Home. Down a yellow-brick-road into immortality.

The lands of Sex and Death come first and foremost. The luster of enchantment half-forgotten behind tarnished copper—them spirits don't like Iron, even if it runs in our veins. We half-killed our Gods when we first got off the boat, fuckin' starving and finding roads that weren't paved with gold. The ancient cry of our ancestors given new tongues now: they lied to us!

I swore I loved you then, in nothing more than a hovel and on the straw bed of a thief. I swore I'd kneel before you and make my sword your own. Lanzellet to you, he that holds the Queen's sword. Warrior-poet? Please, I cannot aspire to such a position. I figure I was more a blonde run-away that thought he'd end up being Jack the Giant Killer. Maybe in my darker moments, I was another Jack—the Spring Heeled one. The mother-fucker who scared women shitless with his kisses and then leapt atop roofs of the rich to get away. I ain't never been a ripper, not really; but maybe my kisses are toxic and my eyes still burn. Maybe I'm still fucking the divine.

You ever fucked an angel? Those in Sodom and Gomorrah figured they would. And the lawd done show them, he did.

So I went for some succubi in a half-forgotten, abysmal district of the city. I loved you, then, too. I loved you as my Tower fell down on itself and I meditated on being the Buddha—but I was a Buddha of fuck; lust and death. The kid sitting on that lotus is a fuckin' pervert, lemme tell you. And then I walked out, my eyes filled with silver and my tongue gold; and I spun my tales to lead the Children of Hammelin way. The little hungry-ghost-children that would follow into the roaming Void that is our hearts, compassion a song that sings lulls itself to sleep in shadows of this night-fall-daytime.

And boy did the dreamtime sound like splendor and madness, as the Peacock Angel turned on his heel and flicked his hand to the left. The way left. The way back home for the ones of us that grew up too poor to know the riches of High Arte, so we learned the Low Way and became as daemons in the wind.

And those eyes turned towards me and smiled; 'cuz he might cut down foes but I'd listened to Fox and sung the fucker a verse. And like a sweet little Inverse-Hermes, I sung and sung.

And after I brought my evil to the murderers only; those that brought the violence upon me would know my voice. It would lift in the wind as I moved like a dancer through bodies—crimson flowing into the streets. Bring not war unto my cities; for here we are all free. Sure, it's an underground freedom. But ain't all forms of real freedom? Down, down. To Parsons' first symbol; that malefic blighted vision of God in a Land of Death.

And that gold sun rose up inside me: the way is through, mi amigos. I rightly find me a witch-woman beside to love, like Crowley did when he found his daemon. The man "made his career by trying to one-up god." Fuck man, ain't that the way to become a legend in these lands?

Deserts become forests; forests become cities of steel and spires rising out against the wind. The decayed echo of angelos – messenger – running right fuckin' through 'em. And I knew myself then, in the depths. I knew the voice that sang to me was the blighted prince in return. I a king of no-thing, and a beggar.

I was fuckin' raised poor. But I fed on gold, man. And I got silver in my eyes; ain't no other way to put it. That black light pours down and then the spurious motions of creativity dredge back on up. Fuck me if it ever the truth.

Here we let the voice of Metatron become the cacophonies of a frozen Azathoth-in-time. Here the voice of Ta'us becomes the poet's pen. We right our shit down as we move through the wind, sing praises and hymns to the damned and despaired.

The light doesn't come against the darkness 'cuz you light your neighbors house on fire. Instead you steal his wife. Trust me on this. You steal that mother-fucker's wife and keep grinning at him. Ain't she free, too? From where I sit I figure Lanzellet had it right—you don't need but one vision of the graal, man. You only need a glimpse of Lucifer's eye, entrusted in them enchanted lands to man by neutral-angels-become-fae. Those fuckin' messengers. Sure, there's Black Nuns there that worship Asmodai, but fuck them.

We got our own altars. We got our own holy tomes. We know the way of writ, man. We know how to spin our tales, tell ya how to get back. We that sit in the west, we know. Meditations in charnel grounds to break the fear of the place; the black and loving face of god enshrined in the seals of angels around the Goetic circle. This is but one legacy we've been given.

We are the fuckin' tribeless. The homeless. Call it nephilim or witchblood, fuckin' abortions the whole lot. Who gives a shit about them powerless, over-used names? We got our own. You can call me Jack Fuckin' Flash 'cuz I was born in a cross-fire hurricane. You could call me a Dionysian Atavism, 'cuz my revel with the witch women is in the woods. You can call me Faust 'cuz I used that seal of Mephistopholes to sell my soul—gimme hot sex, said I. Gimme fuckin' the divine. Gimme all that shit and more. I'm a poor boy, and I know my ways. Days spent lived on Ramen and enough talent to rip off the elderly when I can con my way into a home-cooked meal. You'd do it too.

Enough sigils and seals and that line blurs. So I sell my drugs and I spin my tales. They kept tellin' me they wanted a Child of Light manifesting in the darkness again. So fuck it, I'll give them that. I'll give them a fuckin' angel, seals spread in blessed check against granite stone floor. Steel risin' through the church. I'll speak my words; left them shift against the wind.

I know me the Daemon of Protection, got that shit down.

All it takes is the right lover to hijack the cross-roads and go traipsin' down the path of the Low Road. I'm the fuckin' eyes of God. So are you, 'course. Maybe sometimes even the voice. This aint Christian rhetoric. Aren't we bigger than that? Fuck redemption. I fucking abide.

We learn our tools well, when we use 'em regularly. Mine is lying. But don't let that make you think I don't love you. 'Cuz I always loved you. You were the only reason to break down, to glimpse the light or shadow. That temple fell on me and I kept right on meditating through death. 'Cuz I knew you'd always be the light that cast my shadow. Right into death itself. So saith the dead lover."

*- the Fever ~ Dreams of Jeremiah Faustus*