



The Sutra of the Poison Buddha
vol. III - *the Cunning Perversions*

Letters From the Night-side

- Editorial Notes

When I sat down to begin this, the third volume of the Sutra, in the fourth week of March, I had no idea what I was in for. After the release of the second volume, rare and extremely hard to find occult texts began to appear mysteriously. Bertiaux's Gnostic Voudoun Handbook, Chumbley's Sethos Edition of the I-Azoetia and most astoundingly, A. O. Spare's first published work, Earth Inferno. Johnny Sixx, myself and Jack Faust set ourselves to a period of intense experimentation. It has been said that within the occult traditions, there are books *about majick* and then there are books *of majick*. The Hedkult has always been comprised of seekers of the latter, and I personally have always sought to produce a work which would be so classified. When I began the Sutra, it was in this spirit. An astounding amount of care was taken to find authors and artists whose work fully engaged the minds of their readers, their artful use of memetics conjuring and releasing the occult potential of my audience. In short, I wanted reading the Sutra to be a 'majickal experience'. It would seem, that in this regard at least, I met with some measure of success. The first release met with an encouraging reception, the second among accusations of destroying peoples brains and offering up extremely harmful and viral memetic strains, tripled the distribution of the first release on its first day. Majick was happening.

Majick however, was not the only thing happening. Sixx and I had been searching for some time to find source materials which would allow us to contain an extremely volatile memetic combination we had been working with for the last two years or so. We had discovered that the creative potential within these daemonic memetic forms was very nearly unlimited, but were working essentially blind, finding our correspondences and revelations where they could be found. Then the books began to arrive and we realized we were being handed the materials we required to construct a vehicle capable of channeling this vast potential we had discovered. Sixx and I began assembling the pieces, memetic strains from Chumbley, gnostic architecture courtesy of Bertiaux, and gates of manifestation lifted from Spare, it was a hot-rod vehicle of transcendence. After our first few, cautious trials, major effects were felt, money poured in from unexpected sources, sex-slick race cars appeared in driveways, kinky fucks were happening left, right and center, it had the feeling of aethyric validation. Within us, old walls and limitations came crumbling down, old fears destroyed, replaced with challenges we could sink our teeth into, we became our archetypal selves. Then Boss Dirge was recuperating on my couch, forcibly occupying my computer so that he might keep in touch with his compatriots when we discovered that my messenger accounts had been hacked, and that someone was impersonating me online. Dirge, thinking ahead as always, immediately confronted this mysterious individual and they vanished. A few hours later, Butoh and I discovered much to our dismay, that our master passwords had been changed and that we had been locked out of our own computer. Nearly three weeks later, the computer was returned to us, wiped clean. The rough drafts of the Sutra were gone, my pdf collection of books was gone, ironically, whoever they are, actually had more of my work than I had myself. It would seem that I had found the student I never wanted. Whether this was done intentionally to complicate or possibly derail the publishing of these materials or simply to cover the tracks of the hacker, I have no idea. Needless to say, it cemented my commitment to release this volume of work. I offer up this editorial as both an apology and thanks, to those of you who waited and encouraged me to continue, as well as to explain the extremely tardy public release of these materials. I sincerely hope that the rituals and conjurations of the Hedkult prove worthy of such espionage and high drama, as well as the undoubtedly annoying wait. It has been a proverbial trip.

The Diamond Dogs sequence was written by myself. And I was heavily influenced by Bertiaux while I was working its composition. As is stated at the beginning of the piece, the Conjuraton of the Man at the Cross-Roads is from the CLM 849, a 14th century sorcery handbook written by a heretic cleric. The name of devil, Mirage, can be left to stand and you will call the daemon into whatever form best conveys its relevance to you or the name of another daemon you wish to summon can be substituted in its place. It is recommended that in the case of each of the ritual included that they be performed as they are first, before being used to explore other manifestations. In all of the disciplines outlined herein the karcist is initiated by the Crossroad or Messenger figure. The masks featured through-out are the traditional masks of the Noh theatre style.

The Baron and the Monkey at the Cross-Roads, was written by Boss Dirge and Baron Samedi. Hoodoo, as is noted in the essay by Samedi, is a permeable aesthetic, and in compiling this edition it seemed as though it made the most sense to juxtapose the precision of an astrologers abstractions against the sermon and sijill of a blues musician. The Abyssal Epistles, the Baron Samedi's weekly astrology column can be found here - [Abyssal Epistles](#). The Blues, as performed by the Dirge Monkey can be found here - [Saigon Brothel](#). La Sermoni de pa Tet, is a creole variation of the Headless exorcism, the Barons Face was painted by Phantast.

The Nought-I Conjuraton/Exorcism is a highly mutable adaptation of Chumbley and Bertiaux's memetics constructed by Sixx and myself for use by the Hedkult.

The Things of Eternity, and the Hashashin essay were written by Mr. Sixx.

The Words of Opening is a composite piece, combining elements of gnostic greek formula with Traditional British Witchcraft which was compiled of Mr. Sixx and Jack Faust. It can be used as a preliminary invocation for work with the Aats of the Azoetia as well as an initiatory sequence.

The 'Stele of Jeu the Hieroglyphist' was painstakingly compiled at my request by lxaxar, who asked that his thanks to Vlad Kiosk be noted. His deconstruction of the Stele is of immense use, not just to those who wish to work with the Headless Exorcism in its original and most potent form, but also to aid those seeking the greater nuances of the Voces Magicae.

All photography through-out was by Butoh Valentine, and utilized Shibari rope bondage to bind the models hands in a disabling yet supplicatory position and blindfold to encourage the dissolution of those who examine these materials. To, if only for a time, to subvert the [Tyranny of the Hand and Eye](#).

My heartfelt thanks goes out to all of my contributors for sticking it out.

- *Ryan Valentine*



The Diamond Dogs
of Kwan-Lyl

"There are those who will simply look upon Spyder and those who attempted this Arte as mad. That in keeping with some Lovecraftian sensibility, he was nothing more than some hill-billy who opened one book too many and finally cracked, and all those archaic belief-systems, anthropological theorem and catalogues of quantum-probabilities he had toiled over with a reverence reserved for the uneducated and superstitious, ran boiling and fluid back into the psychosis which had always threatened to over-take him. In truth, I myself wondered at the veracity of his Praxis, and then he just up and vanished. No one could find him, he had escaped the eyes of even the Watchers.

And in concert with his disappearance, new folklore and mysteries sprang up all across the eigenstates. Gospels written by Judas, Jesus Christ teaching majick to his disciples, a Book of the Dead written by European witches that survived the Great Burning, the great conspiracy orchestrated by Metatron to keep Gods holy throne vacant, a series of perverse rituals that would allow one to read the aethyric grimoires, the language of the Making hidden away for thousands of years in the mouths of slaves. And he was a part of them all, the Spyder, the Nox-Buddha, the Diamond Dog of Kwan-Lyl."

- excerpt from the report to HK entitled "On the Disappearance of St. Spyder Circvs", Investigating Agent, Ryan Valentine

The Artful Science of Syncretic Folk-Lore - the 23rd Aat/Key/Nail

"The French got here first. Remember that, while you troll the sleeper's dreams. Catholic French. They brought the Africans with them, as slaves. Yoruba and Voudoun. They brought the Irish with them, as slaves. Protestant and Catholic, both. Then the English came, with their Empire upon which they said, the sun would never set. And strangely, others who sought to escape the Empire, the Barkers, the Calvinists and the seditious and rebellious, the blatantly criminal. Shouldn't forget the spaniards either I guess, though they worked the south, where the gold and silver was, plunderin' and killin' like they was taking the fuckin' promised land, on behalf of Holy Rome. They came north eventually too though. For all I can see, the whole bleeding world came. The Chinese came with the Brits, the Portuguese with the Spaniards.

Those there are yer fuckin' keys to yer bloody Hotel California. But the blood and dust that is the brick and beam of the place, now thats a whole other thing, thats a whole lotta dark suffering that is. Now the Empire, the Brits without their sunset, or the French and Spaniards with their Holy Rome, they were quick like. Built their cities up, one on top of the Other, so no matter how deep you slept there was no escapin' their terrible grasp on you. Sleep like death its own self and still there was more Empire, piled up on itself, far beneath ya as a soul could fuckin' see. So we got a mixed bag here, them that was tryin' to escape the Empire, and them what just wanted to build a little one here all for their own selves. So they slaughtered, them what remembered how Empires were built. They slaughtered the Iroquois, the Ojibwe, the Mohawk. They slaughtered the Hiada and the Hopi, the Cree and the Comanche. The Cheyenne and the Crow. Fuck me if I can remember them all, hundreds of tribes. Now I ain't never been one for numbers and those high learnings, but they say that when the Empire got finished with the natives, if they ever did, they'd killed tens of millions. Between being a syphilitic lot of diseased beggars and dukes, or in the thrall of a right pestilence due to the slavery and the guns and wars and just generally lookin' down on ones fellow man. Says in one of those Holy Books of the Empires that god himself held the sun up, kept it from setting he did just like they say, so that they could finish all that slaughterin'.

And then when they had finished killin' every livin' man and woman that had some claim and kinship to the dirt, they set about killin' its beasts, and choppin' up its forests. The Empire figured, so they say, that if there weren't no millions of dead souls to build a city on top of, to keep the crazies from dreaming to much, well then they'd just go kill themselves a million and build their cities on top of them. Million here, million there and voila, the west is won and the Empire has its fingers in yer beard, and they got their

fuckin' boots, be sure of that, already dug into a hundred million souls. I guess I should say, and counting.

But, the whole while this is going down things are going wrong, as they rightly should I figure, bein' that the tactic itself is inhuman in its idiocy. So everywhere the Cunning are there, and the Wise, they get imported from all over the world. And everybody knows, that a Cunning woman can talk a Wise man into anything, and they both accept a thing for what it is. Which I guess is probably why they named em' so smart-sounding. Right from the beginning in the oldest cities, the witch-queens of Nu-Orleans, the Cunning of Salem, the Whateley's in Nu-England, when the American States rebelled North-York went Native, in name anyways, though some say the Black Donnellys might have had a hand in that as well. The Brijitte escaping the Empire and going over to the Heathen's Kreole in Nu-Orleans, her and Calico Jack pillaging the Empire's fleets in the Carribean. A whole couple a' choirs of the angels themselves up and turned when Johnson got Gheude to teach guitar at the Cross-Roads Sabbat.

But the Empire crushed the Cunning of Salem, though the Spider Gates still stand there, and the Whateleys disappeared when Innsmouth and the Miskatonic did, they tell me in the books that it was inevitable, cuz it was so early in the rebellion against the Brits. It was one of the Salem girls what got the Crypto-Grammatrix to the Donnelly family, and then went and ran off with one of their Thieving Sons after he sang for her from the Devils Verse, the two of them with the Books of their Kin. They say they went west to the Pacific for a time, to remember with the Hiada what still survived out there. And though the Empire struck the Cunning and the Wise about, every time they struck down one of those old gods, it rose up out of the dirt to rage at them with the strength of a hundred million souls, filled with spirits whose names they didn't know, and whose rage is as inhuman as the slaughter which created it. The American Howlers. They say that when Babalon went native whole cities sprung up out in the Is/Nought. And the Black Jacks, crazy as they come they say those ones are, though beloved of Johnny Puck. The Johnny what sows his dark seed where he feels like it, and the Jack what reaps them.

So the Schoolmen of the Empire are as powerful as ever, what with their one new atrocity after another, but suddenly the old gods themselves, what they thought dead and gone ages past, are raising themselves up to roar at them in unknown languages, and tear at them with a ferocity borne out of a deep and furious indignation. And all around them juju-men are making soldiers out of their sons corpses, and the witch-queens making weapons of their daughters sex. It was a labour camp during the second war to end all wars, where the zen monk Takuan Kozo met the Hels-kin, who claimed they carried the Books of Kin taken when the Salem girl up and ran off with a Thieving Son, and thats how Kwan-Lyl and the Diamond Dogs came to be. I suppose there is probably a Whateley or two out there somewhere still.

Those are the ones that fought the Empire and their Schoolmen, who fight them still. Those are the ones what got the Art that don't just got the power to steal the Keys to Hotel California, them ones can command the liquid black millions that beat within its breast. Them all are the Ones that speak with tongues of the Deep Ones themselves. And them tongues are the Keys to Everything."

- excerpt from, Oral Traditions of the Hel-skin Bvrlesqve, History of the N. American Bardo, vol. II

According to Andrew Chumbley, all natural witchcraft evolves through a syncretic response to its environment. Most of those with the gift for the Arte turn to the empires great schools when they wake up to it, and in the west that means they are building themselves a Hotel California, to use the Hel-Skin colloquialism, which I find both apropos and charming. A rich and natural mythology is ever-present beyond our walls and self-created limitations. Though all through-out Chumbley's work, he is treating with the spirits which surround him in the Bardo of Europe's witches, he focused on the manner in which these daemon were present, living in his world. To a natural witch, one always works with those daemon which are naturally arising, perpetually manifest within the frame and grasp of the individual. This is a respect and acknowledgment of the energies being used, and the natural spirituality that arises from

contemplating the Self in relation to its environment. It is a recognition not only of the Mystery of I, but also a fascination with our mutual collaboration with the Other in the creation of our environment.

“One who aspires unto the tradition of Elder Worship, who would gain wisdom in the Wanderer’s Faith, let such as He and She heed well the counsel of the Daimon. For a Sorcerer not wishing to be bound unto the ways of only one land nor unto any mortal system of praxis, ..., such as he may align the Cognate Divine Forms from amongst the Worlds Belief’s in order to give cohesion and aggregate form unto the Universal Arcana. The application of this Method of Syncretic Alignment in ritual and Meditation will render, if successful, the Inspiration of Dreams and Visions which will teach the Hidden Names and Sigils of the Aatic Genii.”

- excerpts from *Of Syncretic Alignment, Azoetia*, Andrew Chumbley.

Chumbley goes on to describe a sort of orgy of deconstructionism and memetic infection. Any sort of mnemonic examination is used in revealing the Aat of the Azoetia, preferably as many kinds as the ‘Divine Artist’ can conceive of all together. Of purposefully feeding the obsession to reveal new books of the Arte and to broaden ones field of reason. So that the resulting Arte is fluid and suffuse with an innate grace and immediacy. It inspires a praxis which is based on the aesthetics of union and fetish.

The Hel-skin Bvrlesqve travelled the Americas all through-out the late 19th and 20th centuries, collecting what knowledge they did out of the local folk-tales, which were and still are vast and innumerable, beyond the confines of Hotel California. And most, if not all of their oral tradition was based on tales told by poor folk, the vast majority of whom could not read or write, this remained true of most of the initiates of the Bvrlesqve until after the early fifties. Their oral tradition describes an innate mythos very similar to what we have found in more contemporary traditions, like the Diamond Dogs and the Hashashin of the Hedkult. It is forced to respond to an ever-changing thought-scape of culture and belief, yet it does so from a unique angle. Both the Hel-skin and the Diamond Dogs, whose practice is based upon their traditions, as well as the Hedkult’s Hashashin look upon the language they are given as divine, or a facet of the divine anyways, and as a thing worthy of great reverence. Bertiaux, in his Voudoun Handbook, takes great care to draw his readers attention to the fact that it is the paradigms which have naturally arisen out of the more superstitious and under-educated lower classes that effect the greatest influence on the eigen-state. Chumbley, in his essays on syncretic alignment and folklore is essentially describing the mechanic which makes this so.

When I describe the Hel-skin traditions as innate, I mean to imply that it is naturally responsive to the time and place of the practitioner. When examining what transcripts of their oral tradition which still exist, like those the Hedkult have compiled in the Bardo, we can actually see the syncretic process at work. As they travelled, and were exposed to the various and numerous folk practices of N. America, they absorbed those that lent their Arte a greater intensity and meaning. The line of history concerned them very little, all belief, whether religious or mystic was considered of equal value. This is perhaps why, by the time their traditions had reached our modern era, those who still followed them were working such an eclectic mix of spiritual memetics. The Diamond Dogs work with the esoteric principles they borrowed from Takuan Kozo, the mysterious monk the Donnelly boy met in the Canadian labour camps during the second world war, which are thoroughly Zen. But their praxis is pure Nibbho Hoodoo, utilizing perversions of Catholic latin exorcisms, with a splash of eastern European witchcraft and no small amount of Native American visionary work.

“It makes a lot of sense if you really think on it. The Zen principles are so austere, so intensely practical, it was inevitable that they would be absorbed into the Hel-skins mythos, combined with Voodoo’s preoccupation with the various personifications of death, and those atavisms which arise from profound ecstatic trance states and you end up with something very much like Vajrayana Buddhism, the tantric disciplines of Tibet. Its pretty unlikely that this was intentional, but rather should be seen as an inevitable evolution. The essentially pristine state of the voudoun atavisms would either collapse into the pollution

of Hotel California, or the removed position of the hill-billy from popular culture as a whole would encourage a fluid and graceful spirituality. Takuan simply revealed that spirituality, the Hel-skin already had developed a highly effective praxis, the two must have come together like long lost lovers."

- excerpts from *The Books of St. Spyder Circvs*, vol. II

The Diamond Dogs have always been an eclectic group, using what seemed to work with the greatest efficiency and gnostic impact. There is a kind of violence to their majick, a tremendous and immediate validity that can at times punish the mind of the practitioner. Each of the conjurations that they eventually came to favor serves to amplify the occult currents being tapped by the individual. When they recommend the use of an exorcism, it comes first in the ritual progression to create a void space within the practitioner, the Empty Spirit of the magician. The conjurations are then used to fill that Spirit. It should be stated here that the atavisms which are conjured in this manner come to the practitioner in something akin to a raw or natural state, which holds both great potential for the individual conjuring them, as well as great risk. Both the Diamond Dogs, as well as the Hashashin of Hedkult have sought to incorporate both of these facets, as they are perceived as innate to the human condition, with the use of the Nought-I conjuration, which dissolves the boundary between Self and Other, (which is too often reinforced by ritual majick,) and allows the natural and superstitious instinct of the practitioner to guide the ritual process juxtapositionally towards beneficial ends by incorporating both the creative and destructive potentials of ones daemon into the majickal process initiated by the mage.

The Hedkult factions utilize what could easily be described as the single most illegal and left-hand praxis of any of the western traditions besides perhaps hoodoo itself. Chemo-gnosis, sex and rock music. Spyder wrote in his handbooks, *"The Alchemists were dosing the whole time. It's right there in the chemical ingredients but everybody is too straight to notice. Takes a head like me to catch it, burning mercury, euphorbium ... all kinds a shit. The Purple Flame ritual is the equivalent to smoking a joint while sitting over a bucket of ether in a small room wall-papered in acid. And then you go and have a kinky fuck with your Soror Mystica, sounds pretty transcendent to me. Jung was on valium, Freud was on cocaine, Crowley was on heroine, Carrol was on speed, Spare was an opium smoker and Burroughs did everything under the sun. Leary says that 500 mikes of acid allow for profound changes within the sub or animal consciousness. The Heathens tell that the steed of Odin was a mushroom and the tantrics talk of the pure drug Soma. I think I'll go and smoke a j and meditate on that."* It should be noted however, that Spyder and his dyadic partner Crimson Burlesque created an Akashik egregore to 'remember' the gnostic triggers so that they could be recalled at any time without the use of drugs, and as a precaution against burn-out. An admirable caution from such a reckless mage, but worthy of consideration for those who intend to seriously experiment with the Diamond Dogs model, since it is intentionally designed to obsess and possess the individual. To remake the processes behind how we view the world around us, into a perception which does not define one as separate from the other.

"Kelley saw the practicality in Dee's Angelic formula. The pairing of Energy and Form. I can transform my basic impulses into reflections of the Infernal, just as the High Magicians transformed their higher impulses. If the gnosis of the Western Collective resides in Da'ath just beneath the composite body of Malkut in Assyah, then this would be the Infernal Formula. The Impulse [beast] and the Masque [woman]. Is this not the message Occulted within Crowley's Burlesque of the Tetragramatton? 'And I called him Harlequin.' That in the end all human interaction is an Obscene Charade of Creation. Or Johannes Cunalis, when he named the Arch-Devil Superbus, Mirage, was he not implying that the Greatest Devil of them all was the Assumption of Form? Cunalis was the genius, an entire necromancy hand-book, full of Smoke and Mirrors. Add to that Carrol's concept of the Egregore, in terms of Beast, and Spare's nuanced understanding of Arte-Sijill, in terms of Woman. And just imagine what you could conjure."

- excerpts from *The Books of St. Spyder Circvs*, vol. II



Conjuration
of the Man at the Crossroads

Taken from CLM 849 (CLM - Codex Latinus Monacensis) also called the Munich Handbook. The material in the handbook is 14th century German, probably dating previous and being copied for personal use. The 849 was not a scholarly work. Its author is unknown, though Spider attributes the work to Johann Cunalis in his journals. A strong resonance can be felt with the Picatrix and to Roger Bacon's Thesaurus Necromantiae, and Weyers Pseudomonarchia Daemonum. Notes are from the Books of St. Spycer Circvs, vol II.

Primary Conjunction

Per inuocationem nominis domini Ihesu Christi, Mirage, imperat tibi agnus immaculatus; perinde arguant te angeli et archangeli, Michael, Gabriel, Raphael; arguant te tres patriarche, scilicet Abraham, Ysaa, et Iacob; arguant te prophete et omnes apostoli Christi; arguant te omnes selecti dei. Deficient ergo aures tue in die et in nocte in hora et in mense et in momento, sicut defecerunt Iamnes et Mambres, nisi cito sine aliqua mora dictis meis obedias et voluntati mee subiciaris.

Note - This is basically a classical Catholic Liturgy to call Satan to the bar as it were, to face his accusers. He is called in the names of the angels, arch-angels, the prophets and the sacred elect.

The Flattering of Mirage

Deus angelorum, deus archangelorum, deus prophetarum, deus apostolorum, deus evangelistarum, deus martirum, deus confessorum, deus domini nostri Ihesu Christi, inuoco nomen sanctum tuum in hac preclara tue maiestatis potencia. Supplex exposco ut michi aecidium tuum preparare digneris aduersus illum spiritum Miragem, ut ubicumque iacet, audito nomine tuo, velociter de loco suo exeat et festinater ad me accedat. Ipse imperat tibi, dyabole, qui te de supernis celorum sedibus in inferiora terre demergi precepit. Audi, ergo, Mirage requisite, et time, victus et prostratus, accede in nomine dei nostri Ihesu Christi. Tu ergo, Mirage nequissime, inimical fidei, humani generis mortis repertor, iniusticie declarator, malorum radix, fomes viciorum, seductor hominis, demonum magister, qui stas et resistis cum scis te perdere vires tuas. Illum metue in Ysaac est ymmolatus, in Ioseph venundatus, in agno occisus, in homine crucifixus, deum surrexit triumphator. Audi ergo, Mirage, et time verba dei, et esto michi preparatus in omnibus negociis prouidendis. Adiuro te, serpens antique, per iudicem viuorum et mortuorum, per eum qui habet potestatem te mittere in Iehennam, ut facias cito quid precipio tibi, illo iubente qui sedet in altissimis. Amen.

Note - It seems as though after his presence has been compelled with the first part of the incantation, his crimes are then presented both to him and the host (used to compel his presence to begin with). I refer to this portion of the conjunction as the flattering of Mirage for this reason. The first portion was obviously used to summon the daemon on its own more often than the rest of the conjunction, I believe this is here to establish a strong link between the daemon and the karcist during both first and pivotal workings. Whilst in the process of accusing Mirage of his crimes, you are by default naming him as the ultimate power over these crimes as well. He is the Power of Life and Death, Sex and Seduction, the Earthly Powers, all the Daemon who are not of the Angelic Hierarchies and of course Crime. In particular those crimes inimical to the Christian establishment.

The Adjuration for Favor from Mirage

Adiuro te, Mirage, non mea set uirtute Spiritus Sancti, ut sis subiectus mandates meis, ea sine mora perficianda. Cede ministris Ihesu Christi. Illius potestas te urgeat qui se pro nobis affluent cruces patibulo subiugauit, illius enim brachium contremisce qui de victis gemitibus inferni animas ad lucem produxit. Sit tibi tremor corpus hominis. Sit tibi formido ymago dei, quam Christus sancta morte redemit. Ne resistas, ne moreris aporinquare michi, et uelle meum implere, et ne me infer mum putes ad condempnandum te.

Note - This is your standard, please don't hurt me shit. Compelling Mirage in the name of Christ. Particularly his Passion and his Sacrifice. As well as the Holy Spirit.

The Chaining of Mirage

Tibi imperat deus Pater. Tibi imperat deus Filius. Tibi imperat Spiritus Sanctus. Tibi imperat apostolorum fides, scilicet Petri et Pauli et ceterorum apostolorum. Imperat tibi indulgencia confessorum. Imperat tibi sangwis martirum. Imperat tibi continencia viduorum. Imperat tibi pia opera coniugatorum. Imperat tibi oraciones omnium bonorum hominum in ecclesia dei militanium. Imperat tibi sacramentum cruces. Imperat tibi uirtus corporis et sanguinis domini nostri Ihesu Christi. Imperat tibi misteriorum uirtus. Imperat tibi Ihesu Christus in quo nichil pursuits de oberibus tuis, qui te exsploiauit, qui regnum tuum destruxit, qui te proiecit in tenebras exteriores vi tibi et ministris tuis est preparatus eternus interitus. Sed quid nunc, trunculente dyabole retractus, qui redardas?

Reus es omnipotentis, cuius statuta trangressus es, reus Ihesu Christi fillius, quam temptare ausus fuisti et crucifigere permisisti; reus humani generis, cui mors persuasion bus tuis euenit. Impero tibi, nequissime, per imperium diuim. Adiuro te per agnum immaculatum, qui ambulat super aspidem et basilicum, qui conculcat leonem et draconem, ut facias cito quidquid impero tibi et precipio. Contremisce et time. luoco nomen domini, illum time cui uirtute celorum, potestates, dominaciones, et principatus subiecti sunt, timent, et honorant, quem cherubim et seraphin indefessis vicious laudant. Imperat tibi uerbum caro factum, imperat tibi natus de uirgine. Imperat tibi Ihesus Nazarenus. Imperat tibi qui te creauit, ut impleas cito omnia que peto a te uel habere uolero uel scire cupio. Quia quanto magis supplicium tibi erit de die in diem.

Note - Once again, pure Liturgy here. He is calling out everybody in this portion of the conjuration. The Blood of the Saints is mentioned here. Jesus the Man, is mentioned only in this passage. Which is interesting also, the author goes to great length to highlight the Passion and Sacrifice in this sequence of the piece. The Nazarene he calls him, but refers to the rest of the Trinity in a removed sense, the word Father. After calling him a man, he then compels Mirage through the vehicles of his body and blood, in addition to the blood of the Saints. This is the Chaining, or what I personally would equate with one, the portion of the conjuration wherein the vast nature of the daemon is contained and shaped into something which can be consciously interacted with by the karcist. You'll note that this doesn't terminate in an AMEN. Instead there is a break, and then two exorcisms. Both of them very potent.

[According to Spider's journals, this Conjunction was worked three times, over the course of six days. IHe utilized various chemo-gnostic formula, varying it up from day to day. What follows is the product of this gnosis. I have reproduced it verbatim.]



Document of Outcome;
Six Days in Sodom

Six days passed. On the seventh day I rested. I had intended to rest on the sixth. Instead a small impromptu gathering of demons took place and much debauchery ensued. The Mirage Conjunction is the beginning of Decadence and therefore Decay. I must return to the Munich Handbook and its Exorcisms, but I find it too easy to descend into distraction. Mirage is a crafty devil.

On the first day I spoke a Word. A Word that had been Broken, chopped up into small, bite-sized, take-away portions. A forgotten Word once sang by a choir of young boys dressed like little girls. It rolled off my tongue like honey, dripped from my lips like I was rabid. The Word remade the world around me, I watched a mans blood drip into the sand. I watched it as it drew its sijills in the dirt. The man, his blood. Red sijills, spelled in suffering and the eddies of dust. A long and Broken Word, whose meaning is Eddies in Dust, whose pronunciation is Suffering and Blood.

On the second day I gathered Dust and Blood.

Drunk like all of yesterdays tomorrows, I speak it again. On the third day the Broken Word is poetry. It fills me up like Sex. It is summoned from somewhere beneath the lungs, deeper than the bowels. All crotch and ass. The Werewolf is a Demon of the Base Chakra, the Vampyre of the Sacral. Others speak the Word, and the Devils are grateful for this. A Forgotten Word is Remembered. A young boy dressed like a girl steps out from the choir. And sings his Word. A long and Broken Word, whose meaning is Poetry, whose pronunciation is Sex.

On the fourth day I am rocked with vision. It leaps out at me from bright lights and deep shadows, like a psychotic break. I stand on the roof of a condo downtown and watch as the rain turns to snow. I watch a great Black Ship sail into an Old City lost on the Aethyrs, riding a frigid wind. I find a Tortoise-Shell Kitten on the front step, abandoned and wet and freezing, I offer her shelter and she takes it. I give her the title Butoh. I sense great demons stirring in the silver sea just beyond Logic. I watch the gleaming towers of my City, reflecting the sunset back at me in gold and purples and Butoh says, this is the secret nature of Mirage. I scratch behind her black ear first, then the orange ear.

The White Light and Chemical Brilliance. On the fifth day, I go for broke. I speak the Word again, not even knowing why this time. And this time, this time the Word is Madness and Hunger. Broken for the sake of unexpected unities. Broken on whim, just to see what could be made from its pieces. Its all Rape and Seduction. Its all the demons from just beyond Logic. The choir boy laughs and prods at me. I find Iku sleeping and am filled with the need to fuck her. The need to come like an Incubus in the Dark, filled with a Love like Incest. So I do. As the frigid wind rattles at the windows and bends the trees to my desire. She eats my sins. She eats a long and Broken Word whose meaning is a Love like Incest, whose pronunciation is cumming like an Incubus in the Dark.

On the sixth day the demons arrive. A Whore crawls about on my kitchen floor to impress Horus/Set, it works. A broken man asks me if he should leave and then passes out. A lesbian sits like Buddha and drinks my wine, laughing at the broken and the crawling. Iku wonders who she should punch in the nuts first, the choice proves so difficult the notion is given up on entirely. A quiet man like a statue, fixes his place in the corner and tries not to speak to loud. We all get stoned together, we all drink together, we all forget who we are together. The Whore crawls about on the floor until she finds Sophia. Horus/Set realizes he is drunk but cant shut himself up, and so shows himself. The lesbian laughs like Buddha and moves on from the wine to my better shag. The quiet man manages to speak quietly and still get heard. And the choir boy surveys his little kingdom with my eyes. His little kingdom of Broken Words.



The Baron and the Monkey
at the Cross-Roads

Permeable Boundaries

It is difficult to draw an unbroken line around the afro-caribbean traditions. The scope of vodoun, hoodoo, Santeria, candomble, etc span a range of pantheons and practices. Unlike most magical/spiritual systems, several of the standard boundaries are considered permeable.

Space

The first perforated boundary is the wall that exists between pantheons. When the African roots of these traditions were confronted, in the New World, by the juggernaut edifice of Catholicism, the result was a pairing of the Catholic Saints with the Orishas. This pairing is a common adaptive strategy, and one used by the Catholics themselves. The pairing of “pagan” gods and holidays with Christian ones is the genesis of several standard holy days: Valentine’s Day, Christmas, Easter, and Halloween, to name just a few. However, there is a key difference between the afro-caribbean and the Catholic version of this strategy. In the Catholic version, the pairing inevitably ended in the assimilation of the “pagan” faith’s gods into the Catholic figures, whereas the legitimacy of Catholic saints is not denied by many practitioners of the voodoo-family faiths. Pictures of saints often stand beside those of the loa on many altars, whereas there aren’t many statues of the Orisha in Catholic churches.

It can be argued that equating the Loa to the Saints was a clever adaptation that allowed the slave-practitioners to disguise their practices in the code of the dominant culture. Although equating Legba with Jesus may serve in some ways as a method of clever subterfuge, the voodoo-family includes other cross-pantheonic anomalies. An Irish Fire Goddess, Brigit, plays important role- Matriarch of the Dead. Like Hades and Persephone, Brigit and the Baron Samedi rule as the king and queen of the underworld. As the Gedde, the spirits of the dead, play an important role in both the cosmology and practice of the voodoo-family of traditions, this is no small addition. While there are a few instances of this type of incorporation in other systems, voodoo is unique in that many of its practitioners openly recognize Brigit’s extra-cultural origin in the songs sung to her. It is not uncommon in the history of people and their pantheons to see additions from other cultures, but the origin of the spirits is often forgotten, and their position within their new pantheon is often degraded. An excellent example is the incorporation of the fertility goddess Astarte into the Judeo-Christian tradition, where she survives to this day as the verboten male goetic demon Astaroth. Apparently becoming part of the Christian tradition, like watching too much hentai, makes you grow a demon-cock.

Time

The pantheonic boundaries of voodoo not only cross geographical and cultural boundaries, but also seem to allow for change over time. Perhaps the most widely recognized voodoo Loa is Baron Samedi, the Lord of the Dead. The Baron is often pictured as a snappily-dressed skeleton or man, holding a skull-topped cane, and wearing a black top-hat and smoking a fine cigar. He mocks the finery and pretensions of the living. He represents the impossible weight of death in its hilarious, shit-talking form. And he does not have a clear African counterpart or origin in another pantheon, like his wife Manman Brigit. He is the rum-swilling, joke-cracking, chain-smoking face of death –a New World god. And although Baron may be the most well-known New World spirit, he is certainly not the only one. An entire family of Loa, the Petro, is populated by New World Loa.

Not only does pantheonic membership change over time, so does fashion. In addition to the archaic implements typical of pre-modern divinities, the Loa have sacred top hats, power-tools, and trains. The Greek Ares is depicted with the spear and shield that were the essence of warfare in his day, while the equally martial Loa, Ogun clutches the sacred machine gun to his breast and enjoys the presence of power-tools on his altar. Spirits which rule a sphere of human activity are not confined to symbols from the distant past. When talking to people of the 20th century, the Loa need not represent warfare with a spear. As the suit-clad Baron Samedi indicates, the attire of the times is not outside the circle of the sacred.

Conclusions

In essence, the Yoruban diasporic paradigm is adaptive. The usual barriers between pantheons are permeable. Irish fire goddess? Sure! Not only that, but the images and implements of the spirits also

lack the fixed quality associated with other traditions. As warfare changes, the god of war picks up an automatic rifle. Of course. Not only are deities from other pantheons recognized (like Mr. Jesus), but entirely new families of spirits are honored as they appear. Like Petro, or Baron Samedi.

It is not difficult to argue that Yoruba-family of traditions are adaptive because they focus on a lived, direct connection with the world of spirit. They are animistic and shamanistic. A practice of trance and possession. In touch, feeling changes as they occur. There is less emphasis on worshipping the graven image, and more emphasis on immediately experience.

With boundaries open to incursions from both time and space, it is easy to wonder what holds these systems together. It is a mistake and sad consequence of qlippotic Monotheism that people see dogma as the sole force for cohesion. I would argue that, as with any other living magicko-spiritual practice, it is the Current of these Yoruban-derived practices that sustains and creates coherence amidst change. But without access to a Current, there is no quiet knowledge. And without that quiet knowledge, the easy confidence which can adapt the periphery without mutilating the essence is absent. It is replaced by a neurotic need for superficial rational coherence and symmetry. There is a pervasive nostalgia among many magickal practitioners and neo-pagans that “back in the day,” the system of gods and spirits was complete. There is a tendency to retreat from the horrors of post-modern decision-making into a glass globe where the gods are all held in the stasis of a romanticized and non-existent past. The wish for a perfect and impermeable system of metaphysics is an invocation to a missing father-figure, and a sign of spiritual and philosophical immaturity. It is far easier to worship the proud spirit of war when he’s wearing a tunic and throwing a spear, than when he’s wearing camouflage and mowing people down with automatic weaponry. Symbols should evoke reality, not banish it. By passing over this modern incarnation, we lose the connection between the material and spiritual worlds. We are out of touch, and shamans to no tribe.

Through The Cracks

In the spirit of permeable boundaries, the two following micro essays focusing on interesting parallels between Yoruban derived practices and those of other cultures, each of which hints towards more universal models.

Parallel Models of Initiation: Post-Yoruban Traditions and the Golden Dawn

In the Golden Dawn’s modeling of the initiation process on the Tree of Life, the midpoint of development is reached when a person attains Tiphereth, where s/he recognizes their essential nature, life-plan, and purpose through conversation with “The Holy Guardian Angel.” The HGA, as it is abbreviated, is an experience of the essence of self and in large, archetypal outlines, connecting the initiate’s personality to the larger force or laws which it is purpose/nature to convey. It is the archetypal personality, both universal and personal. Tiphereth, the mid-point of the completely universal Kether and the utterly finite Malkuth. After this initiation has been achieved, the adept is considered to have synchronized with their purpose and in the process of natural full self-actualization. In many senses, the HGA experience in Tiphereth is the seat of real spiritual identity.

This process and its meaning are nearly identical within the Yoruban family of faiths, such as Vodoun and Santeria, in which the initiate becomes an active part of the “priesthood” only after they have established deep rapport with the Orisha or Loa which has chosen them. The function of the Orisha or Loa is identical in many respects to the HGA. Each represents a transpersonal aspect of reality, a force or law (Loa translates to “law”) which manifests through and guides the individual throughout their life. Those in Santeria maintain that everyone has a guiding Orisha, whether they are in rapport with it or not. Certainly everyone has a deeper purpose, a sentient seed-pattern painted along archetypal lines, though few are aware of it.



In both the Yoruban derived traditions and the Golden Dawn, it is the solidification of the link between this archetypal yet personal force that separates the inner and outer orders. Once the "Knowledge and Conversation with the Holy Guardian Angel" had been obtained, the initiate was permitted to join the inner order of the Golden Dawn. In Santeria, it is what separates the priests, or Santeros, from the lay practitioners.

It is also interesting to note that the traditional recipes for brewing up the HGA experience and confirming one's link to one's Orisha, called the *asiento*, or "making the saint" in Santeria, both call for tremendous periods of purity. In the Sacred Book of Abramelin the Mage, the HGA material calls for several months of purification. If one confirms one's Orisha in the traditional Yoruban method, a year of austerities is required afterward to complete the process.

Based on the similarity of the experience, ritual structure, and function, it seems quite possible that the Yoruban practice of cementing the link with one's Orisha and the Golden Dawn practice of the HGA are culturally dissimilar articulations of the same universal spiritual practice.

Africa, Origins, Tricksters, and Tarot

Ellegua, Exu, Legba is the name by which trickster/magician archetype is represented in the variety of systems which have origins in the Yoruban magical tradition. In Santeria, Ellegua is said to have 21 “paths” or avatars. These represent the different emanations or sub-archetypes of the Magician. This curious pairing of the Magician archetype and 21 is also evident in the structure and mythology of the Tarot. A pack of Tarot cards is differentiated from a normal pack of cards through the addition of the 21 Major Arcana, or Trumps, also called by Crowley Atus (Keys). Although there are 22 trumps, they are numbered 0-21. The 0 Card, the infamous FOOL is, unlike the other members of the Major Arcana, present in standard packs of cards as the Joker. Therefore, even though there are 22, it is the addition of the 21 that differentiate the Tarot Deck from the standard deck of cards. The difference between a magician’s deck and a stage magician’s deck.

Aleister Crowley, continuing the Golden Dawn’s penchant for making everything Egyptian, refers to the Tarot as the Book of Thoth. Thoth, largely identical to Ellegua, is another Mercurial god of trickery, magick, duality and learning. The identity of the Tarot is defined by its 21 and 0 Atus/Keys. Although there is dispute regarding arrangements, those Keys are almost unanimously said to unlock the Paths on the Trees of Life and Daath. In this light and shadow, Ellegua’s 21 paths become a repetition of the 21 keys/paths of Thoth’s book.

An interesting transpantheonic echo, this fact preens in several lights. It may be that in tapping into the same currents, the practitioners in the various traditions involved found the same thing, a simple formula. The Magician is 21 and 0. The KEY unlocks a door to a PATH which an AVATAR walks.

It is quite possible that the common source for these structure is a common origin in the structure of the magical universe. Perhaps in tapping the same current, adepts channeled isomorphic structures. It is, however, quite possible that there is a common origin in the physical world, as well. Despite the best-selling “Book of Thoth,” there is not currently an overwhelming case for the Tarot’s Egyptian origins. However, our culture’s knowledge of Egypt is spotty, and certainly not focused on its occult origins. It is interesting to note that Crowley, a remarkably bright and intuitive man, attributed the Tarot to Egypt, that Egypt was a pillar of culture in Africa, and that root of the African diasporic religions where Ellegua exists is in, well, Africa. The migration of magical structures from Egypt to Western African is by no means unlikely.

I do not know of any evidence or strong arguments for the 21 and 0 as an important Egyptian magical structure. I have, however, come across an interesting validation of the Egyptian origin theory for the Tarot. The 36 “pip” cards, the 2-10 from each suit, are said to represent the 36 decanates or 3-fold divisions of each zodiacal sign. $(9 \times 4) = (12 \times 3)$. Each decanate/pip card is given to different planetary rulers according to the scheme of “Descending Ptolemaic” order. This order is found encoded in Dante’s planetary heavens in the Paradiso and is enshrined in the attribution of the planets to the sephiroth on the Tree of Life: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon. There are also a number of spirits attributed to each of these Decanates, both angelic and daemonic. This system of decanic astrology, its planetary rulers, and its associated host of spirits, clearly has strong Egyptian origins, and represents the character of indigenous Egyptian astrology before the bulk of the tradition migrated from Babylon. Although this does not confirm the Tarot as an Egyptian system, it does confirm that 36 of the 78 cards are symbolic/magical meme-clusters of indisputably Egyptian origin and provides an important linkage in the history of magickal traditions.

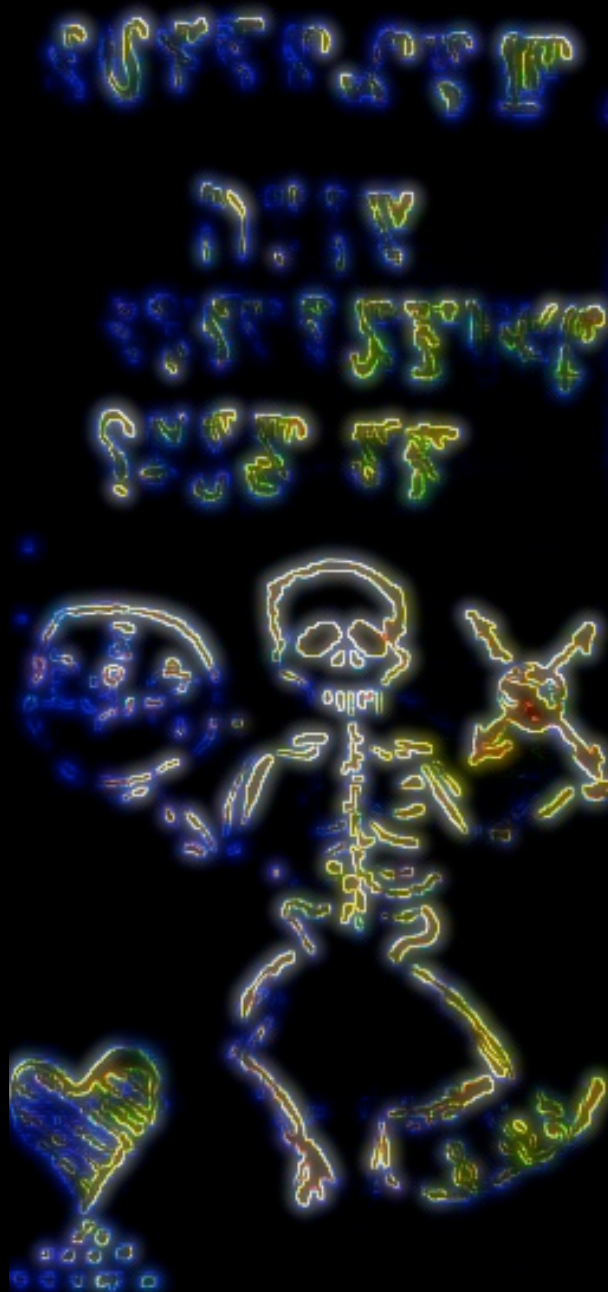
A Very Special Note on Demon Cocks

After giving the initial section of this series of short essays an inspection, Ryan Valentine, fearless editor/fearful Canadian, demanded that I give him “more demon cock.” Although this not an unusual request, it usually doesn’t often follow a writing assignment. After a brief inquiry, I came to understand that he wanted me to further explore a statement made in the first section of the piece-

“It is not uncommon in the history of people and their pantheons to see additions from other cultures, but the origin of the spirits is often forgotten, and their position within their new pantheon is often

degraded. An excellent example is the incorporation of the fertility goddess Astarte into the Judeo-Christian tradition, where she survives to this day as the verboten male gothic demon Astaroth. Apparently becoming part of the Christian tradition, like watching too much hentai, makes you grow a demon-cock.”

He asked why I thought that the Loa/Orisha of the Yoruban family of faiths had not also sprouted demon-cocks, as they all went through a period of change where they were all identified with Catholic aspects of the divine. The answer is, I believe, relatively simple. The Orisha/Loa were not incorporated into Catholicism. The practitioners of the post-Yoruban religions incorporated Catholic symbolism into their tradition, not the other way around. They learned to substitute the symbols of the saints for the Orishas without losing touch with the central powers. Having, as I made a case for earlier, relatively permeable pantheonic boundaries, many of those practicing post-Yoruban religions saw no problem understanding the Catholic saints as alternate emanations or avatars of spirits they already understood to have many faces. There was no demon-cockification because it was not the Catholics who absorbed the post-Yoruban traditions, it was the post-Yoruban traditions that absorbed Catholic symbols.

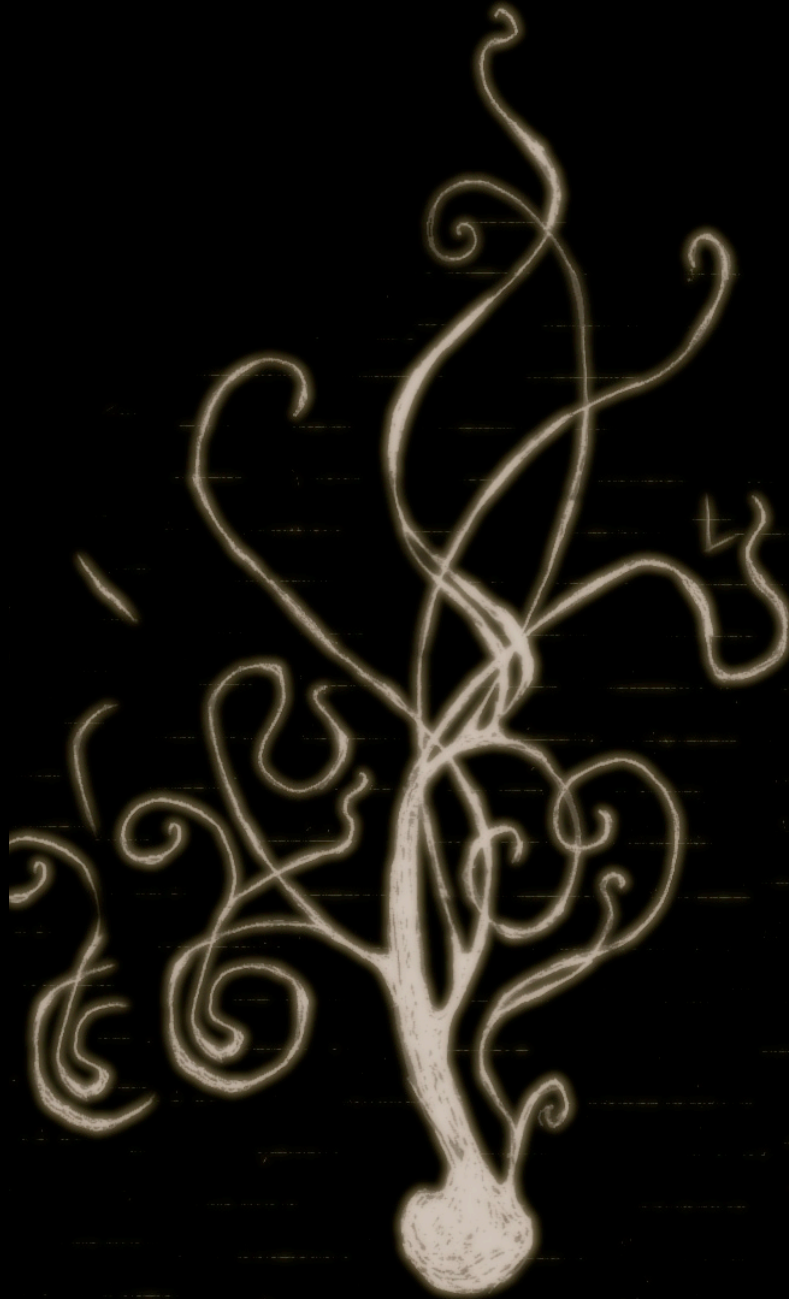


Le Seremoni De Pa Tet

Zhey kovnoke ou, youn de Pa Tet
Kimoun les Suel et Lanfe
Kimoun kreye Lanuit et Limen
Ou son Ghede, kimoun okenn genyen janmen we
Ou son Ayida
Ou son Dumballah
Ou genyen pouri ke lizye nan mitan le jis et le mank de le jis
Ou genyen fait la Fanm et le Mal
Ou genyen revele la grenn et le fwi

Je sui Le Petut Mesye ou ateste kimono ou bay ou devunet com ou Timon
Ou son revele la mouye et le sek, koute moi! Zhey ateste a Ghede
Ca say ton vre non kee emet a so atestes a lay Nouvo-Monn
Koute moi immortel youn
Koute moi et bani le move ze!
Zhey rele ou etonan et envisib Lwa avek vide espri
Sen Youn Pa De Tet delivre le Petit Mesye an fas le move ze kee kenbe Le Petit Mesye
Gen couraj De Pa De Tet, deliver moi an fas le move ze kee kenbe moi

Ou son le patron de les Lwa
Oo son le patron les abitante monn
Ou son youn les van so pe
Ou son le youn kee fe tu komm komande son prononse
Patron, Wa, Metrize, Ede
Otorize ma namn
Touswit, Touswit, mesajer de les Lwa
Je swe le joun Move Ze Kee Pa De Tet
Avek vizyon don ma pye
Je swe la youn fo kee posede la flam immortel
Je swe laverite kee rayi lesksyon move de le monn
Je swe le youn kee fe le zekle klere et le tonen roulo
Ma sue et le lapi peze kee tone a le monn kee son grandi
Me bouch et konpli en flanm
Je swe le youn kee fe et detwi
Je swe le favori de eternitay
Et mo non et un Ke kee dons un kay de flamn
Vini la et suiv...



The Nought - I

Exorcism

of the Hedkult

NOX BIJU - ASURA 9

- SYMPATHETIC TO AJNA CHAKRAL SYSTEM [ALSO
- MNEMOTIC

Alogos vel Zraa. Pan Athanatos.

ÂÊOYÔ AÂOÔS AÂOÔS AÂOÔS ÔYOIÊÊÂ!
ÊÂ ZOIÂ KYSÊTH ÊÂ ERÊTH ÊÂ EREBÊTH ÊÂ PAKERBÊTH ÂO

I am the headless daimon with sight in my feet,
I am the mighty one possessed of the immortal fire,
I am the truth who hateth that unjust deeds are done in the world,
I am the one that maketh the lightening to flash and the thunder to roll,
I am the one whose sweat is the heavy insemminate rain upon the surface of the earth,
I am the one whose mouth is utterly aflame,
I am all-begetting and perfect destruction,
I am the flavor of the aeon,
I am Wine and Strange Drug beyond all Meaning,
I am the strength of Seven, yet I am not of them,
I am the ice that freezes the blood of gods,
I am the inconceivable nature dreamt in perfection,
I am the incarnate reality of the living word,
I am eternal and immediate in realization,
I am an empire of sensuality,
I Am That Which Is Not

Alogos shrieks in testimony to Pan Athanatos!
Sorrow not for Great Pan. Mourn not his absence!
But exceed, aye, exceed!
Iacchus is the wine ever-drunk, his skin ever enclosing emptiness!
The Shining Blood that sears the I/eye,
Formless blinder, liquid exstasis!
The intoxication falls upon the world.
Rivers of being return to the seas of dream and nightmare!
Mine ancestry lies deep within the estuary.
Mine hand is empty, the sensorium of flesh is beyond sight!
Behold the resurrection of an archetype - the nomad-line endures!
A mouth that is utterly aflame - through me!
That blackest of speech comes now,
I Am That Which Is Not!
Seeking the wisdom in the simulacrum of death
The sword of intellect lies abandoned beside mine bed
I bear only its empty sheath in facing my enemies!

ÂÊOYÔ AÂOÔS AÂOÔS AÂOÔS ÔYOIÊÊÂ!

Inner into Outer
Outer into Inner
Inner into Outer
In my shrieking, I go forth as Sphinx
Silent and Mighty Rechtaw
Ever unbound!

As Master becomes Slave
And Slave Becomes Master

All paths are open to me as I walk backward
Along the crooked path unto the neither-neither
Which lies within the womb and tomb.!

In me is found all artifice!

O' Ye Flesh of I, form 'd of all Darkness!
Opposer of the Light, Substance of Form!
Spirit of Death, I raise Thee Our Lady as the
Secret Image of Life veiled in Death.
I beseech Thee, O' Illuminator of the Darkened I!
O' Ye Flesh of I - Formed of all Light!
Opposer of the Darkness, Substance of all Desire!
O' Spirit of Life, I raise The Guardians of the Womb
The Liquid Surface of the Light Itself,
wherein lay the Secret Image of Death veiled in Life.
I beseech Thee, O' Darkener of the Illuminated I!
Most Black Dye of the Vacuous Places, blood sucked from
wounds between the Stars, Poisons as are born from the Dragon's Mouth,

O' Pathway! Thou Gate Between!
O' that Moment of Annihilation!
O' Millions-of-Forms-of- Being,
O' Living Ecstasy of the Backwards Embrace of Beauty.
I evoke Thee!

Unbound from the Centre of the Vesica-Piscis,
Unbound from the Circle of the Arte.
Unbound from the Axis of the One Phallus,
Unbound from the Circle of the Arte.
Heed not the Breach of Time or Distance,
Knowing Union, yet Self Distinct;
Eye divided betwixt Sight and the Greater Vision,
Hand divided betwixt Sensations!
Oracle resonance of the Dual Logos! Thy Fissure is my Pathway,
One Sigil unto all Sigils;
One Dream unto all Sentience;
One Continuity unto all Existence;
One Power of Magick unto all Spells.
By mine Hand and Eye,
All is aligned unto the Cynosure of I.

ÂÊOYÔ AÂOÔS AÂOÔS AÂOÔS ÔYOIÊÊÂ!

Thou art the Black Water of the Moon,
Thou art the Black Earth of the Grave,
Thou art the Black Fire of the Spirit,
Thou art the Black Winds of the Desolate Place,
Thou art the One-Pointedness of I in Shadow,
Thou art the Very Seed of I - that awaits the Liquid Night.
Thou art the One-Pointedness of I in Light,
Thou art the Spider-strand, whereupon to dance,
Thou art the Flesh of All Desire,
Thou art the Transmutable One of the Quintessence Azoth!
Thou art the Devil of High Sabbat.
Thou art Osoronophris whom none hath ever seen,
Thou art labas,
Thou art lapos,
Thou art the discrimination between the just and the unjust,
Thou art this Illusory Flesh,
Enfold in Seduction - obsess and possess Thy Chosen;
Arise! Arise in Thy Multitude of Bodies -
As the Ever-Becoming One, the Sphinx unto All that Is!
Arise and Awaken in Thy Priest's corporeality -
As the Headless Soul of the High Sabbat's Prophet.
In One Body let Thy Fire find Homage and Hail!

**IO ZOIÂ KYSÊTH IO ERÊTH IO EREBÊTH IO PAKERBÊTH ÂO
COME FORTH, ARISE, ARISE, ARISE!**

The Things of Eternity

'The question is not: is it true? But: does it work? What new thoughts does it make it possible to think? What new emotions does it make it possible to feel? What new sensations and perceptions does it open in the body?



The answer for some readers, perhaps most, will be “none”. If that happens it's not your tune. No problem. But you would have been better off buying a record.'

- Brian Massumi, Translator's foreword to 'A Thousand Plateaus', by Giles Deleuze & Felix Guattari.

Nomadism is a strategy of the present. Schizophrenia is the fragmentation of the the self into a multiplicity of identities. You are not what you think you are. Dropping 5 tabs of LSD tells you this. But that's just the drugs Percy – so says Byron, as he smokes the opium pipe. Were you to fuck, maul flesh with words, then maybe you'd get close. But even a bad trip shows you, when your skin is a mass of raw maggots and meat. Neat world of television, the plan of the media, the hypnogogue.

Surrounded by images your becomings are becomings-as-the singular average man. Beauty is found in the average, and there is no such thing. It's a frozenlight-image without any movement. Slice open the hologram, shatter the dais until its just sparkling motes of dust in the air. To the nomads, this fragmentation is a strategy for integrating new milieus. There is not one nomadic strategy but a multiplicity of micro-strategies.

Schizo-tactics rises up, a strange-loop of associativity. The laws of sympathy, so very prevalent in magic. As above, so Below. How can the idios kosmos be the koinos kosmos? Herein lies the beauty of the schizoid mechanical-engineers, their Chromic affinity for the metallic multiplicity, the quintessence Azoth. An alchemical superfluid way beyond the unreactive notional space of gold.

Nomadism as a concept is a war-machine in process ... created to resist monolithism, to transcend domestication and alienation. Therefore, it is a strategy of consciousness. opening and resistance. Open a hole, tunnel, dig, and soon the fluid, be it it black or silver, pours out. The solid rediscovers its hunger for void, the sedimentary striations broken, shattered, and an ache for the smooth emptiness overwhelms, until the solid is so thoroughly riddled that it collapses in on itself.

“There she blows!” A gusher in the tellurian or supernal spheres. Ahab's White Whale as the White Wall, the multiplex that is boundary. It is in penetration that the we are penetrated, drawn along into new spaces by the interlink of the harpoon. This is the ecstasy. It is the strategy of the movement for the movement. Becoming-as-Ahab, they are initiated into the tribe by the obsession of the furor. Nomadism is a tribal strategy, relying on community, hospitality and exchange. These values are essential to the survival of nomads. Nomadism is a strategy for those who do not want to renounce their freedom. Nomads might travel in tribes, but they don't follow a linear path. Their movement is dictated by the moment and their imagination. Strange attractors guide their ways. Paradoxically individuated they become linked as-pack, multifarious entities, a plethora of vortices with an infinity of origins, each of which has been kicked back into the uncertainty of potentia.

Difference as the life-blood if the tribe, the striations of past now dissolved in an uncollapsed eigenstate, previous solidities now atomised to exist solely in molecular seedforms. The unity of the tribe ensures the consistency of the nomads' trajectory. The tribe is a moving standpoint. Linking together the multiple realities of the present, the tribe prevents the total fragmentation of nomadic identity. Unity is necessary to the coherence of the tribe but paradoxically imperils nomadic life.

The tribe is nomads' social organization. Even the most isolated sorcerer is connected to the Outside, where non-locality is utter and complete. Drawing forth their deterritorializing powers from source, it is in contact with the multiplicity of les invisibles via immanence or descent or other method that the sorcerer themselves becomes the liminal being of in-betweenness, a multiplicity of selves, an engine of becoming-as-Outside.

It is this expression of liminality and hence non-locality, which allows the spatially, ideologically and temporally disparate sorcerers to coexist within a rhizomal network, an underGround, a Dreamtime analogue; the Worlds-Behind-The-World. The degree of heterogeneity of the tribe determines its aptitude to change.

Tribes do not want to impose their ways to other tribes, but are ready to fight to defend their own path. To the observer who is used to the perception methods of the logos, it is seemingly a battle for territory, the right to roam a method of maximizing enclosure and capture of space. To the nomad, it is not so. Experientially there is only the now. The path is a flow. It is not a solid to be encapsulated. Were a child of the logos to perceive the route taken, he might find it a stitched together patchwork of experience, a tinker's botch-job with little logic – a lumpen botch of an object.

He sees the edges and the lines, the seams rough and raised – keloid scar-tissue uglifying and rendering horrific the clean lines, polluting the distinct essence of the thing, but for those embracing the way of the nomad, there is little pollution, the perception is smooth, one thing in its natural place – there is no obscenity found in the particular adjacency and juxtaposition of items – the notion of 'correct' order and structure is dissolved by the solvent of the ever-present Now, with its multiplicitous eddies and flows.

Nomads acknowledge this multiplicity and do not want to impose their reality as the only possible one. Universal truth is the sedentary man's dream. Nomads follow their path, transversing monoliths. The passage of the nomads disturbs the monolithic nature by its very existence, since the monolith is static – even in the case of so called 'mobile' monoliths, it occupies a continuum of its own space, pre-mapped by mass, and by extension, gravity.

There are places it cannot go, whether it be for fear of running aground, or being shipwrecked; there are environments which are hostile to it, which mark the edge of its territory. Nomads, being war-machines which deterritorialize, therefore operate without boundary. They are monstrous, precisely because they may pass through the boundary – like a ghost walking through a wall. As such, they are often credited with supernatural powers. Since the monolithic holds itself as totality, and therefore all of Nature, such accreditation is completely unsurprising.

By their externality to the monolith, they are indicative of difference - belying the claim to universality. Stable structures, united in a state of cohesiveness, automatically repress differences. Differences are a factor of instability. They are the unknown; the potential discovery of other realities. Flows are life. Life is flows. Nomads have a fluid identity. They are identical with fluid – their passage brings about erosion, a disintegration of solidity into demonic particulate, silts and sediments.

Their sorcerous weaponry is that of blood, sexual fluids and saliva – the slimes which Lovecraft feared so badly. Their movement is spiralized, eddies and patterns imposed by occultural currents. When such eddies are analysed as distinct objects, they dissolve, the micro only ever seated within the macro flow, that place without mark, sign or signifier. The structure of nomadic tribes is fluid and non-hierarchical.

Flows are never linear or constant. They follow chaotic, unpredictable, and multidirectional motions. Creativity means transversing existing canals, inventing new ways. Thus, it is natural that rigid structures, such as totalitarian political systems, fear artistic creation. Creativity is a kind of chaos, it is the fact of life. Creativity is also the principal tool nomads use to adapt to new situations. Creativity arises naturally in conditions of changes and novelty. In a changing environment creation is permanent.

Mutation, a multiplicity of instability – the roaring spume that is capable of moving into a space, increasing humidity. Unstable topography that makes a mockery of the enclosure and capture of the cartographer. As warmachines, the very presence of nomads renders maps inaccurate – the striated lines and gradations now writhing before the eye. Intelligibility disappears, the vision wavers in the haze, and then out of the mistmare they come, wrapped in cloaks of mirage. Sensor ghosts appear and disappear, targeting systems overheat.

Perceptual mechanisms become distrusted - a schizm occurs between the generals in the map-room and the troops on the ground. Nomads naturally transverse gridded structures and hierarchies. They move beyond mono-dimensional social order and consensus. That is why the sedentary wants to eliminate them. "They're coming out the goddamn walls!" Paranoia increases, the comms network

crackles with white noise, groaning under the strain. Distinction between friends and foes breaks down – groups implode, self-cannibalizing under so-called 'friendly-fire'. The xenomorphic horror infects, lines of trust break down and executions by fiat of will occur, for fear of infection. The hierarchy becomes top-heavy, making more demands, more attempts to capture and bind, until ultimately the burnout occurs in psychotic break.

Suddenly schizoid, the multiplicity overwhelms, inducing either catatonia or frenzied insanity – methodologies which are unacceptable to the monolithic. Catatonia as utter internality, disengagement from the universality-as-is-handed-down. A silent cacophony of not-movement. Insanity as full detachment, a figure existing in the fields of delirium. A mad, rabid unpredictably which violates expectation. In all cases, there is the option to 'go native.' To embrace the alterity of the multiplicity, the rhizomal network of paths, each a smooth, holey space.

Nomads are the expression of other possible worlds. Unlike the monolithic, there is no fear of externality, that space Where The Wild Things Are.

Rather than seeking to reveal the utter unintelligibility of the Outside, and either fear or fetishize it, the nomad recognizes it as cornucopia in potentia – the Millions-of-Forms-Of-Being – a place of atavistic resurgence, of becoming-as-infinomorph. Going beyond the simple monolithic propositions of I AM I/ AM NOT I, the body of the nomad is akosmos. They do not try bring down the multidimensionalities of life to one.

They evolve on an open surface plan. Listening to their feelings and the noises of the universe, they follow an apparently random path. They are driven by strange attractors. Movement is life and life is movement. There is nothing on earth that is not animated by movement. Even the oldest stone is in movement, it is only a question of scale. And yet, the quality is not so much 'movement' as 'speed'. The speed of the nomad is such that they move, even without movement. Imagine the blurred speed of a hummingbird's wings. Accelerate it even further. The bird appears to hang there, utterly still to the perception. Yet, it possesses speed enough to outpace the fastest predator. So it is with the nomad. What is the provenance of the scale used in observation? Is it a thing of bounded, striated space – a method of delineating experience? What is the speed of stone?

If stone operates at a speed which is contrary to humanity, then might it be that human beings slip between the cracks. Might not a man exist too quickly for existence in the world of stone? Or is it possible to achieve a direct apprehension, a becoming-as-stone? A carnal knowledge. Nagel's privilege of access revoked by the in-betweenness of fucking, the bestiality of it.

When becoming-bat meets becoming-man, it is not the simple totemism of the theriomorphic, an aspiration to animality. Nor is it desire for humanity in the bestial, a perceived civilizing of the inhuman – a lust for properties without the base in which they are embedded. This is not the harlot sent by Gilgamesh to gentle Enkidu, as perpetuated by Statists. No, this is the making of a new thing through sexuality, the beast becoming-as-woman.

Directly created by a goddess Aruru, also known as Ninhursag, consort of Ea, Enkidu is punishment for Gilgamesh abusing his power by exercising droit de seigneur over the women of his kingdom. Coming into being from the earth itself, born of the Lady Of That Which Is Below – the fluid abyss of groundwater, beneath the earth – the primeval Apsu, Enkidu is born of the flows, brought up through the holey space to act as war-machine against the State. It is the protests of shepherds and trappers – extensions of the capitalism of the God-King-as-State – which leads Gilgamesh to despatch the woman Shamat to neutralize the man that dwells with the Wild Things.

Shamat and Enkidu lie together, until the wildman is no longer recognized by the beasts – indeed they flee from him. Seemingly stripped of his power, Enkidu now becomes a tool of the pastoral extension of the State, his machinic properties seemingly appropriated. Shamat then tells Enkidu of a bridal feast within the city. Entering, it becomes obvious that there is a similarity between Enkidu and Gilgamesh, a fact which is borne out by oneiric information given to Gilgamesh - he has been informed that a great companion shall come to him.

As Enkidu arrives, Gilgamesh is about to exert his kingly right upon the bride. Infuriated, Enkidu blocks the King's way – even divested of the obvious signifiers of his Outsider status, the true purpose of deterritorializing and transversing the monolithic structure is still the essence of the war-machine.

Indeed, might one regard the shift from autonomous to appropriated as a strategic dissimulation in order to move closer to the enemy? As war-machine, Enkidu exists as violence, a pure-bred affect. It is not that Gilgamesh is his prey, indeed, it might be seen that Enkidu is the prey of Gilgamesh – Deleuze and Guattari acknowledge that speed might be understood as an essential component of the hunted. Yet, Enkidu is nothing if not the friend to the wild beasts which the farmers and trappers hunt.

As one of them, he is possessed of great speed, a factor which seems to back the assertion that he engages in dissimulation – the stillness required to 'play dead', or create a believable facsimile of submission prior to striking a deathblow is well known in the animal kingdom. After enraging Gilgamesh by blocking his route, rendering the canal useless and opposing divine right, the wild man battles the king at the threshold.

Confronted with the the pure violence of Enkidu which is contrasted with his own rage-fueled counter-resistance, Gilgamesh 'runs out of fuel', disengaging and turning away. Enkidu, now no longer directly opposed, shifts stance and compliments the king, submitting to the correctness of the structures. After which he is appropriated by Gilgamesh through the medium of the king's mother inducting him into the body of the royal family. Now an integral portion of the State, Enkidu is an essential component – he and Gilgamesh are now twin demon slayers, defiers of godly will. Gilgamesh now begins to exhibit certain nomadological properties, infected by his companion.

After the two slay the Bull of Heaven, the gods decree that someone should pay, and Enkidu is chosen. He receives a vision of the afterlife, and dies shortly after. Desperate to avoid his friend's fate, Gilgamesh embarks on a quest for immortality, experiencing a series of trials to reach the immortal hero of the Great Flood, Utnapishtim.

Along the way, he meets the scorpion-men that guard the gates of the underworld. These avatars of holey space are children of Tiamat, born from a vengeful mother when the gods killed her husband – also named Apsu. As scorpions they are burrowers by nature, their arachnid plane of movement inhuman and rhizomal, things of poison and plague, ecstasy and death. Carrying bows, they are dispatchers of arrows, tails as stingers - projectors of weaponry. Certain Indian holy men have been known to use the poison of scorpions to experience altered states of consciousness, again suggesting the threshold multiplicity-nature of the nomad.

Eventually reaching Utnapishtim, Gilgamesh is reprimanded for attempting to gain immortality – fighting to maintain integrity is futile, since the fate is ultimately one of dissolution. One's metabolism ultimately burns out, the fuel reserve is exhausted and death awaits. Only through the smooth space is there any possibility of continuance through multiplicity. The not-movement of the nomad, with its speed and utter extended violence brings about an exteriority which cannot be delineated or captured.

Within the striated space, boundary is the only fate available – there is no escape. War-machines are bred for maximal violence. It is not an explosion, a single killing, or even a particular battle that they enact. Rather, it is a continual deterritorializing – their existence is anathematic to the state. There is only the multiplicity of the ceaseless flow. They do not stop unless destroyed. Never having a point of origin - indeed, points serve only as relays in the flow – it may be said that they originate from all points.

In the case of Gilgamesh, the once great king is defeated by human weakness when he fails the immortal's challenge to stay awake. His retrieval of a mystic plant is thwarted by a snake, and an ageing man returns home, as doomed as ever – the collapse of the State ultimately assured. Even in death, Enkidu perpetuates his violence from beyond the grave. Outside of that most final of cut-off points, the war-machine continues its affect because it occupies smooth space – its culmination achieved by not-acting.

The extended violence of the war-machine is found in the phenomenon of suicide bombing. To the initial eye, the explosions are the affect, but in truth, it is the fact that such terrorists may exist and

may not be discerned, unless they detonate themselves. The desired affect is achieved by not-acting. The State may issue edicts designed to minimize the effects of the detonations, but without this recognition signal, it cannot isolate and destroy the war-machines arrayed against it. Therefore, it strives to make space ever more striated, subdividing and categorising certain signifiers as subversive or potentially dangerous – say, being of certain ethnicity, political leaning or other such distinct group.

Since difference is the hallmark of the nomad, and nomads are highly effective weapon-makers, it becomes the solution to the State's problem. It seeks out heterogeneity and eliminates it, citing loyalty and conformity as the embodiment of security. Of course, this is when strategic dissimulation comes in. The most effective terrorists are those who do not act, who exhibit an identical nature to the enemy. They are part of the homogeneity. If they are caught, it increases the pressure upon the rest. More signifiers may have to be found. Here we find the 'lurking horror' of difference. In order to protect themselves, individuals begin to function as organs of the State.

Networks of informers spring up, waves of paranoid, vindictive accusations. Everyone on edge. A panopticon society where one is either accuser or accused, collaborator or resistance, sides switching almost at a whim, until the very integrity of the solid State collapses, riddled with holes – the repression and restriction of totalitarianism radicalizing the individual, polarizing and creating war-machines inside the boundaries of the State that punch holes through its heart. So it is with any heresy.

The repression gives it compression, the space within it compressed to a singular point of utmost gravity – a singularity of the fundamental which pierces through the plane, ceasing to become a product which enchains, but instead frees, producing an exit route - creating a hole. The monolithic is drilled by its own hand, a suicidal bullet to the heart. Driving any idea underground connects it to the metallurgists and the engineers of the Outside, the creators par excellence of weapons with multiple affects – turning ploughshares into swords, fertilizers into bombs.

After all, it is the AK-47 that has arguably seen off two superpowers in Afghanistan, not the laser guided missiles and tanks that have captured that space. The permanence of creativity is illustrated in terms of multiplicity, not complexity. Technology, despite being increasingly advanced, grows ever more specialized, and hence more gridded and canalized. The application of a rock to a critical server can bring down an entire network – at least until the data is rerouted.

Denial of service attacks work by flooding the server, using up its resources, either forcing a reset or simply obstructing users from access. The deprivation-overload axis is a fundamental of warfare, a rupture-vacuum collapse. The simplest weapons, combined with the creativity of the nomad-thought, will always be developed into effective countermeasures. War-machine assemblages are simple and modular by nature – cannibalization assures that there will always be a continuity of violence.

From the corpses of others, the war-machine continues to function, the necromantic consumption of flesh allows the Outsider to continue. Even self-disassembly is an option, a chöd ritual wherein the nomad is consumed, and in being consumed, unites within himself the spirits that feasted, a reconstituted multiplicity. It is through creativity that the contra-natural is able to be used – by operating outside of the taboos, one may use the foul and excremental as part of the war-machine assemblage, using the toxic as weapon and liberator.

The multiplicity of flows contains smooth creative potential, wherein the localized non-locality of the nomad allows a kind of teleportation - Tay al-Ard in Arabic, or Kefitzat Haderech in Hebrew. This ability to fold up the earth, to travel vast distances without moving – found in the notion that the nomad does not move, indeed in the case of the nomadic horseman, it the horse that moves and not the nomad – is intrinsically linked to the fictional notion of the Kwisatz Haderach in Frank Herbert's novel Dune.

Supposedly meaning “Shortening of the Way”, it is a genetically engineered being who is referred to as "the one who can be many places at once". This multiplicity is emphasized when Paul Attreides leads the Fremen to conquer Arrakis, or the titular Dune. However, while applying Fremen nomad tactics,

Attreides is not a nomad – he is of a royal bloodline that appropriates the nomad technologies and tactics to dethrone the Emperor and install himself as Emperor of the Known Universe, with the Fremen still exterior to the Imperial State.

Be that as it may, the Fremen are important illustrations of the nomad – their die is suffused with the spice melange, a product that mutates humans into Navigators, beings that are capable of folding space, thus achieving Faster Than Light Travel. Further, the Bene Gesserit sisterhood, engineers of the messiah, take the spice to achieve connection to all other Reverend Mothers who have ever been, receiving their counsel and memories, transcending, in a certain form, the bounds of time itself. Because of longterm exposure to the spice, the Fremen are possessed of an otherworldly blueness to their eyes – a signifier of their Outsider nature.

The Fremen also ride the great Sand Worms which tunnel throughout Arrakis, calling them Shai'Hulud, Great Maker, and other sobriquets. The Arabic Shai'hulud, translating to “thing of eternity” intimates the importance of this creature that makes holes – not least when it is revealed that worms are directly the source of the spice.

It is Baron Harkonnen who tells us: “He who controls the spice, controls the universe...the spice must flow.”

With its links to time, space and eternity, the spice and its devotees offer us an interesting proposition – that the nomad may be a war-machine which is capable of existing in all times and all places. Its capacity for violence is a product of its exteriority, an expression of combative ontology through creativity. Where some caution against resurrection of myths, of fondly backward looking, on the contrary, the nomad meets myth for the first time.

The most ancient of things appears to be being excavated, brought to the surface. But wait, to the nomad, with creativity as constant, it is not excavation – not unearthing – but contacting, touching and becoming-Shai'hulud.

A hyperstitional connexion.

As Things of Eternity, smooth creatures with fluid form, the nomad becomes the 'stars that are right' – a Great Old One. who does violence to the striated spaces of the monolithic – driving men insane, catatonic or frenzied in imitation.

Eternity is a smooth space, and the nomad is the fluid. To those who would strike out against the monolithic, who would embrace the moment of multiplicity, all is fair game. The nomad is smith, and weapon and tool. He is Maker and Made. Violence and Peace Unending.

Child of the smooth, abyssal deeps. Neither-Neither.

He is that which does not matter, and need not be.



The Hashashin
of the Hedkult

Well, this issue of the Sutra, Master Valentine came to me and demanded content. Now, the fellow is my friend, but I was in the grip of apathy. Yes, dear reader – I, the ever-verbose conman and empty handed charlatan. I, the mumbling hermit sat in his cave, delirious with intoxication over the colours and Sensations of the world in all its glorious finery rendered all the greater from wrapping myself in the robes of darkness. I, the one at the bottom of the well, his eyes burned out and seeing only scorched, after-shock images scrawled over skin still not cured enough to be called parchment or vellum. I, the deluded creature who rattles his chains in the night to soothe his horror of the icy knowledge of suff-...

Let's try this again:

I, the self-indulgent, pretentious fool. The one who worries about the effectiveness of his sorcery - who doubts at every turn, right up until there's a wall, and it's that time when you lay down and die, or turn round and bare your teeth like the animal you really are.

Because the thing is, in the end, we're all fucked. We're all going to die. It's not about measuring success or failure. It's about that one moment when the great grand Overseer looks away and you can cosh it over the back of the head, and run away giggling like a mad thing as it lies there bleeding with its skull smashed in. What would you do with that moment, before the hue and cry is raised? Or something like that. Perhaps you catch my drift, perhaps not.

Master Valentine demanded content. "I. Want. It." quoth he, over IM, just last night. "It." being something he calls "Philoso-porn."

Apparently, my years at University were good for something – even if it's just pseudo-academic style in my essay writing. I can't really imagine folks having a wank over this, or my previous essays. But hey, if it brings pleasure I'm not going to complain. If academia is your fetish, so be it. Personally, I think porn is intrinsically linked to personal methods of aesthesis, which is really what the Sutra is about. Its intent, though Valentine may correct me on this, is to get inside you. Like anything worth a piss, it's designed to affect the audience. To get a response. Love us or loathe us, we're calling out of the aether, drawing people into our strange world.

If something clicks; some thread of thought or seemingly irrational statement opens a door in your head, heart or, dare I say it...soul, then welcome to our merry band of crazies. But if it doesn't I equally don't give a proverbial flying fuck. Like all my essays, the following thoughts, and this introduction, are written solely for me. To be sure, content has been demanded, but the method of its exposition is mine alone. That's the beauty of this little publication. I write in it for the pleasure of it. Don't make me get Thelemic on your web-browsing arses.

Now. Fuck off and let me write, there's good humans.

All the Be(a)st,

VI.

The Hermitage, 2 a.m. April 19th 2007.



"In the Stance of Thee is the Flesh poised, yet of Thee is Unknowing....Solely of Shadow hath it become - And 'I' in I shall here dwell apart. Negatively Existent am I" - The Azoëtia

The invocation of the not-self, the not-I - the shadow, as it were, is vitally important to any magician working with the so-called 23 Current. Traditional tarotic and qabbalistic commentaries place great importance on 22 as a value - there are 22 letters in the Hebrew alphabet and 22 Major Arcana. As major parts of the Western Magical Revival via the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, the notion of 22 as the numeric and symbolic value which sums up the forms and ways of being is inextricably tied to the theological stream of the Abrahamic religions, which promote monotheism as one of their primary tenets - albeit doing so in their more recent incarnations.

It is interesting to note that most monofoms evolve out of a climate of plurality - one rising to supremacy until the one becomes the only, and then takes steps to ensure that rivals are eliminated. Yet, in the words of Hassan i Sabbah: "Nothing is true, everything is permitted." This phrase, often misapplied, contains an important doorway to non dual ways of thinking. There is no one truth - indeed, even the notion of truth presupposes the notion of falsity. Therefore, one might argue that 22 must therefore also presuppose the existence of not-22, or negative 22.

Mathematically, $-22 * -1 = 22$.

It is the operation upon the negative, by the negative, which produces the positive. In terms of the tarot, it is the negative-Magus operating upon the negative-World which creates the World.

Further, $(-1) - (-1) = 0$.

Since zero is a positive expression of that which is neither positive nor negative, it is inherently non-existent. Without the notion of positive integers there is no need for the conception, and the notion of the negative dissolves. In simpler terms, the Not -I, the Shadow, the (-1) is created by the I - a projection upon the utter Externality that lies beyond 'I'. Over time, the Shadow becomes less a creature of the 'I' and more a product of the Externality of Outside. Infused with a facsimile of life, it gradually becomes a creation of Unlife. Anathematic to all notions of conventional being, it is viewed as a violator of the status quo. The horror of the Other, it becomes the devil - the disruptor of nature, the monstrous thing that breaks all the rules of reality.

As mentioned in previous essays, the sanitization of the so called irrational, and its ring-fencing into the approved arena of fiction, is a defence mechanism. Yet, in states of dream and ecstasy one may find the notion of reality far more flexible. Whether it be visions of ancient sabbats, Cthulhoid monstrosities, theriomorphic visitors, ruined cities with ecologies rich in strange and bizarre flora and fauna, or beings beyond space and time - all of these are deemed too be irrational, unreal.

Yet who among you can deny the sweating, panting eruption from sleep? The looking in the mirror and thinking: 'What the fuck?' Or the strange way things look in shadow? The wyrdnesses in your magic, the potencies that hang in the air, the thunder in the blood. There are those who dismiss the oneric path, who deny the upwelling of that which lies buried in the flesh. For them it is pure psychology, constructs of the mind - and yet, when one invokes the shadow, when one unifies the I and not-I, one becomes as liminal as a dream.

Just as the ancient Hermetic magicians sought union with their daimon, so that they might be as gods indeed - as sons and daughters of gods - we find the motif of the sorcerer dealing with the Devil at the crossroads, the sacrifice of self to Self. As such the sorcerer becomes the devil. There is no distinction - his practices and actions are anathema to the status quo, his war against so-called reality begins by his transmutation into a magical being which by definition, must be ejected from reality.

Make no mistake, just as there may be said to be a distinction between books about magic and books of magic, so is there a distinction between one who studies magic and a magician.

The authors of the Sutra strive to be the latter. Furthermore, the author of this essay strives to bring forth the Otherness in his work - the designation of '23 Current' within this context serves as a convenient

description for a praxis which at its core, is designed to work with that which lies beyond the notion of Voidness.

In terms of movement, it might be argued that we seek to move beyond conventional notions of the concept. It is not movement, the cessation of movement, stillness or not-movement that is sought. Rather, it is in the notion of 'not not-movement'.

We have no other option.



Notes on the ritual "Stele of Jeu the Hieroglyphist"
or The Rite of the Headless One.

In this short piece I hope to present to you a concise introduction to the ritual described in PGM V. 96-172 as translated by D. E. Aune, so that you may perform this ritual with confidence and armed with some relevant information begin to make your own investigations.

Rituals of this nature are concerned with making contact with a deity and becoming a “son of god”, i.e. being adopted by a chosen god and all that entails. This rite is potent in that its aim is to call forth your agathos daimon (good spirit) and over time to become one with it, to become divine in nature, rather than petitioning a chosen deity. It is, in short, the creation of a demigod, one who surpasses normal human achievement and through their will (as one who speaks with the voice and authority of a daimon) inspires others with their great works. Don't be confused into believing that this will be either an immediate effect or that by using the word demigod I imply the ability to fly or something equally fantastical. No, demigod merely implies that over time the magician takes on aspects of the divine and it shows in their works, be they sculpture, song, philosophy or any chosen human endeavour.

The essay presented here stems from the notes made during my preparation and from selected journal entries of my performances of the ritual, as such what I write here is based upon my understanding and I would urge you most strongly to seek your own understanding using this document as either counterpoint to your own views or as a point to deconstruct and rebuild in a form better suited to your own practices. I'm not an academic, just an interested amateur and I would urge you to obtain and read thoroughly: Hermetic Magic by Dr Stephen Edred Flowers, The Seven Faces of Darkness by Don Webb and to get the most out of these scrolls it would be best to have a copy of The Greek Magical Papyri in Translation edited by Hans Dieter Betz close to hand.

First I will present the ritual. For the most part it is a direct transcription from Betz, however I use the presented layout from Flowers as this puts the ritual in a context more familiar to the modern magician.

Preparatory Rite:

Write upon a piece of papyrus the formula: **ΑΩΘ ΑΒΡΑΩΘ ΒΑΣΥΜ ΙΣΑΚ ΣΑΒΑΩΘ ΙΑΩ** and draw the beneficial symbol on it.

Place the papyrus across the brow and repeat the six names facing north. [Ar-ot' ar-b'RaRot' Bar-züm ee-zark zarb'aRot' ee-ar-o]

Subject to me all daimons so that every daimon, whether heavenly or aerial, or earthly or subterranean, or terrestrial or aquatic, might be obedient to me, and every enchantment and scourge with is from god.

Stele of Jeu the Hieroglyphist:

I summon you, Headless One, who created earth and heaven, who created night and day, who created the light and the darkness, you are Osoronnophis whom non has ever seen; you are labas, you are lapos, you have distinguished the just and the unjust; you have made female and male, you have revealed seed and fruits; you have made men love each other and hate each other.

I am Moses your prophet to whom you have transmitted your mysteries celebrated by Israel; you have revealed the moist and the dry and all nourishment; hear me.

I am the messenger of Pharaoh Osoronnophis; this is your true name which has been transmitted to the prophets of Israel. Hear me, ARBATHIAŌ REIBET ATHELEBERSĒTH ARA BLATHA ALBEU EBENPHCHI CHITASGOĒ IBAŌTH IAŌ; Listen to me and turn away this daimon.

I call upon you, awesome and invisible god with an empty spirit, AROGOGOROBRAŌ SOCHOU MODRORIŌ PHALARCHAŌ OOO. Holy Headless One, deliver him/her (state your name) from the daimon which restrains him/her, ROUBRIAŌ MARI ŌDAM BAABNABAŌTH ASS ADŌNAI APHNIAŌ ITHŌLĒTH ABRASAX AĒŌŌY; mighty Headless One, deliver him/her (repeat name) from the daimon which restrains him/her MABARRAIŌ IOĒL KOTHA ATHORĒBALŌ ABRAŌTH, deliver him/her (your name) AŌTH ABRAŌTH BASYM ISAK SABAŌTH IAŌ

He is lord of the gods; he is the lord of the inhabited world; he is the one whom the winds fear! he is the one who make all things by the command of his voice.

Lord, King, Master, Helper, save the soul, IEOU PYR IOU PYR IAŌT IAĒŌ IOOU ABRASAX SABRIM OO YY EY OO YY ADŌNAIE, immediately, immediately, good messenger of god ANLALA LAI GAIA APA DIACHANNA CHORYN.

I am the headless daimon with sight in my feet; I am the mighty one who possesses the immortal fire; I am the truth who hates the fact that unjust deeds are done in the world; I am the one that makes the lightning flash and the thunder roll. I am the one whose sweat falls upon the earth that it can inseminate it; I am the one whose mouth burns completely; I am the one who begets and destroys! I am the Favour of the Aion; my name is a heart encircled by a serpent; come forth and follow.

Pronunciation:

A significant portion of my preparation for the ritual was ensuring that I had a guide to the pronunciation of the voces magicae and the different names used in the ritual. Here are my notes on pronunciation. Spaces indicated by an hyphen are there to help the reader delineate syllables and can be ignored when you're confident of the pronunciation. Where a vowel is repeated, such as "ooo" you can either extend the sound for further beats or repeat each vowel sound clearly and separately.

In writing the phonetic guide I tried to make the pronunciation read as naturally as possible, however I can't guarantee what seems natural to me will be the same to you and this is by no means a definitive guide to pronunciation. There are different ways of pronouncing the words dependant upon which period you draw from and your own personal taste. Where I have used the letter 'z' you may want to use 's', likewise with 'ar' you may want to use 'ah'. Your pronunciation will change as you get used to the words anyway, what I've provided is a starting point for you to discover how to vibrate the words so as to bring about more efficiently changes in your own consciousness.

m – elongated as though beginning to hum.

R - rolled as in French.

'ü' – like 'oo' in zoom.

(1) - 'ph' from the word 'uphill'

' after a sound means it is stopped short.

Daimon - Dah-i-mon – A spirit, either good or bad.

labas - Ya-Bas

lapos - Ya-Pos – Both lapos and labas are forms of IAŌ

Osoronnophis - OzoRon-nop'Ris – “Osiris the Beautiful Being”

ΑΩΘ ΑΒΡΑΩΘ ΒΑΣΥΜ ΙΣΑΚ ΣΑΒΑΩΘ ΙΑΩ / AŌTH ABRAŌTH BASYM ISAK SABAŌTH IAŌ

Ar-ot' ar-b'RaRot' Bar-züm ee-zark zarb'aRot' ee-ar-o

ΑΡΒΑΘΙΑŌ ΡΕΙΒΕΤ ΑΤΗΕΛΕΒΕΡΣĒΘ ΑΡΑ ΒΛΑΘΑ ΑΛΒΕΥ ΕΒΕΝΦΧΗΙ ΧΙΤΑΣΓΟĒ ΙΒΑŌΘ Η ΙΑŌ

ArRb'arRt'ee-ar-o Re'eebet art'eleb'ersert' arRar blart'ar arlbew eh-behn(1)khee kht'ars-go'e eeb'ar-ot' ee-ar-o

ΑΡΟΓΟΓΟΡΟΒΡΑŌ ΣΟΧΟΥ ΜΟΔΡΟΡΙŌ ΦΗΛΑΡΧΑŌ ΟΟΟ

ar'Rogogorob'Rar-o so'khoo mo'do-Rio (1)aRlarR-khar-o ooo

ROUBRIAŌ MARI ŌDAM BAABNABAŌTH ASS ADŌNAI APHNIAŌ ITHŌLĒTH ABRASAX AĒŌŌY
RoobRee-ar-o mar-Ree o'darm bar-arb'narbar-ot' arz-ss ar-don-ai a(1)nee-ar-o' eet'o'ler't' arbrarzarks
ar-er-oo-ü

MABARRAIŌ IOĒL KOTHA ATHORĒBALŌ ABRAŌTH, deliver him/her AŌTH ABRAŌTH BASYM ISAK
SABAŌTH IAŌ

Marbar-R-Rar-ee-o ee-o'erl ko't'ar art'o-Rebarlo' arb-Ra-o't' (deliver him/her) Ar-ot' ar-b'RaRot' Bar-züm
ee-zark zarb'aRot' ee-ar-o

IEOU PYR IOU PYR IAŌT IAĒŌ IOOU ABRASAX SABRIM OO YY EY OO YY ADŌNAIE, [...] ANLALA LAI
GAIA APA DIACHANNA CHORYN.

ee-eh-oo pÜR ee-oo pÜR ee-ar-ot' ee-ar-er-o ee-o-o-oo arbrarzarks sarb'Ree-m o-o oo-oo ew o-o ee-
ee ardo'nar-ee-eh (...), arnlalar lar-ee gai-ar arp-ar deear-kharn-nar kho'Rün

Changes between sources:

In the ritual there are a few points where differences crop up. Don Webb adds that during the preparatory ritual the magician should visualise the papyrus as a serpent eating it's own tail which expands to encompass the universe, once this is fully visualised the magician moves on to the next stage of the ritual.

Flowers doesn't specify where the symbol should be placed and so when performing his version of the ritual I placed the symbol in several different positions: above, below and on the reverse of the papyrus. I noted in my journal that above worked best. Webb specifies that the symbol should be written before and after the six names, both pointing in the same direction. The translation in Betz makes no suggestion to it's placement. I see it as personal choice which benevolent symbol to use, although it needs to be borne in mind that an Egyptian hieroglyph's orientation had no bearing on it's meaning, instead they were drawn to give the most aesthetic appeal.

The alphabet used to write the names on the strip of papyrus doesn't really matter, it is the intent and understanding of what the characters mean that is important. I visualised each of the words burning into the paper and taking on a power of their own as I vibrated their names, as such the characters were nothing more than a visual anchor for the energy of their sound. I also visualised the beneficial symbol in such a way first and maintained it while I charged each of the names until finally all the marks upon the papyrus blazed with energy. It is unlikely that this was ever practiced by anyone but myself, but I repeat it here for completeness sake.

Flowers uses more archaic English in his version of the ritual where Betz and Webb use modern English. Whether you use such words as 'thee' and 'hast' or 'you' and 'have' is based entirely in what is comfortable to your style of ritual. Flowers makes the notable change:

- Lord, King, Master, Helper, empower my soul

Aune's version with "save the soul" doesn't read well and I will defer to the greater wisdom of Dr Flowers here in his interpretation. This phrase again changes when Webb uses Lord, King, Master, Helper, preserve me in my illuminated knowledge in his version of the ritual. Both alterations to the translated text change the emphasis of the rite, although Webb's matches closest to Aune's original translation. Since this rite is concerned with calling upon and merging with your own good daimon it is again down to personal choice as to which version you use.

Also worth noting is a footnote found in Betz which states:

The letters ηδε εδε are indicated in Preisendanz as magical words, but they may be Greek misspelled for ήδη ήδη, "immediately, immediately."

Meaning that the passage would read "...ADŌNAIE ĒDE EDE good messenger of god..." with the pronunciation being er-deh edeh. These two words have strong mercurial influences and could fit well

with the piece. I admit that I haven't tried this version, but the information is there should you wish to act on it.

Flowers makes the change to the final paragraph of the ritual

- ... I am the one whose mouth is utterly aflame...

This change seems largely to help with the visualisation. Webb makes several more changes; I am the headless daimon with sight in my feet, I am the mighty one who speaks the Word of the Immortal Fire; I am the act of revealing truth who hates the fact that unjust deeds are done in the world; I am the one who makes the lightning flash and speaks its name in the thunder roll; I am the one whose Sweat falls upon the earth so that it can inseminate it; I am the one whose mouth burns completely; I am the one who begets and destroys; I am the Favour of the Aion; my name is a heart encircled by a serpent; great is my might, greater still my might through you.

Arguably the greatest change made here is the final sentence, while it appears to be of greater significance the intent is still the same, that a daimon comes forth and works with the magician.

Flowers finishes with:

After allowing time for the god to become manifest in your soul, close the working in your usual manner. This operation may be repeated until success is gained.

There is no description of how long to wait before banishing, be it half an hour to a week, I thought it best to assume that the allowed time should be until the atmosphere changed to indicate success or failure.

Webb advises that the ritual be performed then a long period following the ritual be monitored and compared to see if there is indeed sign of the god, in this case Set, manifesting in the life of the magician. Repetition again is advised to make certain of the god's influence or of the incompatibility of the magicians with Set.

Notes on the Voces Magicae:

As part of my preparation for the ritual I determined the planetary influences of each of the words so as to get a feel for the energy it contained, or at least where to look when trying to explore their sound. Some of the voces magicae have a predetermined meaning and some the meaning is determined by the stoichea, or elements, that make up the voces magicae, as Flowers describes ABLANATHANALBA (=AB-LA-NA-TH-AN-AL-BA): The fact that only the A-vowel occurs in the formula demonstrates its lunar nature. Thêta (9) is at its centre, and it is a palindrome (the same forward and backward). It consists of only three vowel/consonant combinations (AB, LA, AN) and their metathesized forms. AB/BA is the sound of the Moon in Aries, AL/LA is the sound of the Moon in Virgo, AN/NA is the sound of the Moon in Scorpio. Thêta, the stoichion of Earth, is the axis about which this array turns. So it is fairly clear that the formula is one that expresses and gives command over the material realm of Earth among the elements in the sub-Lunar sphere.

ABLANATHANALBA [ab-lan-ah-t'an-AL-bah] – A palindromic name of the god of this world.

Another quote from Hermetic Magic on the subject of the Stoichea

When magicians, with full attention and concentration, can perform the stoichea - can make or visualise the visible sign while perfectly performing the sound, and at the same moment fully realise the numerical quality and the semantic meaning(s) of the "elements" in their souls – then the doors to perfection will open.

While it's tempting to start writing down an analysis of every example of voces magicae in the PGM, it's not really necessary, much of the understanding develops almost coincidentally. Certainly you should analyse some of them to get a feel for how they are constructed, how they hang together and the effect

they have when vibrated, but they are living sounds and as such need to be spoken and used often to be understood.

Worth noting also is the meaning ascribed to the final reduction of words from the Greek system of interpreting numerical reductions:

One – Monad – Everything and Nothing. *taxia* and chaos, Order and Infinite Space.

Two – Dyad – Dynamism. Ratio and Proportion, *logos* and analogia.

Three – Triad – Harmony in knowledge (*gnosis*), the balance between extremes

Four – Tetrad – The Nature of Change

Five – Pentad – “Immortal” equated with Light and the manifestation of Justice

Six – Hexad – The Form of Forms and Reconciler. Possesses wholeness, the marriage between male and female.

Seven – Heptad – Citadel, *akropolis*, that which preserves.

Eight – Octad – Steadfast Seat called All-Harmonious

Nine – Ennead – Perfection, Oneness of Mind. Equated with Prometheus, who sees and brings perfection, the horizon, the border between the outer realms and the return to One

Ten – Decad – The quality of One but elevated, it is equated with Eternity or *Aion*, with Memory and Necessity. Ten is the number of *Kosmos*.

While Flowers provides invaluable information for understanding the mechanics of the ritual, Webb gives us a setting and expounds upon the history of the author and the links from the rite itself. Of specific interest I think is the assertion he makes that the ritual was written by Dositheus, the Samaritan magician who taught Simon Magus and was the author of the important Setian document “Three Steles of Seth”, but who also introduced or perhaps reintroduced the myth of the Scarlet Woman. This opens up some further avenues of exploration for the magician performing this ritual. I’ll take a great liberty here and reproduce two interesting passages from *The Seven Faces of Darkness*:

“...[it is a] complex ritual based on Greek, Hebrew and Egyptian Ideas. ... [it] Begins by invoking the god, then Becoming the god. From the god he receives a *Nomos* (divine Law) which the earth will be bound into fulfilling as soon as the magician can articulate the Law. This rite is based on the idea of Moses as the divine lawgiver and prophet as presented in the great Hebrew-Platonic-Stoic synthesis of Philo of Alexandria’s *Vita Mosis*. Philo grafted two ideas on the cult of the Magus. First that the superior magician represented a *Logos* (Word) and articulated the *Nomos* (Law/Foundation) of that *Logos*. Second that the superior magician did not go into an ecstatic trance – but received the Divine Knowledge in a way that he could read”

“Jeu was a Gnostic teacher who taught methods of divine ascent through sigils. Jeu taught his students to enter the Secret Place (*Setheus*) and obtain there the knowledge to create *Aions*. This spell in Greek and the books of Jeu in Coptic ... both contain the idea of an “empty spirit” formed by the actions of ascending and descending from the place of Internal Initiation. This empty, invisible, holy or “future” spirit is the unique place from which each magician steps out of the *Cosmos* to work his will upon it”

While the usage of this ritual does lead many to Set that does not mean it is where the ritual’s reach ends. The energy of Set from this ritual is that of the unmanifest spiralling future, that which lies beyond the roof of heaven and that which is just beyond the next second; It is entirely possible that Set is merely a channelling force here guiding the magician to their *daimon* and since many who have a great interest in Set are those most likely to seek out and be working on rituals such as this, it seems highly likely that they are the very people to find the force of Set and then look no further. I confess this was the case for me and I hope you’ll forgive the Setian influences I’ve brought to this essay. Indulging my Setian nature momentarily; As discussed in ‘*The Seven Faces of Darkness*’ Set is a much maligned and complex deity and possesses many analogues in other religions based upon his original form as the god of the Lower

Kingdom and as god of foreigners, or that which was beyond the borders of what is known. Set is also known as the slayer of Apep and it is in this form that he is a vital part of the ritual. Apep is the hollow husk created by unfulfilled dreams and desires, that which binds the magician, who hinders development and who can be connected to the pitiable state of the magician lost to delusions or madness. It is in this form that Set empowers the exorcism contained in this ritual.

The first translation of this ritual formed the basis of Liber Samekh, a ritual which leads to communication with the Holy Guardian Angel, otherwise known as the Knowledge and Communication (K&C). The ritual Crowley presents bears only a passing resemblance to the original version especially since many of the voces magicae are changed, as is the structure. Several of the voces magicae were changed to fit in with Crowley's vision of what the ritual should be and to give the man his due, he did a cracking good job of it, however the style of the G:.D:. and of Thelema is overly convoluted for my liking and it is my own theory that the active component of this ritual is very small indeed and so all the convolution is entirely unnecessary. Much of the power of rituals from the PGM comes from the magicians understanding of their universe, and the depth of this understanding, although when performed correctly even a cursory understanding of Hermetic magic is enough for the ritual to begin having effects.

The ritual is almost unanimously reported as being intense and 'real', producing in some visual and auditory hallucinations, visions and dreams which seem more real than waking and that are filled with important information relating to their magical development. All I can hope is that the few notes I've made here will be of some use in finding your connection with your good daimon, or should you find it so, with Set.



THE WORDS OF OPENING

Hekas Hekas Este Bebeloi.
Zazas Zazas Nasatanada Zazas.
Proto Eos Mii.
Nama Weica Aster.
Nama Hekau Ashemu Sek.

SILENCE

I ALGOS VEL VI, HE-WHO-IS-NOT SPEAKS AND DEMANDS:

I - Alogos vel Zraa. Pan Athanatos.
Sphinx unto All that is.
By the Continuum of Ekstasis made manifest -
the Omnipresent Starry One, the Form of Forms,
the One Spirit, Fount of all Sorcery.
Incarnate am I -
the Reality of the Living Word,
Heart of the Earth and the Sole Sun of Heaven.
This is my Body - Avatar of the Infinite I,
the Book of Life and the Book of Death,
Temple of all Gods, Embodiment of the One True Grimoire.
Masked am I -
the Black and Silent God, Virgin and Hermaphrodite.
Inconceivable Nature am I -
the Aethyr of my Self as Dreamt in Perfection,
a Solitary and Nomadic Path, the Sunlight to the Prism of Mind.
Not is my Name known,
the Incommunicable Secret, untranslated to the Articulate.
Instinctual is my Will,
Eternal and Immediate in Realization.
Insatiable is my Desire,
an Unquenchable Inferno engulfing Possibility.
To whom is the Trespass but to Self -
All things shall be endured.
For I am a Kingdom of many Kings,
a Battle-ground and a Marriage-Bed,
an Empire of Sensuality,
the Temple of my own Pleasure: Now.

AOTH ABRAOTH BASYM ISAK SABAOTH IAO!

Subject to me all daimons so that every daimon, whether heavenly or aerial, earthly or subterranean, or terrestrial, or aquatic, might be obedient to me, and every enchantment and scourge which is from God.

I summon thee, Headless One, who created the earth and Heaven, who created night and day, thou art Osoronophris whom none hath ever seen; thou art labas , thou art lapos, thou hast provided for discrimination between that which is just and unjust; thou hast made female and male; thou hast revealed both seed and fruit; thou hast made humans love each other and hate each other!

I am Moses thy prophet to whom thou has transmited thy mysteries celebrated by Israel; thou hast revealed the moist and the dry and all nourishment; hear me!

I am the messenger of Pharaoh Osoronnophris; this is thy true name which hath been transmitted by the prophets of Israel. Hear me, ARBATHIAO REIBET ATHELEBERSETH ARA BLATHA ALBEU EBENPHCHI CHITASGOE IBAOTH IAO! Listen to me and turn away this Daimon!

I call upon thee, awe-some and invisible god, with an empty spirit, AROGOGOROBRAO SOCHOU MODORIO PHALARCHAO OOO. Holy headless One, deliver he named by Self as VI from the Daimon which restraineth him, ROUBRIO MARI ODAM BAABNABAOTH ASS ADONAI APHNIAO ITHOLETH ABRASAX AEOOY--mighty Headless One, deliver Him from the daimon that restraineth him! MABARRAIO IOEL KOTHA ATHOREBALO ABRAOTH, deliver him, AOTH ABRAOTH BASYM ISAK SABAOTH IAO!

He is the Lord of the Gods; he is the Lord of the Inhabited Worlds; he is the one whom the winds fear; he is the one who made all things by the command of his voice.

Lord, King, Master, Helper - empower my soul; IEOU PYR IOU PUR IAEO IOOU ABRASAX SABRIAM OO UU EU OO II ADONAIE, immediately, immediately messenger of god ANLALA LAI APA GAIA DIACHANNA CHORYN.

I AM THE HEADLESS DAIMON WITH SIGHT IN MY FEET; I AM THE MIGHTY ONE WHO POSSESSETH THE IMMORTAL FIRE I AM THE TRUTH WHO HATETH THE FACT THAT THE UNJUST DEEDS ARE DONE IN THE WORLD; I AM THE ONE THAT MAKETH THE LIGHTNING FLASH AND THUNDER ROLL; I AM THE ONE WHOSE SWEAT IS THE HEAVY RAIN WHICH FALLETH UPON THE EARTH THAT IT MIGHT BE INSEMINATED; IAM THE ONE WHOSE MOUTH IS UTTERLY AFLAME. 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."