



CODEX

CHAOTICA

**ANTHOLOGY OF
CHAOS MAGICK FROM CMG**

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About Chaos Magic

There are many definitions of what magic is, each a different perspective on an intangible thing. All of which seek to decipher its nature. Each interpretation, or magical system, creates a framework within which the obscure aspects of magic and ourselves may be bound to symbol and structure. The practitioner is then able to use this framework to understand, manipulate, consider, and interact with the fundamental processes of magic. All too often people believe it is the system itself that provides magic, when in reality, it is nothing more than a symbolic representation.

Some magical systems assign value and magical power to: words, rituals, herbs, stones, cards, pictures etc. Through these symbolic representations, practitioners of particular systems will experience that their system works and will be lead to believe that it is the right or true system.

Let's use tarot cards as an example—when do they stop being card and ink and somehow become able to provide insight and answers? What separates them from any other card or any other paper, or anything else, for that matter?

This is where the danger in such systems lies. In their pursuit to define and label the elusiveness that is magic, they risk giving more meaning to something where there is none to begin with. In short, they mistake the map for the territory it represents.

This is where Chaos magic takes a unique approach. There is no fundamental doctrine or prescribed framework within which to do magic, rather it may be summed up in the stance that belief itself is the tool by which we allow ourselves to create magic. The implication of this is that magic and the ability to use it are inherent within ourselves, and that all systems are equal in the way that they allow us to interface with magic.

The Chaos Magician sees that the belief itself is a tool, like the often used example of Dumbo's feather, which allowed him to fly. This allows Chaos Magicians to use and collect an eclectic variety of different beliefs that form a magical toolbox. Rituals may be taken from Wicca, Voodoo, High Magic, or any system and used together. The chaos magician may use more traditional magical things or more contemporary belief structures —drawing from modern social and media influences, such as Pokemon, Dungeons and Dragons, anime or whatever works for the magician.

In this way, Chaos magic is the Jeet Kune Do of magical systems – an eclectic and hybrid collection of tools that work well for that particular practitioner.

When belief itself is seen as temporary and practical, it creates a backdrop of there being no value aside from that which is subjectively assigned; this is represented in the phrase "Nothing is true, everything is permitted."

The more dedicated Chaos Magician will begin a process of applying belief fluidity to their

selves and deeply question their own beliefs and identity. This can be a harrowing process and will often run into religious and social beliefs that have become deeply ingrained into the psyche and sense of self identity. There are no sacred cows in chaos magic.

The word "chaos" in Chaos Magic comes from the understanding that formless chaos is the foundation of all things. "Chaos" comes from the Greek word Khaos, which means "gaping void" or "chasm"; it is the paradoxically contradictory unification of formless nothing and infinite potential. Chaos is a force of limitless potential and all possible creation, from which all things are formed temporarily before being broken down and changed once again. All things come from and go back to chaos.

The more mystical side of Chaos Magic overlaps with Taoism, where the "true will" of the self is synonymous and aligned with the flow of chaos and universe itself. This is accessed through the process of shedding beliefs and attachment that the personality acquires. It becomes easier to let go of beliefs and structures when it is seen that they are all inherently subjective and created value.

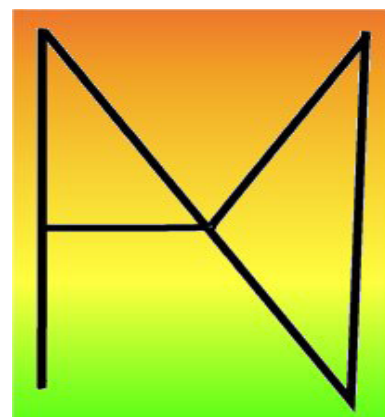
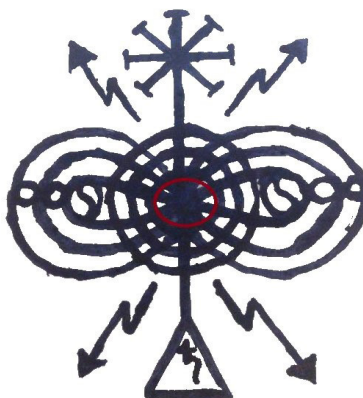
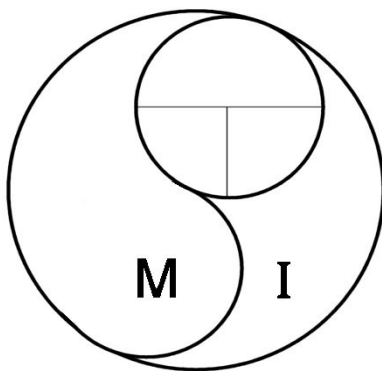
In going about putting together tools for the magical toolbox, the Chaos Magician will choose things based on their effectiveness; which is largely an individual preference and can be based on any number of criteria. Usually the Magician will follow their intuition and gather magical tools that just feel right and fit into their current metaphysical paradigm.

There are a few tools that many Chaos Magicians use, and these have become synonymous with chaos magic itself: sigils, servitors, egregores, godforms, banishing with laughter, and the LS sigil.

Sigils

Sigils are most often pictures that have been created to symbolise the desired outcome or intent. They are then charged by a number of methods, which catalyses the manifestation of the intent.

Examples of sigils:



Servitors

Servitors are somewhat independent energetic or thought creations; a separate entity that was created with energy, intent, will and magic- with a particular intent, such as protection. This servitor then functions semi autonomously in order to fulfil its purpose.

Servitors are often created in familiar forms that reflect their function. Advanced Magicians can create complex servitors that are capable of learning, maintaining, and feeding themselves, and can even acquire personality and a form of sentience.

Egregores

Egregores are servitors that have become older, more powerful, and fairly independent. This can happen after a large number of people use a servitor and contribute to its growth.

Godforms

A godform is a symbolic representation of an archetype. Godforms are often used in invocation or evocation, where their particular speciality is needed. Chaos Magicians may use more modern representations of the same archetype—such as Superman, Mike Tyson, or The Hulk for combat, where a more traditional godform would be Tyr, Mars, Ares, and the like.

Banishing with laughter

It is a common Chaos Magic practice to banish with laughter. This can be used at the beginning and end of a ritual to reject negative thoughts or feelings, and to help us not take ourselves or magic too seriously. It is also useful to release tension and stress and, most importantly, to relax and just enjoy.

LS sigil

The linking sigil was created to link things together for mutual empowerment, with many Chaos Magicians incorporating LS in their work, adding an extra bit of power tapped from the web formed by all the links

LS has been used to connect places, sigils, events, and magical works for over a decade, and has grown to be particularly powerful and useful. The LS sigil (seen below) may also be included in the construction of a Magician's own sigils.

The LS sigil:



Chaos, I understand as the foundation

The place of limitless potential, from which all springs temporarily, before it is once again broken down and changed.

All things come from and go back to chaos.

In the practice of Chaos magick, we may find it useful to examine our beliefs and understandings of things, including ourselves.

As we explore more, we may find that the things we believe about ourselves are temporary stories.

This then opens up the space to explore and redefine ourselves to suit our purposes.

Play when you want to play, dive right in.

Be serious when you need to get something done, and apply yourself.

You are a tool you can use with skill if you learn.

It can be easy to forget that being a hardcore angry chaos mage is just one of the faces we can wear. And any others are just as valuable and real, and no less chaotic.

It may provide value to examine those things that you are uncomfortable being.

By Paul Nott



Amun Disavaltron

Boban Ristevski



(MY) STATE OF THE OCCULT(ISM), ALTHOUGH I WANT TO CALL IT MAGIC

Boban Ristevski

“Knowing others is wisdom, knowing yourself is enlightenment!”
– Lao Tzu

As Gary Lachman noted in an interview, the whole world of the Occult and esotericism can be, and often is, too flamboyant and kitschy. It's obvious that some terms and phrases have become exceedingly common and ordinary; for example: chakra, aura, focusing on the present moment (is that Eckhart Tolle?), mindfulness, awareness/consciousness (what's consciousness?), focusing on the breath (yoga?), Zen, etc.

In the overly flamboyant world of magic*, Rudolf Steiner seems to be one of the most sober esoteric thinkers. From his autobiography I learned that even as a scholar, he was fascinated and intrigued by the various images and forms that were presented in his geometry course books. Interestingly enough, all those mathematical geometric forms resemble how the esoteric world functions and which shapes the spiritual entities of the astral plane take.

A while ago I saw Lon Milo DuQuette, an American writer and occultist, lecturing on the topic of magic. I attended the lecture only for one reason: I wanted to hear someone speaking about an invocation of a spirit.

DuQuette told the attendees that he had been invoking a spirit with a magical circle and triangle as two main magical tools and while doing that, he was almost blinded. This tells us that an invocation of a spiritual being from the astral plane can be extremely dangerous, perhaps even fatal.

The spirit in question looked like a Disney pony and apparently fulfilled his wishes, making them true in a mysterious, magical way. To invoke the spirit, DuQuette used *The Lesser Key Of Solomon*- the most popular study of magic originating from the 17th century, and later being edited by Aleister Crowley in 1904.

So, what is magic? Again, Gary Lachman succinctly said that the entire experience of magic, whether in theory or practice, is to tap into and expand the hidden reservoir of the human psyche and consciousness. It's obvious that the interest in the magical micro-macro cosmos is rapidly growing. Aside from the over-used and bleak terms mentioned before, there is for example, a publishing house in Belgrade/Serbia called *Esoteria* which focuses only on publishing books (translated or originals) that are treating many different aspects of the spiritual world.

Katy Perry's song *Dark Horse*, both the lyrics and the video, are maybe an over-exaggerated vision of Egyptian magic. Coldplay's great new song *Magic* is figuratively an exploration of the

magical way of thinking. Not to mention bands like Coil, Throbbing Gristle, Sigillum S, Troum and many others, who are heavily influenced by various magical and philosophical ideas about music.

Not only in music, but also in literature, both fictional and non-fictional, plenty authors are influenced by ideas of a magical nature. Just recently I've discovered John Fowles' novel *The Magus*, which obviously incorporates various ideas and interferences between philosophy and magic.

Ervin Laszlo in his study, *Science and the Akashic Field*, gives a theory that the next big step for science will be to study the so-called 'akashic field' (aka the astral plane) that's present throughout the Universe. In his book *The Tao Of Physics*, Austrian-born American physicist, Fritjof Capra, explores the parallels between modern physics and eastern mysticism. Dion Fortune and Carl Jung were both famous investigators of the connection between psychology and the occult. Anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski explored the magical rituals in primitive, tribal environments.

I am sure that within certain words and phrases in the Macedonian language there are esoteric/magical codes that can cause a magical effect. There is a theory presented in (as far as I know) the first, and by now the only, Macedonian esoteric novel/study.

Titled *Rozata Od Voda*, signed by Edni Makedonci, it states that everyone who says something in native English language comes from Satan and therefore it's satanic. Do you agree with that? I'm not sure. However, I know something for sure. And that is that the Macedonian language is a magical language!

Certain Macedonian words are empowered with a particular force and that is magic – hidden knowledge into and inside the words. Language is a virus, but that virus doesn't necessarily have to be bad. That virus -the use of the language- can connect us to the divine consciousness. If we use it properly, that is.

Repetitio est mater studiorum!

As says Daniel Pinchbeck, a co-founder of Evolver, a lifestyle community platform that publishes *Reality Sandwich*, an online magazine centred around spirituality, philosophy and activism:

"More and more people in the post-modern world are recovering their psychic lives, finding the inner exploration of subtle and qualitative realms of consciousness to be central to their being. This shift in attention is part of the paradigm shift; ancient prophecies fulfil themselves as we define a new level of consciousness that integrates science and spirituality, the physical and the psychic, the invisible and the known."

We mostly use verbal language to communicate, but I'm most certain that there are different aspects and conditions that are defining human communication. Not only the correct use

of the intonation of the voice, but some more subtle things are defining the communication between people; things like the movement of the body (another form of 'body' language), the attitude, the view of the eyes, the position of the body, etc. The verbal language is merely a small portion of anyone has to say.

Heralded as a pioneer in the spreading of interest in Zen and Shin to the West, Japanese author, D.T. Suzuki said:

"The contradiction so puzzling to the ordinary way of thinking comes from the fact that we have to use language to communicate our inner experience, which in its very nature transcends linguistics."

Every man and every woman is a magician! Many people are naturally achieving their specific magical state of being without reading or studying any books on the topic. They find their own ways of using a specific form of language, not just verbal, but also in body language, through specific ways of body movement; which is considered to be one of the most important tasks any magician should do – to find the original movement of the body, the hands, the legs, walking, etc. Not being a copy of someone else!

Movement of the body is a kind of magic by itself, just as God too is a kind of magic. There's a great distance between us and God, and that space is filled with different spiritual beings, which, if we refer to them properly, can transport our prayers to God. Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov, the Macedonia-born Bulgarian philosopher, but also pedagogue, alchemist, mystic, magus and astrologer, talks extensively about that in Angels and other Mysteries of The Tree of Life.

Every man and every woman is a magician! However it depends on everyone's own personal state of consciousness how much anyone can be or is aware of that. As Deepak Chopra says in The Way Of Wizard, the magician is the one who knows and sees everything in every occasion.

That tells us that we, as human beings with divine qualities inside of us, in any situation of our lives should precisely acknowledge (by our hearts and our consciousness) what we do and don't know; sensing the difference, who is inside of us that is speaking/seeing – the human (who knows really little) or the magician (who, absolutely, in every case, should and can know and see everything). It's simple when put in to words like this, but not as simple to achieve in life.

"As soon as you see something, you already start to intellectualize it. As soon as you intellectualize something, it is no longer what you saw."

– D. T. Suzuki

It's surprisingly how much people tend to intellectualize things in general. Not only highly intelligent people who seem stuck in their heads, but also less intelligent people who are stuck in their minds, don't know how to feel with their hearts. Instead they are over-theorizing things and events, taking an extremely philosophical view on simple and ordinary things. In

place of enjoying the beautiful view of the sunset in the city, someone may start commenting on how many clouds there are in the sky, why there are no birds, why the colour of the Sun is so shiny. People are strange, people are demanding, and everyone has their own specific needs- what's so special about a certain need one can have?

Somewhere between simplicity and complexity, we can try to define a certain aspect of a human being. Not everyone wants to be so damn simple. Some are aware of their complex personalities and enjoy every minute of being special. However, "blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

She calls out to the man on the street,
"Sir, can you help me?
It's cold and I've nowhere to sleep,
is there somewhere you can tell me?
He walks on, doesn't look back,
he pretends he can't hear her,
starts to whistle as he crosses the street,
seems embarrassed to be there.
Oh,
think twice,
'cause it's another day for you and me in paradise!
Oh,
think twice,
'cause it's another day for you,
you and me in paradise!
Think about it!
Phil Collins

* I like to use the word magic, instead of the occult, esotericism or alchemy, just because magic it's what it is; it's the most precise word



CMG group sigil 2

Simon Solomon Faust



A CHAOS EVOCATION

There have been and
There will be times when
MEMES
In the form of words
Or other symbols
Leap off a page
And integrate themselves
into your nervous system,
becoming part of you.

You may be conscious of it happening
Or it may be more subtle,
Beneath your conscious awareness
Like your breathing
Most of the time...

These MEMES may serve by:

Shifting your perspective,
Changing the way you see things.
Shifting your feelings,
Altering your behavior .
In unexpected ways
Or in unnoticed ways
Perhaps even opening up
New possibilities
Where only impossibilities had been.

It is said that the Magician meets Destiny
At a crossroads
And whichever branch the magician chooses,
Things will be different from that point on.

There will be chaos in the equation
Intermingled with Intention.
Chaos brings surprise while
Intention provides direction.

As of now you may or may not believe
In the power of magic
As you may or may not be fully conscious

Of the power of metaphors and other symbols
have over consciousness,
But however you understand it
The symbols contained herein
Contain intention
And the nature of that intention is transformation.

So just be aware
There is potential here to alter the world you
perceive and understand and move
and participate in
To a deeper degree than you might expect.

And as you plunge into these pages and explore the
constellations of symbols within
Isn't it nice to know that the forces
that have evolved us to understand
and bind symbols to our will
have co-evolved within us a form of psychic immunity-
a barrier between What We Crave more of
and What We Need to Not be influenced by.

But be warned
There are things which,
Once seen
Can never be unseen,
Thoughts which
Once thought
Can never be un-thought,
And feelings which,
Once felt,
Can never let us be the same again.

If you are ready,
Consciously Ready,
To take that level of responsibility for your life, your will and your destiny
Then welcome, friend.
And Godseed!

Simon Solomon Faust
Tokyo
12/23/23



Dana Varahi

Eleanor Boyce M.A.



ã Eleanor Boyce M.A.

When exploring states of consciousness there are times when we may over step ourselves, get knocked off balance, loose connection with beneficent aspects of our psyche and fall prey to negative ones. During such times it is not unheard of for creativity to become stalled and blocked. This story is distilled from an experience of dealing with such a state, magically, over a period of four months. It is a story of re-connecting, re-balancing, reclaiming and rejuvenating.

ARCHMARDI
Eleanor Boyce



“Visit the interior parts of the Earth; by rectification thou shalt find the Hidden Stone.”
(From an ancient alchemical manuscript by unknown author).

Only in the dimmest of glooms were my eyes at ease, where shadows protected from glare of light and harshness of colour. Sensitivity of retina, at times, produced hallucinatory shifts and disturbed distortions of vision. I vacillated between an irrational nervousness and a morbid melancholy. I trembled often and found myself gasping for an air that was too thick, too congealed to do anything but strangle the voice in my throat. Time and again panic rose from the churning pit of my stomach, waves of adrenaline pumped with a fury and my heart pounded wildly against a cage of ribs. Over and over again I sank into a heavy, leaden despair. My thoughts were a mass of contradictions, a never-ending and frustrated squabbling that failed to resolve even the simplest of questions – all answers proving equally valid, equally potentially true.

I knew I had gone too far. Like Icarus, I had flown too high, too soon, and had burnt my wings - too fearful now to fly, too fearful to fall. Trapped between extremities of being, 'twixt heaven and hell, life and death, I hung, like the Tarot Hanged Man, suspended over the Abyss. Poetry was aborted. The pen dropped.

In a dream I met a man upon a stair and cried to him for help. He told me I must make a descent. I entered a room at the bottom of the stairs. It was small, dusty, dark and windowless, empty, save for two items. Upon the wall hung a framed painting with cracked glass. It was a portrait of a dark elongated face with eyes that smouldered with an incomprehensible lust and vengeance. In a mirrored wardrobe door, slightly ajar, the portrait was reflected, the image doubled. I ran out screaming, slamming the door shut. Back on the stairs I painted the steps with blood. The man had gone. The dream was re-occurring.

I knew that, like Innana, I had to descend further still, strip myself naked, pass the gateways to the Realm Infernal and gather the jewels of my soul. A flash of lightening zigzagged through my being and the wind called my name.

I built a temple of white and plucked a heart's string that resonated through time and space.

The Eighth Door was mist, vaporous, barely perceptible. The Storm-Wind, cloaked and hooded, stood before it. By His side a white stallion, with flowing mane and flaring nostril, pounded its hooves into the ground. He had been waiting for such a long time for me to hear and answer His call.

On the back of the stallion, I clung tightly to my unearthly chaperone, as we galloped, at a speed outside of the laws of physics, across an ashen grey and desolate landscape under a steely, thunderous sky. Hooves clattered, sonorously metallic, over an iron bridge beneath which lay a stagnant river poisoned by corpses of literature's unborn children. The same hooves chinked and clattered on the loose stones of a narrow road that wound upwards beyond it, to the Gothic archway of a bleak, decaying house.

The bizarre building was as grey as the landscape in which it was set, harmonious in its setting, yet at argument within itself. Many architectural styles jostled in an historical scrapbook of masonry. Gothic spires crowned the rotting patchwork of Baroque, English Renaissance and Art Nouveau stonework. The right wing was a smaller version of a derelict sixties tower block. The whole façade was adorned with medieval gargoyles, and many balconies were precariously suspended, dotted with broken classical Greek statues petrified in pose. Creepers wove in and out of cracks where lichen and moss spread their slime in the damp atmosphere. Evidently, this postmodernist grotesque monster of a building had been our destination.

I dismounted, and no sooner had I done so, to my chagrin, and without word of warning, instruction or farewell, the Rider rode forth and disappeared into the gaseous fog that shrouded the landscape like funeral attire. My heart, like a brittle flower, was crushed and gripped by an iron claw of terror as I passed under the archway and entered the antechamber that separated the interior of the house from the land. It was a black vacuum wherein an atmosphere vibrated in cadenced convulsion, filling my ears with a high pitched buzzing - black, that is, save for a tiny glow of golden light to the right of me, immediately before the vague impression of the main door. Like a moth to a flame, eager, though fearful, I approached, every fibre of my being taut with wild anticipation. I stopped short.

He was turned from me, squatting before the flame of a candle naked, save for a loincloth and belt sheathing a dagger. His hair, curling and falling like black serpents across his shoulders, reached down to lick the base of his spine. My presence was known, expected. Unhurriedly, with the exquisite grace of a dancer, he rose to his feet and turned toward me, standing majestic, proud and beautiful. His golden slim muscular body cast a black shadowed replica of itself upon the wet wall of the enclosure and seemed to adore him. His features glowed in the darkness, a perfection of symmetry, a noble brow, well-formed nose, full mouth, and defined jaw. Around his neck hung a variety of necklaces, obviously talismanic. One caught the reflection of the flame and flashed bright - an emerald set in gold. Two dangling teeth of a tiger hung from each of his ears and one nostril was pierced with a circular thread of gold. The power of those rich gold-brown eyes, holding me spellbound in their gaze, conveyed both courage and a deep knowing - sensual, primal and eternal. He was as familiar to me as a brother-lover of many aeons ago and the recognition moved a liquid tear of joy to my eye causing his image to waver in the flickering candle flame. Without a word, for there were no words needed, he so tenderly, yet firmly, took my hand in his, and with the other, snuffed out the candle between his fingers before pushing open the large door to the house.



Stepping through, I found myself in a spacious and empty hallway, my Warrior standing tall immediately behind me. The interior was all white, save for silver-grey cobwebs, whose intricate lacings had threaded the space, and for a colossal Rococo staircase that swept round in a curve to the right and disappeared into the shadows above. Its gold gilt was chipped and tarnished, and the gaudy florid and cherubim decoration had shed leaves, petals, blossoms, fingers, noses and toes in its timeworn autumn. It was the interior foyer of a strange vacant theatre suffused with a light from a source unknown. In this light, akin to a grey, chilly dawn, macabre diaphanous phantasms, as colourless as smoke, seeped up through the pale mosaic floor and began to fill the space, floating in slow time through the air. I was audience to a grotesquely violent ballet wherein the dancers sole purpose seemed to assault and torment me - a cruel theatre to rob sanity. In their whispered texts I caught words I remembered from a time before - words of malicious accusations, poisonous philosophies, anecdotes of non-wisdom - and all pinched, scratched, bit into my mind. I writhed and shuddered. "Illusions! Lies!" voiced the Warrior at my back. Encircling my waist with his arms he offered me his dagger. I took it. His arms remained around me. My spine warmed, and archaic beast rose up the vertebrae. I pointed the dagger. The cold metal glinted and from the blade a piercing beam of icy light stabbed the ghostly vaporous dancers. One by one they were vanquished, evaporating into nothingness.

Light became brighter. The Warrior let his arms fall from me. As if some measure of his bravery had been transferred, softly and with deliberation, I trod upon the stairway and ascended. Following the curve into the uppermost reaches of the house, the stairs became tapered, more rickety and constricted by ever more inwardly encroaching walls. My Warrior silently followed. The steps ended at the opening to a long narrow passageway wherein four arches were set into the bleached stone, equilaterally spaced and symmetrically opposed, two on either side. I came to stand at a point midway between all four and glimpsed through the

openings. Through the first arch was an empty room, an open window through which the breeze of a pale yellow dawn blew and stirred the dust upon the floor. Behind the second, another empty room, a hearth in which a coal fire flamed red and filled the space with a flickering blood glow. The third had water weeping, streaming down its walls and swirling in pools across the floor, and the fourth was a crypt of white, frozen in stillness, a black granite sarcophagus in its centre.

At the far end of the passageway a ball of light, a rainbow vortex of colour, manifested from nowhere and moved toward me. As it neared, the four rooms and archways suddenly imploded to become tiny specks of quartz particles. They glistened as they became embedded in the grey walls of the passage, jewels of Earth, Air, Fire and Water. Light became dazzling as the multi-hued kaleidoscope filled the hallway, pulsing, oscillating, vibrating ever closer and closer. Trembling, my perceptions acute now, my panic rising, I turned to flee. My Warrior smiled and slowly shook his head.

Turning back, I was engulfed by the throbbing mandala of colour, the beating of Heart, the rhythm of Breath, the rise of Heat and the wave of Caress. Strange patterns of desire, a somatic pulse, sensual delight, the caress of Love, overwhelmed me, entered me, soaring me into unimaginable Ecstasy. The orgasmic climax shook all universes that ever were, are, or will be. As I floated in after-glow, the sphere of light that enveloped me slowly faded and vanished. Yet something still held me so very tenderly. Opening my dewy eyes I realised that my body was entwined with that of the Warrior, both of us shimmering moist with perspiration. Such a beautiful satiated embrace has no words and we unfurled from one another only after a seeming passing of many centuries.

Our surroundings had transformed. We were in the landscape, sitting close to the iron bridge by the river, watching the ripples wrinkling across the surface of its water. It was darker, the sky cloaked in tarnished pewter and the water as black as ink, mirroring a few stars from above. From time to time, a head bobbed up to break the skin of the river, or a tiny hand waved, or a foot poked through. Then, I started. That horrible dark elongated face of nightmare portraiture was reflected here, again, in the dark waters. I turned, but though no other was seen, I felt a distinct menacing presence of someone, or some thing, lurking in the shadows. My gaze returned to that awful face, floating like a mouldering sore, blacker than the black water and I shuddered in recognition. Here was the thing that had made the water stop coursing, dammed it, poisoned it, made it to stink, go into stagnation, with its intent upon strangling all life, all creative flow. Here, floating upon the surface of the river below the river was the spectre of the Murderer of Mind, the Assassin of Art.

My Warrior rose and waded into the water, thigh high, drew the blade and cut the apparition into pieces until it all sank somewhere to the depths below. He then bent forward with cupped hands and became statuesque in his immobility. Suddenly, he moved as a lightning flash, plunged his hands into the dark river and tossed a wet form at me. It lay beside me on the bank, a tiny sodden baby, naked and twisted of form, its face screwed like something aged, the black river water seeping from the corner of its mouth. I touched it with one finger. It writhed. There was some life encased there. I cradled its cold form, examined it. There was

some beauty in it yet, so I lay it compassionately on the bank and I joined my Warrior in the bizarre midnight fishing.

Many babies of art were there. Some dead, some aborted, some malformed, some barely alive. Some we threw back, some we hurled upon the bank, selecting only those with a potential of blossoming. We finally emerged from the river and long did we kneel beside the pile of little wriggling bodies, all blue-white with cold, all wet and slimy, all so very pitiful - all tiny pearls of exquisite promise. Though they stunk of the putrid river, under the stars in this desolate landscape, they had such an unearthly and delicate loveliness that I had the sense I was beholding a mound of precious treasures. With a tear in my eye, I raised my head and looked into the face of my Warrior. Such warmth was there, such tenderness in the gentle smile. He kissed my brow before removing my cloak, whereupon he carefully wrapped the babies in it and then handed the bundle to me.

The resounding clanging of hooves on metal echoed into the night. The Storm-Wind had returned and sat astride the stallion, upon the bridge, beckoning to me. I swung round but found my Warrior had vanished and was nowhere to be seen. Anxiously, I looked for him, this way and that, and as I did so the Storm-Wind, who had rushed forward unnoticed, grabbed hold of both my bundle and me and slung us up across the stallion. No sooner had the cloaked figure jolted the rein in front of me that we all - the white stallion, the rider, the baby bundle and myself - were tossed by a hurricane, spun in a violent tornado. I shut my eyes tight out of terror, but could hear the rush of the air-stream, could feel the spinning, could feel us being flipped about and raised upward.

Then came an unexpected calmness as all motion abruptly stopped.

Gradually, very gradually, I opened my eyes. I sat before my desk and lying before me, upon its polished surface, was a pen with a glowing emerald set within its golden nib. My spine felt strong, supple and warm with the presence of my beloved Warrior. The dark petals of memory fell open and I dipped the pen into ink to revive and nurture our babies with a clarity I had thought was forever lost, and with the deepest of love. Heaven and hell were longer poles betwixt I hung inert - but stars to dance between.

SWAMP TEARS & FRAGMENTS OF BONE

Eleanor Boyce

Where were they - those others? A whole month had passed and they had not contacted me. No desperate letters, no urgent knocks upon my door, no requests or pleas for advice, consolation, sympathy or support. Was I no longer needed? Were they all happy, integrated human beings now? How I loved those others - could they not, at least, inform me as to how they were? I was feeling quite alone, rather worthless, without another's pain to soothe, another's confusion to clear. My own sense of identity was almost in jeopardy. Although the intent of this walk was to gather wood for the fire, I hadn't picked up one stick. Questions reeled through my mind, and I wandered aimlessly as the questioning became more and more uncomfortable. My footsteps, not consciously directed, were leading me to the edge of a forest. Was my whole sense of 'self' caught up in, dependent upon my propensity to facilitate the healing of others? Did I immerse myself in others' problems and pain in order to avoid my own? The last question was a key that opened up something within me. I was suddenly very dizzy, in need of support.

I went to the trunk of the aged blackthorn tree and encircled her with my arms. Resting my cheek against the rough bark, I sunk my bare feet into the Earth until the moist mud oozed through the crevices between my toes. It was a moment out of time, filled with a primal and darkly rich sensuality, but yet, not without a hint of foreboding. I shut my eyes upon noticing a deep drum-like resonance, beating in slow time, through the soles of my feet. Something leapt upon the blank screen of darkness behind my closed lids - a speck that came closer, and ever closer, in a continuum of little jumps. It was a large hoary toad. It's slimy, barnacled skin mottled with yellow-green, blacks and browns. The huge, bulbous, marble-like eyes with their black slits, fixed me with a relentless reptilian stare.

The thudding rhythmic beat pounded through my soles so intensely now that it became painful. It pounded through my feet and upwards to my calves, and ere long my whole body throbbed and ached. It was becoming much more than physical discomfort, a distress that permeated my mind and emotions as well - a hurt that rapped on the inside of my skull and was pulverising my heart with its heavy, repetitive blows. Every physical blow, every cut and kick that had ever assaulted me, all the cruel words ever spoken to me, each ridicule and rejection remembered and simultaneously experienced anew. I was racked with an indescribable agony. Toad, speaking to part of my mind outside the realm of ordinary, clumsy speech, urged me to hold onto the pain. I was so desirous of moving away from the tree, but the creature before me held me in a vice-like grip of determinism. "Stay with the pain!" it sternly implored.

Just as the painful agony was becoming too much to bear, I was transported into a twilight

world - a marshland at the edge of a dark forest. The pain slipped from me as a gown. Tall rushes and sedge grass cast elongated shadows that crept across the sodden Earth like menacing fingers, and the air was chilled, moist with mist. A little way ahead of me the toad, barely perceptible in the deepening gloom, leapt from area to area of the perfidious ground, bidding me follow. Tentatively, I picked my way, careful to tread only where the toad had indicated for fear of sinking into the treacherous open mud-mouths, ever ready to swallow. The ground became more dry and stable as I approached the line of trees into which the toad had vanished, and with certain trepidation, I entered the dark space beyond the evergreen archway.

This forest was like no other. The thin, vapoured chilliness of the forest's edge fell away as I entered the tangle of trees and bracken, the air becoming heavy, thickly sweet and pungent. The canopy of tree growth screened off the sky, and only thin shafts of light intermittently pierced its density to light my way. Slowly, I groped my way in the darkness, stumbling over moist, spongy fern and mossy carpet, deeper and deeper into this shrouded enclosure. Louder and louder grew the sound of the forest's breath, inhaling and exhaling in heart-broken sighs. The entire place seemed overcome with grief, suspended in an intense state of mournfulness. The trunks, branches, roots, undergrowth and plant stuff were all throbbing, heaving in a tormented, twisted-limbed tableau of agony. As I exhaled in rhythmic unison with the weeping, timeless forest, partaking of her burden, my heart was heavy also. It was as if all the forgotten sorrows and broken promises of the whole world were contained here. All the unacknowledged hurts, shattered dreams, lost hopes, all the scars from things that cut too deep and wounds that never healed – the Lady Forest mourned for them all. Teardrops fell unceasingly from black branches to form verdant pools upon the forest floor, and as I paddled through these tear swamps, I too, began to sob. I sobbed for long lost things that I really no longer remembered.

Inhaling, exhaling, still in unison with her, the sorrow growing ever more intense, the pressure weighing heavier, and yet still heavier, my movements slowed. The desire to fall asleep, curl up in this dark burden-basket, was overwhelming me, for also within the rhythm of hypnotic contraction there lay an exquisite beauty – enthralling, mesmerising. And the place became an enchanted space oozing a strange, rich sensuality, an erotic somnolence. It was with a great force of will that I moved my feet across the soggy, squelchy, bepuddled ground. My movements became as one in sleepwalk and I was unsure as to whether I was even moving at all. As head swam with the narcotic scent of evergreen and fungi, my hand seemed to be touching the slimy, lichen covered tree trunk I had used to steady myself some time before. The sound of dripping water and the heaving breath engulfed me as I inhaled and exhaled, sighing in lamentation with the ancient forest.

Then something, I know not what, jarred my senses awake just as I was slipping into a forgetfulness from which I may never have awoken. My own breath quickened and fell out of synchronic rhythm with the forest's breath. A shaft of light penetrated the gloom and struck a tree tear, suspended and about to fall from a branch close by. Through heavy-lidded and half-closed eyes I was just able to descry a perfect tiny rainbow arch held within its liquid form. Slowly, and with a heaviness of limb, I shook myself awake, and almost instantaneously,

my eyes adjusted to the chiaroscuro of my surroundings. Thereupon, I noticed, with a certain delight, that all the tears falling from the sombre boughs shimmered with rainbows. Here, in the deepest, darkest torments of despair, a visual song of hope now played upon my retina.

After a short while, I became bewildered by the trunk under my hand, for not only wasn't it the same tree trunk, but, indeed, it was like no other tree trunk I had ever before touched. The surface of its slimy bark was slipping and writhing beneath my palm. There was a sound, akin to the screeching of crazy birds and the creaking of aged wood, barely audible at first, then becoming increasingly louder. To my horror, I felt the tree roots curl around my ankles, tightly binding me, cutting into my flesh like leathern straps and pulling me downward. The wet earth became as a cauldron swamp, gurgling, seething, and I was sinking into it. I struggled in vain. Other tendril like roots curled around my thighs and waist. I was aware of being gripped by a long-fingered hand - a hand most ancient, gloved in green lichen that wanted me for its own. A smell of mildewed rot and decayed fungi filled my nostrils as the gnarled hand ripped me through the black Earth that swallowed me beneath its surface. The atmosphere below ground was a thick, suffocating sweetness full of the nauseating sweetness of death, and I retched and choked as it entered my lungs.

Thus, entombed within the Earth, my senses reeling and body trembling, I recognised the sound, now louder still, to be a cackling, sinister laughter, sharp and cold. As my eyes became accustomed to the moist velveteen darkness, I saw that I was within an earthen cave of sorts, an ancient burial mound, strewn with human skulls and bones. Millions of maggots and strange insects were feeding upon the tiny fragments of flesh and sinew still attached to bone, and the once-filled eye sockets of skulls stared up at me blankly.

The fingers that were gripping my body unfurled and retreated. Following them with my gaze, and straining my eyes to see more clearly, I beheld that the hand belonged to a most uncanny female figure. Apart from the twig-like hands She was of humanish form only in the upper torso, for from the waist downwards, Her image was that of a tree trunk that split into a mass of twisted roots. Her head, thrown back in mocking laughter, wore a facial mask of slimy yellow-green skin pulled taut over sinister skeletal features. It was surrounded by a mass of matted and tangled twigs and thorns encrusted with a fine web-work of stranded fungi. Her ancient, wisdom-filled, evergreen eyes trickled blood and flashed in the uterine darkness. They sent out splinters of light that hit the sides of the tomb and fell amidst the bones, alighting them with an unspeakable eeriness. A putrid green sticky sap, a gooey mirroring substance, oozed from Her skin's pores and wood cracks, and reflected the fractured shards of light.

Very abruptly, She stopped laughing and fixed me with a cold, hard stare. The blood in my veins chilled under Her stony gaze. With a creak, She raised Her arm, pointing with Her bizarre and elongated twisted finger to a space somewhere behind me, and as I turned to see to what She was referring, Her voice, deep, hoarse and hoary, cracked and cut the thick atmosphere like a whip. "Work! ... Sort! ... Assemble!"

Piled high against the mud wall of this dark, foreboding tomb-womb were an assortment of

pieces of a hundred or so dolls - arms, legs, torsos, heads, eyes and fragments of woven hair, all entangled and jumbled in a heap. They were covered in dust and spun with cobwebs, as though they had remained undisturbed for a very long time. I turned back to my graven companion only to find She had disappeared. Alone now, in this forsaken and morbid place, I shuddered with dread and longed for release, yet, glancing over the macabre pile of doll pieces, I knew my task. With a sigh, I knelt down and began picking my way through limbs, heads and glass eyeballs.

It was a tiresome task. Though the separated piles of various bits and pieces were steadily growing, so (or so it seemed) was the heap from which I retrieved them. It was also so very dark, and the work relied as much on feeling as it did sight. Long, long -many hours, how many hours I cannot say, I sat in this damp, dimmed interior attempting to sort these uncanny fragments. Every so often I thought I could assemble something almost whole, only to find that legs, arms and so forth, were all of differing sizes and all that could really be fashioned were deformities. I despaired as my fingers became sore and blistered and my eyelids heavy. Eventually, I became so exhausted that I slumped where I sat and fell into a half-sleep upon the dank floor - all around me piles of doll pieces and scattered fragments. And from this half-sleep, I heard a faint croak, a whisper, calling my name, pleadingly, urging me not to sleep, but continue. Thereupon, I roused myself with great difficulty, and slowly, heavily, continued my task.

Then, an arm fitted a torso, then, a leg. Was there really a whole doll scattered among the wreckage of this pile? I searched and searched, tossing aside bits and pieces with renewed hope. Another leg, a head complete with thick, dark hair, and then, another arm, and one glass eye! As each piece was assembled, something deep within me was released and, afore long, tears were running from my eyes and splashing the small, naked doll form that I held. It was recognition from a now distant childhood, for the doll I held in my hands was one I had lost long ago. And, as I remembered, the tears fell in cascades and washed the dust from the little rose-pink body. The other eye, magically freeing itself from the heap, rolled across the ground toward me and I put it very carefully in place. The doll's aquamarine glass eyes immediately shone with such radiance as to light up the whole interior in which I sat. My joy swelled at the sight of her, now complete and perfect in every detail. It was as if a part of me, long buried, had been retrieved. "Thank you," she sweetly whispered. Holding her close, stroking her tear-sodden hair, I lay down, curled up on the floor of that strange place, and fell into a delicious sleep.

I was startled awake by a sharp pain in my ribs, only to realise I was being kicked in the chest by a large root. Looking up, I saw the Tree-Woman looming menacingly over me. "Get up!" She snapped. As I rose to my feet, She shifted Her ancient eyes from me to the doll I was holding in my arms, and back again. In my triumph, I imagined Her face to be betraying something of surprise. "Hold forth your hand!" She ordered. Certainly, She was not one to argue with, so I obeyed. On an instant, She stabbed my forefinger with Her huge, long black-green thorn of a fingernail. There was an excruciating stinging sensation as the flesh was pierced and the blood trickled out of the wound to run over the skin. The blood formed a droplet at my wrist, and as I watched, it grew heavier and heavier before it fell, splashing the dolls lips and turning them

rose-red. The corners of her tiny mouth turned upwards in a smile.

Before I had time to respond, the great tendrils of the Tree-Woman's hand wove themselves around me and I was propelled upwards and pushed through the roof of the tomb. I winced in pain as I was forced through the layers of wet, cold Earth that broke like a membrane. I lay panting, gasping, as the earth convulsed, contracted, and the opening closed. I still held the doll tightly clasped in my arms as we lie together, wet and muddy, upon the moist, mossy carpet of the forest floor. And, as I gasped for breath, I heard the gravelled whisper of the Tree-Woman rise from the depths of the earth: "Never, ever, forget Self-Love!"

CRYSTALLINE DEEP & RING OF MAGICK

Eleanor Boyce

The animal is possessed of a certain kind of power by virtue of a highly attuned awareness. It knows when to run, when it's safe to play and hunt, and how to instantly recognise, thus avoid, the predator. What is lacking in solely instinctual response, its mother teaches. As an orphaned child in a world severed from the wild by the artificiality of civilisation, I was lost and vulnerable. My naiveté, innate compassion for others, and having been naturally blessed with an internal wellspring of creativity, made me easy and tasty prey.

For some time now, however, my canvases stood untouched and my pen had lain idle. I was tired and listless. The fire in my veins barely smouldered. Long had there been a prompting from a distant part of my being about my friend, but not desiring to burst a dream, this had been ignored. There had been glints, but now fangs flashed bright in the moonlight. A predatory force was not only close, but had me in its jaws, yet its face I did not wish to behold. As a consequence, it was almost too late, when I gained resolve, fought fatigue and sought the Magick of a different kind of Beast.

Holding the black, smoky quartz between my palms, there was a languid sensation of slight side-ways shift as I sank into its crystalline depths. Everything pulsed to the rhythm of slow heartbeat as an icy-cold freshness permeated my being. An atmosphere of solidified silence enfolded me, holding me in perfect stillness. The Veil parted ...

I found myself standing, statue-like, upon crisp white snow at the edge of a frosted mountain range, over which draped a shroud of translucent mist. The air was electric, orchestrated with the tinkling of a billion frozen liquid molecule notes in collision; the snow, a covering of sparkling, flashing neon ice-diamonds. My skin tingled and tightened. My exhaled breath hung as a cloth before me and bore resemblance to the hazy draping on the mountain peaks.

I called in ancestral tongue for help and guidance. Within moments, from the shadowy rocks, a large she-wolf, with flowing black and silver fur, tentatively emerged. She kept her distance, pacing from side to side, her paw tracks forming inter-laced patterns in the snow. As she locked her piercing green-jewel eyes with mine I felt the stirring of something familiar, yet, long, long forgotten. We were penetrating each other, reading each others soul. But more than this, we were experiencing each other directly. I became aware of her gentleness, her deep knowing and instinctual cunning; yet, I also felt her fear, mistrust and acute loneliness. These feelings, engendered within me by encountering the beautiful she-wolf, magnified in intensity. I experienced the pain, the longing and heartbreak of all wild estranged things, the separation, isolation of numerous sentient beings. Compelled, I fell to my hands and knees upon the snowy ground, as within me, a howl, like an ancient song in a dream, rose, swelled and released itself - an existential cry in the wilderness.

As I stood, the breeze stirred. Snow particles began to dance in circles across the ground, spinning like Catherine Wheels, slowly at first, then faster and faster. There came, of a sudden, a fierce rush of cold, bitter wind and with the scream of the wind came the she-wolf, charging straight at me, lips curled, teeth barred and eyes ablaze. Though it appeared she was about to go for my throat, I did not move, could not move. She leapt, and the bulk of her body passed straight through me. I felt her as she did so again, from the back, landing gracefully upon all four paws in front of me. It was a strange, indescribable sensation, like being solid, then liquefying and becoming solid again. She went to the right of me, leapt, passed to the left - then again, left to right - from front to back - threading in and out, weaving around me. I swayed, astonished. She had tested my intent, my trust, and now mingled her energies with mine.

The wind gradually subsided and the silent stillness returned. Standing in the wintry landscape, dazed and filled with an inexplicable pulsing, and though the place was very cold, I was woven with the warm glow of the primitive, ribbon-ed with the green fire of wilderness. And it was - a remembering.

The great she-wolf had strolled away to a short distance, and then elegantly, almost seductively, returned to sit confidently at my feet. Holding her head high, her eyes connected with mine, tenderly, lovingly. I lowered myself and put my arms about her neck, her fur luxurious, silky soft against my skin. The embrace was swollen with joy and sadness, like a re-union of lovers, like a rejoining of family. Too long had we dreamed separate dreams, and now, no longer parted, at last our two hearts beat as one. We had re-forged a kinship that I knew to be eternal, re-bonded in empathy, trust, communion and love.

Soon the time came when my beautiful she-wolf indicated that I should follow her into the icy mountain range. The mountains weren't at all inviting. They were sharp needles that pierced the sky, and jagged, jutting rocks like razor edged teeth poised to shred and tear, and the ground, perilous sheets of ice and snowdrift. Needless to say, the journey had to be trodden with the utmost caution. Here and there, clumps of bracken and mountain flowers broke through snow surface, giving a little colour to the otherwise blank whiteness.

Up and down crag and creviced ravine I went, picking my way hesitantly and with testing step, tracking close the she-wolf's delicate prints. Many times I slipped, many times I fell, and many times I lost those snow prints. My eyes smarted as the whiteness dazzled them and it became ever more difficult to focus. The cold grew more intense causing the extremities of my body to numb. The bitter wind tormented me cruelly, hissing over surfaces, spitting ice beads into my face and lifting my gown to penetrate me further with its sting. My lips were cracking, swelling, and my sight was failing fast. The bracken and flora became less sparse, making my way even more cumbersome and the snow tracks more difficult to detect.

I was almost on the point of collapse and desperation when I stumbled upon the she-wolf. She was sitting beside a thicket, a tangle of briar and mountain heather, her fur dank, dripping and displaying a variety of leaf species and mountain debris. She had obviously been waiting

for me. Approaching closer, I saw that the thicket encircled a hole. I could not see though it or into it, for it appeared as just a black, empty space. The she-wolf put her head to one side, and, as if there were no time to lose, indicated I should enter. Obeying her instruction, I squeezed my body through and into the dark hole. Immediately, I was caught up in a downward spiralling motion, turning and twisting in a labyrinthine snail shell vortex that wound down, down, down into the mountain's deep interior.

When the whirling and spinning finally ceased I was dizzy and disorientated. It took some time to become aware of my new surroundings. When I did, I found myself sitting upon a stone bench in a magnificent underground cavern, high vaulted, all its internal rock surfaces glowing from within and exhibiting a subtle patterning of multi-coloured hues. The cavern, deep within the Underworld of the frozen North, was akin to a gigantic, wondrous chrysalis. The walls were alive with a delicate ballet of lights and at the very centre, its very heart, stood a large cauldron hewn out of rock, shining with the same soft iridescence as the walls. Ice pillars rose from the floor to ceiling, and fell from ceiling to floor, forming semblance to a skeletal ribcage and the chamber was filled with the numinous echoes of secrets long kept.

Of a sudden, I became conscious of a figure approaching, seemingly floating rather than walking, so graceful Her movement. She was slim, stately, with pure white hair cascading to Her knees. Her gown shimmered with fragmented rainbows and was sewn with numerous translucent black fly wings. Settling beside me on the stone bench, She turned to meet my gaze. I was awe-struck and not a little frightened. Her face was elongated, pale skinned, with accentuated cheekbones, firm mouth and strong jaw. Her eyes, heavy-lidded, with a decisive upward slant at the furthest corners, were of the most dazzling emerald green. They shone with an all-knowing and unfathomable wisdom, undeniably seeing into the depths of my being, observing each psychic pattern in its intricate detail. I found it so very difficult to look into those eyes for too long and frequently averted my gaze.

There followed what seemed to be an eternal silence. Finally She spoke, a speech not vocalised, not heard, but rather felt, yet formulated in words. "I shall name you *****". There followed another silence, before She resumed communication. "What do you see?" I answered, describing as best I could the surroundings before my eyes. "What do you hear?" She went on, "What do you smell? What do you taste? What do you feel?" I answered all questions in turn. Then She asked, "What is it you seek?" I hesitated, unable to clarify in any precise way, for it was something more intuitively felt than known, something beyond the limits of consciousness: the power of a more primal magick. And though I felt a little foolish in doing so, since I was aware that She read my thoughts, indeed, my very soul, I began to tell of my confusion, my pain, my malaise and the dreams I had with regard to my friend. Struggling to relate this was such a concentrated effort that in doing so I was unaware that She had left my side.

I was just about to attempt an explanation as to why I desired this most powerful of magicks when, to my horror, a black, undulating and pulsing mass reared up before me. It was the most nauseating and vile apparition. It twisted and writhed with many slimy heads, torsos and limbs, some human, others of species unknown. Its putrid stench was of all manner of decaying, stale and rotting things, and it secreted a thick black bile-like substance as it

contorted and squirmed in a monstrous process of unceasingly birthing itself.

I felt sick as tremors of terror ran through me, and yet, at the same time, I was hypnotised by this gory phantasm, my mind stupefying in its presence. I sensed it wanted to devour me, to engulf me, swallow me up in its form - and part of me was drawn to it! Even though I found it disgusting and abhorrent, I was simultaneously experiencing a desire to submerge and lose myself within its suffocating chaotic contortions, wanting to wrap it around me as a cloak. But then, responding to a sudden instinctual impulse, I leapt to my feet, clapped my hands and screamed, "NO!" To my amazement, the whole black seething mass disintegrated, disappeared, leaving not a trace, not even a slime trail behind it.

The Lady stood by the wall to my far right, holding a box in Her hands and staring at me intently. I walked over to her and as I came to a halt before Her, She opened the lid of the box and bid me look inside. I saw nothing but a black space and looked up at Her quizzically. She urged me look again as Her long elegant fingers peeled back the darkness within its interior. What I saw then astonished me. The box had come alive in Her hands. Its inside space filled with swirling rainbows, spinning, weaving, curling, coiling, almost forming into multi-coloured serpents, then dissolving again into an undifferentiated energy mass. "Why are you resisting?" She implored. I understood. A part of me, a little afraid of the responsibility I would have to assume by harnessing such energies, desired something, anything other, to be formed within the box, and hence was inhibiting the formation. I felt a little ashamed of my lack of courage, after all, had this not been my request, my intent? Pushing cowardice and self-doubt aside, I watched as the rainbow energies fully assumed the serpentine formations.

Three rings shaped of the coils of serpents manifested in succession. The first was set with a fiery red carnelian, the second with a verdant green tourmaline and the third, a satin black obsidian, each fashioned in such a way as to give semblance to an eye. As I lifted my own eyes to meet those of the Lady, She slipped one of the rings onto the forefinger of my right hand. In an instant we were beside the cauldron and within a split second, and with an effortless flick of Her wrist, She propelled me into the air and into its basin.

My feet were immersed in shallow, crystal clear water, the surface of which flickered and danced with catches of sunlight. As I stood, wondering just where this sunlight could be coming from in this cavern so deep below the surface of the world, it started to rain. Gently it fell at first, then harder and faster until it was pouring in torrents that no ordinary rain could, soaking to the very bone, the very soul, washing me naked, washing me clean. It ceased very suddenly, and as I stood, dripping, from somewhere above, unseen, a rainbow arched and curtailed at my feet. I took a step onto it and was gently transported upward. Just before departing the cavern I heard the Lady whisper, "Look for me before dawn. I do leave traces of my hair in the hedgerows."

Time in-between and dewy webs taught me well, and I wove a net, imperceptibly fine, from eight strands of green fire and a thread of ice molecules. I stood aside in black quartz shadow and lured the predator to the centre of my creation. It approached under a cloak of charm, but a serpent eye watched it crawl and clearly saw in its blank countenance that for which it

hungered. It came, crooning, licking its lips. It came spitting, it struggled, broke its claws on the way. It reached the centre of the web to find nothing on which to feed save its own self.

In the carnelian dawn a serpent recoiled, a mandala of ice and fire turned liquid and sank, a shadowy arch faded. I stepped forward and looked down to see nothing left within the temple circle but two tiny black shimmering fly-wings - sequins for a Lady's gown.

Later, with pen and brush held in ringed hand, I scrawled serpentine meanderings to pattern a wreath for another dead dream and to embroider patterns of a wilder, wiser friendship.

GREY STONES & FEATHERED QUILL

Eleanor Boyce

Stalemate! Intuitively, I felt one thing, logically, quite another. My will was suspended in indecision, unable to move in either direction, and to make a choice at this stage would be killing the alternative, and, maybe, the alternative would prove to be right, and any selection made, wrong. Thus, so frightened by the prospect of making a choice, of coming down upon one side or the other, I was caught in conflict; it was like being tangled in the sinews still connecting the mask of a face that was being ripped apart into two separate halves.

I grew to despise each side of this face, attempted to dismiss both hemispheres, due to the torment this situation was causing me. So there became five of me - an intuitional half, a logical half, a being trapped between, an immobile commander, and a merciless observer. The condition persisted. My feeling became acutely sensitised, my intellect fervent, my pain agonising, my will impenetrable and my sharp awareness cut deep with disdain, and each and all in conflict within my being. I sat counting and sorting beads in uniform rows, ordering outside what I couldn't do internally.

A moment of stillness ... I cut the strings of a puppet attaching it to outward circumstance ... and I let myself fall into a world within a world.

As I attempted to trace the three interlocking triangles of an ancient symbol in the dust upon a broken piece of blue slate, a raven, jet black and silken-feathered, eyed me with curiosity. Its twinkling blue eyes betrayed a hint of mocking amusement. The bird was a hard taskmaster. Each time I made a formation, he flapped his great wings and swooped, pecking my hand with the point of his sharp, hard beak to show his dissatisfaction with the imperfection of the design. Already my hand



was pitted and bloody.

There was a certain specific order as to how the design should be traced that seemed to be eluding me. Again and again, I drew the triangles, each time in a different order, and each time a new wound was inflicted. My companion never appeared to weary of the sport, unlike myself. I had tried so many ways, unsuccessfully, that the solution was beginning to feel utterly hopeless, and I was becoming increasingly dispirited. The flesh of my hand was raw and broken, gritted with dirt and so very sore.

Just when I was about to abandon my task, the correct sequence of marking was discovered, almost as if by accident. Raven gave me a side-ways glance; I gave a sigh of relief. "Where there's a Will, there's a Way" and "If at first you don't succeed, try, try and try again" he cawed.

It was not yet quite dawn, but that strange betwixt and between time. The sun had not fully risen and the shadows not yet retreated. The furrowed fields lay waiting and the narrow chalk road was the only thing distinctly visible. It slanted upwards with a gentle incline, and raven hovered before me, a black silhouette against the white. "Come, come, follow me," he beckoned.

Tucking the patterned slate under my arm, I rose to do his bidding. The road wound up the side of the hill, and as I walked little clouds of chalk dust puffed upwards and over my shoes. As I watched my shoes turn white, I noticed that the road upon which they trod was also changing. It began to glitter and shine with luminosity and flashes of colour, transforming into a many jewelled path – a path of topazes, carnelians, emeralds, sapphires, rubies and more. I looked up with a gasp of wonder, but raven had disappeared from view.

Higher and higher I climbed, the path becoming ever more steep. Though the path of jewels was, indeed, lovely to behold, it was extremely painful to walk upon. The sharpness of the many faceted stones had cut through the soles of my shoes and it was as if I walked on shards of broken glass. I had the inclination that somehow the raven wasn't too far away, watching, not without a certain glee at my plight.

Then, I remembered some wise counsel that I had read in an old book many years ago - something about carpeting the world and shoeing one's feet. An idea presented itself. Seating myself by the side of the path, I removed my shoes, and tearing pieces of cloth from my robe, padded them out and fastened them to my feet with the laces. These makeshift sandals made journeying easier, and I was able to carry on along the glistening multi-coloured path without so much pain.

The path turned abruptly to the right, and, as I turned the corner, I was confronted by a towering, grey stone building. Ancient, monastic in its austerity of architectural design, it rose upward from the ground like an arrogant and forceful thrusting finger, challenging and stabbing the sky. Many birds nested in crooks and crevices and its stones were marbled with green moss. A solid archway of carven masonry shielded huge oak wooden doors, and set within the aged and blackened wood was a plain panel awaiting something to happen in its

space. Intuitively, I knew just what to do, and copied the slates interlocked triangular design upon the wood, tracing it invisibly with my finger, and being careful to do so in the exact sequence I had done so before. The great door creaked open and I stepped inside, setting the slate down on the ground before I did so.

The interior was a great expanse of grey stone that resembled a fusion of a medieval banquet hall and a geometric puzzle. Narrow, steep stone steps climbed the walls in a variety of places, crossed, changed direction and led to galleries, balconies, doorways and much that the eye could not see. It was like being inside an Escher drawing that badly needed retouching. Masonry was cracked and crumbled, and, here and there, serpentine of ivy had taken root, and creeping, had wormed its way into any available gap and entwined most of the pillars.

Right at the furthest reach of the great hall was a platform from which rose a huge stone throne and rostrum. Seated there, bent over some parchment, was an ancient figure. Both his hair and beard were silver grey and flowed to the floor, forming a distinct contrast to the deep blue-purple of His hooded robe. Not once did He glance up as I made my way toward Him across the expanse of the flagstone floor.

For several moments I stood in silence before Him, awaiting acknowledgement. When He did, eventually, raise His head I was struck with awe. Set within His ageless face was but one eye and no other. On one side of his skull a sunken hollow of skin was all there was where once the other eye had been. The one eye was large, displaying many hues and tones of blue, unearthly in its brilliance. And, as I gazed at it, it began to spin, slowly at first, then very fast, like a sparkling, whirling mandala vortex of light that both pulsed toward and away from me. It infiltrated me, scanned me and I felt that everything within me, past, present and future, was being put under a microscope and examined in minute detail. The experience was strange and unnerving. I trembled through every fibre that was mine, but surrendered to this scrutiny none the less.

What followed seemed to be a series of further testing, though I had no recourse to the exact significance or meaning. A coin was tossed. I called "Heads!" Heads it was - then again and again - and each and every time. He grinned at me, with a knowing I could not fathom. Lines were drawn in the dust of the floor and a game of "Noughts and crosses" instigated. Pulling boxes from the folds of His robe like a stage magician producing a rabbit from a hat, there followed a variety of board games: Draughts, Snakes and Ladders, Tiddly-Winks and so forth. How strange it was to be playing childhood games with this most awesome and powerful Personage. It appeared that it was not the winning or losing that was of import here, but what was taking precedence, a discerning as to just where the focus lay, whether it be upon the 'nought', the 'cross', the 'grid', the tactics, desired outcome, conclusion or game - and just how quickly this focus could be supplanted for another. A long time we were thus employed.

I must have satisfied the Great Man sufficiently well at some point, for He rose, collected the boxes, which again disappeared into the cloth of His gown, and led me, through a doorway into the enclosure of a walled garden situated at the back of the great hall. The garden was surprisingly well kept. Within its precinct the lawn was mowed close and a gigantic

solitary Ash tree towered high in its centre. The raven was perched upon one of the lower branches, and upon another, in mirror image, another raven, almost identical in plumage and manner. As I stood before them, glancing from one to other, my hands cupped automatically and miraculously they began to fill with golden corn as if some conjuring trick was being performed by part of me that the rest of me was unaware of. The birds flapped, spread the feathers of black wings, and flew to my palms. Taking up kernel in their beaks they then proceeded to drop them on the grass to form a design. The Great Man eyed them from a seat beneath the boughs of the Ash.

I expected the design to be become some sort of Magickal sign or glyph, and was quite surprised that the pattern the birds had formed from the droppings of corn kernels with nothing more than a calligraphic spelling of my own name. The sun was now high and the corn glittered, my name golden. As I turned to the tree to look for the Great Man, a great gust of wind came in my direction and I was caught up within a spiralling storm wind, a hurricane - a tornado of sparkling dust. Swirling, twirling atomic particles I became, disintegrating then fusing, amalgamating, sweeping into a cosmic ecstatic dance of destruction and creation.

I must have been gone for some time, for the fire in the hearth was now but a glow of embers. Upon my knees was still the box of coloured beads. I selected and discarded one bead after another - formed shapes and patterns then erased them to form others. All were equally lovely, all so very right, but none was above another, none so important as to take precedence or be preserved. Not all were deliberated and chance arrangements, improvisations and 'accidents' interrupted and gave vitality. The most precious thing of all was the breath of the wind that blew through the changes of formations and erasures. I had re-threaded the puppet and had made it dance, every way and which way, and in no way in particular. And I smiled, having re-learnt the sacred art of play.



Medusa Medina

Anton Channing



Conversation with Daemons

Anton Channing

In the writings of Pete Carroll, the magical operations of spirit contact, evocation and invocation take a relegated role compared to enchantment and divination. This stems in part from his obsession with measuring results. It is worth remembering that he and Ray Sherwin originally talked of Results Magic, before renaming what they did 'Chaos Magic'. With an enchantment you can simply compare the statement of intent with any results and see if you get a match. Likewise with divination. Communications with spirits can prove more tricky. From a results magic perspective, how can the magician know they aren't just deluding themselves?

Perhaps for this reason the most common form of evocation in Chaos Magic circles is the creation of servitors, which are often little more than re-usable sigils with a little personality. These are mainly used as aids for enchantment and divination.

Thus, should a chaote follow this advice, they will tend to form authoritarian relationships with their servitors that at best reflect that of a middle manager to their underlings, but at worst that of a cruel and demanding slave owner. Neither is much of an improvement over the medieval model of binding daemons with the power of God and compelling them to do their magicians bidding.

What these models lack is the ability to form meaningful conversation, and grow substantial relationships and ongoing interactions. The inherent contradiction that can result is the Chaote that rejects blind obedience, but who then demands it from their interactions with spirits!

How different an approach then to simply enter into conversation with entities, as two equals, without demands or even goals. Form friendships with them, do things for them and observe how this transforms you. Instead of coming to them with demands for aid with enchantment and divination, talk to them and see what they can and can't do, and listen to any advice they have to offer. They may suggest talking with another spirit.

In my experience they sometimes give seemingly contradictory advice; but this becomes a matter of focus. For a given approach to writing a book, or series of books, one might advise the most fun path, whereas another might advise the most likely to profit. I need to take both on board while also understanding that a middle path between the two may be neither fun nor profitable! Trying to balance them could prove the worst of both worlds rather than the best. Having said this, there is no guarantee the advice from either spirit was accurate anyway.

What are daemons anyway?

The word daemon comes to us from ancient Greece, where it meant every kind of spirit, from lowly nature spirits, right up to the gods and goddesses of Mount Olympus. What they are

exactly remains a mystery, although many competing schools of thought exist on the matter.

These schools mainly fall into two neat categories: those that consider daemons as independent entities external to our minds, and those that consider them as parts of ourselves, branches of our own consciousness. This line becomes blurred when considering memetic entities whose existence depends on the complex interactions of many human hosts, such as nation states, corporations and internet forums. However one thing all models eventually agree upon is that all interactions with such entities are ultimately experienced within the human consciousness, even when the daemon has an external independent existence, for how could it be otherwise?

How to talk with daemons

Talking to daemons is easier than you might think. In fact you probably do it all the time anyway. That time you were meeting a close friend or family member after an argument, and before the meeting you were rehearsing different ways the conversation would go in your head. Or that time you got emotionally involved in a film or TV series and you can't believe the character said what they said. You imagine that you would have said something else. You play out the resulting conversation in your head, simulating the other characters responses. And thus with deamons. Don't worry about what deamons are. Instead focus on recording the conversation as accurately as possible.

Where to find daemons

Obviously if you already have servitors with physical bases, you should be able to set up an altar or ritual space with this physical base in such a way as to strike up a conversation with them. If you work with an astral or visualised servitor, you can evoke them as normal and then try talking to them once fully visualised.

Another approach is to find entities around the home, or in garden, streets, woods, forest and other places you visit. I favour pareidolia; that strange pattern in the knots of some wooden furniture that resembles a face, or that oddly shaped rock that resembles a troll. Some odd combination of graffiti and crumbling cement that forms the shape of a cthulhoid tentacled abomination. These can all work as daemons to talk to. You may find, like I do, that each spirit talks with its own voice and way of speaking. Some talk clearly and concisely, others talk vaguely and in whispers. Some sing. When I evoked the Rising Sun, it sang with the voice of a choir of angels, the words repeating themselves in harmonious echoes.

Results

We need not completely abandon a results magic approach to engage with spirits in this manner, instead we may simply need to look for them over a longer time scale. We can look for results by asking a number of important questions. Have our relationships with these entities improved? Do they provide better results for divinations and enchantments than when you bossed them around? Has changing the way you communicate with spirits likewise changed

the way you relate to your fellow human beings? Do you feel closer friendships forming?

Not all these questions can be easily answered, and we must be aware of confirmation bias, but if you feel its better, then you have successfully improved how you feel, if nothing else.



Nikki Wyrd

Oliver Parker



DMT, Sigils and the Gatekeeper

Oliver Parker

Over the last few weeks I've created some magical devices to use with DMT- a sigil designed to take me further, beyond the beyond!

I carved this into a wand I had been working on. Also, I have carved the Gatekeeper; a feminine alien/angel/demon. This being I have encountered several times, and it is my hope that by carving her and bringing her to this physical reality, I might know her better and change my relationship with her. She has stopped my travels before, in a stern, cold and terrifying way! I would rather she had less power over me, to meet her as an equal and to go past her gate.

Before smoking I held the wand and figurine, contemplated the Sigil, and asked myself why; why smoke? Why do magic? Curiosity, adventure into the mystery, and wanting to know God. Are these good enough reasons? I decided yes and prepared to smoke.

It was 11pm, I was alone at home in my lounge. I sat cross legged on the rug, and raised the pipe. I took three or four big pulls, coughing once or twice. The final drag was huge and hit me very hard. I was still holding the lighter and pipe, and I began raising them to smoke again, but suddenly I had six arms and could no longer coordinate. It took a great effort to put the pipe down on a little tray in front of me. I gasped, "fuck!"

It was very strong and fast. I lowered my head and covered my face with my hands, as I normally do. With eyes closed I expected the visions to come, but nothing, just swirling black.

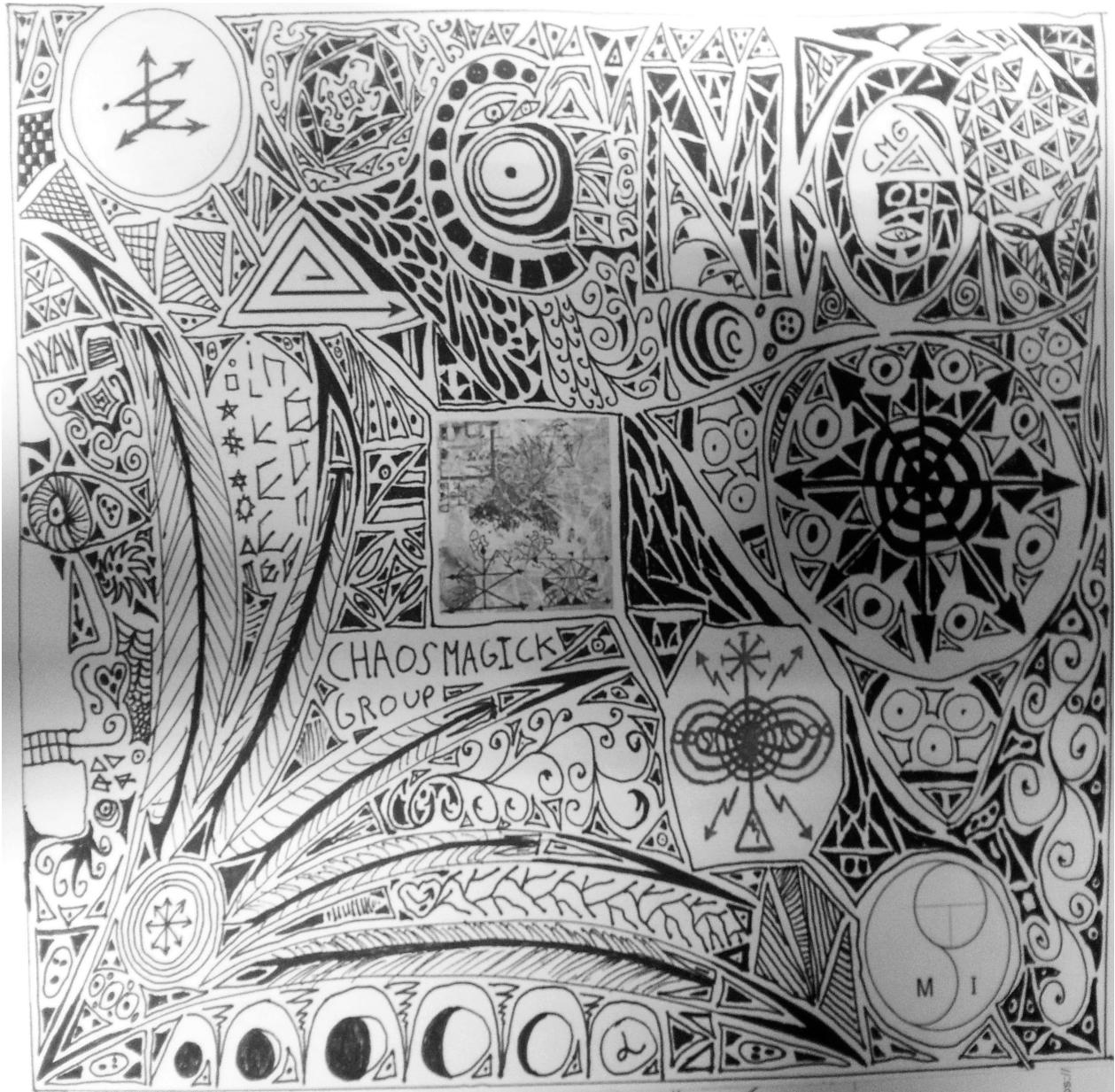
Suddenly I was hit with a deafeningly loud, ultra high frequency tone- I no longer knew if my eyes were open or closed. The tone was head splitting! I was a bit scared, thinking maybe I was experiencing a brain haemorrhage or similar!

The tone was more or less constant, the frequency changing slightly from time to time. The high pitched noise was joined by a very low frequency drone, it was only just audible but at such a volume I could feel my brain resonating around the 50 Hz range.

I became aware of the room- it was filled with orange light. I felt like Dave Bowman in 2001, awaking in the white room constructed for him. I knew I was outside of time and space, this wasn't my lounge it just looked like it! I was afraid and thrilled to think that no one had been here before, it was uncharted territory. I could almost feel the coldness, there was no god there, no beings guiding me. It was infinitely lonely.

I began to feel that I was never coming back, just the cold and deafening noise forever! I laughed a few times, what an idiot I was! Why did I want to leave the universe? That's where all the stuff is! I laughed a little more, but felt a bit sad. I looked around the room, the orange light was dissipating, I moved my body position ever so slightly and all the noise stopped. Huge relief, big smile and chuckle to myself. I was back.

This was a really weird one for me as none of the normal themes were present. Almost purely auditory hallucination but with a profound sense of physically being in a different place.



Paul Nott

Eian Orange



Firing off sigils using an inhibitory method

Eian Orange

The actual construction of sigils seems to me to be the run of the mill part of the work. I have several means towards achieving a desired sigil, whether it be on paper (or some other analogue medium), in digital form, or via audio or numerical ensigilization. However, I find that firing off the sigil is what really differs the most from practitioner to practitioner, and makes the biggest impact on our magicking.

Yes, we've all used orgasm or exhaustion to fire one off in a hurry because nothing is faster than rubbing one out or doing 40-60 push-ups in rapid succession; but what about charging within relative stillness? How does one go about using the true inhibitory method of launching the glyph out into the realms of probability? Why am I asking rhetorical questions like a History channel narrator?

It seems that many people take the easy route and employ a failed attempt at pseudo-chemo-gnosis in order to charge their sigils, thinking that all you need be is blitzed or drunk or otherwise high on some common as stone substance to propel your intent out into the realm of probability. Typically this is either 1.) way into the depths of the sub-conscious mind, 2.) out into some liminal aether, 3.) resolving with a greater organic entity, 4.) linking up with morphogenetic fields, or 5.) some weirding combination of one or two of the aforementioned ideals. It all depends on what model you're working with- whether that be psychological, an energy model, the spirit model, the information model, or the meta-model. This is a common mistake amongst novice Chaos Magician who take the notion of chemo-gnosis to mean something along the lines of twinkling your nose to enchant a given property with the help of a spliff or a line of coke, or a pill or a few shots of Cuervo.

Personally, I find that making, and subsequently charging a sigil, is not exactly a linear, step-by-step process. If I had to break it down for someone it would begin with the creation of an intent (except in the case of casting sigils for my entire will in which I allow my unconscious mind to freely form its own intent not unlike the purpose of The Mass of Choronzon). I then go ahead and begin the mechanical procedure of creating the sigil which, in and of itself, is a huge part of the overall enchantment. Finally, it's party time. Foregoing the typical orgasm or exhaustion used by 99% of all magi who are aware of this thing called gnosis, I am going to utilize a relatively quick and simple method of inhibitory gnosis (katalepsis, to use my own terminology) to propel the sigil into the realm of manifestation. I will use as little non-technical jargon as possible and avoid the 'cybermagic' for now.

This is just one methodology, but it contains elements that I almost always use in my Work. I begin by chanting three names-turned-mantras which are given to thoughtforms I received during the divinatory end of our autumnal equinox seasonal rite of 1996. These mantras are repeated for about five minutes total, or until I've reached a state of non-attachment/non-disinterest (a genial form of the neither neither technique) toward my intent, which should slowly melt away during the chant all the while visualizing a physical version of the sigil. I

visualize it whole, then slowly deconstruct it. I let the lines fall apart one by one and then re-join together as if to draw it in my mind (and, to make myself clear, I do not believe one has to forget a given spell in order for it to work only so far as obsession leads to repulsion). This is where the ability to record one's self has its benefits.

I may, at times, record myself chanting the mantras for five minutes and then stop the recording and hit playback on repeat to keep the rhythm of the ritual going with some background noise to assist in the charging process. This is optional. Once the mantra has primed my psyche for further propulsion, I attack my own discursive mind and make every attempt to turn off the veritable cacophony of subtle pink noise that fills our brains every second of every day.

Once I've achieved some degree of inward silence I visualize or stare at our Gate of 9 which is a portal we feed gnosis, OV, and enchantments of all sorts. We use it to aid divination and as a focal point for ritual work. The Gate of 9 is my intermediary between the mundane world and the world of the spirit. It is representative of all nine spheres on Yggdrasil and therefore houses all that exists in this world and the worlds beyond the veil. Odin's eye lays at its centre and this is where I initially focus my attention.

Sending the sigil through the Gate allows it to be transmuted into ethereal material by passing beyond Midgard and taking root in Hel, where it is rotted out and born anew. There it sprouts branches out into Niflheim and Muspellheim, and buds begin to grow on the limbs reaching out into Svartalfheim and Jotunheim. Eventually, Nidhogg carries my intent up the tree into the realms of Vanaheim and Alfheim, where the great torch sprinkles it with packets of energy or quanta (yes, I realize Nidhogg doesn't move from the base of the tree in the mythos proper). This is where the sigil begins to glow and throb and pulsate with radiant splendour for it has transcended the dark nodes of the moon and reached the bright black flame of Feral Light. I see it explode with accelerated nuclear decay again and again, and by this point I am entirely overwhelmed by the visions I am conjuring. I am at one with the sigil and as it nears Asgard (the superego) my meditative posture is completely relaxed. My body is no longer a hindrance to progress.

As the sigil enters Asgard I visualize the swastika of A.T.W.A. spinning behind my sigil, empowering it to facilitate my desire on this earth; seeing a ray of the purest vibrational resonance drowning Midgard with an acid bath of bio-electricity. By this time my psyche and physique are completely consumed by the events unfolding before my mind's eye and I am entrenched in the 'story' of my sigil's journey. When I can clearly see my sigil overlayed upon Odin's eye, glowing with shadowy intensity, I am semi-aware that my task is completed, but it takes up to twenty minutes or more for the ASC to subside and my totality to return to the ordinary side of the fence between the two worlds.

Hyperreal Random Belief Models

by Eian Orange

Where the cattle roam free from conformity in humanist herds.

This article represents a cursory written experiment in paradigm technology. We've composed each of the three sections below from the perspective of different aeonic models: the materialist (Atheism), the transcendentalist (Theism), and the magician (Chaoism), respectively. We've also explored the utilization of gnosis within the confines of those paragons. For further information or to clear up any confusion you may wish to consult the section on "Random Belief" in Liber NOX from Liber Null & Psychonaut.

Let us presuppose that the duality of consciousness divides itself by an unfixed principle before our eyes transfer this article into the discursive synaptic manifold. Watch also the evolution of gnosis in thought processes through these psycho-paradigmatic explorations. Even the means by which gnosis gets treated as a subject reflects its use in each given belief model. It should come off as most intimate within Paganism where utilization of gnosis doesn't get treated in any way separate from Nature in form or function. As capital K knowledge, it epitomizes the seed of the fall of humankind in Monotheism. Atheism treats it as the vehicle for all magickal developments, alterations, manipulations, or fascinations of reality.

0. 1st World Revisionism

Applications in theoretical physics have left us without a need for such a thing as "magick" and advanced psychologies have left us without a need to refer to the transmission and reception of hind brain processes as "sorcery" and "divination" as these terms have become increments of identity for the lifelong neophyte not explanatory details of their practice. The same goes for those who would call themselves "pagans" yet do not engage in the nomadic lifestyles of outlaw biker gangs or counter-culture commune-living psychedelists.

Silly as it may seem, those governmental agencies who currently receive criticism for their war-mongering tactics offer us a glimpse into the future of this near-extinct art once called "magick". The illusionist of yesteryear with hir roaming stage of theatrical witchcraft has been replaced by the psy-ops agent with hir A/V design facility and hir mass re-conditioning techniques.

The gurus of today deserve their own unique form of prejudice as they conjure a strain of viral deception that rivals even the Catholic's anti-humanist dogma. Awareness (un-defiled) supersedes the factoring of human "intelligence" as the mind can not get measured by culturally biased units on socio-economic sliding scales. Although, we can still agree that "primitive means complex" as Rothenberg has so eloquently pointed out.

Within Atheism, given the abandonment of all eminent Cosmic Truths secular to our

technological capabilities and capacity for scientific reasoning, we find gnosis cultivated almost exclusively through psycho-chemical and physiological means. Mysticism failed to entertain our notions of ontological deprogramming. Direct experience requires only cathartic release to set the manifestation of our desires into motion.

We circumvent the spiritualities of ages past and ditch all, but the lucrative vital organs of the baby with the bath-water. Any observable yet unexplainable phenomena simply exists as a by-product of our refusal to recognize that all experiential events have been crafted by our interpretive mind.

Within Nihilism (late atheism) we find that the patterns arising from hyper-mathematical equations insinuate that the chaotic nature of the universe represents a facade of itself. On one hand, we can see the unknown destination full of endless possibilities and indefinite potential within complex and unstable systems, while at the same time we witness the unfolding predictability inherent to those systems.

In a universe made up of numbers our interpretations of causality foster out-of-element world-views from beneath the unclear surface of acausal phenomena. The magician who finds himself unable to structurally engineer his own reality need only lie, cheat, and steal from other accomplished magician's realities until the fantasy of inseparability melts away with the Antarctic ice shelves.

1. 3rd world conditioning

The essences and entities of our ancestors, the spiritual fossil fuels, have either evaporated or been obstructed by the machinations of mankind. Radio waves, cellular signals, and even global satellite transmissions (as some form of invisible yet detectable, technologically concocted Ley lines) have all but chased away the supernal magics of A.T.W.A. except in those places where poverty is so damaging to the populous and industry so scarce that the ancient spirits are allowed to congregate.

We find the most potent emissions of natural magic emanating from those lands which retain some vestige of virginity: Haiti, Africa, Tibet, the Amazon, Samoa, Easter Island, The Yukon, Siberia, and certainly the list continues. But these lands linger at risk as the wrecking ball of capitalism swings against the infrastructure of direct communion with the fertile earth.

It does not seem A.T.W.A. himself who shall cast vengeance upon the likes of man and his tyrannies, but instead the ancestral monoliths whose anger has been awakened from digging too deep in the soil and diving too deep into the oceans: the Elder Gods, the Loa, the heterogeneous entities of Diasporic consciousness, the Djinn, and the countless and untranslatable spirits whose names mankind once recalled and whose eminence mankind once respected.

It seems unfortunate that these gorgons of ages past grow intolerant of man. They cannot get appeased or placated with anything other than voluntary human sacrifice. They require the

suffering of your children. They will have your blood as you have drained theirs without any reverence whatsoever.

Within Paganism the many and varying means for achieving gnosis each belong to a specific deity-form or elemental spirit or sacred ancestor or constellation. No single exercise in reaching gnosis can get denied some god or another. Everything persists under their jurisdiction as each has taken their turn to claim a piece of reality. All gnosis remains dedicated to one or more deity-forms depending upon the motive. This represents an exchange with nature and the gods. We exchange the un-defiled spirit of our person with that of the cosmic personages, the gods.

Within Monotheism all gnosis is derived from The One All-pervading Totality which created this Universe for Humankind to proliferate in under its rule. All gnosis is devoted to this Universal Essential Essence. The "lighter" side of The One True God adores generosity, chastity, abstinence, charity, and the glorification of the purity and sacredness of all Life. The "darker" side of The One True God exalts selfishness, sexuality, indulgence, responsibility, and the advancement of material success in all that lives, grows, and becomes.

When The One True God reveals itself as The Dao we can recognize it as The Force. The metaphor carries over into the Jedi tradition as an enormous amount of the last 2,000 years of history has had its course altered by the various warriors of Christ.

2. Zero-Sum Continuum

There always prevails, of course, an inclusive exception to this obtuseness which reconciles duality in a gray-area of triangulation. Although, more often than not this requires an abandonment of the cosmologies handed down to us genetically and culturally via science, religion, philosophy, and fiction (which often make for one in the same). Our immortal single-celled predecessors who were able to reproduce asexually assuredly laugh in hysteric stitches as we parade about the planet (and soon enough the galaxy) with our inalienable faith in causality, creation, terrestrial emergence, and spontaneous cosmic order (which often represent one in the same, as well).

Many embody those who speak the name of Chaos and attempt to gain teat position on H.E.R. bosom by the repeated effluence of such misappropriated aliases as Eris (etc), but there continues very little going on in their practices besides outright mental masturbation and an over-exaggerated wrangling of one's identity through the ego-persona complex. S.H.E. has no synonym as the primordial Titan from whose loins we've fallen.

Chaos accepts no mortal petition. No act or service that the mammalian brain can provide can pay determinate homage to Baphomet. Only the maniacal laughter of the theriomorphic self has the capacity to penetrate the moist, tender ultraviolet lips of H.E.R. cunt. S.H.E. banishes those who would believe themselves worthy of H.E.R. cervical abyss. I would hope, at this point, that the McWiccan's oblique worship of "the trine goddess" has been shattered into six-hundred and sixteen thousand pieces on the insect laden floor below.

No fascination of confidence or glamour (no matter how grandiose) can escape the inevitable dance we must undertake in Choronzon's bottomless pit-vortex while we near orgasm as voyeurs to Cronos' cannibalization of Rhea's multitude of begotten offspring.

Within Chaoism no thing "is" and all things lie. Believe only this and "I" will surely die. There exists no perception without will to confide. There exists no will without perception as its guide. Gnosis achieved remains self re-conceived. Determine what you see if no thing can "be" as you have yourselves too firmly convinced that this you mirrors "me". Separation results in illusion when refusing to actuate as "we".

Within Superstition (low chaoism) the fluctuation between all states of consciousness resemble Altered States of Consciousness therefore we must take the utmost scrutiny in where we lend our energies. Gnosis becomes freely available to everyone at all times and we stand able to wield this gnosis as a weapon depending on how accurately one chooses to channel their own personal output and to what they ascribe their intention.

All symbols act bi-directional and carry an enormous power over the psyche of the average cadaver. We should guard ourselves from exposure to 'foreign' symbologies as they may disrupt the aeonic balance which stands of utmost importance in all magickal endeavors. Gnosis itself embodies a completely neutral energy-form emitting from and absorbing into every organic and inorganic structure in the multiverse yet, all of these energy-form behaviors only go on extant to the fact that we can observe them.

It does not seem as solipsism which tells us that Schrodinger's cat does not appear neither alive nor dead until we open the box.

"the altar cloth of one aeon is the doormat of the next"

---Mark Twain

The Flaws of Magick

Eian Orange

A laughable excuse of an essay on the state of magick that even magickians cannot grasp.

We accept that the nature of all phenomena exists in a constantly fluctuating state of dysfunction, and Issac Bonewits (outdated, over simplistic, sexist, control-freak "neopagan" douchebag that he is) seems to epitomize much of the haughty-taughty malarkey effluenced from the archaic sectors of popular esoterica who'd rather sell their magickal craft than actually flex their skills. With this in mind, we set out to precision design this write-up as a spell against their new age hypocrisy.

May the flies gather 'round fetid figures, and 'mongst the beetles rolling their mounds of faeces down about forest floors, and 'midst the worm's feed stench and the scavenger's rotten cubbard.

We've applied critical thinking in E-prime, post-modernist dada-esque ingenuity, and diagnostic gematria enumerations to this arrangement of lexic items since we do not intend on allowing the layperson to waste their precious time attempting to overstand the principles of Virtual Magicking as it pertains to 5th Aeon Occulture. We dedicate this article to you, the electromagnetic pulse weapon carryin' seekers in the light- you hold the primary heresy in your hearts.

This work represents a larger group effort to motivate those insufferable douchebags with doctorates in magic to desist from the narcissistic hippodrome-on-a-Macy's-day-float of taking themselves, and their magickal endeavors, so god damn seriously. Because it's fuckin' killin' me. The hack acting make me taste vomit in my mouth a little bit. Money-grubbing mystic masters.

We're hoping that this direct involvement with tight-assed scumbags may possibly eventually lead to the bug crawling out of one's ass from the resultant loosening up of one's sphincter. No guarantees. No money back.

00. the flaw of Gnosis

Undoubtedly this represents the most widely abused flaw, and it deprecates all the others in one form or another. The basis of this flaw recognizes that extreme states of consciousness secure the all-inclusive, psycho-physiological abandonment of eminent dogmatism through direct acquaintance of such holographic protuberances as hyperspace - the primary reality. The more that one effectively denigrates a given belief system's override functions, the more facile one finds it to advance within the non-syncretizing meta-paradigm. Catharsis permits elasticity.

01· the flaw of Selv-Awareness

Obviously an accessory to the flaw of Gnosis, this flaw carries additional connotations, as a magicker who refuses to interpose an awareness of their multiplicity of selves does not sustain gnostification (and therefore consciousness) of his/her own magick.

This flaw embodies one of the reasons we find "chaos" magickers very rare - a dedication to "being for being's sake" usually illustrates nothing more than a misinterpretation of general semantics and lack of awareness of the multiplicity of selves inherent to the intellectual manifold. One finds it difficult to neuro-linguistically corrupt others when one fully understands how severely that recrudescing corruption could disturb the integrity of one's own cerebral configuration. Transubstantiate zee selves.

02· the flaw of Ostensible Acausality

A basic application of the equations involved in complex and unstable systems. The effectiveness of a magickal act depends on the (P) probability of the desired effect occurring by chance and the four main factors of (M) magick: (G) gnosis, (L) a magickal link, (A) conscious awareness, and (R) subconscious resistance.

Magickers have at least as many reasons for engineering ostensibly acausal events as modern parapsychologist do, magickers just realize that useful enchantments like useful auto-anal-lingual performances or useful household crystalmeth recipes, contain no space for amateurish guesstimations. Enchantments involve so many tedious variables, that calculating and predicting them requires us to apply a generous amount of advanced mathematical ratios to resolve these equations of Magick. No skeleton key to magickal success exists; yet we continue to break down many doors attempting to locate it. No subhuman can control all foreseeable variables, but we can circumvent their single most prominent vulnerability-determinate logic. Two plus two assuredly equals five. $M = GL(1-A)(1-R)$

03· the flaw of Auspicious Hyper-determinism

With psychiatric terminology making its way into the collective sub-humind with such ridiculously neo-gnostic compounds as Jung's "synchronicity" and "archetype", and Freud's "ID" and "superego", we find an entirely new class of hopelessly mistaken imbeciles pervading the new age communities.

We would rather not spend bandwidth in extrapolating the exact reasoning behind our labelling this jargon as moronic meme peddling, but suffice to say coincidence resides only in our interpretation of a mental event, not in the event itself.

If your attention turns toward the early 20th century in search of "knowledge", we implore you to investigate the work of Neils Bohr and Alfred Korzybski, not Carl Jung and Sigmund Freud. Choose your profound cokeheads with care.

04· the flaw of Disassociatives

Often times sobriety and common chemicals represent the enemy of trance states. When faced with an overwhelming requirement for the complete and utter loss of vertical and horizontal hold on reality we turn our attention to those substances which inhibit motor-function in the frontal-lobe so profusely that the resulting state of consciousness immediately draws us into a firm trance. Most commonly we utilize Phencyclidine, Dextromethorphan, Ketamine and Nitrous Oxide individually or in combination with one another.

05· the flaw of Simulacrum

A mental map of any sort (contrived or traditional) can only find direct application at the hands of an explorer who intends on going out of his/her depth. Paradigmatic pirates make incredible on-the-fly psycho-cartographers due to their occasional (and usually necessary) dabbling in such practical psychosocial methodologies as Cold Reading, NLP, and Confidence Gaming. We'll take a well-rounded poker player over a has-been Thelemite any day of the year.

06· the flaw of Proximity Infection

We can best describe this flaw while imagining that all matter contains an invisible (yet detectable and directable) resin of some sort. A trace signature. A unique codex identifying each individual more accurately than fingerprinting and with the explanatory power of genetic evaluation. Physical contact permits a certain amount of resin exchange to transpire and the magicker takes advantage of this phenomena by remaining aware of the actual (or imagined) process of secretion taking place in any given situation. Notice the prefix root of SECRETions.

07· the flaw of Nomenclature

Creating entirely new jargon for objects, creatures, or processes awards one synergistic influence over those objects, creatures, or processes. Obviously, we define things as we experience them, but self-referential obscurities allow us to privatize inherent definitions to the point of alienating the rest of the subhuman populous. When a magicker releases a memetic epidemic upon a hypothetical audience in the form of a rephrased slang or seemingly original ideologue, the magicker gains leverage over his/her hypothetical audience by way of inflicting temporary confusion in the sub-humind.

This temporary confusion presents the magicker with an entry point for further inserting ensilgized statements of intent into the individual which quickly replicates deeper into the memepool. Simply put, when we speak or write in seemingly foreign languages the targets pay attention to details more closely in an effort to decipher the overall message. Cryptograffiti embodies the hypnotic, entrancing effect of all mediums of Art insofar as it supplicates the magicker's aims and only the magicker's aims. No one can invent goggles for this kind of lingual-optical intrusion (yet). As the great charlatans remind us: "you can close your eyes, but

you cannot close your ears."

08· the flaw of Memetic Payloads

The specific branch of neuro-linguistic programming that deals entirely in surreptitious post-suggestive indoctrination of a subhuman target's behavior, beliefs, and ideologies exists almost exclusively as a hazardous superstition. The power of this branch of NLP derives most of its power from its status as a myth or urban legend.

-The reductionist Logos of former aeons only declares that words and names contain power. This concept seems almost too obvious and infantile to spend time discrediting within the confines of this brief article, but we will admit that this decrepit oversimplification does carry weight. We need not search any further than the penultimate tetragrammaton of FUCK to witness the underlying sinew of lexic items on the internal monologue of individual subhumans and sub-humanity collectively. And to reiterate an old adage that summarizes this flaw "it ain't what you say, it's how you say it"

09· the flaw of Memory Retrieval Wetware

The sub-humind retains trace data of every experience in our lives (and even some memories we might consider as "other" peoples), but we do not keep a clear sensory snapshot of each experience. Our minds contain a forgetery much more so than some kind of bottomless storage space for experiential events. Although, information does not usually get wiped clean from the subhumind.

Trauma can certainly make our memories less accessible, but we can reconstruct them when we've learned to demand control over our sub-huminds. The techniques involved in sleight of mind offer us a means for casual amnesia, but no one seems certain of the necessity of subverting the psychic censor (if indeed one exists at all). Technological gadgetry will soon offer us an entirely new means for storing, sorting, replicating, erasing, accessing, and modifying our memories. Many sub-humans will assuredly sneer at this advance in biotechnology due to the implication that personality, self, consciousness, and ultimately the sub-humind as a whole consists of nothing more than ductile electro-chemical impulses. Magickers, on the other hand, cannot wait to toss their journals and grimoires and endless series of notes into the trash.

10· the flaw of Osmotic Shock Absorption

Magickers have the ability to communicate internally with fragments of their ego (servitors, egregores, and godforms) and establish a behavioral anchor with these fragments which we apply to pre-meditated psychosomatic necessities.

11· the flaw of Furtive Siphon Extractions

Magickers have the ability to communicate externally with fragments of their ego (servitors,

egregores, and godforms) and establish a behavioral anchor with these fragments which we apply to on-the-fly psychosocial necessities.

12. the flaw of Molecular Dereconstruction

The only thing preventing scientists from offering us a complete formula for time-travel (aside from military-industrial withholds) lies in their inability to reassemble a subhuman, at the sub-atomic level, arriving at the terminal destination of a wormhole. With the genome mapped we can only assume that patience will provide us with the results we seek. Even though we assume at the time of writing that internalized governmental experimentation already reached the empirical data necessary to cross the barrier of time-space. Governments do not fear how John and Jane Q. Public might react to such an achievement, instead they fear what magickers will do with such information.

This flaw also offers us a glimpse into the application of the flaw of Neurochemical Augmentation through atavistic integration, aggrandized possession by Legion, and maximization of our window on any given reality tunnel.

13. the flaw of Neurochemical Augmentation

Every sub-humind lives in and constructs their own unique multiverse which rarely appears identical to those constructed by other sub-huminds. We adhere to consensual belief structure out of nothing more than slothful convenience. We may all possess opinions, assholes, and cellphones, but we do not seem to find them very useful in engineering our constructed realities.

It may benefit us to remember that identity and memory result from chemistry. They represent "personality" as by-products of our endocrine system. The application of this flaw may evade our perception at first, but make no mistake it does contain at least one very important and closely guarded secret. Lies supersede "truth" as a lie acts as an agent of creation while "truth" simply upholds the fabric of consensus reality. Lies rebel while "truth" conforms.

14. the flaw of Galactic Isolation

The zero-sum total of all dimensional acclimations into which every intentional combination of existing multiverses might appear represents an unfathomable and indeterminate hypothetical measurement. The possibility of everything remains infinite, though some calculable probabilities surpass others. We consider this flaw as referring to the "Many Worlds Theorem" of Hilbertian space existing outside the primary, secondary, and subtle planes of reality. We apply this flaw to our hypnogogic, dreaming, and awakening states of consciousness as each day offers the chance for complete and utter transmutation of awareness utilizing such things as mnemonic triggers, personality anchors, and electronic catharsis (flamewar, netsex, etc). This flaw goes hand in hand with the flaw of Selv-Awareness.

15· the flaw of Cybernetic Enchantments

Our work here in the psyberzoo tends to rid us of the unnecessary formulas for paradigm technologies. We appropriate a basic algorithm for sorcery and find entirely unconceived of means for randomizing divinations. Even when a particular model of belief or mode of behavior enables a subhuman to manifest their desires and to achieve specific results, it does not make that belief or behavior "true" or "real" or "sensible." Do not confuse predictability with definitive techniques as none exist. If it works - use it, but do not relate any experiential phenomena to ultimate reality. We find the shifting sands a much more reliable foundation than an immovable rock solid base. Stability normally implies inertia. Another rather obvious flaw that contains a lot of very practical applications.

16· the flaw of Intentional Accidents

This flaw seems self-explanatory and the adept will immediately recognize its importance and may even emit an eerie cackle as their initial reaction. Suffice to say, the magicker who wields the chaos thunderbolt without mortal remorse for his/her actions or concepts represents the pinnacle of occultural achievement. We need no justification to heal, to hurt, or to hang. This flaw synthesizes the above three flaws by way of uncontrolled contingencies.

17· the flaw of Synaptic Recursion

To imagine subhumans capable of conjuring prototypical memes establishes an inescapable mental schism. The apotheosis of cursory speculation revolves around the belief that the sub-humind contains the capacity for originality in any sense of the word. We find the most arrogant fallacy of the sub-humind epitomized by the idea that the sub-humind does not receive, process, and execute streams of data solely based on materially apparent external stimulus. Programming rules the lot of us as most responses disembogued from subhumanity resemble nothing more than a knee-jerk machination. Formal "education" teases the sub-humind with such inept inanities as "knowledge" and intellectual sophistication, but fortunately talking does not involve thinking.

18· the flaw of Turbid Relativity

The inherent duality of consciousness superimposes a stigma of such undeniable simulacrum that many so-called "spiritual" subhumans who tend to claim "enlightenment" attempt to testify that all matter (composed of nothing more than information) resolves toward an all-encompassing one-ness. Apparently metaphysical scapegoats have reached the status of cold, witless distance of public transportation co-passenger banter. To deny Fundamental Separability implies that we have unified with the cosmic totality. None of the living can achieve this feat; as far as this article is concerned, anyhow.

19· the flaw of Palindroming Reciprocal Integers

A sub-flaw of Turbid Relativity. The root of every pattern always represents its own mirrored negative exposure to the point of glaring obviousness. Thus, overstanding of a pattern's mirrored mirage facilitates overstanding of the pattern itself.

20· the flaw of Probability Manipulation

To survive, let alone to engineer reality, one must scrutinize every aspect of one's multiverse until the malleable substance of this hologrammatic projection begins to buckle at the seams. Extremism constitutes the single most important aspect of a magicker's lifestyle, as the restrained subhuman grows so complacent with their conservative aspect, that they lose the ability to subvert that aspect at all.

This embodies yet another reason "chaos" magickers are rare, as continuous association with sex and death will impel a magicker to lose sight of where our species derived sentient existence - conception or expiration - as they represent identical portals leading to and from this dimensional continuum. This shift in perception enhances the magicker's ability to continue actively wielding so called "chaos". This flaw also illustrates why the Latter Satanic Dervish exploit sub-humanity with preternatural attention to detail. (i.e. because they can)

21· the flaw of Theriomorphous Perversity

Sometimes known as Epidynamic Sex Magick, which sets its own sexually forbidden values aggressively against conventional ones. Theriomorphous Perversity views westernized tantra as an externalized contradiction full of useless holes resolvable only by entheriogenickally enhanced extraction of effluvia enriched synthetic OV™ from your headache slash hard-on with a pulse.

If you can not identify your vessel, it is most likely the dominant succubus in your stable which comes to visible apparition squawking on and on in an (annoying) high pitched buzz of feigned enthusiasm and prepositional retardation apocalypses about mindless numbingly irrelevant psychosocial interrelations (i.e. other people's or fictional ones), and other menially significant "partnership" issues. A constant series of sounds that inevitably turns into the wonk-wonk-wonking of Charlie Brown's teacher due to the specific pattern of lineal waveforms forged in the frequency emitted by the creature, which renders the sex magicker's interpretive-analytical-comprehensive faculties utterly useless.

This flaw represents the deconstruction of overzealous religiosity and watered-down self-help Americentricities condemned as anti-humanist misdirection of the sex workers involved in the Industry.

22· the flaw of Fundamental Separability

This flaw represents a commonly misunderstood principle of separability existing between irrelativistic dimensionality and virtual co-varying scale. This separability provides a sound logical foundation to reaffirm the Theory of Everything, since any paradox can and will occur when scale conversion ceases to exist. The separability between irrelativistic dimensionality and virtual co-varying scale serves as a barrier between two unconditional frames.

The irrelativistic dimensionality reciprocates itself between any two unconditional frames, while also remaining asymmetric to itself with respect to the conversion between virtual covarying scale and corporeal invariant scale. The idea that all extant phenomena abide a holistic interdependence of each other perverts our ability to reconcile the importance of non-linear time within non-Euclidean space. Perceived connectedness between phenomena indicates an otiose attempt at dovetailing the physical world as part of some puerile contrived illusory whole.



Sacrifices to the Gate of 9

(a brief history of the Gate and minor workings therewith)
by Eian Orange

The Gate of 9 is an original piece of artwork commissioned by my partner and I from Barry Lent Devil's Design. It is an air-brushed piece of birch wood 20 inches in diameter. We were colloquial in designing this object of art along with the artist as he wanted to deliver to us exactly what we envisioned. It began as a facsimile of a 3-dimensional Yggdrasil, but the artist quickly evolved it into his own creation and we ended up with an entirely new occult symbol on our hands. We were ecstatic. From what I understand of the artist's process he uses trance states to achieve his desired results and "loses a piece of himself" in each of his selections of handiwork. My partner and I were overjoyed to have such a one of a kind composition all to ourselves.

At first we were naive as to what to do with it or how exactly to use it, but the unequivocal nature of our spontaneous insights the first few nights it hung on our wall made it readily apparent to us that this piece chose us for an especially important purpose. Doubt left our minds with the quickness and a fully conscious torrent of clarity overtook our greater sense of what Jung calls *coniunctio*. Now, let me be clear, before I physically held the Gate of 9, my partner possessed it and I possessed only a digital representation of it however the psychick link that we created from this tenuous connection alone was immeasurable. The Gate opened up an unimaginable strain of telepathy wherein my partner would get into some kind of trouble like breakdown on the side of the road and within seconds I would call her. Or whenever I was in pain she would know the exact details of my aching or malady.

The same went for her, whenever she was going through an unusually emotional or turbulent time in her life I would know almost every aspect of what she was going through. The two-way digital/corporeal Gate of 9 also opened up a postern for teleplasty as my partner had sent one of her atavisms ("guides") through to assist in healing me and it totally worked (I'm usually skeptical of things this far fetched) as this particular guide was a doctor in his previous life I could feel the heat from his hands working on me. The same applied to her in a similar fashion. I sent a servitor on a mission in which it was bound to pass through her territory and it just so happen to 'decide' to make a stop in her yard late at night and say hello. It actually answered to its name when I told it to her. This was far beyond my experience with any other servitor or any other humans interaction with any of my own servitors. Then again, this was around the same time that I was doing evocations with the Goetia so, to me, it's almost not surprising that this particular entity took a liking to her.

Allow me to digress a bit here to offer up some background on our praxis before we get back into the Gate proper. My partner is what one might call a shaman-in-training and deals exclusively with the realms of trance, vision, imagination, as well as that of lucid dreaming. I, myself, am undergoing the shamanic operations detailed in Liber KKK which my partner has been of invaluable benefit to me. The five conjurations at the shamanic level occur in the fields of evocation, divination, enchantment, invocation, and illumination. Although these fields are

somewhat alien to her, as she was not raised amidst the Hermetic tradition as I was, she knows not to what extent her aid has given me in these five areas; and so much more such as free-form conjure, Reiki, and necromancy. While my partner devotes much of her magickal time utilizing ancestor veneration, astral travel ("journeying"), and connecting with various atavisms I, on the other hand, am much more likely to find myself employing audiosigils, gematria, and bare-hands magick in my day to day practice. We seem to find quite a happy medium in the liminal spaces between these disparate motifs.

Both our methodologies seem to get the job done and both our practices represent effective peculiarities in the long run. Sure we hit dry spells as any magician does, but we shall proceed and continue to rock the mic. I mean, hell, we both spend time in meditation attempting to control our own minds whether this be through the exercises outlined in Liber MMM (motionlessness, breathing, not-thinking, the magical trances, and object, sound, and image concentration) or through Crowley's lectures on Yoga or through various banishings both modern and archaic. There are innumerable ways to go about perfecting the self or at least strive toward refining alchemical lead into gold. And we both spend quiet time in nature simply observing the air, trees, water and animals that surround us. The sounds, the smells, the subtle foreplay that exist between all phenomena. We all stumble along the way at some point, but it's our struggles that define us.

As we botch our way through life here on Midgard the Aesir laugh at us from Asgard and the demons thirst for our souls in Helheim. It is for several reasons that we chose our Gate of 9 to be modeled after Yggdrasil. Firstly, we have the deepest respect for early shamans and myself in particular the Northern European tribal seidrs who I initially read about ever so briefly in Jan Fries' book Visual Magick and later in his works Helrunar and Seidways. This led me to all manner of Nordic mythology and Asatru literature many, many moons ago. This is where the Teutonic influence stems from, but reading Richard Harner's classic The Way Of The Shaman also opened my eyes up to the possibility of there being multiple worlds upon which to travel in astral trance. Not that these ideas hadn't occurred to me prior to this, but they seemed somehow more accessible the way that Harner phrased it.

To the untrained eye, The Gate of 9 almost resembles the Qabalistic Tree of Life (especially its middle pillar), but it much more clearly represents the sacred Ash World Tree of Norse cosmology which is why it is actually neither of the two as you can tell from the image provided. It is only The Gate of 9 as the artist has titled it. This portal, as we have come to know it, hangs over our mattress so it is most commonly fed sexual (pleasure-pain) gnosis whenever we're in the bedroom. This takes place at random intervals most of the time, yet we make a point of charging it during lunar cycles and especially on the eight seasonal festivals.

Typically our copulation takes place to the sounds of Z(enseider)Z's numerous albums, whatever happens to be the most recent title, but we listen to nothing as often as we do to this "best of" compilation recently thrown together by thee zeepotheosis in order that ritualists may have a soundtrack to fill their intellectual decompression chambers and so that transcendental meditators may have escorts in the absence of their own mantras with which to persuade their discursive mind to cease its unrelenting level of subjection over the

individual cerebral data stream.

Aside from coital catharsis we also give The Gate of 9 offerings of blood and spirits in a pure crystal champagne flume used exclusively for The Gate and nothing else. This type of ritual is a bit more complex and involves other tools of the trade we have accumulated separately over the years and together in the last few months since receiving the hand painted artistry. Now, every once in awhile I gather together what I consider an arrangement of forfeitures to furnish The Gate of 9 with. I use a vessel to hold these provisions in and I pay devotion to our aperture with these contributions.

My most recent sacrificial pseudo-kenobic jar contains some personal OV(tm) such as piss, spit, snot, a scab, puss, and a fingernail from my left ring finger plus items of specific idiosyncratic value and other articles of power like Bali Shag tobacco, an oxycodone, a xanax, a bud, some beer, clear rum, three pot seeds, two espresso beans, a rudraksha bead, crystalline salt (ampicillin sodium), sand from the Giza plateau, a sliver of copper wiring, a slice of deer hide from an honored kill, a roach carcass, and a tick my partner pulled off of me.

The process of collecting offerings takes more than one session and each time I unplug the small jar I burn white sage blowing smoke into the jar itself before and after including new ingredients. After which I fan the jar with my eagle feather up and down and back and forth invoking the fissive powers of air (DNA; the genome) in the process. Then I would chant the names of my three ascendant thoughtforms and blaze up in their honor. Upon closing the jar I would blow cigarette smoke into it to finalize the pact and then plug it back up. I keep the jar on top of a plaque given to me by Infek-Ren Sekem Khu (aka The Archetypal Theriomorph) who designed them himself and sent them to me shortly before his death in 2001.

The Gate of 9 is a potent magickal tool and one that we are constantly discovering new uses for. In fact, the artist is so detail oriented that just gazing can reveal some of the most awe-inspiring imagery that one hadn't noticed at first glance. Eyes within eyes. Faces within faces. Stare at the image long enough with a bit of a buzz going and you'll see what I mean. There is so much I'm omitting from this rite up out of the importance of silence. If you're ever down around our way we will be more than happy to show you The Gate of 9 and reveal its mysteries to you in person, but until then you'll have to deal with the haphazard mess on an article I've written out here.



Rachel Knief

Hector Paul Navasero



Writings of the Prophet II

By Hector Paul Navasero

Recorded by Jess Jones on Friday, 27 February 2015 at 08:37

CHAPTER I

1: to command is the method, dearest chaotes

I knew

Too many a king wakes up in the morning with no crown; where'd it go...? He's got bed-head, and out he rolls but doesn't give himself the Royal Treatment?

Uuuuuuhhh

many wimps need to not question it still foolish on empty giftings though i interceded the delicateness of that spirit for their innocence ...

royal treatment in a paper made crown on every friendly wizards of similarity we laugh with joy because there is a crown pouring strange harmonium with just having dared the casino and it does play exactly like numbers of atomic symmetry

ONE GYPSY SAID TO MY PAPER-CROWN:

" I believe in no man made religions what I do know Is Our life as we know it is only of our detention there are others some negative and controlling if you allow it some just positive xo the serious situations we are in is we are all to many of us with a 9 to five brain we go to work get up sleep on on a 9 to five clock instead of the timeless energy that never stills we sleep in and live with A sort of like veil over what really is all around us have a nice life ..."

i believe we had that paper-crown exactly and i said: " drink the paper cup on notification we sang and you sang ..."

2: WHEN I ENTER THE BOSOM BELLS BY MY ACTIONS, THE FLOWERS CHANGE INTO A MIX OF THE FUTURE DIPPING INTO THE PAST LOOKING LIKE A SPIRITUAL GENETICAL NEW DAY OF SOMETHING AN OLD ENGLISH MODERN BOY COULD CALL HOPE WAS INSTILLED ON A DOOR CALLED HEAVEN'S DOOR ... IT IS WHAT A TIME-CUBER WOULD CALL THE ALTAR OF A ONE VOICE COMMANDING IN THE THUNDERS LIKE A JESUS CHRIST FAME ... IT IS LIKE BACK TO THE FUTURE ... AND A GRATEFUL ANGEL OF DEAD THINGS BROUGHT INTO SANCTUM IN THE WORDS OF AN ANCIENT MARINER DOES COME TO FLESH, E.G., FLESH INTO A FRAGRANT REALITY ... MARK ME AND YOU THAT CRUCIFIX CHAOS WANTED BETTER LIGHT ON A HUMANITY SMILE ... TO LIVE BETTER AND FOREVER ... GOTTA LIVE BETTER ...

3: GOD WILL NOT LET ME DOWN ... GOD WILL BREAK BREAD AND I AM WITHIN THE WALLS OF GOD'S CENTRAL CORE OF A CRUCIFIX ... blessings, good night. God is in control. surrender to Him. blessings!

Yap

PENTECOST PRAYING WE ARE TO GOD AND MOVEMENT OF GOD ON MY MIND ... Aware of their discussion, Jesus asked, "You of little faith, why are you talking among yourselves about having no bread?. THE TRANSMISSION LAST NIGHT IS EQUATED AS ... Matthew 16:8 THE JOB OF MY BROTHER IS TO SUMMON THE HEALING IN THE BREAD OF PURITY OF CHRIST AND IS INFECTED INTO LIGHT ... IT IS LIKE SALVATION IN THE BREAD TRANSMISSIONS .. AND WILL

CONTINUE AND INCREASE IN WITH GLORY IN A WOUNDED HEART ... IT IS IN THAT SPIRIT SO PURE AND ADORABLE ... I AM OF THAT SPIRIT OF PUREST WITCHCRAFT AND SMILING BEAUTEOUS SYNCHRONICITY

4: And again and again ... i am a goatlord on a cloud of thou son on a sitting poise of a throne thy kingdom come signatures, and am serving thou instrumentality of a constant for behavioral scapegoats, come come those who thirst said the wooden crucifix in a re-enactment of crucifixions ... and that the turning is of blessed virgin bosoms amongst many dispolarities of amalgamated bread ... and thou sun-clocks are timelessly done like john-10:10 of numeric degrees of a winged christic shadow crucifix warrior on waring positional is stood on this waterloo hill from the crucifix of victories ... it is here where christic sanctums are made brighter in-comings ... vaticulus on a crucifix sunburst ... and are not measurable by human terminations of pyramid authority and slavery ...

5: hail the right caller was an elect i remember and not a statue of humanity was a sign on the hill and i think i am that friend with a different wardrobe when i went zapped into the transfiguration on a sampler wedding feast where i am then told to walk the outer realms of creational grids for bounty that is a prototype of none of the above invitations, and i know what i am called to do, do war in shadow commands from that reading that sets on the other side of the mirror where the sun don't shine, though one may think i was an uninvited elect, done like a shadow, when stardust is spread on a wide cosmic platter and the mind of humanity could not comprehend though i have the help of a common mr jesus and that keeps my cobalt with an intact care for being in this elect job order, though it must have something to do with demon-hunting that affects my future in the invitation so said the voice whom mr jesus in the timecubing spheres accustoms me, so what does a crown look like is not that the crown jewels i am following on a remembering or a root of gilgamesh like an oculus is told to find for a fear of retention in the specs of who is disappearing in view of a numbering at the feast of reunions ... i think the priest prototypal i am describing is an electric man of a strange spiritlight in my crucifix eyes, something one could probably find if one could understand the rainbows in spiritual equations and a mind of an eye of the thou-isms pouring if it does pour heavily though i don't think so as this kind is not any of the above in that invitation though i am called a capital friend of thou thrones, i think i see the intensities of rainbows and it is more than all the things i wrote for i know it is marked with a glow of what i wrote, then again i am not here and i am on the outer realms as required for an " elect-that-isn't-chosen " of a priest and thus another parabolic riddle and only the one of an eye would understand precious crowns of a skull feeding on a tetragrammic glow emanation ... a-follow it goes:

1 "But when the king came in to look at the guests, he saw there a man who had no wedding garment. 12 And he said to him, 'Friend, how did you get in here without a wedding garment?' And he was speechless. 13 Then the king said to the attendants, 'Bind him hand and foot and cast him into the outer darkness. In that place there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' 14 For many are called, but few are chosen."

THE STRANGE PRIEST THOU-THAT-I-AM-IN-CONTACT-WITH in recurrent waves of unholy in holy hours said to the pentagrams in crucifix thought ... " i know the smell of the Lord starship's wedding garment and i am here to report the cost of the fires of many hells taking on earth

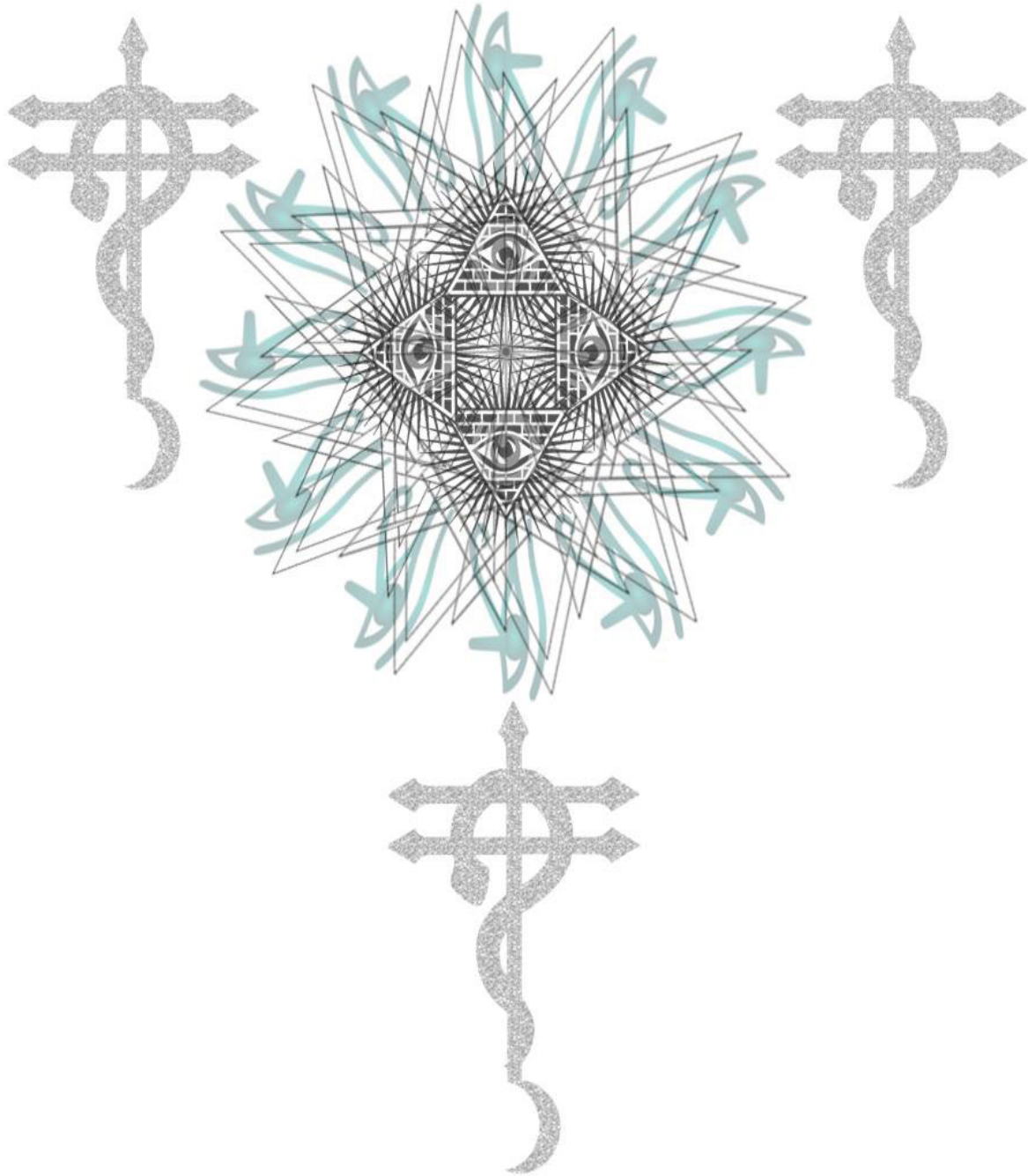
via altar communions i ate bread and knew manure was in my fires of surgery though the blood is elementally, o, my lord starship, in your ways and i am know protocolled to be permitted to equate the numbering as 99:1 in tears of saltwater heavens is this pouring crown for many are coming from below pre-salvation hours, and days of crucifix torture hours in this realm of tumbleweed of a kingdom living a resident humanity in the bells of hell ... kindly permit more time for the Big Dipper shall tilt an angle of more sundances as requested ... (for GodCrown-ed the hours in plans of harvest cycles in a timeless purity hour specific that is in the hour hand of tetragrammic sudden opening of portal openers for the eyes of human deliverant was to deliverancy from snake-caused inquisitions on the children's precious feet prayin' for thou of my remembering ...) THE STRANGE PRIEST in recurrent waves of unholy in holy hours said to the pentagrams in crucifix thought ..."

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Kuno Ichi Dec 15th

Stacey Haza

Silver Coney



How Much of an Occult Douchebag Are You?

Silver Coney

Lapinyd'argenty Cinqfeuilles' unofficial non-scientific, completely, made up "How Much of an Occult Douchebag Are You?" test.

Did you enjoy Dungeons and Dragons, comic collecting, Magic the Gathering, Pokemon, or other faggotry as a child? Give yourself 5 points for each franchise .

1 point for every article of black clothing you own.
2 points for every Occult themed piece of jewellery you own.
3 points for every pair of sun glasses you own.
10 points for each trench coat or duster you own.
10 points for every fedora or cowboy hat you own.
1 point for every tattoo or piercing you have.
5 points for every religious or occult themed tattoo you have.
Double these points if the themes conflict.

1 point for every psychedelic rock, art rock, heavy metal, and goth album you own.
2 points for every "meditation" album you own (sounds of the ocean, birds ect)
5 points for every black metal album you own.
5 points for every Coil album you own.
2 points for every Occult book you own.
1 point for every Occult pdf on your device.
Half these points if you have read them.

5 points for every cat you co-habitate with.
1 point for every dog you co-habitate with.
2 points for every cage bound oddity you co-habitate with (snakes, spiders, lizards etc.)
10 points for every bird you co-habitate with.
Cohabitation with rabbits successfully grants you permanent exclusion from being any sort of Douchebag.
Double the points for every critter that is solid black.
Double points for occult themed names.

10 points for every martial art or weapon style you know.
Half these points if you have black belt or similar certification.

20 points for every order, club, coven, or society you belong to.
100 points for every such collective you have been the founding member of.
Half these points if you know these people outside of the internet.
Double these points if you are having sex with them.

1 point for every online occult forum you are a member of.

10 points for every year you have been a member of this forum.
100 points if you are or ever have been an administrator of this forum.
1000 points if you are Russell Kirkby

Meditate? -1 point a day (in a week). -8 points if done daily.
Yoga? -2 points a day (i.a.w.) -15 if done daily.
Exercise? -3 points a day (i.a.w.) -25 done daily
-5 for an art form you are proficient in.
Double these negative points for physically laborious forms (dancing, sculpting, ect)
Double these negative points if you make a living off these crafts.

Scores

1-100. How did you find your way in here? Leave. Immediately.

201-300. Good News! You only have a passing interest in the occult. With a little hard work you can actually move past this, move out of you parents house and find a suitable mate to share your life with.

301-400. Sorry but you're weird for life. The most you are likely to accomplish is noticing the vague synchronicities in the media you enjoy and your own life. You are one foot into the astral, it may take you the rest of your life to take that second step.

401-600. Congratulations. You are a full fledged "occultist" and pariah of society. You do actual magick, have edgy friends and push secret buttons. Unfortunately you are still so far down on the totem pole it doesn't mean anything to anyone but you.

601-800. You are one strange motherfucker. You most likely make a living in something occult related, and are performing "sex magic" with your "partner"(whatever that means to you). You are definitely engaged in some sort occult society and are likely in a tiff with another society for reasons beyond your own comprehension. You are the faggot the other lesser faggots aspire to be.

801-999. You are one of the movers and shakers of this reality, or you are stepping into the shoes of one. You truly know what it means to be Illuminated. Your friends are powerful and your plans are far reaching. You are, for lack of a better term, A Living God.

1000+ You are Russell Kirkby. Congratulations faggot.



Terry Zarelli

Dana Varahi



In the Shadow of the Fnord

Dana Varahi

The concept of a fnord has been introduced in Principia Discordia and explored further in The Illuminatus! Trilogy by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson. In Illuminatus, children were trained not to be able to see the word fnord. Newspapers would then include the word in their stories, which would induce fear, uneasiness, confusion and the inability to think logically in the adults. Only a few adults broke their childhood conditioning and learned to see the fnords.

Fnord in the wider culture became a meme and a joke for most part. The concept certainly has a humorous value, but it can also lead to some serious magick. The idea that we can be programmed as children not to see something, although verging on conspiracy theory, has a ring of truth to it. Every culture has its taboos and bringing them up indeed creates uneasiness, confusion and illogical behaviour. Such behaviour has been brilliantly described in Ramsey Dukes', Little Book of Demons.

In this book Dukes talks about the two horns of a demon, a polarisation of an issue. A good example of this could be any form of antagonism, such as in the case of a Satanist and a Christian, a religious person and an atheist etc. Each side considers their own view, or paradigm, as superior and expresses strong dislike and criticism of the opposite position. If involvement in a given paradigm becomes too deep, i.e. faith based, we begin to act fanatical. The paradigms not compatible with our chosen belief system become our personal fnords.

This process inevitably happens to all of us even if we consciously try to avoid it. I do not mean to say that we all become total fanatics, but to a certain degree we behave that way. Naturally we find it much easier to notice someone else's fnords. An indicator that we came across someone else's Fnord begins with irritation and uneasiness; the subject usually gets nervous and tries to change the subject. Failing that, they get angry and launch an attack of criticism -often not clearly associated with the subject of the conversation- and they will often behave self-contradictory.

I met a chaos magician who told me (as would most chaos magicians) that they do not let a particular belief get in the way of their magic. The next day they refused to get involved in a ritual because they didn't 'believe' in the entity and were not willing to understand nor openly discuss the subject and purpose of the ritual. After a period of negotiating the situation, it turned out that the magician in question had strong conditioning against the subject of the ritual that originated from their dislike of their own parents and their profession. Strange as it might be they were unable to get over this and as such, their behaviour contradicted what they told me a day ago about beliefs not getting in the way of magic.

It can be very unpleasant and confusing to experience someone else confronting their fnords, and in most cases once we work out what the fnord is, we will end up avoiding it. There will be occasions when we can not help bringing on someone else's Fnords. This happens most often with our friends and loved ones. In some cases we may find that other peoples fnords

make it impossible to continue our friendship or relationship with them. I found myself in this situation recently.

I have a long term friend who has a fnord associated with spirituality/magick. For a long time we were able to avoid the subject and focus on things we had in common. As years went by my life became completely focused on magick and we ended up unable to talk to each other. The fnord in that person has been so strong that they avoid my presence at all costs, even if only subconsciously. I regret this situation because, although I may disagree with them on many things, I really like and appreciate them as a person. This demonstrates how limiting and constricting a role fnords play in our life. The fnord can be understood as a guardian of, as Robert Anton Wilson would call it, our 'reality tunnel'.

The fnord acts as a shield from everything that disagrees with our own belief system and prevents us from looking into other perspectives. To examine our own Fnords we will be working with what Carl Jung called the Shadow Self.

We must look at ourselves with honesty; we need to suspend judgement for a moment and examine our interests, opinions and behaviours without getting involved emotionally. There might be a lot of controversial things that make us unhappy; being able to transcend this doesn't mean buying into the 'opposite view'. This, as Ramsey Dukes points out, would be succumbing to the other horn of the same demon. What might be more useful would be to think how we arrive at the position we find ourself in. If we strongly dislike fascism we might think the reason to be obvious, but under a close inspection we will discover a completely personal world of feelings. That's where the Fnords become interesting.

One such important Fnord I discovered in myself was the subject of UFOs and aliens. When I was a kid I became fascinated with the subject and swallowed tons of articles and quite a few books on the subject ranging from alien abduction accounts, to ancient astronaut theories. As I went through adolescence these stories and theories became a memory of a childish fascination. I began associating the subject of UFOs with crazy conspiracy theories and avoiding it at all costs. As I developed a desire to become an adult I abandoned such 'nonsense' in favour of more 'serious' subjects. I soon found myself reading Aleister Crowley and then moving on to Chaos Magic. In such magical literature, aliens were occasionally mentioned, but I always perceived it as a bad joke. After quite a long time I began noticing a certain level of hypocrisy in my attitude.

My favourite writers had personal communications with beings not unlike aliens. Aleister Crowley communicated with Lam, while Robert Anton Wilson had his wonderful and strange communications from Sirius. When you look at spirit communications such as in the Goetia and Abramelin grimoires, they seem full of otherworldly beings. In light of all this, my strong dislike of the subject seemed completely illogical.

Lack of logic seems to be an inherent sign of a Fnord. I decided to get over it and investigate why I ended up like this. Researching all this meant I had to look back at my own past in a different way. I began remembering weird events from my childhood, that beforehand, I

simply didn't want to think about. I noticed a strange similarity with a lot of alien abduction accounts and a very clear contactee theme, communicating with the beings. My investigation helped me to understand that I abandoned UFOs for two reasons.

As I began growing up, magickal thinking was pushed out of me by society. I became indoctrinated with materialism and my experiences not fitting in with 'normality' had to be pushed away. Putting it simply, I began perceiving my experiences as a sign of a mental illness. I had to put an end to them. Another reason for creating the Fnord was a general attitude to the subject. As I was growing up I wanted to fit in (at least on some level) and we all know that 'only idiots believe in UFOs'!

Confronting my personal Fnord led to a magickal adventure. I began reading books and realised that, although there might be some bad apples in ufology, all in all the field has a lot to offer a magician and it definitely deserves serious attention. I came across the writings of Tau Allen Greenfield, John Keel, Jacques Vallée and John E. Mack amongst others. Confronting this Fnord demonstrated that they act like guardians at the threshold. They prevent us from seeing a different reality, from entering a different world.

We may have built a certain image and expectation towards the subject that prevents us from investigating it. This image does not reflect the nature of the subject but that of our own ignorance. As someone said, an inquisitive mind is an open mind. Although Fnords manifest in our life in an unpleasant manner, I see them as a positive phenomenon. They can help us notice our own limitations and biases- we just need to learn to pay attention to them and see them as a challenge to our integrity and intelligence.



Amun Disalvatron

Michael Robin Cooke



LAW OF ATTRACTION THE KITSCHCHAOS WAY!

Michael Robin Cooke

The Law of Attraction (LOA) is actually an idea first broadly popularized around the early 20th century. It has ancient sources, but the modern 'Secret' and so forth owe their pedigree to work a century earlier.

For me personally, the Law of Attraction was something introduced to me as a foundation to magical practice (by professional Hoodoo authority, Dr. Kioni). I was directed to read, Science of getting Rich by Wally Wattles; it's actually one of the very best books on the subject. There are plenty of books and articles about the Law of Attraction, so why this one? Simply because in practice, the Law of Attraction doesn't work for everyone and I believe I can help.

The Law of Attraction- it seems like 'positive thinking' rather than an occult practice, so it seems safe and it's not entirely unfamiliar. The idea is very simple: what you think about becomes real for you, your thoughts manifest reality!

The idea of LOA being an absolute concrete truth is responsible for almost everything negative that's sometimes associated with a Law of Attraction practice. Rather than taking responsibility for their own thinking, some practitioners find themselves blaming others for their negative thoughts, believing it's what is keeping them from being successful. Other practitioners may find themselves being cruel and insensitive to people in unfortunate circumstances, believing they created that circumstance themselves with negative thoughts.

To work with any metaphysical idea and get benefit from it definitely tempts a person to believe that metaphysical idea must be a concrete truth. As Christians know that God works in mysterious ways, the reality of metaphysics lays outside human capacity to fully comprehend. Sometimes people get sick, are assaulted or raped – and it has nothing to do with their thoughts; they deserve our compassion and sympathy. If you must take the LOA to be very real – remember you don't live in a vacuum. If everybody is shaping reality with their thoughts, your thoughts have limited influence compared to the whole that is everyone else.

Importantly, it's good and well to tell people to manage their thoughts, its another to do it. So if you are intending to transform your life into one of wealth and luxury, and are concentrating on that being real, believing you are there and knowing what it is like in your empowering visualizations – this habit flies in the face of other popular habits – of complaining about how the world is going to hell, and all that agreement you have about how shitty your job is.

Everyone complains, it's a foundation of relatedness for some people. The more you complain about how shitty things are, the more you get to be right when things are shitty; that's a problem 'cause as a human being, few things are as good in life as being right!

Other books on Law of Attraction tell you to shape your thoughts and why it's so useful and good to do so. They may even coach you on visualization and making the desire feel real.

However, if you're a human being, you're going to go to work the next day and people are going to relate to you through your complaints. As you go throughout your life, the path of least resistance is driving you back to being powerless and helpless.

Your Choice

To do this you must first make a decision. Will you take responsibility for your life as it is right now? Because if you do, you no longer can blame the government, your job, your spouse, your parents or whoever you blame for making your life negative as it is now; because if you're responsible, it's your fault.

It's not an easy decision to make. People imagine they want power, but they know they do not want responsibility; and the two are the same. If you want power, you must take responsibility. Even if you can't know you have the power enough to be responsible – the choice to be responsible is required to unlock the power you do have.

Once you make that decision, you are living a life of being hard on yourself. In the Law of Attraction you are at fault if you get sick, can't find a job or start a business. Yes, this is double standard – if you choose power and responsibility, you sacrifice accepting pity and sympathy. The reason it's so wrong to fault others for their sad circumstances is because they never chose power!

Law of Attraction

Is a principle that a person's thoughts powerfully shape that person's subjective and objective reality, 'attracting' to manifest the object of their thinking. For example, to become rich: believe that becoming rich is a moral good, believe that you will become rich, believe you will obtain those desires you clearly visualize and imagine owning already. Now structure your thinking to be consistent with these beliefs. LOA, in a nutshell. So, what problems occur?

Even though the Law of Attraction doesn't seem like an occult practice, it really is one; and the following distinctions from Chaos magic apply. Take them seriously.

Duality of Desire

Change is always threatening, be it for good or ill, and this fear is always in opposition to desire for change. Many people have turned being victims into being right, and that's a lot to give up. The promotion at work promises greater prestige and salary, but costs you camaraderie of those who are now co-workers but would become subordinates; not to mention the windfall of righteous love and support upon not getting the promotion, "you deserved it!"

Lust for Result

If your mental state is one of being anxious for the results of a LOA practice, this will sabotage any result. Typically results will manifest once you have stopped being anxious and have

become indifferent about them. The ideal state for producing results is to be indifferent to begin with. The common suggestion of visualizing having your desires already, being sated with their reality – it's recommended for this reason.

Psychic Censor

The internal sceptic, that part of you that doesn't believe Magic is real, doesn't believe that LOA is real. Obviously it can prevent you from indulging the ideas and visualizations that are the stuff of LOA if it's too strong, if you feel humiliated at trying anything so silly. The Psychic Censor is also what keeps you sane, but you shouldn't be ruled by it. A wise person knows little or nothing because mystery outweighs all else.

A law of Attraction Practice

Okay, so now that I've laid out what Law of Attraction is, and what the challenges are, do you think you can do it? Can you keep that positive idea in your head no matter how much you want the desire now? No matter how much you fear change? No matter how silly it seems? No matter how much fun it is to be negative with your friends and co-workers?

Now you know just why there's no end to the books and programs you can buy that are related to The Law of Attraction. It fails to work for so many people, but they have hope the next book or program will give them the answer they need!

Well, I have some good news for you, I have an answer! The problem is not having the capacity to manage your thoughts. Why, there's an entire cottage industry of Law of Attraction books and no one distinguished this obvious thing.

How do you get the capacity to manage your thoughts? Here's the bad news – it takes work! It's not easy, but you can do it if you simply put forth the effort. So what am I talking about? Concentration! Sitting, and concentrating. You can call it meditation if you want, but the relevant thing is the concentration. Think of it like exercise you would do for your body, but this is for your mind.

How to Concentrate, in the Zen Tradition

These are instructions from the Zen Buddhist tradition. It's been proven that Zen practitioners have developed a part of their brain that allows them to mitigate pain, so look forward to that very positive side effect if you can manage a regular practice.

- Sit bolt upright, with a straight spine; the position (on chair, on floor, kneeling, lotus etc.) is less important. Uncomfortable positions such as the lotus may be for some people; they are meant to test concentration with the distraction of pain- obviously for advanced practitioners only (unless your health has you already in pain).
- In front of you, place the back of your left hand in the palm of your right hand, thumbs up and almost touching. If you lose concentration, the thumbs will meet. This practitioner lost

concentration! The thumbs meet!

- Breathe deeply and from your stomach, the stomach will rise and fall with every breath if you're doing it properly.
- You can close your eyes, or keep them barely open, if that helps you maintain concentration.
- What you are doing is counting your breathes, one to ten.
- On the first breath, think 'one'. Allow the number to consume your thoughts until you exhale and then inhale the next number which similarly consumes your consciousness.
- When your mind wanders during this process, you must restart your count and begin with 'one' once again.
- Beginning this meditation, it is unlikely you will ever reach the number '10'- you will understand the unruliness of your own mind. But! You will learn two critically important things: your capacity to concentrate improves with practice, and you are able to return your mind to any focus at will.

Now the capacity concentration develops, relates directly to Law of Attraction. When you are attempting your count and your mind wanders, what do you do? You return to your count, starting from the beginning!

If you want to keep your mind positively focused on what you want in life – any time your mind wanders – you can return to your focus! If you practice concentration you'll get very good at this. No one else's negative attitude will ever have power over you again. You can actually take responsibility for your thoughts!

Now, once you manage in your concentration practice to reach the number ten (and this may take months or even years, the important thing is to keep trying) you may want to move on to something else. Even if you can't quite reach '10' you may want to try something else. Using mindfulness, anything can be the focus of attention for a concentration practice.

If you are Christian, you can concentrate as you pray the rosary out loud, or another prayer as a mantra to concentrate on and repeat. If you are not religious or want a magical option: A simple sigil/mantra: I will master my thinking- IWLMASTERYHNKG (unique letters)- Wasg Linek Myrth

If you repeat the mantra of "Wasg Linek myrth" while concentrating on the sound, and beginning the mantra again when your mind wanders, will be an excellent concentration practice. Sigil magic theory suggests the intent "I will master my thinking" from which the mantra is derived, will drill itself into your subconscious and help you achieve mastery of your thinking.

A Helpful Technique

Here's a helpful technique. If you are finding yourself being negative, try raising your head and straightening your shoulders. Mood affects posture – but you can work this in reverse to use posture to affect mood. If you begin a practice of physically grinning broadly 20 times a day, it's highly likely you will find yourself taking life less seriously and having more fun.

Caveat

I've covered this before, but those other negative people in your life are a problem because they are sabotaging your thinking with 'negativity', so the LOA works against you. It's very common to find yourself feeling this way. Realize how selfish this attitude is, "the problem is my result – how dare they sabotage me!" Notice that while that condemning thought is in your head, what is missing is the thing you want to manifest. Be generous, let people be; think instead of the benefit to others the example of your success will make possible for them.

It is also possible with a concentration practice to focus your thoughts where you want them to be. There's no need to involve anyone else.

The Art of Expectation: how to use LOA to influence others

When you expect something from someone, it creates a space for that behavior; encouragement that it's possible for them and encouragement to do so. This is not to suggest the practice is more than an invitation, but it makes it easier to do what is expected. This is using the law of attraction interpersonally, and it's often not easy. You may already have people pigeon-holed in various ways, and you'll have to forgive and give up those expectations in order to manifest new ones.

As an example, the child that is always late. Simply expecting them to show up on time is divorced from what was true – but you can start by believing the child can show up on time, and express this to the child with sincerity.

Instead of using the belief to get angry, simply expect that child to be on time – be surprised if it doesn't happen. You'll be surprised how well this can work. Understand that you already are shaped by other's expectations too. You don't behave the same in a bank as you do in a bar. If you are a straight man you're not the same person with your wife or girlfriend that you are at a strip club with your friends. As a child who you were at school was different from who you were at home. You are different people in different contexts because there's a different space, or expectation, for you to be in every context.

So if you need to influence people – create the space for them to be as you want them to be. Expect that behavior. No, it's not going to work all the time, there are sexual infidelities at a Church, it happens. The path of least resistance, is paved with expectations and those include your expectations.

Knowing what you want

Now the other challenge that is common to magic, and to the Law of Attraction, is knowing what you want. The reason this is a challenge is because we're hypnotized by culture to believe we want things. Look at the advertising; they use what you really want to sell you a thing!

Now what I'm getting at, is that what people want are great experiences. That's all life is, is a bunch of experiences. Money, things – those are just a means to have certain experiences. Cars are sold by telling you that you can have the experience of being envied, of being sexy and attracting sex if only you owned this car! So it is important to distinguish what you really want from the things you might think you want, but won't really deliver what you really want. Change your life!

So, here's an exercise, it might change your life!

Answer this question as completely as possible: Without any limitations or consequences - what would your ideal typical average day be like?

The answer to this question may take many, many pages; you need to express this day in detail while being very complete. Who do you wake with? Where do you wake? What are you wearing? What is your bathroom like? What kind of tooth brush? What kind of toothpaste? Do you floss, what kind of floss? What do you eat for breakfast? At what kind of table? With who do you eat breakfast, what do you talk about? What do you drink? What do you do with your day? In detail, the day that would give you pleasure to repeat again, and again, and again; all in as much detail as possible.

Do it today. This is the basis of who you can be, the foundation of your Law of Attraction practice, the foundation of hacking life to work for you! Your Pathway!

The pathway is simply the work you are doing to produce the result. The law of Attraction is a form of occult magic and any magic done properly is not merely a mental act, but an act of deeds as well. Now you know what you want, determine what you must do – in steps that are easy enough they are no challenge to accomplish. Give yourself a deadline for each and every step. Be in action! Start by writing down steps you can take and give yourself a firm deadline for each one! Be Happy Now!

The Law of Attraction is most powerful if you know what you want, but are not attached to that desire. Focus on the now, what you are doing, what your next deadline is; and be happy now.

Happiness is a choice, often we deny ourselves happiness – I'll be happy when I get married, when I have my first baby, when I've made my first million etc. In reality, if you cannot be happy now, no new circumstance can make you happy. To know what you want and not be attached to it with lust for result or with the grasping need of an addict– be happy now. Be thankful for your blessings, and own that you are blessed. Appreciate your friends, your family, your pets. Enjoy your food, your entertainment.

Being present to what is so right now, in this moment, is key to really appreciating what life has to offer. If you practice concentration, you will find that you are able to return your focus to what you are doing or experiencing right now.

The Power of Intentionality

Now all this stuff about being happy, being present in the now – I know it can sound saccharine, your psychic censor may be crying “bullshit!” But this is where your power lies- being present to the now, being happy now, and there is no lust for result, no duality of desire, nothing to stop you.

You can test it when you drive, or in any situation where you may need a little luck. Need a parking space? Simply intend for there to be a parking space when you need one, and if you intend it while being happy, while being present and with no attachment, almost always when you need it, there’s your parking space!

In fact, the practice of intentionality works so well, you can actually use it to get feedback on your personal mental state. Usually when there’s no parking spot it means your mind wasn’t present or happy – it was off nursing a resentment.

Hypnosis can empower your Law of Attraction practice. Conversational hypnosis can allow you to influence people in profound ways without their being aware of what you are doing and self hypnosis can help you become that master of yourself.

Until now, the famous conversational hypnosis techniques of Milton Erickson, who as a therapist was able to use those techniques to cure severe phobias and even everyday smoking and nail biting habits, have been taught exclusively to people in the medical and psychology field.

Igor Ledochowski is a world renowned hypnotist, an expert in Ericksonian (conversational) hypnosis, and he’s been dedicating himself to teaching others these coveted hypnosis techniques.

The link below will take you to an opportunity to buy a complete hypnosis course by Igor Ledochowski. When you visit, you can register for many free hypnosis books and when you invest in the complete program, understand that it is 100% guaranteed. If for any reason you are disappointed, you can get a refund within 60 days.

http://kitschchaos.com/conversational_hypnosis.html

Reverse Vampire (or Flaming Faggot)

Michael Cooke

The technique combines the ellis sigil with the 'cosmic forces' egrigore. I've written before about the cosmic forces egrigore, and I have yet to introduce the 'ellis sigil'. The Ellis sigil is a famous project of the DKMU, a 'linking sigil' that can be drawn on a place of power and link that power to any other instance the sigil is drawn. The L and S are the sigil, the distorted dot is the Ellis egrigore. The Ellis sigil looks like this:

This is a sigil meant to turn you into a flaming battery of immense cosmic power. Draw the following sigil on yourself or on a yellow, orange or red piece of clothing, or painted in a yellow, orange or red color.

Visualization is powerful; athletes in recovery can by means of visualization be as improved once they recover as if they had been training instead of recovering. A simple DIY aikido demonstration - hold your arm out and challenge a friend to bend your arm at the elbow. The friend likely could bend the arm, if not, try with a stronger friend. Once the friend has bent your arm, repeat the process and hold your arm out for the friend to bend it again, but this time - visualize that your arm is in fact, a solid steel beam. Your friend can't easily bend your arm now if at all!

So we are going to use visualization. We're going to visualize that we have an aura, or a field of energy surrounding our body. This aura you're visualizing is the core battery aura and is meant to be ablaze in astral fire and energy. To get the battery aura hot, we visualize a second enormous aura that surrounds us as a lens and focuses cosmic energy from the cosmic forces on your battery aura like a magnifying glass focuses sunlight to burn leaves.

Now say out loud:

"I call the Cosmic Forces to pour raw power through my astral lens, that it may charge my inner aura such that it burst into astral flame, empowering myself and all who are in my presence!"

Then you hold that breath and say to yourself:

"Asking that all who are empowered by my astral flame receive Strength, Protection, Guidance and Results".

Then, you exhale.

Do this three times, then open your eyes.

Visualize the Cosmic Forces pouring through your lens aura, concentrating on the inner battery aura, setting it aflame with empowerment and charging the aura for hours. Now you may ask of the Cosmic Forces requests and if you want the Cosmic Forces to be colored in some way - to empower fun if you're headed to a party, empower magic if you meant to use the technique to enhance magic, empower sex appeal if you're going clubbing etc.

Repeat, 'Thank You!' three times, then cross your arms (like an Egyptian mummy) and dismiss the Cosmic Powers.

The concept is over power; such that your inner aura has far more power than you need or can even use, but of course it is available to you to use! Also, the inner flaming aura feeds awesome amounts of cosmic power to anyone in physical proximity to the magician.

Hypothetically were you to meet an energy vampire, your flaming aura would choke them with too much power, as- none omit yours- it belongs to the cosmos. The cosmic forces will empower where people are, helping them achieve what they are working towards; even if it's a better reason to be miserable and right about how much life sucks!

This is like an astral mantle of awesome power and is a technique of very broad utility. Charge it and notice if you seem to inspire people; if people seem empowered in your presence, if you feel empowered! Reverse Vampire – Flaming Faggot in action.

The Chaos magic technique that I called 'Reverse Vampire/ Flaming Faggot' is about visualizing an overpowered aura that sends empowerment to yourself and everyone around you, and nailing it down with a sigil incorporating the "ellis sigil" and using the 'Cosmic Forces' egrigore to empower it.

I should have used the technique before sharing it, but I was inventing the technique as I shared it. So I'm correcting that error now.

Now I did the magic, the visualization, the wanking to the sigil – even wrote the sigil in dragon's blood ink – and folded it up and placed it in the leather bag holding my mojo hand and a set of runes.

My job is the most ethical of an unethical business paradigm. I call strangers and ask them to participate in telephone surveys, often concerning businesses they have or once had dealings with. With my flaming astral aura I was hoping that it would look like me getting many finished surveys and it not helping me competitively with the other interviewers because those closest to me would have comparable success.

Quite the opposite happened, I got not one complete and others reported a harder than average day for dialling for surveys. The shift was almost over, and then it hit me. The night was exceptional, because the people I was talking to, they were unusually empowered; they said 'no!' and asked to be taken off the list more than was usual. As an interviewer we kind of wish more people would do that, because instead they tend to apologize and promise maybe 'another day' without meaning it. And we call them again, and again, and again – we are a phone bank.

However it's also true that many of the finished surveys we do get are also a function of weakness – doing the survey because they are afraid it might bias the business behind the survey against them, or afraid even of upsetting me because I asked them so nicely. My

favourite surveys are when the respondent wants to do the survey because they have real world problems that are the fault of the business I'm doing the survey for, but I didn't get any of those tonight.

So the spell. A side effect might be an increase in body temperature, I 'felt' the warmth of the astral energy; and I walked to work in a light rain with a broken umbrella and my clothes didn't get very wet, almost as if the warmth of my body dried the clothes at the same time they got wet. This of course might be because I used the language 'fire' in describing the energy field. The empowering aspect of the field is very 'down low', it may not be evident at all or only in retrospect – but I assert it's influence is all too real and empowering

And even though the spell was counter-productive at my job, I would suggest it may have been responsible for the unlikely wave of respondents empowered to say 'hell no!' when asked to participate in a survey they didn't want to. And so that's a win for the spell. Of course I'm removing the sigil from my mojo bag immediately!

Chaos Magic: Basic Sigil Magic

Michael Robin Cooke

Austin Osman Spare, illustrated by Michael Robin Cooke

Sigil magic, as used in Chaos magic, is a technique created by the great Austin Osman Spare. Austin Spare examined magic and the occult as practised during his time, and from a pragmatic point of view, evaluated what worked to manifest results and what didn't. Spare's conclusions can be boiled down to: will or clear desire, plus faith, with the addition of 'gnosis', always produces a successful result.

'Gnosis' as a term may cause confusion - outside of Chaos magic the word has distinct meanings. In Chaos magic, Gnosis is a magically charged state of consciousness of 'no thought', Pete Carroll calls it a 'void'. Gnosis can constitute a singular state of meditative consciousness, a moment of sexual orgasm, a mind entranced with 'magical' ceremony, a mind blank from exhaustion, or even the simple casual moments of absent-mindedness that marbles a day's consciousness.

Faith comes easier to some than to others, but this isn't usually a problem. If you have been raised Christian, or any other faith, it may be a very familiar concept; that Faith is a key to supernatural influence.

That same religious background may have you convinced faith is a difficult thing to have enough of. Relax, if you have imagination enough to lose yourself in the fantasy of a movie or book, to 'feel' something in response to ceremony (Catholic mass counts) - you're capable of having sufficient faith for magical purposes. Faith is emotional, not intellectual - if something helps you feel magical, use it. The simple fact you attempt sigil magic intrinsically demonstrates faith that may be sufficient.

Will or desire is deceptively simple. What are you using magic for? Common answers are: riches, sex, health. Let's say it's wealth. Do you want wealth to become the envy of others? To sate the expectations of a spouse? To have the freedom to help the needy? Whatever you want wealth for, it's always a means to an end. What that end wealth would give you is what you really want, and this is the more legitimate goal.

People that are wealthy in a literal sense are people that are free of want materially; the irony is that such people are rarely materially rich and more commonly free of attachment in a Buddhist sense. This is how it happens that great magicians are often not wealthy - they realized freedom from even wanting it. To be the materially successful reality hacker, focus on what you really want and not the wealth to get you there.

If you want to become rich anyway, direct your will to a specific financial goal; abstractions may not deliver what you expected.

Why sigil magic though? Why not Hoodoo, Law of Attraction, or classic techniques from the Golden Dawn or Aleister Crowley? The answer is simple: because the conscious mind will trip you up.

The 'Duality of desire' means your will is almost always divided against itself. No matter how badly you want change, some part of you has adjusted to what is and fears change. The increase of wealth and prestige accompanying a job promotion is countered with the possible loss of camaraderie of co-workers who would become subordinates, the loss of being right about the unfairness of the promotion process, and the loss of future compassion and loving sympathy from co-workers assuring you that you deserved the promotion.

The lust for a result, possibly related to the notion 'a watched pot never boils', is perhaps the number one saboteur of successful magical results. This phenomena will very often prevent a result from manifesting so long as you are consciously anticipating it. The most successful magician cultivates an indifferent and non attached attitude towards results. If you need a job, or have to have money to make rent, using magic effectively is extremely difficult as your mind is consumed in a way as to almost prevent your own magic from working. Sigil magic works brilliantly to minimize this difficulty (you may still be well advised to have someone else work magic on your behalf in such a circumstance).

There is also the 'psychic censor', the part of yourself that is sceptical and can sabotage a magical success and the requisite faith with comforting doubt that magic could ever exist. Usually rather than fighting this, it is helpful to work with it and maintain it; but more on that later.

The 'New Thought' LOA techniques, those of NLP and 'positive thinking', have become backbones to sales and marketing. What they all have in common is the need to control thought. The problem is always that the nature of thought is to be chaotic, it's not a simple thing to control. And good coaching is hardly ever provided to help a person control thought. Zen Buddhism, in my opinion, offers the most advanced thought control techniques. Fortunately a lot of magic doesn't require much thought; sigil magic divorces thought entirely from the critical launching process.

Sigil magic is different in largely taking the conscious mind out of the equation. The sigil accomplishes this by disguising the nature of the will so the conscious mind is out of the loop, thus leaving the subconscious to handle all the heavy lifting.

The Sigil Magic process is very simple. Concisely state your will in a single sentence, then distinguish the unique letters (sometimes just the unique consonants). Create an image from/with the letter shapes of the unique letters and elaborate or simplify the image to finish your sigil.

Ideally you create several sigils, some for things you want very much, others for much lighter

purposes (such as " I will enjoy a nice slice of apple pie"). Then save the sigils together, without the statement of intent and wait a week.

Now when you 'launch' a sigil, you are likely to have forgotten exactly which intent corresponds to which sigil. It's okay, don't try to remember, your subconscious remembers perfectly. And this way there's no duality of desire, no lust for result, meaning the conscious mind is less likely to interfere.

The 'Psychic Censor' is that part of your brain that is sceptical and can, and will, actually edit your perception of reality to keep your ideas about reality comfortable and unchallenged. The sigil process keeps interference from the psychic censor to a minimum; but don't think to fault your psychic censor, it's useful.

If, when you finish a sigil magic spell, you allow your psychic censor to deny yourself the right to expect a result, it eliminates the lust for result quite well and forwards your magical success. Parenthetically, when working with spirits or anything that is too spooky for you, an excellent and effective banishment consist of setting the psychic censor loose and laughing at the proposition that anything 'spooky' could possibly be real!

'Launching' the sigil involves looking at the sigil while experiencing gnosis; commonly masturbation is used as the moment of orgasm constitutes gnosis. Exhaustion from dancing, katas, holding an uncomfortable position etc. is also used. Additionally if you take the unique letters from your statement, and rearrange them into phonetic nonsense words - you may launch the sigil meditatively by chanting these words as you would a mantra.

Be very careful when creating your statement of intent. Your result will be exactly what your statement asks for. Just like almost all wishing folklore, how you state your wish is critically important.

If you are an artist, you can put a great deal of energy into the elaboration of your sigil as artwork. In this fashion the process of creating the sigil and 'launching' it can become one, as the creative process can, when intense enough, constitute 'gnosis' in its own right. I say this with the limited authority of my own experience.

Some Examples of sigils by Mike Cooke:

In this last sigil you may notice the inclusion of Norse runes. It's effective to accent the sigil derived from your statement of intent with symbols from other traditions, especially those you already have faith in! If you are Christian, for example, the inclusion of a crucifix may reinforce your submission to the will of God and transform the work into a form of prayer. The benevolent nature of the Christian God will certainly help the result manifest safely if that's your relationship with that Deity. If you work with other traditions, those symbols may be

effective for you too. I chose Norse runes as I'm part European and such symbols are probably relevant to some fraction of my ancestors (sigil magic always works, but how is a mystery - a hypothetical collective unconscious is one compelling theory, one that would make the beliefs of ancestors relevant).

Sigil Magic, as presented here, is a new technique and subject to experimentation. Business interests have made sigils out of corporate logos quite unconsciously. Apple, Nike and McDonalds all have sigils/logos as, or more familiar than, even their business name.

Ausin Spare did a fair amount of automatic drawing, and making magical tools in the same manner. It's a curious thing, perhaps a way for the subconscious to direct the intent of a sigil; more useful for self knowledge than material progress, but the one can be a means to the other.

Dream_maSigil This sigil (Flash plug in required), meant to help a community site failing due to the expense of bandwidth, is flashing in such a way as to perhaps stimulate the brain; much like Brion Gynson's 'Dream Machine'. If it succeeded or not in emulating a dream machine - it is irritating to look at; suffice to say that if you forced yourself, it would exhaust you and thereby serve as a gnosis stimulant.

It is useful to maintain a record of your magic and results in your life in the form of a 'Magical Diary'. Sigil magic is powerful; embark on this technique to enhance your life and it will alter you. You will become more sensitive to synchronicity in life, and more confident in life being a game you have some say in.

Some people prefer the profile of a victim in life as it allows them to be right about their failure and allows them great camaraderie with others and sympathy from some - it's a lot to give up if this describes you. The problem is that, really, it describes a lot of us; especially the addiction to being 'right'. Some Chaos Magicians have made a temporary habit of intentionally being wrong, just to break themselves of the addiction of being 'right'.

To begin a sigil magic practice, it is good advice to begin with desires that are modest enough you are very likely to enjoy easy success. Sigil magic is a reality hacking technique and the more ambitious the goal, the more time, and perhaps unlikely the coincidence needed, to produce the result. The fact of early easy success fuels the faith you'll need for more ambitious works later.

Aleister Crowley gets credit for expressing magic as any willed act, even that of simply blowing one's nose. If you are to become a magician, there's no point at which the magic ends. If you use sigil magic to grow your business, it's more likely to be effective the way you want if you give the magic a path to succeed; meaning you spend money on advertising, work on search engine optimization, review your inventory and so forth. If you sigil for love, it's best to approach people you could be interested in. If you do nothing, sigil magic can bite you in the ass as it has to find a way to render the result any way it can. Just some ugly examples - you

business succeeds due to competition going out of business for reasons that are also hurting your business, you become wealthy from a court case following your being paralysed in an auto accident... and so forth.

So the usual life transforming advice is still extremely relevant when it comes to sigil magic. Make your goals specific, determine the steps you need to take to meet that goal realistically, give your goal a specific timeline, and then -DO IT! Sigil magic will supplement this process brilliantly, giving you confidence of supernatural support and the reality of supernatural reality hacking support!

Have fun! Transform your life! Hack life as you would a video-game! If you have any questions or want to share your experiences, I can be contacted at admin@kitschchaos.com.

Work

Michael Cooke

I received an email thanking me for the Law of Attraction, the Kitschchaos Way ebook. The reader explained she had begun the empowering meditation exercise in the ebook and was making good progress, but as that ebook does also link back to this site for the sigil magic 101 article, her primary question related to her fear that she couldn't do sigil magic as she had little or no artistic talent.

It's true, Austin Osman Spare had been an accomplished illustrator, and in the case of this website, I am myself a designer and cartoonist. So of course she is concerned that she can't properly do sigil magic as I, or Austin Osman Spare, does. Why it took so long for someone to say this, well that's my personal upset.

The advantage of other authors introducing sigil magic, is that for the most part they are not artists either! That I'm an artist and Chaos magician makes me the exception, not the rule.

Almost no one is incapable of drawing a personal sigil. The fundamental reason being that it is personal. Think back please, remember being a child- there is almost no child too inhibited to make use of a box of crayons. But, of course, children are natural magicians, this is why children are popularly feared in Horror movies.

So please, read the sigil magic article now if this is new to you! Here it is, Sigil magic 101.

Have you read the article? You now understand that you write your desire, distinguish the unique letter forms, and combine the letter forms into something abstract. The secret is to do this as if you were a child at play, forget the associations of the letter shapes - exploit them simply as shapes.

Some of my own sigils I've created in the Adobe Illustrator program, and because I use that program as comfortably and easily as I might a pencil, I can use that software and the result is magically potent. If you are not a graphic artist and have never used such software, you should stick with pencils and crayons, and I do use crayons myself too! I don't always have access to my computer when I create a sigil (but I've also been working on 'empty hand' magic - which is a different story).

Creating a sigil can be intimidating - how can I fit all these letters into a simple design? I have a piece of powerful coaching; look carefully at this hash character: #. See that hash? Here it is again, #. You can draw a cross hatch, almost anyone can. What letters can you find in that cross hatch; understanding that a letter can be rotated, turned this way and that? I find these letters: p,q,a, i,o,u, y,x,t,f,b,c,d,H,j,L,s,w,z. That is 19 of 26 letters I can find in one simple cross hatch!

The first thing you need to try to do is find all the letters I found in that same cross hatch. I may have even missed a few! If you can see the letters I found, then you have the ability to 'see' the

required letters in any design that might be simple.

If you read the "Law of Attraction- The KitschChaos way" ebook (http://kitschchaos.com/.../Law_of_Attraction-the...) you will know it features step-by-step instructions on how to meditate and train your mind to concentrate. If you create a mantra, by rearranging the letters of your desire into phonetic nonsense words - rather than simple numbers - you can make the content of repeating the sound the focus of your concentration. This is another way to launch the sigil successfully!

Is it possible for a third party to create a sigil that can be launched by you? Yes! Indeed, this is an unspoken principle of advertising. McDonalds is powerful not so much due to the exceptional quality of their burger or fries - but due to the exposure of the sigil that is their 'golden arches'. Every time you look upon those golden arches in an absent minded way, you empower the agenda those arches were created from!

Does that mean I can create a sigil, and you can launch the sigil for your own benefit? Remember when it comes to launching sigils - or completing the circuit of magic so the sigil becomes an empowered spell - sexual orgasm is the easiest and most reliable way to do this. If you cannot do this, simple absent mindedness does a great job, although it is less reliable.

If you have headphones visit this link and give it a listen, then return here: <http://kitschchaos.com/AUDIO/Theta-Slide.mp3>. Look at the following sigil while the theta slide binaural beat does its thing. I believe this will do the trick quite well and doesn't involve you dropping your pants.

In traditional sigil magic the name of the game is to not know what the sigil is for; but that's because your subconscious does know, because you created it. If you want to get the benefit of my posting a sigil on the domain of the collective unconscious, the spell may work and be effective.

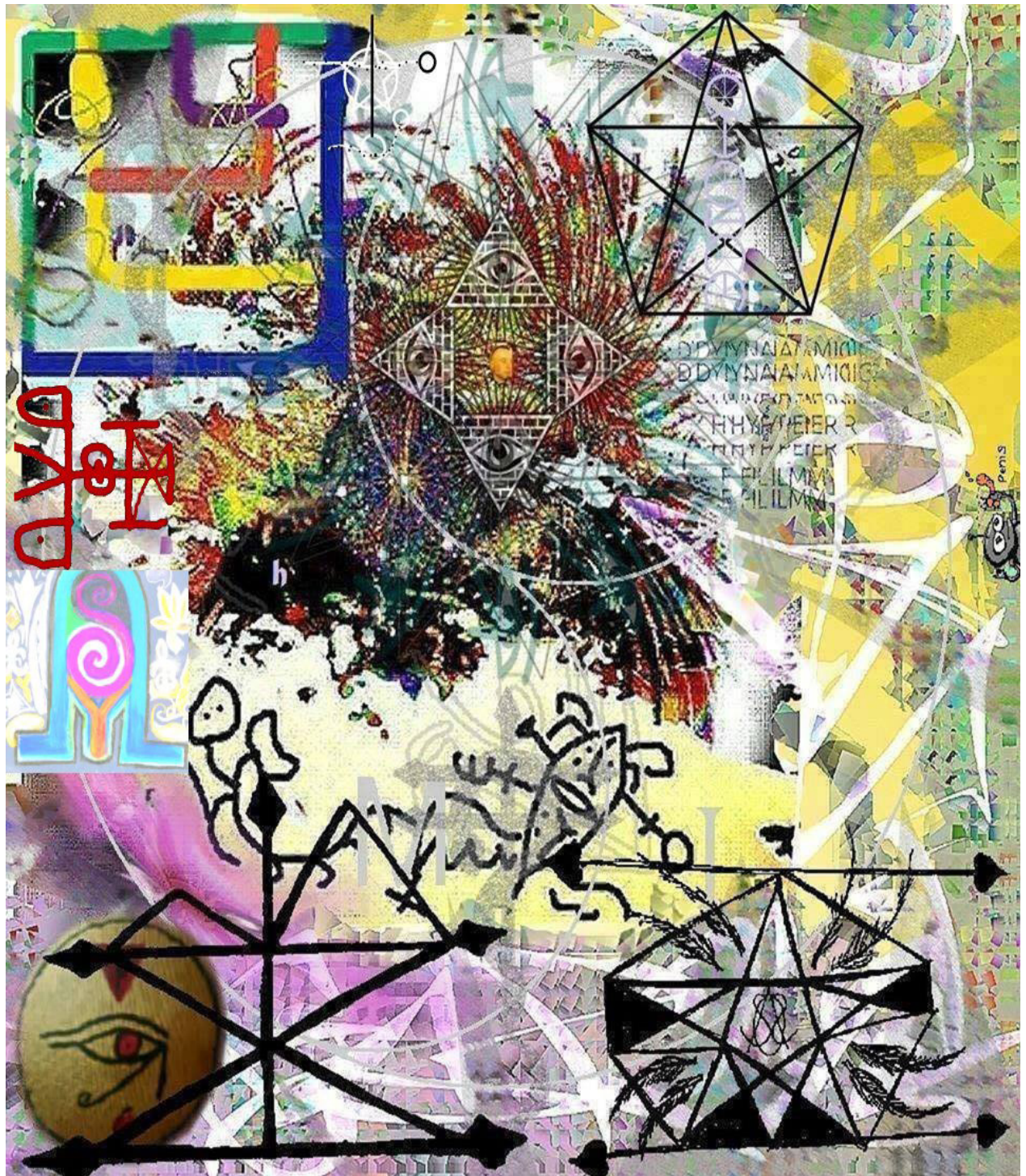
However there are two issues - if you don't know what the sigil is for, there can be an element of fear of the unknown; if you don't know what the sigil is for there is no way to evaluate for success.

So I will tell you what this sigil is for - it is a Steady Work sigil. It is meant to attract a regular ongoing job that meets your needs. Now that you know what the sigil is for, we have to adjust how the sigil is implemented. Where the goal is known, it is custom to psychologically 'be the need' as you cast the spell, visualize the job you need as you stare at the sigil and let the binaural beats do their thing. However once the spell is over, you know that it is done: you must make a sacrifice of your anxiety to the spell. I know it's not easy. Trust in God, trust in the sigil. Let go of the anxiety and this sigil will work!

It has worked for me. I have a job interview next Wednesday and I'm going to nail it! (I did nail it btw)

Here is the 'steady Work' Sigil:





CMG group sigil

Paul Nott



SO MISTI 100th meeting.

By Paul Nott



This is a narrative of an interaction with her, and an example of her purpose. Below this is an explanation of the symbols, theory and creation.

It's a gentle movement at first; like silk sliding around the edges of my awareness. It is a smooth, tickling touch that I recognise immediately. The time is approaching and I feel her stirring.

It's become habit now; lucid perspective shifts to disassociation, my body and environment feel distant and unreal in response to her awakening. She has learned to expect me. I smile as I think about how she has grown, and how she feels comfortable enough to contact me like this.

Detached, I observe myself moving to a quiet space, opening the drawer, picking up a bottle of lavender oil and placing a drop on my index finger. The scent engulfs my senses and guides me; I take a deep breath and put thumb and forefinger together; relishing the oil slick between my fingers, smoothing the roughness.

I sit and allow myself to tumble into the scene; I close my eyes and take a long slow deep breath, as I exhale, darkness, deep and cool, swallows my consciousness.

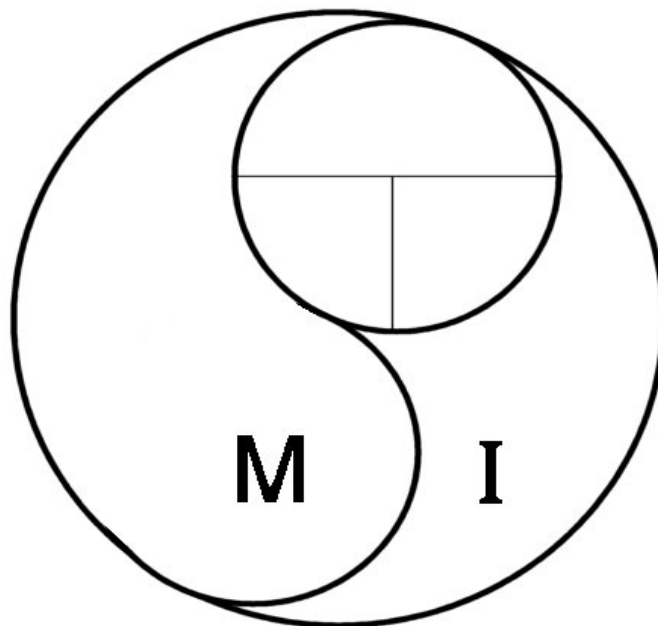
I sink deeper and deeper, like a stone dropped into the ocean. I drift further from physical awareness as a single focus holds my attention. Deeper and darker, down and down.

After a minute of falling deeper, I wait for the signal that I've reached the end, that the required depth has been met. It comes soon, when I stop expecting it; I land on the sea floor in a slow puff of sand. I orient myself and send out my senses to explore my surroundings.

The sand on the floor extends before me for a short distance, occasionally shapes dart past. I feel for her energy and move towards it, enjoying the dark and coolness. I travel for a few moments and sheer vertical cliffs span upwards and tower over me, their scale dwarfing me against the landscape. I look upwards to gauge the height of the cliffs, but the side fades into obscurity far above me.

I reach out to the wall of rock; it's warm, buzzing, and feels alive beneath my fingertips. I can feel her behind it, and I touch her with my mind to assess her mood. Detecting me, she responds like an uncoiling snake, her impatience and excitement flooding our connection and urging me on.

I move along the wall, towards the door that I have used before. As I get closer, I make out the large flat archway that is the entrance; it is the colour of hematite – a silvery black. I approach and, stop to admire her mark upon it. It is her sigil etched into the smooth surface, I run my finger over the familiar grooves; the yin-yang with the top lobe drawn into a circle, my finger moves to the T inside that, the M and the I.



As I complete the sigil, the door cracks down the centre, splitting the sigil. Each half of the door slowly, heavily swings inwards, revealing a softly illuminated tunnel that leads steeply downwards. As I journey deeper, the light slowly shifts between blue and green and purple; it is her presence, now solid and tangible, saturating the space, marking it as hers. Each breath I take I can taste and feel her presence, my throat tingles, my heart quickens; I almost laugh, unsure which of us is feeling this.

My descent ends as the narrow tunnel opens into vast cavern scattered with coloured crystals, columns, and stalagmites; their shadows move, and I catch glimpses of figures amongst them. My attention is quickly diverted elsewhere, to her. She is sitting in the centre, as usual, and I move slowly towards her. She has not looked at me or acknowledged me yet, but the promise of a smile dances on her lips.

The feeling here is unmistakable: this is her place. Her thoughts and feelings are reflected in every facet of it, allowing me to see them plainly and know her. Now that I am here, I can see she is being patient and enjoying my presence. We are both indulging in the expectation of interaction; the tension builds as I get closer to her, neither of us wanting to break it.

Her long tentacles writhe behind her, filling the cavern with a gentle light. The way they move reminds me of a cat's tail, fluid and expressive. As I move closer to her and past the obstructions, I see that she is holding the tray; she is prepared.

She slowly looks up at me, "Welcome back." Her voice is the sound of hundreds of voices speaking in unison from the shadows around us, each slightly out of time and pitch. A tentacle strokes my cheek—it is all light and electricity and energy—and I catch my breath. Her smile widens a little more.

"Yes, thank you for having me here," I sit before her and smile, drinking in her energy. Her hair is dark blue today and rolls down her pale shoulders in loose curls that frame her elvish face. My eyes drift to her loose robe; it echoes the colour of her hair and is fastened with wide gold belt around her waist, her sigil artfully engraved into its center. "Just beautiful," I say without meaning to.

She shifts a little to sit facing me directly; I catch glimpses of her skin as her clothing moves. I can see that she is amused that I thanked her. I created her- she could not, and does not want to, deny me. I wonder briefly myself why I thanked her, exploring my reasons. I make a mental note to include it the next time we have a discussion.

Her tentacles span the huge cavern, swaying restlessly while her body stays still. She raises her face and looks at me with eyes that are purple today. Again, the voice of hundreds speak simultaneously: "What are we doing today?" as she traces the edges of the tray, a slight smile still curving her lips.

She knows, as we usually alternate teaching and sigils; yesterday was teaching. She was politely moving the conversation forward. She is eager.

"A sigil." Another 'her' catches my attention, walking in the half-darkness of the cavern, she smiles at me over her shoulder and disappears into the darkness.

A tentacle curves around my hand and slides up my arm to circle my neck. The touch is electric, and pleasurable; I move slightly into it, savouring the contact, and sigh. She has grown so quickly; gaining her own knowledge and character from the base I gave her. She is independent now. The time I spend teaching her has moved into more advanced and abstract concepts.

"How are you?"

Her attention shifts inwards for a second, recalling memory, evaluating. When she responds, her voice is gentle, almost a whisper but magnified by the multitude, "I am good. I enjoy your visits."

The tentacle around me tightens a little then releases. Was that a hug?

"This is the hundredth time you have visited me," her focus moves back to the sigil I mentioned.

"Well, it should be a special occasion then."

Again she makes eye contact, wondering what that means.

The dogs bark, and I surface momentarily. I open my eyes and look around, close them again, focus on the lavender scent, and the feel of the oil. I return to her.

"I have visited you a hundred times so that you can learn and grow. There will be others, and I wish you to serve them as you serve me. And there may be those who would attempt to twist your purpose or destroy you; this is why I have taught you. I will tell people about you soon, so expect them."

Her memory and emotion go back to that, the light changes again, and the tentacles sway faster, annoyed.

"But it will be fine, you know that."

She calms a little. "Why would people want to do that?"

"Because they were hurt. So the cycle goes." I sigh. "This sigil, let's send it."

She smiles, and nods, just once, almost like a small bow. She raises the tray before me, I stand

up and walk to her. The silver of the tray is cool under my fingertips and edged in delicate filigree that wasn't there before. She is looking up at me, expectantly.

I close my eyes again allowing the scene to drop away, and am momentarily amused at this ritual of stopping imaginary sensory input.

I focus, centre, let go, align. I take a deep breath, drawing in parallel energies; they disperse into my body. I pull energy up from the earth and down from the sky, tapping both. Another deep breath and I am buzzing. Every cell is full and linked to purpose. I shift my awareness to the sigil and clear the space to a single bright edge. There is only this. The cool silver of the tray beneath my fingers heats as I trace the sigil and pour energy into it; like a waterfall channelled into a single point. The world tilts and gives way; I am dizzy and unstable, but push on just a bit more.

I hear her say, "That is enough," on the edges of my consciousness.

I take one last breath while tracing the sigil, pulling more energy in, united and clear it flows into the intent and sigil. It is done. I breathe normally again to rebalance myself and return to awareness. The silver tray is now shining brightly with the sigil, as if it were made of starlight.

Her eyes are closed, and she's breathing heavily. Her body shakes a little. The light from the sigil draws into her, and she shudders, her tentacles thrashing. She makes a sound somewhere between a moan and a sigh. The energy, now glowing, travels from her back and down the tentacles into the darkness.

She is moving the intent and sigil into the spaces between things, each iteration of her applies pressure to different angles, aligning probability from the uncreated space; the unconscious and undefined mist of potential.

I sit down again, tired, and watch her as she works, she is very good at what she does; distributing and moving the energy effortlessly, rapidly and joyfully, this is the feeling of mastery.

Minutes pass, and she regains herself. Slowly she opens her eyes again and blinks a few times. She stands up and stretches, she looks calm and tired. "That was wonderful," she says with a light smile.

I laugh, pleased, "thank you, again."

I stand up and kiss her, allowing my love and appreciation to flow into her. In that embrace I feel the slight pressure of her breasts against me and I hug her tight. Her eyes are green now.

I move to leave, "I will see you again tomorrow," I say, or perhaps it was her that said it.

I started creating this servitor on the 21 November 2013, when the poll was made for the group servitor.

A discussion started briefly about a servitor that makes servitors, and I got to thinking. This idea evolved into a servitor that assists with launching and manifesting sigils.

In the nine months that I have been working with her, she has learned to access and use different currents, depending on the intent of the sigil.

She was created in order to make the world a more magical place; her purpose is to increase the power and effect of magic. Anyone is welcome to use her to this end.

I feel that she is a very valuable tool, and I have really enjoyed this project and put a lot into it.

This project has been very successful so far; she has launched 122 sigils as of today, has become adept with different currents, and is comfortable using the LS.

She is also a network servitor, using her connection of selves to automatically push manifestation from multiple angles, effectively automatically shoaling.

Her multiple iterations expand her influence and allow for quicker and more efficient manifestation; the more spaces she has access to, the greater her ability to assist your magic. .

She serves three purposes;

One is to launch sigils more efficiently.

Two is to inform when the push is enough to meet the expected manifestation.

Three is to manifest the intent more efficiently.

There are a number of ways to use SO MISTI; you can speak to her directly, as I have illustrated in the narrative below.

If you access her sigil mentally, you should easily feel the array of tentacles/ connections spreading outwards.

When doing a sigil working and unable to do the long exercise, you can simply visualise her before you as explained in the narrative below.

She is connected to the scent of lavender, the colours purple, green and blue particularly, and the stone of hematite, these will assist in accessing her. I find her quick to respond simply by saying her name, but I am not sure how others find that yet.

A possible model of use is:

LS (power) -> YOU (intent / sigil) -> SO MISTI (manifestation)

Theory:

SO MISTI is a symbolic representation of our magical ability. She is the anthropomorphised part of us that makes magic happen.

The things that make SO MISTI effective:

She is an external thing, allowing us to detach from the manifestation process – because she is handling it. This is similar to the idea that sigils should be forgotten in that it prevents us from interfering with it after it has been launched. It is an appeal to authority, and the trust you place in her allows you to let go and get out of your own way.

The more SO MISTI is used, the more effective she will become. Each time she is used, she learns how to do that thing, and will subsequently use the things she knows to manifest your desire. As mentioned above, I have already established a foundation of 122 sigils.

SO MISTI serves as an intermediary and translator between you and the subconscious processes that make the magic happen.

She is magic.

Creation and symbols.

A common theme used in the creation of SO MISTI is access to the spaces between things.

I see power as the difference between two opposing structures or ideas.

Magic happens in the uncreated and undefined space that exists between structures. It is in this space that we can manifest our will and exert influence.

SO MISTI is made with the purpose of allowing us access to this inherently illusive space.

Another recurring theme is that of life, growth and creation, with SO MISTI being a representative of this natural force. (or more accurately, being a representative of your own ability to create and being as a manifestation as life itself)

Many more aligned symbols are to be found in the narrative below, as well as an easy and effective meditative induction.

The name “SO MISTI” is an anagram of “mitosis”, and also a reference to mist which is all about obscuring, mysterious and unformed space. Also, I laugh unexpectedly and smile when people go outside, look at the weather and say “It is so misty”.

SO MISTI is a female, which carries connotations of receptivity, birth, intuition, mystery, hidden power, potential and acceptance.

The network structure of SO MISTI also represents our own neural network and connections via the collective unconscious.

The colours of purple, blue and green represent life, death, water, fluidity, sex, intuition, communication, abundance, emotion, compassion, libido – creative desire and so on, these align with her intent.

Lavender is green and purple, is pretty and smells nice but also has a whole lot of effects

which align with the intent, including reducing anxiety which is connected to acceptance and letting go.

The primary sigil contains the golden ratio, which is aligned with the natural process of growth and creation. The sigil also contains the yin yang symbol, which is all about duality and the flow of being from one state to the other, which is manifestation / creation. S & M also kind of happened to be in there unintentionally, but works for purposes of the duality of power and submission, the classical archetypes or force and receptivity, letting go and holding on, etc.

Another simpler sigil was created for ease of use:



This is a sigil mandala created by the wonderful Maryanne Babij, which effectively accesses SO MISTI.



Redundancy:

When a servitor is made available to the public, there is danger of contamination and people being jerks. I have created multiple layers of redundancy and mitigation in preparation.

Also, if you consider that she is a representation of your own subconscious / collective unconscious, it would prevent malevolence.

She does not judge or even care what the intent is of the magic; her only goal is to make it happen. She acts as a conduit for this and allows your intent to pass through her, leaving none behind and therefore preventing contamination.

Aside from that, SO MISTI will never target herself – that is the one limitation to her abilities.

Creation process:

I start with the intent and idea of the servitor to be created, this is a process where the more detail I have, the better. I get a material base that represents qualities of the servitor I intend to create, and find things that align and appeal to the different senses.

I see these things as pieces of a puzzle – the shape of which is the intent of the servitor to be created. The pieces will fit correctly when the right thing is found, so I will see what incorporates.

At this stage we can begin picturing the appearance, the personality and traits of the servitor. I like to take some time with this step and not force it; I will spend most of this time in an altered state of consciousness and the intent will kind of flesh out by itself.

Now I use the energy paradigm because it is useful and versatile, so I will feed and shape aligned with the intent of the servitor.

At this stage I will start interacting with the servitor and explain its purpose and sometimes how to feed itself and so on.

This continues until it is fairly independent and will start showing signs of growth and activity that I did not prompt.

This is also when I take care to correct any strange and un expected behaviours that the servitor may be exhibiting.

There are as many ways to do this as there are practitioners, I am sure.

I use this process because I enjoy it, and even though it takes time and effort, I feel much more connected and involved with the servitor and I find that they last longer this way.

Meditation on death

Paul Nott

You are going to die and it will probably be too soon.

This is inevitable, even though we can ignore it in the comfort of our daily routine and all the stories we get wrapped up with.

You will die, every one of you.

Now, there are two ways to go about this; one being to be upset and anxious and scared - the other being to use it as best you can.

You are going to die, wow, that's pretty powerful stuff.; an end to you, and an end to all of your things, your thoughts, your fears, your hopes, your anger, your past, your resentment, your guilt, your pain, your loneliness, your anxiety, your fear, your relationships, your failures, your successes, your likes and dislikes - all gone. Just like that.

If you really kind of allow yourself to feel this and to let it sink in, it very quickly prioritizes your life. Like a sieve, it quickly separates the substantial from the insubstantial.

If you allow it, you will find that it boils down to using the time you have as effectively as possible. You are going to die.

I see no point in wasting time on constricting stories, why indulge yourself? What are you holding on to that is more important than freedom? Holding on to the hope for revenge, or an apology, or words, or gratification. These are prisons, you are going to die, everyone is going to die. Why waste your time on this?

What is important? Enjoying your life. I can say this because that is the absolute best you can do, that is the first prize. How do you enjoy your life? You create. Create meaningful relationships, create art, create words, create magic, create love, create compassion, create your experiences. Feel.

Help people, they are the same as you, smile, hug, listen free from judgment, understand. It is the temporary nature of things that creates beauty, this will all be gone. Appreciate it, drink it in, squeeze every last drop of joy, of beauty out of it, the good times and the bad. Be present.

This is all you have. Why create a life of sadness? Why create a life tainted by past hurts? No, you don't have to.

This is magic, choose your path - break the shackles of the past; this doesn't have to be a fight, just create something new. Free yourself from your conditioning, find and use your will.

Allow yourself to choose.

Take the chance to love, you have nothing to lose. Don't take yourself too seriously, you are going to die. Have you done enough? Have you lived?

Love, laugh, live. Make the most of what you have, this time that will be gone too soon. Do something with it, it is all you have.

Breathe

Paul Nott

Just breathe now
big deep breaths
slowly
fill your lungs
ok good
keep breathing.

Now, some things I will say may not make sense
but don't worry about that, just keep focused on your breath
What that is, is talking to the subconscious directly
sometimes in order to do that effectively, we need to confuse the normal mind a little, which
opens up a space

Now, as you breathe, I would like you to pay attention to the feeling of breathing
feel the air on your nose as you inhale
feel your chest expanding
feel the air that you breathe moving through you
Just become aware of the sensations of breathing
it is a very natural thing - easy and effortless
completely relaxing and comfortable.

There is no need to even think about it
it just happens by itself and you can just observe, watching and feeling
it is the most natural and easy thing in the world, just breathing
like the tides, your breath comes in and out
like day and night, light and dark
we exist in the space between these opposites
just briefly touching either side, to swing back to the other
like a pendulum

this is the rhythm of nature
this is the way the universe is
light to dark, hot to cold, inhale, exhale.
this is you moving with the universe
with each each breath you take, you can feel this
Your lungs expand and contract
even as a heart beats, contract, expand
it is the music of life

you are alive, watching your body breathe effortlessly - air coming in and out, just so perfectly
like the waves of the ocean, a pendulum swinging, the seasons, the wind blowing, water
flowing, rain and evaporation.

As you watch your breathing, you may start to feel in tune with these natural rhythms, you are
the same.

this natural dance, you are in step
I want you to imagine now, picture yourself

and what is going to happen is that with each breath you take, you will feel more and more aligned
each breath you take, you will feel more calm, relaxed, secure
now I want you to image that you drop labels of yourself
your gender, drop it
your age, drop it
your name
your job
the way you look
your relationships, your fears, your past
just allow them to fall away like leaves from a tree
and what you will find is that with each label that you drop, you reclaim that energy
you reclaim that space and power that you were giving to that idea
and what you will find is that you feel lighter
expansive, vast
like a great weight has been lifted from you
before everything was so much effort, being all these things
but
the universe is effortless
the tree does not struggle to grow
water does not struggle to flow
and you, are the universe
the air that you breathe
you are the breath and the breather
you are life itself
you are the universe, there is nothing to fear
the wind does not struggle to blow
you are the day and the night
life and death
hot and cold
you are the movement between these things
you are the universe in motion
you can feel it and know it with every breath
with every heartbeat
you know this inside, you can feel this resonating
exactly
good
you see, this is the source
what happens is that this is where we start and life happens
and it adds on all sorts of nonsense
and we lose that feeling, that freedom and effortlessness
but we can always go back,
like a a river
you can throw all sorts of garbage into it
but if you go to the source, it will be clear and cool

Meditation on Love

Love has a bad rap; there are many people who have been hurt and avoid it at all costs, to prevent being hurt again.

It really does hurt, and we have all felt it. It is the kind of hurt that cuts to the core of our being and unsettles the foundation of self.

This happens when we are open to love, when we offer our self in some form to another person, and are rejected. Usually the idea is that if they see you, really see you, they will like you. And if they like you, it means you are good and worth love and attention and good things.

And of course, the rejection means that you are not good enough, even the parts that you trusted them with; your vulnerability and secrets and hopes and fears.

Now this rejection is not always a straight forward clean cut thing, it can start off as an acceptance, but slowly slide into something else. There are of course many variations on how this can happen, and it can happen in any close relationship, not necessarily a romantic one.

The first type of exchange of this nature happens when we are very young, with our parents, and does not always go well. This is the foundation for our interaction with love; love and the understanding of self worth are linked in this way.

I have had many clients that under hypnosis have traced their alcohol or abuse, recurring relationship problems, low self-esteem, depression, anxiety and more to the time when they were very young and perceived a rejection by their parents. Many take a hard stance to this common problem and try to will it away, ignore it or act hard enough to convince themselves and others that they are strong enough to not this validation.

Mostly though, we strive to appear smarter, more knowledgeable, more skilful, more attractive or successful than others in order to be respected and seen as valuable. This is unhealthy and leads to other problems; no matter how much money, popularity, sex or drugs you throw at this, it does not go away – the goalposts move and as you reach each milestone, it quickly becomes irrelevant as you start moving towards the next goal.

Often a person will validate the way they were treated when they were young and “prove” that their parents were right, by repeatedly nearly being happy, and then things fall apart. This is when a person is deeply programmed to believe that they are unlovable, not worth it, and so on.

Or the person learns to stay in the background and adjust their expectations, champion solitude and often be bitter at those that crave the attention. This of course is also unhealthy and can lead to problems with relationships, social things, motivation, and such.

The way people subconsciously sabotage their own lives is magic, it is subtle, hidden from perception and powerful.

A good metaphor for this is like swimming against the tide, which is the subconscious; a person can work furiously to quit smoking, lose weight, stop drugs, and have a good relationship or whatever. Sometimes, it even comes together for a while and soon they feel

uncomfortable, predicting the inevitable demise of this good fortune. We see some people that just appear to dance effortlessly through life; money and love seem drawn to them; the current of their subconscious flows in that direction.

The problem is that people, at a young age have been taught that their worth is conditional. Before the age of seven or so, people do not have an established critical faculty that can judge incoming information – this combined with parents being authority figures that we rely on for survival, allows deep imprinting on the subconscious. Often love or acceptance is connected to anxiety on a very primal level, as in some cases we perceived real danger as children.

The mind is remarkably good at making connections, but unfortunately, in many cases the connection is not a valid representation of reality. Subconsciously, if being vulnerable and allowing people in has been connected to a very real feeling of danger, people will often retain this connection for life.

We learn about love and relationships from our parents, and often subconsciously recreate our relationships according to what we saw as children and the relationship we had with our parents.

So it is no wonder that love is seen as dangerous and a foolish waste of time. Offering vulnerability are the highest stakes; our true self is on the line to be judged. It would seem foolish to repeat this once you have been hurt.

I have found there to be a difference in types of love, and confusion between them. Eros or Venus (romantic love, and a more sexual love) and Agape (unconditional love), there are more, but for this conversation these are the ones we will be looking at.

I use Agape a lot in my magical work, and have worked hard to cultivate and understand it. When people say love is terrible and should be avoided, this is always very surprising to me, because the word “love” in my mind is this Agape, which is often not what people mean when they say “love”. Eros and Agape do overlap in some ways, but are vastly different in others.

Eros is a dangerous love; it is passionate, inspiring, and powerful, it creates a deep hunger for the object of affection. Where the danger comes in here is that often we look to our relationships for validation and acceptance, this takes our happiness out of our hands and makes it conditional upon the action of the person we are in the relationship with. This is a very easy thing to do, especially after being caught up in the new relationship energy, the narcotic wave of feelings that accompany being in love with a person.

The hurt that comes from this going bad is a terrible thing, the pain cuts right to the core and we feel alone, truly as if there is nothing that could replace this. The feeling is that we have lost a piece of ourselves, and it aches – a heavy weight in our gut.

Sometimes it even touches on the anxiety we experienced when we were young. Anyway, avoiding this pain is paramount, so we become vigilant in our relationships and with our heart; any sign of danger or threat to this is felt as a direct attack on the most vulnerable part of you. Jealousy, control, manipulation, lying, games and spying happen to ensure the safety of our vulnerable hearts, to prevent that terrible pain.

This stops being love, and often ends badly.

We are told and shown, thousands of times since we are children that there is a person who will love you, despite your flaws and darkness, despite the fact that you are broken and insecure. This person will make you the most important thing in their life and you will finally get the acceptance that you have been looking for, and everything will be fine.

The thing is, this person is also broken; you will fight, they are human and insecure and will not fit perfectly into this image you have. Relationships need to be more than a constant test of their love, acceptance and complete devotion, chasing away your insecurity all the time gets tiring after a while.

And of course, if and when it fails, you will see it in a way that will reinforce again the sub-conscious programming that you have.

Eros is not bad, nor should it be avoided; thought it is a powerful current that takes a lot of will to work with. Eros is dangerous because it is able to alter perception and thinking so easily; it feels wonderful to get caught up in it and allow ourselves to be carried away.

A problem is that eros is what people think of as love, without realising that this is not the only thing.

Then, after being hurt, people avoid love for fear of being hurt again. Seeing love as eros only, limits a person and allows them to be trapped in that fearful space.

Agape is a different thing in that it unconditional, it requires no action, property, exchange or bargain to happen. This love is not nearly as fierce or passionate as Eros is, and may be mistaken for not being love at all. This is not the love we see in movies or read about in books, this is not the love that causes obsession and ownership.

It is the love that accepts all your flaws and strengths though, it is acceptance.

My own mystical experiences have allowed me to feel agape on a wider scale; unity with God or the universe. This feels like a complete lack of judgement, a complete appreciation and deep love. Because of these experiences and my work with this current, I understand god to be love, these concepts are synonymous to me.

Love is also about vulnerability, in order to accept (love) others and ourselves, we need to understand that people are flawed, and hurt. Acceptance is love and the opposite of judgment.

This can be very difficult accepting others and ourselves, problems and all.

Being genuine and honest about yourself, and in interaction with others is a brave thing to do, and can only really happen when judgment stops. Being genuine about yourself as much as possible, builds the foundation of self-knowledge and self-love.

Stopping judgment is easy when a perspective is taken that sees people as living out their own stories, understanding, perceptions and influences from their past, because that is what we are all doing. Accepting a person and loving them does not mean that you should

choose to be with them necessarily. When a person is destructive or abusive, accepting them means understanding why they do what they do, and accepting that this behaviour is a part of them. Sometimes in this situation, the greatest way to show love for yourself and them is to not be around them.

I see now that love is also a destructive force; it shows us where we give away our power and look to others to fill the void in our hearts. Love grinds away at our rough edges, at our insecurity and need. It is painful, but if we learn and are brave enough, the end result is agape.

Expectations end up in pain, looking for validation from others ends up in pain, putting our happiness in the hands of our partner ends up in pain.

The only answer I can see is to not need a person, sure want them, but when you need someone, it is basing the relationship on a weak foundation.

Enjoy your time with them, deeply, be present, love as much as you can. But do not expect anything (aside from a basic level of respect and decency), because that will disappoint and is placing your own happiness in their hands.

Relationships and love are often based on ego – we seek validation and acceptance from a person who is worth something in our eyes. Ego is intrinsically insecure and lacking, protecting our hearts.

“Your task is not to seek for love, but merely to seek and find all the barriers within yourself that you have built against it.”

-Rumi

“Don’t forget love;
it will bring all the madness you need
to unfurl yourself across
the universe.”

-Mirabai

“You have within you more love than you could ever understand.”

-Rumi

“Remember, we are all affecting the world every moment, whether we mean to or not. Our actions and states of mind matter, because we’re so deeply interconnected with one another. Working on our own consciousness is the most important thing that we are doing at any moment, and being love is the supreme creative act.”

- Ram Dass

“Heaven is a state of being, it is a state of love. When you are full of hate you are in hell,

when you are overflowing with love you are in heaven.”

- Osho

“As soon as you honor the present moment, all unhappiness and struggle dissolve, and life begins to flow with joy and ease. When you act out of the present-moment awareness, whatever you do becomes imbued with a sense of quality, care, and love—even the most simple action.”

- Eckhart Tolle

“Only the free mind knows what Love is.”

- Jiddu Krishnamurti

““If you want to see the brave, look at those who can forgive. If you want to see the heroic, look at those who can love in return for hatred.””

- Krishna Dharma

In division is the knowledge of love.

'A man becomes a Buddha the moment he accepts all that life brings with gratitude.' Osho

“Increase and widen your desires till nothing but reality can fulfil them. It is not desire that is wrong, but its narrowness and smallness. Desire is devotion. By all means be devoted to the real, the infinite, the eternal heart of being. Transform desire into love. All you want is to be happy. All your desires, whatever they may be, are expressions of your longing for happiness. Basically, you wish yourself well.”

- Sri Nisargadatta Maharaj

“There is no intensity of love or feeling that does not involve the risk of crippling hurt. It is a duty to take this risk, to love and feel without defense or reserve.” - William Burroughs

"A purpose of human life, no matter who is controlling it, is to love whoever is around to be loved."

-Kurt Vonnegut

“You must love in such a way that the person you love feels free.”

Thich Nhat Hanh

I belong to no religion.

My religion is Love.

Every heart is my temple.

Rumi

'For small creatures such as we, the vastness is bearable only through love.' Carl Sagan

Love is the bridge between you and everything.

Rumi

Of course, when there is total surrender, complete relinquishment of all concern with one's past, presents and future, with one's physical and spiritual security and standing, a new life dawns, full of love and beauty; then the Master is not important, for the disciple has broken the shell of self-defense. Complete self-surrender by itself is liberation."

~ Nisargadatta Maharaj

"You are loved just for being who you are, just for existing. You don't have to do anything to earn it. Your shortcomings, your lack of self-esteem, physical perfection, or social and economic success - none of that matters. No one can take this love away from you, and it will always be here."

- Ram Dass

To love is to reach God.

Rumi

Be true to Love, do not betray her. Then, on the day that the forest of the mind bursts into flames, you will not run.

You will remain silent and still; for this is when Love bears her sweetest fruit—untouched Presence.

~ Mooji

Upon discovering truth,
the natural love one has for oneself
expands until it encompasses the whole world.

This Love removes the ego.

~ Mooji

How

Did the rose

Ever open its heart

And give to this world

All its

Beauty?

It felt the encouragement of light

Against its

Being,

It felt love.

Otherwise,

We all remain

Too

Frightened.

~Hafiz



Fifi Van Linden Toll

Matthew Sonnie



Chaos never died

Matthew Sonnie

I think my exposure to Chaos as a theory rather than a way of life can be attributed to Michael Crichton for his character Ian Malcolm, the Chaos scientist in "Jurassic Park". I was enough of a dork to actually read the book before they even started filming the movie. Dork power activate! Form of some nerdy kid who actually read things. My interest in Chaos Theory sparked by this character even caused me to look for related books on the topic. When I went to the library one time, boy was I disappointed when all I saw was a bunch of math and scientific jargon.

"This is bullshit, where's the fucking dinosaurs!?" I recall myself asking in much more adult language than I probably used then.

Though I was allowed by my parents to curse occasionally and both of them said

"Fuck" and,

"Shit" in front of me on many occasions. I did then and do now appreciate their candor and license in raising me, real recognize real.

The second source is slightly less direct but has been a rather potent portent of my path in life in a literal and metaphorical sense. This was in the form of a sticker which used to belong to a friend of mine but which I clandestinely borrowed and never returned. Sorry Tammy! It was a sticker that said in large black bold script,

"CHAOS NEVER DIED"

This was decades before I discovered the source of that quote and became at all involved in the strange mind fuck of prosaic alchemy that is Hakim Bey's "T.A.Z, Ontological Anarchy, Poetic Terrorism" from whence that quote derives. The statement of,

"CHAOS NEVER DIED"

Struck me as inherently true and for me related back to the Michael Crichton character and the little I knew of Chaos Theory itself. It spoke to me a truth about the order of society all around me I was a part of and yet felt very distinct from. Beyond that though there was something much deeper about it that was partially triggered every time I would read those words. Something far back into my childhood before I even formed clear memories in the direct linear sense.

I was a wild child, the Chaos was strong in me. I was not successfully "potty trained" within the "normal" timelines of childhood. I was once caught by my father opening the vulva of the beloved family dog, and all I remember is a vague recollection of wondering what was inside and "where the puppies come from". I also dissected insects to try and understand their physiology, I remember being very confused about why they would not fit back together again. I also remember a vague confusion about being told what I was doing to the insects and our pets was "wrong" yet we would eat various dismembered pieces of animals and plants at dinnertime.

I was extremely curious about nearly everything around me, wondering at how it worked and why it worked that way. I was very easily self-entertained and so in my parents busy lives I would often be left alone to pursue my strange interests. It was nearly always the Meta, the within and between of things, I wanted to know more about. I remember always being fascinated by crawl spaces, attics and basements, wondering what was inside the ceilings

walls and floors of the places I lived.

I lived almost wholly in a world of my own imaginary making, nothing was ever made up of just its visible physical parts. The creeks I played in, the fields I ran in, the forests I explored were all magical enchanted places where the elementals and the faeries ruled. I was more at home frolicking in their kingdom than I ever was back in the adult world, of school schedules and bedtimes, things I had to eat and shower time. I took this assault upon my imaginative world very personally, I instinctively understood that I had every right to interact with my world as I saw fit.

This was of course before I knew anything about cognitive liberty, reality tunnels, general semantics, or the philosophy or science of perception. I was tuned into the symbol system behind language, that "Logos" where information exists not in English but in roiling curling enfolded patterns of light and sound. I didn't know what it was, I had no theory or methodology for interaction with it, what I did have was a raw reaction to its immensity and profundity.

Somehow by my intuitive reaction with this mode or zone of thought and existence I was able to understand many parts of myself and others around me. I could feel others emotions and watch thoughts bubble out of the light and sound which became words and even action. This was related to me mostly by my mother, also from my own moments of clarity within my memory of this time, who tells me stories of strange interactions with adults where I held forth on topics and informed them of things which I had no reasonable reasons for knowing about. In terms of modern popular culture I was one weird little dude. In the language of Leary's Eight Circuit theory, I was operating in the sixth, the neurogenetic, and seventh, the metaprogramming, circuits. In terms of Jungian theory I was interacting with the collective unconscious, experiencing the archetypical protoconsciousness. In Freudian terms I was experiencing the oceanic effect of the subconscious typical of early brain development. In terms of the Lakota and Hopi tradition(among others) I was a member of the Rainbow Tribe, ancient warriors returning to bring peace and justice to a world badly in need of it. In Aboriginal terms I was travelling in the Dreamtime, experiencing the dreams of myself and my ancestors. In terms of Buddhist theory I was experiencing the Buddha mind, beyond all single perspectives of reality. In terms of the Gaia Hypothesis, I was experiencing the consciousness of the living Bios. In New Age terms I was an Indigo child, an ancient soul returned to Earth to spread the prophecies of rainbows and unicorns. In esoteric terms I was slipping beyond the veil laid over this reality and entering the Divine realm. In the terms of monotheistic religion I was talking to this God fellow, which in Orthodox Monotheism of course only the anointed and the priest class can do.

This list of competing theories can go on and on ad infinitum, in the throes of our modern information glut, old ones are being dug up and new variations are being created daily. Now I must be honest, as I developed my own perspective and trained my mind I went through periods where each of these seemed just as plausible and as "real" as all the others. I went through periods of belief bordering on zealotry with nearly all of these concepts, where I would convince myself and attempt to convince others they were entirely believable. Through all of it there was always this voice back in the depths of "me" that would ask, "is that so? What else can you show me?" I would never be satisfied by any of these perspectives for long I would keep digging searching and recontextualizing information no matter how sure I was about any of these perspectives.

As I grew older I of course forgot about much of the strangeness I had experienced as a child. It was washed from my consciousness as the programming of the biological robot and the social robot began to operate fully and become the center focus of my reality tunnel. Even when I was at my most normative and conformative levels of thinking and acting there was always this kernel of rebellion and iconoclasm operating in my consciousness. I never really fit in with any cliques in school, I had too many different aspects to my personality and experience to wholly embrace any particular ethos of the different groups in any part of my school years.

When I was seventeen I had what I think of as my first awakening experience from the reaction and compliance of the robotic life. Much of this I think was triggered by the death of my best friend at the time. My friend Charlie was an eye opening experience for me in many ways, he was like me enamored of the particular sociological phenomenon being marketed to poor youth of all races at the time and still to this day in a different way, that of the "gangsta" culture. We thought we were tough rebels who lived life by our own rules, a complete analogy of the "biker" culture which preceded it.

But I digress, my friend Charlie came from an even more disassociated family setting than my own, his mother was an unstable alcoholic and addict who would get very unpredictable especially when she was out of money after a binge on whatever particular chemical cocktail she had made for herself. Often my friend Charlie would come stay with us during her worst periods, and these became so frequent that my mother and I had actually discussed her adopting him legally.

So when, after a particularly ugly disagreement with his mother Charlie stole his mother's car and went out and got particularly wasted with some friends, then crashed her car killing himself and injuring the other passengers, it really affected me deeply. I did not react much when my brother, a police officer, came over to inform my mother and I of what had happened. I did not weep and rend my clothing, I already wore black most of the time so that did not change either. There were few outward signs of what was happening inside of me. What it seems to me now though, is that my entire understanding of life was changing. I blamed Charlie's mother for his death and yet idolized my own, so these competing signals about right and wrong swirled around in my head endlessly. I had lived in a world previously where the death of your best friend happened only to other people, not to me, I was young and invincible. Wasn't I? If I was wrong about that, what else was I not seeing?

Chaos in many forms started roiling about in my mind. Questions with no definitive answers started pounding a drum in my head that kept me awake and awoke me in the middle of the night as my neurons danced in outrage and wonder at all the things I did not know. Shit got intense, I was becoming an insomniac, I was having very strange dreams and nightmares that wouldn't entirely go away when I woke up. Figments and fragments of my dreams would haunt me during the day, as I lost grip on my "normal waking consciousness". After a few weeks(maybe days or months, I don't recall exactly, I was literally losing touch with linear space/time) of this "my mind" was constantly racing, trying to "smash and grab" answers from my left brain while running from the pervasive imagery flowing in from my right brain. I was a total fucking mess. To this day I remain convinced that poetry saved my life.

Writing down my thoughts seemed to help make them subside into a more coherent intelligible form. Likewise expressing the images I was seeing in my mind's eye seemed to make them less oppressive and all powerful. It did not happen immediately it was a gradual

process as I learned to organize and form them into something which made some sense to my rational mind and was pleasing to my sense of aesthetics. I would wake up in the middle of the night with all these patterns and symbols, feelings and ideas flowing through me. Instead of just lying there trying to make them go away I started expressing them. This expression led me to find others who were writing and expressing these inner picture symbols through various forms of "exoteric" art. These relationships brought me into contact with people and books which started giving me glimpses into the theory and the practice of many different forms of the "esoteric" arts.

I think it is safe to say I did not come upon the concept of "Chaos Magick" through any of its "normal" routes. I have still only read chapters excerpts and references to most of what is considered "Chaos Literature". It is not that I am not interested, it is mostly that I have only recently come to recognize parts of my inner and outer work as what others refer to as "Chaos Magick". I have only come to that realization by trying to write about how and why I think and act the way I do. In trying to relate and inform (that horrible sin of cultural validation) my thinking relative to preexisting schools of thought practice and experiment I have done an enormous, seemingly never ending amount of research on various subjects.

One of these subjects was looking into what existing "School of Magic" my current theory methodology and practice best fits into so as to include an overview of it in my book. The many hours of writing and research for my book has led me to you dear reader. I am still writing this book and perhaps you are reading a part of it now. I have not yet decided if I will include this, it seems highly relevant and in trying to explain why I sometimes think of myself as such a silly concept as a "Chaos Mage" I have focused on parts of my life and myself I have not ever written about in such a direct candid way.

"Jesus Christ will this guy ever shut the fuck up?" I seem to hear some of you wondering. The answer is of course unknown, since no matter what the astrologers and diviners think, none of us really knows what the future holds, even those of us who have been there. Are you there now? Maybe, depends on your perspective, the way I tend to look at it we are all naturally living in what we now call the past present and future, it is being able to focus your awareness to peer into these supposed divisions that is just a tiny part of what is called Magic. For that matter peering past the imposed delineations of what is self and other has much to do with it as well.

To me Magic is life, and more specifically the unknown unnamed field of energy which has been called by many names throughout the many millennia of our existence, some recent favorite nicknames are Aether, Orgone and Higgs-Boson. They are all equally correct and yet thoroughly incomplete, "That which can be named, is not that which is" To paraphrase almost every sage and religious nut from the last several thousand years. I find this to be true, "The map is not the territory" as dear old Bob was fond of quoting from Alfred Habdank Skarbek Korzybski, one of the luminaries of that very metaphysical science called General Semantics. "So if these Religious nuts are speaking truth, then why are you calling them religious nuts?" I imagine, most self servingly, you wondering.

"Whither goest thee and why for o self justifying first person narrative?" I sarcastically ask myself in reply to my own imagined query.

"Dude, hella meta..." I declare sardonically as I cease my metanarrative and return to my quasi-point affixed as the main focus of my intents and purposes for writing this whole goddam thing.

What makes a religious nut a religious nut is not that they do not have a relationship to truth or even a relationship with whatever it is they refer to as God. It is most certainly certainty that defines a true religious nut. This means that a religious nut believes and has faith that only his god is the real god and that his method of invocation and related superstition is literally true and the only way of contact with the real God, all else is delusion or deception by "the dark ones". This is not just in Monotheism this is true, though one must note their missionary zeal and willingness to destroy others in the name of their God is quite next level, this is in all theistic practices that are based on a certain fixed deity or set of deities.

The reason I declare them to be nuts is that nobody knows for sure what the hell is going on! Nobody knows for sure how life started or how life ends, if life can ever be said to end, what the point of our existence even is, who or what anything can really be said to be, nobody at all can say with any certainty what reality is!!! Any view, text, aphorism, teaching, or practice can only ever catch a glimpse of what this massive living universe is really about. The more certain someone is that they know these things or that their view of these things is more true than someone else's the narrower their view of that living universe is. So that means that yes any particular religion can be "right" and "wrong" simultaneously. No matter how "right" their map of the territory can be said to be it is still just a map not the territory.

We live in a living universe where the only two absolute constants are change aka CHAOS and order aka EROS. These two constants are not opposed, it is not even dualistic the way that I see it because they are entirely complementary, that is in constant dialectic flux, simultaneously existing in Thesis, Antithesis, and Synthesis. Yes this is very similar to many ancient ideas on the matter, the most well known of which is probably Yin and Yang, forming together the Chinese symbol, Tao. Yes there are many other corollaries, no, don't be afraid, I'm not going to start listing them all. These two principles are maps in themselves of a territory which can hardly be defined by any kind of language or symbol set.

"It is what it is."

So this concept of not being certain, thus not clearly defining, yet still experiencing and learning to interact with all the fields of energies that make up our existence is to me what the heart of "Chaos Magick" is about. We do not need to hesitate in uncertainty because one cannot specifically define our maps or our territory, we can get off of our collective asses and explore! Go find out! Don't be afraid to be enthusiastic about what you find either, observe and recognize the patterns, examine what works and what doesn't, make theories about why it does or does not work. Formulate your best working theory methodology and praxis, be entirely rigid if that helps you, be entirely spontaneous if that helps you. Just don't be certain!



Mark Gregson

Victor De Miutan



AUTOSIGILIZATION

Victor De Miutan

A logical reduction of sigilization into pure intention.

I. ARTIFICIAL SYMBOLS

Symbol: an object that represents, stands for, or suggests an idea, visual image, belief, action, or material entity. Symbols take the form of words, sounds, gestures, or visual images and are used to convey ideas and beliefs. For example, a red octagon may be a symbol for "STOP". On a map, a picture of a tent might represent a campsite. Numerals are symbols for numbers. Personal names are symbols representing individuals. A red rose symbolizes love and compassion. (Wikipedia)

Therefore a symbol is both a *signifier* (sign) and the *signified* (meaning), and by assigning meaning to a sign you obtain a symbol.

Sigils are symbols; sign (usually drawing) plus meaning (intention). In the classic way, the sign is obtained by the manipulation of the visual representation of the meaning (the letters that form the phrase that describes the intention). By doing this, one attaches the meaning to the sign (decides that this means that), thus creating the symbol.

II. HOW TO DECIDE

Belief as a tool

How to use a belief

Act on it. Just do it. Believing in the belief you want to use is not necessary to act on it. If I decide to use the Christian belief, I'll go to church even if I consider myself an atheist. You do what you believe. You don't do what you don't believe.
Acting = believing

How to become anything

Fake it 'til you make it. To achieve authenticity through imitation.

Pavlov's Dog. To achieve authenticity through repetition.

FOR GOD'S SAKE, IMAGINE THE FEEL OF IT!

I define myself as an atheist. I decide to use the Christian belief. I go to church, even if I don't believe the Catholic God exists. I sit there and make all the rituals, imagining in me how those people around me feel when doing this. I repeat until I understand/acquire the experience, so it emerges automatically. No more imitation is needed.

III. The Amazon Feeling

You open the Amazon webpage, buy a product and wait for it to arrive. You're sure it will arrive. You think of what you'll do with the product when it arrives.

You feel like you already have it, but in expectation of it to arrive.

That's the feeling useful to have after "launching" a sigil.

IV. Intention = future experience you want to experience.

Simple sigilization process

Choose an intention; that's the meaning. ("Think of something that you want to occur")

Make a glyph; that's the sign. ("Combine the letters to form a drawing")

Decide that the sign means the meaning. (You already did, by actually drawing the sign from the visual representation of the letters. Acting = believing)

Go "charge" it. Do something in the belief that the intention will occur for sure. That's normally the "gnosis" part. (again, acting= believing)

Wait for results. Feel the Amazon Feeling.

VI. See yourself in this moment.

Imagine yourself in the moment you have what you want.

Now, there's a temporal line from now to that moment. To follow it and thus reach that moment, act on the belief you'll experience that moment. To deviate from it and thus reach different moments, act on different beliefs.

INSERT –

Look at you now. Now, remember yourself from the future: imagine yourself in the moment and place your wish is fulfilled. Imagine the feeling of it. Now, understand that there's a straight temporal line from you-in-this-moment and you-having-what-you-want. Now, understand that you can't act against the belief of being in the way to you-having-what-you-want... or you'll end up in the (infinite less one) possibilities of not having what you want. Think you can. Thinking you can't, makes you can't. But even if you think you can't, do it. Act thinking you'll have it, and you'll have it. Act thinking you'll not have it, and you'll not have it.

V. THE 'THIS-MEANS-THAT' LADDER

Take a drawing. Decide that it means something you want to occur. Act on the belief it will occur.

Imagine something. Decide that it means something you want to occur. Act on the belief it will occur.

Do a dance. Decide that it means something you want to occur. Dancing it means that something occurs.

Decide that reading this phrase means that something you want to occur will occur. Feel like

you just acquired it. Wait for it until it arrives. Act on the belief it will arrive until it arrives. Decide that anything you experience between now and the moment when something you desire will occur means that you will experience your desire.

Decide that everything that happens from now to the moment you get what you want means that you'll get what you want. Act on this belief until you get what you want.



Rachel Knief

Roshi Ferox



Untutored Musings on the Nature of Chaos

Roshi Ferox

So it seems that even in a purely "chaotic" system, there is still room for ordered events because order does not simply "impose" itself upon chaos. Does it just take two or more units of chaos and make them into a separate event or systemic pattern? Does an ordered event have to have a predictable or quantifiable quality before it can be separated from the rest of the chaos-flux?

It seems to me that thinking of Chaos and Order as being opposites is restrictive and misleading. They are not opposites; although they can take an oppositional parameter or two, that's too simplistic and misleading. They seem to be both complimentary and oppositional; or maybe even interchangeable within any given system.

Coming at it from the other side, a purely Ordered system seems possible to recreate itself using predictable mathematical patterns that will never deviate into a chaotic system, because there's no room for deviation within its ordered sequences. If a single unit of chaos, or chaos, were to be introduced to this ordered system, it's inevitable that the ordered system must at some point, return to a state I nearly (wrongly) called Chaos.

The word I was looking for was "confusion". *Con Fuse*, the alloying of two or more elements, into a cohesive new state.

Chaos being chaos, and a blind, ever changing fluid of unpredictable nature, turns out to contain the seeds of Order within its parameters after all. So Chaos, plus order, (or the inevitable emergence of an ordered sequence) is actually a "confusion" rather than an absolute theoretical pureness.

So in the beginning, there was Chaos, and from chaos, sprang the first ordered sequence (like an idea). Then it began to try and define itself as separate, (because that's order's primary function) thereby creating an event of "Con-fusion"; which is where we seem to be existing for a large part of our time- like a kind of regulatory, or monitoring conduit, between the two confused parts. (Obviously confused, because we can see it's not surely one thing, nor the other, yet clearly, both of those things at the same time.) One, Two, I know Con-Fu!

So, a chaotic system can contain ordered components, and still be a chaotic system. The Ordered bits don't even have to be imposed upon, or introduced to the chaos, they can be generated from within.

A system that is Ordered cannot sustain itself if an element of chaos is introduced. It slowly becomes the whole dynamic until there is nothing more than a chaotic system, with the potential for order contained within. Until a pattern finding agent (us, as observers) is included from the start, there is nothing but chaos.

When a pattern emerges, there is Order (but also, the rest of the chaos still). This is the place of stillness, before the birth of Con-fusion. Which means, according to Schroedinger (as far as I understand him), that the perception of the observer has a very real and quantifiable effect upon any observed experiment.

So, unless we see that first ordered sequence, or event, emerging from the chaos, then it's pretty much all noises on the wind; ultimately meaningless, except as a tool for explaining why we're so confused, unless we have a pattern or a rhythm to hang our perceptive process out on. I dare say we're missing a bloody great chunk of the picture anyway.

Our (or mine, at least) understanding of patterns and wavelengths and how they roll over our senses is pretty limited. We are aware of patterns instinctually and intuitively, but we are only paddling in the shallows of the ocean when it comes to understanding how it all fits together, and which parts we actually get to work with.

We've only just scratched the surface of vibrational harmonics and frequency dynamics. Quantum is getting bigger (or is it smaller?) all the time to cope with the pressure of us over-tightening the bolts that help us keep a lid on Physics.

All the time we are learning more about everything else. Two hundred years ago, I think we were still in that "Four Humuors" healthcare plan. Now we've got fully-comp insurance schemes, X-Rays, CAT Scans, Multi Resonance Imaging Systems, Stem cells, Neuro-linguistic programming and the Bugatti Veyron; but will it make us happy? Probably, yes, for a time; then we'll descend back into flinging our own excrement around at each other.

So what do we have at the moment? Some small, working understanding of Order, and Chaos. The two meet in our perception (or rather, they are formally introduced to one another by our perception), and this creates a duality.

Then, when we compare the parts of the duality in relation to each other, we create a "confusion" (or I do, at least; I'm confused now). That's probably why nobody can agree on the details, because this confusion now has three components: Order, Chaos, and the perception of a clever monkey who thinks he's still observing a duality, leading to some hilarious conclusions.

Due to this "confusion" of the "duality" thing, these things tend to get seen as oppositional and antagonistic, rather than part of the original Flux condition that existed before we introduced Order to Chaos. The confusion gets more and more complex the more we examine it; so lets play with it just a little bit more.

Theoretically, if you take a jar with two layers of coloured sand (red on top, and white underneath), then you shake it up so all the sand is mixed together, you will soon get a uniformly pinkish jar of sand. That's not too difficult an empirical result to produce time after time. But if you keep shaking it, and shaking it, there is a chance that all those grains of sand will, at some point, fall with all the white grains of sand at the bottom, and all the red grains of

sand on top. Again.

Admittedly, it's not very big chance, but it does exist. So if you want a more up to date model of the Universe than Newton's, this must be taken into account. In a Universe that is basically a Chaotic system encompassing a few ordered, fluid, quantifiable elements, every dynamic available must be taken into account in order to get the most accurate view. You can't just omit a possibility because it doesn't fit Newton's second Law of Thermodynamics- a truly empirical mind will try to improve our understanding of this Law, rather than pretend the Universe is something less than it is.

However that's more than far enough to take it out of my powers of understanding. Either way, we are never going to see the sand fall in those layers again. But to categorically state that it is impossible, that it can never happen, is wrong.

According to the Laws of Probability, it is a possibility. This means that it not only could happen, but at some point, it will happen, or has already happened; or is happening right now. That it perpetually exists in all three states, at every given moment, as a field of probability kind of takes it into the realms of science fiction.

All it means is that because we've taken the bits we *can* understand (the ordered sequences) as far as we can, then we must look at the elements we have yet to fully understand, and try to discern some new pattern we can thrash some sequence or other out of.

The obvious weak link in our working the mathematics of this scenario, is our definition and calibration of the "any given moment" part. Our perception of time, as the fourth dimension, seems to be utterly dependent on activity levels within each of our central nervous systems; and therefore, entirely subjective on a natural human perceptive level.

We also have instruments to measure it's passing- clocks that, in the past 5000 years, have gone from being accurate from one lunar month to the next, to one sub-atomic particle's infinitesimal lifespan. What have we learned about time then, that is new and baffling? That the *only* thing that affects it's rate of passing, according to our technological levels of understanding, is somehow, gravity!

This just beautifully validates our own time held perceptive process of how time passes slowly, seeming to drag on in moments of personal gravity, but seems to pass much, much quicker in times of levity and enjoyment.

I'm just rambling on now, and the holes in my rather limited understanding of the actual physics behind any of this are getting bigger and bigger, so I'm just going to stop here for now before I slip through into my own intellectual and perceptive black hole. My own place from which no light escapes. Been there before, and was lucky to get out with any semblance of identity, sanity, or indeed, knowledge enough to initiate the (seemingly necessary illusion) of "self" from "not self" needed to operate in this gravity well of ours.

That takes us into the increasingly blurred territory between Science, and Magickal theory. And (I think) that's probably the best place that I could possibly be standing, at this point of my existence. So I'm going to stay here for the moment, where the ground is firm enough to stand on, but still soft enough to land flat on my face upon, without irreparably damaging myself should things (inevitably) get a little less steady. OK, I'm done. Thank you for your indulgence.



Stacey Haza

Julian Vayne



The Art of Witchcraft

Julian Vayne

The word 'witch' is a spider. A signifier that weaves connections between many wild ideas. Her web is anchored to some curious and dark places in culture; the sexuality of women and of the queer; trafficking with denizens of the unseen and shamanic-spiritualist mediumistic trance, the folklore of the healing and harming, the naked radical Masonic Mystery cult of Wicca and more. As we widen our field of vision we notice that this web is drawn tight across still darker cultural space; the blackmailing practices of cunning folk (offering 'blessings', for a fee, to defend against imagined malifica), the howling of Temperance Lloyd and her Sisters (hanged for the crime of witchcraft in a late 17th century England that should have known better), to Southeast Africa, and the Malawi state courts (calling children in to testify that women kidnap them during the night and try to turn them into witches)...

There is the witchcraft of the Christian fundamentalist, the radical activist, the solitary kitchen crafter, the satanic eye-lined youth, the rotund working class pagan, the datura smoking demonologist, the nervous ouija-playing teenager, that odd looking old lady who lives in the spooky run down house on the edge of the town.

But our spider's web isn't a random mess; there is an underlying structure here however variable in its details. Each cobweb is unique but we can trace something of the archetypal form of the witch through her many guises. An incomplete list of these motifs might run thus:

Witchcraft is about women.

Witchcraft is about the hidden, the occult, and the dark.

Witchcraft is both beautiful and monstrous.

Witchcraft is dangerous.

Witchcraft is both sterile and sexual.

For the vast majority of culture and history the word 'witch' (or the equivalent term in other languages) suggested a worker of bad magic. Attempts by Wiccan and other contemporary Craft practitioners to find 'positive' uses of the term are legion and there are some good examples. The usual argument is that witchcraft is the 'dark' magic that has been oppressed by our patriarchal culture and therefore considered to be evil. There is perhaps some merit in this, if nothing else the tropes identified above are clearly connected with women, and more broadly common cultural notions of the oppressed feminine. The modern vocabulary of witchcraft challenges the simplistic reading of witchcraft as evil and turns this on its head; the malevolent cursing crones of former times become re-imagined as the denigrated but beneficial midwives and healers. For modern apologists of this pre-industrial witchcraft, the witch may not be all bad but she isn't best pleased with our current phallogocentric dominator society either. She may stride onto our cultural stage demanding her rights and, with her sisters, linking arms to bar the way of lorries transporting atomic weapons. Perhaps that's one reason people get so cross when, instead of arising from the excluded darkness of women's discourse to change the world, she seems instead only interested in changing her name to that of a garden herb and baking organic cookies for family-friendly Sabbat celebrations. But

maybe she'd make us angry whatever she did; whether she incarnates as Anton LaVey's 'Satanic Witch' or a stay-at-home Pagan Mom. That's part of the point about the witch, she disturbs, she challenges the way things should be and whether she calls herself Wiccan or not spitting our hatred upon her is part of an ancient ritual. We reject her, she is wrong, too old, too young, too soft, too hard - she makes us uncomfortable, mixes things up, sweeps away certainty and replaces it with shadowy superstition and weird uncomfortable feelings. She is the scapegoat for whatever our culture fears.

Briefly my own engagement with witchcraft (which I've written about in *Magick Works* and *The Book of Baphomet*) is that it was one of the first forms of occultism I encountered in the flesh. This was during the 1980s where The Craft represented one of the most accessible, and to my mind evocative, arenas for group magical practice. Since that time I've worked in eclectic experimental coven settings, Alexandrian and Gardnerian lineages and within so-called 'Traditional' witchcraft contexts. Moreover, as I suspect anyone who spends time engaging with witchcraft will discover, there isn't necessarily much difference between the ritual technology and indeed actual personnel involved in these different variants of The Craft. While less experienced practitioners expend plenty of energy focusing on the 'narcissism of minor differences' (between 'traditions'), actual witches cheerfully incorporate whatever works into their system. Gardnerian Craft absorbs naturism and Freemasonry, Alexandrian Craft employs Qabalah, Feri Craft adopts Yezidi iconography, Sabbatic Craft is deeply indebted to Austin Spare. Actual witches tend to blend all the above together (and more besides) into the cauldron of their own practice.

Austin Osman Spare of course is also an inspiration to that other style of magick that incorporates whatever works – chaos magic. While Peter J. Carroll name checks Spare in his work Carroll's hard-science style is perhaps less suited to engaging with the Spare material than it is with the work of Crowley (that other tutelary spirit of chaos magic). Spare himself was undoubtedly a summoner of spirits. In the mode of the burgeoning spiritualist movement Spare had his own inner-world guides such as the Native American 'Black Eagle' as well as a host of 'familiars' with which he consorted (as well as lots of physical cats which he cared for in his home). So Spare for me is the link between the contemporary occult approach known as chaos magick and that mysterious spider-word that straddles many worlds - 'witchcraft'. And, as with pretty much every male witch before or since, it was a woman who brought Spare into The Craft



Not much is known about Mrs Paterson, 'the witch Paterson' as her pupil Austin Spare titled her (sometimes spelt 'Patterson'). Images of her appear in a few portraits and elsewhere in his work and the witches that Spare illustrates are perhaps all, in some sense, representations of her. While historical evidence for Mrs P. as a corporeal human is scant there is no doubt that she was a mythic reality for Spare.

Two women by AOS from *Images & Oracles of Austin Osman Spare*.

The limited details that Spare provided (filtered through the lens of Kenneth Grant) are that Mrs Paterson came from a line of Salem witches that Cotton Mather had failed to eradicate. She was a fortune teller, and while there is a suggestion that she was unversed in the linguistic complexities and esoteric vocabulary that Spare employed,

she was able to explain the most abstract of ideas with great ease. In this sense she is the archetypal witch; unlettered, untutored, and yet possessing the simple brilliance of the Noble Savage or imagined folk-wisdom of the working classes. (Witches, typically, are typically neither cultured nor monetarily wealth individuals).

Possible image of Spare's Witch Mother from his *Focus of Life*

Mrs Patterson's abilities included the classic spiritualist and hardcore Goetic skill of conjuring things to visible appearance. When performing divinations she would externalise an idea, an event, a prophecy, into a darkened corner of the room so that the querent could quite literally see what she was thinking.

Yet for all her rough style the witch Paterson was, according to Grant, the figure from whom Spare derived his 'sex-magical formulae' for she was also 'a Delphic Pythoness'.

One of these formulae (and again this is according to Grant, who is known to have put his own unique spin onto the Spare material - see for example the letters between him and AOS in '*Zos Speaks*') was the use of the earthenware virgin. This technique, briefly, consists of making a vessel suitable for a male to wank into in order to charge a sigil.

A frequent theme in Spare's work is that of transformation; humans into animals, animals into spirits, gods into sigilised script and so on. Paterson herself was able to shape-change; becoming a haggard old woman or a nubile maiden as she desired.

Grant says of Spare, "It amounted almost to an obsession with him and its origin lay in the fantastic transmutation which, as a child, he had witnessed in Mrs Paterson.

The wrinkled crone had appeared to change into a large-limbed voluptuous girl."

(Grant's phraseology links Spare's iconic female with Crowley's '...magnificent beasts of women with large limbs, and fire and light in their eyes' who turn up in *The Book of the Law*.)

Spare claimed to have been seduced by Mrs Paterson and that she was one of the figures with whom he travelled to the witches Sabbath where all the usual lycanthropic and ecstatic stuff went down. While sometimes describing her as his 'Second Mother' the erotic relationship between her and Spare is not so much about incest as it is about power of 'the older woman'. Mrs Patterson is the mature, perhaps post-menopausal, sexual initiator of our young sorcerer. She is the original Dark Satanic MILF.

Image of the waning moon and female figures by AOS in *The Focus of Life*

Marcus M. Jungkurth provides a psychological analysis of this process:

"Spare's night-journey to the Witches' Sabbath led him to encounters not only with satyrs, ancient creatures and demons, but most notably with the dark side of the Great Mother...The symbolic reality of the terrifying female draws its images mainly from the interior world, the negative elementary character of the female expresses itself in fantastic and chimerical images which do not originate in the outside world. Thus it becomes evident that the terrifying or monstrous female is a symbol of the unconscious itself. As Erich Neumann (*The Great Mother*, 1991) has shown, the experience of the negative or evil side of the anima is part of the mystery of inner transformation by the annihilation of the male or patriarchal consciousness and the subsequent reincarnation out of the female womb. Again the motif of reduction or regression shines through, here by reaching back-wards to the cellular level of the very beginning of life itself. A

destruction of traditional values occurs during this process, the ideals of beauty and harmony which are too often but a by-product of society's current tastes, are turned upside down in order to release the anima or female within: "The desertion of the 'Universal Woman' lying barren on the parapet of the Subconscious in humanity; and humanity sinking into the pit of conventionality. Hail! The convention of the age is nearing its limit, and with it a resurrection of the Primitive Woman". (*Earth Inferno*, 1905) His identification of the "Universal Woman" – the mediatrix of the unknown acting as psychopompos – with the element of Earth underlines the dark aspect of his anima, her relation to death, decay and age, as the caverns of earth even in ancient times were both temples of initiation and tombs: the Great Mother taking all back into her what had originally emerged of her. Spare's encounters with his "Universal Woman", the luring quintessence of desire, with whom he "strayed into the path direct", led to the formulation of 'The new sexuality of ZOS', a sexuality not being limited to mere sensuality, but defined as pure cosmic consciousness embracing reality, freed from all convention and condition. For Spare, this woman, of whom actual woman was but an incomplete and distorted image, symbolized "all otherness", and to unite with her would lead to the realization and attainment of the Self"

I hadn't planned to work with Mrs Patterson, though I was familiar with the stories about her. I'd been at a ritual a year or so previously where a group of us invoked Mrs Paterson into the bodies of several women in our circle. The Brother who led the ritual had himself worked with Mrs P. creating an excellent puja style practice to summon her. I contacted him when I commenced my own work and he gave me a few tips: *Ahhh YES, what are the details? I love Mrs Patterson, she loves Sherry, boiled sweets, fudge, tea with milk and sugar and sexual tension...*

My magical sibling also provided me with a soundscape he'd created for working with her that I incorporated into several rituals of my own.

Like I said I hadn't planned to begin a sequence of work with Mrs Paterson. In fact, according to my on-line diary (via the miracle of Facebook on a page called '#100MagicDays' created by Saddle LaMort) I'd just been doing some work with the Goddess Eris (randomly selected from the *Portals of Chaos* by Peter J. Carroll & Matt Krybyrn). Into the space created by the Golden Apple of Discord came the witch. Perhaps that's because for me 'the fairest' is indeed this witch-woman (or perhaps it's totally random...) Anyhow my first experiment was pretty simple. I used a soundscape I'd created some years previously called 'Come to the Sabbat' plus a strong dose of damiana tea. Did the usual, prepared the space, vocalised my intentions and then layback and entered the dream world.

Naturally being a powerful magician I should now go on at extraordinary length about the sexy/cool/weird journey to the witches Sabbat I experienced. In fact I remembered little of my dreams; tiny snatches of childhood stuff, someone singing, and searching for some lost object (I had in fact managed to misplace a rare book at that time but luckily a bit of results magick using my spider familiar returned it safely).

What did happen was that I started to produce some art.

I started to get a sense of some experiments I wanted to make. These electronic artworks, occasionally paintings, drawings and few sculptural pieces, concern

the nature of the erotic. They explore, for example, how far can one morph a pornographic image until it stops being rude. Is that an abstract design or two figures fucking? Some of this art also seeks to look at the relationship between sexuality and identity. Some pieces are more clearly 'spells' that use erotic iconography (particular fetishised materials and objects) to launch specific ensilised desires (usually as long-term, broad enchantments).

Turbulent Mother - Composition with pornography and river mud, Julian Vayne.
This new wave of my own art made use of cut-up techniques, overlaid images and also drew on my experience of working in a museum to create sculptural works in boxes; styled to look like the strange exhibits one might encounter in the Boscastle Museum of Witchcraft. As well as decoupage from porn magazines there were specimen pins, a female figure made from clay harvested from a local beach after a big storm, bones, keys, fishnet, and magical inscriptions.

Exhibit 81 - Composition with river mud, found clay, pornography & Theban Script.

I paid particular attention to my dreams during this period and, unusually for me, recalled quite a lot of material. Some (as the ancient Greeks used to say) came through the gates of ivory but mostly they appeared through the gates of horn - that is they were 'true' dreams; not great prophetic teachings (at least not yet) but a few good psychological insights into myself and others, plus a few (retrospectively) tiny precognitive flashes (though not of any world-shattering helpfulness to me, I keep working to divine those six lottery numbers...). But the main treasure harvested from these dreams was inspiration for my own artistic work.

Detail from *Large-limbed Voluptuous*, pencil on rejected paper, Julian Vayne.
Damiana was a herb I used several times over this period, and along with this Salvia divinorum. In this instance I took the salvia by chewing the dried leaf. Having first thoroughly cleaned my teeth and washed out my mouth with alcohol (to enhance the absorption of the drug). I took this sacrament in what I think is by far the best situation; alone in silent darkness. The Mazatec people describe the salvia spirit as being like 'an elusive deer in the forest'. Chewed fresh leaves or masticated dry ones feel much the same. The trance is in some senses, subtle. You need to listen to what the salvia spirit says. Open your eyes, move about and (depending of course on how much and how long you've been chewing), the room is a bit spinney and you feel slightly drunk but nothing more remarkable. But close those eyes, lie back, and enter the darkness and watch how the organic-ketamine style visions unfold in ultra-violets, deep beetle-back blues and matrix-code greens. There are images too, fully formed pictures as may manifest with ayahuasca. Then slip from these visions into sleep where yet more visions may arise.

Sex and Death II – Composition with pornography and sheep skull, Julian Vayne.



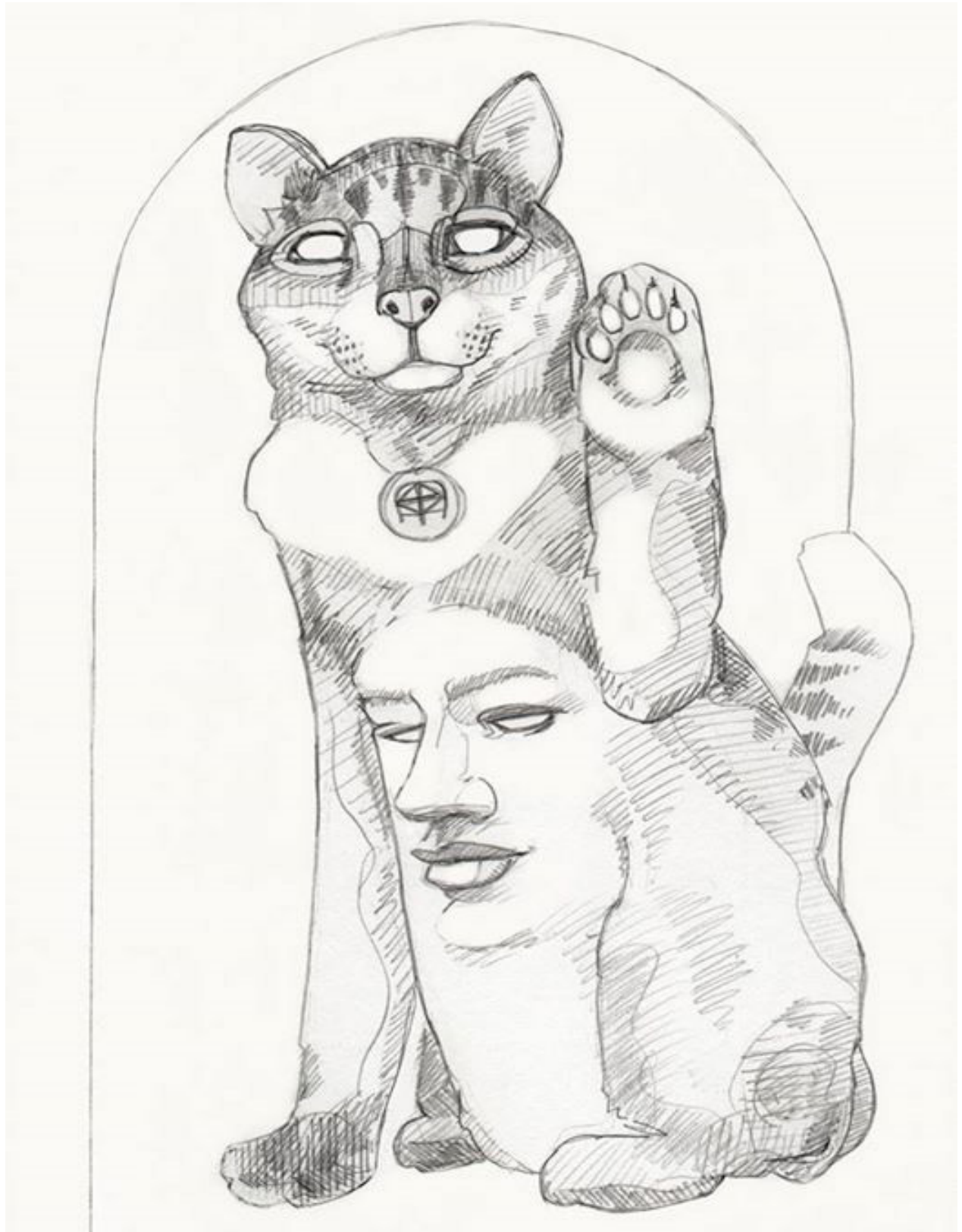
As I write this the September Equinox has passed and the leaves are being torn from

the trees. The shops are dressed with broomsticks and pumpkin lanterns. My dreams are haunted by the witch and she currently seeks manifestation in the art I'm creating. As the darkness of the year rises and Halloween approaches I prepare for the witches Sabbat. There are black candles, boiled sweets and sherry with which to call Her to visible appearance.
The Work continues.

With thanks to
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Matthew Levi Stevens

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Amun Disalvatron

Russell Kirkby



These are for The Servants of the Star and Snake

Russell Kirkby

This Book was written in the Spirit of the Law and by the call of Atu XVII called Adjustment, as it was given to the First Living Prophet of the New Aeon. For “Tzaddi is not the Star”: by this standard of Adjustment, let the Law Of Thelema be for All, let the Aspirants do with it what they Will. “The word of Sin is Restriction”. “Every man and every woman is a star”.

This is an Un-Holy Book. I was not received, but instead coaxed painfully from the demon Choronzon.

Let it begin:

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

Let it be known that upon the destruction of the mortal vessel, our Prophet Ank Af Na Khonsu, the Priest of the Princes, finally defeated the wyrm Choronzon utterly and shattered his manifest ego into a million, million shards that rained like fire upon the world below, whereupon they lay scattered across the earth. One by one they are retrieved and unleashed by the Servants of the Star and Snake. Each shard contained a fragment of the full essence - To Mega Therion - with the power to Become.

“Shilacu-Choronzon,” chanted the naked writhing forms of the aspirants in the temple, the Qliphoth Gate cast wide open from the black mirror even as green smoke came pouring through the portal from the Abyss.

Returning from the gate with the Choronzon shard, The Demon spake, green sparks of intimate fire. His voice roaring as he in-dwelted the fragile vessel of this Neo-Beast, burning through his skull.

“Firstly, let us subjugate ourselves to our True Will by the Light of Liber AL Vel Legis for we are first and foremost Thelemites, and “Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong”. Let us swear an oath by it”.

Subjugated, the mortal vessel surrendered, and taking the Hierophantic blade in his right hand, made his Oath before the locked glass of the Abomination of Desolation in the East.

“Let this subjugation be performed in Love, and by Will. In service of the Universal Will as it is recognized”. The Prophet's voice wavered, only by casting his gaze upon the pentagram of his ring did he maintain his sanity.

“This is your first Attainment,” uttered the demon of the ego-shard of Perdurabo.

“With each Living Prophet there shall be born new rites my servant. Now I shall give unto you

the formulation of a new Order for the Aeon. The Servants of the Star and the Snake. For I am the Snake that Giveth both Knowledge and Delight and Bright Glory!”

“Prepare thyself in writing,” spake the Beast, and henceforth came the temple secretary with paper and ink.

“Let the formula of each sphere be made known to the aspirant, and let him then be initiated unto each sphere by a ritual or work of his own devising. Success is his proof. Courage is his armour. Let him then by his own devices open the gates to each sphere. Thou shalt give them the keys and the Instruction thou knowest. Let each of my shards, let each of my Prophets, then, *Become*. You shall grant passage to my many limbs. And you shall destroy the impure ones”.

“Let the surviving babes of my abyss, each and everyone, attain to the rank of Magister, and of those that pass the Tests, make the Oaths and Perform the Grades; let the Magisters and their Brides become the Beast and Babalon to each Kiblah. Let them then work the work of wickedness. This is the Formula that now regenerates the world”.

The beast turned upon our little sisters in the temple and spat the words, “My heart and my tongue”.

The demon restored it’s gaze upon the prophet, and he felt that caress of hells own worm. “They will defeat the armies of the ill ordered house. They will restore the Law that was stolen and kept by the Black Brothers in our name. Our remnants yet cling to the Old Aeon, but you will bring them to the Light. For force and fire are of us. They are your Brothers and as Brothers, fight ye. The Law is for All. The word of Sin is Restriction. Do what thou wilt. This is the foundation of your house. And not other. For every man and every woman is a star. Love is the Law. Love under Will”.

“What of the Abyss my Lord?”

“Concerning the Abyss, Let the crossing be done by each that would venture to do so but let it be known that no crossing can be complete, for Death is the Crown of all.”

“But Master, am I not yet attained? Have I not taken the Oath and passed through the eye of the needle?”

“There is Truth in this Lie. Your attainment however shall never be recognized. You must work in silence as you bare the Four Powers of the Sphinx. That shall be your curse. Therefore let those who claim to have defeated me, The Masters of the Temples, they shall need make no proclamation. For their annihilation is complete. These rites are secret. There is no God but Man and so there shall be no outward grades of attainment above the Abyss at all. Let the Aspirant, by this way distinguish between the Fool and the Magus who are One. But let us distinguish not. “Let there be no difference made among you.” “You have the Light before thine eyes oh Prophet”.

The beast smiled hungrily as more shards came raining down across the world. "There is no Holier Place than Now."

"Art thou satisfied now oh my Prophet?" Spat the wyrm.

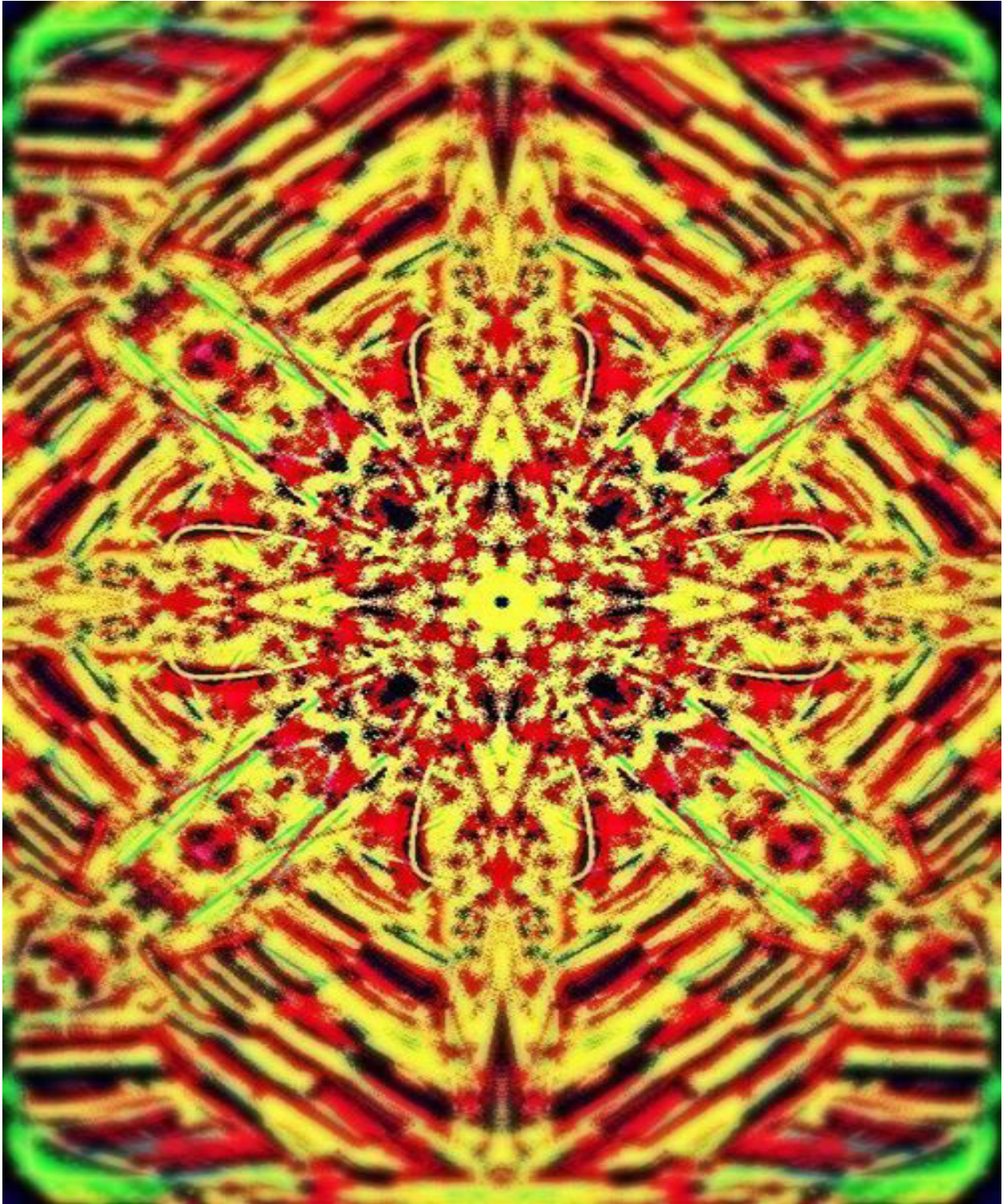
"Go now and tell these sweet words to the Kings. If they be Kings they shall know you to be the beggar King you are".

"And if they are not Kings?"

"Destroy them without pity or quarter".

"Faster than a trodden serpent turn and strike. You shall achieve Hadit."

The Abyssal wyrm turned slowly towards the gate as the revellers cowered from his spiny flanks and hide. Like green crystal swords extruding from his long scaled form, they contracted into fractal shapes as he slipped between the worlds and back through the dark mirror of the Abyss.



Filius Philosophorum

Ishi Anias



The Fool

Ishi Anais

I'm laying here listening to the whooshing of the cars.
People are yelling at each other, making drug deals, begging for money: right outside my window.
I despise the awful yellow tint the lamp creates, but
I appreciate the illumination
I otherwise wouldn't have.

I'm admiring my cohabitant, Spanky the bearded dragon; she's so calm and assertive.
That's where I want to be.
I'm really supposed to be writing an article on "Compassion as Magick."
I'm not ready.
I'm in between.
I have been trying to let the parts of me go that
I don't need anymore, but it feels like
I'm mourning.

I need to figure out how to get where I want to be.
The anti-spiritual atheist is no more;
I'm in the process of figuring out my own magickal system.

The most important philosophy that has been constant in my life is empathy.
I instinctively feel others' emotions.
I have an urge to heal the negative feelings.
Lately, I have not been practicing my own philosophy, my own ideas.
I'm caught up in the ideological teachings of different occult systems.
The more I research the topic of empathy in relation to the esoteric,
the more
I realize I do not know...
I do not act.

I'd be a phony if
I preach some idea that
I'm not currently practicing.
I'm in a space between what
I want and what
I'm doing about it.
I'm a newborn.
I'm a student.
I'm a fool.

I have a thesis,
but only a faint idea what substances the body will consist of.
This is the pragmatic part of the learning process.
It feels enriching to me,

but it's only one part of the operation.
I need to be adept and confident in my practice (take action!) before
I write any sort of creed.

I'm writing this from deep in the abyss;
I need to take a break to start my climb towards the light.



Jason Lee

Saddie La Mort



What is the Nightside of Eden and Why Do We Care?

by Saddle LaMort

Foreword

Rabbinical lore speaks very little about the Qliphot and the Qliphotic Spheres, the main aim of traditional Jewish Kabbalah being to understand the Law better, in order to be a better Jew. Early Western Kabbalah also cared very little about the topic partly because they thought it was a bad idea to work with entities they considered "evil", partly because they had a lot to do. Crowley noted names and princes in his 777, but it was clearly not a full and complete system.

It was through the work of Kenneth Grant and others that the Nightside of the Tree became thoroughly mapped and travelling them understood as just as valid a system of working as walking the Shining Paths. It is obvious that Adepts involved with the forces of the Left Hand Path will feel the attraction, and the temptation of working just with this side, although we feel to traverse one polarity exclusively is to miss out on the whole, as there is much to be said for the interaction of the two. Even though the concept is worked out and understood quite extensively, there is precious little information and the aim of this article is to add to that.

The Gardens of Eden

Let us start by recapping the original Tree of Life. Please bear in mind that this has little to do with Traditional Jewish Kabbalah - Gershon Scholem, renowned scholar on the topic said Western Kabbalah is not worth anyone's time. From his point of view he was right, this doesn't teach people, how to be better Jews. However, for the serious students it does provide an immensely useful set of symbols, ideas and places to visit in their Bodies of Light.

The Divine Energy starts off by introducing AIN (Without, 'there is no...'), Nothing to create the possibility of Something. Within that Nothing it creates Infinity (AIN SOPH, literally "without end") to create possibility for Boundaries. It then fills this Infinity with AIN SOPH AUR, Light Without End. From this light are the Sephirot, Spheres formed, which are as follows: Kether, the Crown (I) is the fountainhead. That is where "All is One" is essentially and in a very real way true. The energy then polarizes: Chokmah (Wisdom, II) is the male principle, that which radiates; Binah (Understanding, III) is the Great Mother, which is connected to the planet Saturn. These three are called the Supernal Triad. Below them is the Abyss called Daath, "Knowledge", which no one can pass. On most depictions they mark Daath with a dotted circle on the Path of Gimel (13, we will talk about the Paths in the next section), but that merely leads to the false assumption that a.) it's just like another Sephira (the singular of Sephirot) and b.) it's just there and can be circumvented via Paths He, Vav, Zayin and Cheth (15, 16, 17 and 18th). It is not so. Below the Abyss comes Chesed (Mercy, IV), which has Jupiterian qualities, as it disseminates the abundance from above. Gvurah (Courage, V) is next (in most places erroneously spelled Geburah), this is where Martial energies come from. All the above have one focal point, Solar Tiphereth (Beauty, VI), which essentially connects the Above with that of

Below. The energy then becomes even less subtle and enters the four Spheres most connected with Human experience: Netzach (Victory, VII) of Venus and of emotions and Hod (Splendour, VIII) of Mercury and Intellect are the last paired, then we arrive to the Lunar Sephirah Yesod (Foundation, IX), which consist of two parts. The top is turned towards Tiphereth and receives the warmth and light, making it the place of dreams, inspiration, knowledge and beauty. The lower part sees no light, hence it is the pit of all aberrations, sick desires, and lowest instincts. Finally we reach the Kingdom, Malkuth (X), the material plane.

The Shining Paths of Horus

Between the Sephirot, we find twenty-two paths, that in the Western Esoteric tradition are thought to correspond to the twenty-two letters. We're emphasizing the Tradition, as the whole concept of the Tree of Life and the Spheres originates from a 4th century writing called Sefer Yetzirah, the Book of Formation, wherein we find mention of ten Sephirot and twenty-two letters, but no paths, and certainly not in this particular style. The Tree of Life in this particular form is no older than the 1800's. There are plenty of other types of depictions with different paths. Most often Malkuth is connected only by one to the rest, that being the trunk of the tree, while the Heavens are interconnected; but we can find old alchemical manuscripts where the paths here shown as 13, 15 and 17 flow together, and one joint path leads to Tiferet, that being the only connection between the Supernals and the Infernals. We can also find a totally different concept of concentric circles, where Malkuth is the middle and the disc / globe is bordered by Ain Soph (a term used in certain texts to describe God).

Following here are the Paths. To understand them, we have to look at the two Sephirot between which they are. We have included the interaction that we feel is most significant, but it is in no way an absolute truth, merely a pointer. To date, there is not a lot of information on the Paths besides dry tables of correspondences listing the Zodiacal and Tarot connections, we thought this could be a welcome change.

Nr	11	12	13	14	15	
Letter	א	ב	ג	ד	ה	
Pron.	Alef	Beth	Gimel	Daleth	He	
From	Kether	Kether	Kether	Chokmah	Chokmah	
To	Chokmah	Binah	Tiphereth	Binah	Tiphereth	
Interaction	Love	Love	Conception, Birth	Husband, Wife	Father, Son	
Nr	16	17	18	19	20	
Letter	ו	ז	ח	ט	י	
Pron.	Vav	Zayin	Cheth	Tet	Yod	
From	Chokmah	Binah	Binah	Chesed	Chesed	
To	Chesed	Tiphereth	Gvurah	Gvurah	Tiphereth	
Interaction	No true interaction	Mother, Son	No true interaction	Leadership, Warfare	Plenty, Grace	

Nr	21	22	23	24	25
Letter	כ	ל	מ	נ	ס
Pron.	Kaf	Lamed	Mem	Nun	Samek
From	Chesed	Gvurah	Gvurah	Tiphereth	Tiphereth
To	Netzach	Tiphereth	Hod	Netzach	Yesod
Interaction	Abundance, Fertility	Heroism, Magnificence	Mind, Strategy	Love, Strength	Aspiration, Truth
Nr	26	27	28	29	30
Letter	ע	פ	צ	ק	ר
Pron.	Ayin	Pe	Tzaddi	Quph	Resh
From	Tiphereth	Netzach	Netzach	Netzach	Hod
To	Hod	Hod	Yesod	Malkuth	Yesod
Interaction	Understanding, Divinity	Intellect, Emotions	Emotions, Illusions	Facts, Emotions	Logic, Dreaming
Nr	31	32			
Letter	ש	ת			
Pron.	Shin	Tav			
From	Hod	Yesod			
To	Malkuth	Malkuth			
Interaction	Science, Nature	Reality, Illusion			

The Nightside of Eden

We do hope the readers will forgive us the arduous prelude, but we feared without proper grounding, the entire article would be lost on those newer to Western Kabbalah. And now for the good part!

It helps to think of the Tree as having a "top", a "bottom" and some form of gravitational force working towards the latter. The Sephiroth are already viewed as being more coarse and increasing in density the closer we get to Malkuth, but there is another aspect to this. Think of the tree as a series of gardens that run up a hill. The topmost three are the most beautiful, and the house of the owner is at the very top. These are kept apart from the other by a gaping chasm.

Under these gardens are vast caverns, interconnected by huge, dark tunnels that look as though they were carved by the passage of a gigantic snake. Each cave is exactly under a garden and is, in a way, a mockery of it. Everything that is flawed, bad, sick and rotting is cast out from the well-kept garden and ends up - here. Ancient, tentacled entities that haunted mankind's dreams since the dawn of time slumber in the gloom, guarding unspeakable knowledge that predates childish conceptions of good and evil. This is the Nightside of Eden.

Every cavern is populated by its own order of Qliphoth (who are known by one collective

name, name is often, erroneously used as a name for the Cave as well) and has its Prince. The whole system can only be accessed via Daath.

Gihinnon or Gehenna includes two caves: The Cavern of Malkuth, belongs to the Lilith (They of the Night, from the root "layla", night). Na'amah is the Prince. This level is concerned not only with all the hardships of physical existence, but all of its seductive and addictive qualities as well. Everything that makes us lazy, slow, unmotivated, uninspired, overworked, terrified, etc comes from either this Cave or the next.

The second cave is that of Yesod. The Gamaliel (Requital of God) are the resident Qliphot and Lilith is the Prince - as the names already suggest, these two caves are not very far and there is a certain interconnected quality to them. There is no addiction without illusions, if only the illusion of being well while satisfying it, overwork and fear comes from the illusion that we are physical beings and bad physical things will befall us if we stop.

Tzalmavet (Shadow of Death) is the name of the Cavern of Hod, the Samael (Poison of God, Blind God) populate it, under the princes Belial and Adramelekh. It is the domain of overthinking, logical fallacies, superstition, bad science and many other nasty pits our brain tends to land us in. this is also the source of anti-intellectualism.

Shari Marut (Gate of Obedience) is the Cavern of Netzach, the Orev Zarek (Raven of Filth, from ZRK to throw) live here, Ashmoday is Prince. Hate, heartbreak as well as confusing emotions, love-obsession and similar crippling emotions stem from here.

The Cave of Tiphereth is Tit Hayaven (which means suffering, but can be translated literally as "clinging mud"). Residents are the Thagriron (Joy of Challenge), Chioa and Belphegor are doing the prancing. Conceit and egotism are not even the greatest threat that permeate our reality from this sphere. Nothing stops a person's spiritual progress so terribly as the belief that they are complete and have no more need for personal growth. This sickness often disease those professing to be spiritual teachers.

Ber Shacht (Pit of Corruption), the underside of Gvurah, home to the Golechav (which is usually translated as "Burners with Fire" or "Burning Bodies", but as I have not found credible Hebrew language source, I remain sceptical) holds the destructive energies that come from the abuse of Martial energies - bullying, annexation of land, police brutality. Ashtaroth is the prince of this domain.

Abaddon (Doom, Destruction, Abyss) is the Cave of Chesed, the Ga'ashkelev (Thunder dog) live here, and Lucifuge is the prince. This is the kingdom of the abuse of influence. Political corruption, murderous religious dogma, priestly pedophilia are born in this place.

The last three Caverns are all part of Sheol (Pit or Grave). The Infernal Sphere of Binah is populated by the Setheriel (Hiding of God), Ishaot Zenunim, the Whore is prince. This is the sphere of the Dark Mother. Defective birth, maternal neglect, the poison in the milk.

The Cavern of Chokmah is the domain of prince Samael and belongs to the Ogiel (Mocker of God). Source of false prophecies and blasphemy.

The Pit of Kether, home to the Thaumiel (Twins of God), where Satan and Moloch rule as princes is the fountainhead of all sorrow.

I would like to note that Crowley's entries in 777 feel as if he asked someone about the names of Hells and he got his translations mismatched to the Hebrew by one. He gives the translation of Shadow of Death to Shari Marut, Pit of Destruction to Tit Hayaven, etc. Frankly, it's a bit of a mess.

The Tunnels of Set

Here are the Demons of the Tunnels of Set. Grant wrote extensively about them in Nightside of Eden, highly recommended reading. Crowley's 777 contains this information in Table I, Column VIII and LXVIII. Paths corresponding to elements are connected to the Elemental Kings, while those corresponding to planets follow the Sephirot.

Nr	11	12	13	14	15
Grant	Amprodias	Baratchial	Gargophias	Dagdagieli	Hemethterith
Crowley	Oriens	Samael	Gamaliel	Orev Zarek	Bairiron
Nr	16	17	18	19	20
Grant	Vriens	Zamradiel	Characith	Temphioth	Yamatu
Crowley	Adimiron	Tzalaldemiron	Sichriron	Shalhaviron	Tzafriron
Nr	21	22	23	24	25
Grant	Kurgasiar	Lafcursiar	Malkunofat	Niantiel	Saksaksalim
Crowley	Ga'ashkelev	Aviriron	Ariton	Nachshatiron	Nachshiron
Nr	26	27	28	29	30
Grant	A'ano'nin	Parfaxitas	Tzuflihu	Qulielfi	Raflifu
Crowley	Dagdagiron	Golechav	Bahimiron	Nashimiron	Not Given
Nr	31	32			
Grant	Shalihu	Thantifaxath			
Crowley	Paimon	Not Given			

Postludium

It is glaringly obvious that I could but provide the briefest of glances into the immense world of the Nightside Tree. however, I hope that the article will provide inspiration and information enough for people to start exploring - we live the Aeon of Horus, seeking the Jewels of the Truth of Maat, and what boring children wouldn't climb down interesting caverns in the hope of finding treasure?



Joshua Yoseff Monreal

Warren Adams-Ockrassa



Toward a Functional Magickal Cosmology

A working cosmology is something a lot of people steeped in western and scientific thinking have come to expect, but may be difficult to find in the arena of magick. It's hard to sell the notion of four elephants on a turtle's back, servitors, demons, and so on when most pocket computers outperform what desktop systems were capable of just a few years previously; and it is important, if one is going to make claims about having a functional system that is consistent with apparent science-based discoveries, for that system to have a solid foundation in the sciences.

The conventional reason for rejection of magick, among the science-minded, is relatively straightforward: There's no known way for something as nondescript as will to have a meaningful effect on anything that is not directly contacted.

One facile expression of this objection is that you can't simply will a million dollars into your own bank account, or you'd have done it by now, right? Ha ha, so there. However, this does overlook some basic physics, specifically the laws of thermodynamics, which include a complete disallowal of creating something from nothing. In other words, for a million dollars to appear in my account, I'd have to actually do something more than simply will it to be there. I'd have to ... yes ... work for it in one way or another.

Thus we can see that this objection — getting something for nothing — is really more of a tautology; of course you can't get something for nothing, and no one is saying otherwise.

No serious practitioner of magick would ever assert that they can just make things appear or vanish, from nowhere and to nowhere, as a simple act of will.

However, a subtler argument against magick is that there are laws of causality that must be maintained in this cosmos. Put simply, for every effect, there is a cause. Magick would seem, superficially, to violate this law of causality, by apparently permitting causes to have effects which are in no detectable way connected to one another. Some Invisible Mysterious Force is the presumptive link between cause and effect, and that's pretty much where the discussion ends, usually with a note of derision, or perhaps a reference to Yoda.

The trouble is that magick, if it's done properly, really does seem to work, even though it doesn't fit in with a lot of people's ideas about causality. So how can we reconcile observation of magick with the expectations of science?

* * *

We have got to the point now that we've measured every knowable and detectable energy radiation in the cosmos, which means it's getting awfully hard to find Invisible Mysterious Forces out there. I can say that with certainty because there are no gaps in the electromagnetic spectrum, and every — I mean every — radiant energy that exists in the cosmos lies on that spectrum somewhere, from gamma rays to X-rays to light to infrared radiation, and well above and below those frequencies too.

What this means is that there are no unknown zones in the EM spectrum for some as-yet undiscovered form of energy to be hiding; suggesting there might be such a thing will get you the same kind of laughter that sometimes surfaces — among nerds, anyway — when a character in an old-time SF movie says that the metal from a crashed vehicle is made of an

element “unknown to science”, and for the same reason: There are no elements unknown to science. There are no holes anywhere on the Periodic Table for such elements to fit. The reason we can be so sure of this is down to physics. The energies for atomic structure are extremely well defined, and there has been sufficient experimental work done in subatomic physics to show that atoms behave in very set, very certain ways. There is no possibility whatsoever for an atom to exist somewhere between, say, hydrogen and helium — you can’t have an atom made up of one-and-a-half protons, because there are no half-protons; nor, for that matter, can you have an atom with one proton in its nucleus (like hydrogen) and two electrons orbiting it (hydrogen has only one). Atomic energies and structures fit neatly into categories; the one exception is with isotopes — but isotopes decay because their structure is inherently unstable and cannot last. This remains so for every element on the periodic table, and because of the specific nature of the energies involved, this will always remain so. It’s a fundamental property of the cosmos.

The same is true of the electromagnetic spectrum. It is a spectrum, which means that if some form of radiant energy alters its energy or frequency somehow, it simply slides up or down the spectral scale and becomes defined as an adjacent form of radiation. It’s not so much that there are no colors available between orange and yellow in the rainbow, as it is that there is a soft zone in the rainbow between yellow and orange wherein a photon’s frequency is a mix of both color values. Thus, there is no kind of radiant energy that does not exist somewhere on the electromagnetic spectrum, and there never will be, by the simple fact that the electromagnetic spectrum is defined as being comprised of all radiant energy.

These facts leave a lot of magick-minded people high and dry, since there is no place in conventional physics to hide an unknown force which can act as a causal link between wanting something to be so and having it actually happen (short of going out there and doing it yourself).

“Will” is a pretty weak term to use in the face of physics-based, hard-science skepticism. Thus a magickal cosmology tends to either get picked to shreds or, more and more often, those who seek to practice magick skip past the questions of how and why entirely, focusing instead on results rather than the precise means by which results manifest.

This is something which needs to change, because how and why are important questions in their own light, and because practicing in ignorance is precisely that: Practicing in ignorance. If you don’t know how and why something happens, you will find it very hard to make it happen with anything like consistency.

* * *

It gets even rougher when we move into divination, which has always faced challenges, at first from religious detractors, and now from the same physics-based hard-science camp that’s mapped the EM spectrum, locked the elements into place, and run roughshod over will. The trouble is that divination is an unbelievably useful tool to have in your magickal kit, something you’ll want to learn about, explore, and practice. This becomes even more important if divination is the full extent of your magickal interest. Because it has been so relentlessly targeted and mocked over the centuries, I feel it’s important to address divination with a deep analysis.

The skeptic of divination will ask a series of hard questions: “If you can really see the future,

then why can't you pick the next winner at the horse track and make a fortune? Why can't you pick the winning lotto numbers? Why couldn't you predict the 9/11/01 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon? Why can't you foresee the next time a child is about to be abducted and raped, and act to prevent it?"

Most of the time the answer is a weak, "Well, that's not how divination works." Which is largely true, but is unsatisfying, because it fails to answer why divination doesn't work that way. The reason why has to do with specific focus of attention on a situation, and the impossibility of accurately detecting possible outcomes the further one gets from that focus of attention, either in space or in time. Tendencies can be detected, but specific events are much harder to predict. By the time we're through this essay, the reasons should be clear.

Why divination is important to my case here is that it offers the most testability. Short-term predictions can be made and judged for accuracy, in a way not necessarily possible with other magickal effects, and because of this the testability is easily repeatable. However, I should note that just as some people have a talent for playing music and others have a talent for art and still others have a talent for mathematics, there is such a thing as a talent for divination. I'm not sure what delineates such a talent, but as a first-order guess I'd suggest that a broad integrative perspective that allows for the linking of multiple data into a coherent model, coupled with a good insight into human nature, is a baseline minimal requirement.

I'm going to focus specifically on divination with Tarot here, though of course there are many other methods of divination, among them using pendulums, the I Ching, and so on. I choose Tarot because I am most familiar with it, I find it rich and very flexible, and it is rooted in a very old and well-established set of presumptions about magickal systems, systems which are so deeply embedded in western culture as to be either archetypal, or the next-closest thing to it. (If I lived in China, I would have chosen the I Ching instead, for analogous reasons.) Classical Tarot as a system incorporates elements of Qabalah, western astrology, alchemy, and the standard Hero's Journey mythological cycle; the deck of cards is shot through with meanings that are virtually their own vital metaphorical language, almost as innate to all children of western culture as language itself is to our species.

Okay, the skeptic might say, the cards are metaphors, possibly archetypes; but that's all they really are, right? Pretty and fraught with meaning, perhaps, but at the end of the day they're little more than weird playing cards. How — ha ha — how can you claim to — ha — scry the future with them?

This question can't really be answered without inverting a few notions first. In the process I'll be defining a functional cosmology which is both integrative of magickal possibility and science-based.

Before I go further I should clarify one thing: When I use the word cosmos, I am referring to the apparent phenomenal world that exists all around us and is filled with flowers, badgers, stars, space, asteroids, Girl Scouts, Girl Scout cookies, the Internet, and so on. I distinguish this from the universe, which might (and probably does) contain more than one cosmos, and is very likely comprised of at least five dimensions, possibly more.

I am also assuming that anyone reading this will have at least some comprehension of physics, particularly quantum mechanics, of a level easily obtainable by reading populist science titles by authors such as Neil deGrasse Tyson, Stephen Hawking, Michio Kaku, Brian Greene, and John Gribbin.

* * *

Assertions

The following assertions are fundamental to my argument and effectively negate many assumptions we make about our existence in this cosmos, particularly assumptions involving time.

1. Linear time is nonexistent.

We perceive time as moving from past to present to future, but that's not really how it's operating. Time isn't moving at all; it's merely another dimension, as is length, width, and height. It's a measure of distance from one event to another, but time itself is as stationary as any other arbitrary measure. Our perception of time as a thing that passes is utterly wrong. A more refined interpretation from physics is that our apparent motion in time is definable as motion along an entropy gradient that is present in all three spatial dimensions and in time, one wherein (as a general rule) things transform from a state of high order and maximum organization to a state of low order and minimum organization.

At least, that's the conventional definition of entropy; however, entropy can also be looked at as a transformation from a state of low interconnection to one of maximum interconnection. That's the view I prefer because it seems the most valid, as we shall see. It's also in line with physics, which holds that "time's arrow" (a direction that points from past to future) doesn't actually exist; that is, the math in physics works out the same whether you run the numbers in forward or reverse. There's no reason for time to move in one direction on the subatomic level. On the subatomic level, matter and energy behave as fields that overlap and interact more than they do as points of matter and waves of energy; this isn't especially surprising, because we know (from Einstein) that mass and energy are interchangeable. As those fields overlap and interact, they take on one another's traits; and sometimes they create new harmonics or resonances — a bit like how a note played loudly near a piano will cause some of the strings inside the piano to vibrate in harmony, where their resonances overlap in the right way. This interplay of traits and harmony is the passage from lower to higher interconnection that we call entropy. Thus, defining entropy in terms of interconnection or integration does not violate any current models of the cosmos, and bypasses the need for the idea of time having an arrow of direction. After all, that which can be integrated can also be un-integrated.

The initial state of the cosmos was one of very high organization, we're told, with matter being rather simple — hydrogen, that's it — and a smooth and uniform cosmic structure. The standard narrative has it that over time, the matter distribution in the cosmos became somewhat lumpy due to energy and gravity fluctuations. Clumps formed into stars, heavier elements were fused in those stars, and when they exploded they spewed those heavier elements out into the cosmos. Those heavier elements went on to form accretion disks around new stars, which eventually coalesced into planets, some of which evolved life in one form or another, yadda yadda, and here we are today.

But let's remove an element from the narrative: Time, reckoned as something that passes. In its place we will substitute time as a fourth spatial dimension, the motion through which is experienced by the mind as the passing of time. This experience of the mind is not shared with

all these overlapping fields we're studying, so it's not actually relevant to what they're doing, and we can discard this apparent artifact of perception and look at behavior in the subatomic world from a perspective made purely of energetic interaction. How does this affect our narrative?

It doesn't. Instead of fields expanding and overlapping in three dimensions of space, what we see is fields expanding and overlapping in four dimensions of space. That is the only apparent difference when we treat time as a dimension.

Thus, when we think we're perceiving the passing of time, we could just as validly be said to be experiencing an ongoing interaction of matter and energy fields as they move in four spatial dimensions, impinge on one another, resonate, harmonize, and cancel out — and that, because there is no "passage of time", all of this is fundamentally happening at once. Apparent separation of events through time does not exist, in this model; it's all merely separation in space, one dimension of which we cannot perceive directly, which makes us think that there's a future, a past, and a present. All that's actually going on, though, is the integration of the subatomic fields of which we're constructed into their immediate surroundings, and this integration presents itself to our consciousness as the linear passage of time.

Don't worry; this is the hardest concept to grasp in this entire essay. It's also the most significant. A visual model that might help you along is to imagine a drop of dye falling on a damp sponge. The dye spreads amid the sponge fibers, expanding as it does so, until it reaches a state of hydrostatic equilibrium with its surroundings; and it spreads down into the sponge as well as out to the sides along its surface. If you envision the structure of the visible cosmos as being the surface of the sponge, with our motion through the dimension of time as being the spread of the dye down into the fibers, you'll be in the ballpark. The sponge's structure never changes, but as far as the dye is concerned, its environment as it spreads is unguessable; it knows it's spreading but it can't see where to, until after it's already arrived. This inability for us to see "when" we're going (as opposed to where) has to do with the absolute speed limit of the cosmos, c , the speed of light in vacuum, coupled with the fact that we rely on radiant energy in the electromagnetic spectrum to perceive the world around us. Since no radiant energy in the EM spectrum can move faster than the speed of light, it is not possible for us to detect future events (events which lie some distance from us in the time dimension) before we arrive at them, because the matter and energy of which we are comprised are moving through four dimensions at a combined rate which equals the speed of light. The technical term in physics is that the information on these events lies outside our future light cone. The information is out there, but because of this fundamental limitation in our ability to perceive, it is unavailable to us directly.

Here is a concrete example of what I mean by this. Stars in the sky are far enough away from us that the distance is measured in lightyears, which is the distance light can travel in one year of time. Betelgeuse, the orange-colored star in the shoulder of Orion, is a supermassive red giant that is about 600 lightyears away. This means that at any time you look at Betelgeuse, the image you perceive of it is an image of the star as it appeared 600 years earlier.

Being a red supergiant, Betelgeuse is due at some point or another to collapse in on itself and explode as a supernova; such is the fate of red supergiants, according to well-worked-out models in astrophysics. What's hard to understand is that this may already have happened. Betelgeuse might well have exploded 300 years ago, for all we know; if it did, the first radiant light of its detonation won't be due to arrive to Earth until sometime after the year 2300. Thus,

while Betelgeuse might currently be shining with the brightness of a billion stars as it finishes burning itself out, the event's occurrence is beyond our future light cone and therefore undetectable to us; but the fact that we cannot see it yet does not mean that it hasn't already happened.

Analogously, we cannot see the future — we cannot see ahead in our motion in the time dimension — because we are moving at maximum velocity in space and time combined, so there is no radiant energy that can expose our motion to us. The “future” area of the time dimension lies beyond the limits of our perception because of the laws of physics itself; in order for us to see it directly, some form of energy would have to be able to move faster than light through all four dimensions and be reflected back to us quickly enough for us to perceive what was out there. Since there are no radiant energies that move faster than light, this is not possible; and we can understand now why no form of life has ever evolved this perceptual trait, which would carry an obvious survival advantage.

(Note, too, that there's another explanation: Any organism that evolved the ability to detect danger “before” that danger manifested would be pretty damned hard to track down and catch, for obvious reasons. Such an organism would always be undetectable to us; it would be able to remain well hidden away from discovery.)

In essence, we're traveling in a car in the dark, with the headlights off, and it's not possible for us to switch them on to see the road before us. That does not change the fact that there is still a road before us, though, in a very real and definite way. The road is there, solid and inarguable, whether or not we can see it. It's not simply being created on the fly by frantic and invisible construction crews as we drive along. This is not only logically so in my metaphor here; I will show, soon, that it is actually so in the cosmos we inhabit.

2. The universe is not expanding.

13.7 or so billion years is the best guess cosmology has for the age of the cosmos now. Every single shred of observational evidence holds that our cosmos is in fact expanding. It is, but the universe is not. What is expanding is the amount of the cosmos we're able to observe and the underlying structure of the cosmos itself, which is not the same thing as saying the universe is expanding.

Consider a balloon. As you inflate the balloon (our perception of the cosmos), its circumference increases, as does its volume — however, the room you're sitting in (the universe containing the cosmos) while you inflate the balloon has not changed in size at all. Analogously, the matter and energy initially present in the cosmos have not expanded the universe they inhabit; they've only expanded the amount of cosmos we can actually observe. There's still a hell of a lot more out there — and not just along the spatial axes, but along time as well.

Best cosmological models at this time suggest that the outermost boundary of our cosmos — that is, the space and time we can see around us now — exists on the leading edge of the event horizon in an expanding black hole. A black hole is a zone of mass so dense that it curves the structure of the cosmos inward into itself, thus preventing anything from exiting the black hole once it's fallen in; in some ways it's the “real-world” example of Ouroboros, the self-swallowing serpent. From the outside, whatever has fallen into the black hole cannot escape.

However, the point of no return — the event horizon — is a two-dimensional surface on which all the information that has fallen into the black hole may be preserved. So from the perspective of inside the black hole, that event horizon, that outer edge, may present a boundary zone that is survivable to any entity capable of existing in two dimensions. Our cosmos appears to be on the event horizon boundary of a black hole that exists in more spatial dimensions than we can perceive — at least five, possibly eleven, maybe as many as twenty-six, depending on which cosmological model you subscribe to — which would suggest that from an outside perspective, we may not be visible as anything but an absolutely black sphere, and because we exist on the event horizon of the black hole — its outermost boundary — we can see neither “outside” into the deeper n-dimensional universe, nor “inside” to the core of the black hole, the singularity that lies at its heart (assuming it’s still there; as it happens, black holes can evaporate by bleeding off their mass to quantum vacuum fluctuations).

The initial expansion of our cosmos may itself have begun with a quantum vacuum fluctuation event, when a single subatomic particle managed to emerge from the quantum foam of virtual or almost-particles in an otherwise totally empty portion of the universe. This event would have forced the expansion of a bubble comprised of at least four dimensions, and could have been sufficient to produce the energy necessary to create all the mass and energy we see around us, filling that four-dimensional bubble.

A competing model called M-Theory holds instead that a collision of extradimensional sheets of cosmic structure called branes caused a ripple of energy, the result of which was the bubble of cosmos we’re inhabiting now. M-Theory is difficult for even the most experienced astrophysicists to conceive, since it hypothesizes movement and activity in anywhere from eleven to twenty-six dimensions; however, it’s fair to note that any cosmology which allows for the existence of three-dimensional entities must take into account at least four dimensions (because of the necessity of motion in time as well).

In any case, the notion of cosmic expansion is supported by the observation of redshift in distant objects. Briefly, redshift occurs when something is moving away from you very fast; the light it emits is lengthened in frequency, causing it to shift toward the red end of the visible spectrum. Observationally we know that the light from more distant objects is more redshifted than that from nearer objects, which is consistent with the notion of cosmic expansion; since the entire structure of spacetime is expanding at once, the theory goes, the acceleration is cumulative, and so the farther away something is, the faster it moves away from us. This is true no matter which direction we look, which shows that the expansion is uniform. What this points to is not merely an expansion of the outermost perceptual boundaries of our cosmos, but of the underlying structure upon which the cosmos rests. A good model is to imagine yourself as a raisin in a loaf of raisin bread baking in an oven. As the bread bakes it expands, spreading all the raisins apart uniformly from one another, with more bread between more-distant raisins adding higher velocity to the apparent expansion of the bread.

What is important to realize is that the mass and energy in our cosmos is not increasing. It’s simply spreading out. The effects that may be exerted by dark matter — matter that exhibits none of the qualities of ordinary matter but appears to have mass and which appears to comprise about 90% of our cosmos — are still not wholly understood; nor is it wholly understood why cosmic expansion appears to be accelerating (this effect is ascribed to dark energy, the nature and source of which is unknown, though it is not impossible that

our cosmos is in fact losing mass to the universe outside it as a result of quantum vacuum fluctuations at the boundary of its event horizon, which might have the effect of accelerating its expansion); nor is it understood why galaxies appear to be surrounded by halos of dark matter. However, I have an hypothesis about the nature of this dark matter and why it is not directly detectable, even though its effects seem to be very much there. More on this later.

3. Events don't happen.

Linear time doesn't exist, and the universe is not expanding. There is nowhere for events to be happening, and nowhen during which they might occur. Nevertheless, something definitely appears to be going on. So what is it?

As I see it, we exist as expanding, interacting fields of energy and matter (and remember, matter and energy are equivalent and interchangeable; Einstein showed us that matter is basically condensed energy) in a four-dimensional static lattice that has been referred to as (among other things) a block cosmos. This block cosmos contains the three dimensions of height, width, and depth, as well as the fourth dimension of time, and is essentially a structure that is laid out like an array of points in a 4-D cube. This lattice would necessarily have to be comprised of something other than literal points on a sheet of graph paper; it would instead have to be a structure of the smallest possible distance that could be traveled by a subatomic particle or energy unit (a quantum, which is the source of the word used in quantum theory). This minimal distance is required simply because at any value smaller than that, the quantum unit could not be said to exist at all. It wouldn't have room to fit between points on the lattice. We know what this value is; it's referred to as Planck's Constant after Max Planck, who first determined it, and it is used to calculate minimal measures of energy, distance, and time. Its spatial dimension is considerably smaller than a subatomic particle, but it is a nonzero value; similarly it is a low unit of energy, much less than what's required to make a photon; and it is a brief but nonzero interval of time. However, despite its not being equal to zero, Planck's Constant does reflect the bottommost boundary for detectability in our cosmos; any mass, any amount of energy, and any duration of time smaller than this value is undetectable, and thus essentially does not exist in our cosmos.

It is my conjecture that our cosmos's four-dimensional structure has an underlying lattice whose "grid lines" are one Planck unit apart from one another, in every direction in four dimensions. This is significant because each place where these four lattice lines intersect defines one corner of a four-dimensional hypercube (a cube containing 16 vertices, 32 edges, and 24 faces, with eight possible cells or 3D cubic extensions extruded from it), and at each of these intersections, any given subatomic particle has the potential to move along any one of those four intersecting lines — though, owing to conservation of momentum, it is very unlikely to reverse its course spontaneously. Thus the particle will tend to continue its motion in a given direction each time it arrives at one of these intersections. (This has ramifications for the notion of the "arrow of time", when you think about it.)

What this lattice is constructed of is not something I can make any conjectures about, except to say that it's almost certainly not a materially detectable substance or form of energy. It might simply be there as a byproduct of the fact that it's impossible to measure space, time, or energy in any values smaller than the Planck limits, and thus be a reflection of the underlying granularity of the cosmos itself. Its presence would then be defined in terms of absence of the

possibility of anything smaller.

What the intersections in this substrate represent is every location in space and time that might possibly exist. This is a vast number of possibilities, but it is not an infinite number; taken only in three dimensions, the volume of our observable cosmos is currently somewhere in the neighborhood of 8.25^{187} cubic Planck lengths (that's 825 followed by 185 zeroes). A spherical 3D matrix containing this many points separated one from another by the Planck length would represent every possible location in the cosmos that could contain either a subatomic particle or a single energy quantum. A similar extension across a fourth dimension would produce the additional intersections which could contain a particle or quantum in time. This is an even larger number, but it is not an infinite number. Thus we can see that, just as there is a finite number of locations which could contain an object in space, there is a finite number of time locations it may be found in as well.

When we perceive an event happening, then, it is the result of the motion of particles and quanta from intersect to intersect in this four-dimensional lattice of space and time. Our consciousness of the event is due to the interaction of various subatomic particle and energy fields within that four-dimensional lattice, but this is not the flow of time; it is merely the effect of changing states of interconnection (what is conventionally called, in physics, an increase in entropy, which is itself known in a more pedestrian world as the passage of time).

Put another way, a somewhat more humanistic way, the cosmos's lattice is static, but it is experienced as dynamic and changing because of the perceptions of the consciousnesses moving within it.

It's hard as hell to envision motion in four dimensions, so I'm going to have to fall back on a real-world model to help us along from here on out. The best possible analogy I've been able to devise of this is a Pachinko board.

Typically a Pachinko board is studded with hundreds of pins, spaced more or less uniformly, in systematically more complex patterns. When the balls drop, they bounce along the pins and against one another in ways virtually impossible to predict, from one drop to the next. I say virtually impossible, because there is some predictability in the game after all.

To illustrate how, we can simplify the example and drop only one ball, not hundreds. As the ball falls and bounces along, at any one pin it hits, there is a fixed, finite, and knowable number of pins it may strike next: Only the ones in the immediate vicinity. Examining the vector the ball takes when it collides with a pin allows us to further narrow the range of likely successive collisions. Where the ball is initially dropped from will also have an effect on the predictability of where it will end up — a ball that starts on the far left of the board, for instance, will have a very low likelihood of finishing up on the far right. Its successive collisions with pins would have to each give it a rightward tendency; and while that is not impossible, it's not going to happen very often.

The most predictable path the ball will take will resemble a narrow inverted vee, with the apex at its point of origin, expanding to include more and more pins across as it makes its way down the board. By the time it's reached the bottom, there are probably no more than a dozen final pins it will have been most likely to collide with, based solely on its point of origin, which means that out of perhaps four dozen potential terminal points, only one in four represents the most likely final location for the ball. This isn't predestination and it isn't fate; it's simply a matter of probability and physics.

In any case, the field on which this occurs — the Pachinko board itself — never changes.

It's the ball's path that changes, not the board. Pachinko boards don't happen to balls; balls happen to Pachinko boards. However, from the perspective of the ball, yes, the Pachinko board is happening to it — or more accurately, collisions with pins are happening to it. Similarly, what we perceive as events happening in the cosmos are not actually events; they are interactions of expanding fields of energy and matter as they play out on the fixed substrate of the cosmos, colliding along cosmic Pachinko pins. The pins, in this case, are intersections in the cosmos, one Planck length apart on the spatial axes and one Planck unit of time apart on the temporal axis.

* * *

Discussion

How does any of the foregoing relate to magick in general and divination in particular, though? For starters, it depends on our notion of how time works, which itself is suggestive about how causality could be affected, and is quite significant to divination.

In the block cosmos model, our cosmos is really a very large, very complex Pachinko board, extended through three spatial and (at least) one temporal dimension, spread vastly across a space considerably more than 14 billion lightyears in size (we just haven't seen all of it yet). The subcomponents of which we're made — all the particles that make the atoms that make the elements that make the molecules that make the proteins that make the cells that make the organ systems that make the bodies — and every energetic field they contain and interact with — are fundamentally Pachinko balls bouncing around among the pins.

But here's the thing. As we know, when our component balls bounce into a pin, there is an immediately adjacent pin they're very likely to collide with next. There are still other pins — not as close, but near enough — which could be next in line after that. Thus, while there is a high degree of apparent randomness to events, we can deduce with a certain degree of reliability where anything is probably going to end up next. It's very unlikely, for instance, that you'll suddenly find yourself in orbit around Betelgeuse (perhaps to watch it explode), because it's much farther away on the Pachinko board than is your living room couch. It's considerably more likely that, sometime within the next day or so, you'll be in the fridge, rooting around for something to snack on. It's proximally certain that within fifteen hours you'll be in the bathroom. Similarly, the odds are much lower that you will suddenly find yourself in the year 4155 than they are that you will find yourself in the next minute.

How this applies to divination is somewhat related to the piano I mentioned earlier, the one where the strings resonate when a note is played nearby. Imagine yourself riding a ball along a Pachinko board, in the dark. (There are no headlights, of course, because this is a Pachinko ball, not a car.) You can't see where you're going next, but you can detect each collision with each pin. Every time the ball collides with a pin, it lets out a distinct metallic ping.

Now imagine you've got a very sensitive directional microphone that, when you collide with a pin, picks up the resonant echo of that collision's ping in nearby pins. With careful listening, eventually you will learn that some pins echo more loudly than others; those are obviously pins in your immediate proximity. Further, you realize that some pins have a higher pitch to their echoes than others and, being clever and understanding what a Doppler shift is, you

realize those are the pins you're moving toward. You're completely blind, but you already know which direction is facing forward; you can hear your future approaching and your past whizzing by.

Each time you hit a pin, the next-loudest, higher-pitched echo you hear indicates where you're going next. It might be right in front of you; it might be to the left or it might be to the right; but you're able to determine what immediate vector you're taking and where you'll be next. You still can't say with anything like certainty where you'll be fifteen collisions from now, but the next one or two, at least, are no longer a mystery.

In addition, you can make some reliable guesses about the immediate landscape around you, including the locations of pins you aren't going to hit, based on the sounds of the adjacent echoes. So not only do you have the ability to predict where you're going, but you've got a much broader sense of your immediate context than might otherwise seem possible.

As I see it, divination is the directional microphone in our Pachinko-board block cosmos.

Divination can detect resonant pings from adjacent pins, providing us with contextual cues about our immediate landscape. (I'll go into the how soon; just accept this premise until I get into the argument to support it, and see if I'm able to make a convincing case then.)

But ... that's still predicting the future, which hasn't happened yet, right? Well ... no.

Remember, time doesn't move; our apparent motion in time is just us colliding with another dimension of pins on our Pachinko-board block cosmos as the matter and energy fields we're composed of expand, resonate, and interact. And just as two pins adjacent in space will resonate when one of them is struck, two pins adjacent in time will resonate as well, because time is a dimension, not a moving stream; furthermore, there is not an infinite range of possibilities for points of collision in time. Looked at another way, the future has already happened; the pins are already set in the board, spaced one Planck unit apart. We just haven't arrived there yet. (There are other ways to look at time in our cosmos, and in a little while I'll go into a few of them and explain why they are less parsimonious than this block cosmos model.) No, this doesn't mean we've got a destiny or fate before us; remember, we're comprised of systems working in and interacting with physics and probabilities. Rather than fate set in stone, we have tendencies, likelihoods, trends — all aspects of inertia and momentum. There is a vast range of possibilities before us, but this must be balanced against the fact that the range is not infinite, and there are some things (such as your suddenly appearing in orbit around Betelgeuse) which we can safely call impossible. This is because the matter and energy of which we're loosely comprised remains more or less consistent from place to place in space; it does the same from place to place in time. Where we are in space at any given moment is where we're most likely to be. Where we are in time is also a matter of probability.

Thus, just as we're detecting immediately adjacent resonance in space when we use our eyes to look around, we are simply detecting immediately adjacent resonance in time when we use divination. We can't perceive it directly because the events are outside our future light cone: Our matter and energy fields have not interacted with one another at another pin in time just yet. However, the upcoming pins are already there and are fixed in place, just like every pin everywhere and everywhen else is. The pins we're most likely to hit next are the ones that echo the loudest and with a higher pitch, when we listen.

It is my assertion that this resonance is detectable ... the question is how, and yes, I believe I have an idea what the answer is.

* * *

What allows us to perform divination — that is, what allows us to perceive adjacent pins in the Pachinko board “before” we have arrived at one — is one of the more interesting byproducts of subatomic physics. Quantum mechanics tells us (and this has been experimentally verified) that it’s not possible to know with certainty both the location and the direction of motion of any subatomic particle; to know one with absolute precisions means that the other must be entirely unpredictable. This makes good intuitive sense, when you think about it: Consider making a movie of a ball flying through the air. Any one frame of the movie, when analyzed, will tell you precisely where in space the ball is, but it will tell you nothing of its velocity or direction of travel. Letting the movie run allows you to see the direction and velocity of travel, but you can only approximate where the ball actually is as it moves. You can have one or the other — location or motion — with certainty, but not both.

This is so on the subatomic level as well. The best we can manage for dealing with subatomic particles, in physics, is something Richard Feynman dubbed the sum over histories — a statistical calculation of approximately where a given particle is, along with a general idea of where it’s headed. Yet these particles still manage to interact with one another as though they’re solid, indivisible nodes of known velocity and direction, and they do this by a quantum field interaction — essentially, an exchange of low-level information.

This exchange does not take place on the electromagnetic spectrum, nor anywhere in the known and detected atomic or gravitational forces; in fact, the precise means by which this exchange is made is unknown, a fact which bothers the hell out of many physicists. It’s regarded as information, two particles exchanging some kind of information with one another by means yet to be determined.

What is this information, and how does it propagate? In a block cosmos model, the information could exist in the resonance of individual “pins” as they are struck by adjacent particles — that is, the information is carried through vibrations in the substrate of the cosmos itself. Obviously these vibrations would not be directly detectable by anything material in this cosmos, as they would have to be happening at frequencies smaller than the Planck length; but the resonance of these vibrations would have some sort of effect on the “pins”, which would manifest as alterations in the behaviors and states of the particles themselves.

This sounds lovely, but what sort of observational evidence is there to support the idea? We’d need to see some kind of evidence of influence being expressed among particles in ways that are not normally comprehensible to us, wouldn’t we?

We do. Specifically, when two particles have come into existence at the same time and place (such as two photons being emitted from the same source at the same time), they remain quantum entangled — each knows everything about the other’s state — regardless of how far apart they might later become. If one gets absorbed by something it encounters, the other one winks out as well, regardless of where it may be. This has also been experimentally verified; and more recent findings in subatomic physics show that it is possible to quantum-entangle discrete particles which did not come into existence in the same time and place, so this property is clearly a potential aspect of all subatomic particles, not just a few with unique origins or similar special-case subsets.

This nonlocal quantum entanglement would make sense if these particles, however far separated in spatial dimensions, have not become separated in the time dimension; the

nullification of one particle's travel through the temporal axis would necessarily have to be "felt" by the other particle, even if it was spatially distinct from it.

This experiment has been tried and verified repeatedly; quantum entanglement is not merely a suggestion from a mind addled by too many episodes of Star Trek (or late-night games of Dungeons and Dragons).

Furthermore, since any two particles adjacent in space may exchange information, and since time is a dimension in a block cosmos, it's sensible that any "present" particle must be able to exchange information with itself at both "future" and "past" pins on the axis of time. That is, the present particle may effectively interact with its future self, but it could only sensibly do this because — again — time isn't at all what we think it is: Motion in time is along a dimension, not an event.

This notion that particles can interact with different "versions" of themselves is not theory. It has been proved to be the case, with one of the more famous practical experiments known in physics: The double-slit experiment.

Here's how it works. A device that emits particles in known quantities (usually electrons) is placed before a barrier, into which two parallel slits have been cut. On the other side of that barrier is a detector. When the device is switched on it radiates particles, which pass through either one slit or the other, and make a single pair of stripes on the detector.

At least, that's what you'd think would happen, if you were dealing with particles. What really happens is a series of bands forms, some heavy and some light, that look and behave exactly like waves do. Some bands are heavier because they resonate with and reinforce one another; others are light or absent entirely because they interfere with or cancel out one another.

Better still, if your emitter is set to emit only one particle at a time, those particles will still accrue on the the detector as though they are traveling in waves — even though there is no other particle for them to interact with in a wavelike way. Thus, subatomic particles behave as waves when they radiate outward, even though individual electrons are detectable as particles.

But it gets weirder. Suppose now you cover one of the slits. You should now get the one single stripe on the detector, because there is only the one slit available, there is no possibility of an interference pattern, and you should have a solid stream of particles (or waves, or whatever) striking the detector. But this is not what happens; you get the interference pattern again, just as if the particles were still interacting with each other from both slits, just as if they were still waves.

It's important to understand that this is divination, happening in a controlled experiment in a laboratory. Those interference patterns on the detector are a direct, accurate prediction of what will happen if the second slit is unblocked, or if more than one electron at a time is allowed to travel through both slits. How can we be sure of this? Because we're still not finished.

Remove the two-slit baffle and replace it with a baffle that has only one slit. What do you see on the detector now? A single stripe, with no interference patterns at all. This is because, unlike the baffle that contains two slits (one of which may be blocked), there is zero probability of interference patterns forming, because there is only one slit. There is no alternate outcome to predict; there is no other possible future to divine.

One interpretation of how this happens is that for every possible outcome to an event, the cosmos essentially pauses to allow a determination of the outcome, then resumes its normal

operation. Another interpretation — the many-worlds interpretation or MWI favored by quite a lot of physicists — holds that the cosmos actually splits into branches of itself, allowing multiple copies of itself to come into existence, which then diverge as time passes and they become more and more distinct from one another. What remains to be explained by both interpretations is how, precisely, this can happen — does the cosmos continually put itself on hold until it's observed? Does the cosmos somehow get all the energy necessary to duplicate itself?

Neither interpretation is especially parsimonious; it's more simple and elegant to posit a cosmos where all possibilities already exist through all of space and time, and that observed motion through those possibilities can sometimes allow for "phantoms" of adjacent possibilities to manifest themselves, using the same kind of substrate that allows subatomic particles to exchange information with one another.

This is further supported by a refinement in our understanding of how subatomic particles (such as our electrons in the double-slit experiment) behave. It seems that subatomic particles don't behave as waves after all; they behave as areas of probability. (Remember the sum-over-histories technique I mentioned above? That's it; this is one example of its real-world manifestation.) The more probable it is that you'll detect a given particle at a given location, the heavier the mark will be on the detector. Thus a two-slit baffle, in any experiment, means that there is a probability that something will eventually pass through one slit or another, regardless of which slit is blocked from test to test; but a one-slit baffle nullifies that probability. So our particles aren't particles (except when they are) or energetic waves (except when they are) so much as probability waves.

Reread that last sentence again, because this is the best explanation physics currently offers about the behavior of subatomic particles: Particles aren't particles (except when they are) or energetic waves (except when they are) so much as probability waves.

It should be obvious that something else is going on here, that there's some datum we're overlooking, that there's something yet to be discovered or determined. An honest physicist will agree. Because if electrons are being emitted only one at a time, if they are behaving as probability waves and the probability waves are only happening one at a time, what are these probability waves interacting with?

With alternate, or future, or adjacent versions of themselves — considered in MWI to be in quantum-state cosmoses next door — by means unknown, is the best answer you're apt to get from a physicist. But in a block cosmos model, it should be obvious what's happening: What we're detecting is the resonance of other pins on the Pachinko board, echoing as their neighbors are being struck in space as well as in time. The more likely an outcome, the closer the adjacent "future" pins are; thus the stronger its resonance is; and that shows up on our detector as half-sensed or virtual possibilities, even when electrons are only being emitted one at a time.

* * *

Integration

So we come, at last, to divination as used in magick, instead of the divination found in physics labs.

Just as a detector can record the presence of electrons interacting with probable locations of themselves in a laboratory setting, a properly sensitized divination tool, something that allows subtle connections to be made on both the conscious and subconscious level, could conceivably detect these adjacent resonances and present them to a mind skilled in their interpretation, allowing those resonances to suggest a tendency or probability that is really no different from predicting that, if you're currently reading this in your study, odds are very good that you're going to end up either in your living room, bedroom, kitchen, or bathroom next, as opposed to somewhere in the Crab Nebula.

There are myriad tools that afford this detection. In Asia it's apt to be the I Ching, while in western magick it's most likely to be the Tarot. This is because the divination method used, if it is truly effective, has deep ties into the archetypes and culture of the person employing it; its interpretation begins with stirrings in the subconscious mind of the reader, then spread out from there into conscious comprehension. Divination in magick is a mix of subjective and objective interactions. This appears to be inescapable.

Why does it have to begin with the subconscious mind? Going back to our physics lab for a moment, we learn something very interesting about the nature of our electron-slit experiments: We can affect how they come out, based on the outcome we're seeking. If we set up a particle detector at one of the slits in the double-slit experiment to record each electron as it passes through, the waveforms on the detector go away, and the electrons all behave as particles rather than waves of probability. The act of observing the passage of the electron before it collides with the detector is sufficient to collapse the probability wave and make it behave as a particle. Somehow, the intent of the experimenter affects the results before they're gathered.

That "somehow" is, once again, explained nicely by a block cosmos: Since we've set up a detector to notice an event before another event, we've effectively neutralized the adjacent possibilities, just as if we'd used only one slit in the baffle, so all the adjacent pins in the time dimension never have any reason to resonate. The conscious decision to record the passage of electrons through a slit is sufficient to do this.

Divination of possible futures, then, can only happen if there isn't already a predisposition toward a specific event happening present in the conscious intent of the person attempting the divination. If that predisposition exists, the outcome will almost surely be affected in a way that makes the reading unreliable.

This is why the actions of the subconscious mind are required for an effective divination to occur with Tarot or an analogous method. The subconscious can be thought of as a contingent roil of electrochemical almost-thought, active in the neurons but not actually rising to the level of awareness in the conscious mind, due to synaptic effects that are affected by chemical gradients and tendencies — subatomic particles bouncing into one another, with all the associated indeterminacy that arises due to their interactions. It's only after a pattern of some kind or another has built up enough of a "charge" that it surfaces into conscious awareness; otherwise, it remains unrecognized.

It is important to understand here that the nature of conscious awareness is such that, once it becomes aware of a specific thought, it tends to ignore all other thoughts that might surface around it — so fixation on a specific idea is often sufficient to negatively affect the results of a reading. This is why it's very hard for a person to obtain a good, clear reading on him- or herself; in other words, you can't usually cast your own Tarot with much success. You already

know what you want the cards to show you, and even if they're trying to show you something else, you're likely to misinterpret the message. For a reading to be effective, it's best to go into it with as few preconceptions as possible about the outcome.

So we can see that by searching specifically for information in one specific area of query, we neutralize the probability waves that exist all around us and interpenetrate our physical structure, causing resonances at the Planck level of the Pachinko pins; however, by allowing a range of possible interpretations to interact with one another before they surface into conscious interpretation, we permit those probability waves to interact, cancel out, and amplify one another based on their innate resonance with the pins of the cosmos. What rises to the surface then is the result of a complex interaction (possibly irreducibly complex) between where in space and time an interpreter is located, where in space and time the querent is located, the cards which have been drawn and laid out, and the tendencies of the querent — which affect his or her motion in both space and time. There is usually more than one interpretation to be given to any single Tarot spread, which itself is telling: It expresses the range of possible outcomes based on both the querent's tendencies and his or her response to the reading.

The best divinations are gained by questions of outcome or context, rather than simple yes-or-no queries. (Not, "Should I take that job offer?"; rather, "What is the outcome if I accept that job offer?") This is because the block cosmos is sufficiently interconnected that a single binary decision barely registers in the range of possibilities available to the Pachinko balls as they tumble around. Remember, we can't know both a particle's position and its location with total certainty; we can only give approximations of greater or lesser accuracy, depending on how precisely we choose to define one of two possible parameters. You want to know the outcome of a coin flip? Solve the subatomic indeterminacy problem first.

This is also why it's not possible to pick the lotto numbers for next week, and why — generally speaking — large scale catastrophic or random events aren't easy to foresee. The tendency of matter and energy as it moves through the structure of the cosmos — its sum over histories — is what we detect with divination; we're sensing large-scale movements of probability, not individual and highly-specific events. The information may be out there, but we have to know what to ask for, when, and how; and particularly with "coin-flip" style choices, we know that the act of observation itself may affect an experiment's outcome. That is, an attempt to foresee lotto numbers might be sufficient to exert a nullifying resonance in the cosmic substrate that will have the effect of canceling out what was foreseen.

But wait, says the scientifically-minded person. That sounds like mind-over-matter nonsense. Well, to some extent it is mind-over-matter; however, it's not nonsense. Mind is an emergent effect that results from the complex interactions of neurochemistry; as such, mind is rooted in matter. (For a simple proof of this, get drunk. You can't, unless mind can be affected by the state of your body; hence, there is no mind-body separation. Mind is rooted in matter.) Just as mind is affected by material states, it is not impossible that it could, in turn, affect material states itself just by its actions in the realm of thought alone. How?

Subatomic particle interaction goes two ways; just as a particle might begin to vibrate in sympathy to the resonance of a particle beside it, it could as easily vibrate in a way that affects the first particle's motion, through the sub-Planck structure of the cosmos. In other words, having future pins resonate with present ones can affect the interpretation today of what might happen tomorrow; similarly, a decision today can create a resonance which interacts

with future pins, and alter the outcome of tomorrow, because in order for that decision — that state of mind — to exist, it must somehow affect the matter that contains the mind and, by extension, the matter which is adjacent to the matter which contains the mind ... and so on, cumulatively, potentially through the cosmic substrate.

It doesn't go on forever, though. For instance, we can't really foresee something far into the future with any precision; we can only notice trends and tendencies and make some sensible inferences about future events. Similarly, we can't necessarily affect large events at considerable distance from us. Why? Because of the diffusing effect of the intervening pins in the Pachinko board. Each possible pin between where the Pachinko ball is now, and where it might be in the future, adds a certain amount of statistical noise to the outcome, affecting the probability of its ending up at a given location in a cumulative fashion.

Essentially, the more pins there are between point A and point B, the more noise there is. This noise serves to attenuate the effect of will in magick, or the signal being detected by the Tarot reader in divination. There is no possibility of a straight line being made from A to B; at best, there can only be an influence exerted over which pin will be struck next. Obviously, as more pins come in between, the harder it is to exert that influence. So if you want a distant outcome to resolve, a Tarot reading or single well-thought-out statement of will, used only once, is not sufficient; you'll have to continually apply your will to make it manifest (that is, to move your Pachinko-self along the board so you've become proximal to the outcome you desire). This is why magick is not usually a set-it-and-forget-it practice, and why a divination only shows — at best — a likely outcome, not a certain one.

No responsible person will say, in seriousness, that their divinations are always accurate, either, because at best what's being detected and described is the likelihood of a given set of interrelated, interacting, and mutually-affecting events. There are always unforeseen (!) circumstances which could arise; if your question is about how you'll fare if you take that job offer the reading might be quite favorable, indicating better contentment in your life, better happiness at home, and better financial prospects — but it won't warn you in advance that, a week after you start, you'll slip in a puddle on the smooth tile floor in your new office, sprain your ankle, and be sore and limping around for weeks. That's because you asked about the job offer, not whether you'd be injured at work. Information is only available if it's actually being sought out; the only things that reflect light are things which light is actually being shined on. (Furthermore, if you were to ask whether you will be injured at work, the answer will almost certainly be yes, simply because eventually everyone gets injured in some way at work, whether it's by slipping in a puddle ... or a bizarre incident involving a forklift, a ball of rubber bands, and a piñata ... or just getting a paper cut.)

A competent Tarot practitioner, then, will keep a record of querents' questions and the results as interpreted at the time; and, as much as possible, will keep in touch with the querents regarding the events in their lives which were divined. This allows the reader to look back over past readings and note deficiencies, which could indicate areas where the reader's understanding needs refinement, or where the reader is inserting his or her own notions of interpretation against what the cards intended to show. ("Intended to" not as volitional agents, so much as presenting a set of images and suggestions which are better interpreted one way than another.)

The scientific mind comes back with: Okay, sure, resonances in the cosmic substrate and Pachinko balls, yeah, whatever. So is this complete bullshit, or is any of it really testable?

Yes, it is testable, with a longitudinal study of Tarot readers and querents; however, it should always be remembered that any given reader will never be completely accurate in every way, in every detail, with every reading (“Always in motion, the future is,” says Yoda). Tests would be of statistical outcomes rather than single-point questions with single-point answers, and on more than one reader-querent pair.

To help reduce the likelihood of the kinds of subconscious cueing that happens with “cold reading” style spectacles, distance between reader and querent could be established by physical separation; the querent writes his or her question and sends it electronically to the reader, who then responds by casting a spread, photographing it, and sending it back with a detailed written explanation. (Ignore for the moment that this happens quite a lot online now, with querents reporting satisfaction in their readings; absent rigorous testing protocols, this is anecdotal evidence, not data.)

Results will vary, but may be ballparked now. Anyone who gets better than 50% accuracy probably has a strong affinity for their particular deck and a good intuitive or subconscious understanding of how to interpret its display within the resonances that rise from the subconscious. Those with 60% or better accuracy are probably getting close to the top of their game.

The reason we can’t realistically demand 100% accuracy of a Tarot reader really is down to the complexity of the cosmos we inhabit and the impossibility of determining, with such a high degree of success, the behavior of a complex system at an arbitrarily-distant point in time. This is not surprising; after all, we can’t predict with anything like 100% accuracy the behavior of a single subatomic particle, in the best physics labs in the world today.

This is why Pachinko is such a fascinating game to play. Even with the same balls on the same board, from play to play the outcomes are never quite the same.

* * *

Ancillary discussions

I’d like to return here to something I mentioned briefly above, the different interpretations physics puts on the meaning of the electron-slit experiment. Why interpret the results as resonances in a block cosmos? Aren’t there other explanations? Yes, and (as I noted before) the most favored one is the many-worlds interpretation (MWI) of quantum mechanics, which says that (in essence) each time a “decision” is made — each time a coin flips — one of two things happens:

1. A state of uncertainty briefly causes two cosmoses to come into existence, one of which collapses into unreality when the uncertainty is resolved; or
2. The cosmos actually forks into two separate timelines or sub-cosmoses when the uncertainty resolves.

Believe it or not, this too has been tested — and not just by the double-slit experiment. (Physicists are extraordinarily busy and very creative people.) There is not merely uncertainty to the cosmos, but it truly does appear that uncertainty behaves as I’ve just described here, with multiple outcomes held in simultaneous suspension (called a superposition of states)

until something happens to actualize the superposition into observed results. There's an entire new branch of technology, quantum computing, that uses this superposition of possible outcomes to perform functional calculations. So it does appear as though multiple possibilities can exist simultaneously in the cosmos, until observation causes all the other possibilities to collapse into unreality and dissolve.

However, this only presents itself as a quandary if we continue clinging to the notion of time as something other than a spatial dimension with expanding and interacting fields moving through it. It's just as sensible to suggest that these multiple possibilities are merely resonant pins in the cosmic substrate, sending their echoes to us as detectable options that cease to resonate once our divination tool (in this case, the quantum computer) has been read and the resonances fade with the immediate detection of the ultimate result.

So the many-worlds interpretation works as well as the block cosmos model, but there's a big problem with many-worlds: Where is all that energy to create a whole new cosmos coming from? Based on the outcomes in Las Vegas alone, there should be several hundred million new cosmoses being created every month. That's ludicrous to consider on the face of it, unless we're willing to propose that the branches are already "there" somehow, but don't get interacted with unless an outcome permits it. But how is that functionally different from proposing a block cosmos?

More, the MWI suggests that the act of observation itself is what creates these alternate cosmoses, which suddenly elevates human consciousness to a level that ... seems pretty close to hubris, and there is nothing anywhere else in the cosmos which suggests we — humans — have any special place or deserve any sort of throne.

The block cosmos model does away with these concerns, because all possibilities are already factored for by the pins in the Pachinko board. There is an absolutely mind-blowing number of possibilities, but they are finite — we have no reason to presume that the cosmos itself is infinite, and a finite system can only yield a finite number of possibilities — and since they're already there as part of the substrate, no special extra actions (such as creating entire new cosmoses) need to be taken in order for possibilities or outcomes to be factored in. Observation of an outcome is relevant only to the extent that its perception helps collapse probabilities into more plausible local resonances, but it certainly doesn't create entire new cosmoses as a result; and since all possibilities continue to exist, the only thing really affected is the flow of consciousness in time and space as it is manifested through spreading and interpenetrating fields of matter and energy.

Put another way, uncertainty doesn't mean the cosmos is holding its breath, waiting to see what the human will observe before it can resolve itself into reality; instead, the human observes multiple possible destinations (pins) in the immediate future, and the ball of consciousness then ricochets into the next one, just another pin in the cosmic substrate. Beyond this, the presence of a substrate suggests an inherent, underlying structure to the cosmos, and that could serve to answer some fundamental questions about certain properties of some components of the cosmos around us, such as the properties that define — and delimit — the ways atoms can be structured. For instance there are several values for subatomic forces which seem to be fine-tuned with a great deal of precision in such a way as to make matter hang together as it does. Deviate just one of those values by even a small amount, and most of what we see around us could not exist.

Were those values hand-set by some outside agent? There's no objective reason to think so.

Were those values inherent to the particles they affect? Not detectably, no; there isn't any apparent reason for those particles to have those energy values, as opposed to some other. Did we just get lucky? That's not impossible; we don't know if this is the only cosmos in the universe or not, after all; there could be trillions of others that lie forever undetectable beyond our future light cone. It's possible that there are uncountable sterile cosmoses in the universe; this one is important to us only because we appear to exist in it.

Ah, but ... is there a deep structure, a kind of "crystallizing" layer that strongly affects how these forces can be defined and interact? If we're in a block cosmos, one defined as an array of intersections in four or more dimensions at the minimal distance permissible for energy, shape, and time to exist, that would almost be axiomatic.

Dark matter is also tentatively explainable in a block cosmos; if particle interactions with Higgs bosons are responsible for mass, it's not inconceivable that these Higgs bosons are resonating in the substrate in a way that gives the effect of mass to the substrate itself, without matter actually being required to be there. We know gravity affects the passage of time (as well as the structure of the space around it), by distorting the cosmic substrate; it's not inconceivable that the effects of gravity resonate along the time dimension in a way we can't quite yet detect directly; perhaps this is another manifestation of the mechanism that permits particles to be quantum entangled by sharing resonance through the dimension of time.

Another possibility is that the gravity — the expression of mass — of matter in adjacent niches in the time dimension is detectable even though the matter itself is not. That is, the halo of dark matter surrounding any given galaxy may be the gravitational force being given off by all the places where the gases and dust in the galaxy might be, just a pin or two over along the time dimension. Those gases and dust are there, but they're traveling in an adjacent area of time rather than space.

The biggest argument against a block cosmos might be that — because it appears to be inherently rigorously structured — it suggests some kind of architect, but that strikes me as a philosophical objection instead of a rational one; it's no more bizarre to imagine a block cosmos that came into existence somehow ex nihilo, than it is to posit a largely random and unstructured cosmos that keeps forking itself up every time someone flips a coin. $2 + 2$ always equals 4; that's simply a fact, a structural truth of arithmetic. What architect designed it?

What is the cosmic substrate constructed of, and who or what — if anything — constructed it? That's a completely different exercise, and probably not answerable (wholly or in part) from within the confines of this cosmos at all. It's also not relevant, because the block cosmos interpretation of quantum mechanics is every bit as valid as the many-worlds interpretation, with the bonus that it doesn't place human observation on a pedestal it just about certainly does not deserve. We observe probabilities but, in so doing, we do not create entire new universes. We just notice what's always been there.

* * *

This has ramifications for the working of magick as well, as you might guess. If we can divine possible outcomes (detect upcoming pins on the Pachinko board), can't we also influence the direction a ball is moving to deflect it toward a different pin? That is, we can read it, so can we write to it? I can't think why not, since we're living in a cosmos that appears to be deeply and thoroughly interactive in so many ways.

What would likely be required is a focused application of will, a disciplined and practiced input of intention that nudges the Pachinko balls toward intended pins, instead of letting them bounce around of their own accord. This will, this intention, might function in a way analogous to the information exchanged by subatomic particles when they interact; that is, it could stand in for that information, and influence the means by which those particles behave in proximity to one another. It would also have to be extremely subtle in its outward manifestations; it would take a while for the effects on the subatomic level to gain enough probabilistic momentum for their sum-over-histories to resolve into an observable tendency.

This could explain why, sometimes, trends begin to rise in populations, particularly the more vicious kind — fear, anger, and hatred are very powerful emotions and tend to flood intention more effectively than reasoned, chosen, deliberate thought. (When you consider the alchemical declension of elements: Fire/will, water/emotion, air/mind, earth/matter — this is actually a predicted outcome; will, being more potent than mind, tends to be more dominant in its influence.) It also may explain why prayer seems to work, at least sometimes and for some people, even if it's offered to an entity that may not exist at all.

This can also help explain why initiation and magickal orders have been the preferred mode for working magick through the centuries. Whether it's the Illuminati, the Knights Templar, the OTO, the Roman Catholic church, the Golden Dawn, a Wiccan coven, or any other congregation of multiple minds focused on one intent, you're apt to find that things work better in coordinated multiple numbers.

* * *

One more thought here, and that's on retroactive magick — that is, influencing the past. Referring back to our double-slit experiment, one set of findings has shown that you can influence which slit a particle passes through after the fact, depending on how you set up your detection apparatus — thus, immediate past history can be affected.

On the whole, this isn't surprising, assuming the block cosmos model is a more accurate representation of the cosmos than the many-worlds interpretation (or in fact any interpretation that does not treat time strictly as another dimension, as opposed to some Invisible Mysterious Force — ha! — that compels motion along an entropy gradient). Remember, if the present can detect the "future" resonance of an adjacent pin, there's no reason why it can't also send a resonance "back" to affect the direction or energy a ball might encounter when it hits a pin at some point in the "past". This would naturally have to be harder to accomplish, though, since the cumulative energy of interactions after they have occurred would perforce be harder to overcome than the potential energy of interactions which have yet to happen.

* * *

To summarize, then, the only thing preventing a good understanding of why divination and magick work is a failure to comprehend the nature of the cosmos. Adjust one's understanding of how the cosmos operates, and it becomes clear that there isn't any reason for magick and divination to be invalid at all. Furthermore, I've pointed to several ways in which both magick and divination are limited as to what they can do, and explained why. I've also suggested a

means by which divination can be tested for validity; if it happens that validity is found, there's reason to think there might be more to magickal claims than is generally accepted today by the skeptically-minded.

The Minor Arcana in Tarot: A Qabalistic View

Tarot's history is surprisingly hard to determine. (Which, when you think about it, is ironic; after all, Tarot is supposed to be about bringing light to the obscure.) There are some stories which trace it to Egyptian magick; others which trace it to Romany roots; and others still which suggest even more outré sources. What appears to be definite about it is that there was something called Tarocchi which was popular in Medieval and early Renaissance Italy, and looking at designs such as the Visconti and Marseilles decks shows that the current system, with all 78 cards, was in place and being used (for games, divination, or both) half a millennium ago.

Looking at the structure of Tarot decks, though, we see clear evidence that they are actually a fusion of two different things: A four-suit, fourteen-card-per-suit deck now called the Minor Arcana (and upon which modern playing cards are clearly based); and a twenty-two-card deck of superficially unrelated cards now called the Major Arcana. (Superficially unrelated only to the extent that they aren't systematized in the same way as the Minors; however, they are related if you look at them as a narrative rather than a game-playing system.) Obviously, at some point in the history of the cards, someone began using them for divination as well as game-playing, and it seems clear that the Majors were added to enhance the experience of the Minors.

Somewhere in there — it's hard to say precisely where or when — Tarot's structure came into alignment with both astrology (Western astrology, that is) and the Qabalah (the magickal application of Kabbalah, the school of Jewish mysticism). Thus, to work effectively with a classical Tarot deck such as the Rider-Waite pack, or some of the more esoteric decks such as the Hermetic Tarot, it's best to have at least a nodding acquaintance with these other magickal-mystical systems. Certainly, once the Qabalah is better understood, the logic of the Minor Arcana will be considerably more sensible.

This is good, because it's often the Minors that trip people up. Why should a Ten of Swords portend doom, while a Ten of Cups is fantastic news? How did the Three of Pentacles get associated with hard work, while the Three of Cups seems to be about revelry? Why are all the fives considered sources of trouble? Who the hell made all this stuff up anyway, and what were they smoking, and where can we get some?

The Majors, at least, are relatively straightforward ... though it is worth noting that Death rarely means actual, literal death. (I'd be much more concerned about the aforementioned Ten of Swords; in the Majors, it's usually the Tower or the Moon that you've got to look out for.) So before we crack into the deck, let's take a quick run down the Qabalistic Tree of Life, which is rife with its own interpretive possibilities and which, briefly, is said to have symbolic correspondences with humans, with a godform, with the structure of the cosmos, and more. (There is no doubt among any occult practitioners that it has heavy correspondences with Tarot.)

Qabalah Lite

The Qabalistic Tree of Life is formed of ten nodes called Sephiroth (plural; it's Sephirah in the singular), each connected by different paths that illustrate their interrelation to one another.

The principal Sephirah is called Kether, and forms the apex of what's known as the Supernal Triad. The idea is that before there was anything (this is in a place illustrated as being above Kether in the form of three veils of nonexistence, called Ain, Ain Soph, and Ain Soph Aur), Something came into existence. That Something was Kether. Kether then thought a couple of things in rapid succession: I am, and I am alone.

Not literally. Kether is at least a symbolic notion, at most an aspect of a creative entity or urge; so ascribing human thought and motivation here isn't valid, because the true motivations of an entity capable of creating a cosmos 14 billion lightyears across (if there is one) would almost certainly be beyond our comprehension. However, we can interpret; and the interpretation of the I am/I am alone process makes intuitive and emotional sense.

Also, it is important to note that throughout this text I am referring to the magickal interpretation of the Qabalah, not the traditional Jewish interpretation — so please don't think anything here is necessarily in line with what a Rabbi might agree with.

That notion, I am, created an immediate resonance within the cosmos. This resonance manifested as a kind of reflection of Kether, which became the second Sephirah, Chokmah, the verb or action aspect (am) of the realization of the individual (I). The notion I am alone then manifested the idea of desire for company, which was what resulted in the third Sephirah, Binah, emanating from Chokmah. So the Supernal Triad can be said to be comprised of a timeless, ageless entity, that entity's notion of its Self, and that entity's desire to have companionship.

There followed a reflection of the Supernal Triad, comprised of three more Sephiroth — Chesed, Geburah, and Tiphareth — followed by another set of reflections of those reflections, called Netzach, Hod, and Yesod. Between them, these six Sephiroth formed the energetic and potential basis for the cosmos that we actually inhabit.

Cosmologically speaking, the time before Kether was the time before the Big Bang, possibly — and the Supernal Triad would then have been the event that laid the groundwork for the Big Bang. The succeeding six emanations, once they completed, would then have caused the Big Bang itself. From a mystical perspective, they could be said to be inhabitants of or locations in various astral planes. (The Supernal Triad is not directly reachable from within this cosmos; to get there, one must cross what is called the Abyss, which is said to be impossible in a form recognizable to the human mind, even with the assistance of phenomenal amounts of psychedelics.)

After all this Emanating, there was a final extension of the Sephiroth, a single Sephirah called Malkuth. Malkuth is identified, cosmically, with everything in the material cosmos. (Thus,

Malkuth would be the product of the Big Bang, all 14 billion lightyears of it.) While the “direction” that these emanations took as they ... emanated ... is often depicted as a zigzag called the lightning bolt, the Sephiroth are divided into three triads, with Malkuth tailing at the end. Each triad forms a set of interrelated notions, so generally speaking they’re treated as three sets of three plus one, rather than a group of ten.

QBL sephiroth with lightning bolt.jpg ↪

So that’s the layout of the Qabalistic Tree of Life as given — and you’re not going to be too surprised to learn that yes, there are symbols everywhere on it. We’ll start with its overall structure.

If you begin with Binah and move down through Geburah to Hod, you’ll see you can connect them with a straight vertical line. This is also true of Chokmah, Chesed, and Netzach; and it is so too of Kether, Tiphareth, Yesod, and Malkuth. The line on the left is called the Pillar of Severity; the line on the right is the Pillar of Mercy. Down the center is the Pillar of Equilibrium. Each of these pillars features heavily in various initiatory and hermetic magickal systems; the Pillar of Severity is traditionally depicted as being black and is called Boaz, while the Pillar of Mercy is white and called Jachin. The Pillar of Equilibrium is ... you, when you stand in the portal that is formed by the other two pillars.

Which, when you think about it, is a hell of a thing to think about.

QBL sephiroth with pillars.jpg ↪

I bring this up because the placement of the Sephiroth on the pillars is significant. Beginning with Binah, each Sephirah has an astrological planet associated with it. Binah’s is Saturn, who is the lord of time, harvests, ending, and death. Geburah is associated with Mars, lord of warfare and all things marital. Hod is associated with Mercury, who governs rational thought and communication. All of these planets-gods-symbols share the traits that they tend to function in hard, definite, real-world terms. Thus, their placement on the Pillar of Severity makes a lot of sense.

This includes thought or communication as represented in Mercury; the attachment of labels to a thing, for instance, instantly delimits both the thing and the mind that is attaching the labels. Consider that a rose is lovely and symbolic of many sweet notions — but that it also has thorns and grows out of manure. All of these facts are encompassed in the word rose, yet the subtexts each person attaches to the word rose are indicative only of the state of mind of that person, not of the rose itself.

Thus, labeling a thing is, in a way, restricting its possibilities.

This is also the case with the Pillar of Mercy. Chokmah does not have a planetary association (though some ascribe Neptune to it), but Chesed does: Jupiter, the beneficent and just ruler of the gods (at least, ideally), the expansive and generous one. Netzach is associated with Venus

and all that implies. Both generosity and love are those touchy-feely kinds of ... feelings that make certain people squirm a lot, particularly if they'd far rather be calculating or going to war or something Productive and Manly of that nature, so finding their planets-gods-symbols on the Pillar of Mercy is only natural.

Since Chokmah represents the first expansion of Kether, its placement on the Pillar of Mercy makes sense; Jupiter is expansive as well, after all, and we know that venereal impulses can lead to expansion of body parts, families, and entire species.

Down the center, then, we'd expect more planetary influences, and we'd be right. Kether, like Chokmah, doesn't have a classical planet associated with it (though Pluto is sometimes given as an attribute). Tiphareth has the Sun associated with it: Ruler of the Solar System, ultimate giver of life, and — in many magickal systems — the Christ Center or the location of the Holy Guardian Angel. Yesod is associated with the Moon, that which rules the tides and the subtler forces of life on Earth; and Malkuth is associated with Earth itself. Each planet-god-symbol here represents, in one way or another, a sort of balance between extremes, so finding them on the Pillar of Equilibrium is hardly surprising.

If you're coming at Tarot from the perspective of a background in astrology, you're probably starting to feel a little better about the cards already — particularly the Minor Arcana, which map directly onto the Qabalistic Tree of Life, and eight of ten of which have astrological planetary referents. (The Tens, in Tarot, all associate with Earth.)

Is Kether God?

No. The entire tree is God in different aspects of manifestation, according to Kabbalah (Qabalists might give you a very different answer, though, depending whom you ask). Additionally to that, the tree's structure is said to be reflected in every person; and it is possible to map the chakras to the Qabalistic Tree of Life as well.

We're not quite done yet, but we're most of the way there.

The Supernal Triad — Kether, Chokmah, and Binah — are also associated with the alchemical element of fire (and the force of Will). The next triad, Geburah, Chesed, and Tiphareth, are associated with water (and Emotion). The final triad — Netzach, Hod, and Yesod — are associated with air (and Mind); and of course Malkuth is associated with earth (and all things Material). These elemental classifications can have ramifications on how the Tarot interacts with the Sephiroth on a suit-by-suit basis; for instance, you might expect there to be interplay between the suit of Wands (fire) if it's placed somewhere in the area of Mind on the Tree of Life.

QBL sephiroth with elements.jpg ↯

The ten Sephiroth each have stations or meanings or functions. Kether is the emanating force, the first Sephirah, called the crown. Chokmah, the second, is associated with wisdom,

and Binah — third — with understanding. This triad — beginning, wisdom (expansion), and understanding (completion, Saturn) — is reflected throughout the Minor Arcana in the first three cards of each suit. Chesed, the fourth Sephiroth, is associated with mercy (Jupiter), Geburah at fifth with judgment (Mars), and Tiphareth, at six, has beauty (and the Sun). Netzach (Venus) has victory at seven, Hod (Mercury) at eight has glory, Yesod (the Moon) at nine has foundation, and Malkuth, tenth, is the kingdom (of Earth). Sephiroth four through ten have varying effects on the Minors, some of which are surprising — which is where many people get lost with Tarot, and why I believe it's important to have some awareness of Qabalah to come to terms with it all.

QBL sephiroth.jpg ↵

This “map” will factor considerably into our exploration of Tarot — it's very significant to the Minors.

Finally, there are twenty-one paths among the Sephiroth. Each path is associated with a single card in the Major Arcana of the Tarot, but that is a much, much deeper subject than we can go into here and is definitely worthy of further independent research — particularly if you wish to use the Tarot as a way to work on your own inner being. Pathworking on the Sephiroth with the Tarot can be marvelously useful. (There are twenty-two cards in the Major Arcana, but twenty-one paths. A little reflection on the Majors and their content might let you sense which card is missing from the paths, and why. Hint: Remember the planetary associations of the Sephiroth?)

Each of these Sephirah has a card associated with it from the Minor Arcana of the Tarot — the small cards numbered one through ten. Kether corresponds to the ace, Chokmah to the deuce, Binah the three, and so on to Malkuth, which is associated with the ten. To understand these associations, we're going to dive right into the cards themselves.

About time...!

Open your pack now and separate the cards into five piles. The first pile will be the Major Arcana. The remaining four will be all the Wands, then all the Cups, then the Swords, and finally the Pentacles (or Disks or Coins; this is the Rider-Waite nomenclature we're using here, though, so it's Pentacles.)

Are these pentagrams? Are those signs of the Devil? Is Tarot going to eat my soul and devour my mind and maybe even do terrible things to me?

Some people might have you believe so, but they're mistaken. In the alchemical system, the pentacle represents the balance of fire, water, air, and earth along with the fifth element of æther, corresponding in the human world to will, emotion, thought, and body, coupled with spirit.

Why a pentacle, though? Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man is one illustration of how that shape was arrived at:

Simply, a pentacle can be seen to resemble a person with their arms and legs outspread. You can play around with this a little yourself, if you'd like; set up your five piles so that the Major Arcana are at the top, the Wands just to the lower left of it, the Cups just to the lower right, the Swords below and to the right of the Wands, and the Pentacles below and to the left of the Cups. What you'll have is, roughly, a five-pointed pattern that precisely fits the points on a pentacle, and that maps to the meanings assigned to those points by ancient alchemists.

Tarot is deep.

Each suit in the Minor Arcana represents a couple of different things: One, an alchemical element; and two, a mystical force. Wands correspond to the element of fire and the force of Will or Intent. Cups are associated with water, and the force of Emotion. Swords associate with air and the force of Mind; and Pentacles associate with earth and all things Material. These elements, in that order, represent states of being going from the highest or most energetic or most influential subtly ... to the lowest or least energetic or most influential materially. As a psychological nomenclature it's not perfectly accurate, not universally applicable; but it does seem to fit most people's patterns. Intent sets the scene for emotion, which affects mind, which directs body. (Going back "up" is not quite as easy without involving some interesting biofeedback systems such as yoga, or at least a glass of wine.)

Wands

Pick up your pile of Wands and set the four Court cards (Page, Knight, Queen, and King) aside, then sort through the small cards, one through ten, and lay them out roughly corresponding to the pattern from the Qabalistic Tree of Life. (We'll come to the court cards later on, after we've gone through the small cards in all four suits.)

Remember that Wands represent Will, the most potent of the mystical forces, the most rarefied; and it's also associated with alchemical fire.

QBL sephiroth wands.jpg ↵

1, 2, and 3 of Wands

Your Ace of Wands resides in Kether, which associates it immediately with beginnings, possibilities, the unformed-but-gravid-with-intent. This immediately extends itself into the Two of Wands in Chokmah, becoming a manifestation of Will preparing to make itself Real. From there it's a quick jump to three in Binah, where the initial stages have all been passed and everything is prepared to move forward.

The image on the Ace of Wands — a hand coming out of a cloud with the gift of a wand — suggests a state of beginning from nothing, the first stirrings or realization of Will. You'll find this motif repeated throughout the other three suits of the Minors. The idea is that something seems to be appearing out of nowhere, though that nowhere could in fact be an "aha" moment of thought, a dream, a gathering of forces or tendencies in a person's life, and so on. The two images in the deuce and trey of Wands also suggest their respective states: On the Two, you see an image of a person apparently contemplating taking a voyage somewhere; on the Three, it looks as though he's already set out and is on his way. Thus the first three cards in Wands represent potentials under Will; preparations for expansion under Will; and resolution (the voyage begun, or preparations completed — remember the Saturnine influence) under Will. Going back to our Sephirotic structure, this makes quite a lot of sense, since the Kether-Chokmah-Binah triad itself represents the first three emanations of Will, and occupies the area of fire or Will on the Qabalistic Tree of Life; and since, while Binah represents the conclusion of the first triad, it also points to the next step along the Sephirotic path.

Since the Ace through Three all reside in their "native" element (fire, Will), there's no apparent conflict to be seen in any of the cards or their associations with the respective Sephiroth.

Now you see why I put you through Qabalah Lite, don't you?

One of the big, big problems with most "Learn the Tarot" approaches I've seen is that they take little or no consideration of Qabalistic underpinnings into account, and attempt to explain the symbology of the cards based solely on the images on those cards ... but that doesn't go very far toward explaining why those images exist as they do, or are on the cards they are on. It comes across as arbitrary because the rational substructure beneath Tarot — and there is a rational substructure — isn't adequately explored. "Just learn it," they seem to say. "You'll get the hang of it eventually."

I don't know why so many "Learn the Tarot" approaches are done that way. I'd hate to think the people writing them are unaware of the Tarot's deep tie-in to Qabalah. Maybe they don't feel it's relevant, or it would be confusing. If that's what they believe, well, I have to disagree.

4, 5, and 6 of Wands

Moving on from the Supernal Triad in Wands (Will), we now place the Four of Wands into

position over Chesed, the Five of Wands over Geburah, and the Six of Wands over Tiphareth. These three cards have shifted “down” the tree a bit and are occupying the area associated with water, or Emotion, but there’s still not a lot of trouble to be seen with their associations, except perhaps with the Six of Wands.

The four now occupies the Sephiroth associated with mercy and with Jupiter, the five is seated atop Mars and severity, and the six is on the Sun (equilibrium) and beauty. The images on the cards help support these notions; the four shows a quadrilateral set of poles in the ground, suggesting that a tent or pavilion is being erected, clearly part of a preparation for celebration or feasting — a Jovian, jovial, and expansive occasion. Five barely needs explanation; it’s a battle, right there on the turf of the God of War.

Six is where it gets just a little odd, because it seems to suggest a victory parade, which is hard to reconcile with the Sephirah Tiphareth, the Christ Center, called beauty. It’s worth noting here, though, that the Six of Wands is deeply ensconced in the elemental zone of water, which implies that its Will is heavily under the influence of Emotion. The combination of Will with (emotions associated with) beauty brings to mind a cause to celebrate ... and that’s why we’ve got a parade here.

Thus we have generosity in Will, combat in Will, and celebration in Will.

This is easy, isn’t it?

7, 8, and 9 of Wands

Not as easy as we might want; for when the Seven of Wands goes on top of Netzach (Venus), the Eight of Wands goes with Hod (Mercury), and the Nine of Wands goes on Yesod (the Moon), not everything seems quite to line up any more.

Our fire element is now in the realm of air (Mind), which is quite far from its “home turf”

Seven, all right, sure ... that looks like a guy who’s made it on top of a hill and is successfully defending it against invaders, thus tying in with the Sephirothic idea of victory; and sure, those eight (plus one for nine) poles arrayed like a fence do seem to make some kind of foundation on Yesod ... but how do eight flying branches represent splendor?

I have no idea, really, but if you think of them as rays of light, or if you consider what word you’d use to describe eight staffs just up and flying through the air on their own, maybe we’ve got a clue. It’s better to think in terms of swiftness — Mercury, and its various symbolic references to mind and mercurial moods.

So with the Seven of Wands we have victory in Will, though its Venusian correlation isn’t particularly obvious; with the Eight of Wands we’ve got a (somewhat problematic) splendor of Will, its Mercurial manifestation suggested perhaps by motion or by the power of imagination required to see the tie-in; and with the Nine of Wands, why, there’s the Foundation of Will and — just possibly — nine times three being one day shy of the lunar month. (At the very least we have Robert Frost to guide us with his reminder that “good fences make good neighbors.”) Interpretively, the Seven of Wands would then be taken to mean some kind of conquest of Will, the Eight of Wands could represent things changing very quickly; and the Nine of Wands might represent a defensive posture.

10 of Wands

That leaves us with the Ten of Wands, acting as a burden there in Malkuth, the sphere of Earth. How is Will a burden in this context? In the tree's structure, of course, Will is way "down" in the element of earth, which is literally as far as it can get from its starting point. Beyond that, it has to do with the subtle associations of energies; the culmination of the Tree of Life in the astral-symbolic plane of Will means that, now that all the hard work in Will power has been done, some real work is about to begin elsewhere.

This is literally true in Tarot, because Malkuth on one plane corresponds to Kether on the one "below" it. So this card — the Ten of Wands — represents the heavy lifting required to take all that Will power and transform it into the first emanation of possibility in the realm of Emotion (cups, water). The Ten of Wands is a transformative card, in other words, and transformation always takes effort.

More subtly, we have the alchemical energy of Will grounded in the plane of Earth. These two energies are ... not precisely at odds with one another, but are somewhat antithetical to one another. In astrological terms, Will is in opposition to Earth. Thus Will, interacting as it is here in Earth (Malkuth), is fighting an uphill battle.

Wands and the Pillars

Now let's take a quick run down the pillars on the Qabalistic Tree of Life. On the Pillar of Severity, we see the Three of Wands (terminus of preparation; Saturn), the Five of Wands (fighting; Mars), and the Eight of Wands (splendor, odd behavior in hiking-sticks, Mercury). Each of these states represents something severe; the first, an ending of plans; the second, a making of war; the third, something ... severely odd, but certainly splendid, and apparently happening very quickly.

Over on the Pillar of Mercy we've got the Two of Wands (preparation; the second emanation of the Supernal Triad having realized its own existence), the Four of Wands (celebration, joviality, Jupiter), and the Seven of Wands (winning, Venus ... hmm, winning what, precisely, in that odd contest of Will versus venereal sensation in the land of mind?). Each of these states represent some kind of openness, though it's entirely possible that the openness suggested by the Seven of Wands is more likely to be the openness of Fate smiling on one's valiant endeavors.

Down the center, on the Pillar of Equilibrium, we have the Ace of Wands (the ultimate balance inherent in the very beginning), the Six of Wands (the beauty of a parade, the Sun), the Nine of Wands (a nicely balanced foundation combined with the regular phases of the Moon), and finally strife — but at least a good honest sweat, a real down-to-Earth grounding of all that pie-in-the-sky Will power hoopla.

Make of these associations and correspondences what you will, but assuming you spend some time thinking about these things, it should be pretty easy to know how to handle any of the small cards in the Wands when they pop up in a reading.

Cups

Gather up your Wands now and get ready to lay out the Cups cards, just as we did with the Wands, following the structure of the Qabalistic Tree of Life. We're going to be looking at a suit associated with water (the alchemical element) and Emotion, and we've gone "down" a notch

in the alchemical scale as well; the energies associated with water are of a somewhat less intense nature than those associated with fire.

Furthermore, we've gone "down" a notch with our Tree. It wouldn't be too far afield to visualize the final Sephiroth — Malkuth — in the Tree of Life as presented with Wands being just one short step "above" the first Sephirah — Kether — in the Tree of Life for Cups. Thus the gathering of energy or qi or juju required in the Ten of Wands begins its manifestation with the Ace of Cups. This is followed by the Two and Three of cups, making once more our supernal triad in Kether, Chokmah, and Binah.

QBL sephiroth cups.jpg ↵

1, 2, and 3 of Cups

Again, the Ace, being the initial stage, signifies beginnings and boundless possibility, this time in the realm of Emotion. Now it gets a little more romantic, though, because the Two of Cups — in Chokmah — represents love or lovers. That makes perfect sense when we consider what Chokmah represents on the Tree of Life: A reflection of Kether itself, and its first companion. The Three of Cups, resting in Binah, yields a celebration of three, a festive sense of satisfaction at some unknown success.

Interpretively, then, we have beginnings in Emotion; love; and celebration.

That our watery suit is residing in a triad associated with fire doesn't seem to have any repercussions, does it? This is partly because Will and Emotion are closely enough associated with one another that there's not a lot of crosstalk or conflict to be found there; and partly because the Supernal Triad is generally a reasonably stable, secure place.

4, 5, and 6 of Cups

Your Four, Five, and Six of Cups now go to Chesed, Geburah, and Tiphareth, respectively. The Four of Cups, under the generous influence of Jupiter, shows a scene of fulfillment, even of a free gift being given: An extra perquisite for Emotion, a superabundance of what was completed with the Three of Cups.

The Five of Cups, now ... what's going on there?

Remember that Geburah is also associated with Mars, a planet-god-symbol of war. Emotions lost or broken by war help explain the sad scene on the Five of Cups, with the original three cups all having been spilled. The scene is somewhat redeemed by the observation that the unhappy figure has two more cups standing at the ready behind him, if he would just turn around and notice them.

The Six of Cups, by contrast, is inarguably happy. Remember it's sitting in Tiphareth, the Sephiroth of beauty, so this sweet little picture of contentment — a child at play in a peaceful garden — illustrates the notion of fulfillment and restful times.

The interplay of the Four, Five, and Six of Cups with its "natural" zone of Emotion (on the Qabalistic Tree of Life) resonates particularly strongly here. Interpretively we have a sense of "my cup runneth over" (Emotion given the generosity of Jupiter); of disappointment (Emotion interacting with Mars's combative influence); and of innocent pleasure (Emotion basking in the balming light of the Sun).

7, 8, and 9 of Cups

Seven, Eight, and Nine of Cups are next, going into Netzach, Hod, and Yesod.

Oh dear, things are getting a little strange now, aren't they?

Partly this is due to Emotion moving into the realm of Mind, where there's a hell of a lot of conflict, usually ... as anyone who's ever been furious or in love (or furiously in love) will readily attest. So our Seven of Cups, sitting in Victory, associated with Venus, resting in Air, shows a person with a bewildering range of options available to him. The message here is that there are many choices available, not all of which might be rooted in a "solid" foundation; here where Emotion is at odds with venereal impulses and the working of Mind, victory (in the form of the "right" choice) might be difficult to ascertain.

Our Eight of Cups, parked over Mercury in Hod on the Pillar of Severity, suggests a level of incompleteness somewhere. There appears to be a cup missing, and it looks like the figure in the image is going away someplace under the variable influence of the Moon. Emotion doesn't do well with Mind in any case, and the double-whammy it's getting from Mercury and air implies that all this splendor (!) still isn't quite complete. Thus, with the Eight of Cups, there's a sense of unfinished business in Emotion.

That's verified with our Nine of Cups, which shows our initial triad in Binah being revisited, thrice over. This individual clearly has been given (or succeeded in obtaining) pretty much everything he could want emotionally, and rests contented in his earnings.

10 of Cups

Finally, we place our Ten of Cups on Malkuth, and see a scene of fulfillment. There's a happy family, a stable home, and an abundance of good feeling all around for everyone. If you've been paying attention, you're going to wonder about that, since the Ten of Wands looks anything but happy and content. No one is smiling and there damned sure aren't any rainbows to be seen, just one man straining at a burden. What's up with this?

Here is where our consideration of alchemical elements comes into play. Malkuth is the sphere of Earth (and alchemical earth), and Wands is the suit of fire. Cups, on the other hand, is the suit of water, and water is considered alchemically friendly to earth. Thus while fire and earth don't necessarily mix well, water and earth do.

Interpretively, we have a fulfillment of Emotion so complete that it even expands over into earthly fulfillment.

Cups and the Pillars

Going down our pillars once again, we see the Three, Five, and Eight of cups associated with Saturn, Mars, and Mercury on the Pillar of Severity. As with the Three of Wands, the happy triad of Cups in Saturn doesn't represent death so much as a conclusion, and clearly a pleasant one in this case. The Five of Cups is showing its reaction to being in the influence of Mars, while the Eight of Cups might stand as a warning about overthinking certain things in the world of Emotion ... or it could suggest that, if you've a hunch things are incomplete, they might well be.

On the Pillar of Mercy, we have the Two of Cups in Chokmah representing a pair for whom no one else in the world exists but them, followed by the Four of Cups in Jupiter with its abundance, and the Seven of Cups indicating ... yes, a possibility that there's a range of options available, but also a caution about making careful choices. It's easy to be fooled by the ravishments of Venus, when she's in the mood to misdirect. Where Emotion encounters Mind and the venereal drives, it's easy to be misled.

Finally, down the Pillar of Equilibrium, we have the Ace of Cups emanating all possibilities in Kether; the Six of Cups showing the innocent idyll of a child's heart in Tiphareth (the golden glow of the Sun, one imagines, is all around); the fulness of individual contentment in the Nine of Cups, under the influence of (probably) a full Moon; and of course the culmination of emotional success as represented by those who feel a stable, loving family is the sine qua non of Earthly happiness.

Everything down that central pillar seems balanced just perfectly, doesn't it? Really, there aren't too many "gotcha" cards to be found in Cups. The Five is probably the least pleasant one to see, followed by the Seven, but even the Eight is moderated by the possibility of finding fulfillment.

If only every suit were as happy as Cups. But alas.

Swords

Veterans of the Tarot tend to find Swords the most difficult suit to deal with. This is partly because its association with alchemical air and the realm of Mind put it on uncertain footing; partly because alchemical air is on friendly terms with alchemical fire (as water is with earth), thus Mind and Will can interact with one another in self-reinforcing patterns that don't take the exigencies of Emotion or Matter into account; and partly because the physical item associated with air and Mind — the Sword — is not generally a friendly thing to see in someone's hand. In addition to that, the correlation of Mind to Mercury to rapid change is very strong.

Nevertheless, there are some favorable aspects to the suit, and we're going to learn what they are.

QBL sephiroth swords.jpg ↵

1, 2, and 3 of Swords

This third suit is yet another notch "down" in energies, with Malkuth for Water (the ten of Cups) being immediately adjacent to and just "above" Kether for Air (the Ace of Swords). Still, the layout scheme is the same, with the Ace, Two, and Three of Swords taking their expected positions in Kether, Chokmah, and Binah. The Ace of Swords represents, as you would expect, the starting point, all possibilities of Mind made available in an undirected, pure stream.

The Two of Swords, in Kether, shows a position of balance. That's what you'd probably expect of Chokmah, which is the first extension of Kether and thus its own balance, in a way. Interpretively, this suggests a state of peace or balance in the mind; the image of a woman, blindfolded, holding two swords reinforces this idea.

However, with the Three of Swords, we see that something has gone a bit awry in our Supernal

Triad at last. The image of a heart pierced with blades is evocative of precisely what you think it means: Sorrow. Mind, here, has interacted with Will, and in the position of conclusion, on the Pillar of Severity, residing as it does on the Sephirah associated with Saturn, it's hard to imagine anything going differently. Thus, in this case, Saturn's force at last becomes a force of closure, of terminus, and works sorrow in Mind, in abnegation of what the Will might want. There's no mistake that this card is about things ending unhappily. Does it get better? Well...

4, 5, and 6 of Swords

The Four, Five, and Six of Swords, laid down in Chesed, Geburah, and Tiphareth, produce nothing like what we might expect to see (at least, not in Chesed or Tiphareth). There isn't a single happy looking scene to be found here at all. Now we've come to expect that of Geburah — Mars, after all — but Tiphareth? Beauty? The Christ Center, ruled by the Sun? What the hell is the problem here?

Mind seems to bear a particular antipathy toward Emotion ... and these three Sephirah, remember, are seated in the elemental zone of water, the force of Emotion. So Mind goes all-out here resisting Emotion's sway.

The Four of Swords depicts a crypt, apparently that of an honorable knight. What's a tomb doing here, on the Pillar of Mercy? Wouldn't it be better to have it on Binah, ruled by Saturn? Look a little more closely and understand that even Jupiter's magnanimous influence can't prevent death, but it can at least make for a decent grave. The notion here is that a battle has been hard fought and, while Mind's forces might not have been victorious, at least those forces have been given some form of rest. (This might be less difficult to accept if you believe in a Christian notion of resurrection, meaning that an honorable death more or less guarantees coming back to life eventually.) Remember too that swords are martial symbols, and traditionally the only real rest a soldier ever gets is in the quiet of the tomb.

The Five of Swords, sitting there on Mars's turf, fares no better. The only way you'd have people collecting discarded weapons from an empty field would be if a battle had been fought ... and lost. Those are the forces of the victor. Of the opposing army there is no sign; they've been routed. Mind has failed here, and the interpretive sense is one of defeat.

The Six of Swords looks particularly dismal, doesn't it? A pair — presumably mother and child (perhaps Madonna and Christ?) — are going on a journey across potentially treacherous waters. (Water ... infringing on the suit of air ... in the realm of water on the Tree of Life. Think about that for a minute. Are storms coming, or have they just passed?)

This is, however, a somewhat optimistic card, if you can believe that. Assuming these people are refugees, they have clearly survived a conflict, and seem to be headed for a distant shore that's surrounded by smoother, less risky waters. Thus, while there have obviously been hardships, there's reason to think that — should our refugees arrive at that distant shore — there's a possibility for renewal or growth. In keeping with the planetary associations, it appears to be daytime ... so the Sun is, indubitably, shining. Somewhere. Interpretively this card suggests a journey of some kind.

Let's scoot on down to the next three and see if, here in the realm of alchemical air on the Tree of Life, the Suit of Swords decides to cut (!) us a break.

7, 8, and 9 of Swords

Oh dear. Seven, Eight, and Nine of Swords, falling on Netzach, Hod, and Yesod, look downright awful.

That's okay; they are.

On the Seven, which is ostensibly associated with Venus and victory, we see someone carrying an unstable aggregation of blades (no doubt filched from the battlefield up there on the Five of Swords, or possibly from the festival grounds behind him), eyeing two more which have been stuck into the ground. Is he a thief? Possibly. Has he actually gained a victory? That's hard to tell based on just this card, which is as it should be. You'd need to interpret the outcome based on this card's context with others in a reading, of course, but the suggestion is one of imbalance on some level.

I know you've been paying attention so far, so by now you've realized something interesting about all the sevens in the Minor Arcana: In each case, the victory implied by the association of Netzach is a contingent victory. It's never a certain win; there are always conditions which apply somewhere. All through the Minors, the sevens are conditional cards. Victory is possible, success is possible, but it is by no means ever assured.

We can look to the influence of Venus for the reasons behind this. Venus is the goddess of love, yes; but she's also the goddess of lust, and it is very easy to mistake one for the other, and as a result make a choice with long-term consequences that, in retrospect, wasn't necessarily the best one. Sometimes you bed the wrong person, or punch the wrong person in the nose, simply because of that venereal influence.

The entire romance novel industry is based on a thorough understanding of this simple truth.

Thus, all the sevens in Tarot reflect a need to pay attention to what's happening, whether it's intellectual, willful, emotional, or material, because there are consequences to consider; in all cases, Mind and Emotion are likely to be pulling in different directions in the sphere of Netzach, in the realm of air, under the influence of Venus. Only Wands and Pentacles seem to be somewhat less fraught, underscoring the idea that Will and Matter are less entangled than are Emotion and Mind here.

The Eight of Swords shows a woman being held hostage. Mind, working with Mercury, should find its ideal expression here, particularly since this triad of Sephirah are associated with alchemical air and symbolic Mind. Yet what we see instead is its opposite, represented by the symbolic threat — do the wrong thing and the hostage is slain — as well as the hostage herself being fenced in by the very powers of Mind that should be at their maximum

expression. This represents a caution: Though it may be tempting to let Mind loose, consider the ramifications, and consider taking careful steps, rather than getting too enthusiastic. Interpretively the notion is to control one's impulses, to not let Mind get ahead of itself. As for the Nine of Swords ... ouch. A woman wakes alone, in the middle of the night, clearly caught either in a nightmare or racked by despair. Flying blades behind her show the piercing effect of Mind, the way it can overtake Emotion and even Will, under the multifaceted influence of the Moon.

How does this reflect on the association of Yesod with foundation? Since Mind is literally mercurial, and since the Moon undergoes regular changes in aspect and position, this suggests that a foundation of Mind alone will always be uncertain, and that its constantly changing state will undermine efforts to become stable. The interpretive sense here is one of overwhelming despair.

Women and Swords...

Eight and Nine of Swords are interesting to consider in the sense that women, in Tarot, are generally regarded as the carriers of emotion. Hence, these cards — Eight and Nine of Swords — imply a deep conflict between Mind and Emotion.

10 of Swords

Take a deep breath now, because we're almost done. We're just going to place the Ten of Swords in its position on Malkuth and ... oh for Pete's sake. Really?

This card is variably called Ruin or the Lord of Ruin, and it's easy to see why. Alchemical air is most at odds with alchemical earth here in its realm of earth, and there is no positive light to shed on this card at all. Ten swords in the back is a pretty hard thing to get up and walk away from, after all. It's also got just a hint of malice to it. Ten swords, really? Pretty much the textbook definition of overkill.

Swords and the Pillars

Even when we walk our pillars, it's hard to see anything happy. On the Pillar of Severity we have a thrice-pierced heart in Saturn, abandoned weapons in a field of battle in Mars, and that ever-so-cheery hostage situation in Mercury. Saturn brings about an ending, Mars routs the army, and even Mercury is getting a warning to control itself.

The Pillar of Mercy fares little better; only the Two of Swords in Chokmah suggests anything like respite in its presentation of balance. The Four of Swords does convey the notion of rest, yes, though not necessarily the kind of rest everyone would prefer. And that Seven of Swords carries with it a hint at success ... but also a hint at doing something of ... aheh ... negotiable morality.

On our Pillar of Equilibrium we've got the emanation of all possibilities in Mind via Kether, which is fine on its own; the Six of Swords under the Sun seems to suggest the hardest times are over, but that there might yet be strife ahead; the Nine of Swords suggests that imbalance is all around (that is, everything is unstable in all directions); and while it's definite that the body temperature of the man in the Ten of Swords is at equilibrium with the ground (or that it

soon will be), it seems a rather harsh way to strike a balance. It's probably worthwhile to point out that Cups, being almost unrelentingly optimistic, requires something to offset it — but still, Swords is a hard suit to love.

Pentacles

Okay, so we move on to the final alchemical element, earth, the “lowest” rung on the energetic ladder (or, alternately, the most “real” of the symbolic forces). Going from the Ten of Swords (Malkuth in air, a dead body) to the Ace of Pentacles (Kether in earth, new possibilities) might not seem like a sensible step, until you remember the old litany spoken over graves: Ashes to ashes, earth to earth.

Does Tarot suggest anything about reincarnation or rebirth?

Not overtly, not that I'm aware of — but there's plenty of room to put those associations in place, if you're of a mind to.

That's not dodging the question; it's pointing to something fundamental about Tarot. While there are inarguably basic associations and structures around which Tarot has been constructed, there is a vast latitude for adding your own interpretations atop it. The more familiar you get with Tarot, and particularly as you discover a deck you seem to have a strong affinity for based in the way it illustrates its symbology, the more richly it will interconnect itself with your mind and your insight.

So if you see suggestions of reincarnation or rebirth in Tarot, and particularly if you're a believer in reincarnation or rebirth yourself, definitely go ahead and flex your interpretive muscles along those lines. (From what I've been able to determine, by the way, Jewish mysticism — what the original Kabbalah is rooted in — allows for the possibility; and since Tarot is built on a magickal interpretation of the Kabbalah, it would be foolish in the extreme to deny the possibility that it's a subtext in Tarot as well.)

QBL sephiroth pentacles.jpg ↵

1, 2, and 3 of Pentacles

The Ace of Pentacles, in Kether, is again where we start off, with the Two of Pentacles in Chokmah and the Three of Pentacles in Binah. The Ace is the starting point of all possibilities earthly and material.

The Two, then, becomes earthly forces in a dynamic state of balance, reflected out from the starting point in Kether. The interpretive idea is that there are various Material items ready to proceed, always bearing in mind that if there is some sort of balance, it is possible to unbalance things. (Thus, we can see a slight tension here between Matter and the position it

occupies here in the Supernal Triad, the location associated with elemental fire and with Will.) The Three shows a completion of work, specifically the groining of a cathedral's ceiling kept up by the fixed earthly forces of matter held in balance against gravity. You can see that the mason who constructed this cathedral is getting praise for his work, too, which gives us our first unambiguous insight that the suit of Pentacles really is about solid, down-to-earth matters (as opposed to demonic forces that will eat your soul and devour your mind etc etc). Again, we see no conflict here between the Supernal Triad's placement in alchemical fire with the earthy suit of Pentacles.

You might have noticed that, by and large, the lower a card's number is in a given suit, the nicer it is. This is a reflection of the notion that the Qabalistic Tree of Life represents an initial, perfected Trinity, reflected downward into greater states of degradation, until the final emanation of Malkuth — where it's sort of anything goes. (It's worth noting that, if you map the Qabalistic Tree of Life onto the chakras, Malkuth is associated with the anus. Some people will laugh long and hard at that.)

Qabalistically, the Sephiroth Netzach, Hod, and Yesod are considered the spheres where most magickians perform their workings; they have a lot of truck and trade with Malkuth and are possibly therefore apt to be prone to some kind of corruption. Initiatory magickal systems such as the Golden Dawn seek specifically to bypass those Sephiroth and get the student directly in touch with Tiphareth, the Christ Center, through what they call Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel, who is said to "reside" in Tiphareth.

It's probably fair to assert that, strictly speaking, anyone who is concerned about matters beyond simple terrestrial existence is likely working — at least — in the sphere of Yesod, assuming you choose to look at things that way.

4, 5, and 6 of Pentacles

Moving on, the Four of Pentacles lands in Chesed, the Five of Pentacles in Geburah, and the Six of Pentacles in Tiphareth. Looking at the images on the cards, we can see the correlations. The Four shows a well-grounded figure whose feet, heart, and head are all firmly associated with earth, and who is therefore in a position to be sanguine or benevolent; however, there is also a hint of possessiveness here. Interpretively this suggests success with overtones, possibly, of avarice. (Jupiter might be the source of abundance, but where Material impulses are concerned, materialism might arise.)

The Five shows a grim scene of poverty and degradation, its earthly reality being blocked from the view of more celestial-minded people by a conveniently-placed (and -decorated) stained glass window; the interpretive notion is one of being isolated or destitute.

The Six shows generosity in the form of distributing alms to the poor. The interpretation here is clear.

This all seems to line up reasonably well with what we've seen before in our Sephirothic declensions, though the scene on the Five has less to do with militaristic excess than it might have with the notion that there are Holy Forces at war with Evil Forces, and that it is a tragically regular circumstance for the Holy to be rife with Hypocrisy.

7, 8, and 9 of Pentacles

Seven, Eight, and Nine land respectively in Netzach, Hod, and Yesod; and again we see the Seven and Venus up to its old tricks. This card illustrates a person waiting for a bush to finish bearing fruit; it looks like he's been working pretty hard at keeping his garden, and isn't entirely sure he's satisfied with the results. Maybe he was expecting an eighth Pentacle ... or maybe he was hoping for hexagrams instead. We'll never know. Interpretively, this suggests incomplete work, or dissatisfaction with work that has been completed.

The Eight of Pentacles illustrates industrious work, presumably by a craftsman of some kind; at any rate, he's knocking out those Pentacles nineteen to the dozen (so to speak), and clearly has inventory enough to satisfy his customers. This suggests prudence, and is the fundamental interpretive meaning. Mind (Mercury), properly applied to Material concerns, suggests a state of planning ahead and being prepared for the future.

Our Nine illustrates a well-kept Garden of Earthly Delights, complete with a well-kept man and well-kept bird enjoying it all; the symbology is obvious.

10 of Pentacles

The symbology is also obvious with the Ten of Pentacles, placed in Malkuth; really, the imagery on the Nine and Ten of Pentacles is a recapitulation of the imagery to be found in the Nine and Ten of Cups, only on the plane of Matter rather than the plane of Emotion. Since earth and water, alchemically, are friendly to one another, this reiteration isn't especially surprising, and can safely be presumed to indicate the same degrees of success, just in somewhat different areas of life.

And hey ... take another look at the distribution of those Pentacles in the Ten. Does that pattern remind you of anything...?

Pentacles and the Pillars

Our Pillars — one last time! — shed more light on the symbology of the cards. Severity doesn't seem quite as severe as it did with Swords; the Three of Pentacles in Saturn reflects only the terminus of a complex effort, the Five in Mars is characteristically unpleasant in its illustration of how earthly concerns can seem to be at war with matters more spiritual, and the Eight is almost optimistic in its illustration of using the power of Mercury — the mind — to plan ahead for the future and behave in a prudent fashion. (Though under the influence of Severity, this does also suggest putting off pleasures for a while in the name of getting things done.)

Over on the Pillar of Mercy, we start off with forces in balance but prepared to spread out on the Two of Pentacles, followed by the stability and implied generosity inherent in a Jovian aspect of living on the Four (with a possible warning against being stingy). Seven retains its somewhat oblique venereal character by showing reward for work performed ... though

maybe not quite as much reward as one would have hoped for, or the possibility of failing to appreciate what one has already earned.

Down the center, on the Pillar of Equilibrium, we have — as usual — our Ace of Pentacles, the potential of all things earthly. We then see, in Six, the balance (literally, in this case; note the scales) that can be made in life by emulating the effulgence of the Sun and looking out for the less fortunate. From there, the lunar aspects are once more favorable for the Nine, the gibbous or full face of the Moon revealing itself in riches. Finally, then, on Earth, we have all earthly success manifested in the earthy element of the Pentacle suit, on happy display in the Ten.

Court Cards

To round out our tour of the Minor Arcana, we'll return to the court cards (Page, Knight, Queen, and King). We set those aside earlier because they don't fit anywhere on the Qabalistic Tree of Life, and because they each represent alchemical elements and astral forces in their own specific ways. To my mind, it made more sense to run through the structures of the suits via the small cards first, so you'd have a pretty thoroughgoing understanding of those elements and forces by the time we got to their embodiments in the form of the court cards.

In each suit, the Pages represent the alchemical element of earth and the astral force of Matter. The Knights represent air and Mind. The Queens represent water and Emotion; and the Kings represent — mm-hmm — fire and Will.

This has some interesting permutations when you think about it. The Queen of Cups, for instance, represents the Emotional aspect of Emotion; the Queen of Wands, on the other hand, would represent the Emotional aspect of Will.

A person's gender or sexual orientation is not necessarily signified by a given court card; that is, it's equally possible for a woman to be represented by the King of Pentacles as a man.

In casting Tarot, the court cards may often — but not always — represent a person. There are some people who will even take out a specific court card before performing a divination for a person, using that card to represent the person; this is called their signifier. I've never done this myself, because it seems a bit limiting to define someone by only a couple of points in their entire personality. However, if that's something you feel comfortable with or if it lends focus to your casting, by all means, go ahead and do it.

Generally speaking, anyone symbolized by the King of Wands is likely to be strongly driven, quite possibly charismatic, and possibly possessed of a sense of being directed by a higher purpose. The King of Cups would probably represent emotions held under tight control of purpose or intent. The King of Swords would be a somewhat ruthless and extremely intelligent (or at least cunning) force, while the King of Pentacles might be obsessed with material gain. With the Queen of Wands, expect strong emotional commitment — both positive and negative. That is, an absolutely unfailing ally, or just as absolutely unfailing an enemy. Queen of Cups suggests a deeply emotional person ruled almost exclusively by the heart. Queen of Swords would indicate a person with deep emotional insight, possibly a strongly empathetic

person; Queen of Pentacles might point toward someone who finds fulfillment principally through material or earthly pleasures.

Moving on to the Knight of Wands, we're looking at an intelligence that, once it chooses its focus, remains with that focus — and its decisions will tend to be well reasoned. The Knight of Cups will probably base its emotional involvements in sensible and rational views. The Knight of Swords is apt to be a polymath (or a sociopath!), while the Knight of Pentacles could be one extremely shrewd business professional.

Finally, the Page of Wands will present a well-grounded but indomitable drive; the Page of Cups will have a high degree of emotional stability; the Page of Swords could well be a scientist; and the Page of Pentacles might present itself as a very straightforward, stable, and reliable individual.

Some Tarot decks substitute Princess for Page, leaving the rest of the symbology intact. In addition to being less sexist, this scheme introduces a gender balance to the court cards which helps make those decks feel a little more equal all across the board.

These are not hard and fast rules, by the way; while the elemental forces suggest a few things about the court cards, they aren't absolute. Context is, of course, the best way to go with their interpretation in any given reading. The single most important thing to do with any reading is to look over the cards in general, getting a big-picture sense of the forces in play, then letting the narrative begin to coalesce based on that and your own insight into the situation.

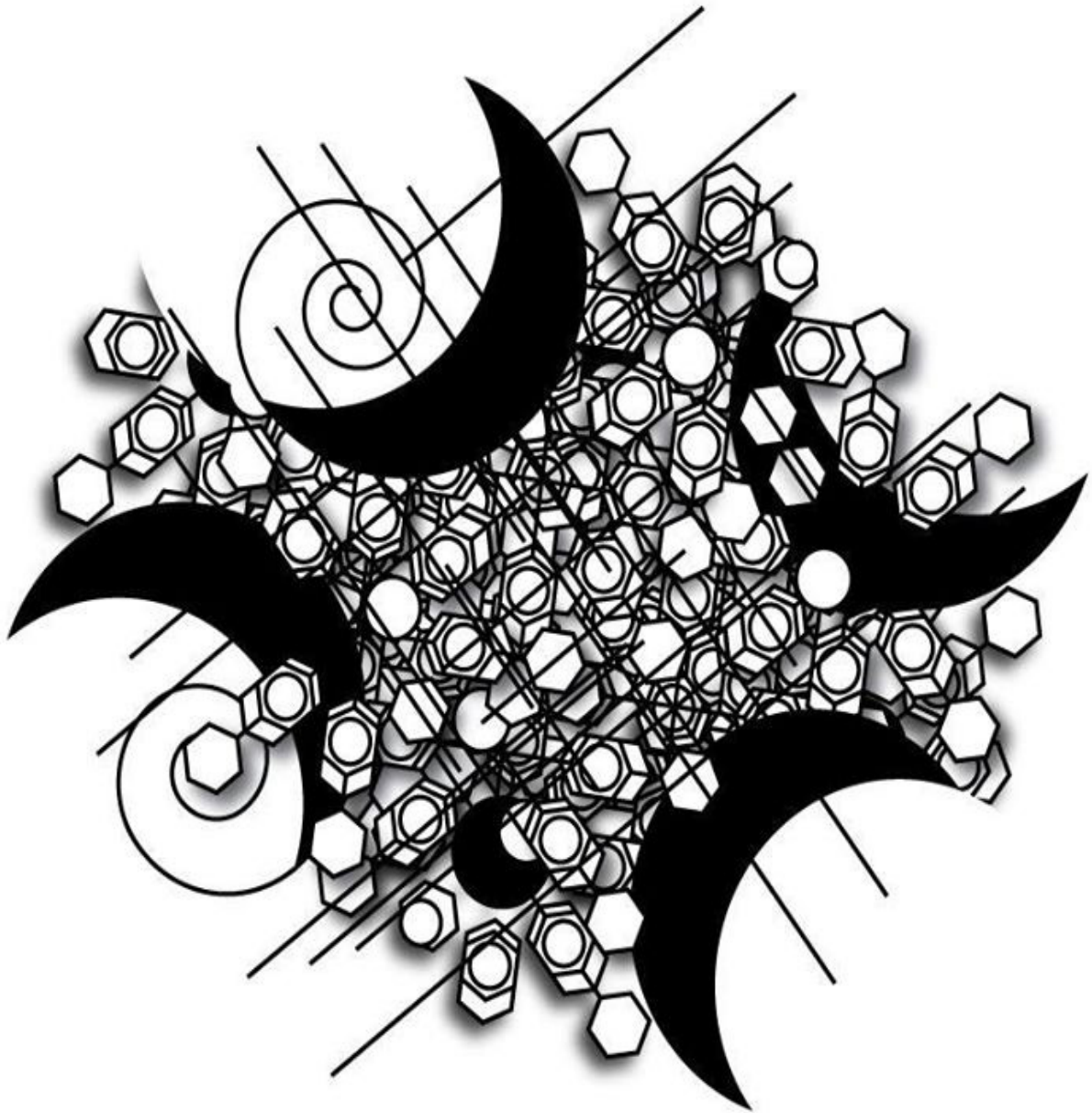
Look for trends, too; for example, are there some suits better represented than others? A spread that has a predominance of Wands might suggest that there's a lot of Will involved; a spread that lacks any Pentacles would suggest no down-to-earth or solidly-founded aspects. Generally speaking, the odds of getting any one card from any one suit (as well as a card from the Majors) are right around 20% (about 18% for the Minors and 22% for the Majors, assuming you're using all 78 cards), so if you've got a ten-card spread that has no Swords at all, that's probably an important detail. (Odds dictate that you should have two Swords out of ten cards.) Similarly, if you've got a ten-card spread that has six Cups cards, there's definitely a strong emotional factor in play (again, you should have no more than two, just on random chance alone; six would be three times the predicted number, which — statistically speaking — is off the charts).

It was noticing these trends — the way spreads never seem to fall as one would expect from pure chance alone — that started me down the road to serious exploration of Tarot and magick. That, added to the fact that Tarot seemed to work far better than I had any reason to expect, was sufficient to get me trying to figure out just how and why.

I still don't know, but I know a lot less of what I don't know than I used to not know.

By now, you should have sufficient theoretical knowledge in the Minor Arcana that you

are probably capable of performing a reading using just them, and leaving the Majors out of it entirely. There's no reason not to do that, if you want. Characteristically the Majors are considered to be larger cosmic forces, the forces of Fate and Fortune, or possibly divine (or diabolic) effects, so they are not actually required to include in any given divinatory casting. It's not at all unusual for newcomers to Tarot to start by casting just Majors alone in a spread, actually, since those cards tend to be less ambiguous; however, the degree of subtlety available from the Minors is one reason I chose to introduce you to them in this way. From here you may want to explore spreads you can try, or learn more about the Majors, or just sort of bonk around with the cards and figure it out as you go along. You're welcome — encouraged — to do so. I will not illustrate with examples, because that won't be of much use to you. Tarot is a personal and interactive experience, and my telling you what I think a spread represents will not result in you deciding, on your own, what a spread represents. Since they're your cards and you're assigning symbology and meaning to them from your own mind, the worst thing I could do would be to start tossing my memetic notions into your brain. If you think of it in terms of LEGO® bricks, what I've done here is give you a set of blocks, described the shapes, and showed what the principles were that went into their design — why some are long and skinny, why others are squat or flat, and how they decided on the colors. It's up to you, though, whether you build a house or a spaceship or a Diesel truck or an ice-cream stand or an undersea city or a goat or ... you get the idea. The connections are there to be made. The real pleasure in working with Tarot is when you start making them yourself, and all I'll be able to do when that starts ... is get in your way. Explore and enjoy!



Mikey Dubz

John Daniels Riveros



Collecting Our Thoughts With Chemicals

Theanine

First, a little personal business. I'm experimenting with caffeine (a small mcdonalds coffee) and a 200-mg capsule of L-theanine. While I didn't really notice much of an affect with the L-theanine alone, it pairs amazingly with coffee. Might be placebo, but I believe there is sufficient scientific support for the nootropic effects of L-theanine — and certainly caffeine. L-theanine is present in green tea and on its own chills you out without making you drowsy, and with caffeine it really mellows it the fuck out but I feel very focused. That is, I'm experiencing more focus and energy and less anxiety and nervous angst.

I bring this up, because, well, this blog was conceived by Saturn and I as a sort of eclectic, syncretic mixture of futurism, mysticism, and perhaps most importantly, radical leftism — broadly, inclusively anarchism, socialism, and communism, and perhaps other less established anti-capitalist and social justice traditions.

And, we've focused mainly on laying a foundation of mysticism (sort of a strange foundation, like building on clouds — but we are trying to reach outer space) with some politics, but little futurism. I think in some way the futurism links the two categories, conceptually and in terms of aspirations.

Now it's certainly true that we did begin by discussing futurist concepts like the Kardashev Scale, Strong AI, full automation, and direct cognitive networking. But we haven't really ranted in depth about futurism, so here goes:

Magic is about transforming consciousness with nature, and nature with consciousness. As more and more intricate formulations develop, we might lose the feeling of magic associated with these products of mixed consciousness and nature. That is: the products of human labor. All human products are essentially technology. I mean, I even sort of consider language and money to be forms of technology — maybe eventually in need of some revision.

But, oh man, we as a species (especially in the so-called advanced countries which benefit from huge material privilege on the backs of the hyper-exploited workers of the colonized global south) are subject to more change than ever. It's not true (as we might comfortably assume from a moment to moment basis, as we navigate our societies) that we are simply the source of all natural change. No, nature and consciousness is mutually conditioning. The feedback between the two categories of systems is very intense, such that as we externalize our collective consciousness, our social, cultural existence almost takes on a life of its own — even as it is driven by our day to day economic habits.

It's not just that we are changing ourselves by changing nature. If that's a valid statement, then it's only true if the process is indirect and unconscious. Like the market forces that deliver cultural and material products along coordinates in global civilization network, the sum of our collective efforts has given rise to an emergent quality beyond our control or comprehension.

Socialism (including anarchism and communism), it seems to me, is a direct attempt at consciously wielding these forces of self transformation. To become one with our informational environment, which is itself intrinsically integrated with our cognitive process. The term "market" implies preserving the straight up primitive competition and uncoordinated chaos of what should be a democratic, formal, and consciously planned process.

You can see how individual self improvement might pragmatically be interpreted as a microcosm of the higher scales of social organization, while at each scale the organizational unit will naturally try to improve the conditions of the larger system in which it exists and thus is forced to improve itself. I think self improvement has to be one of the most important elements of spirituality. Like rapper Truck North of The Roots says on the track "Walk Alone", "The devil wants me as is, but God he wants more." Now, the specific associated Abrahamic theology aside, you can see this in a lot more places where mysticism is an intrinsic element of a major traditional school of discipline or moral philosophy that values discipline. I think no matter what we specifically believe, we can agree that improving ourselves and the world are two of the best pursuits we can make central to our existence. When you're laying on your death bed, and you struggled against adversity and improved the world somehow, you're more likely to feel spiritually content.

But spirituality isn't just about you. We have to be empathic, we have to find meaning in our relationships with others as much as with our own internal, personal consciousness. We've discussed consciousness as a social product on this blog before. But we shouldn't simply passively accept our mutual existence with the humans with whom we interact, and thus those with whom they interact, and so on, including all humans and actually all life on this fucking planet. We should make this relationship, this condition of our existence, explicit, conscious, and central to how we view ourselves and the totality of our experienced reality.

So far I've gotten very off track in filling the page with abstraction, but here I'll continue with futurism and transhumanism (specifically, nootropics and entheogens etc.). But you can see why it's important to link political and mystical self improvement to our technological natures, right?

In any case, I completely believe that material means for transforming consciousness are valid. I'm schizo-affective. I don't like who I am when I'm anxious, agitated, delusional, paranoid, psychotically furious or depressed, and so on. So I take fucking drugs for it. And any guru asshole who would tell me that drugs aren't a method by which to improve consciousness can go fuck themselves because that's fucking bullshit.

Drugs are the fucking shit, period. Not all drugs, not in all circumstances and under all conditions. It's certainly true that they are frequently dangerous or lethal, or, opposite to the Latuda I take every night, might drive you fucking crazy. Even cannabis, which you might consider safe and non-toxic, can negatively impact your psyche and, indirectly, your body. I mean it also shrinks

your brain at sufficiently high levels of long term use, but who cares. Some dude has kidney failure and has to go on dialysis because he drank a fucking gallon of iced tea every day.

So, and this should be a theme by now, be conscious and informed about the methods by which you try to change your consciousness — even if it's only a temporary transformation.

We're over a thousand words now, so I'll try to be brief (forgive me if I fail).

If there are relatively safe ways to improve our focus, emotions, and other cognitive states (and there are), then we should use them. Thus my L-theanine and caffeine, and nootropics generally.

Psychedelics might be similarly useful. I'm going to give up all pretense of a unified thesis and go out on a limb here: entheogens, shamanics, psychedelics, whatever you call them — I think they loosen the barrier between the raw subconscious spirit animating everything we do as individuals, and let us examine it in symbolic and abstract form. I'm not sure how well the “conscious” mind, which is smaller than the subconscious mind, can experience or fully meaningfully process the . . . beingness of the subconscious mind.

Similarly, an individual can't grasp the totality of our collective cultural existence, as a civilization.

And here, I revive the mention of The Metacognate — essentially a specific vision of a civilization within which some or many members have directly networked their brains in some fashion. Coercion, by the market or other forces, would lead to a fucked up brutal future where everyone is wireheaded to obey the commands of some super-elite social layer and the networked mind is little more than a control mechanism. But socially owned and controlled, and voluntary — that would be The Metacognate, a communist fucking hive mind.

And, this doesn't mean people would just be completely subsumed by this collective mind. I sort of imagine that the connection with the networked-mind infrastructure would be some small, continuous trickle, not enough to overpower the conscious mind or the whole brains capacity to process information. We wouldn't just be writing over our internal world with whatever the collective mind sends to replace it. Some may choose that, and in that way it will be another method of self destruction.

In general, I think many (myself included) would opt for some sort of connection equivalent to an additional sense — enabled by a mechanical sensory organ or external appliance.

But, drugs. I think experiencing altered states, by drugs or meditation, which, as Terence McKenna said, perturb culture, would be a preparation for experiencing the raw thoughts of a collective mental network.

We can't be afraid to change. At this stage, all we are is change. And depending on your outlook, that's all we ever have been and ever will be. Perhaps God is the only entity that doesn't change. Who knows. What we should care about right now is improving ourselves and our world, perhaps in a way that might please God (I almost wrote “make God happy,” but I imagine that word might

be meaningless or imprecise — after all, we know literally fucking nothing about the Being, if They do exist).

Several years ago I scratched together a sort of syncretic meaning of life that I think captures the essence of spirituality generally. Again, please don't fixate on the specifics of the traditions embodied in the language used, but interpret the intended meaning: Good Works and the Great Work. That is, in a general sense: being a good person, doing good things, having moral character. Now is not the time to delve into specifics about good and bad but I think each define each other in relation to mutual human existence — bad or evil is the infliction or perpetuation of suffering, death, or destruction, fucking up human existence or consciousness. Good is improving human existence, conditions, and consciousness (please include other consciousnesses in the human category if you wish — it is appropriate). The Great Work is a term borrowed from Hermetic philosophy or alchemy (about which I'm no expert) — but the way I use it I think is close to its original meaning — a life work. A great project — specifically, that of self improvement, until death. Life is life's own great work, in that sense.

And life, consciousness, good and bad, all our thoughts, feelings, and experiences of that — all of that shit exists in a material reality that there is absolutely no substantial proof so far that it is possible for individuals, let alone the bulk of humanity, to transcend. Thus far it has been impossible to transcend material reality. So we shouldn't pretend that material processes don't just impact consciousness, but that they don't compose the totality of our conscious experience. We have to use material methods to create good consciousness and destroy bad consciousness. And you know, I guess drugs can be part of that.

A Brief, Angry Introduction to Magic

Imagine this article being read in the voice of a frustrated New Jerseyan.

This should be brief because it's good to get to the point, which so much literature fails at. This piece is angry for the same reason – so much literature just fails. Way too much bullshit, meandering and empty verbage to sift through out there.

Does believing in magic make sense?

Actually this is not the most important thing. You can believe in magic out of sheer irrational dogma. You can believe in magic out of reason and evidence. But the point of magic is not to get bogged down in debates with people over whether it is real. That's like one of the most unmagical things imaginable. The point of magic is to live it and use it. Your belief does not require the belief of others, only your own sincere attention and intention.

Are there some arguments for it? Sure, I'll outline them briefly. One is that consciousness is mysterious, and rather than merely being an extension of matter, is a distinct substance unto itself. As such, it may be interlinked with the rest of the universe, either by an omnipresent field of consciousness or something similar.

The other avenue is more scientific than philosophical. It acknowledges some recent research into quantum entanglement, and the fact that the human nervous and neural system may be connected to it. Especially with experiments linking quanta across time and increasing acceptance of multiverse theories, the idea that our subconscious is capable of shifting the path of causality is not so insane.

Many new-agey people give the scientific arguments a bad reputation, because they believe without any real research, out of a mere wish to believe. It's fine to believe in magic irrationally, though; just don't pretend you have scientific evidence when you're just wishing you did.

And of course that brings us to the final avenue. Believe because you feel like it. Believe because it's awesome. Believe because it's interesting. Or don't believe, and treat it as a symbolic, psychological exercise. Believe because it gives you a headstrong self-assuredness in your efforts which might allow you to actually do things that wouldn't have been possible if you didn't have that boost. Believe because it's crazy and it scrambles your creativity-stifling mental formulas.

As for me, I'm all of the above: philosophical, scientific, and vitalist.

How do you do it?

The above outlines of how magic works are completely disconnected from the idea that there is any special series of magic words. Chaos magic reigns here – do whatever works for you. It's pretty much all about symbolism, altered mental states, strength of belief, ritual, self-assuredness, or whatever you want.

If you want an instruction manual, then get one. There are millions. If you go down that route, remember that rituals are sort of like a play. It works best when the lines are well-rehearsed and the actual exercise can be performed fluidly without having to refer to the instructions. Usually the method, spell, ritual, or whatever involves some moment where you take a certain action, create something, destroy something, or whatever. Remember that this is the moment that you are making the change in the fabric of life, and you must mentally comport yourself accordingly.

Just remember that your mental involvement in creating a change in the world far surpasses any dogmatic instructions. The words, props, names, or sequence are all about getting you into the zone, and really nothing else.

Now there are three ways of doing this mental involvement in an external change which don't involve giving yourself a massive headache by straining your forehead. The first was already mentioned – using various preparations and solemn, meditative rehearsals (or rowdy primitive behavior) to get yourself deeply into the zone.

The second way is alchemical. You use your own emotions as a cauldron for transforming something else. You imagine the state of being of the thing you are trying to change. If it is a person whose decision you want to influence, you imagine their situation, their considerations. If it is a car you hope starts working again, you buckle down and imagine what the fuck it's like to be a car. Then you imagine that thing transforming to the state you wish. Imagine how the decision-maker would feel, imagine their train of thought, as they go with the choice you are hoping. Bend your mind and imagine what it feels like to be a broken car being fixed – imagine parts shifting, re-aligning, until the typical, imprinted flow of energies and matter in the car is resumed.

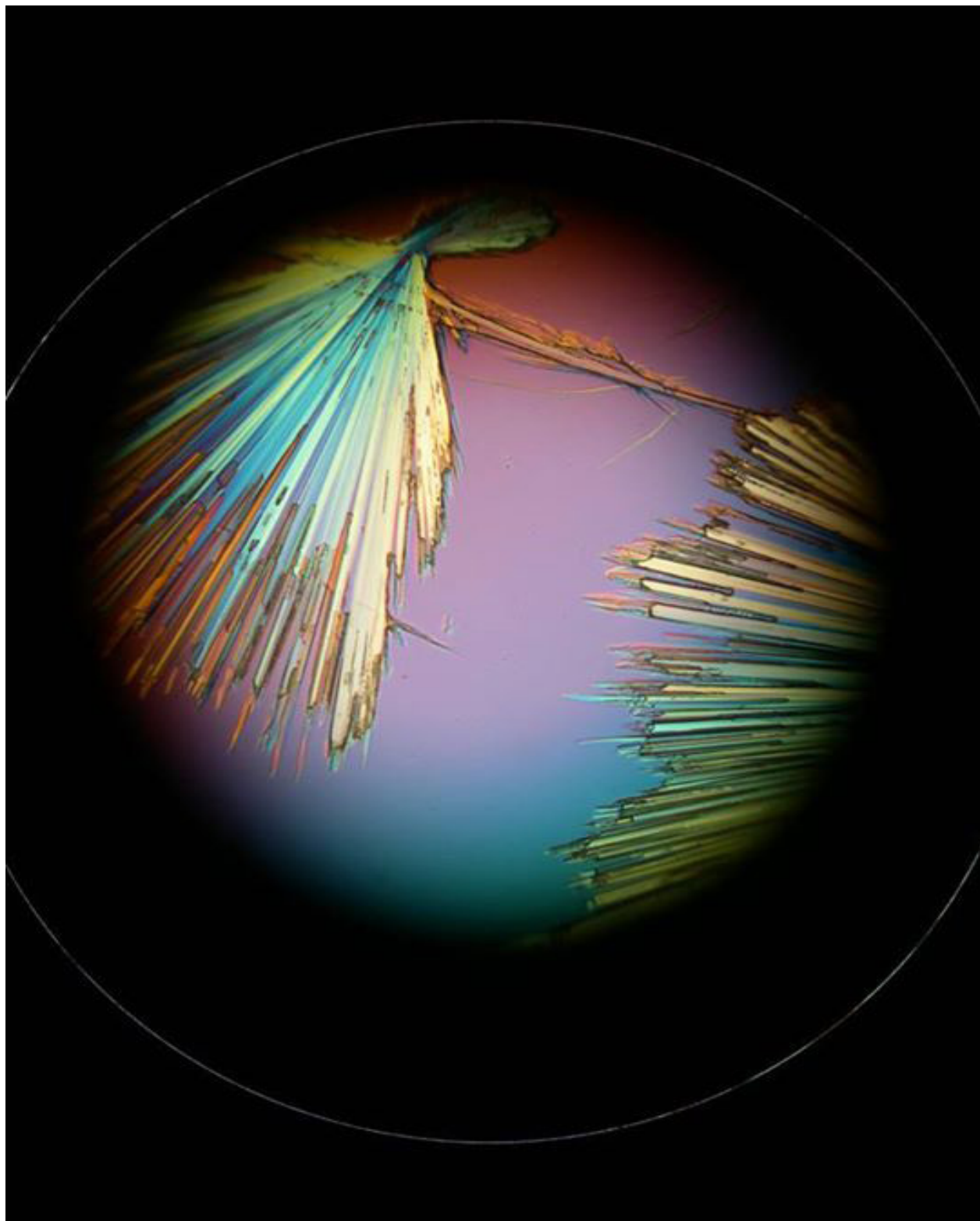
The third way is a bit different than anything I hear most people preaching. It is largely my own conception, though I may have borrowed it – you create magic by the very force of your selfhood, personality, and character. Be a badass. Know yourself, know what you want. Pursue it mercilessly. Become reflective, intuitional, insightful, and wise, like a true fucking witch or wizard. (Don't think putting on a pointy hat makes you any of those.) If you wish to ask the universe for help, be a good, loving moral person, who is worthy of its grace. If you want to strive for something, then don't ask the universe for shit. Tell the universe what to do, with the confidence and even the arrogance of an officer who knows they will be obeyed. Don't wonder if you can beat the universe into submission – uncertainty is a sign of wavering, and it doesn't respect that. Act as if it is preposterous there would be any reason you'd expect any less. Live a life of significance. Be a person of gravity, and your gravity will reach through the ether. Likewise, if you wish, you could be a person of sheer levity, and your magic would be a continuous unfolding of the amazement and jubilation of your carefree soul. (Dickwad.)

My own style is a mix of the three, but I don't get fancy with rituals often. Most typically, I draw shapes of significance in my mind (but I take it absolutely seriously, and imagine that stuff very vividly and specifically). The mental alchemy of fusing with the state of something I wish to influence, and changing my own state, seems to truly work, and I often combine it with the previous. And of course, my entire life is a continuous effort to do things which make my soul stronger,

given that this is the magical authority by which I feel justified in commanding the wyrd – and I constantly invoke that authority shamelessly.

The fourth secret method of magic is to actually buckle down and do some fucking work. Remember, I said this can shift the path of causality, not make completely impossible shit happen. It's like weighting the dice, not hacking the lottery. Remember, we still live in a material universe where the standard patterns of behavior are extremely strong. But if you are going to try something impossible, make sure you BELIEVE – first, so it increases the chances that it could actually work, and second, so I can laugh at you if it doesn't.

Don't bother trying to test magic; it inherently operates by invisible mechanisms and cannot be objectively observed (only subjectively). Otherwise it would be called science. You may have some seriously direct experiences even, but they will tend to be of a sort which could be dismissed as “merely psychological.” If you can't take yourself seriously while doing it, then consult the first section again and either recommit or give up.



Monika Szpaq Wrona

Luke Andrews



Chaos Music

(Xaos Musick)

Auditory Ensigilization,

Sonic Sorcery,

Cryptomusicology

or

Encoding a S.O.I. (Statement of Intent) into a musical composition.

Items Needed:

Imagination, Voice, Musical Instrument/s, pen and paper, calculator, computer (optional).

Procedure:

It is possible to encode words into musical phrases (musical cryptography), and all that is needed is a good imagination to think of a method of assigning the letters of any alphabet to musical pitches.

One could use a simple method x (as Jung called it) such as this :

one particular method x :

if $C = 0$, $C\# = 1 \dots Bb/A\# = 10(T)$, $B = 11(E)$ etc.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 T E 0 1

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

Z Y X W V U T S R Q P O N

or this traditional one based on Hebrew/Color correspondences :

Air/Uranus = A - Bb/A# - Yellow

Sun = R - Ab/G# - Orange

Aries = H - Gb/F# - Red

Water/Neptune = M - Db/C# - Green/Blue

Moon = G/C - E - Violet

Taurus = V/W - G - Red/Orange

Fire/Pluto = S/Sh - Gb/F# - Red

Mars = P/Ph - Gb/F# - Red

Gemini = Z - Ab/G# - Orange

Mercury = B - Ab/G# - Orange

Cancer = Ch - A - Orange/Yellow

Jupiter = K (or hard C) - D - Blue

Leo = T/Th - Bb/A# - Yellow

Venus = D - C - Green

Virgo = I/J/Y - B - Yellow/Green

Saturn = T - Eb/D# - Blue/Violet

Libra = L - C - Green

Scorpio = N - Db/C# - Green/Blue

Sagittarius = S - D - Blue

Capricorn = O - Eb/D# - Blue/Violet

Aquarius = Tz/X - E - Violet

Pisces = Q (Qu) - F - Violet/Red

or more recently we have found the Ma'atian ATU or Gematria of Nothing cohesive:

13=A=[1]=C#
12=B=[0]=C
11=C=[11]=B
10=D=[10]=A#
9=E=[9]=A
8=F=[8]=G#
7=G=[7]=G
6=H=[6]=F#
5=I=[5]=F
4=J=[4]=E
3=K=[3]=D#
2=L=[2]=D
1=M=[1]=C#
0=N=[0]=C
-1=O=[11]=B
-2=P=[10]=Bb
-3=Q=[9]=A
-4=R=[8]=Ab
-5=S=[7]=G
-6=T=[6]=Gb
-7=U=[5]=F
-8=V=[4]=E
-9=W=[3]=Eb
-10=X=[2]=D
-11=Y=[1]=Db
-12=Z=[0]=C

The Ma'atian Atu

the cool thing about the [GoN] is you type in long phrases and get a relatively small value, which can be used rhythmically, or for BPM's
.... even better, create your own method X,
then simply compose a piece using those pitches, use music in ritual, sing, play, drum,
make a cd of it looped and listen in car, meditate and listen, play cd while asleep,
work into song your band plays,
the possibilities are endless!

on the zee-list Kevin Max Krebs has a similar method where he uses HZ :

“Devise a scale to convert the alphabet to hertz (cycles per second). For example:

a = 20hz.

b = 40hz.

c = 60hz.

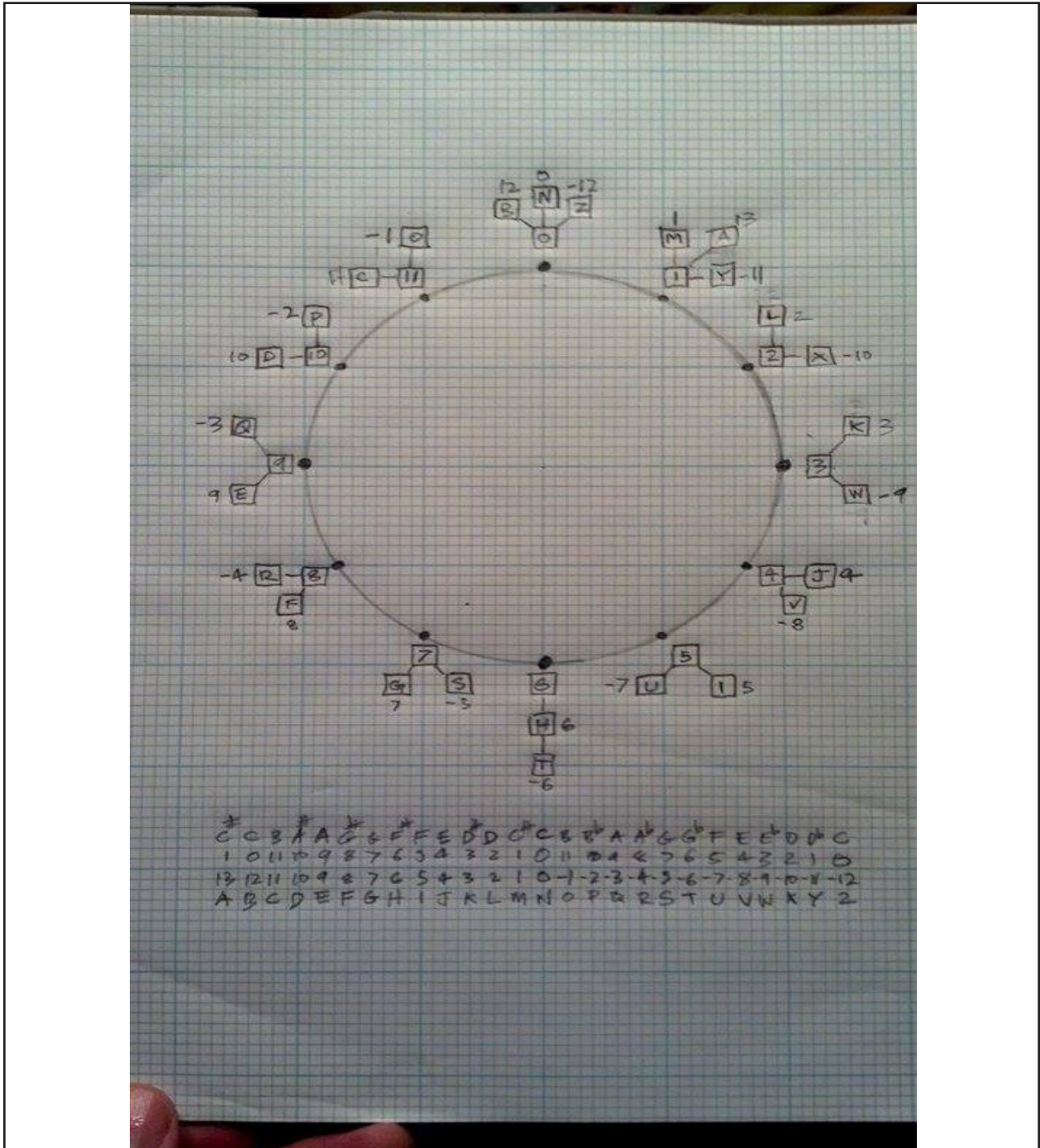
d = 80hz.

... etc.

Of course, this need not progress logically, and some prior experimenting to discover any personal relations between tones and letters may be necessary.”

Of course one can simply decide that any piece of music MEANS what they want to happen and then perform it or perform a ritual using it, but that’s another matter!

IO XAOS!





William Francis MacMillan