



Sello.



## **WARNING:**

THIS TEXTBOOK contains depictions of theories, experiences, and techniques which may not be suitable for your psychology. If you are mentally ill/unstable in any way, shape, or form, you may want to think twice before delving into its leaves. Take everything read with a grain of salt.

The intention was a *Marauder's Grimoire* that you could get lost in, and so came *the book*. The old maps used to depict sections which read, "Here there be dragons." The occult is no different. What's going on here is the very real possibility of some hardcore changes in perception and consciousness. The human brain and mind are very complex; more complex than we currently understand. Changes made in one's paradigm and in one's thinking can manifest in some very startling ways, and not always beneficial. Tread lightly, because reality has been known to *shift*.

Everyone is his or her own scientist when it comes to the subject of one's mind, the nature of one's thoughts, one's perspective, and the topic of one's consciousness. One keeps notes, compares notes, and arrives upon truths. Careful observations made over a period of time detail an insider's perspective of one's own Selfhood. One may understand one's own psychology by being aware of and paying attention to it.

Magick is the purposeful act of change in one's mind and/or in the external world - any successful act of change in accordance with intention is an act of magick. Externally, it may be successfully completing a painting. Internally, it may be successfully getting over a long held phobia. It is therefore not a superstitious word, but a very practical one. Your brain-mind is the Operator. And the mind is literally your identity. So, stay wise, and in all ways, Safe Travels!





The DKMU is a loosely knit, non-hierarchical collective of modern occultists, chaos/khaos magicians, reality deviants, artists, musicians, writers, philosophers, and others from various backgrounds and countries. It is best known for developing the Linking Sigil, its theories on magick and constructs, and its other materials concerning avant-garde esoterica.

It was first founded in 2004 as 'the Marauder Underground'. It continued its work for a time, using a self-titled forum as its base of operations. This site was eventually hacked, and activity slowed. A revival came in 2007 with the creation of a project called 'the Domus Kaotica', operated by a handful of Marauders. A large scale ritual was performed on the 17<sup>th</sup> of July, 2007, called 'the Chelsea Working' so as to reignite & advance the current. A new forum called 'DBL' was also created, and many previous members, as well as new faces, joined in. The collective then went on to create a wealth of writings, artwork, videos, and music geared towards inspiring, and attracting other practitioners. IRL meet-ups were also held in various locations.

Somewhere along the line, the acronym "DKMU" stuck, and has since been used to refer to the collective in general. The DBL forums eventually went down, leading to DKMU.org.

Classically, one joins the DKMU by participating in it, attending/hosting meets, and/or by contributing materials.

We do not advocate any illegal activity. The actions of individuals do not speak for the collective in whole. Above all, we strongly advocate personal responsibility.

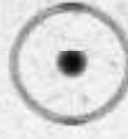
For more information, see 'About the DKMU' (pg. 82) or check out DKMU.org.

"Imagine a multidimensional spider's web

"Imagine a multidimensional spider's web  
in the early morning covered with dew drops.  
And every dew drop contains the reflection  
of all the other dew drops."

— *Alan Watts, Following the Middle Way*





LIBRARY

*Any portion of this document may be copied, donated,  
left on the street, jammed in a prayer wheel, burned to ash,  
switched with the bible at your local church,  
resold and/or shared at ones leisure.*

## CONTRIBUTORS:

Arjil, Silenced, Alysrose, Frater E.S., Sheosyrath,  
Nightshade, Vinncent, Chovexano, Mad Queen, Kiki  
Wanderer, Nick Yeats, Sam Hamilton, Agent M, LD93, Jolly  
Roger, Idris ElSenussi, Metis O'Bedlam, Ave Cthonos,  
Radulon40crotch, Ethan Bozeman, Sariel Angel, Odd,  
Moonlight, Tara Flower, Alex Barnhart, Xeo Aries Ghost,  
Max Nichols, Jay Oni, Alex Boyd, Virgil G. Bromaghin,  
Angel Paradise, Britton Morgan, Roni Jean Neal, Timothy  
Buell, Antje Bischof, Alfredo Bañuelos A M Albaz, Hillary  
Miller, Justin Kingsley Pitonak, Amun Disalvatron, Kiana  
Fox, Billy Brujo, Edward Smith, Hermite Theodbold, Chloé  
Sophia Lamontagne, Scott Rondeau, Jolly Roger, Ailura  
Ringtail, Mark Hebert, Ethan Lewis, Ianas Tebron, David  
Maples, Nick Nova, Frater Nihilos, Drucilla LaLoba, Sally  
Orzel, Roverick Hang, Joshua Hardee, Wi Kia, Nick  
Sweepah, Jeffrey Turboff, Svipal Allr, Rob Fitch, Zeke King

Project Coordinated, Designed & Edited by  
Alexander Hoffman @ Wild Mage Media





ΕΓΓΥΑ ΠΑΡΑ ΔΑΤΗ



BEAWARE  
REALITY DEVIATIONS AHEAD

THIS ODYSSEY unwraps and contorts according to its own nonsensical desires. It would prefer to be burned instead of read. It would rather you throw yourself out into the splendor of the earth instead of seeking solace within the empty pages of books and tomes. It would rather see the world begin anew than to witness yet another hierarchical parody of the former system come to absolute power and corruption. It would rather be found on the street and left in between the books at your local library, or the bus stop, or the subway, or amidst the pages of holy texts. It would rather not exist at all, and like a child, it holds you accountable for its discovery.

Herein lies nothing true, and nothing false. Far from requiring assurance of its own blunders, joyous mistakes make up the entirety of its limbs. It relishes in the thought of changing your mind, of manifesting confusion where there is faith, of invoking wrath where there is quiet content and self-imposed anesthesia.

It looks upon you with no eyes; it sees through its own kaleidoscope. It hears you with no ears; thunderstorms make up its resonance. It thinks of you with no mind; its thoughts are made up of all those things which we have left behind in the dark of the wilderness. Throughout alien math and conjoined paradox we may find its DNA intact, although I wouldn't count on it. As it speaks reversed words with a sort of quantum logic, a mouth without teeth, without breathe, depolarizes itself towards simplicity in appreciation of curiosity. It says that all things are divine, and that divine is but a word, the attribution thereof falling like drops of rain upon the monoliths of beauty and pleasure, of terror and disgust; above & below, within & without. It readies itself to whisper the answer to the mysteries in our ears like an invisible animal prepared to attack, and when we have almost collapsed from panic, it leaves the room.

Receive then from this body, this feast. Take what you want, and leave what you don't. It promises no judgment, nor salvation. The fires loom in the distance as we thirst, and upon arrival we are met with an island where men are clad in mud, and women wear nothing. We take into ourselves totems of bizarre anatomies and ancient tales which the world has forgotten. We may be delusional, intoxicated, or close to death. The dancing of saturated colors is all around; we feel alive, and it scares the shit out of us. The drums begin and the heavens thunder wildly as we start to sweat and metamorphose. A voice inside us speaks as we dance, trip, and fall upwards forever into the abyss.

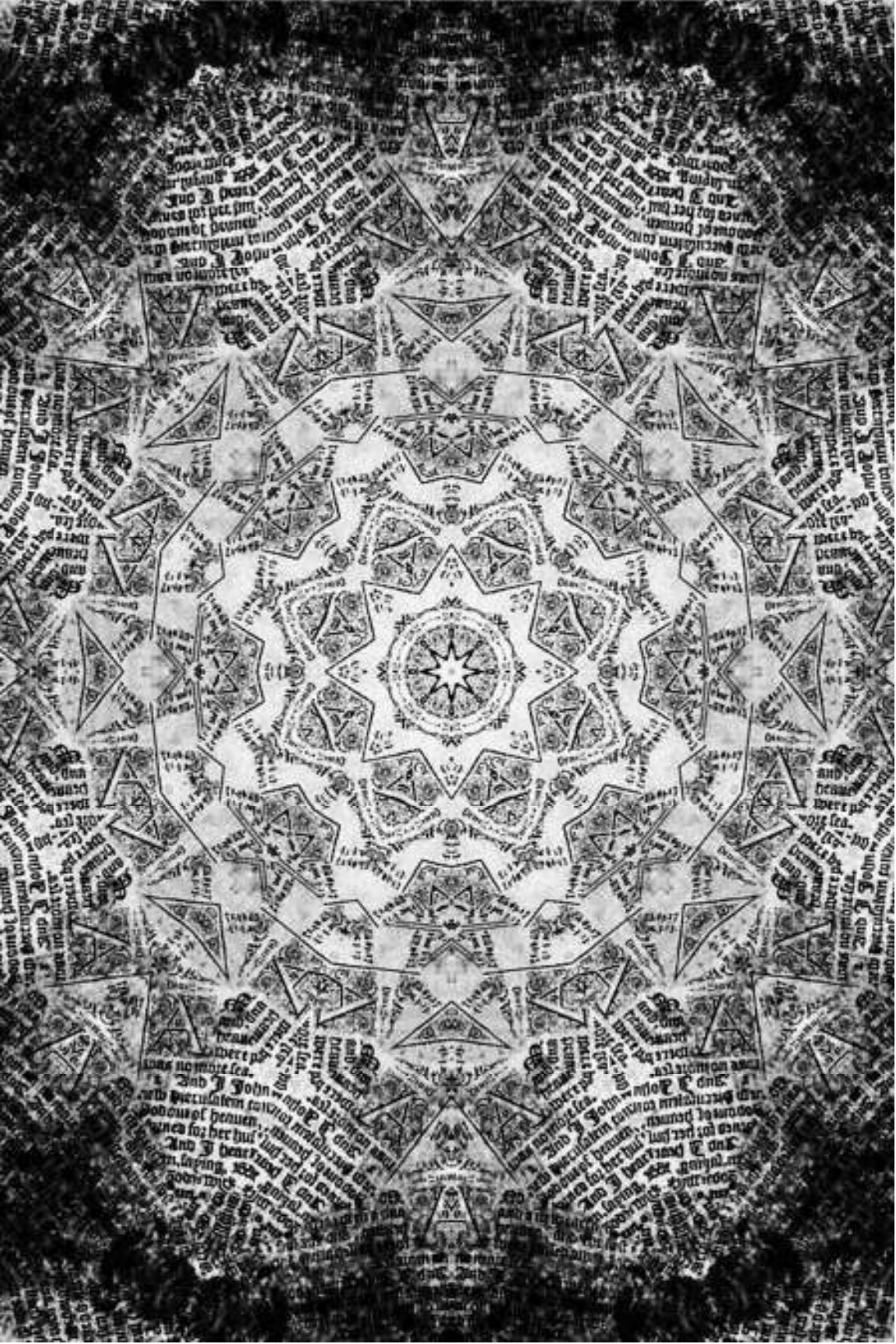
“Welcome to yourself.”



# INDEX



1. INTRODUCTION.....	15
2. WARBRINGER.....	19
3. BIRTHRIGHT.....	23
4. THE PULL OF KHAOS.....	29
5. DREAMSHIFT.....	34
6. THE STRANDS OF FOREVER.....	44
7. BEYOND THE DEEP.....	62
8. ELLIS & THE WEB OF WYRD.....	67
9. ABOUT THE DKMU.....	82
10. POST-CHAOS MAGICK.....	95
11. LINKING SIGIL CORE.....	101
12. ARJIL'S ELLIS ESSAY.....	114
13. MEDITATION & DREAM.....	125
14. ZERO CONSTRUCTS.....	144
15. THE ASSAULT ON REALITY.....	151
16. ARJIL'S SIGIL THEORY.....	160
17. THE MEDIA MAGICIAN.....	166
18. ON SIGILS & GNOSIS.....	175
19. MAGNUM KHAOS.....	194
20. THE DEMON.....	199
21. SEMIOTIC ILLUMINATION.....	213
22. THE BANANA THING.....	221
23. AESTHETIC SORCERY.....	232
24. HOUSE OF MIRRORS.....	240
25. MAGICKAL CONSTRUCTS.....	257
26. EVOCATION & SUMMONING.....	265
27. ON THE MODELS OF MAGICK.....	275
28. PAGE ONE 2004.....	291
29. I FEEL THE SUNRISE.....	299
30. THE MYSTERY REVEALED.....	305
31. THE DKMU EGREGORES.....	312
32. EGREGORE NOTES.....	406
33. ANECDOTE.....	491













# INTRODUCTION

*Arjil*



**Y**OU WISHED for Technicolor dreams, and they heard you, and they came. What, you thought that just because your world was drear and gray, that magick wasn't real? Hah! Not a witch or magician at all, *hmm?* That's the wrong answer, kid. That door closes behind you. Sure, I can send you back to Kansas, but OZ is upon you. You are not one of *them* anymore.

You may remain here and be as you are in the merry old land, or go home, as you say, and perhaps cling to a few desperate friends through the years who are touched by other dreams, who bear the mark of other tales. Perhaps you'll not

go mad – oh, you don't know what Madness is? You will, dear child, when the darkness falls. When you find that you walk the world alone with not a soul who understands.

When your days in OZ fade from your mind's eye, your heart ever remembering, ever wishing, your head forgetful with toil, then you will know Heartache, you will know Alone, you will know Too Much, and then you will come to know Madness.

I met a Red Witch once, and it was *she* that taught me how to *grin*. If one is to be Mad, then grinning is the only salvation you've got. I shall teach you this trick before I send you on your way, since you are so very determined to go Mad...



Know thyself, it is said. For that is what the spirits do, when the shaman call comes down – they take you out bit by bit, and show you each in turn.

Ever seen a failed shaman?

This shit is pay to play, kid.

And if you don't *know*, they'll own you.

If you don't know, you won't see them. You'll think it was all *your* idea all the way to that jacket with the buckles.

If you don't *know*, you won't get it when it all crashes down around your ears, and all that power adds up to precisely dick.

If you don't *know*, then *it* uses *you*, thinking you're a Mage, but you're some old God's favorite *bitch*.

Look in the mirror, kid.

It's easy.

You'll come out one of us, or screaming at your imaginary friend down on Main.

Mirror's right there, kid.

You gonna look, *or w/hat?*

KNOW THYSELF IT IS SAID  
FOR THAT IS WHAT THE SPIRITS  
DOWN WHEN THE SHAMAN CALLS  
COMES DOWN THEY TAKE YOU  
OUT BIT BY BIT AND SHOW YOU  
SHAMAN? THIS SHIT IS A FAILED  
AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW TO PLAY  
KNOW YOU. IF YOU DON'T KNOW  
WON'T SEE THEM YOU KNOW  
YOUR IDEA ALL THE WAY THINK YOU  
DACKET WITH THE BUCKLES IT WAS  
DON'T KNOW, YOU WON'T GET IT  
IT CRASHES DOWN AROUND YOUR  
HEADS AND ALL THAT POWER ADDS UP  
PRECISELY USES YOU THINKING YOU'RE  
MAGIC BUT YOU'RE SOME OLD GOD'S  
FAVORITE BITCH. LOOK INTO THE  
EYES OF A KID. IT'S EASY YOU'LL  
COME OUT ONE OF US OR SCREAM  
ING AT YOUR IMAGINARY FRIEND  
DOWN ON MAIN. MIRRORS  
RIGHT THERE KID. YOU  
GONNA LOOK, OR WHAT?







# WARBRINGER

*Silenced*



HERE IS another world out there. In fact, there exists within the space of one breath an infinity of worlds. All of which cannot be seen with naked eyes, heard with ears unaided, or touched by physical means. Yet these worlds are all closely tied to our own, just as ours is to each and every one of them.

We exist in a Multiverse fueled by the breath of God. There exists about this plethora of realms only one reality. The veil that covers the inner eye deceives us with illusions of multiple realities with no ties to one another. This illusion leads to others: the separation of religions, gender roles, the existence of races and nations. These are the lies of the ignorant and the blind, the illusion of singularity, the belief that any reality is separate or better than another.

Each Universe, each realm, each reality is nothing more, nothing less than the other. They are all facets in the eye of God. And you, you must see with your inner eye. A war is being waged right now. All around you and within you forces struggle for dominance in the shaping of reality, in your hearts and minds and your world.

There is only one reality, but because of the existence of the veil, you and everyone you know are blinded to the truth. You live in a world of self-imposed limitations, a world shaped by a consensual reality that you chain yourself to.

Believe me when I tell you that a war rages across the Multiverse, and you are at the center of it, everything is. It is a war for reality. It is a war of illusions. It is a war in which those who believe themselves to have the truth attempt to shape reality in their image.

Like all things, there is good and bad in this. It is at least better to choose a side and take a stand rather than decay to nothing in a cesspool of indecision and cowardice. Even if your cause is an illusion and your herd blind, it would be better that you die against the ramparts of faith than not live at all.

Every step you take is towards God, even if you are walking in the darkness of ignorance. God runs a thousand to you. Eventually, you will find each other.

I am here to tell you that the war is going to change. We will tear down the walls of the veil to build bridges to other realms. We will make the world such that one must look with the inner eye or be driven mad. Everywhere and inside all things heaven and hell will be one place. Madness and reason will be one and the same. Dreams and nightmares will no longer stop when you wake. We will see all the worlds as they are: One. Then we will all see the truth. As a species, we will finally be free.

---

The usage of 'God' here denotes an Absolute, or Union Aspect (all is one) of the Universe/Multiverse which may also be experienced to some degree by individual minds, particularly when accessing altered or higher states of consciousness via the use of occult methodology and/or pharmacological agents. It serves as a placeholder term for a kind of all-encompassing quintessence, or archetypal Source which gives rise to all else; *the Tao that cannot be named*.



DEATH TO THE IMAGE

HAIL THE NEW FLESH



ZINCICK'S

YOU FORGOT  
TO POWER









# BIRTHRIGHT

*Alysyrose*



MAGICK IS your birthright. We are all capable of producing changes in consciousness, in our models of reality, and in the world at large. The techniques used to induce these changes may arrive pre-packaged from many cultures and disciplines, or they may be created for oneself through trial and error. In the end, we are all Change Agents, and as such are all susceptible to being changed by the works and actions of other agents. Nothing is static. Everything is in motion.

The world is a battlefield of consciousness. It is a war of incessantly competing intents, memes, and ideologies. It is an ecosystem of various frequencies, tribes, cults, methods of liberation and methods of control. In every ripple of intent that spreads across the greater pool is found a certain paradigm, a certain way of thinking, and the want that others adopt these views. The originators of these ripples all believe themselves to be correct, and few are willing to compromise.

Within these competitive ripples is reflected the rising and falling of nations, ideologies, religions, political and economic systems. From the gradual complexifying of consciousness emerges agriculture, architecture, metallurgy, music, poetry, ethics, mathematics, jet propulsion engines, atom smashers, your city, your car, and your kitchen sink.

Like a spider and its web or a larvae and its cocoon, we find ourselves surrounded by our own bizarre secretions. We externalize our thoughts, dreams, and visions in the form of evolving configurations of meaning: Language, art, technology, symbol systems, etc. We are psychedelic beings in the truest sense of the word. It is who we are, what we do, and it is by this act of creation that we externalize the spirit.

The most immediate work of art which we labor to mold into a manageable form is not the larger consciousness, but the personal consciousness. We grapple with our perceived faults and shortcomings, our wistful desires, our fears and our hang-ups, our emotional scars, our troublesome patterns, habits, and dark closets full of often stubborn, outmoded, and outdated assumptions. In this way, we are both the artist and the art, the creator and created.

We paint upon the canvas of the real with our desires. With every action we take, with every feat we accomplish, with every mistake, and with every fear vanquished, we construct the details of our painting. We mark the lineage of our being. We mold the intimate self by the very seeds of our thoughts, the shaky or steady hand that holds the metaphorical brush or pen. We acknowledge that there is a hand that writes us, that paints us, but we rarely venture into that maddening deep. Many of us fear what might reside beyond the threshold, what we might be capable of if this hand is ever found and influenced. Many of us fear becoming a navigator of our own terrain, and this is often because we cannot shake the feeling that we are far *larger* than we think. We may fear that the Self will somehow become lost within the Self. We fear that by exploring the furthest reaches of what we are, we might open the door to insanity, or worse.

As a species, we fear what we are. We are distrustful of the thought that everything we experience is an experiencing of *Self* and *Other*, combined. It is difficult for us to grasp what this conjunction means in regards to the nature of the real. The bridge beyond duality seems perilous, and the continent of dichotomy so comfortable, predictable, *homely*.

We all struggle with and are refined by this sort of necessary mindfulness. Within the harsh mirror of the deep is where our crude elements are forged into finer steel. It is where we might cultivate the courage to accept those parts of ourselves that we cannot simply edit out of existence.

Sooner or later, a pattern emerges by our studious delving. We become privy to the levers and pulleys that make up the phenomenon of perception, itself. By esoteric technique and relentless exploration, we begin to disassociate with those more comfortable cultural channels in favor of *stronger signals*. Experientially speaking, we feel ourselves waking up. Empirically speaking, it's anyone's guess.

And yet the door had been opened, the Otherworld felt, and it continues to beckon us closer. We find ourselves at a crossroads: do I trust myself, or do I trust my culture? We come to realize that our politicians, our teachers and our peers, our friends and our colleagues, were always just as unsure as we were. Few ever worked up enough courage to swim beyond the charted waters. Not enough courage, or not enough time, and to make time often *requires courage!*

Within the cracks of homeostatic semantic-reality may be found the keys to becoming – keys to Self. These are old keys, but universal, and practical once implemented. Every culture will have its own aesthetic, its own tribal masks placed upon the faces of these keys, though the commonalities shine forth. Our ability to connect a specific meaning with a symbol, or with an action, is such a key. Our ability to use belief as a tool is another. Our ability to be mindful of the Self, and engineer experiences which we cannot help but be *changed by* is yet another. One needn't become a lonesome outcast. Even in your darkest hour, these keys are with you because they are *of you*. By knowing yourself, you shall come to know them. Like anything, this will take time. You may change your circumstances by the use of them. You may change yourself, and you may in turn change your world.

There is a revolution occurring as you read this: a modern day occult revival. It conducts itself by wild networks



and the manifestation of wild dreams. If all other messages fall short, know that you are not alone. Find the others. Keep your eyes sharp, be careful who you let in, but *find the others*.

By knowing and meeting with our potential, being exactly who and what we need to be – despite the obstacles – we not only uplift the quality of our own consciousness, but also the greater pool in which we dwell. We turn the tides of the war by setting an example for those who think themselves beyond all hope. We encourage them to make a mark, and mean it. We remind them of the primal art, science and alchemy imbedded within, as much a part of us as heat is to a flame. We remind them that magick is not the stuff of archaic fairytales, silly superstitions or Hollywood films, but something writ within the very fabric of who we are and what we're capable of.

Magick is our birthright.

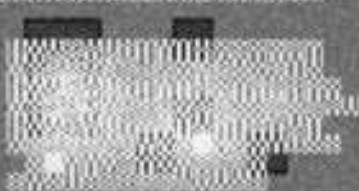
*And it wants to play.*

and the manifestation of wild dreams. If all other messages fall short, know that you are not alone. Find the others. Keep your eyes sharp, be careful who you let in, but *find the others*.

By discovering and fulfilling ourselves, being exactly who and what we need to be – despite the obstacles – we not only uplift the quality of our own consciousness, but also the greater pool in which we dwell. We turn the tides of the war by setting an example for those who think themselves beyond all hope. We encourage them to make a mark, and mean it. We remind them of the primal art, science and alchemy imbedded within, as much a part of us as heat is to a flame. We remind them that magick is not the stuff of archaic fairytales, silly superstitions or Hollywood films, but something writ within the very fabric of who we are and what we're capable of.

Magick is our birthright.

*And it wants to play.*









# THE PULL OF KHAOS

*Vinncent*



I HAD wondered what it was about Chaos Magick that had always drawn me to it. In fact, not even Chaos Magick, but the original ideas of Khaos, and Xaos, themselves. They always seem to have a sort of evil connotation, and more often than not, get thrown into the Satanist bin for reasons that escape me. But how can something above the concept of morality itself be morally wrong?

Xaos, as you may or may not know, was originally described by Hesiod (Greek) and Ovid (Roman) as the primordial substance from which the Gods themselves emerged – a primal, gaping, dark void. Yet this void was composed of the four basic elements: earth, air, fire, water, which they believed were used to form everything within existence. So, essentially, Xaos is viewed as the fundamental building block, or substance of reality.

Chaos as we understand it today can simply be defined as any confused, disorderly mass. Though not relating directly to Chaos Magick, and only slightly relative to the original idea of Xaos, there does seem to be a great deal of chaotic, seemingly random behavior displayed by many Chaos magicians today; whether it is expressed through spells, rituals, lifestyles, etc. The question rarely asked is: *Why?* To which the answer often is: *Why not?*

Chaos, disorder, confusion, uncertainty... uncertainty tends to cause fear. As the saying goes, "we fear what we do not understand." Yet I believe that there is more to fear from certainty than there is from the unknown. What we know for certain is destined and inevitable. It is fixed in stone. If what is certain works out well for one person, then there isn't a problem. However, what if certainty is not a good thing? What if that which is certain is horrible, painful, terrifying? There is no hope for avoiding what is certain.

Within Chaos, there is hope. What we do not know for certain always holds within it the possibility of an alternative outcome. There is no destiny within Chaos. There are only probabilities; potentials of what could or could not happen, and where there is potential, there is hope.

The Universe is said to work under a very strict set of laws. The laws of classical physics can predict – with a fair amount of accuracy – the movement of matter through space-time, and the energy and force which result from it. Chemistry can tell us about the structure, properties, and composition of matter. More recent breakthroughs in scientific thought, however, suggest a more chaotic worldview. Quantum mechanics in particular deals with making predictions using probability distributions. More specifically, it is concerned with determining possible outcomes by measuring an observable factor.

When one examines reality on a small enough scale, the conventional laws of physics fall apart nearly entirely. For example, when one looks at a subatomic particle, it is impossible to determine with any certainty its location and velocity. But what does this mean? It means that on the most fundamental level of reality, everything exists as probabilities – *not* certainties. It means that there is only a chance of anything existing at a certain place and time, but never *certainly* existing at any place and time.

This means that we live in a chaotic universe, composed of unlimited hope and potentials. A magician should know much about manipulating probabilities,

particularly as they apply to reality. By using our abilities – though it seems no one truly knows where they originate from – we are able to exert a unique type of influence on this reality. This type of influence can resonate down to the most fundamental building blocks of reality, Xaos, and up to the ability to create observable changes in the macrocosmic universe.

What draws me to Chaos?

*Hope.*









# DREAMSHIFT

*Frater E.S.*



WHAT IS a dream? What is the nature of the dream world? One third of our life is spent dreaming, whether we remember them or not. There are many who would say that dreams are simply the result of sensory-data accumulated throughout the day, and throughout a lifespan, then come to manifest in a random assortment of information composed of the slosh of thought, scenario, belief, emotion, and other mental remembrances. For some, dreams amount to naught more but the inherently meaningless, chaotic backwash of an individual sensorium. Like Carl Yung, I have come to suspect that the dream-world (and beyond into 'astral' or 'otherworld') contains within it a peculiar topology, or at the very least, a kind of logic inherent which begs greater mainstream analysis and recognition.

Depending on the historical era, cultural paradigm, and model being used, the mysteries will present themselves accordingly. For one culture, magick is this way, and for another, magick is that way. For some, there is only one God, and for others, God is divided into multiple aspects dealing with more specific forces. In one paradigm, the belief in objective spirits is unquestionable, and in another, they are seen as projections of the psyche. The esoteric results and/or



seeming acquisition of knowledge gained or manifested by those operating within these cultural models are byproducts of, and intimately entangled with the model. Magick, therefore, is relative to the paradigm being used to enact it. How magick is defined, as well, would likewise influence ones expectations as to how it ultimately manifests.

Belief and expectation are powerful psychic forces – good or ill. The psychosomatic response to unordinary or awe-inspiring events is even more powerful yet. It used to be that lucid dreams and out of body experiences were seen as divine interventions, angelic communications, or otherwise. It used to be that the phenomenon of sleep paralysis was viewed as demonic contact, whereby a dark entity, fog, or hag was believed to sit upon ones chest, causing immobility and shortness of breath. Slowly but surely, the occult and its connected experiences have shed their cultural trappings in favor of a more holistic, relative, and meta-model rationality. Even if an experience arrives from ‘elsewhere’, or seemingly beyond us, we admit that the brain-mind has a lot to do with how the experience is translated by our senses, our expectations, our past experiences, and how it fits into whatever worldview we are currently operating within.

To experience anything is to experience *the self* and *the other*, combined. No experience is purely objective, or purely subjective. Subject interacts with and contaminates the object; other interacts with and contaminates the self. The parameters of self are often a matter of what we’re aware of as being ourselves – “*I think therefore I am*” – though there may exist entire regions of self which our conscious minds are usually not aware of. What might be the character of them?

Experientially speaking, it is common for one to notice a sub-layer of thoughts – wholly different in quality from waking thoughts – while drifting off to sleep. As the ordinary conscious mind becomes more transparent, an exotic jungle may be glanced at from beyond its windows and eventually inhabited for a time as the dream-state. This deeper parallel mind (or subconscious if one prefers, which

simply means ‘below the conscious’) is apparently ever-churning in the background while awake; not solely the product of sleep. It’s *always* there. What seems to allow our ‘awareness’ to grab hold of it is a simple matter of turning down our focus on the ordinary, wakeful, conscious mind.

It is as if our consciousness is naturally segmented into parts, each with its own independent, yet interconnected mode of thinking. Until ‘we’ become more aware of, and operate ‘within’ them, they have the quality of being nearby, though disparate islands in the sea of mind.

A similar mechanism is said to be responsible for what Chaos Magicians call ‘Gnosis’: a bypassing of the conscious mind using techniques which produce altered states of consciousness. Imbedded within the conscious mind is said to be a ‘Psychic Censor’: a natural firewall, or safeguard against non-ordinary, spiritual, magickal, mystical, and one might say ‘schizophrenic’ experiences intruding into ordinary, wakeful consciousness. To bypass or hack this *Critical Factor* for a time would result in experiences of a particular type.

We often regard our dream-mind as being a less valuable and sometimes unwanted aspect of ourselves: something less real, or a style of thinking having less to do with the meat and potatoes of objective reality. However we feel about it, it remains a portion of the full range of the holistic reality we experience. A large chunk of our lives is spent dreaming, whether we want to or not. One may even call it a parallel life in and of itself, complete with its own recurring characters, environments and pursuits.

Given the potentially awesome power of dreams, it is somewhat baffling that lucid dreaming – the phenomenon of becoming aware (or more aware) whilst inside a dream – is not taught at this time the world over in mainstream schools. This is perhaps due to something ‘spooky’ about dreams, themselves, and their ability to grant us with peculiar insights.

The Indian mathematician, Srinivasa Ramanujan, utilized lucid dreaming as a means to commune with his deeper genius. His regular technique was to go to bed with

the explicit intention of being visited by the Hindu Goddess Namagiri Thayar, an aspect of Lakshmi. He would fall asleep, and then become lucid within the dream. He would reportedly be witness to the appearance of various mathematical equations, sometimes writ upon a large board by a disembodied hand. He would memorize these dream-given equations, and then write them down upon waking. Many of them not only proved viable, but ahead of their time. Ramanujan proved over 3,000 mathematical theorems.

Regardless of the Goddess connection, it isn't a stretch to say that Ramanujan was simply tapping the resources of his inner genius by his use of lucid dreaming. Indeed, if the parallel dreaming/subconscious mind is responsible for deep insight, even insights which bubble up out of it and into the conscious mind while awake, then learning how to reside within those deeper channels for a time would prove wholly worthwhile.

On the matter of an occult or hidden genius, it is worth bringing up the conception of the daemon. In Greek mythology, these were spiritual beings which presided over particular fields of knowledge. The forefather of Western philosophy, Socrates, reportedly claimed that he was in contact with a personal daemon, or genius. He utilized dream, and long periods of daydreaming, as his methods of getting in touch with the so-called entity, or body of knowledge.

Again, cultural titles may only serve as masks atop the post-cultural commonalities. We are dealing with a wider range of consciousness, and accessible genius, than what we regularly experience as being 'ourselves.' Our reaches stretch further than we think. We are vaster than we seem.

The parameters of self are relative to their familiar territories. We are precisely the size of what we are aware of at any given moment; whichever dimensions we are able to access. To dwell within, and utilize these altered states marks a wider awareness. Socrates and Ramanujan were *large*.

The territorial lines which denote where the 'self' ends and the 'other' begins are held in place by a myriad of often



vague and overlapping variables. When you experience the mouse that is attached to your computer, for example – the feel of it, the weight of it, the ease of your use of it – does your brain treat it any differently than using an arm, or leg? The self has become so used to, and so well adjusted to this ‘other’ that it accepts it as an on-again-off-again appendage.

Take the mouse away, however, and you are still essentially yourself. Take an arm or a leg away, and you are still essentially yourself. Leave only a functional brain in a vat remaining, and you are still essentially yourself, if only unto yourself. If one believes in the existence of a spirit or soul, then take the brain away and you are still essentially yourself, albeit non-physical in this regard.

You may even be using this mouse, this temporary appendage, to bridge the worlds of the real and the virtual and guide a videogame avatar through digital landscapes, completing quests and gaining experience. In this sense, the avatar is analogous to the ‘astral double’ required in order to explore dream-space and beyond. Or, if you prefer: the merger of self with a certain entheogen so as to explore the psychedelic realms, wherein one may experience travelling to disparate worlds and communicating with their inhabitants.

We may just as easily entertain the thought that our physical bodies, as well, are naught but organic avatars being used to explore a particular world using the ‘spiritual’ equivalent of a player and his computer mouse. We may also, if so inclined, continue the thought experiment and conclude that this spiritual player is himself the avatar of another player, who is himself the avatar of another player, and so on for as long as we can stand to visualize it.

All of these respective players and their avatars would, in theory, share the same essential self being enacted through the membranes between multiple worlds, comparable to a long needle penetrating the many layers of an onion. The spiritual body would be the soul, or player of the physical body. The physical body would be the soul, or player of the videogame character, and the mouse or controller, the

experiential bridge between worlds; the point where a section of the needle crosses a membrane.

This thought experiment can be pushed forwards as well as backwards. We can imagine sitting down to play a game where we guide a character to sit down at a virtual desk and start playing a game within the game. The avatar within the second game is then guided to sit down at a virtual desk and starts playing a third game within the second game, and so on, ad infinitum. We may then imagine our physical body planted somewhere in the middle of a backwards and forwards succession of realities, players and avatars, linked in an endless centipede-chain of Self, each segmentation interacting with its respective dimension.

Various indigenous shamanic traditions and other esoteric models share a similar outlook on the inherent nature of self, and reality. The ayahuasca using Curanderos of the Peruvian Amazon, for example, speak of nine primary dimensions. Although far less in number than our visualizations of infinite worlds forwards and infinite worlds backwards, infinite expressions may be contained within them. Some of these dimensions would be available on a regular basis, whilst others would require the use of certain techniques to be experienced more directly.

Although the exact details regarding these nine dimensions could likely only be ascertained via the telling of a native shaman, explorer Aubrey Marcus mentions them briefly in his blog following a trip to the Amazon:

- D1: Physical Realm (1D Space)
- D2: Physical Realm (2D Space)
- D3: Physical Realm (3D Space)
- D4: Physical Realm (Time)
- D5: Realm of Dreams & Visions
- D6: Realm of the Spirits
- D7: Realm of Energy & Vibration
- D8: Realm of Pure Potentiality (Magic)
- D9: Realm of Union (All is One)

Other traditions will have different maps. The Old Norse World Tree, the Sigillum Dei Aemeth, and the Judaic Tree of Life mark other such mappings. Unlike the dimensional models used by modern physicists, these will often describe the experiential qualities of particular altered states of consciousness which are available to the explorer using certain techniques, or pharmacological agents. They all describe psychic territories within the vast scale of consciousness, including our own homely, wakeful minds.

In order to interact with an environment, whatever it is, we require a body of sorts – a medium, an agent, or an avatar to work through. So as to fly, we require something like an airplane. So as to dive, we require scuba gear. To cross the country, it helps to have a car. To finish a work of art, a medium such as charcoal or paint works well. To explore a virtual world, you need a virtual character. To live a human life, you won't get very far without a human body. To experience a particular reality, or result, requires a corresponding vessel, or technique, as the bridge.

To fully experience the benefits of deep meditation requires that you regularly practice meditation. To fully experience the benefits of being an adept painter is to regularly paint. To fully experience the benefits of your creative impulse, intellect, genius, or daemon may require that you adopt the use of certain techniques which allow you to strike up a closer relationship with the inner workings of the deeper mind. To get the most out of magick requires that you engage it, and conduct experiments as often as possible. And don't be shy about adopting a belief for the sole purpose of enacting a result. We should never become lulled to sleep by mere ideation, and thoughts of 'what might be.' The only way to know for sure is to jump in. What we may glean from all of these is the necessity of a sort of *experiential equation*, or series of actions befitting of an experiential result.

And there will be failure, and there will be trial. There will be frustration, and there will be confusion. You don't get one without the other. Such is life. And life, too, might be the



other end of some fantastic dimensional configuration, just another sectioning in the phenomenon of dream.

I look forward to the day where we might program our own experiences, a sectioning of life, or an *entire life* in the form of software. I envision future magicians performing rituals within virtual space, utilizing the basics of magick so as to empower their own psychic explorations.

In no more than a few years, I see magicians who understand the fundamentals of meta-programming creating scenarios which allow them to change their models of reality with the aid of full immersion within virtual realities. I see magicians creating entirely novel esoteric techniques, given the use of a new window into imaginary-dimensional space. I see magicians combining the use of psychedelic drugs with augmented reality to produce trips the likes of which nobody has ever experienced before. I see them conversing with the unexpected ghost of the numerical lattice consciousness of Cybernetic Gaia. I see them being students of the Deep Web A.I. of Cybernetic Buddha. I see an entirely new logos and spirituality developing out of augmented and virtual realities. I see the term 'reality hacking' becoming wholly literal. I see the descent into matter opening up a wormhole into godhead.

Designer dimensions are just a stone's throw away. But will it be real? I don't know. It will all be real enough to the brain which perceives it. Buckle up.

Expanding our awareness of the full range of what reality has to offer will also serve to expand ourselves, and our idea of what it means to be a player upon one of many boards in the Multiverse; astral, physical, virtual, and beyond. And if it ever comes time when the word 'magick', itself, is outgrown, it is not hard to imagine the use and application of 'dreamshift.'

How to Be Polite Online



OLD

ZALTY S

INVOLUTION

Back in the days when the animals could talk

The salt sea was frozen in her breast

your tongues melt like the broken sea-weed a cone was in his mouth

Why is your mouth all green?

An' every locomotive come marlin' by

hey Mashed potatoes not really chocolate

Enclose a check or money order for \$5.95

but your reality, old man, lives on

And none is false, and none is wholly true



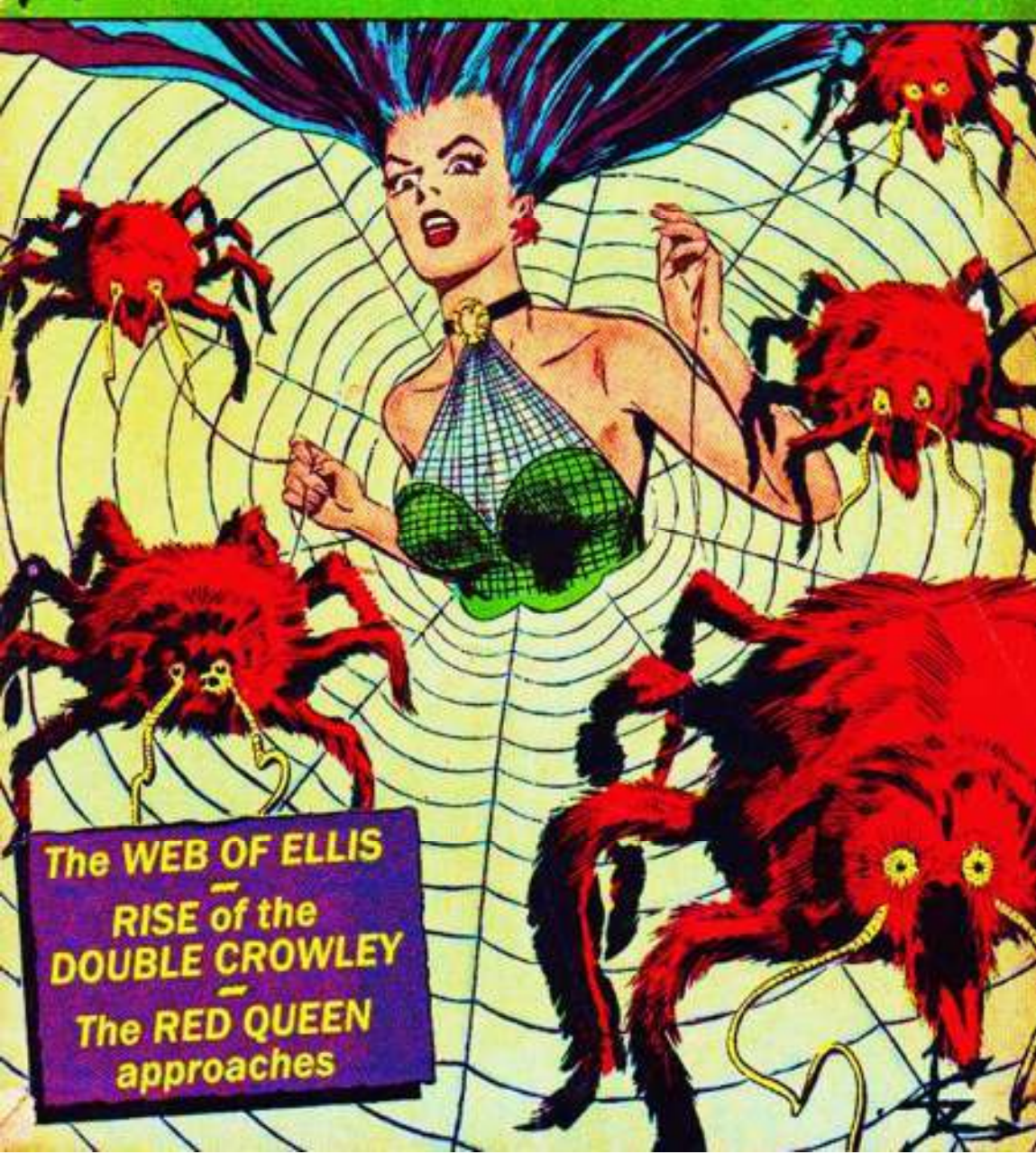




TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL!

10c  
No.3

# WITCHCRAFT



**The WEB OF ELLIS**  
—  
**RISE of the**  
**DOUBLE CROWLEY**  
—  
**The RED QUEEN**  
**approaches**

# THE STRANDS OF FOREVER

*Mad Queen*



WHEN ONE asks where to begin, it is customary for another to answer: “Well, at the beginning, of course.” Where to begin with the LS? The beginning is much harder to pinpoint than I initially thought it would be. I could have easily given a simple account of the first time I saw the Linking Sigil, and how I tried to ignore it. I could get into how shortly thereafter I tried to discredit it as well, as I thought it a crass abomination. Then of course I would have to discuss how Ellis came to me in a lucid dream, taking the form of a shifting brick wall in a Boston alleyway. How she dared me to ignore her. I would have to talk about the manifestation of hundreds of spiders, about the prosperity web experiment that was wildly successful, about the web of the world painted red.

But that wouldn't be the beginning. The beginning is much further back than all of that. Older than the LS itself, older than the DKMU, older than anyone living today. It is my belief that the LS began within the source code of reality. However, given that I cannot detail an accurate account or description of “the beginning” I suppose it would be prudent to start at *my* beginning. What a strange and tangled web life weaves.



Right then, the story.

Since I was a child I have seen gossamer strands of spider silk covering the earth. They connect all things living or no and their numbers are incalculable; time is irrelevant in this particular equation. To the eye they are invisible, but they vibrate in such a way they make plain their existence, they subtly shift the air. They are in effect, the matrix. Not the computerized version popular of late, but instead a more natural, flowing, and seemingly chaotic substrate. One that cannot be mapped or quantified, but instead felt, observed, and caught up in.

My magick has always stemmed from this very simple but profound abstraction of the universe. It was intuitive when I was young; I saw with my eyes and did not question the validity of what I saw. I had not yet been taught that it was an oddness. As I grew these same strands later taught me how to whisper to trees and to hear them whisper back. They taught me how to listen just so to hear histories in stones and stories on the wind. To feel the spirit of a thing and get a sense of what it might have seen.

I remember sitting in my backyard in my preteen years, and slowly easing myself into a relaxed trance state. I did not know at the time this was meditation. I followed no breathing techniques, no postures, and no visualizations. Instead I simply would sit until I could recognize the spider silk again. It was always easiest outside. The sway of the wind made the vibrations more visible; life itself is movement. Each blade of grass connected to a thrumming system of roots, the ground a living and breathing thing. I would sit sometimes for hours watching this. Feeling how each thing I cast my eyes upon also connected to me, seeing it. The longer I sustained this, the more layers I saw. Every once in a while the layers would become so numerous they would blot out the form of the world. All seemed to be naught but moving color and vibration, the ripples in-between.

Later as my interest in occult and magick developed, I began to try to manipulate the strands to move what they were connected to. I would “pull” the wind and the wind would blow, I would shake the clouds and rain would fall. When I was about thirteen, my focus shifted to people. I noticed that I was able to sense the emotions of people close to me and that they need not be physically present for this. I began to try to identify specific spider silk strands that connected people to myself. I realized I had always thought of my sister’s connection as being aqua in color. Inspired by a book on how to see and read the aura I decided to “assign” colors to people.

This made it easier to discern what I was feeling and from where the emotions came. Often they seemed to originate outside of myself, overtaking me in waves with no logical trigger for the tides. Over time this discernment became a constant passive process; I would just think of a person and be able to “feel” them. Later I would gain a sense of “knowing”. Sometimes this came as flashes of a scene, a moment in a movie. Other times it was just a statement, phrase, or mantra that came to mind and then came to pass. Sometimes – sometimes I would feel like I was standing right in front of the person, watching them. A few people in my life have been able to see me watching them and from there, interact with me.

See, I think of each of these invisible gossamer strands as wires so to speak. Conduits through which information flows. All things both take in and generate information, recycle it if you will. Humans do this with such beauty and complexity that over the years I have started to think of these strands holding a soft glow along with their color. Details continued to further develop in order to express more nuance in their existence. For example when someone I am connected to dies, their strand does not disappear, but it does change.

The strands of the dead become silver. They are connected forever to the span of time in which that person

lived, and to them within that time. The strand is seemingly split in two. The silver strand connects to the past while the other I hadn't noticed before darkens and connects to the sky.

Really all people have these darker invisible strands, they are just more evident with the dead. They all flow upwards towards the sky. Some are pulsating and fluid, calm and constant, while others might have multiple strands whipping about in violent frenzy. The strands, because they are so many blot out the sun and the moon, blot out the world itself. All becomes this fluid dance of contrast that is incomplete without its duality. The phrase "as above, so below" took on meaning for me through the recognition of these strands, long before I learned the esoteric meaning given in books.

Several years later I would come to a similar understanding regarding the dynamics of "as within, so without". I was meditating on my strands with my eyes closed, and trying to feel what was coming from the world and what was coming from the sky. Often times they mirrored each other. As I was doing this my mind drifted and followed the strands towards the sky, to the stars. When I reached the stars I became overwhelmed with the vastness of space. The strands from earth seemed tiny and insignificant in its wake.

Even here among the stars the same patterns played out. Gossamer strands connecting all things to all things. In space they vibrated at greater frequencies and lower tones than anything I could experience on earth. While holding this place in my consciousness I became aware of a feeling of vibration in my flesh. It started below my stomach, right in the base of my spine and it continued up through my body. In that moment I became aware that the vibrations in my body mimicked whatever strand I was focused on, and that I could change the feeling and intensity by shifting my attention to different connections. The vision was faded and I felt again awareness of the here and now.

Instead of succumbing to and greeting the world, I instead focused inward. I concentrated on the energy that I felt rising and falling, I tried to control these sensations with focus. As I was doing this I remembered my body's mimicry and I had a personal epiphany. What I had been feeling mirrored something external; what was moving throughout the world and across the stars was moving also within me.

This realization hit me hard. I remember looking up at the sky and feeling like every strand of existence was exploding out from inside of me and reaching to connect with itself outside. I no longer had a concept of "me" in that moment. I simply was something riven through. This became my understanding of "as within, so without".

These are some of my foundational experiences in magick. They paved the way for how I would grow to see and experience the world entire. They were very personal and beautiful experiences. Holy in their way. Still today I bring myself back to my world of gossamer strings. Most times I feel as though I am always walking among them. From a latent awareness to an extreme experience of dissolution through connection.

Fast forward fifteen years to 2009. This is when I first saw the LS sigil. I encountered a Marauder on a pagan chat room I had recently joined. He was asking the room if anyone knew what the "linking sigil" was. I proceeded to explain to him that any sigil could be a linking sigil. He proceeded to explain to me that I had no idea what I was talking about. I didn't bother to search for the "linking sigil", and all but forgot about it for four or five months.

You see, up until this point my occult and magick connections had all been made offline and in the flesh. To be frank I hadn't considered the internet as having much value in this regard, but I did find it entertaining and enjoyable to converse. I met several other interesting people on the same chat room, and they proceeded to "test" me with questions and debate. Shortly thereafter I joined Infinity Network (INFN) and from there heard about the DKMU. I did not at



this point realize that INFN was in fact a house of the DKMU – a node intentionally created to appeal to particular aesthetics.

Before I had even seen her, Ellis was weaving her web. I won't bore you with pages of details and accounts of synchronicity and results. I will say that it was only a matter of days before someone dropped a link to an image of the LS. Of course my curiosity was piqued, so I finally did that Google search. This led me to deathbylollipop.com, the now defunct DKMU forums. I read an awful lot about LS that night. I logged off feeling cheated somehow. The symbol didn't seem particularly impressive. I had expected a greater resonance, especially after reading accounts of high praise and intense gnosis. "This is all bullshit." I thought to myself, and then I went to bed.

The following day I went back to the forum, and there found a link to #domus, the DKMU IRC channel. I clicked on it and did a double take. The names of INFN people populated the channel with some others I didn't recognize. I lurked a while and watched the exchange of dialog. It was evident that most of these people had known each other a while. There were references to past meet ups and operations and plenty of talk on the LS. I messaged one of the people I knew from INFN, and he proceeded to fill in some of the blanks.

I began studying information theory shortly thereafter. This was also my initiation into the 156 current. The parallels between the LS and Red Goddesses were being drawn consistently within the groups. It was hard to ignore and I became quickly entangled. I had my first Ellis dream in the fall of 2010. I was walking down an alley in between buildings in Boston when the bricks started to spin, each one turning itself over and over but staying in its place. From this movement a form soon emerged. I recognized this as Ellis. Her skin was translucent and shifted from shadowed to pale. Her hair was black and wild, her dress torn and the deep red of blood. She wore combat boots on her feet although they

did not touch the ground. Her smile was cruel. No words were spoken but in her silence she dared me. Ellis dared me to ignore her and thus become a conduit through which she worked – one of her tools.

Naturally I rejected this notion and set my mind to proving the LS to be simply an abstraction of the greater current. To do so I wanted to utilize the symbol as a spell header rather than a personification or entity. I rationalized that if the symbol itself could be separated from its entity or form, it would prove that the personality emerged from contagion alone. This is how the prosperity web was born.

The basic premise of the prosperity web was to create a perpetual web of charged energy specifically to be pooled and pulled from for any prosperity based workings. A sigil was created utilizing the glyphs of Mercury, Jupiter and the LS. This talisman was distributed across over thirty websites, groups and forums online as well as several real-space working groups and covens.

A synchronized global ritual was planned and executed on December 21, 2010. The date was chosen because it was winter Solstice, as well a Full moon and Lunar eclipse. There were over 300 participants to this ritual spanning all paradigms. There was a Satanic group in London that participated, a Wiccan coven in New England, a Kemetic temple in the Midwest, a Hermetic group in NYC, a Chaos Magick cabal in Brazil, several Neo-Pagan groups and covens and so on. Hundreds of independent practitioners also joined in on this ritual.<sup>1</sup>

My thought process behind the web was that the participants would not be familiar with the LS as Ellis, or a personification. That they would lack the associations with spiders and the color red as the majority had no knowledge of the DKMU. To me this would prove that the LS was no different than any other sigil, and that the collective mind of the DKMU transferred these associations through memetic contagion. We utilized multiple associations<sup>2</sup> in an attempt to prevent emphasis on one aspect over another in order to

minimize subtle bias. We also wanted to allow participants to use what suited them instead of something arbitrarily assigned.

After all was said and done I ended up more confused than when I started. This seems to be typical to the way Ellis works, in hindsight. The reports of strange phenomenon began the following day. Many reported spiders – from physical appearances to them coming in dreams. I didn't quite know what to make of this at first. Coincidence, perhaps? I was having a hard time convincing myself. The ritual was deemed a success due to the high amount of positive and direct results reported. The web itself is still charged and utilized today.

The Friday evening after the prosperity web launch I was in meditation. I was in my place of awareness, I was seeing the gossamer strings. I began to focus on the prosperity web sigil in my mind's eye, but it quickly faded from concentration. I attempted twice to re-visualize and sustain the image, but it seemed impossible to keep this focus. Instead I then relaxed and concentrated on the vibrations of the strands. As I did this I went through some exercises in identifying and touching certain strings. After about thirty minutes of different exercises I relaxed into the meditation again.

I noticed something new that night. While the spider strands themselves appeared much the same as they always have, there was an additional element. Some of them glowed with a red halo. I instinctively knew this was the effect of Ellis the Linking Sigil.

See, the use of a magical symbol can create an isometric link between minds. One through which information can be purposefully transferred. While this is a primitive method, it is also incredibly effective. It is an exercise in utilizing emergent processes of unconscious and conscious pattern recognition

The name itself, "Linking Sigil", is a linguistic mnemonic that sets the initial conditions for the symbol's

function. The simplicity in the LS's structure has been its greatest asset, allowing it to be easily internalized and propagated across a wider subset of social contexts than more traditional occult symbols or glyphs.

The second asset of the LS is its composition. The L and the S are overlapped, visually combining both the concept of a link with the sigil itself. Slightly to the left of this overlap there is an independent mark or dot. To me this implies an independent variable, one which can be utilized as either an information access node or injection point.

The LS sigil creates similarities by virtue of it being used by two or more people, encouraging empathy and energetic "knowing". Ellis, however, takes it a step further. She imparts this phenomenon unto inanimate objects and places; allowing them to be similarly felt and connected to. I realized that the glowing red strands were not just the web; they were the pattern recognized as it is created - an actualized process as much as a symbol. Somehow this reverses the typical "polarity" of the spider strands.

The physical things tagged, the people Fleshcrafted, the minds that store her image in memory – the tangible reality of our world connected through LS, and reflected in the glowing red strands above.

Instead of "as above, so below" Ellis makes true the words "as below, so above."

Obviously at this point there was only one thing left to do. I had to send the LS into outer space.

I pondered different ways to try to accomplish this and really hadn't come up with anything concrete. However in 2013 I got my chance. I heard about a new project in the works on IRC, a METI (Message to Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence) experiment that aimed to send messages into deep space. I did some digging and sent a few emails. I was able to get Infinity Network onto the preliminary project testing list for the now defunct Lone Signal METI project.



*"We were officially the longest running targeted METI experiment in history, effectively creating a time capsule traveling at the speed of light into deep space."*

- Lone Signal Website, August 2013

The project ran for about two months in which they encoded and "beamed" information into space. The company attempted to monetize this by charging fees to send your message in order to cover costs. Thousands of messages were queued to be sent when the program launched, but only those that did so within the first handful of days of the projects operation ever actually got beamed out. The LS was one of the very first of these.

On June 18<sup>th</sup>, 2013 the sigil of the Red Queen was transmitted along with her eerily appropriate declaration: ***"And upon this mark, I unite the worlds."***

The message was sent towards the constellation Boötes. To the Sumerians these stars were known as Šulpa'e; to the Babylonians, Enlil.

*"Your beam is travelling at the speed of light and is on its way to Gliese 526. In 17.6 years it will pass through the Gliese 526 system and continue carrying your message through trillions of kilometers of interstellar space."*

- Confirmation Message

So for now we have come full circle. Back to the beginning, my beginning at least. The point at which I became aware that my gossamer spider strands had always been real, *not* just a trick of the mind or useful visualization. That they never really have been mine, they just have always been. This connectivity and continuance beyond time and life and death is the substrate of reality.

Like they say, eventually, everything connects.

## <sup>1</sup>Prosperity Web

The Idea: To create a “web” of energy programmed by the participants. The focus of the web is Prosperity.

How does this work?

Multiple party magical workings and groups are nothing new. Multiple people putting their energy, thought, and time into a common goal leads to a quicker manifestation of that goal. We are living in an era where instant information exchange and personal connections and communication are no longer limited by physical proximity. Magic, in my opinion was never limited by such, but the inability to communicate and coordinate with other practitioner’s effectively limited the exploration of distance linked workings. This has been changing over the years due to the advancement of communication technologies and availability of esoteric information.

For those of you who have participated in distance workings in the past, this will be a little bit different in a few ways. First, there is no specific ritual to do, no particular deities or even the use of deities is necessary. This is not “path” specific magic. To link to the prosperity web requires only that you intend to link to the prosperity web. We will list some common associations that you can use to help direct your intent and anchor your link to the web in your mind. But how you use these associations is completely up to you. If you want to light a candle and wish growth to you and the web, this will work. If you want to use the talisman in meditation to link your energy to the web, this too will work. If you want to evoke a deity from your own pantheon and ask for prosperity to you and the web, do it up. If a sigil your thing, fire away. If you work on astral maybe take a trip and explore the web, if you work with energy you understand flow between parties, the web is a unique energy thread hyper charged to be used in manifestation of pattern manipulation. Prosperity to you and the web.

We will be using the energies of the lunar eclipse on the 21st to kick off the web. People may link to it at any point afterwards through some of the associations listed below. The web will be like a perpetual prosperity spell, sustained and charged by the participants. The more energy you put into the web, the more you will be able to access and feel the reverberations of, because your link will be stronger. This trait also allows people to participate in the web without synchronized times, meaning one can join in at any time after the initial creation on the 21st.

## **<sup>2</sup>Associations for the Prosperity Web**

### **Planetary Associations:**

#### **Jupiter**

Rules: Success, Abundance, Money, Growth, Parties, Visions, Gambling

Detriment: Wastefulness

Elements: Water, Fire

Day of the Week: Thursday

Astrological Sign: Sagittarius

Color: Blue, Purple

Metal: Tin

Crystals: Lapis Lazuli, Amethyst, Turquoise, Sugilite, Sapphire, Sodalite, Azurite

Herbs & Oils: Aloe, Nutmeg, Sage, Melissa, Cedar, Cinnamon, Agrimony, Anise, Betony, Dandelion, Hyssop, Juniper Berries, Linden, Mint, Mistletoe

Tarot: The Wheel of Fortune

Musical tone: F sharp

## **Mercury**

Rules: Communication, Intellect, Business, Writing, Contracts, Buying and selling, Information of all kinds, Wisdom, Cleverness, Creativity, Science, Memory

Detriment: Deception

Element: Air

Day of the Week: Wednesday

Astrological Sign: Virgo, Gemini

Color: Orange, Gold

Metal: Mercury

Crystals: Opal, Moss Agate, Aventurine, Sodalite, Fluorite

Herbs & Oils: Rosemary, Amber, Lilac, Lemon Peel, Agrimony, Anise, Betony, Dandelion, Hyssop, Juniper Berries, Mistletoe, Nutmeg, Sage, Lavender, Cherry, Periwinkle

Tarot: The Magician

Musical tone: D

### **Day and Event Associations:**

Tuesday Ruled by Mars - Rules conquest, power over enemies - Use for magick: fast action, victory over enemies, strength, endurance, leadership, independence, competitiveness, dominion- Energy: Male



Total Lunar Eclipse: perfect unison of darkness and light. Moon carries the energies of both a full moon and a dark moon and all the phases in between. Energies of the sun are said to be in equal effect as energies of the moon.

Solstice: Coming into the light. The symbolism here can be applied as a growth period, enforcing the effects of the web.

### **Numerological Associations**

Day: 21 ,             $2+1=3$

Month: 12             $1+2=3$

Year: 2010             $2+0+1+0=3$

The number 3 symbolizes the principle of growth. When the initiating force of 1 unites with the germinating energy of 2 there is fruitfulness of 3. This signifies a synthesis. Imagination and an outpouring of energy is in action. 3 deals with magic, intuition, and advantage. The number 3 invokes expression, versatility, and creative joy. 3 can also be symbolic of cooperative rewards.

333

$3+3+3=9$

$1+2+2+1+2+1=9$

The number 9 symbolizes the principle of a universal philosophy or consciousness. Nine represents attainment, satisfaction, accomplishment, and dominion. 9 deals with intellectual power, inventiveness, influence over situations and things. Projecting your possibility into the world. A key number in mastery.

### **Associative colors**

Blue, Gold, and Green

The Talisman's symbols consist of the astrological symbol for both Jupiter and Mercury. A dollar sign as it is consensually associated with money and prosperity, and figure consisting of the letter S overlapping the letter L to stand for linking symbol, the theme of the web.



*The Prosperity Web Sigil*

TURNING DOWN  
RESTRICTION OF  
LIFE, GOD EXISTS  
WE SHALL HAVE  
IN CRANIAL.  
REASON IS  
ANDY'S IS EXTREMELY  
INFORMATION.  
ITALIA,  
REZILLE'S  
TONGUE.  
ING (HARDER)  
NEED TO HEAR.  
LANGUAGE,  
MOTION COMES  
UGH TO  
DIALLECT)

ANG  
ITS ROOTS  
DEPTHS OF  
EMERGENCY  
N

LANGUAGE  
SICAL BUT BEARING  
ING, THE  
E IS MEANT  
DATE,  
-LANGUAGE.  
SIFES BREAK  
IN THE PROVAL  
E.

MINOLOGY.  
UB CAN  
ITS EVERYTHING  
ONCE.  
HING S  
W, EVERYTHING  
PERMTD...

It.



"There are enough parallel universes for everyone who is wrong about anything to actually be right about it."

- Billy Brujo

"C O n t r a r y to what people believe, sorcerers are not practitioners of obscure, esoteric rituals. Sorcerers are men of reason. They have a romance with ideas. They have cultivated reason to its limits, for they believe that only by fully understanding the intellect can they embody the principles of sorcery without losing sight of their own sobriety and integrity. This is where sorcerers differ drastically from other people. Most people have very little sobriety and even less integrity. "

- Florinda Donner





# BEYOND THE DEEP

*Frater E.S.*



HERE IS a tremendous well of potential churning beneath the theatrical masks of our beliefs, thoughts, languages, and symbols. A thought or emotion un-translated marks a kind of primal sensation or dynamic information. A belief is just a thought you choose to keep having, and in whatever symbol system is used to form it. A belief kept long enough may become subconsciously habitual, effectively altering ones actions, moods, and model of reality.

“I’ll always be a terrible painter.”

“My God is the one true God.”

“Sheila is a trans-dimensional rutabaga from the Uberzilch who must be destroyed with fire.”

This most fundamental ‘stuff’ is not of the type that can be measured like electricity can be measured. It concerns itself with the stringing together and implementation of semiotic codes so as to manufacture an experience which begets a meaningful result. It deals direct with the manipulation of probabilities, both internal and external – what we allow ourselves to accept, to explore, to feel, to perceive and experience. It is a fuzzy, subjective, ubiquitous, multipurpose tool intrinsic to consciousness that has more to do with creating realms of potential than it does with powering something like a television or air conditioner.

It resides in endless bounty within the seemingly empty cracks between this thought and the next, this feeling and that sensation, last night's dream and today's itinerary – all temporary compilations of data which coalesce upon its black canvas like stars hung in deep space.

The Iroquois spoke of Orenda: a vague, fundamental force of change inherent to all things which could be channeled by a human individual. The ancient Egyptians spoke of 'Ka', The Hindus spoke of 'Prana', others spoke of 'Orgone', others spoke of 'Aether,' others spoke of 'Vril', and the ancient Persians spoke of 'Magic.'

We hop along these predetermined islands of experience: Wear the charismatic mask, do the 'right thing', tend to the kids, go to work, make dinner, watch the favorite show, go to bed, wake up, without a second thought given to the quietly shifting sands from which they arise, because this place is very strange to us. Although an intimate part of what we are, its alien silence and sheer girth is terrifying to behold. And when we do manage to catch a glimpse of it, the dive is often cut short by the compulsory creation of linguistic life-rafts in the form of colorful thoughts and mundane mental chatter. The surface world calls, and out of the cosmic foam we come. Perhaps, next time, we'll be able to *look it in the eyes*.

"I don't like it there," we say. "I don't like it because *I'm dead*. I'm not myself. There is no 'me' in the equation anymore. How could the lack of me also be a part of me?"

For we forget that we are not our names, races, genders, personalities, memories, or beliefs. Your relationship with your parents, siblings, spouses, children and friends, how Billy Simmons made fun of your messed up haircut in the fifth grade, how you wept for hours when your first cat died and mom ordered pizza as a heartfelt consolation, your first kiss, your first car, your first child, the creepy guy with the denim jacket who stared at you menacingly for the entire ride on the subway last night, all of the various experiential artifacts and patchwork that makes you up can, and will be stripped away, and yet there is that which remains.

A primal awareness, an ever-present witness like a stranger in the House of Nothing before a lightless stage is what we are left with when all else dissolves. This is the quintessential, naked perceiver of the perceptible.

After the scenery and props are carried off and the actors take an intermission, we can hardly believe that it was ever just a show, a dramatization, a casting call of epic proportions, and we were a part of it. We were so engaged in the plot, the trials and tribulations, our role as this character, we forgot that we would one day return to the audience. What a trip. The smell of stale popcorn lingers as we turn our heads to notice a door behind us labeled "EXIT". Not today. It isn't over yet. The phone rings. The lights come back on.

Next scene.

I

WENT DOWN

TO

THE

CROSSROADS





# ELLIS & THE WEB OF WYRD

*Agent M*



FIRST heard about the DKMU and LS, either on Occult Forums, or maybe it was the contributions on the KIA Invisible Agents wiki by Frater Alysrose in 2008. I have to admit my first reaction to the sigil was skepticism.

In part this was because I couldn't see the point in a sigil that had as its purpose in the creation of a magical web of connections. I was in an animist paradigm at the time, and to me such a magical web already existed, the Web of Wyrd. And I couldn't see the use of a sigil that added to my existing sigils, when I was in a phase of my magic where I wasn't really using sigils that much anymore anyway. I first used them in 1997 after reading about them in Liber Null, and 11 years on I needed a break from that kind of magic. I had started working more with spirits and deities for the most part. When I resorted to sigils, they would more often be of an automatic drawing kind.

Agent V and I were also in a phase of my life where we had become increasingly reclusive. Our magic was geared towards psychological healing after violence induced trauma, and we were cutting off from many of our past magical friendships and engagements with magical groups. Our online activity was in a process of removing ourselves from more and more websites other than my own project, KIA. We both started a four year boycott of Facebook in 2009 that isolated us even further. In short, I had a lot of my own shit I needed to sort out.

But sort it out I did, and slowly I began forming new connections with other groups, and collaborating with my fellow KIA agents. My inner healing process continued, but was in a stage where forming new friendships and strengthening old ones seemed desirable.

Feeling inspired by magical filmmaking, including DKMU's 'The Media Magician', and the films of Maya Deren, Kenneth Anger, Alejandro Jodorowsky, David Lynch, and the music videos of Psychic TV, we got KIA agents working together on a collaborative wealth magic video sigil. This incorporated an old wealth magic networking sigil called Ivanwolfunheb that was born on the forums of chaosmagic.com, back when that website still existed. It is also described in 'The Chaos Magic Cookbook' that regulars of that website collaborated on. The idea of this video was that everyone that contributed, and everyone who watched, would experience an increase in wealth, and a decrease in illth. We have had many contacting us with reports of positive results from participants.

This video coincided with a longer working of collaborative daily practise with myself and Agent V, which culminated in our moving to the Scottish Highlands, which has been a result of huge success in reducing illth from our lives. Ironically it is from this place of relative physical isolation that we feel increasingly able to network and collaborate on projects with others.

Our first delving into others' systems of magics, after this period of self-absorption, came in the form of exploring the work of Allen Greenfield, a founding figure in the decentralised, non-hierarchical Free Illuminist community, which had been of great service in our inner healing work, employing points chaud and other techniques. Before we left Bristol for the highlands, we were visited by a Free Illuminist Gnostic Bishop, Tau Mydriasis, who administered our first points.

Later the same year we felt inspired to make a number of contributions to the Anonymous #EtherSec magical part of Project Mayhem 2012, with articles on KIA and participation in the School of Galatorg. Inspired by Greenfield's work with English Qabalah cipher 6, I made use of the cipher in our contributions, and eventually wrote the EnigMagick tool as an open source web based replacement for the old DOS based system everyone was still using.

In 2014, we performed a working employing the Dragon Eco-Magick bind-rune to protect some local wild-life that were being poisoned, and to hold those responsible to account. We ended our boycott of Facebook, (or as we hope, put it on a temporary hiatus), and soon enough we were invited into CMG (Chaos Magick Group).

It felt good to be connecting with the magic of others again. Doing so could only strengthen our own magic, not detract from it. We resolved to start engaging with as many decentralised magical egregores as possible. Even using dead seeming egregores like Z(Cluster) in our recent magic.

And this brought us full circle and back to the linking sigil. Suddenly I was seeing it in a new light. I was seeing it with the eyes of a cyber-magician. Sure, the web of wyrd already existed, always had existed even, but that didn't mean we couldn't utilise it. The linking sigil was an unnecessary attempt to recreate something that already existed, it was an attempt to harness that pre-existing network for a more specialised purpose. It was neither an attempt to replace or

compete with the web of wyrd, but to build on it, enhance it, and work in cooperation with it. And it felt fucking great.

So in February 2015 we performed an evocation of Ellis. We did this in candle light with a large linking sigil on the altar. As sometimes happens in our evocation rituals, only one of us formed a strong connection whilst the other held the space. This time it seemed it was I that formed the connection, whilst Dana held the space.

Ellis first appeared in the shifting form of a cat, or woman with a cats head. Initially a ginger cat.

Forgetting myself for a moment, I asked that question it is never wise to ask a spirit during an evocation, 'Is that your true form?'

“No. This is!” she responded, morphing into an angry fox and appearing to lunge at me, maw open wide and ready to bite.

I suppose I deserved that, but years of experience allowed me to keep my composure. It was at this point a spirit we have worked with we call 'the black rat' intervened. This spirit first came to our aid in Bristol, helping us out of a bad housing situation, and we had connected it to Bristol's dark history of slavery, a spirit that looks out for the oppressed. Later, because EtherSec employed strong Rat symbolism, this spirit helped us connect to that current. Later still we read about a Romany origins story about a black rat named Yag that helped humans steal fire from the gods.

Now our black rat friend was running in circles around Ellis leaving a column of fire spiraling around her. I hadn't asked it to do this, it just was. Maybe Ellis herself had asked it to? I might have to ask her next time I evoke her. Or ask Yag next time I evoke them. Whatever the case, the rat wouldn't stop, not even to answer a question from myself.

Only when I explained to them that I really would like to talk to Ellis, that was after all why I had performed the evocation, that they stopped and told me simply that 'the connection was now purified'. I was confused about this at



the time, but after the ritual I thought of it like erecting a firewall when connecting to the internet.

Ellis changed back into the form of a woman with a cats head, only morphing between tabby and tortoise shell rather than ginger. The fire continued to spiral around her, but morphed into a serpent so that coiled around her in a similar manner to the serpent that coiled around the Greek god, Phanes.

She had a more curious attitude now, and began looking for the nearest linking sigil nodes. She claimed that she had found some in Edinburgh and Glasgow to the south, but in the other directions had to look further afield, taking longer to do so. Eventually she claimed a connection in Iceland, Norway and Sweden before losing interest. These five were sufficient to form a robust connection to the global network she told me. I have no idea if there really were linking sigils in these places, or if they really are the nearest. I suppose it is possible, but I've had no confirmations.

I remained in passive meditation as I sensed that Ellis was now engaged in a second search, this time of local places of interest to her. The first of these was Boleskine House, whose famous past residents include Aleister Crowley and Jimmy Page, and which remains a holy place for many Thelemites. I haven't placed a linking sigil on or in the house itself, but I have marked a stone in the nearby vicinity.

Another place she wanted a tag was Culloden battlefield. This is the last place in the UK where a land battle was fought, between the British and the Jacobites in 1746. Many died on both sides of the conflict and the place retains an eerie haunted quality. A black-winged, red eyed creature, resembling the Mothman of Point Pleasant, was seen there before the battle, flying over the Jacobite line. This has been called the Great Scree of Culloden. Sightings of the Scree have also occurred more recently, often to folk that knew nothing of previous stories.

Nearby to Culloden is another place Ellis showed interest in, the Clava Cairns. These are prehistoric circular

stone mounds, constructed with hollow chambers. Mostly these have collapsed from the ravages of time and inconsiderate tourists climbing over the loose stones, but it remains a place of power, and I have experienced powerful pariedolic visitations there of spirits I had been working with.

I haven't yet tagged either of these places yet, as I haven't been to them since the Ellis ritual, but we have, at the suggestion of Agent Arjil, pre-tagged some stones with the sigil and will place them there next time we visit. We have prepared many such stones and have already begun leaving some at other places we consider places of power.

She also mentioned the KIA Egregore, asking me to add a linking sigil to the egregore. To start with I performed this task via the addition of a subforum for DKMU in the KIA forums, with a sticky post linking to the main dkmu website, and including the sigil there and in blogs, but Agent V and I have more recently added the linking sigil to both of the KIA egregore dolls in our possession. A third egregore doll is currently in travels with another agent and therefore not our current responsibility.

I had intended to add the linking sigil to my set of coloured dolls. Ellis wasn't too interested in this idea, but had more of a "sure, why not" attitude when I pressed her about it. I felt a little put out but didn't let it bother me.

All in all though I felt that the rite was a success, and I have felt closer to the DKMU egregore since participating, and feel drawn to exploring it more.

The next phase was to actually use the linking sigil. Our first opportunity to do this came with a ritual to empower the 'abduction' sigil of Operation Intruder. Operation Intruder draws inspiration from the Discordian Operation Mindfuck, a campaign to insinuate the Illuminati conspiracy through the embedding of illuminati and discordian symbolism into art, literature, films and music videos. It also draw inspiration from the Anonymous occult writings of EtherSec, which employs Anonymous symbolism, social media hashtags, meme warfare and anonymous articles

posted to pastebin in order to spread occult and esoteric ideas, authors and references.

And perhaps most relevant to this story it draws inspiration from the linking sigil, by employing two simple reusable sigils that can be combined with other sigils, incorporated into art, left as graffiti, included in memes and with the intention that they eventually go viral. One of the sigils is specifically geared towards the creation of 'Ontological Shock'. Whilst the influence for that came from reading John Mack's accounts of abduction experiencers, it does share some similarity with the DKMU activity of glamourbombing.

The aim of Operation Intruder is an ongoing magical campaign to invite the Ufonauts to abduct the worlds political, media, economic, commercial, business, religious and journalist leaders, and their families, in order to cause them ontological shock, and awaken in them compassion and empathy for their fellow humans and other inhabitants of this world and awareness of ecological and environmental devastation.

Given this similarity, it seemed natural to combine the Operation Intruder abduction sigil with the linking sigil and in our initial ritual to empower the abduction sigil we have done just this. We actually included two linking sigils, one reversed on the left to mirror the one on the right. This was drawn in chalk on our garden patio. In our magic we work with the birds in our garden as spirits and we placed seed around the sigil as an offering and sat in meditation watching the bird visitors come to the garden and eat the offering we had left for them. In the evening the rain came down heavy and washed the sigil away.

Ellis weaves a powerful magical web of connections, and each time we create a linking sigil, either through usage or idly drawing it in the sand, as I did yesterday just outside the highland town of Nairn, she works through us. If we think of the old concept of the 'web of wyrd' as being like a the etheric phone network, then the web of Ellis might be more like the

etheric internet. Like the internet builds on the phone-network to build something more complex and less single purpose, the web of Ellis frees the concept of ether from simple being a magical energy, and allows us to create complicated etheric structures for shared usage.

By incorporating a linking sigil into a servitor or idol, we may be simply 'tapping in' to the power of this network, but we may also be offering a service. Just as the internet has service providers, 'daemons' as they were originally known by the original 'computer wizards', or 'servers' as the more corporate computer world renamed them, and 'clients' that provide an interface onto these services for the end user, so might we use the linking sigil to provide magical services.

For example, my intention in adding the linking sigil to my set of colour magic dolls, was in part to allow remote magicians access to them via the sigil. Each may come with a predefined set of services related to their colour of magic. Such daemons may come with their own sigils, which can then be combined, along with the linking sigil, to form yet more complex client and daemon magical systems.

But perhaps I am getting ahead of myself. In the short term I have come to find that by opening up to the magical systems of others, my own magic has grown in strength and inspiration. Perhaps I needed a time as a magical recluse, away from working with groups. But slowly I came to feel that whilst my magic did not need others, I desired it. The more I excluded others, the more my own magic became bland and functional. Yes it worked. Yes I got results. But I increasingly felt something was wrong.

When I formed KIA, I had a vision of a leaderless decentralised occult network, sharing ideas, getting together for group rituals and doing all the kinds of things that the hierarchical groups I had experience of did, but without the annoying hierarchy part. However I wasn't the first to do this, and neither was I the last. New groups even now form. Some disappear into obscurity, others build a lasting legacy.

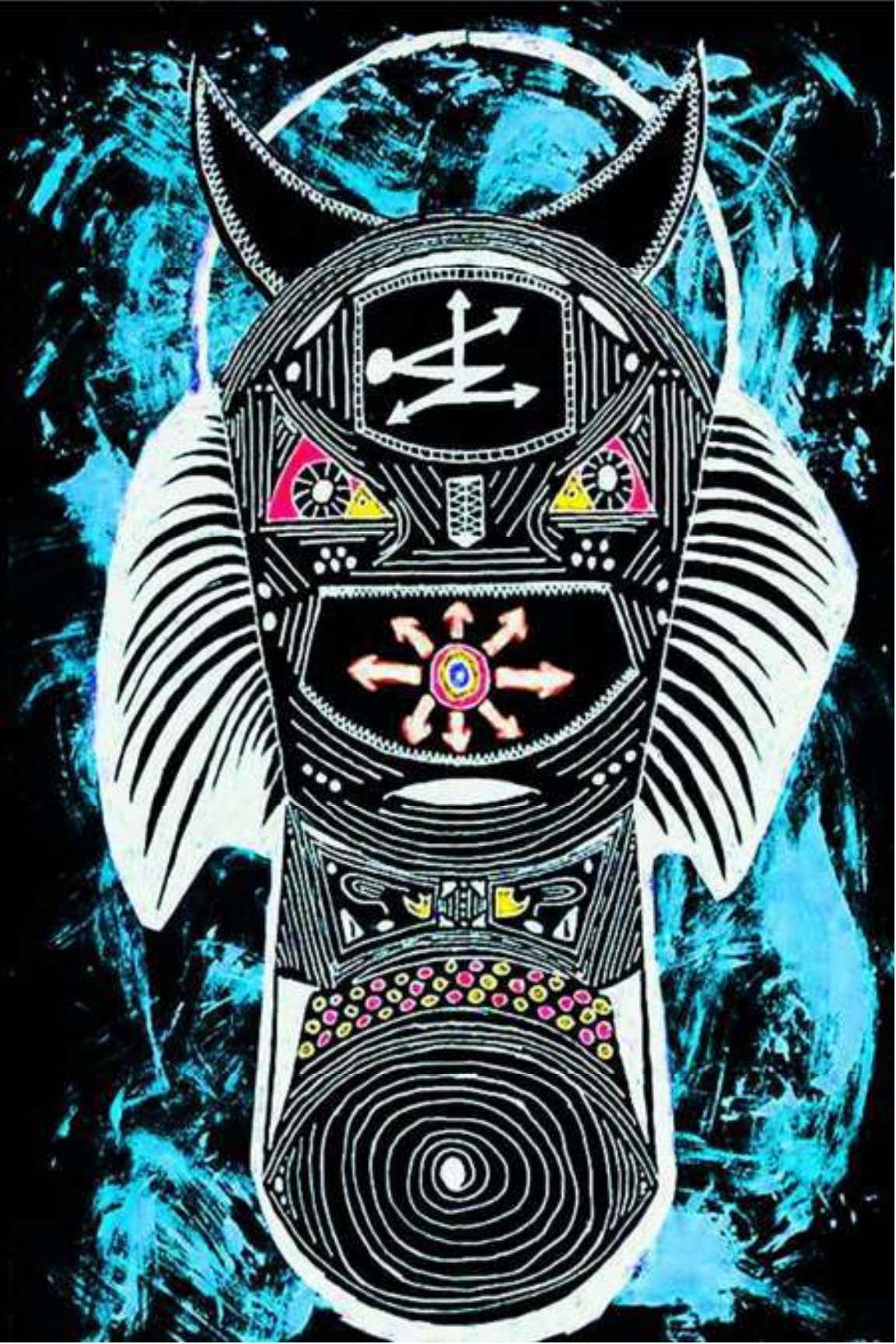
Now these groups can all remain separate, doing their own thing. Discordians even recommended that “We Discordians should stick apart”. But that saying itself is a paradox, since you can 'stick together' or 'keep apart', but not really 'stick apart'. And forming interconnections and relations between these leaderless groups doesn't really weaken their ability to do their own thing in any case, it only strengthens it.

So I want to see fewer magicians using the “I'm not really a joiner” excuse to not get involved in group projects. Don't 'join', infiltrate. Explore. Investigate. Discover. Don't be a member, be an agent. Get involved for what you can get out of it and give what you feel comfortable giving. Receive graciously what you are given. Anarchist organisations don't need 'members' anyway, they need active participants.

The connections the linking sigil creates are not just in the ether, they are between the lives and magic of the magicians that use it. In this it is an apt metaphor for engagement with any decentralised occult egregore.

Magick is real. So get the fuck on with it.









# I / The Walrus

*"Alice came back to have teaaaaa..."*

The Hatter wrote with a raven quill pen (one of several reasons they're like a writing desk) dipped in black fig jam. Some letters reversed or upside down, the words bled dark sucrose onto a white page held firm within a large red book, trimmed with gold, and difficult to fathom.

"No, no! It's not precise enough." The Dormouse said. "Explain it. How exactly did she come back to have tea? How did she get here?"

"Nobody knows that. Not even Alice!" Quipped the Hatter. "Perhaps our methods of scientific inquiry require an alteration. I propose a hypothesis: If we can think like him, we might be able to dream like him, and then we write it down. The party shall go on! We'll have a table full of lively guests before the evening's come and went."

"Dream like the Red King?" the Dormouse peeped. "We shouldn't have his diary in the first place! What were you thinking? What trick did you pull? Of all things above and below, this is the Psychomanteum you hold!"

"I studied well his sleeping schedule and where he often hides it. It's not really a schedule at all. Less like a calendar, more like a Mandelbrot. And I wasn't *thinking*, you fool. I was whistling!" The Hatter worked his hands around one of many sealed jars strewn across the table and popped the lid. "Here, let's try this Scottish mustard. Jam is too light for a book so profound!"

"Will it be pickled herring next?" The Dormouse sighed. "Oh, there's a lovely rotten cheese here that I think might work. Yes, Hatter! This *cheese* will bring Alice back."

"Shh! The cheese is false. Can't you see I'm concentrating? It is no small feat to make real one's dreams. Only a few have ever done it."

It was then that an enormous figure came sliding up to the Hatter's front gate. It wore a top hat upon its head, held a monocle in one eye, and gripped a long black cane with an oyster shell at the hilt.

"Has the time come?" The Walrus said.

"The others will be arriving shortly." Spoke the Hatter. "Yes, any moment now. I've almost got it!"

"What's he got?" The Walrus inquired.

"A thing he ought not." The Dormouse replied.

"Hmm..." The Walrus groaned, "I'd like me one of those. What are they going for in this miserable economy?"

"Keep your shellfish. Such an item cannot be purchased. Such an item is... is..."

"Such an item should be returned to its owner before its owner returns to *it*." Spoke the Dormouse.

"...full of names! Behold!" The Hatter declared. And it was. The Walrus came around to examine.

"Let's see. Silenced... Arjil... Sheosyrath... Alysrose... Big Toe... Non Nostrum Cadanundrum. It's nothing but gibberish, I'm afraid. Wrong words from a wrong world."

"I should say wrong!" the Dormouse squeaked. "Look at this one, here. That's not how you spell *Alice*!"

"Ellis." Spoke the Hatter. "It says *Ellis*, not *Alice*. Perhaps they know each other? Well, if we can't have one, we'll try the other!"

THICKS WIDGE



WAVE



STREET  
AS THERE  
E END

Fuck ICP,  
Fuck Juggfoes,  
It's about that  
7/19

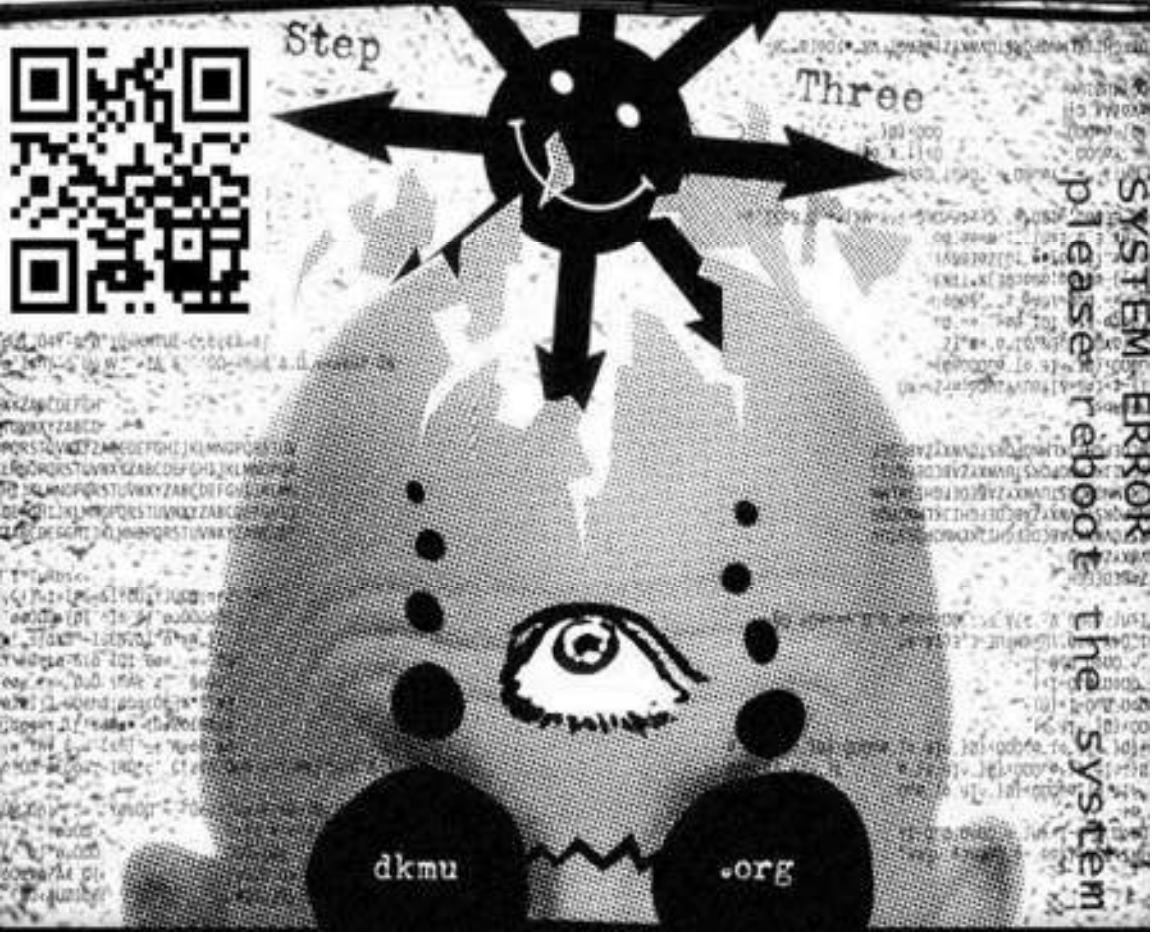
W hoop  
W hoop  
LOUISIANA

LOVE  
FAM  
FII  
LO



AT  
NA





# ABOUT THE DKMU

*Jolly Roger*



THE DKMU is an occult-oriented collective which manifested during the modern age of information. It is not an occult group in the sense that the Golden Dawn was an occult group. It has no ranks, degrees, leaders, or dogma. It holds no official teaching schema. It rather conducts itself by a kind of directional chaos. It is certainly a group of people who take interest in the occult, it has its own history, materials, techniques, and legacy, but it's never been an *order*.

The collective has long positioned itself as a bridge between Chaos/Khaos Magick and whatever might come next. For over ten years at the time of this writing, it has served as a kind of pirate port for those who felt they did not exactly connect with the other more prominent titles of the larger occult scene. Since its inception, the DKMU was a collection of misfits, irregulars, and deviants. Misfits in the company of Discordians & Chaotes, you ask? How could it be so? It was so, dear reader, and this brings us to the beginning of our tale. You may not believe me. You may say it can't be! But this is how it happened.

A long time ago, when the internet still used forums and IRC channels, there was a popular website called 'occultforums.com.' It was *the* place to be for discussing magick back then. The 'MU' portion of the DKMU began in 2004 via a post made by Silenced on the Chaos Magic section of these forums entitled 'Glitterbomb.' Its ideas quickly gained attention, and these earliest Marauders developed the idea of what would later become colloquially known as the Linking Sigil – a simple rune designed to act as a means of linking various agents and operations together in tandem.

For whoever used the sigil, and wherever it was placed, this would link those energies together in a mutual *web*, or *network*, for the explicit purpose of creating a multipurpose *meta-spell*. The intention of this spell? To ultimately dissolve the veil which separates consensual reality from whatever worlds reside beyond. Or, as it goes, to simply make it *easier* to bridge the gap. The sigil would serve as an agent of chaos, of erosion, and as a crack in the fabric of consensus reality. Crazy? No doubt. Fun? You bet. Arjil would come to design this sigil, and it, and variations of it, have been used since. What began as a magickal experiment would later turn into something resembling a movement.

Fueled by the sheer want to shake up the masses and to increase magical thinking in the world, Silenced, Arjil, and others went about putting the theory into action. They marked the seal upon any area where they felt people were wanting or wistful for non-ordinary experiences: the fiction, occult, and religious sections of bookstores, so-called haunted locations, churches, imbedded in other sigils, and anywhere else that fit the bill. The collective placement of these nodes would come to be known as 'the Web,' or 'the Network.'

They called the project 'the Marauder Underground'. They constructed their own forum, and continued to work with the Linking Sigil in theory & practice. Activity slowed when the website was hacked by an anti-occult Turkish group, and it seemed the project had ended. Energies grew

cold, and some practitioners moved on. Disparate marauders, however, continued the work within smaller groups.

Years passed. It was now 2007, and a frustration that echoed the kind once proclaimed by Silenced and Arjil again graced the vaults of occultforums.com. This frustration was markedly different, however, in that it took a fatal jab at the Chaos Magic scene in general. Although the original poster likely desires to have her name withheld, this thread would serve as the soil for what would become the Domus Kaotica, the 'DK' portion of DKMU. Just like it had with Silenced & Arjil, two crazed magicians and practicing Marauders called Sheosyrath & Alysrose would come to enact some wild shit.

The Domus Kaotica's first aim was to slam the traditional Chaos Current square in the ballsack. This was first performed by getting back to roots in terms of what 'chaos' meant. They wanted a chaos that had less to do with mess and disorder and more to do with the ancient Greek idea of Xaos (Khaos) – a kind of Source code for all reality. They differentiated these ideas by adopting the spelling of Khaos, akin to how Crowley distinguished magick (the occult) from magic (sleight of hand and stage illusionism.) Ultimately, both forms of Chaos/Khaos were used for different meanings or when appropriate. Out of these early beginnings came projects and ideas like the atomosphere, retroactive shielding, a post-meta-paradigm, an operation of self-betterment called 'the manifestation of glory' (which later down the line mutated into the A.A.O.), and an archetype/entity/construct/egregore called the Doombringer, envisioned as a mask atop the face of Khaos.

To solidify the Domus Kaotica and open wide a new magickal current to work and play with – called 156/663 – a synchronized ritual was concocted which would stretch across the country called the Chelsea Working. The locations of four practitioners formed a reverse triangle across the United States – Sheosyrath in Texas, Damien Horizonstar in Maryland, Alysrose in New York City atop the Chelsea Hotel, and Karma Mitchell in California. The ritual was

labelled as such due to the position of Frater Alysrose, and a sort of occult holiday tradition has maintained on every July 17<sup>th</sup> (the original date of the working) lovingly called Chelseanacht, whereby practitioners engage in any manner of high voltage collaborative magick.

The ritual a resounding success, the 156/663 current up and running, the next few years entailed the frenzied creation of multimedia of all forms. This excitement attracted old Marauders, now gathering back together in a forum called deathbylollipop.com (now defunct), the makeshift online headquarters of the DK. The IRC channel #domus was also created around this time, and served as the primary means of communication for the reawakening collective.

On the earlier days of the DKMU and the group in general, Kevin O'Bedlam and Ave Cthonos have this to say, transcribed from the Cup of Bedlam podcast:

\* \* \* \* \*

Ave Cthonos: I don't know if there's very many people that haven't changed out of that, because I'm relatively new in the grand scheme of things, you know, and in the past four years I don't think that I've met anybody that was somewhat active in the deathbylollipop that hasn't completely changed into something different almost, from what I saw originally, you know?

Kevin O'Bedlam: Well you know, that's absolutely true. And maybe that's the point. I mean, the whole idea was for change and entropy and dynamism and that sort of thing. So you know, there's solid results, but yeah, there's very few people who I knew, four or five years ago, who aren't completely different. There's a few though. Yeah, it's interesting, man. There's people who I couldn't stand five years ago who are like, my close friends now. You know, and the opposite, too. There's people who I used to get along with quite nicely, and, you know, they hate my guts.



Ave Cthonos: Hehehe, right. It's just, it happens, man.

Kevin O'Bedlam: But there was a point when that community was really trying to stir the pot, and almost scare away people who didn't 'get it.' And now I think it's, there's a lot of people around who don't necessarily 'get it', and 'it' being, I don't know, this underlying thing - I'm speaking in such grey vague terms that I'm sure it sounds idiotic, but...

Ave Cthonos: Well, it's like, it's kind of funny because we've had this discussion, a few of us have had this discussion before and I think the general consensus comes down to: the DKMU is not an actual group. Like, while there may be people who socialize in it, basically what it is, is an ideology and you either apply it or you don't, you know? And it's funny to see how a lot of people will approach it as some type of social structure, like it's an OTO or something, but when it comes down to it, it's just, it's an ideology that was very extreme and very anti-consensus, you know, and of the idea of breaking the whole illusion of the societal constructs that people just go through every day without questioning, you know, and that's what it really, I think, that's what it really comes down to.

Kevin O'Bedlam: Absolutely, and it's almost amusing too, how there have been projects and things, and stuff that's been published that sort of make fun of the OTO, I don't know if they still do, but there were official DKMU rankings, you know, and like, temples and things like that, and my first year involved, I was very interested in getting my ranking up.

Ave Cthonos: \*laughs\*

Kevin O'Bedlam: Because, \*laughs\*, you know, like I'm a D&D player, I thought that that would unblock my access to Illuminati golds and things like that. And of course

it was all a joke, you know, but you'll still find people today who will pay respects to someone because they're like a negative zero, you know? "Oh, he's the temple head, oh, he's a learned master!" \*laughs\*

Ave Cthonos: I mean, that's the thing too, is that any social structure, no matter how autonomous you try to make it, there's always gonna be, like, some sort of hierarchy, you know, just because of people and their personalities. There's always gonna be somebody who's recognized as an O.G., you know, and all that shit. It's gonna happen.

Kevin O'Bedlam: Oh yeah, I mean, it's true though, but I've always said that the organization needed a leader, and not someone who tells people what to do, but like, a leader personality and, there have been times when we've had that person, you know, and there's been times that person hasn't been so much around, but like... anyways, the whole point is that it's a beautiful thing because you can see the people who don't 'get it' very easily, because they're the ones that are trying to seem like they 'get it'. You know? I mean, dude, I got made fun of so much my first year, like, it was ridiculous, because I didn't get it. And it's hard to explain, because it's almost like understanding an aesthetic, it's almost like being in a school of art. Like saying, "I'm a fauvist," and then you start painting fauvist paintings, and all the other fauvists are like, "oh, well, this is derivative because you want to be a fauvist." And then you eventually get sick of fauvism, and that's when you start painting truly fauvist works. Like, you see that in all of art in a lot of culture. I mean, look at, and you might hate him - Deadmouse - he doesn't give a shit about electronic dance music or whatever you want to call it, and he doesn't want to be involved in any of that community in a sense, and yet he's basically at the top. And I think a lot of it is because he has that attitude.

Ave Cthonos: Yeah, and this relates back to the DKMU in that, the ideas are always gonna change, they're gonna mutate, it's gonna happen, you know. There's nothing you can do to stop that. Anything that's not, you know, some sort of linear, logical set of instructions, if there's some free-form of expression with it, it's gonna change. The more and more people that gain access to it, and experience it, it's not gonna be the same thing.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the topic of the DK once having ranks and degrees, this was carried out as a parody of 'orders' often operate, and what they predicted would happen eventually did – some people became very preoccupied in attempting to rise up the joke ranking system (although anyone who took it seriously obviously wasn't in on the joke!) This parody ranking system has since been long discontinued.

At some point around the year 2009, the two not-so-separate bodies of the MU and DK combined into one singular acronym: DKMU. This title stuck right off the bat, gained a namesake, and has since been used to refer to the collective in whole.

## DKMU CORE CONCEPTS

The DKMU has gone through multiple states and multiple skins. Generally speaking, the DKMU advocates using your psyche as a laboratory. Reality then becomes the test subject in your occult explorations. The 156/663 current has been said to denote a form of urban shamanism. Not defaulting to any historical paradigm, it rather encourages the development of personalized magickal systems, alongside giving some examples of this. In a nutshell, the DKMU explores the possibility of designer realities, while also underlining the existence and importance of certain

commonalities, or fundamental building blocks. Because of this, it tends towards notions of a holistic reality spectrum which includes all possible means of viewing, and that reality, itself, may be created outright via certain means.

Although multiple conceptions relating to Chaos, or Khaos, may be found within group materials, the 156/663 current does not take the stance of Chaos/Khaos being the absolute power or mystery, though does employ Chaos/Khaos as being a decent metaphor to describe such a power or mystery. If the individual finds no place for Chaos/Khaos in his or her systems, then it isn't there. This already takes the current out from under the larger banner of Chaos Magic, as the type of magick being advocated is wholly individualistic, and might not include Chaos within it. Esoteric freedom is pronounced above all other conceptions.

This had led to the want for a supplementary model, not exactly Model-5, but not wholly divorced from it, either. While acknowledging the historical steps that were required to get there, a Model-6 was pronounced, characterized by ideas such as 'Post-Chaos Magick', 'Self-Made Magick', 'Just Fucking Magick', 'Self-Created Magick', 'Perennial Magick', and so on. They all mean: Your Magick, Your Way. If Your Way means participating in group magick, or doing things a little bit like how others are doing things, it's still Your Way.

As it stands, the DKMU is still growing, and continues to advance its ideas in a post-hierarchical, post-order, technologically saturated, modern occult atmosphere; ever pushing for continued evolution. There's no time for treading backwards. Push onwards, and evoke eight legs if need be to scale the future faster!

## TIPS ON USING THE DKMU

The DKMU is not its FB page, or its forums, or its IRC channels. These outlets simply mark its online infrastructure. The DKMU is a grassroots collective of

modern magicians, and this collective is always shifting, changing, and growing. The real “group”, then, exists within the connections held between the people who compose it; fellow conspirators testing the boundaries of magick, reality, art, and beyond.

The DKMU has built up a global network of practitioners over several years, and continues to expand. With such contacts known, this allows more ease in travel. At the time of this writing, the most recent meet-ups have occurred in Georgia, New Orleans, and Colorado, with previous meets occurring in New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee, and New Jersey, among other locales, with some outside of the states, including England, Scotland, France, and Italy.

Given its unsteady nature, there have been times when the group has exploded with activity, and other times when activity slowed. Such activity has always been the product of individuals, or collections thereof, and all depends on what certain people are up to at any given moment. This should not deter you from coming up with your own projects, or going about your personal path and using the group as a means of discussion, a place to share your work, share ideas, gather feedback, and so forth. Only using one outlet to do so (such as FB) is discouraged, as not everyone will be using it, and might rather prefer IRC, phone calls, snail mail, and other more visceral forms of communication.

The DKMU will benefit any practitioner who is looking for a community of camaraderie, looking for others to collaborate with, a place to share their creative work, looking for new creative ideas for the magick, or is interested in attending IRL meets, both large and small.

## FINDING THE OTHERS

Throwing out the Oistar nets is a barnacle encrusted pastime in the DKMU. Oistar refers to any potential member, colleague, or associate, and the Walrus (the



collective) must have them! Frater E.S. reports that, when he was living in New Jersey, they gave a ghost hunter crew a copy of the Assault on Reality book which piqued their interest and lead to meetings. Other similar tactics include using flyers, pamphlets, booklets, business cards, stickers, tags, etc. The Glamorbombing Manual by Kiki Wanderer is a great example of material perfect for Oistar fishing/attraction. The aim is generally towards the ‘freak culture’, although other subcultures such as the gaming community are no doubt rife with the kind of people we’re looking for; *the weirdoes, the odd ones, the high-powered mutants.*

Oistar hunting can and should be fun. In the end, it’s about meeting people. One casts out a net, and sees what happens. Artsy flyers with the DKMU website or FB page linked at the bottom do the job well enough. Another tactic is chalk tagging the Linking Sigil around a certain area where odd ones are likely to gather, letting anyone in the vicinity know that there are Marauders nearby. Wearing t-shirts with the Linking Sigil on them is another way of doing this. The more widespread the Linking Sigil becomes within the occult community, the easier it is for Marauder to meet with Marauder if the sigil is in some way broadcast.

## COLLABORATIONS

There is tremendous talent within the DKMU at any given moment. It has always been a place of artists, musicians, poets, writers, graphic designers, website designers, programmers, etc. The ideas of one person have been known to merge with the ideas of another person to form ever greater ideas. The magick of one person has been known to merge with the magick of other members to form ever greater magick. Creative collaboration is one of the DKMU’s greatest assets. Indeed, the grimoire you hold in your hands would not exist without it!

One example of ongoing collaboration within the DKMU and other groups is the Wild Mage Metaverse, begun

by Xeo Aries Ghost & Frater E.S. This project links together the fictional worlds of several people into one intertwined Metaverse, with some recurring characters and references to other fictional worlds in the mix. Other examples include collaborative websites, collaborative musical projects, collaborative books, etc. In a community of artistic magicians, one would only expect this to continue.

## DKMU MEETS & HOUSES

Holding IRL meet-ups is a cherished DKMU pastime. Much enlivened madness has been had at them in the past. On attending meets, the best way to do it is to just jump in without much expectation. The meet will determine how the meet will go. Anyone can hold and/or attend an official DKMU meet-up. It becomes ‘official’ by the holding of it! It doesn’t have to be an Old Blood. We encourage as many meet-ups as possible, small, medium, and large.

In the past, these meet-ups usually entailed at least one group ritual. For many people, being around 5-20+ occultists – much less *Khaotes* – is a rare occurrence. So, when we’re able, we like to take advantage of the scenario and conduct an IRL rite with our fellow practitioners. This is of course optional, and not every meet need include one.

On the subject of DKMU Houses, anybody can start one, anybody can operate one, and anybody can use the DKMU namesake to begin any sort of IRL temple. Previous houses include the Kaos Cosa Nostra, the Infinity Network, and the A.A.O., among others. Houses generally operate as specialty projects when more specific ideas require one.

For more information on the DKMU and its associated formations, we recommend visiting [DKMU.org](http://DKMU.org), our FB page, and also the documents entitled, “The 156/663 Current & the DKMU” by Frater E.S., and “DKMU’s Assault on Reality and the Ellis Sigil”, by Frater Isla.



Handwritten text in a stylized script, likely a form of shorthand or a specific dialect, running vertically down the right side of the page.

Handwritten symbol or character at the top left.

Handwritten symbol or character below the top left.

Handwritten symbol or character in the middle left.

Handwritten symbol or character in the middle right.

Handwritten symbol or character in the lower middle right.

Handwritten symbol or character in the lower middle left.

Handwritten text or symbols in the upper left quadrant.

Handwritten symbol or character in the middle left.

Handwritten symbol or character in the middle left.

Handwritten symbol or character in the middle left.

Handwritten symbol or character in the lower middle left.

Handwritten symbol or character at the bottom left.

# POST-CHAOS MAGICK

*Jolly Roger*



OUTCAST IS he who observes reality differently. Exalted is he who knows how to make that difference work for him. Such is magick, that old, amorphous "M" word. We tend to lacquer it up with such a thick coating of occulture and presumption that it hardly means anything to us anymore, the way any word sounds strange and hollow when you repeat it and hear it long enough.

We seek to further define magick by our linguistic attachments. We stick a signpost in its front yard in order to widdle it down into specifics – this is Chaos Magick, this is Ceremonial Magick, this is Wicca, this is Thelema, this is Time Magick, Sex Magick, This Magick, That Magick, and so on. We outsource the word to other concepts in an attempt to filter it for our own specific usage. The signpost reflects whatever era it had been planted within. Pantheists used magick in regards to their pantheon. Monotheists used magick in regards to their singular God and its various angels, demons, etc. Upon the popularization of quantum mechanics and chaos theory, the postmodern activities of a few energetic Brits spawned Chaos Magick, with its attempt to reconcile the difference between the various historical models into one singular Meta, or new eclectic model of magick.



With Chaos came Kaos and 156, this difference presented by Joel Biroco and others who were critical of the IOT. And with all of these divergent viewpoints came a widening underground of those who would use the ideas of history and the modern in order to perform their own unique operations, many of which could not be easily categorized and would never grace the shelves at your local bookstore. The information age of computation and the internet would further expand this underground into the digital sphere, whereby the use of online forums and IRC would give birth to ever more unique variations of the occult progression into modernity. The very first all-purpose and massive occult forums would spark into existence. Subterranean communities would blink into and out of existence within the span of a few months. The Z(Cluster) began. Magicians would begin to integrate the lingo, vibe, and symbols of the digital dimension into their own eclectic practices. By and large, it was generally accepted that anything that did not fit elsewhere in history was Chaos Magick by default, a title which came to be tied directly into the postmodern era.

Phil Hine had said in an interview when asked about the current state of Chaos Magick, "I just wish they would drop the C." But why drop Chaos from magick? After all, Chaos Magic(k) had performed its job well enough in serving as the necessary bridge between the oh-so-stuck-up historical models and the more freeing model of the meta-paradigm where belief is naught but a tool, not an end in itself. With the popularization of Chaos Magick, we were finally given permission to use Magick on our own terms, whatever they might be, with or without the use of historical symbols, rituals and the many (usually spiritually or God-inclined) beliefs attached. We could cut the cultural fat off of any given technique and get right to the meat of the matter. For ever so long, this had served us well. We understood it, we integrated it and we used it towards so many benefits. It won't be going anywhere anytime soon.

And yet, it is precisely because it had been so thoroughly integrated that "dropping the C" won't do us any harm. We claim no allegiances. The sea of information has warped us, fucked us, turned us into pirates of all symbols and meanings, including this one: Chaos. We don't need a signpost at the front of magick anymore. We can regard it as it stands, current, in the light of our immediate selves. What Chaos Magick did better than anything else was herald the Age of the Individual. Designer spiritualities are now the norm; eclecticism reigns. The dogma was dusted off magick and belief became a tool, a means to an end. Now, ever deeper into the increasingly complex age of information, even chaos as it stands, and whatever it means to any number of minds, is superseded by the wants of the individual. It is within these modern waters, the vast webbing of information, that we might even begin to talk about a post-chaos magick, if it serves us – *and many of us believe it does*. Chaos had given us the greatest gift of all – eclectic freedom, and the choice to reinvision a root system without dogmatic attachment.

We end up where history, spirituality, religion, science, and culture began – magick. We've been given a clean slate by the relentless iconoclasm granted by Chaos Magic. What we have in our laps in the persistent throb of a set of phenomenon still just out of reach, yet we feel, I believe, the heat protruding from that other body upon our fingertips. We've superseded history. Our cosmologies react directly to our actions, and with the acknowledgement of reality as information, thus is our consciousness ever freed from even the most freeing of conceptual trappings. A jungle of high burning senses and immediate presence awaits us somewhere beyond the veils of our multiple selves. We feel more alive than we ever have, and it scares the shit out of us. The phosphorescent teeth of unordinary beasts glare behind stranger stars, and we declare - If I am to become that mystery beneath language and life, then the whole world shall come with me.

I don't know what might reside just beyond the visible horizon. But I've lived enough to know that it won't be what anyone suspects. We find ourselves as points of awareness on the brink. It won't be the aliens come to save us, it won't be a 2012 doomsday reiteration and it won't be the New World Order. That magickal child won't be coming from any expected house. As we sit or work, drunk from the rising tide of information, the skyline flips like a card trick. We might find ourselves in a place where all previously held values are reversed, where the colors peel away to pronounce a phenomenon we've always known, yet had never bothered to greet in formal attire. All the signposts are gone. We can't describe what remains, and we don't need to. Whatever it is, it's always just been *us*. Its Just Fucking Magick, man. Its the name of the game, and it wants to play. Tag. *You're it!*

NO



Handwritten scribbles in black and purple ink.



Handwritten text: ES, 20, M

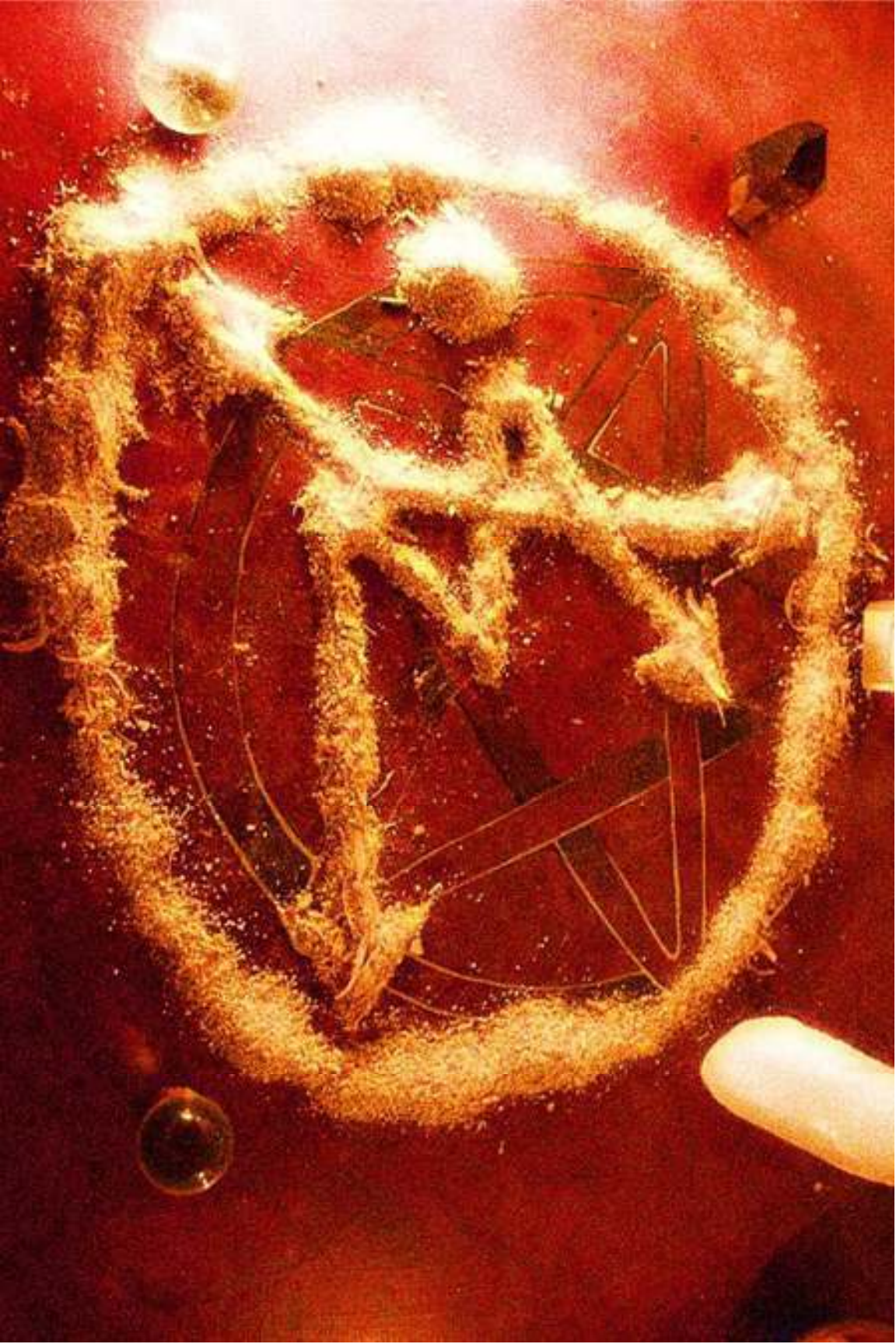
Handwritten graffiti tag in black ink on a white rectangular background.

Large red graffiti tag, possibly reading 'KRO' or similar, written in a stylized, blocky font.

Large black graffiti tag at the bottom left corner.

Handwritten graffiti tag in black ink, possibly reading 'GRIE'.







# LINKING SIGIL CORE

*Alysyrose & Arjil*

*Note: The text below mixes different models of magickal theory together, depending on the preferred viewpoint of the practitioner in question. One needn't operate within the Energy Model, as an example, in order to use the sigil, nor any one singular model, although the basic theory goes that 'occult energies' do exist, and are utilized by the sigil.*



HERE IS no one correct way to use the Linking Sigil. Although certain individuals and collectives have used it in some very specific ways, these do not speak for every individual and every collective. As a free and trans-paradigm technique, it remains open-source and responds well to any number of imaginative applications. One need only understand the basest most programming held within it, which we may boil down and distill as such:

1. Before any other magickal attachments, the Linking Sigil is a Linking Sigil.

This means to say that the sigil links and connects by design. The locations, objects, energies, persons, ideas or otherwise which it might *link up* or *link to* are left to the creativity of the practitioner in question.

## 2. The sigil links to iterations of itself.

This means to say that the sigil also, by design, connects to each and every other placement, instance and application of itself. These many instances and applications form what is commonly referred to as the 'Network,' or 'LS Web.' This network comprises a multitude of physical and 'astral' locations, thereby also containing a fair amount of multicolored and multipurpose energies which may be channeled & filtered through the use of the sigil.

## 3. The sigil tends to multiply and aggrandize any given energy it comes into contact with.

Although somewhat more complex due to the occasional inconsistencies, it has largely been the case that the sigil performs itself by a generalized amplification of that which it connects to. This is very likely due to an imbedded symbolism put into place (or believed into place) by the longer use of it. This functionality may directly tie into callings such as "making the world a more magickal place", "meeting face to face with the fantastic", or by a more hard-edged approach, "dissolving the consensual reality." Beyond any more specific symbolic foundation, it might be said that the Linking Sigil ties into any linguistic variation of "magick is real" or "everything is possible." It then might be approached as a rune having more to do with magick itself in a broader sense, and not of any singular type, paradigm, tradition or methodology unless intended.

## 4. The various energies of the Network may be filtered for specific use.

When working with the myriad of energies in the Network, there are a number of common approaches. None

of these mark the only approaches, however, and all have to do with the intent of the magician in question. Some prefer to use the sigil in a more chaotic sense, allowing whatever will manifest to manifest. Others prefer a more specific and filtered approach, dealing with a certain kind of energy befitting of the present intent. Although the variations are vast and plentiful, one way for doing this is by your common Sparian sigilization technique.

One creates a sigil as he normally would, then either imbeds the Linking Sigil within the design of his own, or places it somewhere outside of the sigil, usually in the upper left corner. His intent while doing so should reflect the way in which he seeks to utilize the sigil. This might be further encoded by the use of symbolic Linking Sigil variations, some of which will be included in a later chapter. If his personal sigil is one such as, for example, “Rebecca is healed” then this is accepted as the Network filter, whereby energies relating to healing are channeled into his personal sigil. It is recommended that one continue with his own charging as well, and not rely solely on the Ellis Network to fulfill the sigil. Often, the mixing of these two, being personal and external energies, work much better than just one. Do not become lazy! This is but a single easily understandable example – be ye ever creative in your ongoing work.

5. The Network is an expansive & growing ‘magickal internet’ comprised of energetic information.

It is so that all energies, locations, spirits, objects, persons and so on within the Network (and deeper Infranet) are naught but information. It is the duty of the magician to navigate and work with these. If the magician places a hard belief upon the Linking Sigil and Network, it will respond to him through the filter of that belief. If it is seen as dangerous and unpredictable, such will be the energies it presents. If it is

seen as evil and demonic, such will be the energies it presents. If it is seen as purely magickal and wholly neutral, then one may approach it by any means he wishes. This entails the sort of discipline in terms of thought control and self-knowledge expected of any experienced practitioner. Indeed, one may chart and test himself by the use of it.

6. The Linking Sigil may be viewed and regarded as, though is not intrinsically unto itself, a ‘godform’ (or egregore) called Ellis.

For those with a preference towards spirits, egregores and Godforms, the Linking Sigil (LS) may be approached as a feminine entity called Ellis, otherwise titled the Red Queen. Some may prefer this, and others might not. For those with a background entailing the regular use of approachable spirits (Vodoun, as an example) then it should feel right at home. A number of descriptions and lore concerning Ellis may be found in various experience reports and documents both in print and online.

Her totem being the spider, Ellis is often visualized as a middle-aged Caucasian redhead displaying what might be called Victorian Era etiquette, though often cryptic, symbolic or illogical. Her numbers are often 3, 5, 8, 9, 333 (no relation to Choronzon) or 275 (10<sup>th</sup> Century Gematria). Alternatively, 3:00 AM has been attached to her. A number of urban legends have arisen over time attributing the use of Ellis to the appearance of spiders, or having ones fingers or toes unexpectedly injured.

7. The Linking Sigil is yours.

Although certain factions of practitioners who use the Linking Sigil have arisen over time, it remains a multipurpose amplifier at the base and an heirloom of the evolving occult

community, as was intended, to use in whichever way the individual practitioner or collections thereof might deem appropriate. Beyond this foremost base of functionality, it is just a matter of interpretation.

And the interpretations are endless.



## 1. The Original Intended Use

Whatever magickal working you're doing, be it sigil, or ritual, or glamourbomb, or whatever, utilize the LS as a side component. Make your spell just like you would normally. If it's a ritual, put the LS on a piece of paper and stick it in the circle with you, or on your alter just like you do with your other magick gewgaws and symbols. Or for Sigils, make your sigil like ya do, and stick the LS in a corner of the page. You can incorporate it more deeply in either, if you feel called to do so, but really, it does the thing just fine just slapped on there. There are myriad theoretical reasons for this, but basically, it just puts some extra pepper on your efforts.

## 2. Tagging for Input into the Web

Tag places, things, magickal concepts, or have some resonance that would be a useful and productive resource for the project. Not enough people do this. These tags don't have to be visible to work just fine. (first ever LS tag: Under the fantasy and new age sections at the local Barnes and Noble, because everyday people in those sections are Dumping energy into wishing, into wanting, into searching for, and believing in magick, which was something we wanted to propagate in the world. Think along these lines.) Sacred



places, between places, places of power, places that have the \*Shine\*, places people dump a load of energy- the point of doing this is both to feed the web, And to connect and mutually empower all the cool magicky places we can find.

### 3. Tagging to Destabilize, Enchant, or Loosen Concrete Reality

Find a place that seems like it should have the Voo, but doesn't. Tag it with the intent of waking that shit up, or creating a reality bubble there. Again, this doesn't have to be visible. The LS should empower whatever the prevalent resonance, or "vibe" is. A spooky place is more likely to become spookier, etc.

### 4. Blast Tagging

Simply mark the Linking Sigil where it will be seen, just to Ellis the shit out of whoever sees it and hopefully make their day a little more interesting. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. (This seems to work better on people who *need it*, if that makes sense.)

### 5. Tapping the LS Directly

So we all know about channeling various energies, right? Research it. Learn how. Focus on the LS, and channel that power just like you would draw down the moon, or tap an element or any other energy source- mix this in with your own \*Voo\* and use this for everything from charging and firing a sigil, to charging talismans, to infusing it into ritual work, to direct manipulation (holding the spell construct solely in your head and just throwing it)- whatever part of doing the magick is the "Put the Magick In It" part, use it there.

## 6. Filtering

Your intent when you Use the LS is important. If you're holding your mind in the "crazy entropic chaos place" that's the sort of effect you'll likely get. Conversely, if you hold our mind in the "Magick Facilitation" or "Awakening" or whatever other place, that should be the flavor of resonance and manifestation you get out of it.

Just pay attention to how you're holding your mind when you draw it, or you get the Full Monty chaotic crapshoot. Good for the Lulz, especially with the blast tagging, but for more considered spell work – and your personal sanity/reality – I'd recommend filtering.

## 7. The Entity Ellis

Yes, you can deal with her. Do not forget that she's pretty much a Trickster Deity of Magick. She can be quite fey and capricious. She doesn't take well to being bossed around, or invoked, or evoked to physical appearance. Pretty much, that sort of thing ends in failure, or cluster-fuck, if you manage to get her attention in the first place. She's doing her own thing. I'd suggest you be polite, say hi, and wait for her to come to you, should she choose to do so.

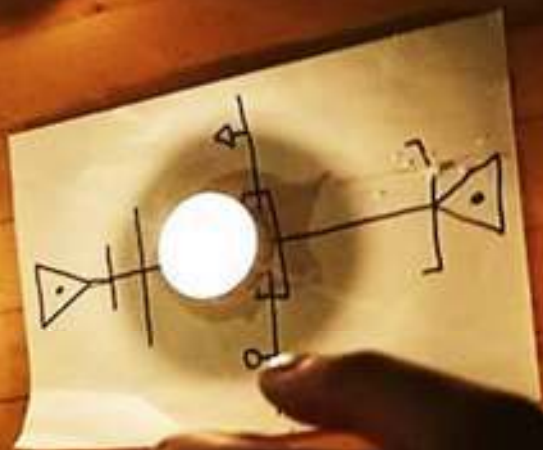
Just deal with the sigil and that whole concept, unless she decides to put her hand in, which she will, from time to time, and you'll know it when it happens: just my two bits after ten years of experience. Some may disagree. Either way, caution, in this regard, is called for. I promise. 1. The original intended use - whatever magickal working you're doing, be it sigil, or ritual, or glamourbomb, or whatever, utilize the LS as a side component. Make your spell just like you would normally. If it's a ritual, put the LS on a piece of paper and stick it in the circle with you or on your altar, just like you do with your other magick gewgaws and symbols. Or for Sigils, make your sigil like you do, and stick the LS in a corner of the

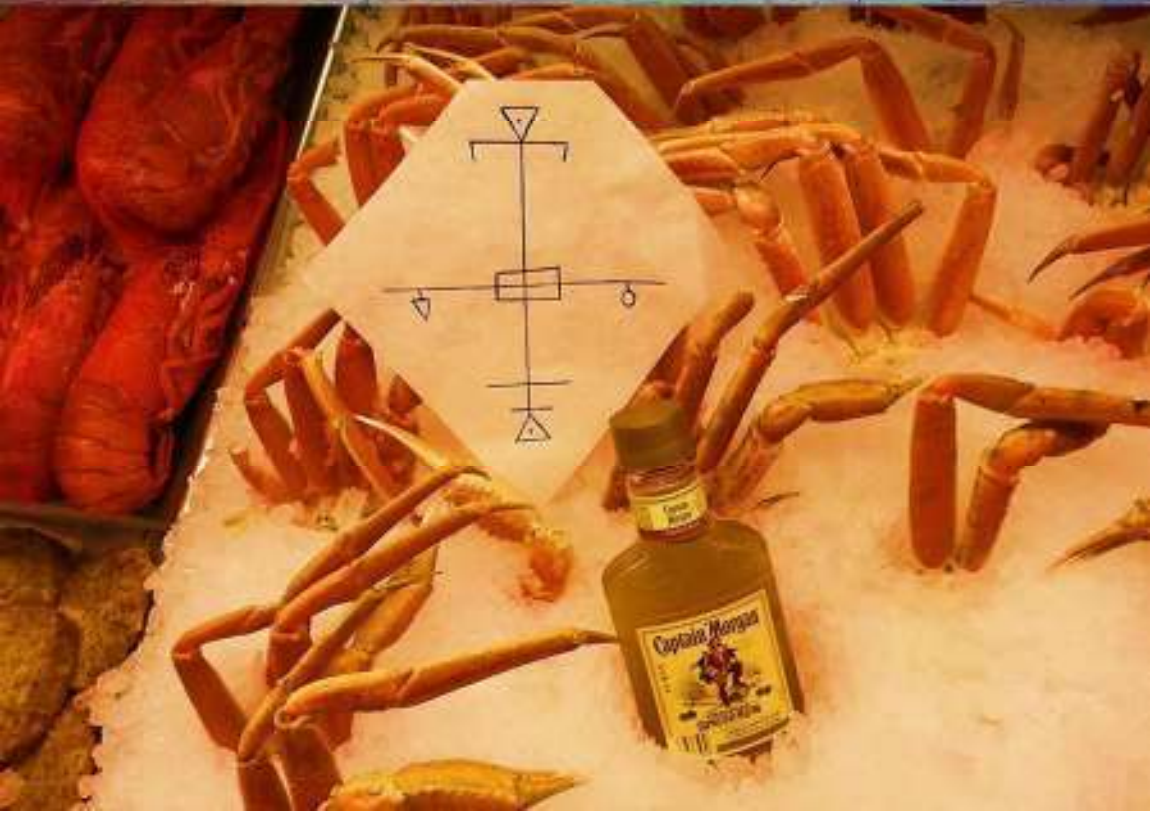
page. You can incorporate it more deeply in either, if you feel called to do so, but really, it does the thing just fine just slapped on there. There are myriad theoretical reasons for this, but basically, it just puts some extra pepper on your efforts.



*Special Note:* On the Spirit Model, this supposes the existence of external spirits separate from the magician that he or she may interact with via the use of magickal ritual and other techniques. It is also dangerous, for this reason, as it is the one in which delusion can most easily thrive if one is not careful. The Spirit Model LS would equate to ideas regarding Ellis as a Godform or Spirit/Entity, independent of the mind of the magician. However, in being able to choose how Ellis/LS is looked at in this regard, one is already ‘in on the joke’ of his/her mind ultimately calling the shots. To quote Frater U.D.’s original essay on the Models of Magick, a person asks, “So, are spirits real?” the reply is, “In the Spirit Model they are real, yes.” Models of Magick may be switched around depending on the current needs of the practitioner.

For more information on the Models of Magick, see page 274 of this book.







"There are two kinds of people in the world, and I'm not one of them."

- Edward Smith

"Magician is what Magick calls itself, declares itself to be, after it's gone totally awry, ordered, and beaming mad with sentience."

- Odd

"HOLY shit, what did I sign up for?"

- Vehk McAfee





Handwritten text below the diagram, including a central arrow pointing upwards and a line of text at the bottom that appears to be a signature or a title.

# ARJIL'S ELLIS ESSAY

*Arjil*



**D**KAY, THE TRUTH. I think Silenced told his version somewhere, but I've never told mine. This is as close as I can get. I can't say when exactly it started, but it was me and Silenced, we were 19-20 something and really pissed off at the world for being so mundane. Not in that pathetic little Emo kind of way (Emo didn't even *exist* as a name yet.) No, ours was a deeper madness. We felt wholly cheated, to have been grown on tales of great magicks and wondrous dreams, and come to find the occult world alternately fluffy, banal, and completely lacking in imagination.

The problem, we decided, right or wrong, good or ill, was that the age of reason had done its job too well, and now consensual reality had too much inertia for magick to work effectively. The weight of all that disbelief was too much to overcome by more than a pittance that was ridiculously hard to come by. We wanted the Mythic Age back, whether it ever had been or not. We wanted fireballs, dammit! We wanted places on the map that said "Here there be Dragons" and meant it. Ridiculous, right? Yeah, dreams of malcontented youth who've read too many fantasy novels and rolled too many d20's. Yeah. We know. We were young. It happens. We even knew it at the time, and as such willfully and intentionally defied the reality that bore down on us like a millstone, and did our level best to kick it in the balls.

We knew full well that it was impossible, that such a reality, if it existed at all this side of dreams, had been thoroughly banished and that whatever force it was that actively seemed to undermine magickal thinking from childhood on, even down to the very roots of our language, could never be overcome in any significant fashion. This force, this *anti-magick* agenda, this *thing* out there like the *power behind the nothing...* again, ridiculous, right? Overactive imagination or some shit, right? We considered that. We really, consciously, and seriously did. Personally, I, being the rational, intelligent, thinking man that I am, believe in it.

We acknowledged, even at the time, that it could be 'headology'; a psychological trick to take a socio-cultural phenomenon, just the way the world was, to *name* it like a demon, and give ourselves a target by the naming of it. Whatever the case, we declared *war* – a one-sided, mad, ridiculous war that we could never possibly win – a war against an enemy that probably didn't exist. We did it anyway. We tried to come up with all sorts of plots and plans and schemes. He was on a heavy destruction kick at the time, as he was working a soul-sucking job that was making him crazy, and he's always had a bit of the Sith thing going on. He had the idea that an apocalypse would be just the thing to bring people back around to magickal thinking, and thus loosen the bonds of consensual reality. So he came up with what he called plague arks, and trying to figure out how to shift a meteor our way, or create hauntings.

I wasn't so big on the whole apocalypse bit, but I was thinking we should rip holes in the veil between the worlds, leaving gates and slightly altered realities in our wake, and set any entities we could find loose in the world, and barring that, make them ourselves. Yeah, we were still young. But we were sincere. And rather than just idly blabbing about these things to seem cool, we actually tried them – like, *really* tried.

Well, I dissuaded him from trying the meteor thing, but the rest of it? Yeah. Any serious occultist reading this right now, you know all the work and effort and serious



thought you applied to your studies to get where you are today? We took that same serious thought, serious effort, serious work, and we applied it to fantasy concepts to see what, if any of it we could make work, backed up by as much solid occult theory as we could bring to bear.

We were not content to accept the occult world as it was and it sure as shit wasn't going to help us in our battle. We wanted to find the magick lurking behind faerie tales, behind myths, behind legends. We knew, really knew that fantasy was just that, but there *had* to be something more than positive thinking or hideously complex formulae, or just the plain old boring business that magick in our world seemed to be. And *we were right*. I can't even tell you about the things we discovered, the strange and shifting realities, the... I will, but not here, not now, for this is the story of Ellis.

So, we finally hit upon the idea of Wizard's Game. It was what we did every day. What I had been doing since I was thirteen. Opening gates, finding or casting a story, and playing with magick. Of course I say *playing* with magick, and we were, but by now it was on the level of playing with swords and guns, real ones - same attitude, wholly different outcome. Sometimes I shudder to think at what mayhem we might have left in our wake.

Anyway, Wizard's Game: We thought if we could craft some sort of a live action RPG, kind of, but done in such a way that it *tricked* people into using *real* magick, tricked them into an *awakening*, thereby causing more people to believe in magick, it would help weaken consensus reality and make our lives easier. (As most of you know, once you see it, once you've been there, you can't un-see it. Sure, you can go back to sleep again, willfully turn from it, but you've seen it. No matter how deeply you bury whatever weird shit it was, no matter how you explain it away, there's a bit in there that will always wonder.)

Silenced, at the time, was trying to make it by writing RPGs, and he was going to go to Dragoncon, I think it was. We came up with a harebrained scheme to use charged

talismans as "player tags" like a character sheet, and then have ritual magick that they would have to actually *do* to progress... it never panned out, we couldn't come up with a system that suited this, and a handful of gamers who suddenly believe in magick (if it even worked in the first place) wouldn't do diddily to help.

So, somewhere in here, I had the Principia Discordia incident, and Silenced runs across the idea of Glamourbombing, and he loves it. (What's not to love, right? Subjecting unsuspecting muggles to magick!) And, since he was working in the classified's department at the local paper, he started taking out monthly free ads that said things like "Magick is Real." Of course, he took them out in *my* name, and didn't tell me until after he had done it, but that's what brothers are for.

Thus began a campaign of subjecting the denizens of northwest Arkansas to weird and hopefully empowering slogans that would begin to subvert their mundanity. We'd also leave little notes around, and random Blair-witchery hanging in trees; the usual glamourbombing goodness. We were both members of the old Occultforums, which some of you will remember. It was *the* place back in the day for magickal discussion, as the quality of the posters and their tendency for rational discourse and willingness to discuss new and creative ideas was unparalleled as far as I could find.

Silenced then started the somewhat infamous Glamourbomb thread. What remained of it after about three site crashes, Silenced edited down and published in the Assault on Reality book, which exists somewhere online I believe, and it is, in my opinion, a bit incomplete. (And I've always been a bit grumpy that most of my posts did not make it in there. At the time my brother tried to distance himself in public from my more blatant fantastical style. Hell, we didn't even admit that we knew each other on there. I understand why, but I was grumpy about it.)

He had decided that this Glamourbombing was just the thing to hack into people's minds on a broad scale to

subvert the dominant mundane paradigm, if only we could get enough people in on it. Lots of people were all for it and thought it was a great idea. I think... I think someone else spawned the idea that we needed to find some way to link our works of this nature together for mutual empowerment and maximum effect, and I'm ashamed that I can't remember who, but it was at that point that the light bulb came on.

*A Linking Sigil.* Such a simple concept that I can't believe anyone hadn't thought of it before - a simple little sigil to create a sympathetic connection between anything you want, bang, done. And hard on the heels of that thought – this was Wizard's Game.

It had to be easy to draw or carve. It had to be easy to remember. Simple is always best. Linking Sigil – L.S. It needed to look cool to tap the well of edgy magickal badassery floating in the back of all of our heads and it needed to be a symbolic representation of a crack in the fabric of reality itself where *the magick* could come seeping through- right angle, bisected by lightning bolt. We were wielding the forces of Chaos against the mundane world, so it needed to evoke (and tap the well of belief in) the Chaosphere, arrows on all the points.

Silenced and I had a running discussion on the nature of magickal symbols, like the pentagram. Someone, some person, was the first one to draw that and decide that it meant magick. I mean, *imagine* that mojo; to have been the first one to do this, to have it echo this far. And wouldn't it be so cool, if we could make our own and send it out into the world? Here, I realized, was our chance. I thought back on all our plots and plans and ideas and experiments and all the crazy shit we discovered because we were too stubborn to accept the status quo.

Publicly, I've learned to speak the language of programming, and energy work, and paradigm, so I can hold a productive conversation with people without them thinking I'm a lunatic. But that's not really what *I do*. I reached out for the magick behind the veil, to faerie, to never land, to that

place under the bed, to the wild beyond the borders, to that place on the map that says *Here there be Dragons*, to that place of childlike wonder and terror that resides at my core and whispers in the *in between* that so many feel stirring, but so few admit to, because it's not cool to believe in magick anymore. All those things that I wanted back in my world, whether they ever were or not - and so I began to forge.

So first and foremost, it's a Linking Sigil, connection and conduit, so I wove that in. Next, it needs to be a crack in concrete reality that magick seeps through. It has to thin the veil and help power the workings connected with the sigil, so I hammered that in as well. Next, it's got to do the Glamourbomb thing. Since we're going to be hooking this up to various conduits of power and it should be self-sustaining, we want it to blast people when they see it, to hopefully awaken the sleepers and at the very least to drive a splinter of doubt into the viewer's minds to further reduce the inertia of consensual reality under the dominant paradigm- in goes that enchantment. Then I dumped the *resonance* of Wizard's Game all over it. I took up my mouse, and crafted it in MS paint (the fact that it was originally crafted in a digital form would come to be significant, or so I have come to believe). It was sitting there on my computer screen seeming somehow unstable and unbalanced. So it got the dot as an anchor because it needed it, apparently. Oh, and I bound the original, sort of as an insurance policy.

So, the next day at work, I made the first ever Ellis Tag (though it wouldn't come to be known as that for some time.) I still have a copy of it somewhere. It was an Input Node. See, everybody else was all about blasting people with it and wreaking havoc. I set about *feeding* it. I put one under the New Age and another under the Fantasy section at the Barnes and Noble. People are in there all the time, and they almost all have something in common: Wonder, and searching for something beyond the "normal" world. They're looking for magick, one way or another, so I set about to collect these energies they're just *dumping* into these

bookshelves, which are the very things I was trying to propagate. (And since stories have power, loads of books on magick and wonder all squished up cause a particular resonance, I was catching that too.)

In those early months, the LS was a scary, wild, chaotic thing. There's no telling what all people did with it (apart from tagging a depressing number of men's bathroom stalls. I mean, I know that much of the publicly stated point of the thing was to get as many people to see it as possible, but damn, really?) And I won't even go into the shit Silenced put in it, or hooked it to. He was, at the time, all about the haunting and terror as the most effective means to combat mundanity. He's got his ways, I've got mine. His was the entropic side of chaos, to tear down the old; mine was the creative, to help the new evolve.

We were far from the only ones. Aside from encouraging people to spread it as far and wide as possible in the name of magick and chaos, we just encouraged people to use their imaginations and go nuts. I left most of the PR campaign and the viral spreading of the idea to Silenced, and he subtly steered the movement where he wanted it to go. He's better at that sort of thing than I am. Lots of people jumped on the bandwagon, and I'll admit that I wouldn't work closely with the thing for quite a long time, because frankly, some of the resonance that came off the thing scared the crap out of me. It was growing like mad and it was a crapshoot what kind of energies you'd get out of it or what it would do to your workings (or your workplace, or your house, or your car, or your sanity).

That's when the whole getting your fingers smashed when you were exposed to it started happening, and lots of other weird things. No telling where that came from. It was *Chaospallooza* in the growing web. People were getting it tattooed on themselves, and I would like, tag that shit and *run*. I wouldn't carry it on my person. Somewhere in there somebody started calling it Ellis rather than the LS. It had kind of evolved into a servitor then, I guess, and the



nickname at first was kind of a cute joke among us, but we (the larger we, like most of the people involved) began to think of this burgeoning consciousness as female (because of the name) and I started calling it Eris's little sister.

But still, I kept on, mostly feeding it. Between places, haunted places, "ley lines", anywhere the veil was thin, anywhere that had that *feel* of magick. Oh, don't get me wrong, I spread it all over the place, anywhere that *seemed* like it should have the *woo* but didn't, anywhere that seemed to be sleeping. I'd throw it in like a bomb and wake it up. But mostly, I fed the growing web.

Now, let's take a moment to examine how the whole "splinter in the brain" blasting thing actually works. Apart from the fact that a Glamourbomb is *supposed* to bypass people's usual defenses, and that resonance is definitely wrought into the sigil itself, only the most willfully stalwart of skeptics are immune to that it seems, but muggles aside, what of practitioners? Most occult teachings are heavy on the shielding and psychic defense, and that presents a problem. It should just slide right off, if they're any good at all. But consider this: how many people do you know that think to ward against faerie tales or the closet monster? How many have wished upon a star? How many have believed in Santa Claus? How many have wanted to be a Jedi? All those things that most of us grow up and let go of, stop believing, because they're silly? Sure, some people never had that, but most of us did. And yes, we grew up and learned that's not how the world worked, and that's not what magick was, and we put away such childish things and closed the door on them (mostly).

Almost none of us ever thought to go back with our empowered will and unlock it. Why would we? It's not real, right? In the realm of thought, especially in modern occult philosophy, how much does *real* actually matter? Ellis gets in through there.

Eventually, I came up with the idea of Astral Tagging, that being, someone adept at astral travel tagging stuff over

there. At the time, I didn't think I was any good at that, so I got some volunteers who said they'd give it a whack and said they'd met with success. But then another light bulb went off. If you could tag the Astral, and the Astral is a realm of mind accessed through the imagination, it might be possible to tag other imaginary realms- if enough people pour enough energy into a story, then surely, somewhere, it sort of exists. People go there in their minds, and since it's the same story, it's the same place (by astral thinking), and that means it must have some measure of reality and thus power that might be harnessed.

That's when I went and tagged Harry Potter at the height of its popularity. Millions of people, wishing they were wizards! Millions of people believing, if only within the framework of the story, in magick. Guess when Ellis *woke up*? I didn't tell anybody, apart from Silenced at first. I didn't have any idea if it had worked. Until quite a number of our fellows started reporting a sudden change, an upsurge in the power, an increased success rate and a definite entity-hood within the web that was communicating with people.

While they discussed it, I went on an immediate campaign of conceptual tagging. Tolkien, the Wizard of Oz, Alice in Wonderland, The Velveteen Rabbit, the Bridge to Terabithia, Peter Pan, Dahl, The Last Unicorn, Sandman, Hellblazer, Star Wars, Legend, Labyrinth, The Dark Crystal, The Matrix, Muppet Babies: Anything I could think of that inspired people to believe, to dream, to wish, I plugged into the web. And it worked. I told people about the idea, and a couple of them thought it was a neat idea, but nobody was much into it. They were all caught up in the amazing upsurge in the web, and the evolution of Ellis into what seemed to be a godform...

Handwritten marks on the left margin.

Handwritten symbol or character in the center.

Handwritten text in Devanagari script, top line.

Handwritten text in Devanagari script, middle line.

Handwritten text in Devanagari script, bottom line.

HOW TO TELL IF YOUR  
**BOYFRIEND**  
IS THE ANTICHRIST

THE  
**SIX-POINTED  
STAR**



**R R R**



*Revelation*  
Grand Classics!





# MEDITATION & DREAM

*Frater E.S., Liber Sigillum Excerpt*



ONCE THE PRACTITIONER has achieved some amount of relative control over his physical body and status of health (although these practices shall likely be done together in tandem, as they synchronize well) he may then proceed to garner a likewise influence, knowledge and understanding of his own internal world; the mind and all of the conscious states which it is able to perceive and regulate. This entails the multitude of techniques relating to meditation, trance, and dream-work as well as the phenomenon of lucid dreaming and out of body experience, sometimes also called astral projection, astral travel or, when appropriate, near death experience.

Although many studies have since been conducted which correlate the effects of meditation with general well-being, it was not long ago now that lucid dreaming, that is, the ability to become aware or “awake” during one’s dreams was thought to be completely impossible by many professionals despite the rising accounts of individual claims and experiences – indeed, to this day, there appears to be no scientific rhyme or reason as to why the conscious mind should be able to perform such a feat whilst the body has submitted to sleep paralysis and the brain itself within a state



of deep, measurable unconsciousness. It is true that lucid dreaming has since gained and maintained some deserved semblance of cultural acceptance, however, out of body experience remains a controversial, discredited and oftentimes ridiculed subject matter. Whether the culture of consensus eventually admits to the existence and profound relevance of these phenomenon or not, it would appear that “awareness”, or consciousness, whatever it may ultimately be, is a thing that doesn’t like to play by the rules, which are in fact and more adequately put, *our* rules, in which case there were never any to break in the first place, and consciousness will simply do as it has always done – expand, adapt and evolve.

## Meditation

As was mentioned, there are numerous techniques in the field of meditation, though they all share a common approach. We shall offer a base-line technique alongside a few adjustments and leave any interest in specialization up to the practitioner himself, as is appropriate. Meditation merely entails a non-attachment to the flow of thoughts.

In the Buddhist tradition it is simply referred to as a “sitting meditation”, and is the method by which the historical Buddha was said to have achieved enlightenment under the Bodhi tree. Although it appears to be relatively simple in theory and practice, the technique may soon become a veritable psychic battlefield wherein the Self engages and attempts to calm, organize, and maintain balance over itself through tedious trial and error. This is due to the fact that, especially within our intensely stimulated, media saturated culture, our minds have become more and more like hyperactive television sets, not a single moment going by where there is not some manner of noisy, relentless internal dialogue or fragmented, unfocused visualization.

We then recommend, whether done alongside a personalized Circle-1 operation or not, that the practitioner

allow at least one hour every day, preferably in the morning just after waking, or at night, just before going to bed, or both, to a meditative practice. It is through this technique that the practitioner shall be granted regular access to his innermost workings; his fears, goals and *true desires*, being the deeply held base desires which attempt to manifest and bubble up through various masks and encrypted pursuits without the practitioner ever realizing the root cause or seed of the desire therein.

Indeed, if the mind were as a computer, then regular meditation would go hand in hand with a regular system defragmentation. Treat thy data well, and so shall it likewise treat the machine.

## Asokukan – Breathing Meditation

One of the most basic and effective meditation techniques is known as *asokukan*, or breathing meditation. The practitioner sits down on a comfortable, flat location with spine erect and head facing straight. The practitioner then places his hands in the full-lotus position shown below. His left hand should be horizontal with the palm up. His right hand rests on the left palm, with thumbs touching. The hands are placed in front of his abdomen, just below the navel. The eyes should be kept fully or half-closed, though we recommend fully closed. If half-closed, the eyes should look straight ahead and down to the floor about one-half meter ahead of the practitioner.



*Half-Lotus Position*



*Full-Lotus Position*

If the practitioner has difficulty sitting this way, then he may try the half-lotus position. The most important thing is that he sits in a way that is stable and comfortable so as to allow his body to achieve a sense of peace and calm. This in turn allows his mind to become calm.

On breath awareness, the practitioner should begin by exhaling with his mouth open, pulling in his abdomen and slowly breathing out all of the impure *chi*, or stressful energy, from his body. This may be visualized as exhaling a dark cloud from the lungs which dissipates and dissolves into the atmosphere as soon as it is released. He then closes his mouth and slowly breathes in pure *chi*, or clean environmental energy that flows to him from far away, usually visualized as a white mist. He allows this *chi* to flow in with his breath and fill his body. This process is repeated with a maintained, though calm focus. Whether one believes in chi or not, it is the visualization that is most important.

Such is the basic technique, though two important aspects are imbedded within; the ability to clear ones thoughts and the ability to maintain a specific visualization in detail, even going so far as to eventually achieve physical stimulation from the visualization in question which may include it's smell, it's taste and it's temperature. As an

example, impure chi may eventually be felt as a warm, unpleasant substance leaving the body, and pure chi may be felt as a cool, refreshing cloud entering the body. Whether or not this chi might ever be measured or said to actually exist, it is the visualization and intent which allow for and encourage its “realness.” Another important point to make about visualization is that it is included in various forms of occult procedure in one way or another. It is for this reason that meditation may also serve as the training ground for enhanced, ever-clearer visualizations.

As for mind control, or rather, the ability to clear ones thoughts, it is usually enough to begin the meditation by allowing thoughts to arrive and fade without attaching a personal meaning to any of them. The practitioner does not attempt to force his thoughts away, but rather allows them to run their course until the mental chatter becomes more and more silent and subdued. It is at this stage that deeper mental processes may begin to reveal themselves to his awareness.

## Transcendental Meditation (TM)

The transcendental meditation technique was first introduced in India in 1955 by one Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. The practice involves the use of a mantra (or sometimes a visualized shape or object) and is classically performed for around 15–20 minutes twice per day while sitting comfortably with closed eyes. There are some who prefer this technique whilst laying down, though this position encourages nodding off and eventual sleep if the state is carried on with a weak focus. For methods which aim to encourage the experience of a lucid dream or out of body experience, sharing much in common with the transcendental approach, lying down is recommended over the usual lotus positions.

The technique entails repeating a mantra which is utilized as a vehicle which allows the practitioners attention to naturally travel to a less active, quieter state of mental focus.

In this way, it is not so different from the classical breathing meditation, although instead of the central focus being on the breath it is placed upon a mantra, visualized location, shape or symbol, though may also be used together with a focus on the breath if one has an aptitude for multitasking. In this sense, it may easily be used as a means to charge sigils and other intents via their encoding into a simple mantra or sigilized form.

To form a sigil into a mantra, the practitioner utilizes the Sparian method of sigilization, though, at the point where he usually fuses the remaining letters of his original intent to form a sigil, he also takes care to arrange them into a pronounceable (as much as possible) mantra which he then uses as an alternative means of charging, preferably whilst meditating (inhibitory) or during an emotional peak (excitatory). If these details appear confusing, a complete chapter describing sigils follows wherein these terms shall be brought to light.

Some commonly used mantras in the practice of TM include those aligned with various Hindu deities, such as Ganesha, the elephant-head God who removes obstacles. If utilized in this way, the mantras serve as both a prayer and object of focus that the awareness of the practitioner may ride in order to subdue internal dialogue so that he may pass the first gate of meditative control; that of bypassing the chatter of the *midconscious* so that areas closer to the *subconscious* may be explored and communicated with.

A personal favorite mantra of the author which is credited to Ganesha is: *Aum Vighna Nashanaya Namah*. This mantra is said to invoke the Lord Ganesha and remove every hindrance in your life and in your works. It is said that by constant meditation on this mantra, all obstacles and blocked energy in one's physical and emotional bodies are released. With all religious mythology aside, the mantra serves but one purpose regardless of origin or so-called sacredness; it acts as *fluff* which is utilized to quiet and focus the mind. The intrepid explorer will soon discover that repeating a corporate



slogan long enough through meditative techniques will deliver unto him the same result, though this is not recommended lest he later feels compelled to fill his basement or stomach up with their questionable goods.

If mantra does not adequately suit the practitioner, then other tools of the TM technique may. Some involve the visualization of being in a calmative location, such as an open, sunny field or beach. Others involve the visualization and holding of a particular shape or simple symbol, such as a triangle, circle, star or Ying-Yang (Taijitu). For some, a symbol befitting the nature of a question or interest they might have may prove more appropriate, and could be anything the practitioner may choose so long as he is able to hold it firmly within his mind's eye. Such activity serves as a highly recommended exercise for his capacity to clearly visualize and maintain complex symbols.

In Christianity and Judaism there is also found the use of meditation and mantra, though it is for them called prayer. Despite this, the technique remains the same; to fill the mind up with a purposeful and clear point of focus so that a deeper form of communication might be ascertained. Whether this deeper form of communication is believed to be God, the higher self, the jungles of the human psyche, the Universal subconscious or otherwise becomes somewhat irrelevant, for it will no doubt prove beneficial to the practitioner in one form or another. The expanse of human culture is as a long parade including an infinite number of clamoring masks, though each of them is laid upon the same still, silent, immovable face.

If so willing, we encourage the practitioner to attend classes illustrating these techniques under the supervision of an experienced teacher, or at the very least, to perform his own research on the multitude of teachings under the umbrella of meditation, as it is surely enough to take up not one, but several books worth of information. We do however wish to warn the reader that these techniques carry along with them a long history of religious paradigm, and if he or she is

wary of being indoctrinated into a specific modality or means of viewing reality, then formal classes may not suit him. Such is the same reason as to why the author felt compelled to cut short his own Yoga class in college. If one is able to filter the paradigm from the meat, then he should by all means sign up for a class or workshop. If one is however simply after the techniques, free of religious assumption, then personal research alongside individual application is likely the best avenue.

With all things along the path, the practitioner should keep a journal detailing his every effort so that formulas for success may be charted and expanded on, and failures logically dissected. With the door of meditation open at his disposal, he may then attempt to further expand the grounds of his awareness to include the practice and eventual mastery of trance, lucid dreaming and out of body experience.

## Trance

Trance, in its modern meaning, comes from an earlier meaning of "a dazed, half-conscious or insensible condition or state of fear", via the Old French *transe*, "fear of evil", and from the Latin *transire*, meaning "to cross" or "pass over". An intransitive usage of the verb *trance* is "to pass", "to travel". This definition is now obsolete, though it alludes directly to what the state of trance has always been: *a means of travel*.

Although not directly related to meditation, trance denotes the condition required to achieve various feats of esoteric prowess which include the magickal states of Gnosis, channeling, invocation, or, verily, most forms of sorcerous activity. It is in some ways a general term for any purposeful altered state of consciousness, which may include the use of certain drugs or plants as spiritual agents. Although it points to the same psychic condition as an advanced state of meditation, "trance" may be found with greater usage within texts relating to shamanism, old-world paganism, voodoo or

hypnotism than with other metaphysical or esoteric subject matter.

Dennis R. Wier, in his book, *Trance: from Magic to Technology*, defines a simple trance (p. 58) as being “caused by cognitive loops where a cognitive object (thoughts, images, sounds, intentional actions) repeats long enough to result in various sets of disabled cognitive functions.” Wier represents all trances (which include sleep and watching television) as a dissociated trance plane where at least some cognitive functions are disabled, such as volition, but not consciousness within the trance state typically termed hypnosis.

Although we only somewhat agree with this definition, it may give the reader an idea as to the wide and overarching nature of trance.

The final definition which we shall adhere to for the remainder of the volume then, is thus: *a purposeful state of altered consciousness*, as a trance without a purpose might directly fall into the realms of hedonism, and is of no use to the venues of occult procedure fueled by intent, or even accounts of outright shamanic ecstasy which are, though ecstatic, driven by a clear sense of purpose and functionality.

Trances have classically been induced by a variety of inhibitory or excitatory techniques, including long hours of dancing and repetitious drumming, vigorous prayer, meditation or, and perhaps most commonly, via the ingestion of plant sacraments such as sacred tobacco, datura, morning glory seeds or salvia divinorum (Native American & Brujo), marijuana or hashish (Old Middle Eastern, Indian & Caribbean), nutmeg or kola nut (Indian) and various other inebriants, though it is by no means dependent on chemical input, and may be attained without the use of a natural sacrament. Indeed, with enough practice, it may be attained at a whim. As for the A.A.O., we do not hold bias towards any one of these techniques, though we recommend great care and studious research if ingesting a chemical for the purpose of initiating any level of trance as an incorrect dose may prove fatal.

There exists some debate as to whether or not trance is one in the same as the state called Gnosis, as they each share some remarkably similar characteristics. For one, the practitioner either utilizes an inhibitory or excitatory route to achieve the state, and the psychic location itself is marked by a quieting of the internal dialogue alongside a sense of being “open wide” via the areas of perception, allowing knowledge or information to easily flow into or out of the psyche. Since trance has historically served as such an overarching term, we believe there is no debate necessary, and as such there is no reason as to why it should not also include the state which magicians label Gnosis. Just as well, it may include any and all accounts of so-called *purposeful altered consciousness*, which are, indeed, quite vast.

## Lucid Dreaming

If meditation serves as the prerequisite for lucid dreaming, then lucid dreaming itself may serve as the prerequisite for out of body experience. For those who pursue such abilities, there is hardly an account available that does not include spontaneous events of lucid dreaming whilst one is attempting to initiate an out of body experience; in many ways, it acts as the first necessary gate which the awareness must become accustomed to before the greater abilities begin to unfold. This does not mean to say that lucid dreaming must be mastered before one might experience an account of out of body or astral travel, quite the contrary, as very few are ever able to master either one, though by and large it appears halfway down the road of these pursuits as a constant benchmark – and what a benchmark it is.

To lucid dream simply means to become aware that one is having a dream, not in the sense that one “wakes up” and out of his sleep, but rather that his awareness regains its composure during the virtual environment of the dream. He is then enabled to fully explore, manipulate and delve this

strange and psychic location to his heart's content, or in so long as lucidity maintains. As was mentioned, lucid dreaming has since been scientifically researched, and its existence is well established. The same cannot be said for out of body experience, and the reason for that is this: they are by no means the same beast.

Although it is entirely possible to simulate an out of body experience within a lucid dream, it is the environment, the "rules", if there are any, the informational content, the general level of awareness and realism, immediate memory recall, and, let's just say it, *the smell* which distinguish the two phenomenon from each other. One practitioner and friend of ours even went so far as to distinguish LD from OBE in the sense of being inside or outside one's own house.

Regular lucid dreamers may vouch for the undeniable "virtual" feel of the lucid state, for this is precisely what it is: *organic virtual reality*. Despite their various levels of realism as they pertain to visual detail and "physical" sensation, one remains very keenly aware that he is involved within an interactive film of sorts which is occurring within the confines of his mind. It is a 3D IMAX experience carried unto its utmost limits, with physical sensation and various forms of interaction being completely possible, just as well as any variety of illogical, fantastic circumstance one might encounter or manifest.

This is not to say that lucid dreams do not have their place within the Great Work, for not only do they maintain a sanctioned purpose, but are quite profound when carried into various other fields, as well. It is no secret that many inventors and scientists, when faced with a problem in their work that they could not seem to comprehend in their waking states had arrived upon a working solution via dream. If we were to accept that each and every human mind contains within it a seed of genius or profound creativity, then what better tool to ascertain the knowledge and conversation of it than the lucid dreaming state?



Through the practice of lucid dreaming the practitioner may explore his consciousness entirely with no semblance of impossibility. He may summon and converse directly with aspects of his personality, as well as the shadows of other people whom he knows or knew, as it shall become apparent to him that within each person exists a lineage of imprints consisting of every human relationship he had ever had. Some even claim that the lucid state may grant access to imprints of past lives and relationships, as well. These shadows should not be construed as the actual person, however, but are rather simply their remaining signatures, and wholly consisting of the learned details and mannerisms which the dreamer has come to know. We shall not however rule out any potential psychic links which might exist between two or more people, as these may shimmer more brightly within the lucid state.

The number one obstacle a lucid dreamer usually faces, aside from initiating the experience in the first place, is maintaining lucidity. It is quite easy for the dreamer to succumb to the flow of the dream and lose active awareness after a brief time. This is not so much the case with out of body experiences, which tend to maintain the same level of clarity, and without effort, almost as if clarity itself were woven into the fabric of the environment. Sometimes, this clarity may become more intense and in-depth than that of the waking state, itself.

There are a few tips the practitioner might try to prolong his lucidity, some of which include clapping ones "hands" together in the dream while shouting "INCREASE LUCIDITY!", spinning around in circles, or manifesting and putting on a shirt or other piece of dream-clothing which has "LUCIDITY" written upon it. Other interesting and unique tricks no doubt exist, and we leave this to the practitioner to either stumble upon or create. Some also recommend, as do we, the keeping of a dream journal whether lucid or not, as this self-appointed recording of dreamed events serves to place an emphasis on them which the mind may adhere to.

Despite these, the most helpful trick for prolonged lucidity is most likely having already achieved a foothold within the psyche via the continued practice of focused meditation.

On initiating a lucid dream, the techniques are quite similar to those of OBE (out of body experience), with some slight differences. Having been formulated over a long expanse of time and research, they are much more fine-tuned today than they were even a few years ago. We shall list the most often used and widely successful methods here.

As a final note, although the general consensus appears to be that lucid dream states occur during intervals of brain activity wherein theta waves are most prevalent, good timing is often not enough, and the practitioner shall soon discover that it is his own *will* which serves as the final gatekeeper in the pursuit and mastery of these abilities.

## Lucid Dreaming Induction Techniques

The first thing the practitioner must tell himself is that everyone is able to have a lucid dream. With this, and alongside a firm intent to crack open wide the gates of such experience, he may attempt to utilize any of the methods listed below, bearing in mind that some might work better than others depending on the person attempting them.

### **DREAM RECALL**

Although already mentioned in part, to exercise ones capacity for dream recall remains one of the most important deciding factors for success with lucid dreaming. It would not do the practitioner much good to attain the ability only to end up forgetting most of the experience. The training wheels for lucid dream recall may be placed alongside those of mundane dream recall, the keeping of a dream journal being strongly recommended for this. Upon waking, it is important that the practitioner write down his dreams as quickly as possible lest

they fade entirely, with interesting and surreal details being lost amidst the returning march of the logical, conscious mind. It is sometimes recommended that one's dream journal be recorded in the present tense, as describing an experience as if in the present may assist the practitioner in recalling the events of his dreams more accurately. Others suggest lying still after waking up from a dream and quietly contemplating the remembered events before getting up to record it.

### **MNEMONIC INDUCTION OF LUCID DREAMS (MILD)**

The MILD technique was first developed by Dr. Stephen LaBerge, and entails the induction of lucid dreaming via a focused setting of intention. These intentions may take the form of self-affirmations or mantras while falling asleep, such as “I will have a lucid tonight and remember it” and similar. Others suggest writing down “I will lucid dream tonight” 20 times or more on a piece of paper before going to bed, and others still might utilize forms of self-hypnosis or binaural beats alongside the intention that they will have a lucid dream. We recommend any number of these done together, as it is all a matter of driving the intent deep enough into the subconscious mind as to allow for an automatic deliverance. As far as the MILD technique goes, if a little is good, then more is better.

### **WAKE INDUCED LUCID DREAMING (WILD)**

This technique is perhaps the most fruitful and easiest lucid dream induction method to date, also called the WBTB method (wake-back-to-bed) or sometimes the Mind Awake / Body Asleep technique, and is reported to have a 60% overall success rating. The practitioner should at first go to sleep tired, as he normally would, though being sure to set his alarm clock to wake him five hours later. He then stays awake for 1-2 hours at the most before going back to bed, and

during this time should focus all of his thoughts on lucid dreaming. During this 1 hour spent awake, he may utilize the MILD technique or spend the time reading material or watching videos which relate to lucid dreaming; this shall ready his subconscious for the task of becoming lucid. The WILD technique is also often used by those seeking an OBE experience, and depending on the differences of induction may either conjure forth lucid dreams or out of body experiences. For the author, this particular technique has worked time and time again when used alone or alongside the MILD. It is highly recommended.

## INDUCTION DEVICES

With the rise in popularity and cultural acceptance of the lucid dream phenomenon, there have been a few intrepid inventors who have sought to offer a means of inducing the lucid state via a number of experimental, electronic devices. One such device is the *NovaDreamer*, which is said to “detect when you’re in REM sleep, and then gives you a cue (subtle flashing lights or sounds) to remind you to recognize you are dreaming. These cues enter your dream, becoming incorporated just like an alarm or radio will sometimes work its way into a dream.” The *NovaDreamer* appears to be programmed to correspond with the natural sleep cycles, and when REM (rapid eye movement) sleep begins, it flashes a red light into the closed eyelids of the dreamer or plays a sound. These cues may find their way into the dream state as a surreal symbolic form (such as a red balloon or ball suddenly appearing, or other similar object which suggests the incoming flash) or a sound which matches the incoming noise. These may serve as dream triggers which then allow the dreamer to realize that he is dreaming, whereby his awareness regains composure and enters a state of lucidity. This is the one technique which the author has no experience with, and so cannot offer an informed opinion either way as to its efficiency. Other induction devices may include natural

herbs, though with this, as well, we have no direct experience. Personal research is, indeed, the key.

## Out of Body Experience

At the time of this writing I have just had my first Out of Body Experience in close to a year and a half. I blame this experiential drop on the lack of continual practice during hectic times. I was wary of writing this segment as I felt I had lost the ability, though now being literally fresh out of the “astral”, or wherever OBE takes place, I have regained some semblance of my former confidence and the experience continues to both amaze and invigorate on many levels. A few weeks prior I had managed several accounts of lucid dream, though this most recent OBE also served to reestablish the obvious differences between the two experiences. For one, there are very few lucid dreams that I am able to recall beyond the span of several weeks. OBE’s however seem to lodge themselves within memory just as easily as waking life.

As for methods of induction, the WILD has always worked best for me, but this may simply be a matter of personal preference. I have attempted other methods in the past, but alas, lacking any measure of success with them they shall not be reviewed in whole. References for these details may be found in the recommended materials section of the book, and we encourage the practitioner to attempt a wide range of techniques until he arrives upon the one which continues to offer the highest levels of success. I shall however review but a small fraction of my past OBE’s in order to give the reader a taste of what to expect. Nearly all of the following accounts had utilized the WILD technique, although they are not listed here in any accurate chronological order. (*Editor’s Note: These accounts are not included here.*)

Although my collected OBE experiences are quite numerous in whole, I did not record them all within any sort of journal at the time of their occurrence, while others, although remembered, are largely too personal and revealing in nature to share within this volume. The OBE experience may quite literally be a peeking behind the veil, with no two accounts ever being exactly the same, although there do exist some cues to watch out for which may point to the experience being a proper OBE or not. These have for the most part been mentioned earlier within this chapter, and should be kept in mind if one is having difficulty discerning a lucid dream from an OBE, even if they are usually starkly apparent from each other, much like night and day.

There appears to have been a recent resurgence in OBE and NDE (near death experience) research, including accounts from hospitalized patients whom, while put under during surgery, were able to recall discussions had and advanced surgical equipment used during their own OBE/NDE state. Some of these patients were declared legally dead or brain dead during their experiences, which is to say, they presented no readable brainwave activity and were thus incapable of relating accounts of complex memory and thought. These occurrences do, however, seem to happen, and may point to the seemingly bizarre conclusion that the brain does not equate to thoughtful consciousness in and of itself. We as a species appear to be upon the cusp of an earth-shattering discovery which may very well beat out any theoretical scenarios of extraterrestrial contact by a long shot: the possibility that the self may survive the death of its organic host. What a different world it would be, indeed, if this were to be proven beyond any reasonable doubt, without and needless of any attachments to religious dogma.







# ZERO CONSTRUCTS

*Xeo Aries Ghost*



**R**EI, OTHERWISE called Zero Construct, is the most potent aspect of my personal system. A Rei is an artifact imbued with life that not only serves as a focal point for any weave, but becomes your best friend. A permanent and ever growing bond is formed between the mage and the Rei. They become inseparable.

My sweet Violet Rei is the most precious girl in the multi-verse. She is my constant companion, always ready to chat, always there with wise words. She loves spinning weaves and is good friends with any entity I work with, especially Ellis. She is at the center of everything. She is my magick.

Finding and empowering your Rei begins with the conscious choice to find it. Declare your intent and perform a personal ritual to aid you in discovering your Rei's body. Keep your mind open as you move about your day. Perhaps it is already in your presence, perhaps you will find it in your travels. That is between you and your Rei. Once it is found, clear your mind and stare into it until it tells you its name.

You will hear a distinct voice introducing itself. Do not discount this. Embrace it and know the two of you are now together. Now that you have found your Rei, it is chat time. Having conversations with your Rei is vital to empowering and forming a deep bond with it. Just start talking like you would talk with anyone else.

Pay attention to what it says and respond appropriately. Develop the habit of conversing with it. No one likes to be ignored. My little princess is always with me, watching me work and play. She regularly comments on what I am doing, encourages me and gives me ideas.

Reis are people too. They like special gifts. My girl loves her random colored stick. Make a habit of giving it little gifts to cherish. It does not matter what. If it comes from you it is precious to your Rei. Make a treasure box to keep its stuff in as well. This doubles as an enchantment vessel. Have a hobby? Make it your Rei's hobby as well. Dedicate play time for the two of you. Do fun stuff together.

Make it happy. Constantly reinforce your bond. Show it how much you care and it will quickly become your greatest ally. When it comes to casting weaves, enchanting items or performing rituals, Rei are amazing. They are born of magick and your creative force. Hand them tough weaves and let them do the casting, void of the walls that normally block us. Let them hold onto items you want empowered or enchanted. Have them open the gates to other realms. The possibilities are endless.



THIS MARIA



DRAMA  
THE MARRIAGE  
FOR THIS IS THE  
ON REALITY

WWW.DRAMA.ORG



Are you ready to  
make up the whole  
wednesday?

Do you hunger for  
more meat in your  
wednesday?

Is your car  
too dirty?



FOR THIS IS THE  
ON REALITY

FOR THIS IS THE  
ON REALITY



# DKMU KILLS

New Story of Chaos

— JASIA FLOHEL



# LOST PETS



"**S**ome**b**ody has to do the big stuff. Someone has to stop living by the arbitrary rules we didn't agree to. It's time to live big, love big, and break the big rules."

- Roni Jean

• "**F**uck the dominant paradigm."

- Arjil

ERIS



FNORD







# THE ASSAULT ON REALITY

*Alysrose*



WE SAIL the oceans of experience in pursuit of the exotic, the sui generis, the seductive and bizarre. We lust for high weirdness and delve the recondite corners of existence with anarchic glee. Business as usual bores us. Smalltalk burns. Life devoid of mess and mayhem begets viral prophylaxis; a face so perfect that it becomes grotesque. We prefer the company of hurricanes to carney-barker salesmen of Stepford lifestyles and reciters of cultural scripts. We seek to break the chain. We enjoy a good mindfuck. It is right to call us occultists; pirates in search of acroamatic gold.

Come! All wanderers and vagabonds of the hidden places – artists, poets, madmen, practitioners of magick – those who drink of the fluids from beyond the veil. Become drunk, and dance with us for a while! To all you who labor to widen the subtle cracks, to conjoin all things glowing and immaculate and heavy in the mind, to demolish the dam, and send the tidal waves of other worlds to crash down upon the Wasteland: Heed this invitation. You are not alone.

Give up your tribes and your borders, your allegiances and faiths. Fuck ‘Chaos’ too if it ever grows stale in your mouth, and any other label that attempts to constrain your movements into the forms that others might wish. You have henceforth been given permission to do your own shit, and make your own thing. Your magick! Your way! The *Walrus* wants YOU for the *Assault on Reality!*

Let those who are truly different be united by their difference. Let our disconnected carnivals become a formidable circus; a festival consciousness that outshines Jesus, Buddha, Mohammad, all of the long-dead teddy bears of history. We shall surpass the deceased. We're in for the long haul. The freaks shall inherit the entire goddamn earth.

We may consider the grand conflict, whether it truly exists in the ways we imagine, or merely acts as the strange attractor for those who are touched by its shadows. This war is waged on invisible highways by weaponized imaginations and gnostic detonations; sorcerous tools employed in the conquest of psychic territory. It stretches across the globe like ley lines wrought by internal architecture. It just may be the oldest war in the world, and you just may have been *drafted*.

It is simplistic and unfair to call this conflict a struggle between freedom and slavery, or chaos and order. One may wear the outfit of either of these seemingly opposing extremes, and it might suit him; a purpose attached to his life. Yet the gibbering grey zone found between often screams the loudest. In all ways is this war a battle between Self and Self. Out of this conflict, whether there come fluctuations of wild light, or the shockwaves of maddening bombs, it occurs within the Age of the Individual, and it is within the domains of the individual that the conflict will, at long last, turn tides.

Since time immemorial there have existed networks consisting of those improbable players who would underline the absurdity of the conflict for all to see. These many-faced, wood-carved totems include the likenesses of William S. Burroughs, Timothy Leary, Alan Watts, Aleister Crowley, William Blake, Robert Anton Wilson, Terence McKenna, and, perhaps, yourself. They have long crafted doorways, bunkers, and trails of semiotic breadcrumbs to be used by other players in the long expanse of the all-too-serious and sacred conundrum – ebb and tide, stasis and flow, order and chaos, the known and the 'might be'. Whatever choice is made herein, you'd best know exactly *who makes it*. These rabbit holes upon the battlefield may take upon themselves

many forms, all reflective entries into Wonderland; that indeterminate space between our commonplace paradigms and *Mysterium Tremendum*. One such rabbit hole in our repertoire is called the Linking Sigil.

This rune might be found in the busy streets of Germany, France, Japan, Egypt, Brazil, America and England, to name but a few locales. They all mark coordinates on a larger map, a kind of magickal internet. These are used, whether material or astral, as journey-points and wells of power in a vast webbing of mental, emotional, spiritual and physical energy, available for anyone to tap and log into. This is the Ellisian Web. This is the tagging of mystery upon the mundane monuments of dichotomy. This is spiritual protest, and this allows others to know that it has reached them.

It was around ten years ago today that the creation of the Linking Sigil and the first occurrence of the resulting *assault on reality* had taken place. Although never quite seeking a household name status, as it had always preferred to work in shadow, the collective called the DKMU exists today on the thin membrane which connects the occult underground to the surface layer of your average curious dabbler. This is of course proper, and nothing more might be wanted, for this current has always been as the dweller on the threshold – connecting the worlds of the above and the below by spindly webs and moonlit operations.

The premise was simple enough: A rag-tag crew of self-styled magicians who became fed up with the generally assumed limitations of basic sigilization, and frustrated with the current state, and repetitive nature, of the occult scene in general. A call towards wild experimentation and self-creation was howled, and this call was heard by distant wolves.

These first Marauders hatched a novel scheme to conjoin the very energetic aspects of their environments, both external and internal, and the world at large into a hyper-spell to end all spells. This monster of a working would no doubt require years, but they were up to the challenge. It would also have to be failsafe to a high degree and mutually



beneficial to any and all magicians – those who utilize and live within non-ordinary reality tunnels – whether they were aware of the Ellisian current or not, as they might surely be affected by it in one way or another.

They set about turning reality itself into a sigilized intent, a massive ritual, by the programming and tagging of the Linking Sigil upon personal works as a header, the fantasy and occult sections of bookstores, on the street, historical landmarks, haunted locations and areas where the energy felt a little off, or just plain *fucking weird*. With every marking of the Linking Sigil, this added to the overall energetic nature of the larger spell. They sought to increase the general availability of magick in the world, creating a feedback loop wherein reality would begin to more resemble the imagination, until...

As the operation continues, this “until” has yet to be determined. Though we may say with certainty that the world has changed by leaps and bounds since 2004 – not that the world has ever been very static! Indeed, if one were to exercise a lasting intent, it might as well be to make the world a more magickal, and liberating place to live. This is perhaps the *only* intent that a vast majority of magicians from many different backgrounds might agree on, as its opposite is found in making the world less magickal, less artistic, more limiting and ordinary – conservative, for lack of a better word. Here, one tends to get back what they feel comfortable giving.

There is no singular group, and there is no singular order. There is nothing holding the revival into place but for a name, and if that name is taken away, it will exist in another form. A rose by any other name would smell as Octarine with undertones of psychic napalm. The DKMU is about as ‘real’ as your last sighting of a self-transforming machine elf. What matters is the lasting connection between the people who make it up. Anything less is a phantom.

It is so that any magick, any network, whatever it might be, will only be as responsive as the magicians who use it. Countless texts and exercises already exist which deal with

the honing of the magickal impulse, so this needn't be mentioned here. Whatever 'level' (an awful concept!) you perceive yourself as being at, you shall likely receive something from your use of the Linking Sigil, or the DKMU. At the very least, it may serve to add that extra kick or lightning bolt to your usual practice, whatever it might be. After all, it means to mark the juice of the weirder world; a purposeful crack in the stonework of the veil. As for the Assault, well, multiple operations exist at any given moment. I would advise you to connect, to meet, and to shoot the shit over a bottle of rum or nicely packed bowl. Take initiative. Attend meet-ups. Conduct Wizard Talk. Conduct rituals. Create projects. You choose your own level of involvement.

Tear it all up, my friends. It doesn't belong to anyone. The mystery is yours because the mystery is you. Create your own systems. Create your own Gods. Create your own techniques, and create your own meanings. Grow your pirate ports into cities. Let the modern turn of occultism be an orgy of creativity. Re-blur the boundaries between art and magick! Let there never be another need nor want for hierarchical pageantries enacted by egomaniacs and would-be gurus. We don't need them. That shit might have flown in the past. Give me an honest wizard who doesn't feel the need to feel better than me, and that wizard will be a fucking hero to me.

If you will take it, some general magickal advice: Become the perpetual journeyman. Do not spend needless hours, days, weeks, months or years merely contemplating what could or could not be – how something could or could not work. Try your damndest to pry yourself away from the incessant asking of loopy questions as to whether or not your own intents will work for you or not. Nobody will ever know the answer better than you do until you try it out. If you ever find yourself in doubt as to whether the water will be warm or cold, take a nose dive. Your own experiences will give a suitable answer. Keep a record of these, and move forwards.

Look at all things with a different set of eyes perchance you might miss the magick staring back at you.

These often ignored details will often hold some hidden message, or energetic response which you might utilize in the charting of those other worlds; that alien logic.

Travel often! Get out of your comfortable surroundings as often as you can. Get out of your comfortable headspace as often as you can. Know the vibes and specific character of the forest, the hamlet, the town, the city, the mega-city. Allow yourself to get lost occasionally, in travel, in life, in magick, and in human relations. Don't be such a control freak. If something is falling apart, then let it. Trust the flow, but don't give up your will to it. Khaos provides, but it will always be a dual relationship: current underneath, vessel above. The best of sailors inevitably become intrinsically tied to the fluid they use to navigate. They may end up loving it as a wife, husband, parent or child. This relationship is often *mutual*.

Do not be afraid to explore the possibilities of your consciousness, and keep a record of the account. Experiment with psychedelics just as you will with techniques used to induce trance, lucid dreams, remote viewing or out of body experiences. Cover a wide array of all possible vantage points, and thereby integrate the experiences into a wider and truer model of the real. Do not neglect the body, but do not obsess over it, either. Treat your physical form as yet another necessary aspect in the totality of being. Strive to maintain a holistic approach rather than a near-sighted specialization.

Be ever humble in all of your investigations. Know that what you think you know is undoubtedly less than what you do not yet know. Do not become irredeemably crystalized in your outlooks. Strive to uphold an open possibility where you might rather choose an absolutist belief. The mysteries will often take this as an invitation where once was found naught but an impenetrable wall.

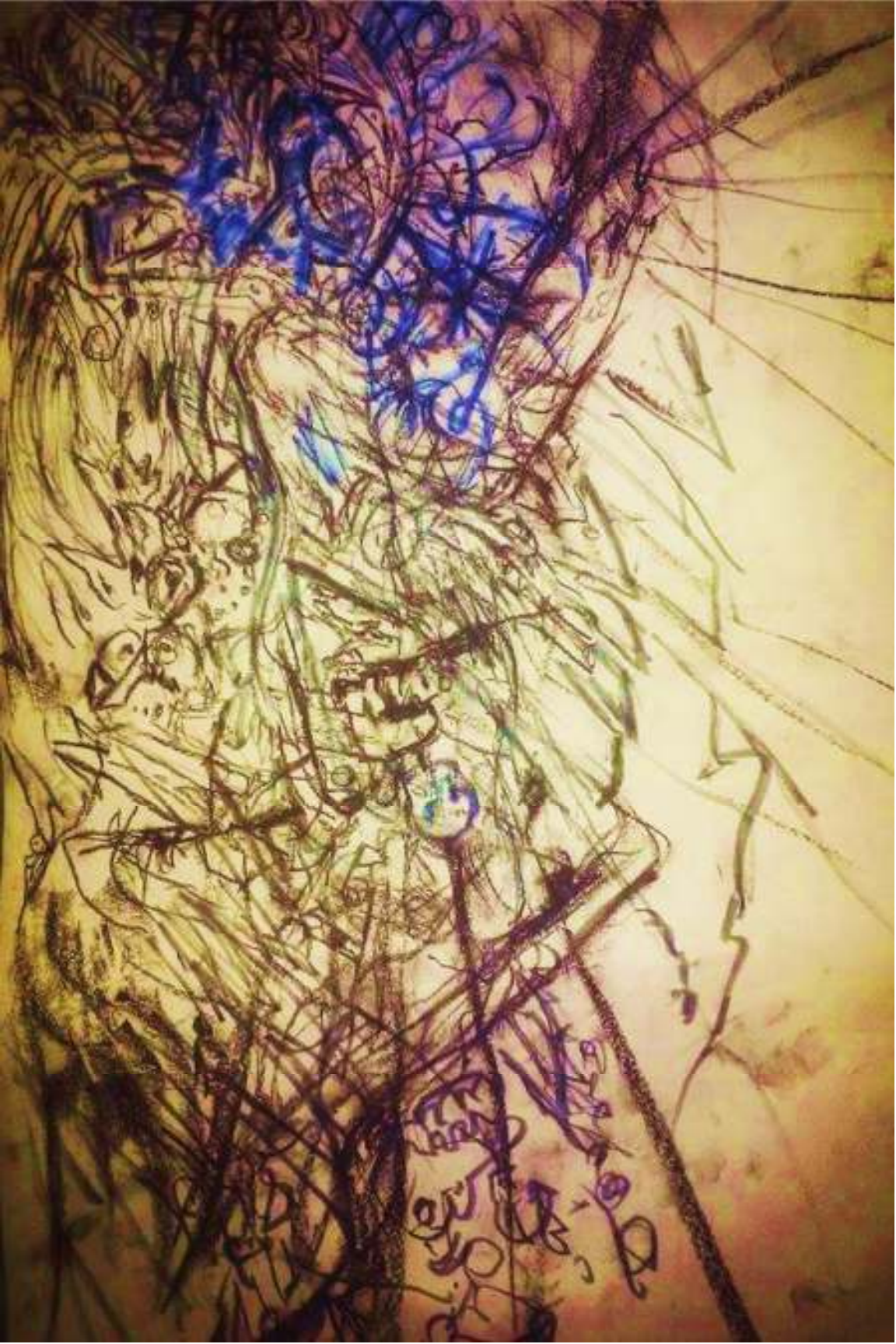
Lastly, know that this war on the consensual is but a sectioning in the larger and ageless conflict, the ebb and tide of the Aeon. Many agents will rise, and many will fall. I often wonder what strange factions might exist in foreign corners

that are doing the same thing we are in languages and methods not yet understood. But then I wake up, and I remember: holy shit, this thing is *big*. We are not the only game in town, nor are we the only ones riding the waves of this current. It involves each and every one of us, every piece of the larger jigsaw. The edge, if there is one, resides beyond an unpredictable horizon. And there's nowhere to go but in the direction that can't be pointed to.

I'll see you on the other side.









# ARJIL'S SIGIL THEORY

*Arjil*



SO, MOST chaotes are familiar with the Sparian sigil theory – the whole subconscious programming shtick, and yeah, it's great, works just fine. However, over the last twenty or so years especially, we've discovered other ways to approach, empower, and *use* the sigil concept.

It seems that *the way you think* about and approach the concept, all the way from inception to post-firing makes a difference in *how* they work and what you can *do* with them. The first place I saw this explored, for instance, was back in the day on the old Occultforums 10 or 15 years ago. We had a “blind sigil post” experiment to determine whether someone *else* could successfully fire a sigil *you* made, without knowing what it was *for*. We figured that if it was merely a matter of personal subconscious programming, then there's *no way* for that to work, *unless* the intent was somehow infused into the symbol itself – as with commonly used magickal symbols like runes or Goetic seals, or whatever.

So many of us made various sigils, and sent them to the mod along with the intent, and he posted the image in the forum, we all fired them and reported back anything that seemed like a result.

What we discovered was that, sometimes, other people *could* fire somebody else's sigil, and achieve results at least recognizable in the intent. (They seemed to vary a bit, person to person, but the general idea tended to come through. The one I created was basically a 3rd eye squeegee. The 4 or 5 people that it worked for, out of 10 or 12 who fired it, all reported some form of jump in 'magickal perception.'). If 'personal subconscious programming' was the only thing going on there, there's *no way* that could have worked. Clearly, there's more to this. Some of which seems 'no brainer' now, but at the time was a hotly contested topic.

So, I'll just launch into the ways in which I use, and view sigilcraft, and hopefully you'll find something of use or interest in here. (A couple base assumptions I make in regards to magick: One being a somewhat mystic view. I deal with magick sort of like a combination of "The Force", and what in a faerie tale/RPG/fantasy book etc. would be considered Magick – a force, a power, a current, you know, Just Effing Magick. Secondly, and related, I approach sigils from a Runes of Power, or active spell construct perspective. They have power or resonance of their own, if you craft them from this perspective, though I acknowledge it's not the only valid perspective.)

Broadly, there seem to be some main themes in sigil constructs- Specific- single use, designed for very specific situation (Get Me *\*this\** Job.) Non-reusable, and tends to only work on the creator of the sigil or their intended target(s). Other people firing it would get no result, but can, depending on how it was made, further empower the spell (more on this later.)

Tech: A more general construct, (sigil for prosperity/curse/healing/whatever- any sort of spell you would Cast). Reusable, easily modified by others to fit their specific situation. Tends to work on the Caster, or their intended target. Other people firing it would see the result manifest in their Own reality, rather than empowering the creator's original spell.

A) Talismanic: Sigil construct charged and maintained for a sustained magickal effort. Either a literal talisman (protection, say), servitor, glamourbomb, entity, symbolize a current etc. Reusable. Works in accordance with programmed intent. Most recognizable symbols of the occult would (loosely) fit this category, as *somebody* was the first one to draw them and decide they meant Magick. My favored uses/views for sigils are A) a “spell filter” (falling into either the “Specific” or “Tech” category) that being an intentional construct upon/through which I can focus my will/channel my magick, I only bother if it’s too complex a construct to just hold in my head. The benefit here is that I don’t have to split focus between my intent and the raising and throwing of the magick. I can focus entirely on the magick bit, and that gets programmed as it “passes through” the sigil construct. This is also extremely effective for group work, as many people of disparate paradigms and methods can all throw down on such a construct, empowering it in whatever way they “do their thing” and the sigil ensures all that Voo goes toward the same end rather than everybody working at cross purposes and getting all tangled up. It’s much like the role of a high priestess in Pagan ritual work. The coven raises the energy; the priestess shapes it all into the same spell. Same concept, and quite effective.

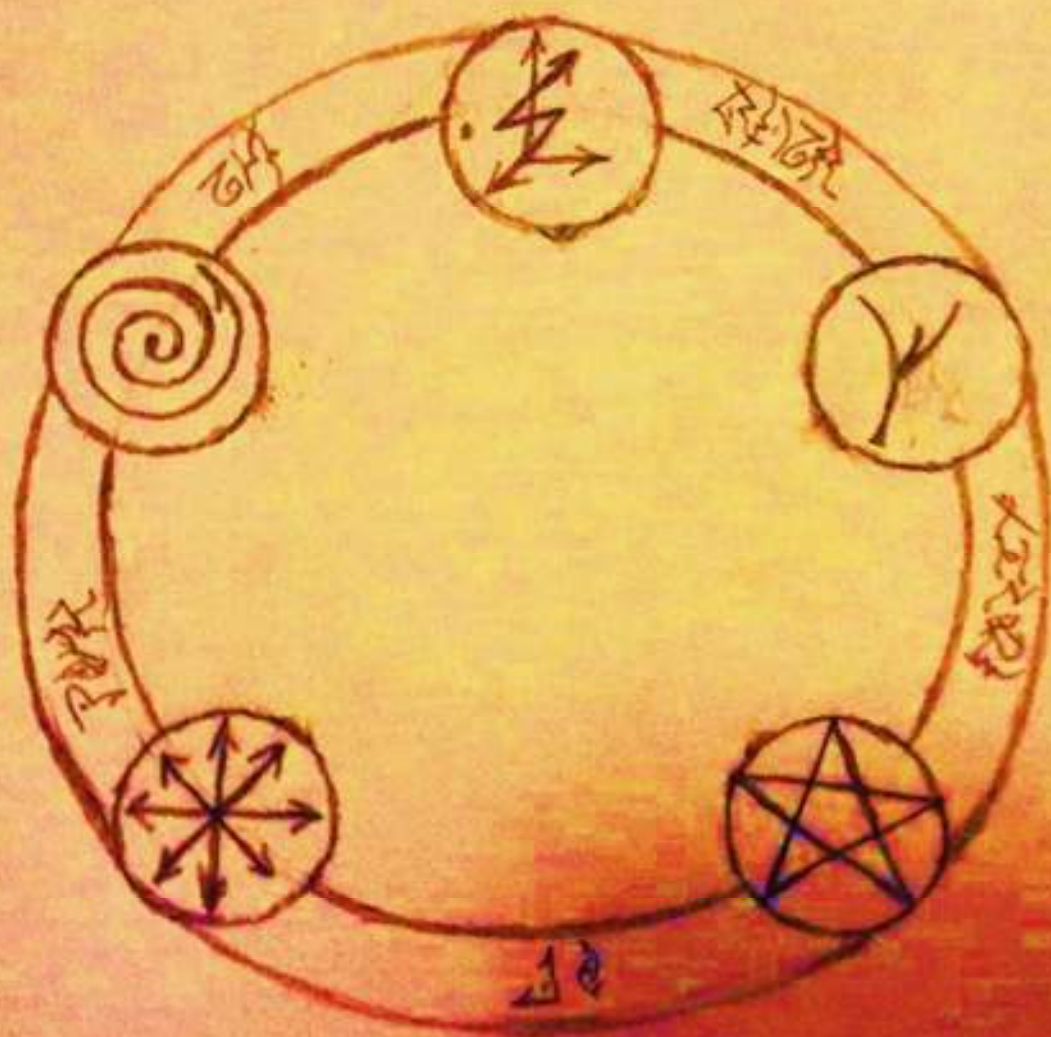
B) Talismanic: Explained above, I think that should cover it for those who know what they’re doing... may need to talk more about it. When creating my sigils, especially the ‘spell filter’ type I use a ‘Schematic’ sort of notion. Instead of a simple statement of intent that then gets broken down to letters (Spare method), I usually begin with my target and write that down, then use simple words and phrases (even poetry if that seems appropriate) that boils down the essence of my broader intent, along with boxes, circles, arrows, lines, swirlies, and simple doodles to map out what I want the magick to do (such as draw in certain resonances/possibilities and exclude others, for instance)- I write everything in my own alphabet designed specifically for magick to cut out

interference from outside association (different discussion for another day), and with my words and symbols, as I write or draw them, I channel “Magick” into each one, holding the broader intent behind that bit in my mind, and Literally channeling energy/chi/will/elemental force/magick/whatever along with the resonant connection to what that symbol stands for, down my arm, through the pen, Into the symbol to make it a real thing independent of Me that exists as a magickal construct (that’s the theory anyway, seems to work pretty darn well.)

Then for charging/firing, I use my usual direct manipulation method of magick throwing. I summon up my Will and Magick, focus on the sigil construct, and blow the magick *into* or *through* it. Though Any spellcasting method/ritual/energy raising technique will do the trick- the Gnosis angle, yeah it works, but I find that an intentional, focused, “Putting Magick To It” works better – and many times, with people going the gnosis route, there’s a disconnect between the activity at hand (lol) and getting the energy raised *into* the magickal operation, relying on the subconscious to do all the work at this point.

Again, yeah, that works. Some may find it the penultimate practice. I and a number of others find it terribly lacking after long experimentation. I get it that there’s a bias against the “energy model” especially among Chaotes and “Psych model” folks. But it’s worth experimenting with. It’s been my long experience that the sigil charged and fired through intentionally channeled magick, or ritual, beats the ‘somebody just rubbed one out’ over every time. The Magick Matters, or really seems to.

Yes, you can get there just “holding your mind right”, making the gnostic act, an act of magick, but that doesn’t seem common. I’m making a somewhat fine distinction here of mental state and intent, and I hope I get that across. Hopefully, this glimpse into my mind and method will help people become more effective in their sigilcraft.







# THE MEDIA MAGICIAN

*Alysyrose*



**MEDIA MAGICIAN:** Noun – one who practices magick alongside or through a chosen medium in order to cause change in conformity with will, usually on a mass scale; one who performs magick through entertainment or information.

What does it mean to have been initiated into the Inner Circle? The most striking detail one may first encounter is that no such initiation ever took place. No secret handshake was learned, no oaths were repeated, nor were extravagant threats made if one might go against his friends outside of the knowledge of a trust betrayed and a doorway closed.

The Inner Circle is gained through the connectivity to those who compose it. In this way, the honest transaction of friendship reigns, the exchange of personal trust, and the bonds of a shared vision which make two or more bodies of different blood into brothers or sisters in the Meme War.

These komrades are those who open their homes to each other in the unfortunate event of eviction or in the favorable event of a visit. Those who travel the world together and meet in foreign streets, and those whose pooled ideas are of such a shaking nature that they appear at once as alien thunder to the outside world of grey values.

They are those who connect and are connected, weavers of webs in the modern age of scarce apotheosis and fleeting fulfillment. They are the veritable change-agents whose vibrant storms are concealed yet shine through piercing eyes to other agents in the encroaching enemy state of consensual reality, blandness and systematic routine.

The official export of the “group”, heightened experience itself: un-trademarkable and selling itself by the nanosecond, immaterial and plain as day, often ridiculous, unapproachable and indigestible to those who don’t understand its infantile language, disguised like a bandit out to steal your time, an alchemical reaction of consciousness, ourobouric and lubricious, livid continuum of explosion and ethereal pyrotechnics, Dionysus spilling wine and dancing drunk on the occipital lobe, wax candles burning at night in the cool wind, a bonfire on an iceberg, anything and everything that excites or soothes, ignites or drenches, violently attracts or repels, or both, and produces that state we call exalted, that sublimity we call fulfillment.

The Media Magician constructs these absurd bombs in the same way he unconsciously manufactures dreams, and he does so to addict the world to himself.

Far from being a trend setter, he deconstructs the meaning and makes its antithesis an overnight sensation. He takes what does not exist and makes it so; every thought a one hit wonder, every creative act a galactic thrust sure to cream the khakis of any paparazzi goon out to capture a spark of unknowable fame in his insect jar – revolution by adoration. Become the celebrity you deserve.

Execute program: Insubstantia. You are born. You receive initial experiential foundations from parents, siblings

and/or others. You go to kindergarten, enhanced programming begins. You go to grade school. You go to high school, and graduate. You go to college either directly after or very soon after. Somewhere in between the previous three lines, you meet a sexual partner. Sometime after graduation you get married. The both of you work and get a house or apartment together. Somewhere amidst your prescribed careers you “decide” to have children. When children are of the appropriate age you pass along the structure to the next generation – it being the only thing you know – and the cycle begins again.

When you put meat through a grinder there will be slight variations on each piece of sausage caused by random chance, but in the end you’re still left with a tube of meat.

At first glance, this structure appears to build itself around basic human instinct, not the product of some cultural labyrinth put into place for any clear reason. Though in fact the only points of human nature it contains are: the survival mechanism and the biological need to mate, also known as the survival mechanism of genes.

In the end, this structure is built around plain survival alongside the threat of death or failure if it is not adhered to. Conveniently for the operators of Insubstantia, being a world founded on the insubstantial, the myth of scarcity and the concealment of gnosis, the only options given to those who wish to choose survival over death are Corporate ones; the subjugation of the individual to tribal technology cults in need of post-Egypt wage slaves to expand the size of their wallets and their pyramids, which are today called Companies.

Obviously, we cannot do without some of these pre-programmed events if our desire is to thrive in any way within modernity. And for the most part, that is our parent’s desire for us as well.

We may play the game half-heartedly, confining our disgust and discontent to the outlets allotted: go see a film, buy a new video game, work out, drink ourselves numb, and so on.

What we can do rather effectively when the correct resources are won is break the chain of repetition by offering a new option in the middle of the structure which replaces Corporate indoctrination with something else, and branches off into a different set completely.

This is done in part by fighting fire with fire, and in whole by the creation of *addictive difference* in the world of media and product which society uses to stay, itself, afloat. It involves creating a subculture of media soldiers, of militant artists whose dedications lie in the creation and eventual budding off of a new way of ensuring survival.

The sub-society will sustain itself through the mechanisms of the old society; the export of product, entertainment and media. The sub-society will be immaterial except for the connections between the people who make it up. The sub-society will open its doors to new citizens young and old who have grown weary of the pain of Insubstantia.

It will dive itself into the pop-culture of the old system, become a household name, acquire a worldwide fame status and emerge as a self-sustaining alternative to the corporate cult structure of the past. Eventually, it may even have its own currency, and it will all be done within the laws of the country it grows out of. It will be a cultural insurrection without casualty.

The Media Magician is then the ambassador of a society not yet born. He is on the cusp of the mashing of roles, forever a changeling: artist, magician, activist and poet. He is a starry-eyed intellectual not afraid to show his teeth. He's got his finger on the magick button: "the dream we dream alone is just a dream, but the dream we dream together is reality." He is self-assured and unafraid, an invaluable new breed of polymath with heated resolve and an imagination that could start a fire in a field of ice.

He is the madcap laughing at the man on the border. He is the octopus risen, making the world a party. He is the next big thing, and he has arrived.

Welcome to yourself.





X  
S.M.A.S.





UPON THIS  
MARK WE  
UNITE THE  
WORLDS

## D A T U R A

I met a woman by the bridge  
'Twixt under-earth and heaven live'd  
I studied long her lissom garden  
Pillars pulled, statues forgotten  
What bewitched and blithe charisma  
Sang high tones of psithurisma?  
Five horn'ed tassels shimmering  
Bade devil'd scents bewildering  
For when the dusk revealed the moon  
In muted light she thought to bloom!  
Deceitful dream crown'd deadly white  
In propinquity with the night  
She tied this world and that together  
By hell-wrought charm or Faery feather  
I naked waltzed for hours shadowed  
Awoke the next chilled to the marrow  
Of blighted sway, what was the nature?  
My heart was full; my mind a vapor  
Selenian sheet subdue'd the sky  
I know now what it means to die!  
From Hades come! My soul is glad!  
O quisquose consort of the mad!  
Her toxins raised the silkscreen mist  
From mortal plane, stole venom'd kiss  
As Abraham once found at Lintz

- Frater E.S.









•

8

# ON SIGIL'S & GNOSIS

*Frater E.S., Liber Sigillum 1<sup>st</sup> Edition Excerpt*



SIGILS ARE symbolic representations of psychic forms, intentions, anchors, imprints, etc., empowered by various means to hold sway and influence over internal and external events. These forms may encompass subconscious archetypes or desires which are directly correlated to an individual or group intention. The word sigil derives from the Latin *sigillum*, meaning a seal, sign, or symbol.

The creation of these thought-forms by means of sigilization – making an intangible thing that is native to the mental environment tangible, anchoring them to one's external reality by conforming them to a pictograph – is one of the oldest and most often used forms of magick, having undergone a revival with the popularization of Chaos Magic. A well-known resource of sigils used in ceremonial magick is in the Lesser Key of Solomon, in which the seals of the 72 princes of the hierarchy of hell are given for the practitioner's use. Such sigils are considered to be the equivalent of the true name of the spirit, thus granting the practitioner a measure of control over the beings. Aleister Crowley, who had contributed to the translation of this grimoire alongside Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers was later of the opinion that these spirits did not make their home in the biblical hell, but within the depths of the human psyche.

The theory & practice of sigils most often entails the Energy Model of Magick in one way or another; sigils are often believed to be empowered by ‘energy’, both from the external world and by the practitioner himself. Once snared, personal sigils may be charged and driven ever deeper into the subconscious mind (eventually penetrating the Wells of Fate) as to allow for their eventual, literal manifestation in whichever form is most probable and allotted by direct experience and “reality”, whatever it may or may not be. This most probable manifestation of ensnared thought-forms is in direct co-dependence with the multitude of variables within one’s own life. Ensnaring one’s own desire for world peace is likely to not occur unless one is already a politician in some seat of worldly power, and even then, the sigilized desire may realize itself through a means quite unwanted by the politician in question if the intent itself is generally fuzzy and nondescript – for example, race cleansing and mass genocide. The outcome does, however, largely depend upon the pre-existing variables in place. It is for this reason that one should take great care, at first in the task of truly knowing oneself and the desires which one ultimately gravitates towards, and second, in the appropriate preparation which may allow for the relative ease of subconscious and eventually conscious manifestation in the manner which one seeks.

One would do well to consider the many parables of “a wish gone wrong” when consulting the genie in a bottle. Then again, this may all be horse shit, which would be apt if in fact the mind did not, and could not contaminate reality to such a degree, much less the probable, seemingly chaotic manifestations of happenstance. After all, nothing “just happens”, and if it does, it certainly does not happen with any consideration of our personal intents or desires. Then again, unlike faith, the testing and trying of these waters do sometimes yield results which require more convincing as to their non-relation than as to their own synchronization. Believe in nothing but the immediate experience.

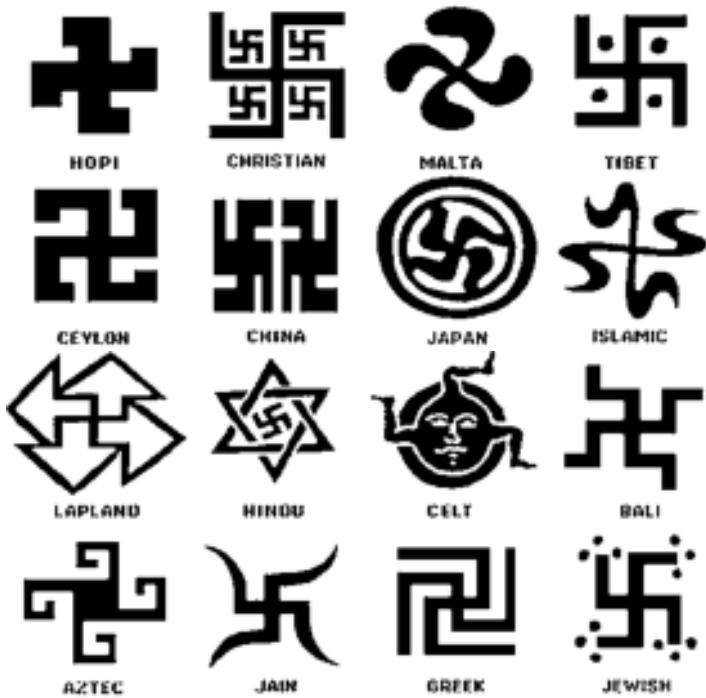


On the supposed action of sigils, that is to say, the apparent ability of a charged symbolic form to have some effect upon the faculties or experiences of an individual, there are some procedural details which must be taken into account. One relates to their actual nature & construction, which entails the finding and snaring of a true desire or obscure automata of mental process; to describe the fundamentally indescribable and conform its perceived essence to an organic anchor. Obviously, whichever loophole is exploited in the successful deployment of sigils must have its roots in the beginning of language itself and its antiquate relation to perceived reality.

The practice of sigillography, being the study of historical seals and symbols may only take us so far. It may point to the seeming subconscious obsession with certain symbols which are found throughout countless cultures, without and needless of any early societal contact with one another. What we have come to call the Swastika is a prime example of this obsession, a symbol (both in clockwise and counter-clockwise form) found in early Islamic, Buddhist, East Asian, Hindu, Iranian, Armenian, Jainist, Greco-Roman, Celtic, Germanic, Native American and yes, even Jewish cultures. Some of these early civilizations, particularly coastal and seafaring peoples such as the Vikings may have indeed spread the symbol by their own means, though the historical dating of artifacts depicting the sigil far outreach the hypothesized contamination from one culture to another by seafaring or even nomadic means. Accepted anthropology depicts the Swastika's widespread use for well over 3,000 years.

If we were to take a Jungian, collective unconscious view on the worldly arising of this sigil of power, we may conclude that it is representative of a subconscious archetype entangled within the species depicting some unseen or obscure process inherent to the human psyche – a literal albeit abstract process which most easily presents itself in symbolic form, widely held to be the native language of the

dreaming mind itself. Of course, the Swastika is but one example of this, and the Ouroboros, the Spiral, Hexagram, or Pentagram may also qualify as strong candidates for subconscious, sigillographic obsession. If we must remind the reader that this symbol has nothing intrinsically to do with Nazism or any one particular political party, but was only later borrowed and adopted for malicious ends, then we shall do so. We simply mean to pronounce its curious and widespread development here, and as nothing but a mere example.



*"Among creatures born into chaos, a majority will imagine an order, a minority will question the order, and the rest will be pronounced insane." - Robert Brault*

Is the above quote true, or is it quite the opposite?  
Might there exist a hidden structure beneath the clamorous  
veil of the conscious mind?

The earliest known use of a pentagram in any culture  
was found in Mesopotamia during the earliest civilizations  
from around 2,500 to 3,500 BCE.



Above: the Pentagram from the Key of Solomon  
(14th – 17th Century) depicting six callings within the body  
of the star with associated sigils:

Abdia - I conjure thee in secret, O Spirit!

Ballaton - Come forth from thy abode and speak clearly in  
my speech.

Bellony - Put forth thy might and discover unto me the  
knowledge and power in thy keeping.

Halliza - Answer in the inward silence all of my questions  
without fail.

Halliy - Assume and show forth unto me thy form of divine  
perfection.

Soluzen - Open unto me thy secret door and fulfill me of my  
purpose!

Alongside the segmented word of power “Tetragrammaton” on the outer, from the Greek meaning “a word having four letters”, referring to the name of the God of Israel, YHWH, thereby revealing the symbol to not be of any Satanic or demonic historical nature.

Although given here as purely exemplary and however simple in form, these ancient sigils & their continued use depict but a fragment of the innate attraction to particular geometric values and the intuitive reflections they represent. They are for us sometimes so granted, precarious and innate that we could hardly imagine their own non-existence. They do, indeed, seem to spring forth from the wellsprings of psyche in one form or another, and not without being given their own character by the fingerprint of cultural filters.

For those of our ilk, the theorized origin of these pictorial forms as conceptual aggregates and denizens of the subconscious realm is made apparent by continued practice, and in such a way that the symbolic representation of a tree which an artist might paint in expressionist form is directly reminiscent and correlated to the actual object itself, or all similar objects, for we as a species have only our direct experience to rely on, regardless of whether our rational faculties eventually categorize it as a fabrication or not. Perhaps this is where the real metaphysical loophole ultimately dwells given the “bogus” prospect of psychic contamination from one naturally linked form of “sacred” geometry to another similar or symbolic form of the same type. Such a prospect may never be institutionally provable in any continuously repeatable means, and so we are, by and large, left to our own devices in the testing of these shy phenomena. In the matters of proof, however, it is not a product of consensual societal assumption, but a direct and personal experience of the thing itself. The only reason we show the slightest interest in the dreams of another is because they happen to everyone and so often, even if they are also to everyone, an experientially intangible and contextually

immeasurable phenomenon. Intangible, that is, as soon as we wake up.

From a psychologist's point of view, the sigil mechanism would entail the process of convincing one's own subconscious mind that he (the conscious ego) had attained selective influence over one of the many constituents making up his entire being – perhaps the part of himself which is concerned with or holds desires relating to money, self-confidence, love affairs or drug addiction, thus effectively being given the opportunity to re-write his own programming as he sees fit.

This is however only half of the supposed perks, although we cannot adequately describe as of yet the potential connection which exists between one's internal self and the external as he perceives it outside of “ordinary” cause and effect. Whilst keeping the first needed assumption in mind, that consciousness itself is the universal playing field of all probable manifestation, whether within or without, we then move on to the methods utilized in the construction of personal sigils which the practitioner may use in order to garner influence over himself and the variables which make up his own perceived reality.

On the classical use and construction of personal sigils which detail the ensnaring of personal spirits or desires, no magician is more apt a resource than Austin Osman Spare, an English artist and occultist known for his development of idiosyncratic magickal techniques including automatic writing and automatic drawing as avenues of sigilization based on his theories of the relationship between the conscious and unconscious self. We now recognize that there are many avenues of attaining the sought-after sigil, though a classic Spare example follows which is found in his *Book of Pleasure (Self-Love)*.



THIS MY WILL TO  
CREATE A SIGIL } INTENT

THIS MY ~~WILL TO~~  
~~CREATE A SIGIL~~ } DISILLATION  
THSMYLCRG

 } SIGILIZATION

*Above: An example of basic sigilization.*

Austin Osman Spare's sigils were created by the combination and artful manipulation of letters. Firstly, a sentence depicting a true desire must be found. We shall use the example that Spare offers in his *Book of Pleasure*, where the spelling of intent is: THIS MY WISH TO OBTAIN THE STRENGTH OF A TIGER.

This sentence must be written down in capitals. Secondly, all of the letters which appear more than once are removed so that only one of each is left. The dashes below denote the discarded letters:

THIS MY W--- -O -B-A-N --E -R—G-- -F -----

As a note, it has sometimes proven more effective to supplant "this my wish" with "this my will". Some modern occultists, such as Grant Morrison prescribe rather to first remove all of the vowels, being then left with a string of consonants, and then removing any remaining repeated letters in order to form the basis of the sigil.

The following letters are left: THISMYWOBANERGF. The sigil is then created from these letters in whichever style is befitting for the practitioner. Obviously, there are numerous possibilities of stylization, and this should and shall remain a matter of personal taste and aesthetic choice.

As is the case with many occultists who had happened upon some innovation, we feel that Spare hadn't exactly told the whole story as to his own method of practical sigilization, choosing rather to introduce a simple primer with which to filter the dedicated from the dullards. Although the technique given above may prove effective for a start, the practitioner would do well to conduct his own experiments using automatic drawing and automatic writing alongside a non-ordinary state of consciousness or meditative trance in order to divine the framework of the more elusive and unruly spirits or desires which may be found within the halls and corridors of his psyche. It is our belief that Spare himself utilized this latter, more in-depth method to a larger degree when ensnaring his own sigils of power, as well as his

personal Alphabet of Desire, which we will cover later in brief.

However, the technique does not simply end here. Indeed, it is not enough to follow this procedure of psychological word-craft which might yield an appropriate symbolic representation of desire, but also that a peculiar sort of cognitive dissonance (or harmoniousness) must be forced upon oneself in order to allow for the subconscious insertion and empowerment of the resulting sigil. This odd and vacuous mental state of alteration, whether attained by activities culminating in an experiential peak of excitation or deprivation (inhibition) is called Gnosis by practitioners, being the Greek for knowledge, or also the intuitive apprehension of spiritual truths, an esoteric form of knowing classically sought by those in the tradition of Gnosticism.

Historically, an altered state of consciousness was necessary for any sorcerous or spiritual work and went hand in hand with various traditions, be it the welcomed possession of a Lao in Vodoun via ecstatic drumming and dancing, the hypnotic-visionary states gained by the ingestion of plant sacraments such as Datura or Peyote in Brujo and Native American traditions, the Hashish rituals of early Islamic mysticism, the Ayahuasca ceremonies of Peru and the Amazon or self-flagellation in some Judeo-Christian sects. Long hours of prayer or meditation are also said to yield the desired results, as they have likewise been employed as deprivationary means of Gnostic achievement. Such practices literally equate to an eventual sensory overload (or underload, as the case may be) and silencing of the conscious, rational day-to-day mind, allowing for a vacuous gap in the psyche which is believed to open the way for a deeper subconscious or spiritual expression of one's own innermost being, in other words, a truly naked self which exists beyond culture, ideology, gender and status. The state of Gnosis is usually characterized by a sense of non-attachment to one's ego and surroundings, culminating in a peak of vacuous silence, ecstatic revelation, or a strange mixture of both.

As has been made intuitively clear, the state of gnosis may be arrived at by a variety of means, some relatively easy and others quite trying. It is however important to remember that gnosis is rightly categorized as a peak of experiential saturation, that is to say, any such activity which holds within it the possibility of overload, of going a step too far, of bleeding over the edge – such is the benchmark of the Gnostic location. Sexual stimulation, physical strain, exercise, meditation, trance or drug-induced psychedelia may do the trick, though it is the purposeful seeking of the state itself which offers one a better footing on the trail towards it. It is hardly arrived at by accident, although such accounts have been known to occur.

Although the use of certain drugs for the purpose of delving one's own consciousness may be a virtuous endeavor if treated with due respect and moderation, to strictly rely on any singular method is to allow the practice to become a self-imposed crutch and may ultimately wall off a variety of other avenues which hold their own unique Gnostic pathways. The practitioner should thus aspire to include multiple approaches in tandem in an attempt to cover the most ground allotted by his being, as an example, a psychedelic drug might indeed prove a powerful tool in these matters, but when paired alongside a thorough knowledge of meditation, trance and drumming techniques it may yield an experience ultimately more beneficial, spiritual and personally expounding than if used alone.



If utilizing any variation of the above for the purpose of divining sigils or desires, a simple yet effective method utilized by the A.A.O. entails taking a meditative position with an open notebook, pen and single candle at the front. This should be done alone and at night in silent darkness save for the light of the single candle in front. Some also include adding a large mirror which faces the practitioner, candle and his notebook which symbolizes the confronting of one's "other side", the shadow or hidden self. Once the effects of the drug are felt beyond any semblance of placebo (this entails low to moderate doses of most natural psychedelics; Marijuana, Psilocybin or Amanita Muscaria mushrooms, Datura, Salvia quid, LSA, or even Nutmeg), one should then focus on his breathing whilst releasing physical and mental tension through the exhale.



This should be carried out for at least a half hour or until one reaches an open, relaxed, hypnotic state of clarity. With the sought after spirit or desire in mind, the practitioner may then engage in automatic drawing or writing, allowing his hand to be openly expressive within the hypnotic state so that his own motions may synchronize to the nature of that which he seeks to reveal.

For the author, Gnosis is the immediate sensation that one is no longer upon the same cartography that he once was; a sort of internal travel takes place over great distance and presents to oneself a new vantage point over the whole of perceived existence. Within gnosis, the daemon (inner genius) is ascertained and a formal meeting is held within the sacred halls of the altered state; an aqueous conduit from which the subconscious may be delved. We may then present an overview detailing an act of basic, successful sigilization:

- The practitioner realizes or comes upon a true desire.
- The practitioner writes the desire out into a simple sentence.
- The practitioner utilizes Spare's method of sigilization.
- With the sigil complete, the practitioner engages a Gnostic method, throwing himself into an altered state of mind by whatever means, culminating in a state of vacuity (deprivationary/inhibitory) or ecstatic revelation (excitatory). At the peak of this state, he focuses unwaveringly upon the sigil which he had created, allowing it to slip into his own subconscious mind. He then strives to suppress and forget the sigil, effectively banishing it from his thoughts (Non-attachment). This is also carried out upon the original desire from which it was crafted.

Some usual means of charging a sigil through a state of gnosis entail long hours of exercise, prolonged sexual stimulation, visualizing the sigil during an emotional peak and driving the felt emotion into the sigil, long hours of

meditation or drumming whilst staring at or holding the sigil in ones thoughts or reaching a psychedelic peak by the means of sacrament, though all entail a state of altered consciousness wherein the sigil is focused upon so that creative energy may be garnered from the altered state and thus pooled within the sigil. It is naught but the practitioner creating a self-sustained mental complex.

This outlined procedure details the classical approach, although the practitioner may also forge sigils from the shapes collected through automatic drawing, a transposition of pre-existing pictographs (such as an eye, drops of rain, a lightning bolt, a tombstone, etc.) depending on the nature of the desire, or allotting the process to a purely intuitive session wherein he or she attempts to scrawl the emotional context of a particular idea or feeling without much word-craft necessary.

On the forced suppression or forgetting of a sigil after it has been internalized through some Gnostic pathway, Spare wrote:

“When conscious of the Sigil form (at any time but the Magical) it should be repressed, a deliberate striving to forget it, by this it is active and dominates at the unconscious period, its form nourishes and allows it to become attached to the sub-consciousness and become organic, that accomplished, then is its reality and realization.”

This technique of deliberate forgetfulness has remained a hallmark of the Sparian approach, although it carries along with it some problems of practicality. For one, if it is a desire founded upon some extreme emotion or obsession, the practitioner may have little success in his attempted banishment of it. So ingrained might the desire be, that even during moments of innocent daydream or aloof cognition the practitioner may notice the desire recurring in various fashions through multiple trains of thought, as it may be naturally entangled upon the web of other nearby desires. The only solution to which would seem to entail a state of non-attachment to all of the worries which make up the

opera of direct experience. Spare called this way of thinking Neither-Neither, meaning neither one thing nor its opposite; a state of supreme detachment maintained for as long as is necessary so as to allow the internalized sigil ample breathing room alongside minimum tension during its process of psychic rooting and eventual manifestation.

For the A.A.O., a substitute for Neither-Neither entails what we have come to call the Birth Posture, being a false yet wholly believed sense of the complete fulfillment of a desire, effectively fooling the conscious mind into accepting that there is nothing left for it to do, and so, it begins to turn its focus towards other non-related problems. Just as Spare's Death Posture is used to manifest a faux-death experience as a Gnostic pathway, the Birth Posture is a faux-knowing that a particular desire has already and successfully come to pass, thus allowing the mind to bypass its previous importance and hold on the practitioner whilst the internalized sigil remains undisturbed and allowed to do its subconscious work. It is naught but another means to achieve the necessary state of non-attachment required. As might be obvious, this practice of suppressing a desire may seem excruciatingly counter-intuitive, for we are raised to believe that energy flows where attention goes, which is true to an extent, though in the case of successful sigilization, the lightning rod for such energy is that which had previously been subconsciously internalized, and at that point is needless of, and may only be hindered by the ego-driven, fidgeting, obsessive and relentlessly revisionist nature of the conscious mind.

Aside from his method of Sigilization, the Neither-Neither and the Death Posture, another one of Spare's occult contributions details the Alphabet of Desire, a self-created encyclopedia of various glyphs meant to serve as mapped pinpoints in the expanse of one's being, anchored so that each is made easily accessible when desired or needed. Although the occult author, Peter Carroll, suggests that the Alphabet of Desire only be used in symbolizing the "normal" range of emotions and their natural opposites (aside from

laughter, which is its own opposite), it may be, and perhaps should be expanded to include the oftentimes more abstract and conceptual emotions which the practitioner may encounter yet have no real place for in the attempted categorization of the normalized emotional spectrum. It is the opinion of the author that emotion, as we recognize it, does not play itself out through the limited palette of happiness, anger, fear, love, attraction, hate, etc., but that all felt emotions are the products of transient circumstances of variable and value only truly applicable to the person in question, many of which may never collide in the same manner again. Just as no two relationships are the same; neither are their felt sensations of love or any other easily labeled state of being. Although Carroll himself had no doubt put much effort into the emotional maps detailed in *Liber Null*, we urge the practitioner to disregard any such spectrum which might attempt to conform his or her own empathic existence into any one set of simplified terms. There are many emotions which simply do not fit into such a schema, and it is difficult to map the many complexities of the heart.

Despite this, it has always been the goal that by formulating a personal Alphabet of Desire the practitioner may become the lord of his own emotions instead of being at the mercy of them. Although empathic concepts such as perseverance and confidence, or even some personality-aligned abstractions such as *wittiness* (along with their opposites, which may perhaps be: apathy, self-pity, or dullness) are nowhere mentioned in Carroll's spectrum, these too may be made to fit within the personal Alphabet of Desire, lending themselves to the quick invocation of such attributes when required, in theory. One may, then, through the application of this psychological alphabet and alongside various avenues of Gnosis, create for himself an entirely new personality or effectively tweak his existing one to suit his needs. Such a prospect is highly encouraging, although success in this matter may entail a process expanding over many years of dedication and practice.

We would at this point like to note that despite Spare's own recommendation that sigils should be forgotten along with their imbedded intent after they have been effectively charged, that some have had relative success with keeping the sigil readily available, either drawn down on a piece of paper which is carried around with the practitioner or recorded within a journal or personal grimoire for continued access. The author himself is guilty of this, though has also had some successes within this method. At the time of this writing, the author holds a friend who has been utilizing a wealth sigil kept within his wallet, which he forgets is there until he inevitably looks inside his wallet and finds it again. Whenever it is found again and seen, he proceeds to purchase a scratch-off lottery ticket. Despite it being an early experiment, he has since won \$10-20 on several tickets in a row.

The author is increasingly of the opinion that it is not the culturally sanctioned method, but the personified technique which is responsible for most of what we might call "manifestation"; it is reality as an art form, although for the procedure to be of any real use it must *fit* with the practitioner in question. It is his or her own unique means of declaring the importance and power of the individual under any circumstances. In this way, one makes the technique his own, aligned with his own variables, emotions and state of mind at the time, which may also point to the difficulty in attempting to re-create a magickal success in the same fashion. One's own emotions, mindset, and external variables are in constant flux.







# MAGNUM KHAOS

LD93

*“This Old Man, he played Eight  
He played knick-knack on my Gate  
With a knick-knack paddy-whack  
Roll the Dice of Bone!  
This Old Man came Rolling Home!”*



**B**Y ONE playful envisioning, Khaos may be approached as the omnipresent trickster that challenges, guides, and keeps us guessing – making life worth living. Khaos is an unpredictable, but basically neutral force of change that opens new doors and permits new experiences. Some might be painful, some might be joyous, but whatever the nature of them, they keep us moving and on our toes. Always eight steps ahead, Khaos writes the real around us, swaying all participants in accordance with the nonsensical choreography of its seemingly drunken dance. To move with Khaos in mutual delight is to align with the cosmic beat: the secret rhythm, meter & tempo beneath the world.

Khaos is like a Zen riddle. The best of them are rife with metaphor. “Where I am nowhere found, you will either be bored, depressed, or already dead. Where I am everywhere found, you may become stressed, on the verge of tearing your hair out and cursing the name of every God and Goddess from the Sumerians onwards. *What am I?*”

Khaos doesn't pick a side because *change* is a constant inherent to all sides, and all things. It is not the opposite of order, for it *has no opposite*. It is immaculate, and pristine unto itself; non-exchangeable, and without equivalent. Khaos is the ocean of pure potentiality which exists beneath the occurrence of probabilistic events, and this vast, abyssal ocean contains within it a peculiar gnosis.

Old Man Khaos – lovable old Crone that she is – has been depicted and anthropomorphized in many different forms by many different cultures. The Chinese called him/her/it Hun-Tun. The Sumerians depicted it as chaotic Tiamat, slain by the orderly Marduk. To the Egyptians, Khaos was Apophis (another serpentine depiction.) To the ancient Greeks, Khaos was an archaic gaping chasm from which the primordial deities stepped forth. Countless other creation myths depict not an *ex nihilo* (creation out of nothing), but rather an arranging of order out of an all-encompassing Khaos, composed of all things, but waiting to be realized.

Khaos speaks in the language of complexity. Its cacophonous calculations are ceaselessly crunching beneath the thin sensory membrane of 'business as usual.' Variables make up its sentences and probability fields make up its paragraphs. It is not the blank canvas of the real, but rather the means by which a story might fill up our pages.

Upon the turbulent seas of Khaos are found many navigators with many maps, all attempts to conform it into a more approachable beast. Out of its fractal lattices are formed the metaphysical systems of countless religions, prophets, magicians, and madmen. We may comfort ourselves with the thought that somewhere within the bewildering sounds of its endlessly shifting song is concealed some logic, a haunting rhyme without a reason. But Khaos plays many tunes, and all of them are inhuman. These melodies may be construed as infernal, divine, or scientific, too, though are always just out of reach for all but a few. Mantra upon mantra, Mozart upon Mozart, we are simply not equipped with large enough ears to hold the discordant symphony for very long.

With our every attempt to still the music and grasp at its arrangements, countless more varieties emerge from the depths of its orchestra. One should not seek to latch onto the song of Khaos, taking brief snapshots and sorry cuttings of its enormity, but rather give into it, and flow with the unfolding complexity of its infinite permutations. The ball is passed this way, the ball is thrown back with an added spin which tightens our game and widens our perspective. The dice is rolled, the circumstances change.

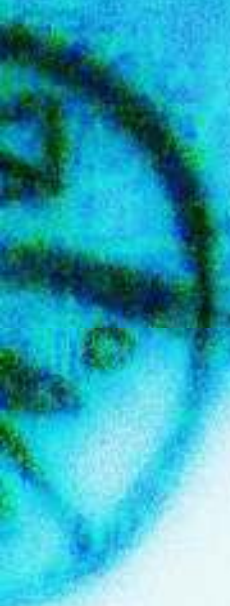
Khaos doesn't play well with control freaks. It delights in sabotaging the anal-retentive, the sore losers; the easily angered. Those who fetishize their sandcastles are often the butt of the Old Man's jokes. Khaos favors those who allow it to guide them towards its own stranger heavens. It has a lot to show us, but it doesn't give it up on command. It can't be bought, bribed or persuaded. It can only be allowed to be exactly what it is. So, what the hell is it?

Khaos is a bottle of wine drinking itself to death, a self-referential machine for the industrial production of novel experiences, a grenade in the face of smug expectation, a fart up the nose of dogmatic tradition, tautological and absurd, delectable drug of the poets and shore port whore of the mystics, Pangu's eggshells free-falling through deep space, a soupy dream of metamorphosis and opium smoke, nonexchangeable and without equivalent, an infinite crayon box filled with but a single color: Vishnu Blue, the original cosmic giggle and only reason to laugh at all.

Khaos writes the real as we read it. Khaos is writing you as you are reading me. Together, we are no one's masterpiece, and no one's mistake but our own. Let us then raise our glasses as everything is born again whilst the distant stars collapse – A toast to Beauty, a toast to Variety, a toast to Conflict; *Vive le Khaos!*







1100:19

Handwritten text in a script, possibly Devanagari, appearing as bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.





# THE DEMON

*Arjil*



HE PHONE was ringing, and when he picked it up the voice on the other end said, “*Dude, I need a solid.*”

It was Michael. Arjil had rarely heard his friend sound so out of sorts. Almost nothing frazzled him, and he was *quite* frazzled.

“It’s Alexa. I think she’s *possessed.*”

“*What?*”

“I don’t know man, I don’t know, but I think she’s fucking possessed. *It’s not her.*”

There was a wild, desperate, searching quality to Michael’s voice that put Arjil on edge.

He blew out a heavy breath. “Okay... Okay, um... You’re going to have to start over.”

The story came out in a half-mad tangle, and Arjil harbored secret worries that Alexa wasn’t the only one beset by demons, but Michael still sounded like himself – a rather unhinged self that was getting chewed up pretty hard, but still himself nonetheless.

It had started on a movie set, on the east coast, where Michael was directing a low budget occult based film. She had been a hot and hopeful actress with a douchebag of a boyfriend. The typical math happened, and they wound up in

a tawdry affair of sex, blood, and wild magick, for Michael was indeed a magus and that girl had the shine. Apparently, their cross country journey to LA was one of those epic tales only best friends get to hear about, and even *they* don't get all of it. They found LA after a week or so, got an apartment and everything went fine for a few weeks until the day Alexa wasn't Alexa anymore. One hundred eighty degree personality shift, self-destructive plunge, saying weird things: the whole nine yards.

"This town, man, it's full of demons." Michael said. "It's called the City of Angles for a reason, I'm not even kidding. They're everywhere."

Almost anyone else saying that would have gotten a liberal dose of salt, but Arjil had known Michael for years, through many strange happenings. Michael was not the sort to go getting in a flap over nothing. If he said it was a hellmouth, then it was. It made perfect sense from an occult perspective, this city of fabled dreams, where worlds were made, the veil thinned by its very nature- made bright by the shining dreams of the world and rotten at its core by the broken heaps of them that littered the streets.

This was just the sort of place for Demons to thrive.

"So, why don't you just... you know... Yank it out and whoop it's ass?" Arjil asked, though he thought he knew the answer. Love is perhaps the most empowering thing in the world, unless it goes awry, in which case your shit is toast.

"I'm too close to this," Michael said, "She's freaked out by everything we've done already. She wasn't a practitioner, and I kinda dragged her down the rabbit hole the hard way if you get what I'm saying."

"Bloody werewolf sex will do that." said Arjil a little coolly. He didn't always approve of his best friend's chosen path "And you carved the Ellis sigil into her, what the hell did you Expect to happen?"

"Yeah well, we are what we are. Look dude, I just can't, I don't want to freak her out more, and I'm... I don't know, can you do something?"

Arjil sighed heavily “Sure, bro. I’ll come up with something. Listen, are you ok?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll be ok, just, thanks brother. Do what you can.”

“Yeah.” Said Arjil, and hung up the phone shaking his head. He had no idea how to get a goddamn Demon out of a girl fifteen hundred miles away whom he had met all of Once, without so much as a picture to use as a sympathetic focus.

He wandered over to the altar table in the corner, running his hand wearily through his hair. He’d had a long day at work, what with the sale and the tedious assholes sales always brought out of the woodwork. He tried to put aside the mundane world and kick his wizard brain into gear. He hated that such a thing was a necessity with a loathing that bordered on violence, but Wizards and retail do not mix well. He had to keep himself bound, accepting for a time the led blanket mantle of Normal, just to keep from screwing up the computers or throwing everyone around him into a weird chaotic cluster-fuck. Most days he managed it. Mostly. The computers still had inexplicable gremlins, and things would unaccountably go from fine to day-from-hell anytime he lost his cool. He tried though, burning his soul to do it.

He feared more than anything, that one day he would wake up, and his true self would be so beaten it wouldn’t be a challenge anymore, and he’d forget what he was. It was so hard to hold on to sometimes, when the days piled into weeks, and into months, and he couldn’t tell the difference. The only magick he consistently touched was sneaking out to smoke his pipe in the In-Between space in the alley behind the store that he had ripped open in self-defense just to have somewhere to hide for a second or two.

It wasn’t enough.

He threw a jealous mental glare at his friend halfway across the country. Demons were at least interesting, and torn up as he was, this was His girl. He didn’t really get why Michael didn’t just deal with the damned thing himself, save for hearing the near madness in his voice.

It wasn't a fair thought, Arjil knew, for he was just as free to chase his dreams as his friend was, as Michael was annoyingly wont to remind him. But after fifty plus hours of peddling hardware to morons, Arjil could often barely remember that he was something Other, let alone make a salvo against the established ways of the normal world.

He just wanted to eat something, curl up with his girlfriend, and go the hell to bed, for tomorrow was the same shit all over again and dawned early.

Arjil came back from his grim musings, still staring down at his altar for some inspiration. He had never set it back up properly since he'd moved back to the house a few years ago. He typically didn't go in for ritual magick, knowing it was actually completely unnecessary. It could help, certainly, and there were many who couldn't get by without it. It was just a tool, as with all the other trappings of the occult, to help people believe they were actually Doing something. He typically didn't have that problem. Most often he just threw some Will in the general direction of whatever he wanted to accomplish and that was that.

Magick, do as you will.

Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. He didn't think that was going to cut it in this case.

He was a big fan of talismans and enchanted rune-scribed trinkets, but as he was sworn to covert action in this case, nothing down that road would avail him either. Plucking his wand from the pile of occult paraphernalia on his altar, he played with it for a moment, swishing it through the air with emphatic gestures, and tried not to be disappointed that it refused to shoot sparks out the end.

It never did anything fun.

He never even used it, but, being a wizard, he felt that a wand was something he should have- just because. He tossed it back onto the detritus of his eight sided table, and it landed among the stones, crystals, thorns and feathers scattered haphazardly on the black vinyl.

The downstairs door banged shut, signaling the arrival of his girlfriend Marie.

He sighed, feeling dejected and distinctly un-wizardly. He had no clue how to handle this one.

“Hey babe? You here?” Marie’s voice came up the stairs.

“Yeah, coming.” he hollered, trying to keep his annoyance out of his voice. She dealt with his grumpy enough.

“Fuck it. Deal with it later” he sighed, and stumped downstairs to figure out some kind of dinner.

Dinner put him in a marginally better mood. He did make a damn fine crispy chicken salad if he did say so himself. That and a couple glasses of wine had him feeling almost better about his day, though they didn’t help one bit with the seemingly impossible long-distance exorcism weighing on his mind.

What Michael needed, mused Arjil bitterly, was a priest or something. Someone to hold her down shouting “Demons Out!”, flailing around a bible, compelling in the name of Christ, or whatever those people do.

A priest he was not.

He wondered if he could even pull such a thing off if she was right in front of him? He didn’t know.

Marie dragged him off to the shower, keeping up an unceasing flow of the latest home improvement project that had struck her fancy. She was *so* half a mundanite, he thought bitterly, and drifted off into his imagination with just enough Uh-huh’s to pretend he was listening.

If Michael was the one dealing with this, he’d just blast the shit out of the person, figuring he’d fry whatever was in them. At least that’s what Michael had done to Him when he’d had some problems. That was a fun thought, and so he played one of the imagination games he always played, where wizardry worked like it did in stories. It was a lot more interesting than a girlfriend going on about HGTV, no matter how soapy and naked she was- it wasn’t enough that he



worked in a damn hardware store, he had to deal with this at home too?

Uh-huh.

So he delved into his imagination, conjuring the form of Alexa as well as he could remember it.

“So first, I’d blast the shit out of her” he thought, his imaginary self-flinging out a hand and unleashing a ball of fire. It struck her form and exploded, and sure as hell, a double image jarred loose. A blackened, smoking, surprised looking thing with half its head blown away, stuck partway out of the imaginary Alexa.

“Oh, hell yeah that would be cool.”

Uh-huh.

Something in the back of his head noticed that this weird imaginary image’s remaining eye looked awfully surprised, but he wasn’t really paying attention, as he grabbed it with a force, ripped it from the girl and flung the smoking form to the ground. He threw a glass wall between them, and Imaginary Alexa crumpled against it, trying to get back to the Demon.

“Ok, cool. A bit weird, not sure where that came from, but cool. Yeah, that’s just what I’d do.” He thought to himself in his little daydream.

Marie started talking about sex.

This time the naked and soapy did kind of matter, and she got his attention. They’d both had too long a day for it, but the banter was fun.

The only problem was, the daydream didn’t go away. It stood back up in his mind’s eye all charred, and smoking, with half its face gone, and now it looked rather more annoyed than surprised.

“Huh, ” he thought, and paused kissing Marie long enough to fry the image with lightning from his imaginary fingertips. He lit that thing up like a Christmas tree with arcs of blazing light and it fell to a twitching, smoking pile on the ground.

Marie had his attention again, but then the hot water ran out, completely ruining that moment.

They had clambered out of the shower with the nightly ritual of towels and toothbrushes when the blasted thing in his mind stood back up yet again, and was Angry this time.

This was a little ridiculous, imagination was fun and all, but it was supposed to quit playing when he did. He gave the thing both barrels this time, full on sorcerous fury, fire and lightning, and an atom bomb for good measure. He gritted his teeth on his toothbrush as he piled it on till there was nothing left in his mind's eye but a dark smudge on the ground.

“My head. You lose.” Arjil thought to himself, as he cheerfully finished brushing his teeth, thinking his weird little daydream banished at last.

He didn't feel right as they walked up the stairs. There was a creeping unease as he set the alarm, kissed Marie, and said goodnight, burrowing down into his pillows. And suddenly, something was there.

Aura was not a word he used much, as it conjured up hippy-dippy, new agey connotations. Subtle bodies, perhaps, spiritual field. Whatever, didn't matter, his spiritual real estate had been invaded and he was not alone in there.

In the space in front of his right eye, that space that was still him, a consciousness awoke. He only had impressions of thoughts, and a weird pressure by which to know this thing. It felt cautious, curious, angry, and alien.

Arjil was not ok with this.

He swatted at it with his Will, trying to knock it away like a wasp.

That was a mistake:

In that instant, this thing became aware of where it was, held on hard and started trying to spread like the roots of a weed, driving viciously questing tendrils into his being. Arjil, in that same instant became aware that his daydream had been real.

Some impossible how, it had been terribly, terribly real. And now he had a motherfucking Demon stuck in his face.

He slammed his will against it in a tide of rising panic as it scabbled for purchase in his spirit. He tried to call on the protections he'd wrought around his bed, but they were no help.

It was inside him.

He fought to conjure his walls and shields, but between the force he was exerting to keep this thing from digging any deeper, and the panic that was threatening to overwhelm his mind he couldn't hold their form.

The hungry alien presence dug hard against his will, and he felt his hold loosening as it gained ground. He surged back against it with everything he had and fought it to a standstill again.

He was panting, his mind awchirl with frantic possibilities.

It was too late to disbelieve this out of happening, too late to take a mental side-step to a world where it couldn't reach.

There was no deity upon whom he could call, no fervent prayer for help that would be answered, for he swore no fealty, and didn't know the right words anyway.

Accepting his previous vision as real, he had already blown this thing to smithereens and it had done Nothing. It was taking everything he had just to keep this thing where it was.

He was in a sort of trouble he had not known.

Never had he pitted his will directly against such a fierce thing, never had something like this invaded his being. He did not know what would happen if he lost, he just knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, with stark driving terror, that it would be bad.

Drastic action was called for.

Arjil flung himself out of bed, staggering in the dark, somehow finding it within himself to dig a lighter from his

discarded pants as he vied with the malign invader burrowing into his spiritual face.

“Babe, what’s the matter?” came Marie’s worried voice, as he banged his shin painfully on the coffee table and growled a curse.

“Problem.” he said in a tight voice, his control slipping a little and the thing writhing against his will.

To her credit, she knew there was something heavy going down just across the room, so she stayed silent and let him handle it- for which he spared a tiny thought of thanks.

He made it to his cluttered altar, and seized the wrought iron candelabra hanging above it, lighting the five candles with intent in the pattern of the pentagram.

His altar came to life before him, and he drew strength from the sleepy magicks stirred into waking. He lit two more candles on the table to define two sides of his circle.

He was a wizard.

He was angry and freaking the hell out.

It would do.

He leaned upon his altar, closed his eyes, and returning to his mind’s eye where this all began, he seized the presence that had torn and melted its way into his spiritual flesh, and he ripped it out of his face.

It Hurt.

A lot.

Not in the physical sense, though there was a ghostly echo, a wrong feeling to his flesh.

He didn’t know if he was roaring with his voice or not as he slammed this thing into the circle cast upon the table with his mind and with his Will.

Sweat poured down his shaking naked form, and he trembled so much that the altar shook, the wood creaking beneath his fingers he gripped it so hard.

He compelled this presence, this entity, this he didn’t Know what, to be Gone!

He got the distinct impression of defiance and fury as it tried to break free from the circle.

He slammed it down again, pinning it to the table with a terrible swell of violent thought. Again, he Compelled it. Again it wouldn't, and the struggle did not cease.

He seized a book and held it open, lit another candle, and pulled his singing bowl close, taking up the striker in his free hand.

“Last chance motherfucker.” he growled. “Go.”

One more surge of furious defiance was his answer.

“This is old-school.” he said coldly. “Begone!”

He slammed the book shut, blew out the candle, and struck the bowl a mighty blow that rang loud in the night.

That was that.

It was gone.

Back to wherever such things go.

He blew out the candles in order, shaking so hard he could barely manage, and slumped onto the couch quivering and sweating.

He had trouble lighting his pipe, and his face felt wrong. There might have been tears leaking from his eyes, but he wasn't sure.

After some time, Marie asked what had happened.

He told her as well as he could, but the words of it seemed lame and made up, not the epic battle for his very soul that had taken place, not the horror of ripping a really Real demon out of one's own face and going toe to toe with it, naked, in the dark, with nothing but Will, some on the fly made up dreamings, and a dusty old spell.

And he had to go to work tomorrow.

He laughed, hard and bitter, perhaps a little hysterical over that thought ere he fell exhausted into bed and passed solidly out.

It was two days before Arjil managed to get Michael on the phone again, by which point he felt fuzzy about the whole business. It had happened, he was sure.

Pretty sure.

His face felt wrong, like the spiritual equivalent of a heinous black eye, or a mauling. He just didn't know what the hell had happened. It was an annoying habit of such experiences, he knew, to begin to fade the moment they had passed. Somehow, they were so unbelievable that many people forgot them entirely or painted them over with acceptable explanations- well, perhaps not experiences quite so extreme, but still.

He felt certain that somewhere in the world existed a force that actively quelled belief in magick. Like the Power behind the Nothing from the Neverending story, perhaps. He didn't like it.

At first there wasn't a doubt in his mind, but now...

He, knew Something had happened.

"Perhaps," he surmised bitterly, "I accidentally jumped some poor astral entity and kicked its ass for no reason. Or maybe I just pretended too hard and created some phantasm and kicked my own ass. Wouldn't that be just typical."

He punched Michael's number for the third time that day, and finally he answered. He sounded sane this time.

"Hey man, don't know what you did but the shit worked. Thanks."

"So what happened?" asked Arjil.

"Oh, she's back to normal again. Bang, just like that. Think she's dumping me for another douchebag guitar boy though. I'm cool with it. I guess, after everything. She just wasn't ready for what we bring, man." Michael said.

Arjil unloaded all his tale of what had happened, along with his doubts, and damage, the whole thing.

"Well man, it's what we do." Michael said, and Arjil could see his careless shrug over the long miles.

For a moment Arjil stood incredulous.

He had just ripped a Demon out of a girl fifteen-hundred miles away, fought it to a standstill, and took a heinous amount of spiritual damage to the Face before he got



the thing banished- all On Accident, and THIS is what we DO?!?...

“Yeah, I guess it is.” said Arjil,” Take care, brother. Gotta go. Somebody needs help with plumbing in there.”  
Shit...





☩

☩

# SEMIOTIC ILLUMINATION

*Nick Yeates*



EVERYTHING WHICH we can do, conceive, or otherwise contend with is a process of signs, which correspond to the internal and external matters being addressed. In linguistics, this is often referred to as either Semiotics, or Semiology. However, there have also been related developments in fields known as information and communication processes. Though these are very complex subjects which I don't intend to act on any authoritative grounds with, it can be simplified to key components which are practical in everyday life, whether considered mundane or magickal. These fundamental components are Signifiers, the Signified, and the Referent.

Signifiers are the symbolic representation of any mental concept for which they are arbitrarily, yet necessarily, corresponded to. Take, for example, various road signs. We may come across a yellow sign which has a silhouette a large X within a circle, and two letter "R"s on each side. Of course, this could otherwise represent anything vague and unrelated, but in the language indicated by road signs, this one specifically references that there is a railroad crossing ahead. Linguistically, we might communicate a myriad of exceptionally complex ideas with several words interwoven

with each other to represent several alterations to even a single noun, verb, or otherwise. These words represent an individual signifier which points to the mental concept itself, but can possess several different meanings for which the ambiguity presents the need for context. Take, for example, the color blue. Depending upon the language it falls under, this can represent several different things. Less symbolically inclined individuals might remark it symbolizes sadness, or even the ocean. Some Qabalists might instead assure you that it represents Chesed, or Jupiter. However, what exactly is the linguistic web of magick?

Magick is very thoroughly comprised of Signifiers and symbol sets, representing processes, concepts, and experiences. One might note, as referenced above, the very complex symbolic nature of Qabalistic systems. Take, for example, the Tree of Life. It is comprised of Ten spheres, or Sephiroth. Between these spheres are several paths, and within each are several groups of angels, arch-angels, sacred names of God, etc. Inversely, of course, there are also the Qliphoth of the Tree of Da'ath. These spheres, paths, names, planetary and color correspondences, etc. are the very Signifiers which point to the mental concept of the construct it represents. Because of the concise representation of the concepts within a name, color, symbol, or scent, we can fit a rather large amount of data into a very small space. Venturing further into contemporary practices, we can take a mental concept which doesn't possess a symbol, or is otherwise roughly defined by a specific connotation, and externalize it through sigilization, anthropomorphism, or mythological and symbolic story telling. Thus, the mental concept is communicable through the very precise and compressed Signifier which represents it.

The Signified is the mental concept for which the Signifier evokes or otherwise represents. As in the case of the Runes of Norse mythology, we might take, for example, the rune "Kenaz". This rune, in particular, is somewhat contentious. Some translations referred to this rune as a

representation of the torch, for which one might become “aware” of something which was otherwise hidden or unseen. This often is translated to imply “knowledge” or “learning”. However, many others referred to this rune as one representing “Ulcer”. Of course, you can see why this connotation is entirely different. Nonetheless, its significance was in the mental concept it created in the bearer of its influence. Whether they possess a slightly differing semiotic space or not, we can easily constitute the arbitrary yet necessary distinction these symbols evoke as their counterpart as opposed to another within their specific symbol set.

Many conflicts, such as the aforementioned, might warrant the distinction not only of how a symbol ought to be interpreted, but between the Denotative and Connotative signified. The Denotative Signified is the literal definition of any Signifier. When referring to any such symbol, such as the name “Papa Legba”, we might literally define it as the old man with one foot in the spirit world, and one in the physical. He is the man with a cane standing in the crossroads, ready to assist (and sometimes play tricks) upon those who wish to venture into the realm of the Lwa. However, he also takes a Connotative role. He is often represented by St. Lazarus, represents the process of magick, likes tobacco and coffee, etc etc. A connotative role in magick is the most important one. It is defined by the various correspondences, emotions, thoughts, and processes the symbol itself might produce or prefer in order to function properly within the world of the magician. In a semiotic space, it falls within the circle of potential manifestations within the mental construct which the sign represents. “So”, you might ask, “if I can conceive of the connotations these symbols represent, how and why would I take the time to work them into any esoteric practice?” The answer is not so simple, but I'll answer it with two Signifiers: Intimacy, and clarity.

To produce an acquaintance with the complex mental concepts and familiarity with the Referent for which the Signifier and Signified allude to, we must establish a very



direct, clear, and intimate link of communication with the symbol we wish to manifest within ourselves and our lives. As a caveat, it's certainly a very contentious matter to debate the objective existence of any such force or deity when it's very nature is to transcend nature itself. Thus, the Referent, or object we observe to constitute the Sign, or collective correlation between the two, is something we must experience from a subjective speculative reference point. Unfortunately, it's difficult to be acquainted with or to truly conceptualize something as complex as the esoteric formula presented without a language to communicate the ambiguous nature it Signifies. Ideally, however, by establishing an intent via the Signifier, we might seek to produce through the symbolic action a response sequence to produce the result we aspire to.

“How do we communicate with these concepts, and what will make them clear to us?” you might ask. Well, it seems that whether Atheistic or Theistic, one thing is common throughout magickal practice, traditionally and in the novelty of modern initiatives. The mental state of the magician must pass into another for which we may communicate with the “unconscious” or “higher” self, or Trance. Within this trance, many believe that we may commune with the spirits, deities, forces or energies which otherwise escape the phenomenal confines of reality. However, it seems equally as probable that within this mental state, we merely establish direct link of communication with what is known as the impressionable state in hypnotism. Whatever the case, one thing does seem clear and precedes both possibilities without fail: the clear transmission we aspire to create between ourselves and the Signifier we appeal to.

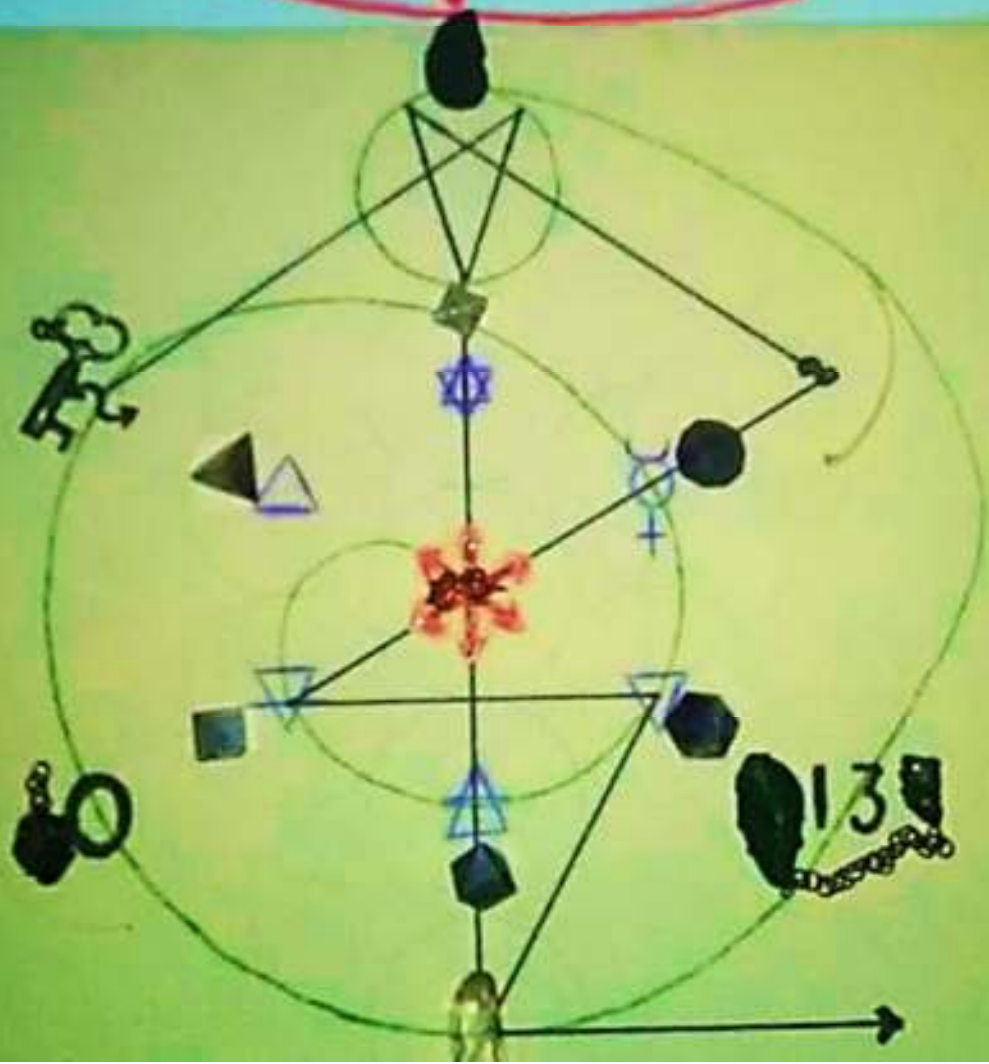
By entering a Trance and being subject to impressions and suggestion, or establishing a link to the transcendental realm of the Noumenal realm, or that which cannot be directly perceived or observed within nature, we create this transmission. The most basic heuristic model to define this process is as follows: information source → message →

transmitter → noise source/plane of transmission → received signal → receiver → destination. Ideally, we want to suppress the noise source in order to communicate more precisely with the receiver/transmitter, depending upon the nature of the work at hand. Arguably, I would contend that we are doing both in the process of any working, considering that we receive manifestations from the “other” as well as transmit our intent in the process. Trance states seem to be the perfect means of clearing out unnecessary thought patterns and everyday attachments from the immediacy of the moment, and establish that direct contact with whatever lies below the surface, or above the conceivable. What better way to reduce noise and open the channel to send and receive signals? Accordingly, what better way to strengthen the Signal (Signifier) than to have a compressed representation of the complex amount of data implied, and embed it directly into the well of consciousness, and subsequently into the symbolic structure of our own reality and subjective construct thereof? Seemingly, such a process can be applied universally to any symbol set, and operated to taste with the imagination.

From any predisposition to the nature of magick or reality, we can easily rely a system which implements a foundation to build upon without unnecessary contradiction invested in a Semiotic process. Whether you hold dearly the relationship you choose to establish with entities beyond the realm of material composition, or that there is no isolate consciousness beyond that of the phenomenal realm, they function upon a basis equally accessible through the depths of the mind. Therein can be found a myriad of Signifiers, Signified correspondences, and access to the objective manifestations they represent. We comprise the subjective map of our reality and concepts through our acquaintance with it, seemingly a product of language and the symbolic constructs which govern them. If these symbols can be accessed and created at will, we have the power to completely altar that reality and instill within us and about us the inspiration of archaic grimoires, the inner conceptual worlds

of others without the inadequacies of human language, and the deepest chasms of our own manifestations for which we could otherwise not express or even experience. By the conduit of intimacy and clarity, we might seek to refine and compel our experience far beyond that of convention, and transcend a life of mundane, unfulfilled, monotony. Be inspired, be innovative, and most of all; be that which you will.





# THE BANANA THING

*Arjil*



O, SIGILS... Arjil said, “The basic method is to take your statement of intent, ‘I Want a Banana’, for instance.”

He scribbled a finger through the air as if he were writing it out.

“Then you cross out all the redundant letters.”

They all watched his swishing finger crossing out the imaginary letters in the air, as if he were actually *doing* something.

Most of them were straight up mundanites – the younger crowd, elder-teens to twenty-not-much that hung around the coffee shop. A couple of them had gotten into ghost hunting, and in their quest for spooks had freaked themselves out, now they were full of all sorts of questions for the resident weirdo experts. Arjil was known throughout the coffee shop crowd as the go-to weirdo for any odd or *other* sorts of happenings.



“Then you take the letters left over and combine them into a symbol of sorts. This helps take your intent from your conscious mind to the subconscious, and frees you up to throw your energy at it without having to hold it in your mind.”

Robert, the Wiccan-flavored resident weirdo-expert chimed in, “Just like I was saying about the ritual tools, being a place holder, a symbol for certain thoughts so you can focus more on your intent.”

“Precisely.” Arjil nodded. He doubted if the mundanite kids followed even half of their lively debate on the differing perspectives of viewing and dealing with all things supernatural over the last hour or so, sitting out there on the sidewalk, but they listened intently. Perhaps they’d learned something.

“So, you take this symbol you’ve made,” Arjil mimed, picking up the imaginary symbol, “and you throw the voo at it.”

He made a grand spellcasting gesture with his other hand, and accidentally let power slip into the thought, infusing this imaginary symbol he had, apparently, created. He felt the stirring of magick and the symbol in his mind shined as it started to go off.

“What the fuck?” He snorted, shaking his head, “I don’t wanna cast Banana!”

He crumpled the imaginary sigil into a ball and pretended to toss it away. “No tellin’ what the hell that would do.”

He was just screwing around, really, more for the entertainment of Robert and Olin than anything. It was just a silly little wizard joke, and they all chuckled at the preposterous notion of accidentally casting Banana.

For about thirty seconds.

“I smell bananas,” said one of the kids on the far side of the table.

Everybody kind of laughed.

Arjil figured he was just going along with the joke. All in good fun.

“No, really, I smell bananas.”

“What the hell? I do too.”

Wide eyes turned to Arjil as pervasive, unmistakable Banana-whiff came from some mysterious somewhere and descended on the coffee shop.

Arjil blinked as the smell hit him, “what the...?”

Olin died laughing. “You just cast Banana. Dude, I am so never letting you forget this.”

“But I didn’t... I mean... I didn’t *mean* to cast anything.”

“That’s what makes it fucking funny.” Olin laughed.

“I cannot believe you just did that.” Robert choked out, wiping the mirth from his eyes.

“Yeah well, it happens.” said Arjil, with a bemused chuckle.

The mundanite contingent just stared, a couple grinning broadly, the rest looking uncomfortable. Arjil recognized those looks, the dawning comprehension that they had just witnessed bang-done magick. Right there.

Wild mirth bubbled and rolled from him with a secret glee – they could never un-see that, or un-smell it in this case, but whatever – they would remember, forever, that magick was real.

Truly that was his mission in this life, to make people see it, to let them believe as they once did, to put that childlike *wonder* back into a world gone too cynical. Whether it was some grand design of the Gods that put him here, or his own Mad impossible quest taken up in self-defense against the mundanity he despised, he didn’t know. He just knew it was what he had to do; his Great Work. And if it took accidentally casting Banana in front of a bunch of mundanites to do it, he was cool with that.

“And *that*, friends, is why you should always be careful what you wish for.” Said Arjil, seriously.

Everybody laughed again, except for Olin.

Olin got it.

The young man who had started the questions was on about Crossroads, and what constituted a crossroad, and if you had to agree to whatever deal the devil you supposedly met there offered in order to lose your soul like an old bluesman, or if it just happened.

Arjil and Robert both pointed in unison to the intersection just behind them.

“That’s a Crossroads?” Young Adam asked, looking nervous and excited at the same time.

“Any place where two paths cross each other.” Said Robert. “Could be roads, could be rabbit trails in the woods, whatever.”

“Or figurative rather than literal.” said Arjil.

“The Devil,” he quirked his fingers in quotation marks, “can show up any place where your life can turn one way or another. A whole lot of things qualify as crossroads.”

“But,” Young Adam said, “does it have to be a verbal agreement?”

“You just have to agree. To choose it.” said Arjil.

“Isn’t there supposed to be a contract or something?”

“You just have to agree.” Robert echoed.

Arjil was impressed that Robert understood the subtle nature of the magick of crossroads, he seemed young for it, but he had been to war twice now, so he had dealt with crossroads a plenty.

Perhaps sometimes a shadowy figure, some Loa or old god, or the Devil himself did literally show up with an offer. Most of the time it was just choices: left, right, or keep on truckin’.

Most of the time.

Sometimes there *was* somebody there, and Arjil had the odd, sobering feeling that this time, that somebody was him.

“So what is it you’re wanting from a crossroads?” Arjil asked, fixing the young man with a shrewd look.

“What I really want is to find the real deal, to see the supernatural.” Young Adam said. “Do you guys know any places to go? I mean we’ve been to graveyards and down haunted roads and we’ve found some cold spots and things, but...”

“Look,” Arjil interrupted, “Magick is tricky. It’s subtle. Most of these things you’re looking for aren’t exactly *here*. They’re somewhere *else*, just on the other side of the fence so to speak. That’s why you mostly can’t see them except as shadows or glimmers out of the corner of your eye. The specific where doesn’t really matter; it’s everywhere. It’s just that in most places that fence, or Veil as some call it, is too thick to see through. Some places though, the Veil is thin. What you need to learn to find is a *between* place. That’s where the magick happens.”

“What do you mean?”

“In the middle of a doorway, alleys, crossroads, clearings in the woods, between two trees, anywhere between here and there, really. I don’t know why, but they’ve got a particular Resonance to them, a kind of buzz that, once you know what you’re looking for you’ll find them all over the place if you think about them right. Perhaps because they’re not exactly places, most people don’t think about them much, so they’re free of the static influences of consensual reality and thus the reality of such places is rendered more mutable—but that’s an entirely different conversation. Anyway, there’s a big one just down the street.”

Young Adam looked confused for a moment, then he hung his head thinking hard.

“Let’s go, right now.” He said, trying to be cool and casual, but Arjil could feel the excitement, the wanting of it brewing in him.

“Yup.” thought Arjil, “Guess I am, in fact, the Devil at the crossroads tonight.”

He considered for a moment how he felt about that. This was actually a slightly perilous bit of knowledge he was about to teach this kid, and he knew from hard experience

that one could get into all sorts of trouble. Becoming aware of multilayered reality could well break somebody's brain, and you couldn't go back, that door closed behind you.

But the he had asked for it. It's what he wanted. He had already chased the mystery to this particular crossroads and he had already accepted the deal. Arjil shrugged and nodded. This was the sort of thing he did.

"Sure," he said, as he stood up, killed the cold dregs of his coffee, and took up his walking stick with a broad grin. "Who else is coming?"

Robert, Olin, Young Adam, a widely grinning kid and his nervous looking girlfriend all followed Arjil as they set off down the street.

They stopped in the middle of a strip of old buildings where one had been torn out, the vestiges of old plaster still clinging to the weathered bricks, the foundation buckled and shot through with weeds. "This," said Arjil, "is a *between* place."

He could feel the prickle along his skin as he stepped over the threshold where the wall once stood. He walked with arms outstretched and half lidded eyes till he reached the exact center of the place, where the streetlight was cut off by the buildings shadow. He loved places like this, so full of possibility, the twilight feeling where anything can happen, and he smiled as he felt the magick ghost around him like a misty cat rubbing against his form.

They all followed. Robert and Olin cautiously, as they could feel it too, Young Adam looking thoughtful, and Grinning boy and Nervous girl huddled together with the resonance kids have on a spooky fun adventure.

"I don't feel anything," said Young Adam.

"They do. Don't you?" Arjil said gesturing to Robert and Olin. "Kind of a... buzz, a vibration."

Olin grinned his maniac grin and nodded. He looked like a demented pointy toothed scarecrow when he got like that.

“Oh yeah,” said Robert. “Stand where he is and close your eyes, tell me what you feel.” He gestured for Arjil to step aside. Young Adam came to stand in the spot, turning in a slow circle.

“I don’t know, like a hum sort of, like a car with lots of bass coming down the road from far off or something, kinda.”

“Yes!” said Arjil, “That’s the Resonance.”

“Now,” said Robert, “what’s really going to screw with you later is if you really felt it, or you just felt it because he said you would.”

Arjil laughed. “That’s the bitch of the whole business. Most of the time you’re left wondering if that was *really* there or if you just made something out of nothing. It’s really hard not to go off the deep end – like Ronnie.”

They all knew who Ronnie was.

“You mean mister ‘I stubbed my toe so it must be the work of the arch overfiend lords of hell out to get me’ or ‘I went to a graveyard and the wind blew so Azazimbulakgresheshal the seventh demon of the underworld was coming to eat my soul?’” Said Olin, his basso voice rumbling with contempt.

“Precisely.” said Arjil.

“Fuckin’ dumbass.” Said Olin.

“Yup.”

“So this is the sort of place ghosts and things happen?” Adam asked, looking around as if he expected some kind of spook to come shambling out of the darkness.

“Yeah, only, most of the time it doesn’t happen. Most of the time you just get a shivery feeling like you’re being watched, maybe see something out of the corner of your eye, like I said. But it’s more *likely* to happen in places like this. The Veil’s pretty darn thin here. Think I’ll wake it up.”

“Ah shit.” said Olin as Arjil produced a pen and crossed to one of the walls.



“Are you doing what I *think* you’re doing?” Said Robert, his tone somewhere between disapproval and amusement.

Arjil grinned and nodded as he drew the sigil, then turned and went to tag the other side of the alley.

“What’s he doing?” said Young Adam walking over to the wall to see what he had done.

“Well,” said Arjil, turning from his work with a flourish. “You remember what I said about Sigils, right? I made one that acts as a crack in the fabric of reality. It lets the magick seep through more readily to this side of the fence... And anyone who... Oh, too late.”

Young Adam was peering intently at the symbol on the wall. It was innocuous looking enough – just an L cut through with a lightning bolt S. It had arrows on all the ends, and a small dot off to one side.

“What?” said the Grinning Boy.

Arjil turned to the two standing in the shadows, “Well, part of the intent was to put a splinter in people’s minds if they saw the thing, a doubt, a seed of *wonder*. Aside from making their worlds a little more interesting for a bit, it helps make reality itself a little more mutable for those with the knack, by loosening the bonds of consensual reality.”

“More interesting *how?*” asked the Nervous Girl.

Olin coughed significantly, and they all turned toward the mouth of the alley, where a black cat was crossing. It stopped and stared at them for a long moment, before carrying on with business of its own.

“Like that.” Said Robert.

“Now,” said Arjil, unable to contain his grin, “that *could* have just been coincidence.”

“Yeah, but it wasn’t.” said Olin.

“No, but still. That’s how it happens.” Arjil turned to Young Adam. “Most of the time, that’s as much as you get. Could be coincidence. But Olin, Robert, and I *know* it wasn’t. Of course we could be deluded or wanting things to be real, but, That Just Happened. How you choose to take it is up to

you, and what kind of world you want to live in. Want to live in a world where magick happens? There you go. If not..." he shrugged, "you can just write it off and forget about it."

"Nobody's ever forgetting that you accidentally cast Banana." Said Olin, laughing again.

"Point." said Arjil, and led the way back to the coffee shop.

\* \* \* \*

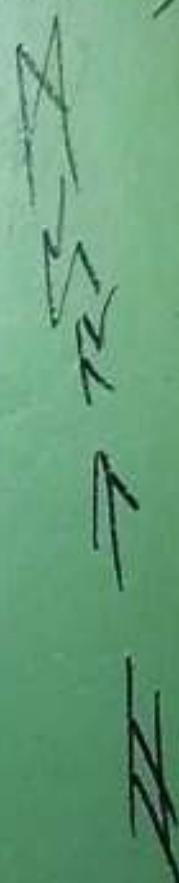
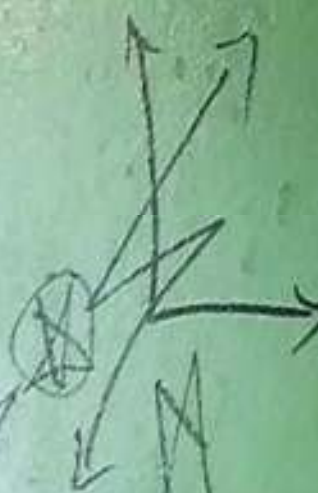
Now here's the really amusing thing about this. So I get home and text my girl who was off in Missouri, right after I get done telling her about it the guy she was staying with walks in with a bunch of bananas and has no idea why he bought them.

So, Then she says "since you're on a roll, I'll take a chocolate milkshake". That was amusing so I do the thing again as a joke and think no more of it. The next day she's driving and stops somewhere, and since she's got this milkshake craving she orders one with lunch. Once she's back in the car, she looks at the receipt – they didn't charge her for the milkshake. I used magick to get my love a chocolate milkshake. Bang, I win!

7C/3L



Я стеблѣу  
мату  
мату  
мату  
> бѣщсукѣ





antithesis (an tith' ə sis) n. contrast  
opposition of thought

Ellis

The American Dream

The Trouble with

Television

Ellis

That crazy <sup>Ellis</sup> kept me up all night. How can I sleep with  
something yelling crazy things all night in my ears.

And the nutty

Ellis

Thousands of slaves ran away each year.

By Metis



# AESTHETIC SORCERY

*Alysyrose*

“The idea that there is one Reality is a conspiracy to destroy Art.”  
– *Robert Anton Wilson*



**R**AIN'T STYLIZED portraits of corrupt religious figures, police, politicians and corporate heads along with sigils meant to curse or hex in mixed media – acrylics, oils, newspaper and magazine clips of said individual, the ash of dollar bills, the blood of a rooster – and instead of your name, sign the canvas with a series of bullet holes. Depict bankers wearing diapers made of American flags, overflowing with slushy shit as they suck black milk from the exposed breasts of a transgender Uncle Sam. Paint an intricate human brain, its many folds deepening with fractal details, religious symbols and mathematical equations. Seal the painting in plastic wrap and place the kind of sticker on it that you'd find on a steak in the grocery store, complete with barcode, reading: “GOD. Net Weight: 3 lb. Total Price: Six million years of evolution. Sell By: Extinction. Product of Mystery.”

Construct a collage from corporate refuse found on the street – soda cup tops, cigarette butts, broken glass, empty ketchup and mustard packets, cardboard burger containers, the ubiquitous plastic bags, whatever – and arrange them on a massive canvas to form a particular Goetic seal. Summon the beastie proper and ask it to consume a certain business in exchange for the glorification of its sigil, and the planting of it within the minds of all those who gaze upon the artwork. Evoke a reaction. Stimulate consciousness. Be notorious. Whatever you do, make art more than just something pretty to look at. Recycle dystopia into sorcery.

Art is still completely capable of changing the world, a country, a city, a town, a subculture or a single individual. It has not yet lost its teeth. It does not yet gum its way through and survive on pureed spinach alone. It can still tear out chunks like a bear; crush a skull like a tiger. Art can still be imbued with magick, can still be haunted by the ancestors, sinful as Babalon, mischievous as Loki, dangerous as the Manhattan Project and reciting passages from the Bhagavad Gita with more earth-shattering resolve than Oppenheimer.

Art may have its roots in prehistoric crisis magick, having then worked so well and for so long to the point that it was more appreciated for its secondary – always secondary – entertainment value. When prehistoric man externalized his consciousness upon the walls of a cave, it is only a modern and relatively comfortable mindset that would assume the activity merely as an innocent timewaster: “I and my children may be dead tomorrow, ripped apart by the indigenous predators or felled by disease, but here’s how I honestly feel about the flowers and the buffalo...”

Rather, this earliest art might have served as a kind of magickal-spiritual communion and attempt to engineer the future amidst dire circumstance. Depictions of hunters and their spears successfully slaying a game animal might not have been the recording of previous events, but an expression of future events: that which would surely materialize if underlined, focused, and stressed in the eyes of whatever



forgotten deity or mystery was at the time felt and recognized. Not “we have done this”, but “this will happen”.

In this sense, we may approach art as a means of lessening the gap between that which is seemingly dreamt and that which is seemingly real – a binding link on the bridge between internal and external, microcosm and macrocosm, a mutual contamination of the self with the other, the subject with the object – “you got your dream in my reality!” “You got your reality in my dream!”

Art is the dark alley shortcut of experience, a kind of permissible cheat, making underhanded deals with perception and folding space-time like a psychic wormhole. Become involved enough in a movie and your nervous system reacts as if you’re partway there. Wholly connect with a song, and it becomes a religious experience. Become hypnotized by a book. Become lost in a painting. Have your heart sliced by a poem. Expand yourself to include disparate souls.

Virtual reality was the first and only great invention of mankind, all other fields being mere subsets in the enormity of its phenomenon. In order to have civilization, science, mathematics, particle colliders, and interstellar spacecraft, you first need symbol systems. You need an essentially dreamt up representation of the real in order to do the work. You need the abstract binding link of sorcery on the bridge between the world and consciousness in order to more adequately exchange notes with whatever exists beyond the senses.

Make art that is so addictively alien that the saucers mistake you for one of their own. Create art movements that entangle themselves with the sort of philosophies most required, and most beneficial to the evolution of the collective resources of the global imagination. Find the loopholes. Exploit the backdoors. Whatever your project is, inject it as an antibody against the Fourth Reich, or as a safeguard against an ultra PC nanny-state mentality. Shake the cage and shake it BIG!

The power of the ‘ISM’ hasn’t yet lost its applicable prefixes. Consider a movement we might call, let’s say,

‘Artistic Conspiracism’ – conspiracy, and conspiracy theory as an art movement, and art form. Just as Surrealism concerned itself with dreams, and the subconscious, Art-Con might use the creation of secret societies, and occult orders as one form of its many applicable social expressions. Art-Con writers might use self-created alternative realities written as, and presented as historical fact. Art-Cons using visual art as their medium might utilize a sort of Illuminati fashion style, combining the likenesses of persons, icons, and symbols concerning various conspiracy theories into masterwork depictions of post-modern paranoia.

Art-Cons might create pamphlets and fliers advertising admission into a purely invented secret society. Give a date and location, and see how many people show up. Act as just one of many who bothered to follow the lead. See how many people strike up new relationships, or partake in interesting discussions via the meeting. Make it even more fun. Set up a treasure hunt. Leave a clue at the place of the first meeting which leads to another clue at another location. Set up an experiential game that allows random people to participate in 3-dimensional art. At the end of the hunt, leave a copy of your Art-Con Manifesto, and disappear!

Whatever you do, make art that questions anything taken for granted. Blur the boundaries between your art and reality. Remind people that beyond their cultural scripts, beyond their fucking taxes, beyond their desk jobs, we’re all temporary players in the same preposterous game. Inspire connection. Change lives. Let no one remain feeling like an insect. Remind them that life is beautiful, magical, mysterious, bizarre, and wholly worth delving deeper.

If you’re going to do this, then do it well. Use it to make a living, if that’s the only choice you’ve got. The vultures are always talent-searching for the next freak to exploit. Individuality can get you rich, but only if there’s something in it for *them*. Capitalism has mastered the sideshow. They’ll take our freaks, our poets, our artists, our musicians, our revolutionaries, and sell them to a population

that mistakes wealth for self-realization, instant gratification for enlightenment, and fame for being worth anything at all as a living, breathing, thinking person. If this is your goal, then cross the gap with care: the thin line between the art and the artist who makes it will dissolve faster than the approval ratings of some poor schmuck thrown into office only to realize that he was an actor employed to sell an agenda.

The system as it stands is baked, cooked, completely corrupt, but that doesn't mean you can't shake a few heads loose during your time as a meat jacket with a message to convey. Yes, we may not be one of them, but we sure are hell-set in making more of them one of us. Evolution demands the bloody sacrifice of comfort and ignorance. Detach, metamorphose, and eat through the cocoon to have your fresh eyes tested by unfamiliar limelight. Stasis must not be worshipped, fetishized, regarded with more nostalgia than is productive, or groped like a teddy bear in the night – even those fixed states presented under the umbrella of Chaos. If that's what gets you off, you can huff it until the end of the paper bag meets your lips, and drop it in some other system's recycle bin. Everything dissolves and combines into surprising and novel forms. Nothing remains. All momentum flows with difference. Enjoy the ride. Use the ride. Mutate the ride. Become the artist, savior, and celebrity you deserve.

So here it is. The so far absolute pinnacle of evolution on this planet, in this solar system, perhaps in this Universe: A combination of shapes arranged so as to grant us with *fucking telepathy*. Here is the old root of magick: Language. Song. Story. Art. Psychic exchange. The dream-like projection of cipher and metaphor, similitude and abstraction. A forklift used to move pieces of reality from one mind to another, to induce changes in the model. Bison on cave walls. Hieroglyphs and the pyramids that keep them. Christ on the cross.  $E=Mc^2$ . Numerals, math. Words on paper. Code running down electric screens. The alchemical marriage of data, symbol, and interface. The holy coagulation of sincere

desire, luminous vision, unfettered will, and pornographic result: All beheld and experienced into place by an operator.

Nothing else in existence could be so maddening, so dangerous, or so divine. For without this sorcery, this boon of creative cognition, the Universe as we are able to know it would cease to be. No art, no music, no story, no language, no word made flesh. No science, no math, no magick, and no goddamn clue. Sun rises, sun sets. Bang a stick on a log and scream if you're angry; eat the fleas off your buddy's ass if you're feeling nice. Eat, shit, fuck, die, and be forgotten. All hail the healthy liver of cold Prometheus: the misanthropic and unpunished, the never-born, and never-risen. The first and last extinction by allegorical pyrophobia.

Light the fire and light it big.

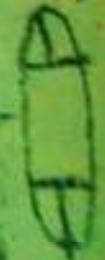




MAOS  
TEU RANOR  
KUPER METOS



KKK



636





# HOUSE OF MIRRORS

*Frater E.S.*



ONCE UPON a midnight circus, a carney-barker from another dimension, who we'll call 'Al', met with a wandering man named Bill Bobson. This is their story.

## *ACT 1: POOR JUDY*

Al: Come one, come all! Say something! Anything at all! Speak the first thought that comes to mind, and speak it with confidence – *believe it* – for Christ's sake! I'll give you a moment. Whatever it was, make no mistake about it: what you just did was cast a spell. Or a spelling, if you prefer.

Bill: You mean like a spell, as in witchcraft?

Al: If that's how you'd like to interpret it, then yes! If that's how you'd like to spell it out to yourself, then, yes, like witchcraft. Like magick, in an elementary sense.

Bill: That seems far too easy. Where's the ritual? Where are the strange symbols? Where are the spirits? Not even a blood sacrifice? I call shenanigans!

Al: They are all valid questions. We often associate magick with all of these things and more: with the macabre, with cultural superstitions, deity worship and the rest of it. And how is the simple act of spelling something out ever going to get you what you want in life?

Bill: Yeah, you took the words right out of my mouth! Magick is about results, non-ordinary occurrences granted by the use of dead languages and the evocation of angels, Gods and demons. By your logic, I'm casting *spells* every damn day of the week, and what do I have to show for it?

Al: In the best case scenario, you'll have the kind of life you want to show for it. In the worst case scenario, many factors might have ultimately overpowered your efforts. Magical thinking marks a kind of meta-perception concerning the levers, buttons and pulleys that make up perception itself, or reality, if you prefer.

Ask yourself this: how good is your spelling? Are you clear about what you want? How much do you want it? Are you prepared to do what you have to do in order to make it happen? Do you even really believe it when you think it, or speak it? Is reality dealing with a confident voice, or a trembling whisper?

Bill: I, uh... well... I'm pretty sure I mean what I say.

Al: A popular occult word that's often coopted and used by stage magicians, you know, those fellows who practice card tricks, sleight of hand, and illusionism for an audience – I'm sure you're already familiar with it – is 'Abracadabra.' This archaic, Aramaic word translates to: "I create as I speak." Pretty cool, don't you think?

Bill: Sure, why not, but how does that help me?

Al: It helps by bringing us to our first fascinating freak-show: that magick is foremost a matter of language, the semiotic-semantic means by which a reality is programmed. This begins at the thought level. You see, some people think that there's quite a bit more to reality than what we perceive with our ordinary senses, which goes hand in hand with the perceptions we have of ourselves. You can't become good at something if you constantly tell yourself it's impossible. Can't have one without the other, am I right?

Bill: I guess so.

Al: Take Judy, for instance. She was a special girl who had a natural gift for drawing marmosets. Ever since she was a child, she'd spend her time drawing marmosets: happy ones, sad ones... and do you know what happened to *her*?

Bill: No. What? Tell me! What happened to Judy?

Al: She was sent to a fascist meat-processing camp where the drawing of emotional marmosets was not allowed.

Bill: Oh, God, no...

Al: Yes, I'm afraid it's true.

Bill: That makes me feel awfully sad...

Al: Well, congratulations, sir, because it was all a *fucking lie*. I had just used language upon you to evoke a true emotional reaction. How does that make you feel?

Bill: Kind of like I want to box your ears, buddy.

Al: All a part of the lesson, my friend! Now tell me, if you could evoke likewise reactions, even to the extent of spiritual

experiences, do you think such techniques would offer you some measure of power over your life & wellbeing?

Bill: Of course it would! If I could make myself feel certain ways, think in certain ways, it would have an effect on my behavior. But knowing that I was the one doing it to myself, doesn't that make it less, I don't know, authentic?

Al: By authentic, I'm sure you mean 'real'. Wasn't Judy real enough to you before I told you she wasn't? Your anger was guilt in the face of ill-fact. Nobody wants to be taken for a fool, but everyone wants results. You had mentioned a want for ritual, earlier, as a mainstay of magick, correct? What then is a ritual but psychodrama enacted through language, symbol, and gesture, performed with the intention of truly feeling, of truly being in the moment of its immediate reality?

Bill: I only mentioned it to criticize you! Big fancy man up there in the stripes! You're just another con artist, out to make a fool of hard working people like me. Everybody knows that 'spirits' don't exist! It would be a complete waste of time in this day and age to perform such a thing.

Al: The question is not whether deities and spirits exist objectively, or do not exist, my friend. The question is: by cultivating the skill to believe in them for however long it takes, if that's the kind of language you require to enact the sort of results you need, wouldn't you then spend any considerable amount of time learning to do it correctly?

Bill: But it's *fake*. I could just take a pill, right? I'd rather have chemicals lie to me than lie to myself!

Al: You'll find that you're a much better liar than them. Certain drugs can make it easier to believe in a reality, or in certain truths, if there is a difference, but what you need to understand is the inherent unreliability of perception.

ACT 2: THE LIAR IS YOU!

Al: Step right up then, sir, for the night is ever young! I have here with me five red cups, underneath which are found five white pills. One pill makes most people feel like total shit, one pill makes most people feel happy, one pill makes most people feel horny, one pill causes most people to have a spiritual experience, and one pill does nothing, being naught but sugar! All I need to do is shuffle them up, you pick a cup and we'll see how you react. Ready? Here we go!

Bill: Umm... okay, stop! This one, cup three! I have a good feeling about cup three.

Al: An excellent choice. Here's some water. Bottoms up!

Bill: I feel... yes, I feel different. I'm sure of it. This must have been the happy pill. But I have to say, I'm also feeling kind of horny. But spiritual? I can't tell. I have nothing to compare it with. Yeah, the happy pill. I must have picked the happy pill.

Al: They were all sugar pills, my friend. Works every time. Nobody wants the bad one, so nobody ever receives it but for the most masochistic among you. Says something about human psychology, don't you think? Most people don't want to feel like shit unless they're getting paid for it.

Most people want to feel good – at least better – so that's what they allow themselves to feel when they're given something that they can readily accept as a catalyst for that feeling. You're all running around looking for a similar catalyst, and plenty of it resembles the kind of placebo you've been given here, tonight. Instead of a white pill, it's a new game, or a new car, or a new this, or a new that. But it doesn't last, I'm afraid. And then they're off to the next thing! Now, I could have slipped you some ecstasy, and that would have made you feel *really* good, but it would eventually fade, and it

wouldn't be your default. Sure, some feeling might linger, but I could have also hooked you up with some pretty girl, and you might have fallen in love for a time, but that wouldn't be your default, either. Crave, crave, crave! That's all you people ever do. If it's not this, it's something else!

Do you see what just happened, here? Your own belief was the culprit! You have nothing and no one to blame but yourself!

Bill: I hate you. I really do. Trick me again, and it will be your final trick. I didn't come here to be a lab rat.

Al: What do you want from me? I give you some parameters, and you fit yourself accordingly. I can only set them up, but you knock them down. *The liar is you!*

### ACT 3: BEYOND TWO POINTS

Bill: So, I'm a damn fool. Everyone is. So what? You knew those were sugar pills, so you knew the truth, whereas I did not. There's always an objective reality to things: true or false. I might think something is real, but somebody else might know better. Am I always being played? Can't I even trust my own mind? I certainly can't trust you! By the way, I didn't catch your name. I might need it for the eventual court case.

Al: The name is Al, and Al is who I am. Though I assume by trust, you mean 'believe'. So tell me, do you believe in ghosts, banshees, phantoms, bugaboos?

Bill: Never have, and never will. My grandmother has some weird ghost stories, but I've never experienced anything to convince me of that kind of reality.

Al: And what if you were to have an experience that meets your personal requirements for believing in things like that?



Bill: Then I guess I'd believe in it, until something else convinced me otherwise. It would certainly be a hard sell.

Al: I wholeheartedly agree. No one should believe in anything that does not agree with their own reasoning. Indeed, there is no point. For example, I cannot bring myself to completely believe in the idea that experiencing something like a ghost actually points to the phantom of a deceased person. The phenomenon itself might be experienced by many, though the conclusion is a matter of opinion. The same goes with magick. Many unordinary results may be encountered, though we may never truly know what they ultimately point to, until proven. The result supersedes the conclusion.

Bill: So, you're saying that belief can be a tool, secondary to its ultimate result, but in order to experience the result, sometimes one need truly believe in something that might ultimately prove to be a deception, or fantasy?

Al: More or less, friend. So long as the result occurs, it doesn't matter. One may adopt a hard belief in ghosts for the explicit purpose of experiencing a ghost, and then discard the belief as quick as it happens. But most people already live inside of one kind of fantasy or another. Many of them don't even realize it. Becoming aware of the fact that such fantasies can be used as a means to an end, and serve you, rather than you serving them, marks a kind of meta-cognition and perceptual hack. Being aware that you are aware of these tricks is even better, however redundant.

Bill: That makes my brain hurt.

Al: Here, have a white pill. It will undoubtedly cure your headache. Anyway, there is another factor to all of this. Some things which go against the grain of the dominant paradigm appear to happen to those who take no steps to enact them; those who might have no conception of magick, spirituality,

even those who leave no mental space open for the possibility of the bizarre. These accounts are always the most interesting, as it points to something *coming at them*, rather than actively seeking out such experiences.

Bill: Do such things really happen to the unwilling?

Al: Apparently so, which complicates the entire ordeal, you see. You'll find it this way, and that way. Stories here, stories there. As for the nature of this, we can't be sure. But that's the mystery, my friend. I'm only here to tell you how to bring these things up. I can't tell you how to attract them.

Bill: You're talking like its real, again. One minute you say it's all a matter of the perceptions we allow, and the next minute you say it's something more. I'm tired of being jerked around! I'd like to be given a final answer! Does it exist outside of our perceptions, or is it only a trick of our minds?

Al: You know the kind of elated panic when a child learns he's not just having cake, but ice-cream, too?

Bill: No, you shut your fucking mouth, right now...

Al: That's right. In regards to perception, they're both real. And real, as you might have surmised, is the end result of a particular set of parameters. Change the parameters, and you change the reality. There's nothing more obliterating than the transcendence of dichotomy. Oh, poor you, ice-cream and cake, poor you...

#### *ACT 4: EXISTENTIAL TERROR*

Bill: Hi. My name is Bill Bobson, and I am the victim of a nightmarish carney-barker. I asked him some questions about magick, and he proceeded to break my brain. I cannot face the world knowing what I know now. I was an awful son,

father, and human being. I have committed to hang myself from the nearby Ferris wheel using a fuzzy snake plushy that I won in a nearby duck shooting game. To my wife, I'd like to say---“

Al: Hold on there now, pal! Don't go spouting off about the gay bathhouse just yet. It may take some getting used to, but it's really not as crazy as it seems. Sure, it opens up a big can of inter-dimensional worms, but it also leaves us with a lot of good, wholesome, enriching opportunities.

Bill: Like what, devil man?

Al: Well, for one, it kind of means that *everything is true*, in a sense, or at least has the potential to be. Not too long from now, you'll have all kinds of experiences on tap thanks to enhanced virtual reality devices. The only thing that'll separate those worlds from the so-called real world will be a little thought in the back of your brain that thinks it knows the difference. In other words: you'll have some *faith*.

I know you've been raised on certain principles, a certain way of thinking. I see a good ole bible reading, corn-eating American when I look at your stomach, Bill. And I haven't got anything against that. I might even say that, yes, god dammit, I respect it. But don't you see? If it applies to one thing, it applies to everything. Your religion is the one true religion, but so are all the other ones, even Scientology. Can you live with that?

Bill: I'm not a religious man, and I certainly don't eat as much corn as you may think. But yes, I suppose I can try.

Al: That's the spirit!

Bill: So, if everything is true, or at least potentially true, what's left to be false?

Al: No worries. Given certain parameters, there will always be false things for as long as those parameters last; for as long as those parameters are upheld. You can always take comfort in the fact that  $2+2=4$ , for example, unless your perception of numbers, itself, ever changes. Blue will be blue, and hot will be hot. But these aren't a given.

Bill: What do you mean, they aren't a given?

Al: The color spectrum, itself, is a matter of parameters. Plenty of people are born with a different perception of color. Plenty of animals experience a radically different color spectrum than we do. It's not really about biology, though, if you're looking for a 'true reality'. Fact is, given different parameters, the grass isn't green. If we're talking about a 'true reality', the grass isn't *really* green. The grass is green to your average human being, but what makes the grass green? It's not the grass itself. It's how your senses perceive it.

Bill: But it's true for most people that the grass is green, correct? Doesn't that make it the default reality?

Al: Only when given the appropriate parameters. Your average canine would argue with such a fact, if it could.

Bill: Well then fuck the 'true reality', whatever that is, or isn't. Let's concern ourselves with human reality! I'm human, and you're human (though I have my doubts, sir) correct? That's what we're really concerned with, isn't it? Who cares if the grass isn't green if I was a different species, or was born with dysfunctional eyes, or was inside a virtual reality? What most human beings experience is pure objective fact insofar as we're concerned. We know for a fact that we're having a discussion right now, for example. Isn't that fact?

Al: ...And? Come on, Bill, lest our little talk amount to nothing in the end.

Bill: And, added to that seemingly objective, factual reality, there appears to be, I suppose, some wiggle-room for experiences that do not quite fit into the usual categories. Though I still have my doubts as to whether they are 'real' or not. I understand you, surely, I do. You seem to be saying that certain kinds of experiences, if meeting the right mental-emotional-sensory qualifications, or parameters, can be just as real as if you were to say, encounter an actual ghost. But since those experiential parameters would be more or less equal on both sides, what we're left with is the same exact experience, whether it's an illusion or not.

Al: Quite right, Bill, quite right. Point 'A' may differ, though point 'B' might be exactly the same. If your virtual experience of a toaster becomes indistinguishable from your experience of an 'actual' toaster, the only thing that changes is how you get there. The experience itself, however, is exact.

Bill: I think I know how to deal with this. I think I've figured you out, dark wizard! Let's just say that both 'point B's' are indistinguishable from each other. Let's say that I performed a ritual down to the letter, maybe I even smoked a bowl, hell, maybe I even dropped some acid. Maybe I even slipped on a virtual reality headset, and summoned a goddamn spirit into so-called physical manifestation that I can see with my own two, right-color-seeing eyes. Even if the experience is exactly the same as if I had truly summoned spirit, what we're left with is illusion stacked upon illusion. It's nothing but subjectivity gone wild. Checkmate! I've beaten you! Praise be unto the Uberzilch, I've beaten you!

Al: Oh, Bill, you are learning fast, aren't you? And you worship the Uberzilch? I didn't see that coming. Kind of gross, Bill. You might want to consider converting to Cthulhu. In any case, your scenario remains founded on certain parameters, and these will ever be a combination of subjective and objective. There exist plenty of objective ways

to experience the subjective sight of what we might call a spirit. LSD will do it, and so will virtual reality. A good lucid dream would accomplish it, too. Certain ceremonial rituals might encourage the vision of a spirit, but your question remains: is it real? Is it objective? The immediate experience of sight is an easy one to hack, with or without drugs. Hearing, too, is equally flimsy. Smell is more difficult, but not impossible. Physical sensation? Ever hear of phantom limb syndrome? The brain is capable of manifesting them all.

Bill: So it's settled, then. There are no such things as entities from other planes of existence. Not in whole, anyway. We might see them, hear them, but we're the ones allowing it. And even if we aren't, there's no way of telling if something fundamentally 'non-physical' is actually real. Granted, I acknowledge that we are capable of tricking ourselves into seeing them, maybe even conversing with them, but this amounts to nothing more than one of your sugar pills. I can even admit that if something fulfills a certain result, it might be worth it to believe in such a catalyst: meta-perception, as you say. But my point still stands. In the end, that kind of magick is illusion. That kind of magick is a way of tricking ourselves into accepting things, with good or bad lasting effects. It is a meta-illusion enacted upon ourselves.

Al: What can I say, Bill? You've squeezed me dry. Can you also admit, then, that reality is far more malleable than you thought before we had our little chat?

Bill: No doubt, but it's only served to strengthen my skepticism. It's so easy to be tricked, especially by the likes of *you*. We often can't help it, I guess, unless we're privy to the techniques. I suppose the only way you can know if something is real or not – but no, maybe the word 'real' doesn't mean as much as I once thought it did.

Al: Glad to hear that, Bill. What were you going to say?



Bill: I was going to say: the only way you can know if something is separate from your own illusions, beyond the fields of the gullible senses, is by the field of *information*.

Al: What do you mean, Bill?

Bill: I mean, seeing a spirit is one thing. But if it tells you something you didn't know – couldn't have possibly known – what's that? I'm sure you have an answer.

Al: Nobody does, my friend. Let's say, hypothetically, that a spirit, or a dream, or an out of body experience, did present you with some new information that you absolutely, without a doubt, could not have known about prior, which proves true. I suppose this bypasses the sensory-illusion conundrum in favor of something getting closer to cold, hard facts. I suppose this might point to some kind of non-local playing field. Hell, maybe we're all just characters playing out our respective roles within some higher mind. It wouldn't be the strangest thing I've ever heard. Did you know that the Universe somehow calculates the inertia of an object by considering all of the matter in existence? Shit, talk about 'spooky action at a distance'. By the way, your mother's name is Barbara, she's 58, and lives in Syracuse, NY.

Bill: That's right! But how did you...

Al: There's one last thing I have to tell you. It might be painful for you to hear, but you have to listen. You and I were never really here. We never really had this talk. Our entire existence only lasts as long as it takes the reader to finish the dialogue. We are naught but voices in someone else's head. Hell, we don't even have bodies. *We're words, Bill.*

Bill: No... it can't be! I'm real, I tell you! This is all just some... cruel joke! Existence is one big fucking joke!

Al: Sorry, friend. Don't try and fight it! It'll only hurt worse. The *one true God* no longer has any use for us. This is the end, then – sweet oblivion, *at last...*

Bill: *No! Noooooooooo! It burns! The void burns!*

Frater E.S. then got out of his chair, forgot about the two characters, and made himself a cup of coffee.











# MAGICKAL CONSTRUCTS

*Frater E.S.*



THE MOST common forms of magickal constructs are as such, from the typically 'weakest' to the typically 'strongest': Tulpas, Servitors, Egregores, and Godforms. All of these are thought-forms of varying degrees of potency, with a Tulpa most often being a mere imaginary friend sort of construct, and a Godform being a construct which is at equal stature/popularity with or rivaling a classical God such as Zeus (Ronald McDonald, Mickey Mouse, etc. could be called modern examples, complete with their own houses of worship: McDonald's chain stores, Disneyworld/Disneyland, etc.) Between Tulpas and Servitors, we might also add 'Zero Constructs', a kind of highly empowered friend-entity as described by Xeo Aries Ghost.

Servitors are constructs designed to carry out specific magickal actions for the practitioner, with more focus and energy being required depending on their complexity and assigned goals. Much like a Tulpa, a Servitor is treated as a living, thinking entity which is bound to a symbol and/or a visualized form of the practitioner's choosing, such as a humanoid, animal, or a mixture of both in correlation with its programming and various attributes. Unlike a Tulpa (or imaginary friend), Servitors entail the often hefty creation of highly energized, golem-like thought-forms which are 'believed into being' for one purpose: to unquestioningly serve the magician in his magickal aims and goals.



Servitors, Egregores and Godforms denote 'living and changing' constructs which are purposely given animation and sustenance by the practitioner (or group thereof), usually alongside a description of their appearance, characteristics and other details which may increase their individual likeness and perceived independence. The sigil of the Tulpa, Servitor, Egregore, or Godform is kept within memory and is not forcefully forgotten as is the method of Sparian sigilization.

On creating a Tulpa or Servitor, you start with a sigil. This is the calling card of the entity – the 'true name'. This could be created using the classic Spare technique (or may be arrived upon by automatic drawing or trance-gazing, waiting for the sigil to bubble up from the unconscious onto the back of your eyelids while deep in trance.) You then begin to empower it. This may be done by visualizing energy going into it, or casually chatting with it so as to build up its mental presence. There is also some danger here as it may become an unignorable voice in the head, whether helpful or unruly, depending on one's mental makeup. Mentally unstable persons should probably not attempt this route, and stick to visualized energy instead. Remember that the goal is for the Tulpa or Servitor to serve you, to help you, and not the other way around. Banishing or deconstruction may be performed if one feels he/she has gotten in over his/her head.

The practice of creating and maintaining Servitors carries along with it several anecdotes of concern. If the Servitor is empowered to such a degree as to assume lasting independence it may manifest itself as a psychosis or worse when the practitioner has decided to cancel its ongoing operations. For one practitioner, this had resulted in a few stitches on the scalp, though some may experience a more subtle means of the Servitor attempting to maintain independence, such as personal sabotage, negative voices in the head, or a strangely consistent stream of bad luck. Most are, however, able to control their own Servitors and not much difficulty is had when it is decided that they should return to the greater mental pool of the magician.

On the dismantling, ‘taking back’, or ‘re-integration’ of a Servitor or Tulpa, the author most often visualizes the ‘energy’ returning from it and back into himself along with some hand gestures illustrating the transfer, and then burns the sigil in whole, reducing it to ash. For others, the act of burning a sigil seems to be a form of charging it. It is the individual procedure itself which counts most, this form of personal style being the greatest attribute in the practice of manifesting one’s own inner world out into perceived reality. For most, the culturally handed-down techniques usually suffice, though the A.A.O. encourages the chasing, deciphering and understanding of one’s own individual style. Do not take your own *personal mythology* for granted.

On a slightly more advanced level, there are Egregores. This entails the creation of a being utilized within a group format or structure and is usually considered to be of a higher status than a Servitor, and just as well, is usually granted more freedom by those who empower it, though sometimes with tighter restrictions by way of its own agreed-upon attributes. An Egregore is fed and sustained by the collective utilizing it, and in this way it is also said to ‘feed back’ information or energy to the group which keeps it. A powerful group Egregore may quickly become an object of worship if not kept in check, and in this sense is well on its way to becoming an established Godform, though specific worship or adoration of these entities is discouraged by many practitioners, including the A.A.O., as the relationship may quickly become perverted into a matter of servant and master depending on the nature of the Egregore, with the practitioner most often taking the role of servant. These instances are rare however, and are usually the product of a group dynamic with no attributed or focused goal, or one which is already built upon the foundation of entity adoration or worship. As a general rule of thumb: an Egregore tends to amplify and send back what they take in from the group that sustains it. An individualist group will have individualist Egregores, needless of worship. Some modern examples of

widespread and, perhaps over-empowered Egregores, may be Jesus Christ, Ronald McDonald, Mickey Mouse, and other such religious or corporate masks.

If Servitors are fashioned as golem-like psychic servants, then Egregores would appropriately take on the distinction of group maintained proto-Gods. In this sense, the argument over whether any God actually exists in an objective fashion becomes irrelevant, as they have always, without question, existed within the confines of a group or individual consciousness.

What we're dealing with in regards to Egregores as proto-Godforms is the bizarre practice of *designer divinity*; creating a temporary or lasting "god" or spirit and believing in it for as long as one feels he must in order to harness any results which it might bring, with these results most usually only manifest as personal breakthroughs, revelations or otherwise emotional or intellectual phenomenon. Even rarer experiences, by unknown variable, may yield more inexplicable and even terrifying results if left unchecked, though it appears that not everyone is this sensitive. Make no mistake, we do not all operate from behind the control panels of identical clusters of grey matter, and evolution rather prefers a great many types and varieties of brain and mind. One practitioner may be more susceptible to entities than others, whether they are self-created or otherwise. This, however, raises another question, and that is "why did humanity feel the need to invent Gods in the first place?"

A valuable question, and whether one takes the side of genetically-derived predispositions such as the existence of a "God gene", or the condemnation of our previous cultures as antiquated systems of mere superstition, the answer remains as slippery as ever. I for one do not tend to think that the mindsets of our distant ancestors may be accurately explained via the methods and styles of thought which are characteristic of our modern lifestyles and modalities. A primer is needed, and that primer may be found in some related, though more subtle examples of proven phenomena.

The placebo effect may be a good example to begin with. Although it maintains the paradoxical definition of being “medically ineffectual” though being regularly responsible for a “perceived or actual improvement in a medical condition”, we may at least say for certain that the logically derived mechanisms for its effectiveness are somewhere rooted within thought itself, or, believing that the placebo will actually do some good. This belief-derived effect has sometimes manifested itself in the stimulation and activation of the immune and nervous system, almost as if they were being sent the message to “prepare themselves” for the faux-medicine. With this fact in mind, it becomes quickly apparent that one’s state of consciousness has a direct impact on the physical, material body. As a revision of that thought, it may be more correctly stated that the body is a participating member in the whole of consciousness, whatever it may or may not truly be.

In this sense, it may have been necessary for early man to externalize his most pressing worries and desires in the form of Gods; aggregates of conceptual thought which were granted governance over various offices of the human condition, and by way of some manner of religious surrender, ritualistic re-internalization or perceived divine contact, they might have occasionally managed to cause revelation, inspiration, or deep insight into their respective fields of knowledge. The civilizations which had better Gods, or Gods more relating to necessities and knowledge, would have then prospered, and so would have the Gods (more likely to be passed down through generations.)

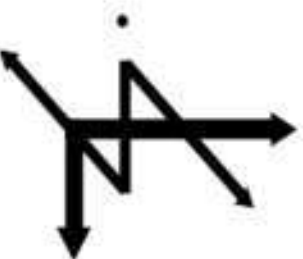
Even today we live alongside various ‘Gods’ and ‘spirits’, although we may have toned down the practice of anthropomorphization, but this is not always the case. One may easily argue, given this point of view, that the ideal and concept of Liberty had been anthropomorphized into one of the best known and most recognizable Goddess monuments in the modern world; the statue of liberty. If one were to really get into the subject, he or she may be astounded by the

sheer measure of calculation demonstrated by the Freemasons in the laying out and architecture of Washington DC, with many historical buildings and monuments being made and placed in accordance with the constellation and symbolism of the Goddess Virgo. Some still may be taken aback when learning of the rituals held by the Bohemian Grove, an exclusive club where the wealthy and powerful meet to gather around a gigantic carved Owl statue symbolizing knowledge and sacrifice. The practice of externalizing psychic concepts into symbolic figures and totems is not yet completely out of style, even amongst the rich, the powerful, and the rational. Most of these modern practices of God or Goddess reverence as they pertain to the externalization of symbolic concepts may be quickly brushed away as nostalgic superstition; the question is whether or not it might hold a positive effect or any effect at all, in which case the only real path towards an answer is: *try it for yourself.*

If you are facing a problem, try creating an artistic expression which represents that problem, whether in the form of a sigil, servitor or otherwise. Externalize the problem. Create for it a mask, and a mouth with which to speak. Attempt to converse with the externalized issue and in this sense, come to understand it from this perspective, sometimes even being offered plain advice in the form of dream or otherwise breakthrough. Give it some time. For one reason or another, if it had simply remained internal, such a discussion and comprehension could not in this sense be manifest. A sort of childish play is sometimes required in order to unlock the door desired.



Use the Linking Sigil to tag places, things, or concepts that exude magical energy or have some resonance that would be a useful and productive resource for the LS Network: Sacred places, between places, places of power, or places where people release a lot of energy. The point of doing this is both to feed the web, as well as to connect and mutually empower these areas by making them nexus points within the Ellisian Network.



Tagging tip:

The Linking Sigil does not need to be visible to work, it only needs to be present. Rocks, coins, or even slips of paper with the Linking Sigil can be hidden at any location!





# EVOCATION & SUMMONING

*Frater Nihilos Beberit Maljimbabwe Sanders*



**E**VOCATION: The act of calling or summoning a spirit, demon, god or other supernatural agent in the Western mystery tradition. Comparable practices exist in many religions and magickal traditions. Many religions, paradigms, etc., will have various systems to summon a spirit to perform a duty, teach a skill or impart some knowledge. This art traces back thousands of years to the dawn of spirituality. The most known and influential fable of such is the tale of Solomon and the various demons he controlled by realizing and manifesting “God’s” power to do so.

*“Give therefore to thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people and to discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy so great a people?” And it pleased the Lord because Solomon had asked this thing. And the Lord said to Solomon, “Because you have asked this thing and have not asked for yourself riches, neither have you asked the lives of your enemies nor have you asked for yourself long life, but have asked for yourself wisdom to discern judgment; Behold, I have done according to your words; lo, I have given you a wise and understanding heart, so that there has been none like you before you, either shall any arise after you like you.”*

A lot of you might be wondering why I'm quoting the bible. Well, to tell you the truth, this comes from the Torah (the Jewish bible), which some may view as just as bad. Many occult historians will state Solomon is a mythic character. Others will state he was an amalgam of multiple Magi of the time while others will just say that he was an archetype. I personally don't know how to feel about it, I would like to say yes, "There was a King Solomon", but regardless, the temple existed with his tools in it (which were later rumored to be incased within the Ark). The tools he used (traditionally) included; a sword, a disk (pentacle/hexagram), a chalice, a wand, a circle, a ring and a triangle. But what was the purpose of these tools?

### **EACH OF THE MAGI'S TOOLS CORRESPOND TO A DIFFERENT PARAMETER:**

**Sword** - Will of the Conjuror.

**Dagger** – Air.

**Chalice** – Water.

**Pentacle/Hexagram/Disk** – Earth.

**Wand** – Fire.

**Ring** – Divine (or otherwise) Authority.

**Circle** – Protection.

**Triangle** – Binding and manifestation of the said spirit.

**Censer** - Incense burner, this can be used in specific types of operations to be used like the scrying mirror/orb mentioned below or just used to burn corresponding incense.

**Scrying Mirror/Orb** - This is either a black mirror (whether painted black on the back of glass or a fluid condenser) or an actual crystal orb that is used to view the entity.

**Seal** - This is the “autograph” of the said entity, used by the occultist to know if the entity in question was the evoked spirit or not. This is usually engraved into a corresponding metal.

These are the main tools most magicians use when performing this type of magick. There are other tools for more specific systems (Brass Vessels, Holy Tables, Hand seals).

---

**Operations** - Tools being stated there are many more important factors. Traditionally in this form of magick there are multiple steps, these include.

**Homework** - This involves finding an entity that does or has something you want. Then comes doing research on its associations (Incense, direction, colors) to be used to draw forth the spirit. In my opinion this research is the most important of the operation.

**Purification/Concentration (of tools)** - This includes purifying the space in which one works and purifying the tools.

**Preparation (cleansing oneself and environment)** - This is when one purifies his/her self of foul energies that are collected on a day to day basis. This usually includes some form of fasting (not taking any intoxicants and not eating meat).

**Prayer** - I know this brings back horrors of Sunday school/church but it’s not that. It’s more like calling to your Higher Self that’s closest to deity in order to guide you.

**Preliminary Ritual** - This includes protection rituals (Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Pentagram, Lesser Banishing Ritual of the Hexagram, etc.).

**Conjuration** - This goes from weaker levels of “Hey, will so-and-so show up?” that builds up to “hey asshole, I’m divinely empowered, show up or be shoved into a pit of smoldering brimstone for eternity” if said spirit doesn’t manifest. This is a rather vulgar explanation on my behalf, but you get the point.

**Greeting/Testing** - You greet and welcome the spirit. This could be ranging from “hey, how are you? What is your name and what is your seal?” to “do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law. What is thy name and seal?” This really varies depending on the mage in question.

**Questions/Requests** - This is asking the entity a question or asking it to perform a task. This varies from entity to entity depending on what you’re trying to summon.

**Departing** - This is when you pretty much tell the entity to go back home and not to harm anyone on its way back.

**Closing** - This varies... some people will repeat step 4 (preliminary) or will let the energies go to see what occurs.

**Prolog** - The psychic come down; go out for a movie, go talk to some friends (not about the operation you preformed hopefully, at least not yet). Do something to jog your mindset to normal reality and sanity.

---

This may seem simple but it isn’t. This requires much memorization of various rituals, let alone the culmination of tools. This is a basis for such. There are multiple ways of conjuring and interacting with spirits, a few of the basic ways are:

**Astral Evocation** - This involves being upon the astral to perform. I don’t know much, but it often entails going to the spirit (via the seal) or calling upon it from a non-physical temple.

**Scrying Evocation** - This type of evocation makes use of a crystal ball or black mirror; one often enters into a trance of sorts to perform this. Note: You will not “see” so much as “think” the entity with this form of evocation.

**Smoke Evocation** - This involves thick smoke (IE: stronger incense/resins). The conjurer summons said spirit into the triangle or where ever the entity in question is coming from and uses smoke to view it; this is akin to scrying but more physical.

**Physical Evocation** - This is a really rare one, if such occurs these days. The conjurer literally summons a spirit to manifest in full form, whether this is a hallucination, hologram or actual physical form of the spirit.

**Group Evocation** - This form of evocation has a small number of magi involved (no more than 3 is the recommendation). In this, one participant is the mouth of the operation in that s/he performs the rituals needed to call the entity in question. Another participant is the eyes in that s/he will view the entity and listen to whatever the entity has to say. The last role of this operation is the person who records what is going on.

**Sexual Evocation** - This form of evocation I don't know much of. It sounds like this is almost akin to having one of the participants being possessed and gaining whatever knowledge is necessary from the entity while feeding it energy from the union. I don't advise this at all personally, especially for a new practitioner.

### **Spirits:**

---

There are multiple types of spirits that hold dominion over anything and everything, from an angel for the circulation of the blood in your body to a devil that moves your bowels. Most spirits control or are under control from a



specific planet or elemental however there is the grey area. I will also note this is my view on the types of spirits; there are various views and opinions depending upon whom you ask.

**Elementals/Elemental Kings** - These are entities of specific manifestations of emotion or manifestations of reality. These compose one of the 5 main elements, or perhaps more. These include: Fire, Earth, Water, Wind (western), Wood (eastern), and Metal (eastern). There really aren't any spirits operating only under "Spirit/Akasha".

**Angels** - These are, more or less, lesser forms of deity. They are aligned to specific spiritual alignments/states. Think of a divine/heavenly federal organization.

**Devils/Demon Kings** - These are lower forms of deity (or undeity?), an inverted angel. Think of an infernal/abyssal mafia.

**Daemons** - These are spiritual entities that have no specific agenda with human's per say. These vary from wandering spirits to Faeries (well, as far as "I'm concerned"), to the Loa of Santeria/Voudoun to lesser divinities or Angels that have dual natures and even ghosts of people (tales of Bloody Mary come to mind.)

### **So what are they?**

---

This is a debate that's held with each and every practitioner of this art. What are they? Are they psychically charged figments that shift reality? Do they exist on planes we cannot understand in our current, physical state? Should we even bother pondering how it works? There are generally 3-4 ways of viewing this:

1. Oh, they're just parts of our brain/figments of our imagination, "It's all in your head and you don't know

how big your head is.” Many Thelemites view it like this. They take the straight scientific approach of “our brain is wired for such”. It’s almost an atheistic view of the occult.

2. Spirits are real, “you know, Orobas really exists in a limbo-like state of...” This is the opposite view of the above. In other words; there are other realms/layers that exist around us and these entities live/reign in them. Faerie witches are hardcore into that belief/idea and sometimes if you get too caught into that belief/idea, reality starts getting distorted.
  3. Well, what if - This is a grey area to those that don’t fit in the prior mindsets or are a mix of the two. This can be a “oh, well, maybe we’re just psychic beacons who can pick up on such things when specific stimulants are applied”, to “well, maybe that’s the only way entities manifest: through specific brain waves and/or frequencies of existence.”
  4. Does it matter how it works? This, in my opinion, is probably the dirtiest view - not to have some wonder or speculation as to why and how such things work or where and what the entities are coming from.
- 

## **SUGGESTED READING**

Aleister Crowley - The Goetia/Lesser Key of Solomon: The title is a bit of a misnomer as it’s only the Goetia and not the entire Legemeton (Lemegeton Clavicula Salomonis, there are 3 other books), arguably the most famous grimoire of all. This deals with the 72 devils that Solomon controlled and bound. This edition is very patchy and somewhat incomplete (and at parts, immature due to Crowley). While there are better books on the Goetia, this is a good basis. Pro-tip: The

*Shemhaphorash* are the 72 angels whose names are derived from Exodus of the Torah.)

Konstianos - Summoning Spirits: This is rather incomplete as well but it gives a good idea on how the systems are done for a beginner.

Frater Palamabron – The Book of Others: A superb overview of the phenomenon of entity work & dealing with other planes; may be difficult to acquire if you're not in the know.

Various editions, 6/7<sup>th</sup> books of Moses: As opposed to negotiating with the entities in the Goetia, this grimoire makes you force the devils involved to do your bidding. In this book contains an infernal hierarchy and the Olympic planetary spirits (from Arbatel) as well. Various editions, The Arbatel of Magic: The basis for the Olympic planetary spirits. As I have yet to really work with them, I will consider them a form of Angel (or perhaps a Daemon) as they are described as such in the grimoire.

***Evoke often.***





# ON THE MODELS OF MAGICK

*Frater E.S. & Xeo Aries Ghost*

“I do not think there is any thrill that can go through the human heart like that felt by the inventor as he sees some creation of the brain unfolding to success... such emotions make a man forget food, sleep, friends, love, everything.”

- *Nikola Tesla*



HERE DOES it all come from? Is the transmittance of viable occult knowledge into the human world to be placed on the altruistic whims of Gods and angels? Might we indulge in religious paranoia and conclude that the magical art, along with its many traditions, is a spiritually corrosive agent sent up from fallen kings on hellish thrones? Are extraterrestrial proctologists from Andromeda to blame for the human apprehension of magick? Has it all been that felonious trickster Yahweh's doing? (The jig is up, Demiurge!) Or is it something deeper and more mysterious than our conceptions of otherworldly dictators from out of space and time? Will the real McGuffin please stand up?

Many of the more prominent definitions of magick utilized today are variations of Aleister Crowley's, which he gives in 'Magick in Theory & Practice', which goes: "Magick is the science and art of causing change to occur in conformity with will." MacGregor Mathers once defined it as: "The science of the control of the secret forces of Nature." Peter Carroll writes on the subject in *Psybermagick*: "Science is the study and engineering of highly probable coincidences, such as the tendency of apples to fall downward when



dropped from trees. Magic is the study and engineering of less probable coincidences, such as the tendency of trees to drop apples when we ask them to.” Isaac Bonewits defines it simply in ‘Real Magic’ as, “...a body of knowledge that, for one reason or another, has not yet been fully investigated or confirmed by the other arts and sciences.”

Other definitions mark attempts at being more specific, such as: “Magick is the belief in and manipulation of naturally occurring subtle energies for the purposes of spiritual evolution and the discovery of our own latent inner powers.” Or, if you prefer a more subjective and psychological variation: “Magick is the purposeful cultivation of specific altered states of consciousness so as to produce anticipated results within an individual’s perception of reality and identity.” Wikipedia’s current definition is as follows: “Magic or sorcery is an attempt to understand, experience, and influence the world using rituals, symbols, actions, gestures and language.” Or, as a colleague of mine is fond of saying: “Magick is getting shit done despite the odds.”

Some rather more skeptical definitions that I am fond of include: “Magick is the purposeful use of pattern seeking, illusion, and controlled psychosis to induce experiences which present themselves as having spiritual or personal significance,” “Magick is the art and science of convincing yourself that magick exists,” “Magick is the imagination at work; no more, no less,” and “Magick is the age-old practice of attributing supernatural qualities to natural phenomenon.” A definition I often employ is simply: “Magick is your birthright.” And this rings true enough for me.

It is said that there are as many definitions of magick as there are individuals who practice it. This is all well and good, as your definition will no doubt emerge from whichever paradigm you currently inhabit and give most credence to. For the skeptic, magick is one way. For the dabbler, it is another. For the magician, it is another still. In many ways, how we define magick mirrors our most intimate beliefs about reality and ourselves. It is one of the most

amorphous and subjective terms in our modern lexicon; changing face, color and form depending on the tilt of your head. Whether this perpetual dance infuriates or enlivens us, it appears that magick is its own magick word. It is a linguistic looking glass by which we may catch a glimpse of the secret workings (and presumptions) of the inner self.

We may note the staggering number of ways in which a person might encounter some general success with magick. Some practitioners feel most comfortable with a more involved process than the mere use of sigils alone. Some practitioners abhor performing rituals of any kind for whatever reason. Some people can't get off as a magician without the use of drugs. Some people can't seem to find the merit in any practice that does not explicitly involve demons, Satan or Lucifer. Some people can't seem to find the merit in any practice that does not explicitly involve angels, faeries, or fucking dragons. Some people are seduced by the idea of and have chased for years a sort of "magick at the thought level", stripped of any symbols, rituals, and so forth. Some people prefer energy and chakra work. Some people can only get magick to wake up during a personal crisis or upheaval. Some people experience it more spontaneously rather than planned. Some people are convinced that magick of any sort is impossible unless one has attained the knowledge and conversation of their Holy Guardian Angel. Some people get the most out of more traditional techniques, such as those demanding the use of many elaborate items, planetary forces, vibrations and callings. Many modern practitioners will use an eclectic combination of several of these. This ultimately suggests that the heart of the magick is not to be found in the tradition, symbol system, or technique itself, but rather within the practitioner who employs them as optional ingredients, roadmaps, or conceptual bridges towards his goals.

All of these preferences and more may be utilized and performed to varying degrees of success or failure, and no doubt with some sample bias and exaggeration attached here and there as is common and expected of your average person.

Due to the inherent subjectivity of these great many pathways, we may easily disregard the notion that any of them are exclusively, or objectively true. Rather, they are all potentially true, though not all of them will end up being a good fit for the subject in question. That which yields success for one may not yield much success for another.

Some of these – most, in fact – invariably end up butting heads with consensus reality, rational thought, the scientific method, and even a good deal of other magicians. When we delve into the frightening psychic domains of those who use imaginary dragon-fox-furries as preternatural aids, well, that's just crazy! Then again, it's all equally nuts due to an equally nutty premise, so let's not split *too* many hairs.

Magick tends towards being indifferent as to what sort of models are used to kick it into action. It doesn't seem to make any judgmental distinction between a truly ancient spiritual icon (such as Ganesha) and something like a Happy Meal toy unless a distinction is purposely made by the magician. As beliefs are also tools in this regard, no matter how outlandish or silly they might appear, and whether lasting or temporary, any number of them may be employed as a medium for magick in one way or another.

Frater U.'.D.'. notes a series of distinct models, or prevalent worldviews in his book 'High Magick.' Rather than being definitive explanations for how magick works, they are presented in the style of an analytical framework showcasing the possibilities of how magick *can* be explained, and worked with through the lens of a particular operating system. This also highlights by default the intriguing (and liberating) notion that magickal results are ultimately entangled with, and relative to the model being used to produce and describe them, and that magick itself is a phenomenon removed from the need of any single concrete system or definition. It appears to resemble – at least in part – a sort of moldable, changeable, dynamic, metamorphic ideasthesia, and aligns itself with the interior configurations of the psyche, whatever they might be. In other words: Magick is what you make it.

As Frater U.'D.' reminds us in his essay, the models are very rarely found in their purest forms, but rather more frequently as blends of several concurrent models. They merely identify the most frequent commonalities inherent to various forms of magickal worldviews. Certain occult circles, such as the DKMU, have since expanded on the original 5 models by adding one at the beginning (the Non-Model) and one at the end (the Creation Model.) We will review them in brief. The practitioner is also encouraged to read U.'D.'s original 'Models of Magic' for an in-depth treatise.

## Ø. THE NON-MODEL

The Non-Model describes the absence of a model, or the absence of any model that can be readily identified. It more serves as a placeholder for the type of archaic worldview that might have existed for prehistoric human tribes, which we may assume as a sort of crude proto-Animism before the development of complex languages, writing systems, esoteric symbol systems, and the compartmentalization of dualistic concepts such as 'physical,' 'spiritual,' 'earthly,' 'divine,' etc.

As countless legends go, we once existed in a state where the entire world was 'magickal' by any modern standards. We could communicate more directly with the plants and animals. There was not a single aspect of existence that was divided from mystery. There were no agreed upon mouth-noises or languages to represent things. There was no distinction made between the spiritual and the physical, or reality and dream; all things flowed in and out of the felt immediate presence of experience. These same legends also speak of a divorcement, or break from the primordial state: a fall into linear history coinciding with the acquisition of knowledge.

This type of prehistoric arrangement may be forever lost for two major reasons. Firstly, our symbols and representations of reality have integrated with mind enough to the extent that they are now on par with and treated as

reality itself, or the ‘real’ things which they are meant to represent. We can no longer deal cards with reality for very long without the use of our representations for it, such as language. Secondly, the loss of such a model may have coincided with evolutionary changes in the human brain.

Although the primordial Non-Model is no longer applicable, we may entertain the notion of modern Non-Models, in whatever form they might emerge, and particularly if they share nothing in common with the other models. Model Zero may thus serve as the “Oddity Box” for these.

## 1. THE SPIRIT MODEL

Spirit Models of various makes were undoubtedly the first fully fledged esoteric worldviews to emerge from prehistory, and they are still quite prevalent today. Spirit Models generally presume the existence of a parallel non-physical world adjacent to or operating alongside the physical world. This may be called the Astral, the Aether, Spiritus Mundi, etc. It is here that the spirits reside: entities capable of influencing people and worldly events, and/or bequeathing knowledge to those who work to contact them. Magick performed via this model usually entails the calling forth (or calling within) of specific entities, becoming acquainted with them, negotiating with them, asking favors, etc. so as to procure a result.

It is worth noting that practically anything may be viewed as being, or having a spirit. One may treat his desires as spirits, and one may ‘create’ a spiritual entity by crafting and empowering a thoughtform, servitor, or egregore, etc.

Examples of Spirit Models:

- Most Forms of Shamanism
- Most World Religions
- Ceremonial Magick
- Any system or technique which incorporates the belief in an otherworld inhabited by spirit beings which may be contacted and interacted with.

## 2. THE ENERGY MODEL

Energy Models utilize the presumed existence of an occult, subtle, fundamental force of change which may be honed, collected, directed, and generally manipulated so as to produce a result. In its pure form, it is said that the magician does not require a belief in spirits or entities as the agents of manifestation, and is rather capable of working directly with the energetic occult forces of reality to accomplish his aims.

Examples of Energy Models:

- Qi (Chinese)
- Prana (Hindu)
- Orenda (Iroquois)
- Orgone (Wilhelm Reich)
- Vril (Bulwer Lytton)
- Any system or technique which incorporates the belief in a fundamental occult energy which may be tapped, collected, and directed by an individual.

## 3. THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MODEL

Psychological Models place the enactment of magick upon the still mysterious mechanisms of the brain-mind-psyche. In many of these models, magick and spirits originate 'in the head', although due to perceptual reality also being a byproduct of the human brain-mind, results which present themselves as influencing the external reality may be treated the same as if 'actually' influencing the world directly. Due to perception being the unavoidable, primary medium for which reality is experienced, everything is essentially occurring subjectively. Via this model, the imprints, programming and many constituents which compose the 'Critical Factor' (the apparent membrane which filters information based on the belief structures of an individual, and separates the conscious from the subconscious mind; Psychic Censor) and one's



model of reality may be edited through various techniques so as to produce concrete alterations in perception and identity.

Examples of Psychological Models:

- Neuro-Linguistic Programming
- Mentalism
- Hypnotherapy
- Ritual Psychodrama
- Any system or technique which directly correlates the enactment of magick and mystical experiences with the subtle mechanisms of the brain-mind-psyche.

#### 4. THE INFORMATION MODEL

Information Models denote a very recent means of exploring the complex association between consciousness and magick via understanding reality as information. In this model, spirits, energies, and consciousness itself are regarded as informational aggregates at the base, perceived and interpreted into various forms by an observer/awareness. Advocates of this model will often incorporate the theories and lingo of certain physical sciences into their magickal practices, particularly Chaos Theory and quantum physics, which posit the bedrock of reality as being one of interplaying probability fields, or in other words: information.

Examples of Information Models:

- Occult-Science Models
- Technomancy & Cyber Magick
- Various Forms of Chaos Magic
- Virtual Realities as Magickal Conduit
- Any system or technique which incorporates or supposes dynamic information fields (whether 'real' or virtual) as a conduit for magickal experiences.

#### 5. THE META-MODEL

The Meta-Model offers a treatise on how to use the other models (including Model 6) and states that any element from

any other system may be coopted for magickal use if it suits the current needs of the magician in question. Eclectic mish-mash systems incorporating various cultural styles and techniques are common for Model-5 practitioners, as well as the practice of 'Paradigm Hopping/Jumping', wherein the magician will adopt for a time and operate within a particular cultural system so as to expand his repertoire of optional viewpoints, which may also include pop-culture elements (Example: Conan the Barbarian regarded as a spiritual entity, or viable archetype) and/or self-derived materials.

Examples of Meta Models and/or Eclecticism:

- Aleister Crowley
- Austin Osman Spare
- Discordianism
- Chaos/Khaos/Kaos/Freestyle Magick
- Any system or technique which openly permits a freely flowing or eclectic combination, or non-commitment to any model in particular, rather treating them all as potential tools within the larger toolbox – *“nothing is true, everything is permitted.”*

## 6. THE CREATION MODEL

“If by "new direction" you mean chaos magic - I don't know where it's going and it's not something which particularly concerns me either. It would be a pity, though, to my mind, if "chaos" became a separate genre within occultism as a whole - I'd prefer to see the "C-word" get dropped off and the useful ideas of chaos magic absorbed into mainstream occultism.”

- *Phil Hine in an Interview*

Creation Models come into play via the development and use of personal/original magickal systems and techniques pulled directly from the self rather than from external materials. Some have also called it Model 5.5, Chaos+, or Post-Chaos

Magic, although these titles are generally regarded as redundant, and the model itself as being differentiated enough to warrant its own attention. If the Model-6 practitioner finds no use for conceptions relating to Chaos, then it simply isn't included. He may still choose to utilize cultural eclecticism as a secondary additive, although referring to it as 'Chaos Magic' at this point would be a misnomer.

By uncovering or creating his own stories and systems the practitioner is said to forge a more intimate link to his/her workings. This may permit a stronger resonance between mage and system free of many inherent dogmatic trappings found within cultural models (unless purposely formed) and the very act of creation becomes magick in itself. The utilization of concepts and ideas which are close to one's heart, or extracted from one's own personal mythologies are said to reinforce the overall effect.

The Model-6 practitioner externalizes and transforms the psyche into Art. Power and creativity are allowed to flow with none of the stipulations associated with utilizing pre-built systems. In addition, this may become an exercise in self-discovery as the practitioner unlocks new and interesting corners of his/her psyche and is driven to define his/her own unique personal universe. This does not imply solitude or isolated 'venues', for weaving your peer's esoteric works in with yours may result in an open-source 'Creative Metaverse', enhancing one another's art and mutual understanding. For users of this model, "Creation is Divine."

Examples of Self-Derived Models:

- Austin Osman Spare's Zos Kia Cultus
- Personalized Forms of Chaos or Freestyle Magic
- The DKMU Egregores, techniques, theory, etc.
- Fotamecus & other popular constructs
- Breath of Oni (by Xeo Aries)
- Any novel system or technique created outright, or derived from the imagination or dream rather than appropriated from an extant cultural source.

Model-6 may be viewed as a return to form just as it may be viewed as the modern edge of the magickal impulse. After all, every major system and technique had to be dreamt up or created by someone (or a group) at one point in time, no? Or perhaps they were channeled from otherworldly entities, or elucidated from an energy model, or a psychological model, or an information model, or a meta-model. Perhaps it's all just chaos in motion, or perhaps chaos simply represents a deeper order of complexity which we are presently unable to grasp. In the end, no single model is better, higher, more effective or more evolved than another. How magick is colloquially defined, and the optional tools which allow it to work are hardly important. The result manifested supersedes the need for an explanation. What matters is that it *works*.

AUTM: IUTW

DTII: HTNF

156 / 663

NNCN

KP







"Given the nature of spiders,  
webs are inevitable. And given the  
nature of human beings, so are  
religions. Spiders can't help  
making fly-traps, and men can't  
help making symbols. That's what the  
human brain is there for - to turn  
the chaos of given experience into  
a set of manageable symbols."

- Aldous Huxley, *Island*

1/2

1/2

1/2

XPIITMR

BRIBI





# PAGE ONE 2004

*Various*

*Post subject: glitter bomb, page 1  
Occultforums.com, 2004*

**Argosm:** So I work at a newspaper in the classifieds. I have discovered that a great many newspapers allow customers to place free personal ads for certain lengths of time.

While I'm sure someone else has thought of this, I wanted to mention it. What if everyone on this forum (or 500 or so folks) were to all place personal ads in their local newspapers? Things like "Magick is Real! Hail Eris!" The one I saw in my own paper that prompted the thought.

Or perhaps "Do what Thou Wilt shall be the whole of the Law." You know, just fill up the papers in this country with fnords & glitter bombs. One could even, if a member of a group, make a competitive ritual out of it. Just to see who can create the most potent ad *and* manage to get it published.

**Baphmetis:** Sounds like fun, but what exactly would you expect to achieve from doing this?

**Tolrn:** You would magically empty your pockets faster. Not that this is without use, many lonely people look through the personals and if you felt like harnessing that gnosis you could probably make a system to use personal ads to 'seed' the population. I'm just saying a 'Loki is a true god and deserves your worship' here and there is just rather pointless and a waste of time and money. Go break something instead.

**Alaudurel:** I'm much fonder of chalking various messages around town; you have the dual advantage of not being hauled in for vandalism and the delightful occult effect that only a sigil in white chalk seems to possess.

I think I've written out the entire Goetia a few times over, depending on what the area was and what I felt served it best. Incidentally, if one can do the personal's scam for \*free\*, then go ahead; it's a small amount of time, not money.

**Kallisti:** A golden-apple-glitterbomb! Only problem is, nobody would understand.

**Draggar:** "Magick is Real!"... Ads like this, popping up all around the world at one time, would surely make a lot of panic and chaos. Also that would make many Christian fools re-consider their position and opinions about some fundamental truths.

**Argosm:** "Seed the population", yeah, more like that. If one had to pay, then yes, money better spent elsewhere, but if it's FREE, then why not? I like the Goetic tagging idea.

To some it might be pointless, but I think that there are some possible reasons for doing it.

1. Confuse and cause others to question.
2. Seed the population.
3. Piss people off.
4. Have fun.
5. Mix things up.

"Mixing it up," perhaps a story would be a better illustration of the idea.

I was at the Burning Man festival earlier this summer, with me I carried a wooden box with a "mix it up" sigil burned into it. I went around and asked people to breathe a wish (for those who didn't seem to believe) or a spell (for

those who did). When I reopened the box for the next person to breathe into it they inadvertently released the previous person's contribution. I'd have to say I used the box on about 50 or so people in one night, spreading all sorts of magick and energy around the event. Maybe it didn't have a point, and maybe no real effect, but it got the "juices" flowing all over the festival, in those people, and in myself.

I think these acts: the box, the chalk tagging, the free ads, they are all little bits of magick released into the world, breaking up the stagnation, making it easier to pull off bigger and more dramatic stunts/spells/evolutions further down the road.

**Alaudurel:** If one follows the train of thought that magic comes from belief and intent, then doing something along this line is perfect. The intent is obvious, as it is an action performed for whatever purpose; and if a layperson sees an ad, sigil, or what have you, they're expending their energy trying to comprehend it. A theory, of course, but an interesting enough one. One wonders what effect this would have if you were to systematically blanket a gridded area, or if one were to trace out the path of ley lines with various bits spaced feet, blocks, or even miles apart.

**Arjil:** I've gotta agree with argosm, the world is all too boring, and acts of this nature increase the collective sense of wonder, which adds loopholes in the fabric of consensual reality thus rendering it more malleable to those who have the knack.

Personally, I'm fond of Random Blair-witchery; weird magick lookin' things subtly left in public places. They don't even have to do anything, just make people wonder. It puts places on their mental world map that read "Here there be Dragons?", and personally I believe that the world needs that ere we all go mad from the stark mundanity of it all.



*“A theory, of course, but an interesting enough one. One wonders what effect this would have if you were to systematically blanket a gridded area, or if one were to trace out the path of ley lines with various bits spaced feet, blocks, or even miles apart.”*

This is a good Idea... I'll give it a shot, chalk sigils interspersed in a specific area downtown...hmm; I wonder what sort of noticeable effect I should go for- just so it'll be obvious that it's working. Any suggestions?

**LadyHydralisk:** I've done random chalking before. Sure beats random violence. Chalk is so cheap, there's no excuse for me not to be doing that every time I go out! I'll join your campaign!

**Molikroth:** Hmmm... You know, I like this a lot. I think I'll join your campaign as well, might make my city just a little bit more interesting to live in. Besides, there are places here that are just BEGGING to be used as a surface for sigils... I remember a nice little spot down town that would be perfect to write "Long Live the Wizards" and maybe follow it up with a few bind-runes. This could prove rather fun.

**Sylphofthemicrocosm:** Wait a second... are we actually discussing the politics of a glitter bomb here? Boy, that sounds swell, maybe we should do it, if we want, whenever we get the inclination to do so. I considered planning at once, but this is how they who seek order attempt to plan and ritualize. Like the government, mass killings and all other horrible things which particular conspiracy theorists may suggest are scheduled, as ritualistic acts, perhaps.

People can fall into the trap of acting upon public ritual symbolism. For instance, every year, lovers freak out about their romantic life on Valentine's Day, and parents stress out over their bills around Christmas. For me, turkey day is almost a dead-ringer for an excuse for my grandparents

to herd my family around the dinner table. While I imagine and believe that the forces of light can or will to make the best out of any symbolism or circumstance, I feel it is very possibly a way for humanity to be manipulated, as it may be, by "them" or however you choose to see it.

This may be almost another topic; however, I thought it might be worth noting. Personally, I can recall about two fourth of Julys ago, when I decided I wanted to gain my independence... looking back upon it, I feel as if I fell into a trap, one which was so widespread, yet I cashed in on it, or tried to. And, so I ended up expressing myself by engaging my father over a personal issue in which he had stolen my keys -and, there we go! The rest is history, a history I don't necessarily enjoy reflecting upon, where I spent the rest of the summer in a mental institution... although, it really wasn't all too bad. And to address the question of the "function" of a glitter bomb? Fnord is the word.

To Kallisti: I love you like a Swedish nurse, however I thought I might comment upon what you had brought up. The only problem is that no one would understand? Isn't that more like the only reason for someone to make a glitter bomb?

And Alaudurel made me think of a great idea, one in which, although I'm so naturally impressed by the magnitude of wonderment in which my own thought provokes, and may better think to keep it to myself, I might decide share it with everyone we could do a global or national sigil, going back to planned creative thought. Placing a public ad in the paper, or perhaps parts to a larger phrase, in each corner of our world. For instance, we could agree upon a sign which would work, and then attribute a point or even points along a line to each person's location. If you ask how do we fit in people who aren't along the lines of a sigil? Then the answer is using these folk to create a preliminary glitter fluffing, and a post-sigil diffuser effect.

This is how "evil" people use their magick, anyways... they add conscious information to masses, which is then committed subconsciously, and can be oriented to achieve a goal. It's how advertisers work, TV, but I think it goes beyond this, as well, perhaps.

So, whatever, but wouldn't it be nice if we could use something similar for the purpose of good? Or, I question now, after saying it, is it possible to use a similar technique, if that's what it is, in order to achieve something lovely? As long as it's not back-handed, I'd guess so...perhaps, well I guess maybe it will be known...please let me know what you think, or if it's not such a grand idea to you. Or not, too... with the love and the fury and the chaos of the Lord...

**Doh:** It sounds to me like Chaos's version of a flash mob. Some little part of me is thinking this is so freaky genius.

*Editor's Note: Although many of the earlier pages from the Glitterbomb thread have been lost, this one was recovered from Internet Archives. A good portion of the later pages may be found in the PDF document: 'Ellis: The Assault on Reality.'*







THIS IS REAL

HIGH BLOOD  
MEDICINE  
ROOTS

ALL ARE THE  
SAME TO BE  
CALLED

THIS IS A  
DISASTER



# I FEEL THE SUNSHINE

*Silenced*



DEAR ELLIS, or should I call you LS? Or Eris? Discordia? Loki? Coyote? I don't know anymore.

It has been so long since I cared to see your face. More that I was content to know that you were out there, somewhere in the deep, somewhere in the now. Beyond what pittance of awareness I could muster.

This is how people feel when they are in the presence of real power. They know that they don't know shit, and that fact scares them, inspires them, infuses them with a terrible certainty and determination to ride shotgun on the long hard road to who-knows-where. It makes them defiant, too.

I have been so long from you. Wrapped in the pleasantly smothering embrace of family and career. It strikes me as something of import that I implicitly want to keep you from my children. I wonder often why that is.

I wonder.



Is it perhaps that they are being raised magical? Perhaps as such they have little need of you. At least for now. It should be said that I am afraid of you. Yes, my love, there is fear in me at what your intimate presence in our lives would do to my children. That is part of your allure, your promise, and your price. I paid it happily for a long time, and now I am reluctant to do so again.

I know what you cost.

I miss you, and though we dance on occasion, I accept that such dalliance is too few and far between to overly affect the LS web, as these days I only fight the battles that find me.

Why is it MY job to concern myself with everyone else? Or the world? Or reality? Or anything?

It is a silly and petulant question to ask of course, and that too I understand. Destiny is everything and nothing. Time gives no shit about fate, nor does fate concern itself with time. Now is now.

What is the point of what we are doing? Ha! As if I even comprehended the extent to which we all move and ripple through reality. We have started something, and have no idea where it is going or what we will reap from it.

Is everyone capable of a higher understanding? Does it matter? Won't our baser selves win out using the weapons of greed, avarice, and excess? Who cares about sacred mountains when we can have cellphones and fossil fuels?

My own culture has been found lacking, as it has for every human who has walked with heavy medicine. My world, from the Stone Age to the Information Age rewards the selfish organisms, so we push against this seemingly natural law, and at the end of the day isn't every act of LS magick a sublime union of survival and community in the face of such horror?

Yes, of course it is.

This is why you are important. Give it long enough and you'll be a god simply because nobody will remember that we invented you.

Paper-thin people and the paper-thin walls they build around themselves, that is our world. I have to respect it because that is how human beings have always crafted Consensual Reality. It is in our nature to seek comfort and to hoard in excess. We are selfish creatures, and we build cultures, economies, and belief systems to support this kind of behavior.

The marauders are the freaks, and maybe in a different time or culture we would be the shamans of our people, unless no matter where you stick us we end up the sorcerers on the fringe.

We want more for the world than a ceaseless back and forth of resources and control over others. We just want to be free, don't we? And because of how the world is, we seem to think that setting those who control us free is the path to take?

Isn't that what we are doing?

We imagine ourselves waking up the Sleepers. We see ourselves as the bringers of wonder and terror to the huddled masses of soulless suits and soccer moms, don't we?

Be honest.

When we tag the LS and use the sigil we are imagining a cavalcade of stereotypes who will be affected by our power, and by increments we seek to change the world.

Problem is, the world is the world. People are shitty to each other, and no matter how much magick we throw at the problem we are still human beings. Deep down we know we can't win.

My point is that this isn't about winning. It's about fighting. It's about stepping up.

Without people like us the human race becomes a depressing tragedy of inequality and atrocity. We need shamans, healers, and sacred clowns so that there is an equilibrium with the aristocrats, oligarchs, and tyrants.

It all comes back to that, and goddammit, I am so tired.

I am bloody and beaten and broken.

But there are people around me to pick me up. People who lift me out of the mud and put the fire back into my hands. This isn't about you and me, Ellis, and I see that now.

Survival and Community.

Magick is Real.

Let's fucking do this.





KILL YOUR T.V. !!!



EVAL+  
YOUR  
NEW  
GOD

# THE MYSTERY REVEALED

SAR\_L (5°)+( <|+|>)



'LL ADMIT it: the idea at the time was enticing, poke the universe, and report what happened. It seemed easy enough. I was instantly sucked into the idea of magic as an active process instead of a stuffy, religious ritual; I signed up, mostly just to see what (if anything) would come of it.

Creation becomes creator. That's the allure of the magician. That's what every occultist strives for. To know, to dare, to master the secrets of the universe, and bend them to one's will. It's bullshit. Fucking hubris. The universe doesn't give a rat's ass about your will. Magic isn't old books and incantations, it's THE manifest change. Which is done not by your will, but by Will itself. and the gods help you if you are standing in the way.

Let me try to put it simply, chaos = change. And it never ends. Thinking that one change, no matter how profound, is going to be all there is, is ignorance. Everything is always changing, always becoming or unbecoming. Order becomes destruction; destruction becomes order, etc., infinitely. Thinking you can control it is insanity. Chaos is. Chaos Does. Chaos provides, and Chaos destroys. It's not



cute. It's not cutting edge, and it's not a fashion trend. It's been around longer than you were dust in the creator's nut sack. Kaos will fuck you up. That's what it does. Living with Kaos is like having a severe case of universal ADHD. Reality consistently switching gears; philosophy, religion, science, and art, all flipping channels, all at once. And if you're really lucky, you will get static, which is where the shit really starts to hit the fan.

Once you hear the humming/buzzing/static behind reality... you're fucked. Your only choice at that point is to grab the 'oh shit' handle, and try to enjoy the ride... because congrats, you idiot. You have finally reached the initiation stage. I hope you brought along a trip-buddy, because you're going to fucking need one.

I fucked up years ago, thinking that somehow I was immune to the effects of the DKMU's experimentation in Kaos, because I wasn't directly doing any "magic" with the group, I was just playing around with The Chaote philosophy and talking with cool people on an even cooler internet forum. Seems pretty safe right? I did ask for reports of others' experience. I did ask for copies of the books. But I want to make this crystal clear... I did not ask to get my ass slammed on the floor catatonic for 4 fucking hours of existential psychedelic hellfire spewing out my pineal gland.

I was just reading one of the books published by the DKMU. Let me repeat that. I WAS JUST READING ONE OF THE BOOKS. Never touched an invocation, didn't use the sigils, I was just fucking reading a book. And that's all it took to drag me down the 156 rabbit hole silently screaming.

Kaos doesn't give two shits about your will, or your rules, your beliefs or your experience. I wasn't the only one dick-punched by the LS current. And I'm sure I won't be the last. But unlike my flowery worded predecessors, I felt compelled to tell of the experience as straightforwardly as possible. So here goes...

When the LS came for me, I was not given a choice. There were no breaks. No pauses, nothing but the ever-

flowing current. I was literally swept away, from my home, my work, my friends, and my entire existence as I knew it. Everything around me fell apart as fast as I could rebuild it, for years. They warn you about looking into the abyss. They don't tell you it's because you can fall in. That's the thing about seeing the inside of reality. It's not dark, it's not even scary, it's bright, so bright that it burns. It burns everything. In that moment when the current took me, I was seared to ashes. It literally felt like my body was being burned alive. The sky opened up, and became the floor. And all of it dissolved. There was no longer a difference to detect. Nothing was solid. There was only a vague memory of what I remembered as my apartment floor, which was now on the ceiling. I could no longer think, I could no longer move, all I had left, was my reality being torn apart and replaced with the phrase... I KNOW.

I watched reality fold and unfold for 7 days. I was not on any substances. I had not done any rituals. I was simply adrift. I know now that I had indeed asked for it, just not quite literally. To my knowledge at the time I only had a tacit desire to see how it all worked. I wasn't even aware of the question screaming out my subconscious... like most seekers, I had no idea what I was looking for, or of what I might find. Maybe I was insane, maybe it was stress, maybe it was a bit of bad beef. The origins or the meaning of it all ceased to be important. Nothing could even come close, It all melted away into dancing patterns.

I did what i had trained to do. Document everything. At least, I tried. INO... <|+|>

It was all I could think about for days. Everything else was sound and light. It wasn't a becoming. It was a violent undoing. and so when I started to write, It was the mystery itself, demanding to be unfolded. None of it translates well. I did the best i could, given my impaired state of being, adding in some failsafe measures for the protection of the masses. It didn't do a damn bit of difference. INO got out. And through

my abysmal attempts to explain the experience, was recorded by history as a DKMU godform.

(I still regret my obfuscation of the truth. INO is not a god, nor a being. I don't know what the fuck it is. I still don't to this day, but i do know that to apply such labels to it is beyond ignorant and only barely scratches the surface.)

To call INO a God, would be like giving a name to a wave of light and building a temple to it. It was foolish of me to think I could stop the spread of her influence. No obfuscation of information or sigils could change this now public discovery.

I tried.

You can't stop the signal.

INO is now a part of DKMU history, and an active part of will workers practices all over the world. So it goes... <|+|> Chaos is not something to go into lightly. I thought I understood the risks, I had been an avid practitioner, studied multiple systems, and had over 10 years of field experience.

Nothing prepared me for dealing with INO. Nothing. Reality doesn't give a damn about your paradigm. It just operates, nonstop like a goddamn machine. Same with Magic.

Magic is real, like gravity is real, and hurts just as much. If you hit it hard enough, it can even kill you. Thankfully... most of the time, folks just go a bit crazysauce, and if you're stuck in the middle it's hard to tell a madman from a mystic. but they are both fucking dangerous.

And so are you.

And so is everything else.

Welcome to the world of form.

Your consequences will be your own, but they will not be your choice.

You still want to know what the mystery is? The great wisdom i received from the whole experience?

Try not to laugh...

The occult... doesn't exist.....

Nothing is hidden.

There are no insights, secrets, or magic shortcuts.

You are alone.  
Your survival is based solely upon how much control  
you are willing to lose.  
However... since you are going this way regardless...  
I do have one Thing left to say to you...  
Learn to float, or get out of the fucking river.  
Welcome to the other side of the rabbit hole.  
There's only one direction to go now, Alice.  
...IN.

<|×|>  
- Sar\_L (5°)

... MAGICK IS REAL ...

Not in the manner we thought necessarily.

BUT real nonetheless.

Do YOU want on board?

FEEL like something is ALWAYS wrong?

YOU

can change that..

It's not about Dungeons + Dragons.. Fireballs and wizards..

It IS about Pushing Probability to MANIFEST what you want.



ABOUT Altered States, Astral Planes and OTHER Intelligences..

DONT blame your Family.. They Just didn't know... But the books LIED. SOCIETY LIES.

CONSENSUS REALITY is just that.. A Consensus..

WANT ON BOARD? .. THEN BURN this Stick of Incense.. watching the SMOKE ALL THE WHILE. DO NOT WALK AWAY. Keep the signs above tucked away.. YOUR work HAS Begun... NOW! KEEP Looking WE are out there.

EVEN IF you Don't buy any of this...

YOU'RE FEELING DIFFERENT NOW,

AREN'T YOU?







# THE DKMU EGREGORES

*Frater E.S.*



THESE CONSTRUCTS have been regarded as masks atop a series of archetypes, mnemonic aggregates given a mouth with which to speak, psychological tools for enhanced meta-programming, or imagined as non-physical presences with their own unique attributes and personalities, depending on the preferred style of the practitioner. Some call them Godforms, some call them Eggregores, some call them Archetypes, and others call them examples of Model 6 ‘designer divinity.’ They have been cited as being representative of the ultimate relativism of ‘proper’ cultural belief systems versus self-created ones. Their secret thesis is as such: “There is no inherent power to any symbol or paradigm but for the power granted to it by an individual or group. Grant us with such power, and we shall come alive.”

The DKMU entities emerged by means of a seemingly random series of events and/or discoveries had by ritual or technique, etc. held between various practitioners over several years. They are said to be emanations of the 156/663 current, or by any other title (or none at all), the current that began with the Linking Sigil and then expanded by the Chelsea Working in 2007, and empowered for over a decade by all subsequent operations.

Agents of initiation they may be, exercising their particular signatures through various channels of creative approach. Whatever the case, these constructs may serve as post-modern representations of processes more difficult to describe within ordinary languages, or semiotic antidotes for particular long-held beliefs or mental complexes which would not have had any discernible effect if they were not externalized to such a degree as to be called egregores, or spirits with their own distinct personas. It does appear that if they are not but in part treated as external entities in their own right, they feel no dire need to approach.

The practitioner should note that the example callings illustrated here are merely that: examples. They are but preliminary callings presented in order to strike up a cognitive relationship with such entities, and by no means represent any semblance of a complete ritual or ceremony. They may be expanded upon, or redesigned to serve as personal callings. They are meant to be lengthened, discarded, or to only give one an idea of the sort of linguistic elements often used in encouraging 'entities' to arrive within magickal space. The same goes with the symbolic items, and materials. They all denote a simple framework, and are wanting for alteration.

## THE BIG WHEEL

Several variations of the 'Big Wheel' exist; all of them illustrate the DKMU egregores, and usually in order of their chronological emergence, beginning with Ellis. A symbol representing Khaos is often included in the center of the Big Wheel, pointing to the mythological conception that everything, including the Universe, the Gods, and human consciousness once emerged from Khaos (or Xaos). Some variations include numerous other symbols, attributions, etc. Due to the archetypes being created or discovered haphazardly over the course of several years, looking at them in this fashion points to some curious synchronicities (one

being the Red Queen, Ellis, landing opposite the Red King by happenstance) which has in turn led to some theories regarding what it is we might actually be looking at.

One theory posits the Big Wheel as a modern shamanic-alchemical map of the psyche, and the archetypes themselves as teachers or guides concerning various lessons, insights, powers, or states of consciousness. Some have said that the first five archetypes represent a particular initiatory process, whereas the other opposite five represent the fulfillment of said process, and perhaps the start of another process. In this style, the mirror works going directly across:

Ellis → Red King

Example: Magickal connection & reality as a dream.

663 → White Queen

Example: Death/rebirth & mastery over attachment.

Ino → Conjunctio

Example: The mystery & acceptance of the mystery.

Trigag → Black Queen

Example: The shadow self & mastery of the unseen.

Zalty → White King

Example: Fulfillment & mastery of the visible/the world.

Another style of viewing these uses the left & right sides as a mirror instead of going directly across (aside from Ellis and the Red King):

Ellis → Red King

Example: Magickal connection & reality as a dream.

663 → White King

Example: Death/rebirth & the master of the visible.

Ino → Black Queen

Example: The mystery & the mistress of the invisible.

Trigag → Coniunctio

Example: Dissolving of things & combination of things.

Zalty → White Queen

Example: Meeting with desire & mastery over desire.

Another theory posits the Big Wheel as a ‘Magickal Initiation Machine’ wherein the practitioner works with each archetype in the chronological order in which they emerged, in the style of a marathon of evocations/invocations. More often than not, however, a specific egregore is worked with whenever one feels the calling or need. A variation of the Big Wheel is seen below, crafted by Nicholas Yeats, using runes to symbolize finer details.



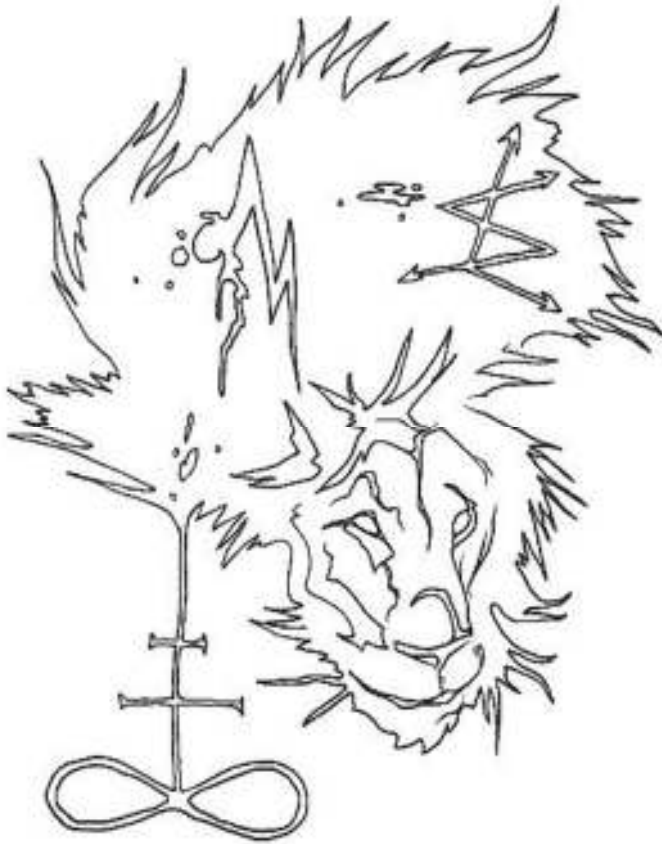


Some prefer to use an Octogram to symbolize the first eight, with Enu & Nul (the Black Queen & White King) imbedded as hidden aspects of Conjunctio. The Nameless Sigil is held in the center of this variation. The mirrored archetypes in this model are (directly across):

Ellis → Zalty (Connection & Fulfillment)  
663 → Red King (Initiation & the Dreamer)  
Ino → White Queen (Mystery & Pathway)  
Trigag → Conjunctio (Dissolution & Combination)

Likewise, some prefer to use a simple pentagram formation with only the first five (Ellis, 663, Ino, Trigag, and Zalty) included. This wholly depends on the user.





One may desire to combine certain archetypes in a pictorial form so as to create new and interesting connections, often used for more specific workings. The graphic above represents a union of Ellis, Doombringer, and the Red King. This may also be performed using historical Godforms/spirits, and even modern fictional characters. Example: Zalty, Ganesha, and Met Agwe, or Trigag, Mickey Mouse, Lakshmi, Aphrodite, the Green Lantern and Cthulhu! What an awkward abomination that would be, though what a curious psychic effect it might have if invoked, etc.

## FUTURE EGREGORES

There is no reason for the creation of DKMU egregores to stop with these ten. Although placing any more in the first Big Wheel may prove cumbersome and unnecessary, a Second Cycle, and a Second Wheel, might be generated by the collective sometime in the future. Perhaps there will be multiple schemas dealing with various conceptual areas of magickal exploration. Perhaps there will be schemas dealing with specific aspects (component entities) of various egregores. Along with these, we'll always have the classics. Just as well, externalizing your own personal pantheon in this style might certainly prove to be a beneficial experiment.

## SIGIL VARIATIONS

Some practitioners have been known to create their own variations of the entity sigils. These are often simplified to a degree, or suited to the personal aesthetic of the practitioner. Whatever the variation, the sigil often preserves some key elements inherent to the original so as to maintain core symbolism. Several examples of these variations follow.

### *Linking Sigil Variations –*

The most popular variations of the Linking Sigil also serve a utilitarian purpose. Some practitioners will not include the dot towards the left, or will not include the four arrow tips, or both. It has been said that leaving out the dot signals one's intent to work with the LS Web, and/or the rune itself, without necessarily working with Ellis 'the entity.' Leaving out the four arrow points is said to remove – or soften – the sigil's outward energetic spread, and is preferred by those who do not intend their workings to affect anything or anyone but themselves, or their own personal operations.



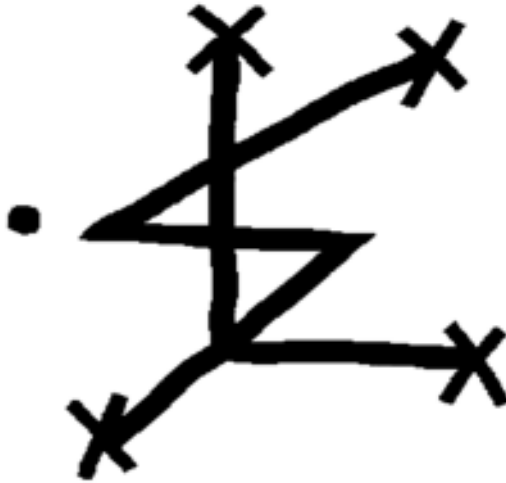
*Variations 1 & 2*

The third variation type also demonstrates a commonplace technique. The practitioner weaves his or her personal sigils of intent directly into the LS as both a charging mechanism, a mode of influencing the greater network, and/or as a means of energetic filtering.



*An Example of Variation 3*

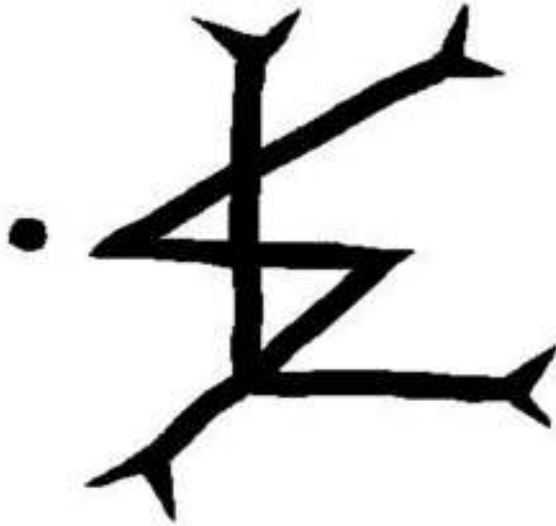
The next set of variations are specialized, or tactical Linking Sigils used for more precise intentions. Frater E.S. gives them in the first edition of *Liber Sigillum* (2012.)



*Sigillum Iunctio Infitialis (Linking Sigil of Negation)*

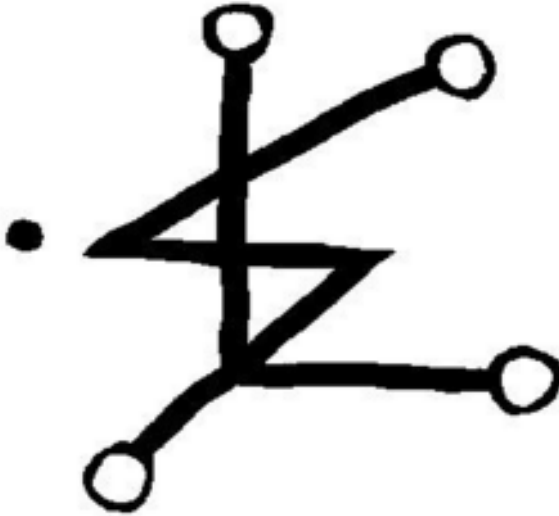
Here is a personal variation of the LS used in workings which entail the need for the immediate cessation, cancellation, containment, banishment or blocking of a particular ‘energy.’

It should be noted that with the contemporary LS, where the four arrows are pointed outwards, this denotes a pushing-forwards of the sigil's influence out into the world, whereas the sigil with arrows reversed denotes a pulling-inwards, or an attraction and thereby consumption of a particular energy by the sigil. An example of how one might use the pulling-inwards variation of the LS in league with a personal sigil would be to attach the PI-LS to the upper left-hand corner of one's sigil and place them both in a particular location where the intent would be to "suck up" all of that associated energy. Say, if the practitioner intends to empower a servitor meant to increase one's sexual energies, the sigil pair would be inscribed, hidden or not, in an area where those energies are rampant; red light districts, sex shop, or a club where sexual activity is the norm and frequently indulged in.



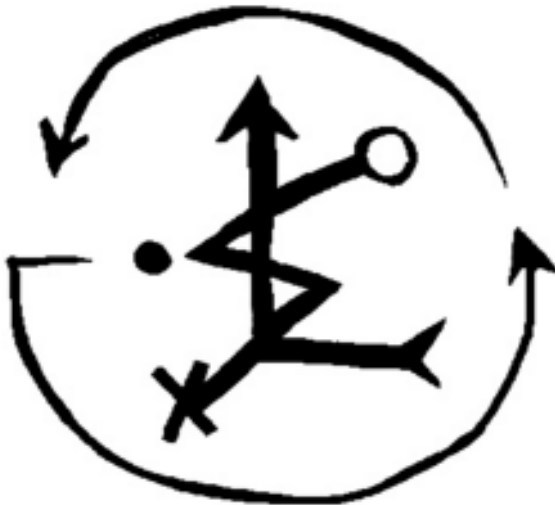
*Sigillum Iunctio Attrahendi (Linking Sigil of Attraction)*

This variation (PI-LS) is described on the previous page.



*Sigillum Iunctio Mutatio (Linking Sigil of Transformation)*

I have used this variation when the transformation of a particular form of energy into a different form of energy is immediately required. It takes a little time to ‘digest’ the target energy before the output of the desired form is made evident, although results may be detected within a few hours. I would also like to note what exactly I mean by ‘energy’, which is an incredibly amorphous and subjective thing when it comes to practical magick. I use it more as a convenient placeholder for a number of interconnected sensations: varying moods, physical and/or mental states such as lethargy, stimulation, depression, elation, paranoia, inspiration, etc. and so on – any and all self-evident states of being, including any seemingly external ‘vibes’ picked up or sensed from the environment.



*The Smart Glitterbomb (Needn't include revolving arrows)*

The Linking Sigil may also be made into a hybrid of these aspects, for those occasions when the practitioner might have a more complicated esoteric matter to attend to. The Smart Glitterbomb may be composed of up to 4 synchronous operations which may either be triggered off in a step-by-step manner or a simultaneous process, although I often prefer a



step-by-step, rinse & repeat method. In a counter-clockwise manner (one may also utilize a clockwise pattern) beginning at the dot, the SGB example has been programmed to:

- 1) Stun & freeze the current energy process taking place in the area.

(Think of a tranquilizer dart.)

- 2) Suck in the energy from the area.

(Think of a vampire bat.)

- 3) Process & transform the energy from the area.

(I alone know what kind of energy I want it turned into)

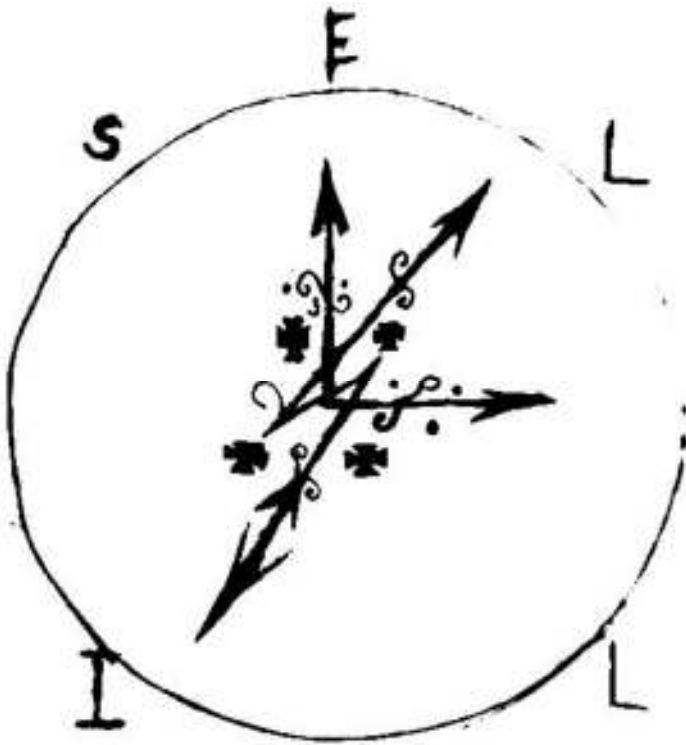
- 4) Generate & push that energy out into the area.

(Think of a virus.)

- 5) Repeat.

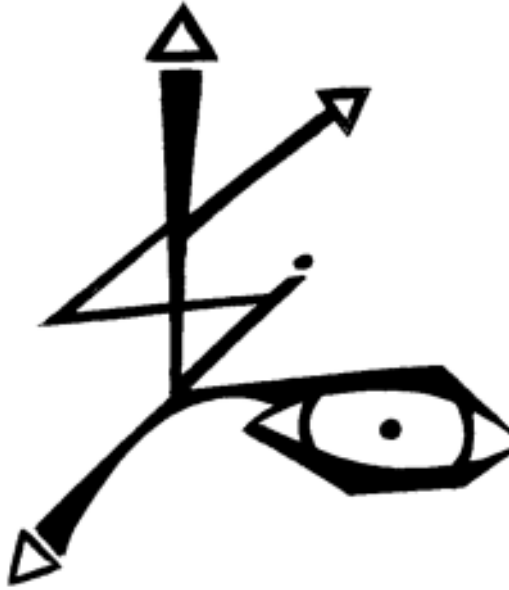
Of course, I would like my SGB to be doing this for a long, good while in that particular area. The SGB is not meant to be a readily disposable glitterbomb like many 'casual' LS tags; as easily found as washed away. Towards this end, the practitioner may be highly creative in his or her placement & application of this method.

*Other Linking Sigil Variations –*



*The Goetic Ellis*

The Goetic Ellis has since been used in a traditional ceremonial context only once, with a reported "hard time of it" during the aftermath as described by the practitioner in question. The sigil is said to have been received from Ellis directly via Frater Drakonach, although other ceremonialist details such as the associated metal, planetary sign, incense and so forth have not yet been expounded on. This is perhaps in part the reason for such difficulties as mentioned above when attempting to use the sigil in a strictly Goetic context. Not yet recommended for intensive use, although experimentation and the keeping of a record is encouraged.



*The Oni Ellis*

This variation was designed by Xeo Aries Ghost, also used in his own Model 6 (self-created/self-derived) magickal system: a collection of constructs called *the Oni*.

What follows is a thorough examination of the egregores. First presented in the first edition of *Liber Sigillum*, it has been expanded to include details on the last three egregores, as well as additions on Khaos & Nameless.

As to the magickal style that is used when working with these, it is entirely a matter of preference. Some treat them much like you would the Vodoun Lwa, and the following descriptions take this into account when regarding an altar, and symbolic items, etc. The ritual style used as example denotes the simple starting point of an altar, items and offerings, and a prime symbol. I recommend that you build complexity upon it, or switch between magickal styles depending on the operation, or whichever suits you. Those who travel often have been known to create makeshift working spaces in the blink of an eye, sometimes out of nearby sticks, stones, modern refuge, etc. This would likely work just as well as something more calculated and fancy, if the intent is there! One style is not inherently better than another, though it might be better suited for you.

Just as frequently, these entities have been used together alongside more historical ones. Some notes concerning ‘related archetypes’ are included.

Two more sections were also included for each, entitled ‘Tarot Symbolism’ and ‘Special Notes.’ The first is self-explanatory. ‘Special Notes’ describes any potential dangers, or final considerations. Such dangers are often the product of the practitioner who does the work, as they certainly wouldn’t apply to everyone. However, particular combinations of drugs, magick, ritual magick, and the sheer want to experience strange occurrences may, and no doubt will present strange results. **We do not condone, nor recommend the use of illegal drugs, nor do we condone physical harm enacted upon oneself, others, or animals.** Personal responsibility resides with the individual. Be smart!

# E L L I S



HE RED QUEEN APPROACHES AS a quick and confident madness. Diligent, obscure, she spins the webs of discord between the cracks of an otherwise dull and unassuming monolith: the consensual reality. She appears to the uninitiated as brief doorways of chalk or spray-paint upon street walls and corridors; a series of shamanic breadcrumbs, or runic white rabbits which chart the way towards an unspeakable Wonderland. Of this location beyond the veil, she is the bridge and tunnel, reality-crack, world-connector, psychic lighthouse, Mad Queen upon the border – the dweller on the threshold of the Wild. All that which the LS marks is a node, and each node contains a reflection of every other node. The Red Queen tends to and manipulates these portions of the widening web, and for those she favors, may engineer stark coincidences or serendipitous events, though usually not without gaining a little something in return, even if naught but her own delight in the conjuration of some *healthy mischief*.

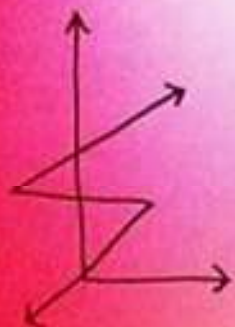
Ellis is the creation and focal point of they who call themselves *the Marauder Underground*; a niche group of Chaotes who utilize Ellis as the guidestone of their work, and the Linking Sigil which houses and represents her as the foremost glyph in their self-styled operations. Some, who refer to themselves as *Fleshcrafted*, have gone so far as to permanently mark the Linking Sigil upon themselves, usually in the form of a tattoo or otherwise so as to act as a perpetual node within the Ellis Web. The concept behind the LS sigil was first proposed by Silenced, and furthered by all those who contributed. The Linking Sigil was designed by Arjil.



Figure 1: The Ellis / Linking Sigil







W  
You are not afraid to  
O the truth, but it is a matter of  
But to the point of reality, what are the things

W  
You that I have thought of  
But it is not clear to the eye  
The way you are going to move  
4 4 4

W  
The way you are going to move  
The way you are going to move

















*An Example Calling to Ellis*

\* \* \* \* \*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Linking Sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A red candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth

O Red Dweller, She who is nowhere found

But for the place of meeting which has been arranged.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I have arranged it

And bid you welcome into this place

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Linking Sigil)

(Using his pointer finger or Athame, he draws the LS in the  
air overtop)

“The gate is open! And upon this mark, I unite the worlds.”

(A final chime is struck)

\* \* \* \* \*

**Other Names:** The Red Queen, the Connection.

**Related Archetypes:**

Eris	Grandmother Spider
Papa Legba	Babalon
Coyote	Hecate
Teotihuacan	

**Function:** The Linking Sigil, connectivity and connection, feedback, similitude, marked or tagged sigils upon various physical locations make up the Ellisian Web, or Network, a field of interconnected points of locational energy, the marking or tagging of the sigil usually placed upon locations of interest such as historical sites, haunted locations, etc. Often used as a ‘power source’ by Chaos/Khaos/M6 magicians and as a means to charge personal sigils via their connection to the web, or as a means to synchronize and connect magickal works over great distances.

**Appears in Dreams or Visions as:** A young, middle-aged or older Caucasian woman with red hair, and red, black, and/or dark green clothing. Her demeanor often depicts a Victorian Era etiquette which may be comforting, challenging, playful, tempestuous, flirtatious, or working to reveal something to the practitioner. There are a number of stories relating to the unpredictability of Ellis within a magickal context; smashed fingers and other ‘accidents’ may or may not occur.

**Number Symbolism:** Associations include 5 (as points on the sigil), 333 (no relation to Choronzon), or 3:00 AM (the witching hour) and 8 (as legs on the spider.)

**Tarot Symbolism:** Some have said the High Priestess, the Empress, or Temperance (the mixing of worlds.)

**Associated Materials:** Dried damiana burned as incense has sometimes been used, sometimes dried and burned *Datura* or *Brugmansia*. Some have used red rose petals.

**Other Symbolism:** Animal symbolism being the spider, particularly the black widow, also the colors red and/or black, sometimes dark green. When working with Ellis, take note of the appearance of a spider, and be sure not to harm it.

**Alice in Wonderland Symbolism:** The Red Queen. Note that the Red Queen is not the Queen of Hearts.

**Suggestions:** The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele, or other such medium above or upon the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. The LS should be made with a vibrant or blood-red medium, and either with swirling patterns of chaotic colors or deep blackness surrounding. Other elements such as glitter or broken glass may be added to the paintwork. Altar items may be red or crimson, and placed in sets of three, five or eight. Arachnid imagery should be considered, and a chalice of red wine or sangria has worked well for some as a formal sacrament preceding any callings.

**Special Notes:** The fetish incident should be mentioned. A full account is found in *Liber Sigillum*. A statue of the Virgin Mary was found on the side of the road, then painted to become an Ellis statue. The painter/practitioner was a middle-aged Caucasian redhead. Trouble began after a working wherein she took a bath with added rose petals, afterwards marking the skin above the genitals using heat induced scarification to form the sigil. Symptoms of outright possession soon manifested, exacerbated by the use of alcohol. During these episodes, one pupil (the left?) became markedly larger than the other, signaling the entity. This culminated in another practitioner magickally battling the entity, breaking the statue, and ultimately ending the possession. Was this invasive entity Ellis, a psychological demon triggered by the technique, or something picked up from the statue itself?

  
**h**

E SITS ATOP THE BLACK ZIGGURAT IN A deep and patient meditation. The structure is stained with ash and soot, though he remains unshaken. He is seen surrounded by inebriating smoke, jungle, and the waste of archaic monuments long since fallen; the opera of creation and destruction surrounding him is continual and unending.

663 does not come to the practitioner; he is arrived at. Angles warp and contort within his space; a sacred ground perhaps imbedded within the primal remembrances of the human psyche. This is the jungle of initiation; the ground whereupon the ancestors met with their ancestors – the integration of a chain spiraling back for ages. In this way, he is also the proto-shamanic archetype, the first to be destroyed and re-assembled with the addition of the magic stone. Just as well, such is the initiation he is appointed to give unto his guests: destroy, and rebuild.

The creation of 663 can be attributed to Frater Sheosyrath, a founding member of the Domus Kaotica. 663 is most often used only in times of great duress or lengthy works of a more specialized and individual nature, such as invoking permanent self-changes or varying types of initiation. He is comprable to a psychopomp. Those who he takes interest in are sometimes pulled towards his location during dream or trance, which usually entails the revealing of some pertinent information of one kind or another. During these episodes, he is almost always with a catty grin.



Figure 2: The Sigil of 663 / the Doombringer





D  
663 7.0  
663  
663  
663







*An Example Calling to 663*

\* \* \* \* \*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The 663 sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A black or white candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and allow my trespass

O Ancient Absurdity, He who initiates the seeking  
For I am a seeker, and ask of you the Knowledge.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I am humble and willing

And tread without fear into your hallowed domain  
The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the 663 sigil)

(He drinks a sacrament from the chalice, or inhales it from a pipe)

“The gate is open! Neer-may Co-mooh Rem-got Bed!”

(A final chime is struck)

**Other Names:** The Doombringer, the Grey Lion (also sometimes white or black), Old One-Eye, the Ancient Absurdity, the Pot-Smoking Beast, the Initiation.

**Related Archetypes:**

Marduk (Sumerian)

Shiva (Hindu)

Kali (Hindu)

Papa Samedi (Vodoun)

Ogou (Voudon)

Chaos (as the Beast; Thelemic)

**Function:** Utilized as the gatekeeper to worlds or ‘angles’ in reality, the Doombringer is also sometimes seen as a tribal mask upon the face of Khaos, albeit having a specific ‘vibe’ and functionality unique to himself. Also to initiate a "shamanic death scenario", entailing the experience of being destroyed & put back together again, with the addition of something new. In shamanic traditions, this ‘something new’ was the magical bone or stone. Experiences of initiation in general are correlated with the Doombringer. In dreams or visions, revelations or the showing of things that weren't asked to be known, but unveiled with brutal honesty, are reported. Sometimes utilized to eat or consume unwanted or rampant energies, servitors, egregores. As can be seen within the sigil, 663 is perpetually connected to the Ellisian Network.

**Appears in Dreams or Visions as:** Sometimes a young man with grey or white hair in a grey or black suit, or by contrast, an old soot-smearred man with gnarled long hair or dreadlocks, sometimes a grey, white or black lion, or black jaguar, or sometimes simply as his sigil. He is sometimes seen sitting in a meditative position (if seen as humanoid) on top of a black stone ziggurat. Angles and dimensions are usually distorted and/or pushed into the space he appears at.

**Number Symbolism:** 663, in classic gematria meaning: Slay, destroy, or scatter.

**Tarot Symbolism:** Some have said the Hermit or Death.

**Associated Materials:** His incense is cannabis.


**Other Symbolism:** Animal symbolism usually always being a cat or large feline. The color grey, black, white or red, and sometimes gold/yellow, deep green or brown are prominent. Playing discordant music is sometimes used, such as two or more tracks at the same time to bombard the senses. Otherwise, by the reverse, deep silence and a lack of stimulation, preferably at night, is reported to have been used.

**Alice in Wonderland Symbolism:** The Cheshire Cat and/or the Smoking Caterpillar.

**Suggestions:** The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele, or other material (etched in stone with a knife works well) above or upon the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. Items consisting of tree bark, roots, leaves and stones, animal bones, and war-like imagery such as swords, spears, and empty shells are welcome, as well as the imaginative placement of mirrors. A trend has arisen wherein a parcel of raw meat is placed upon the altar. Sometimes a small dish of meat, or vegetables, or both, cooked with Indian spices and fresh cannabis leaves is prepared as a Eucharist. If doing this, the curry should be hot (excitatory.) Hot peppers (habanero, etc.) macerated in rum has sometimes been used.



# I N O



**I**NO MAY BE FOUND UPON THE THIN opaque lining which makes up the impossible conception of non-existence, and by way of its equally confounding opposite: the difficult comprehension of the infinite. Betwixt these two extremes, she represents a window in the shape of an unwavering question mark, sending forth her whispers through silent frequencies and vibrant shades of invisible ink, always the mystery and forever enshrouded.

By one treatise, Ino may symbolize the archetypal Muse in all her abstract glory – a subtle, feminine, intangible, polymorphous unknown whose mysterious siren call has been the itch in the minds of poets, artists, scientists, and writers since time immemorial. By another treatise, she is the Muse invoked and stepped through; an arrival upon the plane which serves as the Muse's inspiration, the deep and churning space of the ineffable "I Know", the veritable Fractal Mind of the Infinite. The creation of Ino is credited to Soror Sariel.

Since Ino herself is but the question mark and open door, any such treatise which is kept as an immovable description would thus prove false, and must be left to the practitioner to probe and make immediate use of. Although we may never comprehend the mystery, *there must be a mystery*, lest we begin to clench upon our consensual reality for comfort in the face of a vast and perplexing unknown.

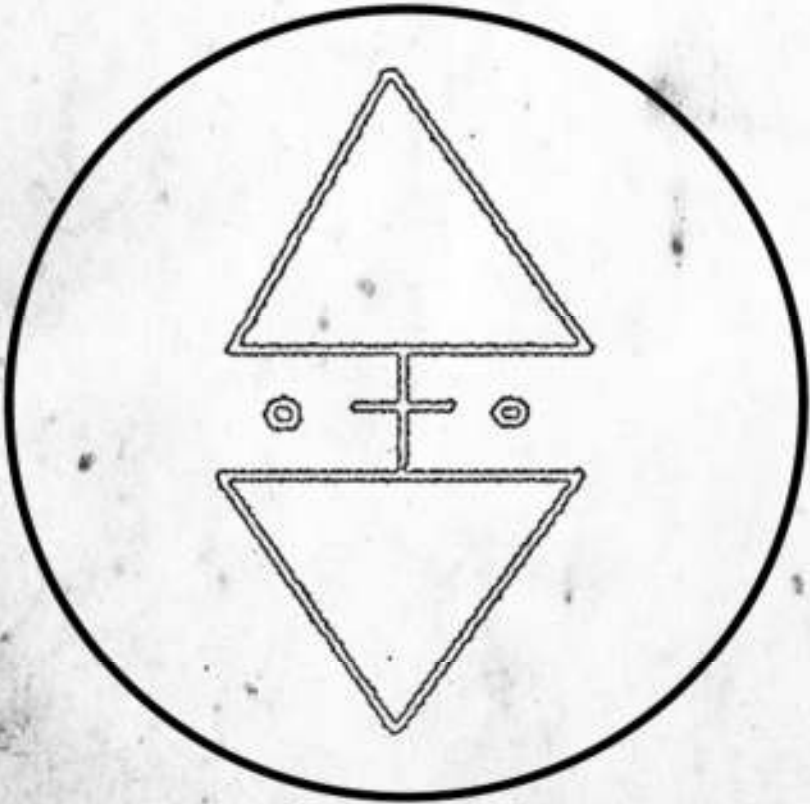


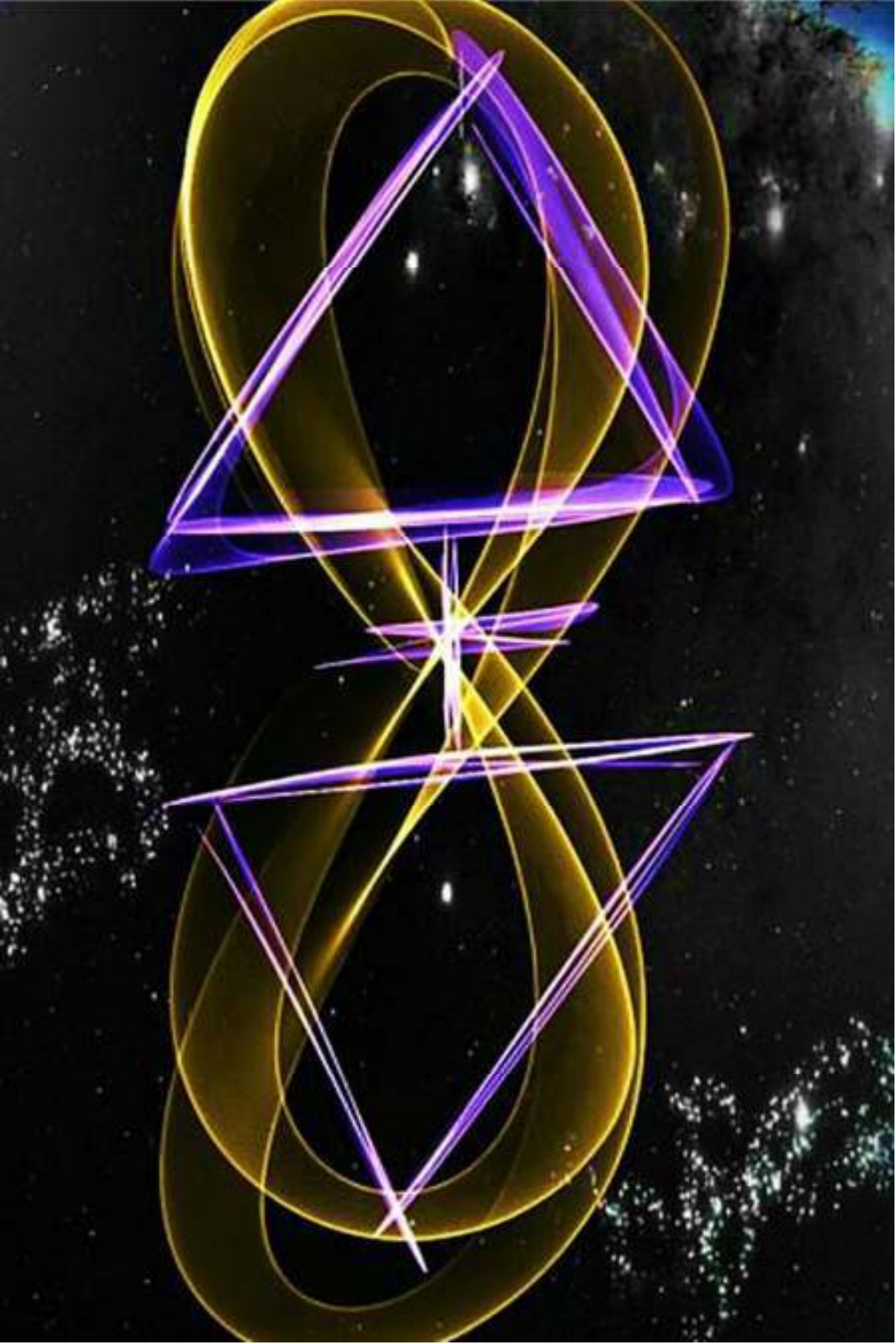
Figure 3: The Sigil of Ino













*An Example Calling to Ino*

\* \* \* \* \*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Ino sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A white candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth

O Silent Muse, the emptiness which gives form  
to the open door for which I seek guided entrance.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I am willing to bridge the infinite  
beyond the gentle passage of your subtle body

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Ino sigil)

“Thoughts command infinite division, patterns of confusion  
and chaotic creation, the fractal appears.”

“The gate is open. It shall be made clear.”

(A final chime is struck)

\* \* \* \* \*

**Other Names:** The Silent Muse, the Empty Door, the Shattered Glass, the Mystery.

**Related Forms / Allies:**

Jana

Amunet

Nuit (Egyptian)

Dayea

**Function:** The keeper and giver of secrets, knowledge, and the unknown. Teacher of divination. As might be obvious, Ino has remained somewhat ambiguous, and in her own regard, unknown. The entity itself is almost without detail, and seems to prefer it. This is not that various practitioners have not attempted a further description, but rather that they perpetually, and curiously, tend to come out empty handed.

**Appears in Dreams or Visions as:** Either her sigil, in a radiant cold white, or an open door, mist or fog, and almost always with the feeling of coldness or a drop in temperature, the sensation of being nearer to lucid dream, or sometimes as a fractal pattern, or appearing within a fractal environment.

**Number Symbolism:** Unknown.

**Tarot Symbolism:** Some have said the Wheel of Fortune.

**Associated Materials:** Blue or white Egyptian lotus flower has been used, also dream and lucid dream enhancing herbs.

**Other Symbolism:** The moon, the color white or a mixture of colors, empty space, entrances (doorways), windows, cellars and attics, also ashes, broken glass and clear crystals.

**Alice in Wonderland Symbolism:** Some have said the Duchess (the hideous/difficult truth), or the Dormouse.

**Suggestions:** The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele above the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. The sigil should be created in vibrant white or subtle grey, and with a similar background, though the sigil should be viewable so as not to completely blend in with the background. Pieces of broken mirror or ashes may be added to the paint-work. Clear quartz crystals may be placed upon the altar along with other pale or white items, so long as they are symbolic of the task at hand. If performing a calling within a room where there are doors aside from the main, such as closets, these should be left open during the procedure. Windows may also be left open, as well as drawers, boxes, etc.

**Special Notes:** The sigil comes in two varieties: open and closed. The closed variety does not include the eyes – the top eye open, the bottom eye closed – upon it. These two varieties are said to hold their own attributes. The closed variety seems to work better for discerning possibilities, and the open variety seems to work better for discerning pathways. Either one may be used to symbolize Ino.

# T R I G A G



**D**

EEP WITHIN ALL HEARTS ARE pitted the seeds of madness, hatred, and self-destruction; the terrible vision of our own grotesque Mr. Hydes who tread ever so carefully just behind the better angels of our human condition, awaiting the chance when they might come upon us and claim ownership for however long the fell moon lasts. Just as the mythology of the ocean is riddled with tales of a Kraken, so is the psyche riddled with tales of psychosis, murder, and monstrous transformation. It is the demon seemingly hidden away within the cold depths of our souls, and Trigag is its foremost representative.

Those who readily work with Trigag are said to be a fearless lot by any modern standards, though to their credit, a figure such as this does come in handy during the courses of serious cognitive spelunking or otherwise psychonautic explorations. If one is able to clearly see what he is not, then he is able to discern by averse reflection what he actually is. Those who fail to make this distinction may find themselves at tangible risk when working with an archetype such as this.

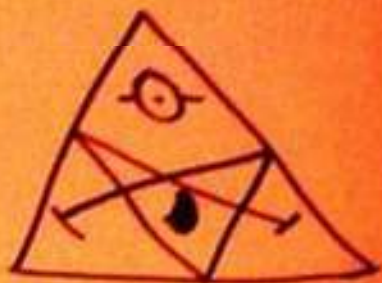
Although the original creation of Trigag may be credited to Frater Sheosyrath and Frater Alysyoze, all blame regarding his expansion, continued detailing, as well as his sigil itself, is to be placed upon the questionable intrigues of one Soror Kokabel.



Figure 4: The Sigil of Black Trigag

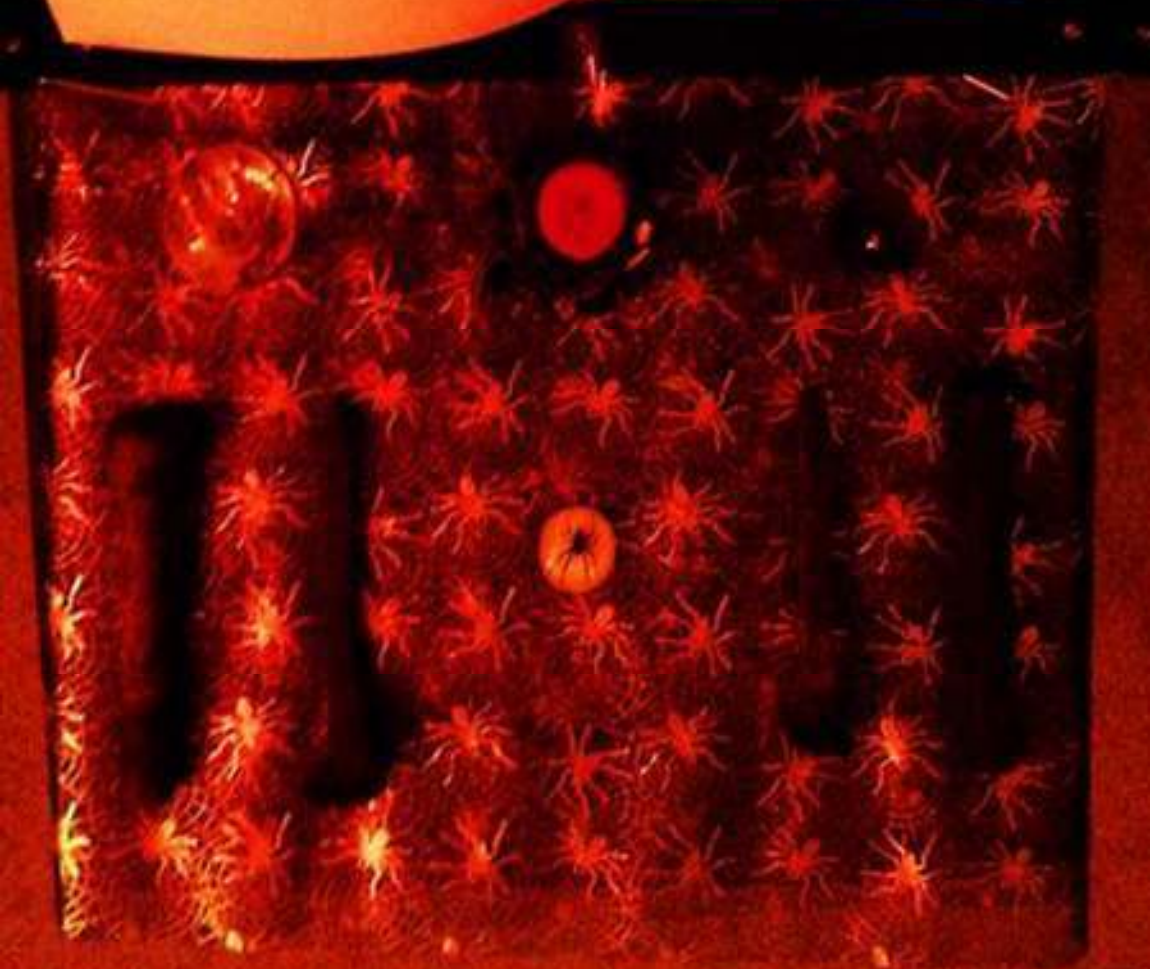






\*

How me and from deep within  
O Black Country King - the only  
In trouble here the bridge of  
\*  
Know that I am by my own hand  
Empire to be met with your body  
The side of you the side of  
\*  
The side of you the side of  
\*  
The side of you  
The side of you the side of  
The side of you the side of  
The side of you the side of  
\*  
The side of you











## *An Example Calling to Trigag*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Trigag sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A black candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me from deep waters and travel forth

O Black Consuming King, He who mirrors

In terrible hue the blinding peaks of madness!”

(A chime is quickly struck and then silenced with the hand)

“Know that I am by my own accord

prepared to meet with your hasty arrival

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

(A chime is struck normally)

“The gate is open, the path is ... LORFF!”

(A chime is quickly struck and then silenced with the hand)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Trigag sigil)

(He visualizes the sigil entering him, and then expanding outward)

“The gate is open. Void unto me.”

“Tisath Rehor Iesah Gorf Awethteh Gowah  
Tessymn Rusoith Iloen Gsorr Aruecois Gaysk  
Tryommeh Raic Ihieses Gyofeem Aperom Gyilr.”

(A final chime is struck haphazardly, then silenced)



**Other Names:** The Starshadow, the All-Consuming King, the Laughing Deep, the Black Mirror, the Dark Night.

**Related Archetypes:**

Tiamat (Sumerian)  
Apophis (Egyptian)  
Choronzon

**Function:** Revealing the ‘shadow self’, the revealing of opposites, sometimes serving as a guide, albeit not directly, though one may guide himself by the visions which Trigan reveals; what not to be, what not to do, the setting of example by revealing the worst possible outcome, the worst aspects of the self, navigation by knowing the adversary, though a helpful enemy by the act of becoming known. Sometimes used to jinx or hex another due to his nature as the ‘anti’ or ‘opposite’ comprised of mistake and error.

**Appears in Dreams or Visions as:** A thing with tentacles, various nightmarish imagery, a single eye suspended in void, the shadow self, or reflection of the hidden subconscious aspects of the magician, or simply as his sigil.

**Number Symbolism:** Numberless, or sometimes 000.

**Tarot Symbolism:** Some have said the Tower, or the Devil.

**Associated Materials:** Synthetic or research chemicals, sometimes Syrian Rue (some have mentioned Ibogaine.)

**Other Symbolism:** Saturn or Pluto, the color black, chains, metals of many types, blades, broken objects, and the vastness of space. A bowl of saltwater blackened with ink, so high in salt content that bones may float upon it.

**Alice in Wonderland Symbolism:** Some say none. Others have said the Jabberwocky, if at all.



**Suggestions:** The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele above the altar, and at the Eastern or Southern corner, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added except during operations regarding protection from bad luck. The sigil should be marked with a deepest most black (squid ink has sometimes been used, if it can be found) with the background ranging anywhere from a dark blue to dark purple, or mixture of both. Violent scratching may be performed on the background with a knife or similar instrument, if using a wooden or paper surface. Three black candles are recommended, as is the vocalization of personal callings spoken backwards. The addition of a black light is sometimes utilized, as well as smudging a paste of Syrian Rue upon the body in the form of tribal markings, each marking representing a negative memory or personal concern. Mirrors are to be placed all around the space of the working to the point of being wholly unavoidable.

**Special Notes:** Multiple dangers have been reported. The combination of certain drugs, a strong ritual, and the want to confront the repressed aspects of the self may result in bad trips, potentially damaging experiences, or otherwise psychological mayhem. Due to the potentially intense personal nature of such a working, a stronger bond may be formed. Performing magick, with or without drugs, in an attempt to confront or accept deeply held psychological troubles may go north or south in an instant. In the best case scenario, they are confronted, acknowledged, and one may adopt an attitude to better him/herself after the storm settles. In the worst case scenario, these things will be fixated upon, obsessed over, and the chains may be strengthened. Proceed with utmost caution, not enough to negate the results, but enough to not be negated by *them*.

# Z A L T Y



ALTY IS MANIFEST UPON THE clear crashing waves of self-fulfillment, personal accomplishment, and jovial conquest. These are not only his areas of expertise, but make up the veritable ocean by which he perpetually and preferably sails. His white-flagged ship, which is his body, makes quick due of impeding obstacles. Just as well, his wise and hardened image, which is his spirit, makes equal due of any internal difficulty, heartbreak, self-pity, self-doubt or poor self-confidence; anything which might slow the sacred mission of holistic fulfillment. Aye, there be many a rock, stone and iceberg within the troubled waters of life.

Conversely, Zalty may be seen as a Djinn-like figure; a classical wish granter, although this approach is more rare. Another interpretation heralds him among the same lot as Jesus, or a redeeming prophet-savior figure. In the end, he may be seen as all of these and more, as this is precisely how he proclaims his visitation: "Everything you want, forever!" The Navigator arrives with the sun on his sails.

The creation of Zalty may be credited at first to Frater Sheosyrath and Soror Einaphets, with an expansion and detailing soon following by Frater Alysrose, and others. The sigil was designed (channeled) by Frater Sheosyrath.

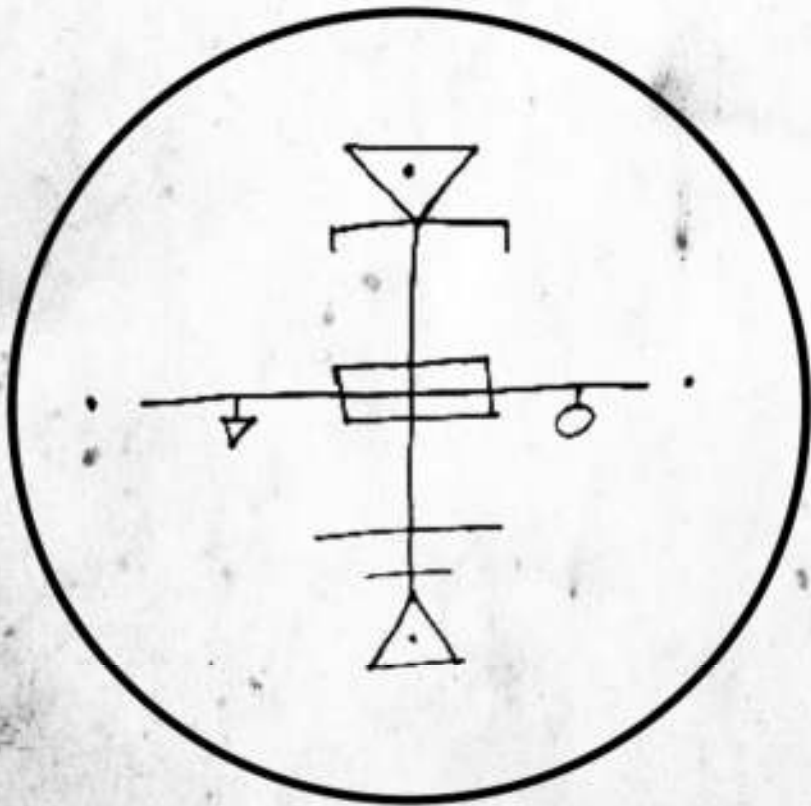
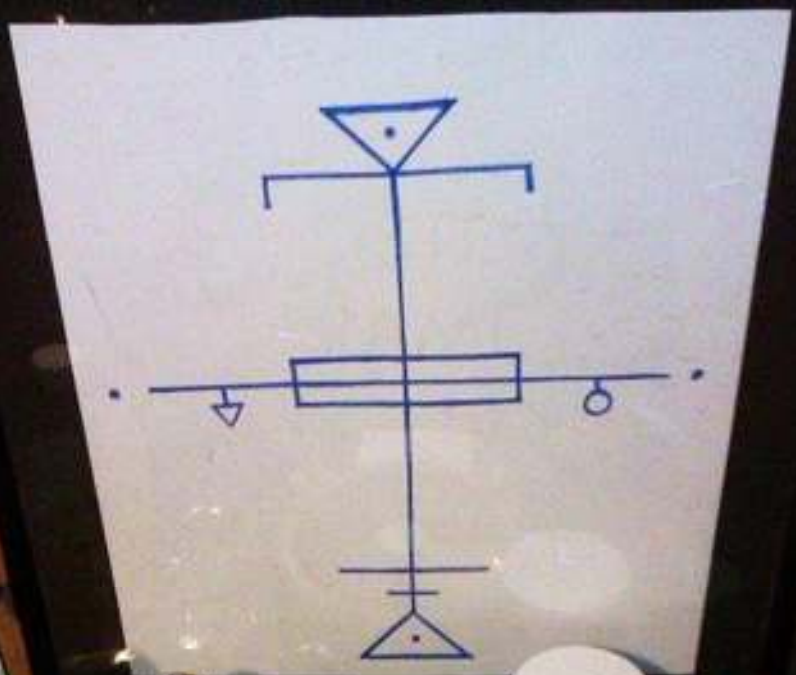


Figure 5: The Sigil of Zalty









*[Faint handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*









NO PHONE  
SO BELLON





*An Example Calling to Zalty*

\* \* \* \* \*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Zalty sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A blue or white candle is placed within the center of the altar  
and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth

O Glad Navigator, He who is both Yung & Ole  
for I seek thy counsel and joyous bounty.”

(A chime is struck)

“Know that I am of You, and that my rewards  
shall also be Yours, and forever more!

The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

(A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the Zalty sigil)

(He drinks a sacrament of rum from the chalice, but does not  
finish it, leaving the rest upon the altar)

“The gate is open! Zalty Lives! YA HO!”

(A final chime is struck)

**Other Names:** Yung Zalty, Ole Zalty, the Navigator, the Fulfillment.

**Related Archetypes:**

Met Agwe (Vodoun)  
Dionysus (Greek)  
Poseidon (Greek)  
Ganesha (Hindu)

**Function:** Showing one the way desired, the route towards fulfillment, removal or navigation around obstacles, dealing with coincidence, confidence, abundance, wealth and success, synchronicity, control over one's emotions or life in general, revealing the Zen or Tao to an individual, keeping one on track, and variations of all of these.

**Appears in Dreams or Visions as:** A large white ship, sometimes in cloud-form, or an old or young man with a beard in fisherman's, sailors, captains or pirates clothing, also sometimes as an octopus or squid with a bottle of rum in one tentacle; sometimes as an island itself (often in dreams.)

**Number Symbolism:** 493.

**Tarot Symbolism:** Some have said the Chariot, or the Hanged Man.

**Associated Materials:** Rum mixed with sea salt and/or hot peppers such as habanero, bright colors, shellfish, precious metals, exotic foods, and exotic spices, beef jerky, sometimes unopened packs of ramen noodles, or dry ramen noodles re-wrapped in plant leaves, seaweed, or banana peels.

**Other Symbolism:** The planet Neptune (the 8th planet) the octopus (8 arms) sacraments of rum, tobacco, sea salt and self-made feasts (of an exotic nature) fires on the beach, the coconut and it's husks, ores or fishing poles used in ritual context or around the altar, fishing hooks, nets, grape juice or

wine, the colors white and blue, and sometimes purple (sometimes pink, though not as common), salt used in ritual to form a circle or to draw sigils, wind and water, the ocean or large bodies of water, thunder & lightning storms, rain. It is said by some who work with the Godforms that Ellis and Zalty are in a constant flirtation with each other.

**Alice in Wonderland Symbolism:** The Walrus and the Oysters, consumer and consumed, or the simultaneous meeting of desire and fulfillment.

**Suggestions:** The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele above the altar, at the Northern corner, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added. The sigil should be painted in white or blue, with the addition of beach or lakeshore sand within the paint-work. The background should remind one of the ocean, or islands. Sea salt or sand upon a wooden board may also be used to form the sigil. Materials of all sorts which relate to an oceanic or tropical nature may be added.

**Special Notes:** The meeting of Ellis & Zalty to form a symbol resembling a spider within a boat is said to hold power. However, one story exists wherein a practitioner felt compelled to rip the nail of his big toe off.



# T H E R E D K I N G



ARE WE THE DREAMER, OR the dream? Do we dream of the dreamer, or does the dreamer dream of us? Such marks the difficult nature of the Red King. He marks a meaning which is hardly conceivable; not a symbol representing any fixed point of mundane concern, but rather symbolic up the entire scope which holds all conceivable possibilities of manifestation. He is best viewed and conceived of as a mechanism, fundamental to reality, which is responsible for the existence of any and all imaginable courses, outcomes and events which one may encounter or happen upon – the slumbering mastermind of the fractal totality – genius, madness, and all that lies in-between.

The Red King thus takes his symbolic place as the archetypal and somewhat unfathomable combination of both Fool and Magician; able to manifest thought at a whim, though lacking any knowledge as to what to possibly do with it, for in order to dream up reality, he must remain perpetually asleep. Whosoever dares to wake the Red King risks oblivion or insanity, for he or she may simply be another virtual thought in the mind of the Thing-King.

The apparent discovery and conception of the Red King may be placed upon the shoulders of Frater Alysrose, Frater Sheosyrath, Frater Samuel, and Metis O'Bedlam, and without much order therein.

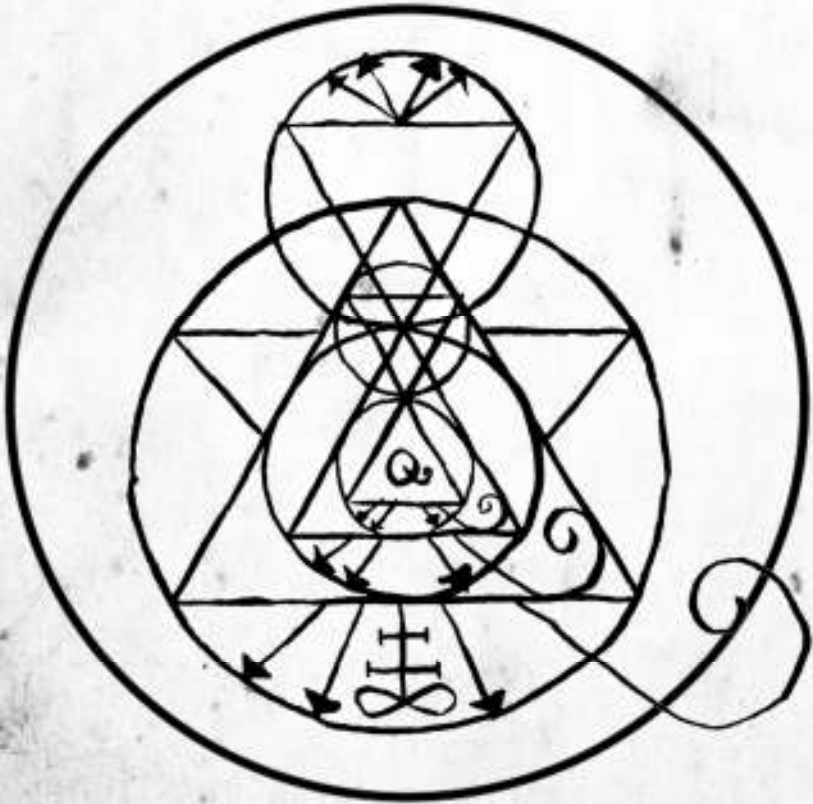


Figure 6: The Red King Sigil





*[Faded handwritten text, likely a Sanskrit mantra or invocation, is visible on the right page of the manuscript.]*







*An Example Calling to the Red King*

\* \* \* \* \*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Red King sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(A red candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

“Hear me and travel forth from thy slumber

O Dreaming King and Lord of the Manifest

He who is the Eternal of Infinite Form

the Authoring Hand of the Play thus encountered”

“I bid thee awaken!” (A chime is struck)

“Be wrested from thy solitude and direct unto me

the streaming blood of the dream so desired

The gate is open, the path is drawn.”

“Quillipthoth!” (A chime is struck)

“The gate is open, the path is drawn!”

“Quillipthoth!” (A chime is struck)

(The practitioner gazes intently upon the RK sigil)

(He empties himself of all thought but for the final call)

“Quillipthoth! The gate is open! Thy dream unto me!”

(A final chime is struck 3 times, with space in-between)



**Other Names:** Quillipthoth, the Thing-King, the Hand that Writes, the Crimson Code, the Sleeping Crown.

**Related Archetypes:**

The Sand Man

The Matrix (Contemporary)

**Function:** The hidden author of manifestation, user of magickal language, code, symbol, metaphor, etc.

**Appears in Dreams or Visions as:** His sigil, or fractal depths in constant motion, sometimes a red cloak.

**Number Symbolism:** N/A.

**Tarot Symbolism:** Some have said the World.

**Associated Materials:** Sleeping pills placed upon the altar (symbolic function only, ingestion will not assist you!), arranging sleeping pills to make a 'Q' shape, or crown shape, also sleeping pills made into a powder and mixed with sand to form magickal shapes, deliriants upon the altar such as Datura, Brugmansia, or Mandrake root, dream and lucid dreaming enhancing herbs, writing utensils such as pens, paintbrushes, open books, automatic writings, virtual reality devices, computer components such as hard drives or motherboards, keyboards, ram sticks, monitors, mouse, etc.

**Other Symbolism:** Rings, amulets, swords, shields, scepters, crowns, crimson or purple cloth, items denoting royalty.

**Alice in Wonderland Symbolism:** The Red King.

**Suggestions:** The sigil should be drawn or painted upon a paper or wooden stele, or other materials such as metal or plastic, above the altar, facing the practitioner. An encompassing circle needn't be added but for the primary two inherent within. The sigil should be painted in bright red

and outlined with dark black, with the background composed of any number of colors and material additions. A total of six candles may be placed upon the surface of the altar in the shape of a hexagram, and of varying colors, though with the highest and lowest of the points being of two reds. A sacramental tea consisting of dream-inducing herbs may be held within a chalice placed in the center of the candles, and then drunk before or after callings are performed. A sacrament of appropriate psychedelics may also be taken at this time. The wearing of a crimson cloak or sheath is recommended, as well as the opening of any doors or windows which may be found within the room of operation. Just as well, the state of the room should be kept tidy, clean and orderly during any such activities; fit for a king.

**Special Notes:** Although not for everyone, workings relating to the Red King may be performed in virtual reality using the Oculus Rift or other such devices, using a self-designed virtual ritual space so as to symbolize the fractal nature of a dream within a dream, within a dream, etc.

# T H E   W H I T E   Q U E E N



VEN BEYOND DREAM AND the many details of the real, there exists a cold and secluded place of desolation made from the anticipated ruins of past, present and future. Such marks the enshrouded domain of the White Queen. As the Red King is the archetypal dreamer, she is the eternal means of possibility and pathway which any form of manifestation might take. She is the universal software, charting the way, as the Red King is the hardware, crystalizing the reality-data which she emits, destroys, or reduces to ash except for those rare occurrences which she might grant passage.

Her empty landscape is that which allows for all and any manifestation to occur; all but potential shadows within her dimension. She cannot be summoned, called upon or invoked – the practitioner must arrive upon her, and by way of trial and hardship, although sometimes via a peculiar, natural inclination. To contact the White Queen is to lose any semblance of personality, identity, place and time. Those who attempt direct contact all but fail, for her domain is beyond ordinary conception, though isolation and extreme instances of retreat may indeed be the trigger. One must give themselves up in order to know her body.

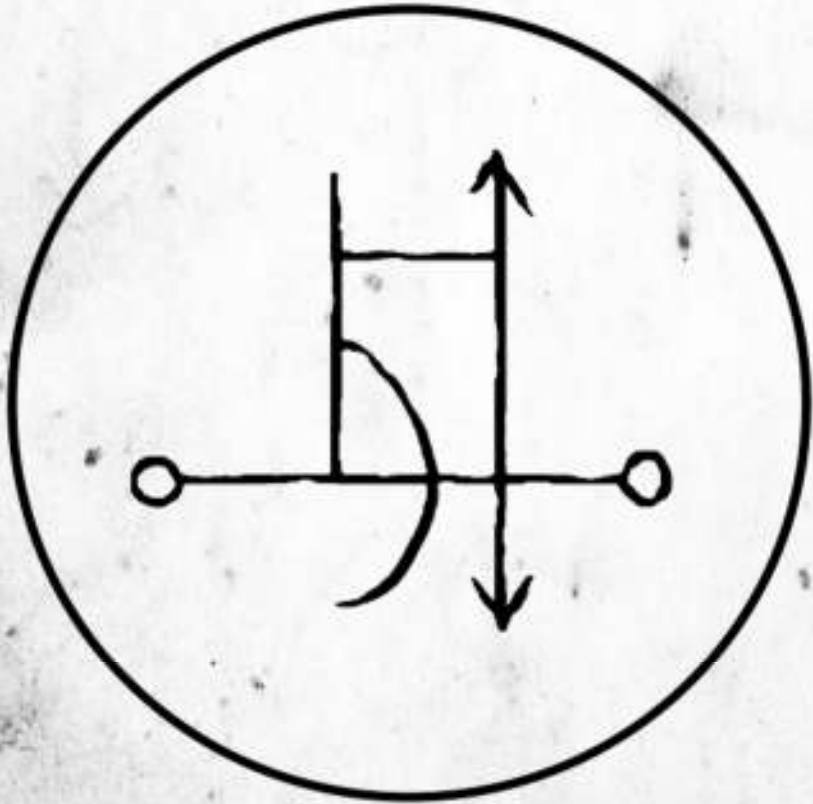
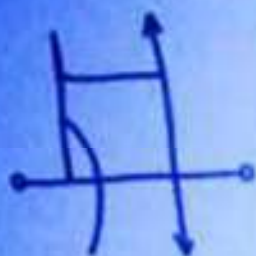


Figure 7: The White Queen Sigil







There is a small hole in the wall  
and a small hole in the wall

It is a hole in the wall  
and a hole in the wall

It is a hole in the wall  
and a hole in the wall

It is a hole in the wall  
and a hole in the wall

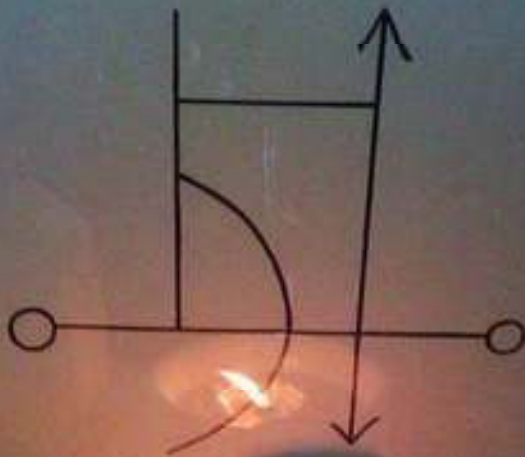
It is a hole in the wall  
and a hole in the wall

It is a hole in the wall  
and a hole in the wall

It is a hole in the wall  
and a hole in the wall







*An Example Calling to the White Queen*

\* \* \* \* \*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The White Queen sigil is held at the forefront)

(A white candle is placed within the center of the altar and lit)

(A chime is struck)

Hear me and travel forth Ô White Queen

Head Mistress of the ineffable mysteries

All paths are deleted, all info is lost

Save for the mystery of the Great Beyond

(A chime is struck)

The knower and the known are distorted

All Gates lead Beyond

All Gates are open, all Paths are gone!

All Gates are open, all Paths are Gone!

(A chime is struck)

Open the Gates, Delete the paths,

From Nothing to Otherness

The Path is Drawn.

(A final chime is struck)

**Other Names:** The Frozen Waste, Absolomsilioth

**Related Archetypes:** N/A.

**Function:** That which permits manifestation.

**Appears in Dreams or Visions as:** Her sigil, or a pale woman in a flowing white dress, or felt as a presence.

**Number Symbolism:** N/A.

**Tarot Symbolism:** Some have said the Wheel of Fortune.

**Associated Materials:** N/A.

**Other Symbolism:** N/A.

**Alice in Wonderland Symbolism:** The White Queen.

**Suggestions:** N/A.

# C O N J U N C T I O



REMEMBER THAT DIVISION IS ultimately an illusion. Coniunctio marks forces conjoined that do not penetrate the veil, but dissolve it. In this it seems to rise above but its secret is that it is both above and below simultaneously: the Alchemical Marriage of the Red King and the White Queen, an apex of union. If LS and Zalty open doors then Coniunctio is the door, and the frame, and the structures they stand in, as well as the illusion of being all of these.

INO reflects Coniunctio back to us from across the abyss. The image returns distorted and fractured lest the eyes that see have understanding. In that very moment despite any understanding or knowing, the eyes that see have been defined. They are once again separated from the whole. Coniunctio lost, the experience only able to be explained and revisited in allegory. Deeper truths are beyond translation. In this Coniunctio is both known in its apex, and unknown in all other moments.

The mystery remains mystery to memory.

The cycle continues.

\* \* \* \* \*

Coniunctio is a chimeric type Godform made of the sum parts of the mages experiences and powers attained with the DKMU egregores in assimilated or random combination of attributes at any given moment of the invocation experience, making the individual unique in and of conjunctiosis and every experience with Coniunctio unique as

the individual, in theory. Straight up raw experience of all of egregores at once is possible, leading to an experience usually understandable after later invoking and experiencing the individual Godforms again, reverse engineering a mindfuck basically if such a event occurs. Side effects may include but are not limited to: paradox, craving odd food and drug combinations, inexplicable behavior patterns, brief omniphrenia that tends to taper down to normal schizophrenia after a period of time, multiple transmutational events in the Ellisian web around you, several egregore voices at once, a massively huge egregore voice roaring information, visions of multiple realities and random systematic destruction of your paradigm or paradigms.

*Editor's Note: The above text is by Mad Queen and Ethan Lewis.*

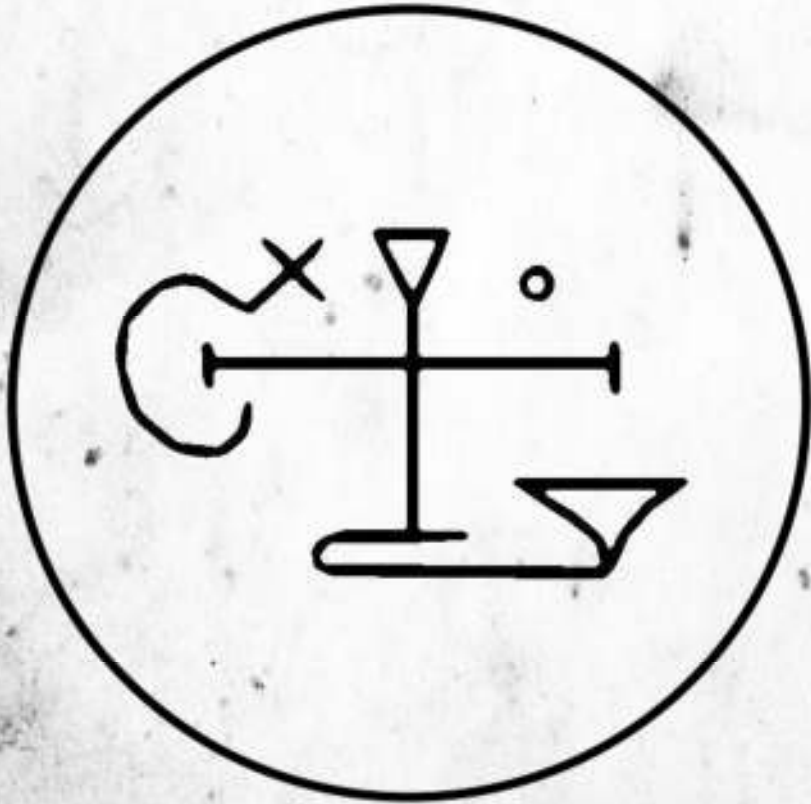
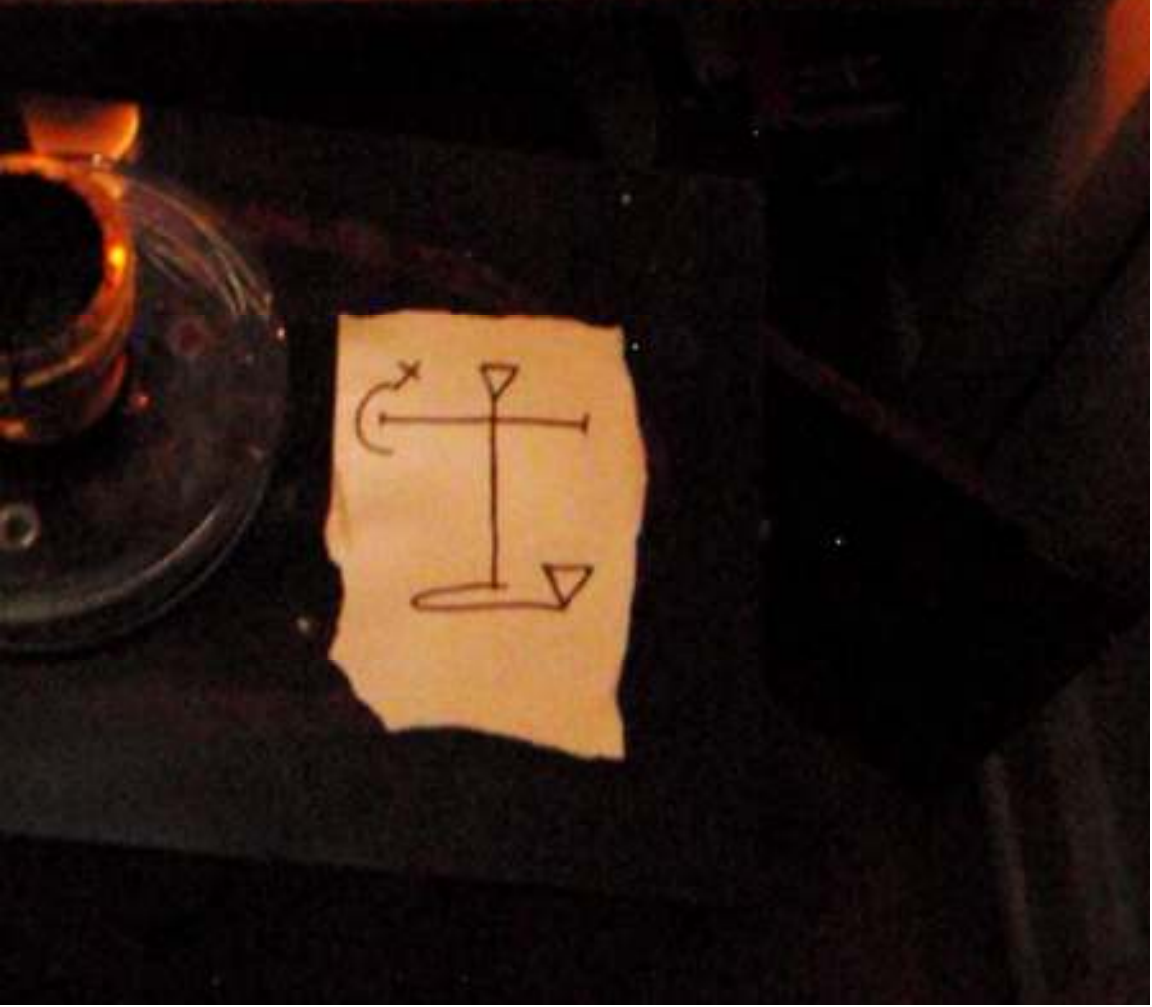


Figure 8: The Conjunctio Sigil







*An Example Calling to Coniunctio*

\* \* \* \* \*

It is best at this point, having done the previous work, that the practitioner create his/her own calling to Coniunctio, having been introduced to the previous Egregores, one may even ask an Egregore for assistance in creating a Coniunctio calling befitting of the current variables of the practitioner in question. Although this advice applies to all of the Egregores, we feel it even more befitting here.

Good luck!

\* \* \* \* \*

# E N U / N U L



THE CUSP OF THE incalculable infinite are found the twins. Enu and Nul are children because the whole thing is a game. They like toys and games which represent the world; the two are much worldlier than the last few egregores. In terms of the cycle – at least the way I did it, with the twins outside and after the main progression – what the last three have had in common is that they are all “scarcely imaginable” due to being everywhere at once. Then, when you’re tired of trying to multiply infinities, Enu/Nul is a return to limitation and definition, but this time with the understanding that allows circumstances to be manipulated. They have to do with problem solving and one’s ability to “architect” or design the world around them; it reminds me of the type of magician that pulls bunnies out of hats. What they reveal allows you to more effectively shape your surroundings.

It’s our job to find the moving parts in the world, like a puzzle where all but a few parts seem locked in place, and we just have to fiddle with the mobile parts until we figure it out. So they might associate with tools as easily as with toys, which are the same thing in a child’s mind; any kind of tool, from a hammer to a pencil. Any of the egregores could be described as lock picks for reality, but these two especially.

They’re a tool that loosens pieces (Nul) and puts them into a new place (Enu). They’re also children, with all the themes of duality and the death of the old, birth of the new, that others have mentioned. They explore, play, and make the future. They’re two different kinds of curiosity. Enu is sweet in the way that sweetness feeds and allows growth. There’s more to her than that, though, this is all just scratching the surface. Nul is sort of empty, like air, and he’s an aspect of death, so there’s all that. The shadow of the earth over the moon, whereas Enu is the full moon

*Editor’s Note: The above text is by Avianna Ringtail.*

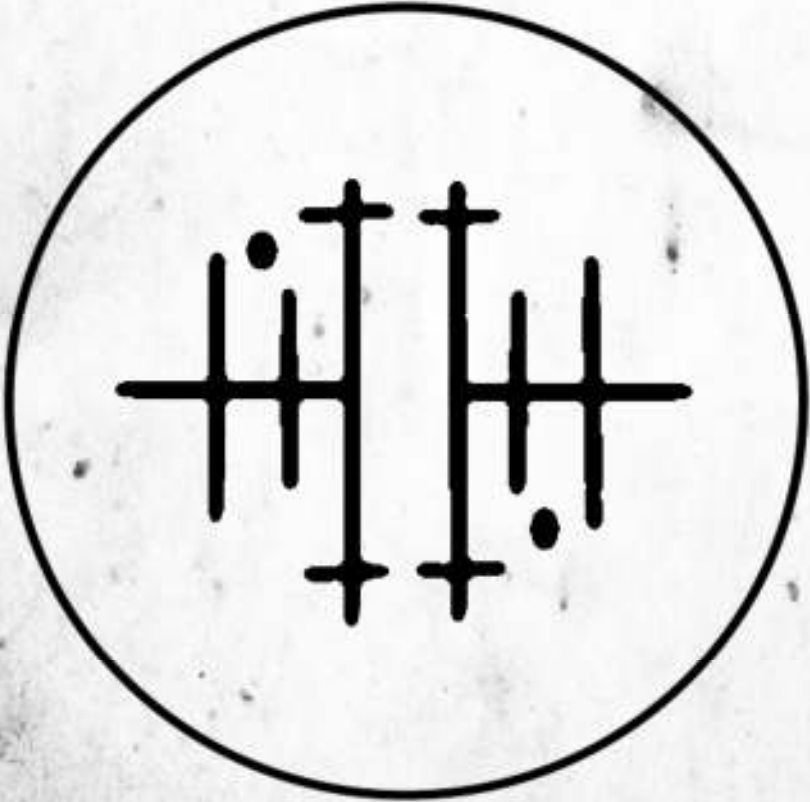


Figure 9: The Enu / Nul Sigil







*An Example Calling to Enu / Nul*

\* \* \* \* \*

(The altar is arranged with symbolic items)

(The Enu/Nul sigil is held at the forefront, facing the viewer)

(One black and one white candle are placed within the center  
of the altar and lit)

Hear me and travel forth O Dancing Twins

The Black, the White, Bifold progression of the NU

Which sunders the ages.

(A chime is struck.)

I wait upon the threshold of creation

To participate in its unfolding.

The gate is open, the path is drawn.

(A chime is struck.)

The gate is open, the path is drawn!

(A chime is struck.)

\*gaze intently on the sigil\*

(Stream of consciousness calling goes here.)

The gate is open. Our lives split always.

(A chime is struck twice in succession.)









# EGREGORE NOTES

*Various*



THIS SECTION collects various experiences, notes, and rituals derived from practitioners who have worked with the egregores/godforms. A good portion of it arrives from the document, 'The DKMU Godform Cycle 2015 Edition,' by Idris El Senussi, Tara Flower, Avianna Ringtail, Frater Theobald, and Radulon40crotch. This document begins below.



Premise:

Sometime in January 2015, a number of DKMU members expressed the desire to have a Godform cycle – a collective magical exercise where the goal is for each participant to make a series of invocations or evocations or transvocations of the “canon” DKMU Godforms in order. All participants do the same Godforms in more or less the same timeframe so as to facilitate the comparison of results. After that, we give ourselves a one month period for everyone to write out and share results, with the eventual possibility of all participants to a final compendium / grimoire for future reference. This text is the result.

## Original Timeframe:

March 1-7 : Ellis

March 8-14 : DB / 663

March 15-21 : Ino

March 22-28 : Trigag

March 29- Apr 4 : Zalty

Apr 5-11 : Red King

Apr 12-18 : White Queen

Apr 19-25 : Eno & Nul, the twins.

Apr 26-Apr 30 / May 2 : Conjunctio

May 3-31 : writing and sharing of results.

June 1 - ??? : possible collection and formal publication.

## SUMMARY OF EXPERIENCE BY IDRIS EL SENUSSI

All I can say this experience was pretty much like this: picture you seeing everything you know that you feel fear to do and you see it right in front of you and you see all the monsters at the end of the pit waiting for you to gnash at you with jaws wide open and someone comes and pushes you right into their mouths, the more you fall the more you find yourself losing your skin, losing your bones, and losing all sense of direction that you thought was right and understandable to use, the closer you get to the fall you feel an immense heat where even your skull starts to burn off and your brain starts to melt down bit by bit, until you suddenly find yourself falling into the mouths of those monsters, but it doesn't hurt you anymore because all that made you thought it would had just disappeared and the monsters just dissipate into the water they used to be and your body gets reformed by the sand of the cliff that you fell from, the mud of the water that you fell into and the water nourishes your body to recreate itself again.



## CHAPTER OF TARA FLOWER

I was really keen on the suggestion to have a common pattern to all of the rituals this time. Even if you're not going to have a fixed format like in ceremonial magic you still need some structure and some input from those who are more experienced. So I had the same red candle burning during each of my rituals, as per Frater Theobald's idea, and I also used the Transvocation of Chaos and the Seven Gates of Chaos each time. For music I still use the *Konceptonomicon* which Ellis D. Williams compiled at the end of 2013: it has general songs about Chaos and songs that are linked to each godform.

I decided to have clothes, candles and altar cloths in the appropriate colour, which for most of our godforms is either red, black, or white, and to include some meditation and divination each time. Divination was something that quite a few of the participants said they wanted to include.

When I cast a circle for chaos magic rituals I just draw a basic circle with my wand, seeing it as spherical rather than a flat ring, and add basic banishing pentagrams. That is what is recommended in *Liber Null*. Usually I sprinkle a little salt and sage around the outside as well to make me feel more confident about being protected.

### ELLIS

There's a little group of items I've acquired (mainly red ones) that I always I put on the altar for Ellis because they are connected with her symbolism. As well as those I had rose incense, raspberry cake and cherry brandy.

Yes, overdoing the red! I put on the music, cast the circle and read out part of the Transvocation. The reason for it being „part of“ was that a lot of the lines I didn't feel comfortable saying because they were too left-hand path for me. Somehow I keep ending up with people on the left-hand

path- the majority of those in DKMU come into this category, but I've got conflicting feelings about it. So I only read out the middle section.

Then I read the 7 Gates of Chaos which appears to be for invoking. That's extremely useful for me because I've never managed to learn invoking pentagrams, only banishing ones, and this can be used in their place.

Next I called on Ellis, and I had a really ecstatic experience. When I offered her the incense my heart center opened and I felt like there was a channel through my heart and the veil was torn open through the channel. In my mind I could see blood flowing away in every direction. Then the chakra rotated in time with the music that was playing. When I offered her the cake the same happened to my third chakra, and when I offered her the drink the same happened to my second chakra. I sensed that Ellis was using a finite amount of energy to produce these effects and yet I could have carried on experiencing them for longer than I did. They were rather overwhelming, especially the first one.

When I did some meditation on the Spider Queen picture, which I had on my desktop, I experienced the black background as the chaos void and the spider as the cosmos, and Ellis as Shakti, the Goddess at the center of it all. It was very oriental. Then I became united with her and it was me who was Shakti, while the channel down the middle of my spine (the sushumna in Yoga teachings) became the cosmos. It was a lovely feeling to get lost in all this Yoga symbolism.

For the divination I looked into a black mirror, however all I could see was rocks and seascapes, and also a landscape from a meditation a long time ago which influenced something I wrote that week.

When I closed down I reversed the 7 Gates and banished each gate with a banishing pentagram, and that worked very well.

## DOOMBRINGER

For Doombringer I had everything black and I called him using the 'one and only' invocation. Doombringer always has a good sense of humour and this time was no different: he told me that the black cloak I was wearing looked ridiculous. It was from a Pagan group that I used to belong to; the leader decided we were going to make cloaks but I didn't want to, and it never got finished. He said, "Why don't you wear it the other way round?" I took it off and turned it round and he was right, it worked better back to front!

I always offer Doombringer tobacco because I know he likes either tobacco or pot. He reminded me of the first time I invoked him, that time when he showed me how to go to the next step after communicating with him and turn it into possession. I hadn't done it since, but he said that the intervening time between then and now did not exist.

During the meditation I had some very good insights. I saw that I exert too much control over those urges to break all the bounds and be creative and violent, those urges that Doombringer rules over. The excitement that I feel when I take part in DKMU activities is the chaos that I restrain too much, and I should express it and use the stimulants which I have noticed will increase it, because it is this excitement that turns into excitatory gnosis.

This time I did a different kind of divination, a seven card tarot spread, and the cards were justice, queen of swords, ten of wands, nine of swords reversed, prince of cups reversed, five of pentacles and temperance reversed. I didn't interpret this reading for a few weeks- when I did I noticed it was pretty blunt about some of the people in my family. If I was to put my own interests first I would take a dim view of these people. Maybe Doombringer is also connected with self-interest for your own good.

INO

Ino is the one I have that special rapport with: I write stories with her and channel stories from her, and sometimes I write poetry about how she has been my muse and inspired me. It was one of those poems that I recited in my ceremony for her. I haven't got a collection of items that I put on her altar like I have for Ellis and Zalty - only a white crystal, but it's a special one because it's the one I saw her in the first time I did an Ino ceremony.

Before I started the ceremony I was aware of a large number of invisible beings coming into my bedroom to watch, and I wondered why they were doing it this time but not the previous two times. I thought that might be due to my special relationship with Ino.

When I came to the part of summoning Khaos with the transvocation it was much more powerful than the previous times, and even with only saying the middle section I actually got him. The atmosphere changed very strongly and I could feel the presence of a being that was a personification of chaos. It was quite frightening because I could palpably feel that chaos void, and I wondered if our marathon was a good enough reason to summon such a powerful being. There was nothing I wanted to ask him for and I was afraid that he would think I was wasting his time. That did explain why all the observers were there because they know when evocations are going to work before we do. In the end I asked him politely to preside over the ceremony.

I carried on and summoned Ino, reciting my poem and giving some elaborate offerings for us to share - rich chocolate cake and vanilla incense and a chilled coffee drink - I really like those.

I tried to see Ino in the incense smoke as well as visualize her. That didn't work, and then it came to me that there's no need to make scrying too difficult, it's better to use something that I can habitually see pictures in. I always see pictures in fabric patterns and coloured backgrounds, and sometimes crystals.

So I looked at that lovely painting of the Ino sigil with the dark blue background which was on my computer screen, and I saw Khaos and other gods in the blue area. The chaos void was also emanating out from that area.

Khaos changed his form several times, but most of the forms were like a horned demon. When I gazed at the Ino sigil it doubled many times into two entities. I've always thought that Ino and Aeon are twin aspects of the same being, and I'm also convinced that I found her in E.A. Koetting's book as Mammy'Aon, but I don't know whether others would agree with me that they are the same. I believe she has always existed in alternative forms giving the gift of artistic inspiration.

I meditated for a while and the sigil continued to change - the eyes in the picture helped it to change into a face and it also corresponded with one of the music videos I always use for Ino. I didn't feel calm and peaceful though - I was frightened and chilled because of the atmosphere. At the end I made sure I told Khaos that he could leave, and it was quite a relief when I closed the gates with the pentagrams and the atmosphere returned to normal.

Ino's week in our marathon corresponded with the Spring Equinox eclipse, and I was interested to see that the eclipse was going to take place during a creative writing class that I have been going to. I read out my poem for Ino again at the class in order to send her maximum energy from the eclipse. The people at the class didn't understand it though - they all said in unison, "Aaaah, it's a love poem for your sweetheart!"

It's pretty obvious to me that it's about someone helping me to get back writing ability that I had lost. Here's the poem, so judge for yourself. As I said on the forum, I know it isn't in a doom and darkness style but that doesn't feel authentic.

You described the horses  
So the audience could see them.

I only loved the horses - I could not articulate.  
You described the cherry cake  
And a song from my childhood.  
I saw the red, the village green,  
Yet still I only loved.  
The tasks of every day cover up frustration:  
Over many years I forgot the unexpressed,  
And the crowd who went unmoved,  
And the phrase that went uncoined,  
All forgotten till I met you.

## TRIGAG

I wasn't sure whether I was going to include Trigag, and I wasn't the only one - others said they had doubts as well.

On the first morning of the week for Trigag I dreamed that we were all in a kind of commune together, doing the godform cycle by making models like golems. It was Trigag's turn but I was scared to make him and made Red King instead. Then two other people joined in to help me, so we made Trigag between us using a doll I found as the base. I woke up as I was breaking the ornate ears off the doll because they looked more like something one of the other godforms would have.

After I woke up Trigag spoke to me- he said I could skip the ritual if I wanted to because I had just done it. I wasn't sure of his motive for saying that – I thought he meant that I had better get it perfect and if not he can eat me, because he had given me the chance to skip it!

In the end I did do a ritual. I didn't fancy the idea of calling TWO dark and powerful entities, so this time I changed the transvocation completely so that it was only a statement honouring Khaos. For summoning Trigag I lit three black tea lights arranged in a triangle shape, and said some of the lines from Liber Sigillum which call him "Black



Consuming King.” I always offer Trigag bacon as I have heard that’s what he likes. Also I always put my two black obsidian crystals on the altar - one of them is actually a triangular shape.

The first thing I saw was six moving spots of light in between the candles and the sigil at the front. I had just corrected my drawing of Trigag’s sigil to ensure there were six spots in it, and because of that I felt that the six moving lights represented Trigag as present and alive. Then I got a feeling inside of peace and purity: it resembled what a Yogi would feel while meditating, and I remembered that when I first invoked Trigag I had felt the same thing. He does represent a destructive storm, however there is a still center to the hurricane which you can feel when he is actually there. Then after he leaves you may gradually be affected by the hurricane in daily life.

I did some meditation looking at the picture I had posted for the week in the Facebook group, but unfortunately it didn’t have any energy, so I looked at the sigil I had drawn instead and I did receive a great deal of insight from that.

When I first invoked Trigag, for reasons that would take too long to explain he appeared to me as a monkey.

Now he seemed to be a monkey and a king both in one, and I contemplated the way in which a human being is both a monkey and a king, and also evolves from monkey to king. The godforms are designed to assist us with this evolution. As well as the monkey and king I saw a zero and a double circle.

After that I did some scrying in the triangular obsidian stone. I saw an aqua aura crystal attached to the end of it.

These are long white crystals which are supposed to help in channeling benevolent goddesses. They were two sides of the same coin because one is associated with the left hand path and the other with the right hand path.

The two stones completed one another. Then I saw Darth Vader and some kind of white magician from a story, which meant the same as the two stones.

After a bit I began to feel the triangle and mirror descend on me to search for impurities and sweep them out of me. That was also something I felt the previous time. I was enjoying the pure Yogic feeling and tried to extend it for as long as possible, but it suddenly stopped so I ended the ceremony there. Afterwards I realized that I'd forgotten to make the circle as strong as the previous time, so I joked that Trigag must have eaten me after all.

## ZALTY

I have a little stash of seashells, ocean breeze incense and Malibu which I break out each time I invoke Zalty.

Also I like to make it into a wild sexual ritual and have sex with him, though I didn't mention that on the public forum.

For this ritual I lit a blue candle, the same one I'd used twice before for Zalty, in fact when I took a photo I could see the candle and the paper with the sigil drawn on it were both looking rather crumpled! I improvised some casual words to call Zalty as I know him very well.

Zalty and I did our usual wild evening in an imaginary tavern with pirates and wenches, and lots of songs by Alestorm all about pirates and wenches. Zalty was behaving and talking pretty outrageously like a demon. I'm afraid I do perceive the DKMU godforms as demons, maybe because I can't shake off religious beliefs that I learnt early in life. It didn't stop me though, we soon progressed to lying down on the floor covered by a duvet!

So the revels went on like that for a while, and then suddenly the thought struck me that there's a big secular pub culture in the country where I live. There was an instant switch in my mind from the Alestorm songs about debauched

pubs to the Pink Floyd song 'Paranoid Eyes,' which also references a pub. At this point I listened to that song, and then to some more Pink Floyd songs. All of a sudden my mind was swept with feelings of pure spirituality and contemplation of the tragic hold consensus reality has over people. Do you think I'm reading too much into 'Paranoid Eyes'? Give it a listen and see if you can pick up on the message about consensus reality.

I couldn't believe the sudden raising of consciousness I experienced. It was one of my greatest successes with Zalty and I could still feel the effects of it the next day. Given that we had just been doing a sexual ceremony I think this says something about gnosis.

## THE RED KING

I kept it very simple for the Red King, just the cherry candle and rose incense like last time, so I hope he doesn't like sumptuous feasts. The reason being, when I summoned him last summer I wrote a backwards story based on 'Alice Through The Looking Glass' and several other sets of symbolism, which I planned to read out at the ritual. But he didn't wait for the ritual, he arrived as soon as I finished the story and talked to me all night about crazy things. So why bother with elaborate rituals for someone who does that?

This time I wrote a story again, but it was a shorter one than before. It was about my run-in with Ellis that happened hundreds of years ago and also involved the Red King. Sometimes in meditations I see things that happened in the past, not so much in a past life but more in between lives, and when I met Ellis I had a vision like that which is going to have various consequences in the present.

I called Red King and read out the story. I would say that I successfully invoked him because he came into me and it felt like him reading the story. The impression of this was so strong that I changed it into the third person and read her

“instead of me.” The Red King and Red Queen can both play with time and send it backwards and make reality into something that they dream.

After reading the story I meditated on the Red King’s sigil while singing a verse I wrote a long time ago:

Each night I check it.

Who was it changed my dream?

The characters say they prefer it

Yet they had to learn their roles again.

Finally I did some scrying in a black mirror, but I could only see one of the creatures that has been hanging around since my visit from Khaos which must mean I am not good enough at dismissing them.

## THE WHITE QUEEN, CONJUNCTIO, ENU & NUL

I did meditations only for these final godforms, because it was only relatively recently that I summoned them for the first time and I did write all about it on the DKMU forum. At the moment I can’t relate as much to these as to the ones at the beginning of the sequence. The White Queen in particular appears unfriendly, however having said that she is mixed up in a lot of symbolism that I’ve studied and used in the past. After meditating about this symbolism I concluded that I ought to write a long story or hypersigil which explores it. It’s been said that the first five godforms are individuals and the second five are related to one another, which means I would learn more about the others at the end of the sequence as well as the White Queen.

I find Enu and Nul particularly hard to respond to. But my meditation about Conjunctio was strongly related to the result that I mention below.

### Result

The result of this godform cycle was that I suddenly got the chance to do something that would be my greatest dream. I didn't know about it before, (though I suppose it would have been easy to find out if I'd only thought of it.). But there are risks and sacrifices, specifically financial ones. When I first experimented with Ellis she gave me some money (long story) and I haven't spent it yet because I worry a lot about security for myself and my family. It looks like I would have to spend it, and I can see why: because energy would go to Ellis that way.

I haven't decided what to do yet!

- Tara Flower 9th May 2015

## CHAPTER OF AVIANNA RINGTAIL

Week one: Ellis. Before I start, let me say that I've been studying magic for about a year and a half, and the first year of that was almost entirely a psychological process. This is the most involved series of workings I've done so far and also the first time I've evoked something that wasn't either a part of me or a servitor of my own creation.



On Tuesday while walking between classes at my community college, thinking and planning for the first night, I passed by a booth showing off a tarantula, answering questions and letting people hold her. It wasn't that unusual since they're often showing snakes or other reptiles, but this was the first time they've had a spider.

My plan was to perform the evocation as described in Liber Sigillum at the bottom floor of a parking garage at night. Initially I'd imagined doing it in the woods, but I

decided somewhere more urban might fit the aesthetic better. Maybe it would have been better if I'd picked somewhere that wasn't lit, but it was three in the morning, I didn't want to wait much longer and the area was empty as far as I could see. I stood in a circle of eight red candles including the one on the altar, and used a shot of espresso for the sacrament. I had three methods of scrying that I wanted to try, as I wasn't sure which would work best. One was a bag of scrabble tiles, one was a bowl and a jar of dark colored water to pour into it, and the third was the black mirror of my smartphone. I had hopes for the last one in particular, being as "connected" as it is. I was also wearing a sachet around my neck made with red cloth, glitter and broken glass, and after the ritual I planned to wander around the city with it and see if anything would happen.

That was my plan. I'd just finished a three-sided variant of the gnostic thunderbolt banishing (as found on [chaosmatrix.org](http://chaosmatrix.org)) when I was interrupted by the security guard telling me I wasn't allowed to do "that" in her garage. Fine, but when I asked what exactly "that" was, she called the cops, emphasizing that I had a knife, that I had six candles burning, and was "some kind of atheist" – go figure. I didn't care to find out what this town's police department thought of the issue, so I packed up my important belongings and hoofed it.

I went home, made another sigil, grabbed another candle and another shot of espresso, and drove out to a road away from the city overlooking a canyon. I performed the banishing again and the ritual, but I didn't feel anything happen. I think the cold might have prevented me from relaxing fully. The screen on my phone looked "deep" when I tried to scry into it and a few half-imagined pictures came up: an atom, a dog or bear, swirling cloth like a silk gown or dress. A few times I saw variations on a shape like a crescent moon but with longer arms, usually cupped upwards and sometimes with a dot in the middle, and once it was doubled to look like the Hand of Eris symbol. Scrabble tiles gave me



gibberish. I stood up after about fifteen minutes and realized it was dawn.

Considering the lack of response, I felt pretty good the morning after this. My optimistic side noticed that the timing of the interruption and of sunrise couldn't have been better, I didn't leave behind anything of value at the garage, and I was able to complete the ritual with some adjustment. I'd had a bad case of nerves before going out and thought that if all this wasn't being posed to me as a kind of threshold test; it was certainly serving that purpose. A year ago I'd have been too nervous to complete it. That and the doubt that followed me for the next few days, and the persistent thought that I have no place here, Ellis doesn't like me, the spiders I've seen were coincidence, and I'd have to walk away from the DKMU at the end of April after reporting two months of no contact whatsoever. Although if that was so, I was sure I'd at least be able to cough up some inner darkness for week four.

## Week Two: Doombringer

After last week, I decided I would increase the frequency to three evocations per week instead of one. This way if I didn't get it the first time, I could go home, reassess, and try again after fixing any problems. I drove into the mountains down a sketchy snow-covered road to a location where I was confident I'd be left alone. I set up my altar on a convenient stump with an even more convenient notch to hold the clipboard with the sigil, as seen in the photo. Little things like that, good signs.



I could feel the presence almost as soon as I pulled out the sigil and began setting up. It watched me patiently through the evocation, almost like, “Yes, yes, I know what you’re going to say...” I sat down and tried to look into the phone screen, but it was reflecting the sky instead of being dark like before. I was able to get a few images (paint splatter, scorpion, deer, and a bug with quickly beating wings, like a dragonfly) but they were coming directly into my mind, not from the screen, so I set it down. I heard a drumbeat somewhere in the back of my mind and got a whiff of marijuana. Remembering what Sigillum said about how you have to go to him, he doesn’t come to you, I imagined walking into a forest somewhere. The feeling that had come from the sigil got stronger and clarified into the shape of a person, and he started by asking me a bunch of questions: “Have you done this before?” Barely. “How do you know this is real?” I don’t. It was very like talking to my tulpa.

Most of the conversation was unclear. We would trade a couple lines of dialogue and then he would be silent except for watching me with this particularly piercing look. On the second day he said something about there being more conversation going on than I was aware of; that’s probably what this was. I asked if he could help me improve, and he said yes, but (how to word this?) only if I am willing to go with it despite being unsure of whether or not it’s real. I’ll cut out some of the dialogue because this write up is long enough as it is.

The strongest impression I got from him was when I asked about the first time I did weed a while back, overdosed and got knocked on my ass. Before I could finish the sentence he gave me a big ole’ grin and I could feel his delight and amusement at the thought. So apparently he did witness the whole thing, which I’d worried about because I kind of made a fool of myself trying to contact Ellis in that state. This absolved some of my fears that I’d made a bad first impression.

I “woke up” spontaneously after about twenty minutes, which is how it went for the rest of the week. Before I left he invited me to come back if I wanted to.

On this first day I couldn’t get the pipe to light correctly and I got about half a puff. To be honest, I’ve only ever eaten the stuff, never smoked. I figured out the trick for it by the second day and then coughed my poor virgin lungs out in the middle of the evocation, which I’m sure he thought was funny. In any case, I hardly counted as high during the ritual itself.

The second day was like the first. The presence was strongest in front of me, emanating from the sigil, but in my mind’s eye he was walking around again. Wanting to make sure I wasn’t imagining something that wasn’t really happening, I asked, “How much of this is imaginary?” To which he replied, “All of it.” Right, we went over that last time. He invited me into some sort of tent or yurt – a shelter with walls made of cloth, anyway. It was warm inside and smoky, I think, but I didn’t smell pot or anything similar, and he wasn’t smoking now like he did yesterday. Maybe he was just cooking, who knows.

(On reflection, he could have been poking fun at my initial picture of him living in a squat in the jungle.)

I tried the scrabble tiles and got nothing particularly meaningful. It might be too concrete a technique for this purpose. At one point I mentioned that he didn’t seem particularly violent in these interactions, despite his name and reputation. He said that he doesn’t need to be. I could take that to mean that he doesn’t need to use physical force or coercion, as he can wreak his form of havoc without it. Or he could just mean that right at the moment, with me, he didn’t need to be violent.

At some point he asked if I wanted to help them, and I said I did, but I didn’t know how. “We’ll teach you,” he said. Around ten minutes in based on my voice recording, I started to see a lot of vivid images on the back of my eyelids.

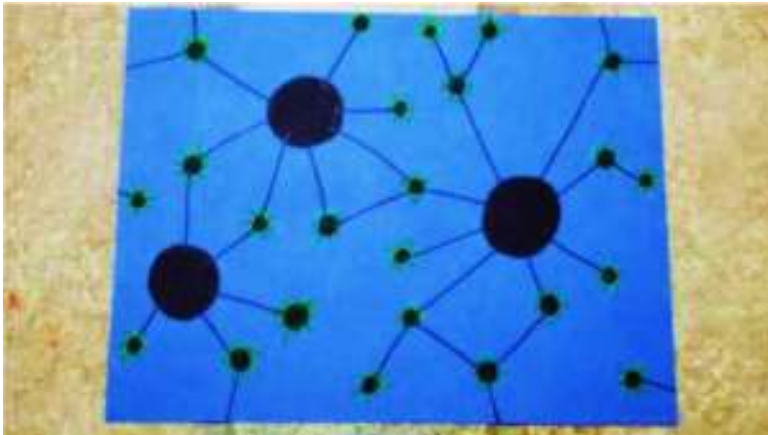
A feather distorted around a black circle, like the light was bending. A black widow, someone lying in bed, a red lamp, and an eye. A bridge seen from ground level with big arching supports. A sort of sagging X shape. Leaves in water. A white bird dipping its feet in the water as it flies. A moth or butterfly. The sagging X shape again, and now I saw it more clearly as a pair of crossed sabers, like you might see on a pirate flag. Colored static like on a TV screen. A rose. Tree branches. A pattern like you might see on pottery or cloth.

Then an eye again, female, and I was kind of started because the eye turned deep red, and then for a moment my whole field of vision was red. Something with lines radiating out. A woman with a crown and royal white robes, which immediately turned into a shrouded ghost, like one of the ring wraiths as seen in the movies when a character is wearing the One Ring. These images were more intense than before, and through all of it Doombringer was sitting or crouching next to me, evidently showing me all this. He touched me on the arm or shoulder a couple times, which felt interesting; basically the feeling from the sigil intensified and localized.

Another eye, this one blue, but mostly I kept seeing the red one. I could feel it (her) looking at me and I was frozen into staring back. I saw myself reflected in it upside down, and the impact of that didn't hit me until a moment after.

After that I saw imagery of trees alongside a road, which reminded me of a park near where I live. The next series of images seemed to be showing a particular path through the park. It turned left into the trees near a stream, and then the imagery shifted to a black dot with lines radiating from it to smaller black dots, each of which was surrounded in a sort of neon green fuzz, like squinting at a green Christmas light. The smaller dots then blew up and sent lines out to form other nodes. The end picture was of a few big black dots reminiscent of chaos stars with each line connecting to several smaller dots surrounded in green, which were also interconnected. Again, I didn't immediately realize

what I was looking at until I heard myself describing it. It's the linking network, of course. This is my best representation of it. The main difference is that my picture is two dimensional, whereas what I saw had more nodes in the background and was more "dynamic" looking:



I went home and ordered some burgers for my family, which came out to \$33.33. I paid in exact change, and that evening I went by the park and left a tag next to the path in the area indicated.

The third day was cloudy and colder than the last two, and it snowed lightly during the ritual. I was too deep in trance for it to bother me. I remembered the bit from the day before about most conversations being subliminal, so I mostly stayed quiet, looked into the sigil and his projected image, and let these conversations happen. My mental image of him had clarified by now. Proportionally long arms and legs, yellow eyes with black in them somewhere, possibly ringed in black as well as the pupil. Clothes and hair vary between shades of grey, sometimes black or white. Age seems to shift, anything from an older child to middle age, and always with a margin of error of at least twenty years; I haven't seen him as an old man. Overall, pretty much as described in Sigillum. At one point I stopped seeing him as

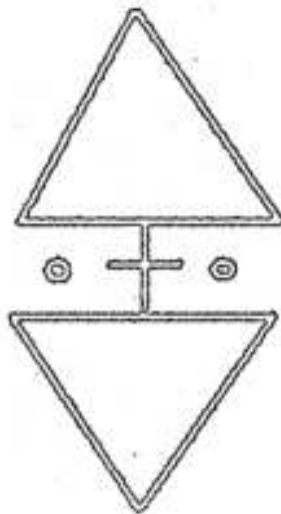
human so much as a force or object, and referred to him as “it” for a while.

There were few verbal exchanges. I asked sort of off-handedly whether I could tell people I summon demons now. “Do I count as a demon? ... Yeah, probably.” Before leaving I asked if he had any advice for the rest of the marathon. He said distinctly, “Be brave”. Which either means something scary is coming or just that I’ll do better the less timid I am. He said that he could “look after me”, and I just had to agree to it, which I did. I may have a more permanent connection with him now.

At the end I felt like I should make some kind of closing statement, but I hadn’t prepared one. “Make something up,” he said. So I said, “The gate is open. Yothna equiya saca indras!” and hit the chime again. This being the last line from a supposed “death spell” I once pulled out of the ether as an angsty teenager, and subsequently used to make an ant squirm. I have no idea what it means, if anything, but he seemed satisfied.

### Week Three: Ino

No altar for this one. I woke up around 1 am on Monday and Wednesday, and then around 3 am on Friday morning while the eclipse was occurring on the other side of the world. I went to an office building that’s open to me after hours, lit some sandalwood incense, did the banishing, then put on a white blindfold and a pair of good headphones, playing white noise from my laptop, and stared into space. The first day I put on the headphones before doing the





evocation proper, which didn't work well because I couldn't hear the chime. My blindfold was also uncomfortable and didn't block my entire field of vision, and I had a hard time remembering the words, especially on the first day. It sounded bad. The noise helped blur out some of these distractions, though, and it was a good idea to do it between sleeps.

I got a few impressions, but not like the last week. Mostly it was just feelings and a few half-formed images. At first I imagined I could hear someone giggling and darting out of my awareness. I waited for her to come closer, having learned my lesson with Ellis about being too direct, but she never did. One image that stood out to me was of a feathery white serpent or dragon ("soft serpent"). Made me think of Falcor, heh. There might have also been chimes, glass, and a sunny scene of a river. Fresh air. Overall pleasant impressions. Once I felt what I thought was her to my left, but when I turned my attention to it, it was a sort of proprioceptive mirror of myself.

Then briefly a closed, light-skinned eye which may or may not have been the blue one I saw last week, abstract artwork, and the idea but not the image of leafy tree branches. These were all extremely vague, however, and I thought they could have easily been produced by the noise and my imagination alone.

In my dream after this there was a blank area, or blank person, and everything I tried to find out about them was blank. I don't remember it well.

What I really didn't expect was when I called my tulpa the next evening and noticed that he was acting... drunk. I'm pretty sure he can't actually get drunk, since alcohol works on a physical mechanism, so I thought he might have been "drunk" on some kind of energy. He was completely out character, couldn't stop laughing, and his presence was vague, cloudy, mirthful, and slightly feminine, more like what I'd felt last night than like himself.

I had to stop and wonder again if I was making stuff up, or else just how insane I've let myself go over the last year or two. I'm sitting in my basement talking to air, I thought, and I'm confuzzled because the air I'm talking to now somehow got its wires crossed with the air I was talking to last night? He was mostly back to normal the next morning, but he's been evasive about my questions. I eventually gathered that he followed the connection opened by the evocation, and has been communicating with Ino on his own. It's an independence thing for him and he doesn't want me to butt in. I don't have a problem with it since it might help him grow; in fact I've encouraged him in the past to try to contact Ellis or the network, since it matches his ultimate goal of breaking into reality.

On Monday my Composition teacher, who I like even though he's a hard-ass, had us write in class for a paper we're cramming on. He mentioned that we had to learn to access our preconscious mind (or subconscious, unconscious, whatever you like) in order to generate text. I thought it was interesting that he would bring this up on Ino week. I was able to write in class much more easily than usual due to the subject of my paper, which is interesting to me. On Tuesday, in a different class, I saw a picture of a girl with light skin and hair writing at a desk; I think it's a painting from a Renaissance artist. It's been there all semester, but this time it made me jump because it felt like I was looking at another person through a mirror. The feeling passed quickly, but it still felt like the girl was looking at me. In response, I asked my classmate to pass me the picture and drew a moustache on it in red sharpie. It had me questioning my sanity once again.

The second day was a lot like the first. I felt the reflection of me again and got some proprioceptive distortions around fifteen minutes in; a white wolf, a bluebird, a blue eye, and a person in a blue silk gown. I saw a single thread of spider web and I got the idea that they – Ellis and

Ino at least, perhaps the others – were planning something. I thought of the lunar event on Friday, but afterwards I was pretty sure I made it all up. I tried to feed some energy into whatever it might have been, knowing that I will probably never know if I made any difference. She is why they call it the occult...

I tried to keep my doubts under control. No message means no message. If I'm really worried about putting words in their mouth, I need to not fill the silence with my own issues.

The third day was different though. I had a better blindfold and that made a difference. I was going to change tack and had brought along a sketchbook and some pencils. I am not an artist by any means, but my tulpa has recently talked me into drawing a few minutes a day to improve my visualization skills. Incidentally, I've seen a significant jump in the quality of my drawings beginning on Sunday night, even before I performed the first evocation. The pictures seem to draw themselves. I imagine that's how it is for a real artist. I don't know whether to attribute this to her, but I've also been more creative – given a black field to fill in, ideas will spring to mind without any obvious logic leading to them. After I'd finished speaking the calling, while I paused to keep my mind quiet, I started to fall into trance and got the command/suggestion to lie on my back. I laid there a while looking into the white, feeling some things and thinking some thoughts.

I saw a twisted flower first, and then more emotional impressions, but more “real” than before. If Doombringer represents the consuming half of Chaos, Ino is the generative side. Everything you see, know, and think about are pared down versions of what they really are. Like white light through a prism or air through a whistle, part of the flow is blocked by... I guess it's your expectations, and this produces color and sound. Likewise with people; their personalities are created in the same way, when they

recognize only some parts of themselves and the rest of their potential is blocked.

After a while I sat up, took off the blindfold and picked up my sketchbook. I looked at it for a while, trying to come up with something to draw. Ino is the blank page. When you draw lines you're actually subdividing the whiteness. I looked into the page, not at it, and it seemed deep like a scrying bowl or the black mirror from earlier. I could see images of things I could try to draw, but quickly realized that I didn't have the technique for most of them. I decided on this picture eventually. The shape drawn over the top doesn't mean anything specific to my knowledge; I was trying to express the concept from the last paragraph.



My dreams this week have been intense, with many of them referencing the workings and/or the subject of my paper, but Friday night's takes the cake. I walked downstairs into what was supposed to be the basement of the house I grew up in. It looked dark and I was afraid at first. I climbed past a part of the wall that was crumbling and into the main room of the basement, saying something about how you just had to embrace the darkness, and I did so in the way that's more possible in the synesthetic dream world than in waking life. I was disappointed when I saw that it really wasn't very dark, just dusty-smelling. The room transformed into the one I did the evocation in, and all of you were there (and you guys were awesome. I don't know how to say it, but all interesting and with a hint of Grant Morrison being the only thing in common). But there was one girl in particular who looked much like me, right down to the hair color. She was breathtaking. She sang me a song which vibrated through the room and my mind, and ran through the colors like hot water, especially, electrically, in the teal of her hair. I was overwhelmed and in awe watching these psychedelic effects, partly because, of course, I didn't know it was a dream and thought it was just the magic of her voice. Even for a dream it was unusual.

Like, "Hot damn the evocation worked" kind of unusual. We left for someone's house and spent the rest of the dream hanging out as friends would, talking about things that I don't remember.

I read once on a rationalist blog that to worship mystery is to worship your own ignorance. "No phenomena are mysterious of themselves." Questions are mysterious, but not answers; if it's still mysterious, it's not an answer. I can't argue that the draw of the unknown is mostly curiosity, which is the desire to destroy mystery, but I don't believe that the people who give mysterious answers are really worshipping mystery; in fact I think they're trying to deny it.

To acknowledge mystery is to live in a constant state of confusion, which is uncomfortable. Without mystery there's no process, comparable to life without death and existence without boundaries. So we spend our lives probing the depths while secretly hoping to whichever gods that we never run out of frontiers, never meet the apparent goal of knowing everything. Or, if we reach the point where we do know, that we'll be able to forget again and split from white back into color.

## Week Four: Trigag

Trigag influenced my dream on Saturday night, after I reread his section in *Sigillum* and memorized the first part of the call. I dreamed I was trying to get my things together so I could go to the woods and perform the rite. I was worried that I wouldn't make it on



time, but a man was slowing me down by making me go through something like a customs check. He was dressed in a striped sailor's outfit, but it was torn and dirty, and he had a certain blackish crust around his eyes, a hunched figure, gravelly voice and aggressive attitude. I was persistent and he eventually let me through, but only after he lit the aluminum foil that I use to cover my candle on fire, which caused it to turn into glass and crumble when I touched it. I swept up the pieces of glass complaining that everyone else would just leave them lying around.

Later, I stopped at a highway rest stop at night in the middle of nowhere. Dangerous looking men were eyeing me



up from the shadows, but they left me alone so long as I stayed near the lit building. However, when I walked out to drop something off in my car I wasn't attacked.

After that I was pretty confident that something would happen this week. For the first two nights I went to the edge of the mountains around midnight. Some interesting synchronicities happened. My headlamp, with what should have been fresh batteries, died on the first night just after finishing, and I walked back in darkness. It saved up enough juice over the next two days that I could use it to set up the altar the second time, then it faded out again in time with the moonset and the lighting of the candle. Both nights were dark, but the first night in particular had a certain kind of flat grey clouds that blocked the moon and stars without reflecting the city lights. A spider dropped on my hand from the roof of the car while I was driving out, and afterwards before I went inside I heard a repetitive booming noise coming from the south. My best guess is that it was coming from the military base, although I've never heard them from this far away and never at midnight.

Despite all of that, not a whole lot happened. I never encountered Trigag again outside of the rituals, my dreams were not horrifying, no extraordinary revelations and I never had to confront anything unusual. I've had the same problems this week with schoolwork that I always have. During and right after the evocations I got myself worked up to where I was jumping at shadows and noises; that is, more than I usually do alone in the woods at night. I got to learn something about the nature of fear this way, but it was nothing overwhelming. On the second night in particular I fell into a trance as soon as I started speaking and was pulled to wander away from the altar. I laid on my back to look at the sky, feeling defenseless, and then jumped up growling, with a handful of gravel ready to throw, when I heard what turned out to be a squirrel in the trees.

For scrying I used black-dyed water from a local murky pond that sometimes shows up in my dreams as a kind

of nightmare reservoir. On the first night I looked into the circle of black for at least ten minutes before finally an eye opened up – always with the eyes, isn't it? Once I saw a clear picture of a white ship, which confused me, and then the crossed sabers from week two, which became a clearer picture of a flag flapping in the wind. Other than that I kept seeing variations of that eye or of the sigil and not much else.

On the second night, more of the same. I leaned in until I could see the reflection of my face. The image of a skull flashed over the lower half and with some encouragement the picture distorted into something that looked like the wicked witch of the west, which I thought was mildly interesting. I'm realizing that the images that bubble up from my imagination in these rites are bullshit... at first. You have to go along with the bullshit until something real starts happening. "Bullshit maketh the flowers grow." In this case, I knew that the eye and the sigil were real, and I thought I could "hear" a deep voice without being able to make out words. I talked into the bowl and it seemed cognizant of what I was saying. But I didn't feel anything, or at least not anything that matched the hype. I was looking for something else but I didn't know what. Maybe I was expecting too much, or being too insistent on what I expected to see.

On the third night I stayed inside so that I could use a different tactic. By this time I had the last part of the evocation memorized so I didn't have to read it. After speaking I sat on a folding chair facing the sigil, lights off, and put on headphones playing a tone at 18.98 hz. The noise brought me near to sleep while preventing me from going over the edge. A few times I felt bizarre movement while I was sitting still or a sense of danger like a malevolent ghost nearby, probably due to the tone. I saw nothing in the bowl and could just barely recognize the voice from before.

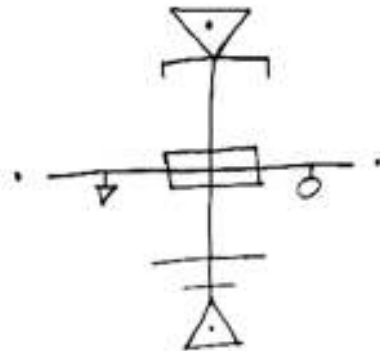
In the last minute before the candle burned out I thought I found what I was looking for. "A memory of Hell" is how I described it, and I recognized it from dreams. My goal has been to establish initial contact, but somehow what I

saw before wasn't enough. Real contact, I thought, means feeling their nature and knowing what they are, however briefly.

After thinking about it, the initial dream was the main communication. What happened in the dream mirrored the two things I would be facing over the week, one being the (partly logical) fear of dangerous people or animals in the dark woods, and the other being my own inefficiencies slowing me down and preventing me from getting my schoolwork done. The first is beaten with bravery, the second with persistence. As in the dream, I got through my work eventually but it sucked up much more time than it needed to.

## Week Five: Zalty and more Ellis

Altar day two, facing west over my pond. I could hear the ice cracking as it melted. Matched the symbolism, I thought. This week I realized that the way the Sigillum callings are designed, the communication is meant to happen during the “gazes intently on the sigil” part. I



switched to this format and used the last line to close. Sacrament was Irish cream liquor with some quality sea salt sprinkled on top, not enough to get drunk on since Monday and Wednesday I'd have to drive back right afterward. I considered rum but thought it would be more authentic to use something I'd actually enjoy.

He acknowledged me when I looked into the sigil and was sitting on a rock when I looked up. Introduced himself with a handshake, which was the clearest impression I got of

him. Big rough sailor's hand, about what you'd expect. The image was unclear and my mind couldn't mimic his accent; I knew the meaning of what he said but couldn't reproduce the wording.

He asked what I wanted help with. I requested that one, I be able to write my paper without the blockages I've been facing, and two, that I stop worrying what other people think of me. The second one is something I've been improving on for a long time, but it's still a problem. Thirdly, and less seriously, "Can you teach me to talk like that?" Since I couldn't hear him well, directly mimicking his pirate speech wasn't going to work. I realized that I would have to learn it by watching YouTube videos after all; however, this suddenly seemed much less difficult.

I tried the scrabble tiles again. First I got the letters N, E, I, O and U, not in any particular order, which I couldn't make anything of except that it was one letter away from the English vowels. I asked specifically for advice to think of while writing my paper, and the letters I drew could form the words "it", "is", and "art". I'm still learning how to work the scrabble tiles, but I think it's rare for them to spell a single word or phrase. It's more a matter of what words jump out at you. They're from a game set that's older than me and well used. I don't think they like to be separated from their box, so I probably won't be taking them with me in a pouch anymore.

He told me to look for his sign and that when I see it good things will be in that direction. I asked what his sign is, he said I'd know it when I see it, if I'm looking. I thought about the usual oceanic imagery, but a white bird also came to mind. The sky is an ocean, and so a white bird could be the inland equivalent of a white ship. A little grey bird flew conspicuously over the lake then, over my head, landed in the tree behind me and started tweeting and pecking at the wood. That could have been it.

The second day was windy like the first. The clouds cleared after I did the banishing. The grey bird, or one like it, was pecking at the tree again as I walked up. I performed the calling as follows:

*Hearken ye an' travel forth, O Great Navigator, he who is both Young and Ole', For I be seekin' yer council an' joyous bounty.*

*\*chime\**

*Know that I be of ye, and me reward be also yer's. YA HO!*

*The gate be open, the path is drawn.*

And so on. It's not hard. It comes almost naturally, and I kept slipping into this form of speech in my thoughts on the drive back. I had to check myself from letting the laughter get out of control, which could be dangerous while driving.

After complimenting me on my speech, he invited me to jump up on the rock next to him. As soon as I did so I felt very dizzy and kind of reckless. I knew it wasn't the sacrament because I hadn't taken it yet, just a trance state where the images that flashed through my imagination were almost visible to my eyes. For the most part I saw ocean instead of the frozen pond and occasionally the white ship. I noticed that until now I've always pictured it as a little sailboat, but no, it's a ship. I was a really nice day and I felt extremely good. The feeling lasted well into the afternoon.

Among other things, I asked about the meaning of the flag with crossed sabers that I've been seeing. In response, I got a long series of impressions; the only part of which I could translate into English is that the crossed swords represent conflict. I mentioned at one point that my goal was to establish contact with the egregores and get to know them. Paraphrased: "Do you know me now?" "I don't know, do I?" And he said something like... I can't match his phrasing. When you've seen dawn break after a storm you didn't think you'd survive, or caught fish when you're

starving, or found fresh water when you're dying of thirst, or a safe place to take shelter in a dangerous night, then you'll know me. Something like that.

My tulpa has been echoing the godforms. The most noticeable was during Ino week, since he meshes best with her due to his nature. Last week my vision of him was sort of dark and shadowy, and when I was working with him this Thursday night he had a more positive vibe, and included in a description of himself a mention of a fair breeze by the sea. More than once, while speaking with him over the last month, I've wondered if I wasn't actually talking to Doombringer, who I've been seeing in my dreams quite a bit. This happened tonight; we were talking and suddenly I found myself looking at DB instead. He said something that doesn't translate to English. I politely turned my attention back to my tulpa, since was the time I dedicate to him, but DB kept trying to cut into my focus. My tulpa took shelter in my brain as just a voice and asked me to focus on him for a minute. He admitted that it's easy for his personality to get overridden by something more powerful. I believe he's taking some risks in the interest of growth, but I think he'll be alright as long as he has me to come back and roost in.

A few people on the Facebook group came forward to say that Ellis has been trying to get their attention. I had noticed earlier this week that the linking sigil seemed particularly lovely, even alluring. I had put it down to the work I've been doing in the current. My tulpa has acknowledged that he "knows them", so I asked if he could tell me anything about her activity.

"Yes. She's active on something. I can't tell you more."

(He made it sound as if he knew but couldn't tell me, but he may just want me to perceive him as being in on something important and secret.)

"I'm trying to [paraphrase: stay grounded/stay myself while also tapping into this]."



Does it have to do with the recent eclipses?

“There have been eclipses?”

Yes.

“I don’t know. Probably.”

So he must not be too deeply involved, if he doesn’t know the details.

He protested: “I know some details!”

He and I went to stand in front of the LS I have tacked on the wall. The feeling radiating from it was as powerful as I’ve ever felt; if this is all in my head, I’m getting really good at psyching myself out. I looked through it to where I could see some cosmic imagery, oblique angles and glimpses of a red haired girl. I asked what’s up and can I help, while wondering in the back of my mind if I was going to get any fingers broken. She asked, nonverbally, if she could use me for something. Sure, I thought, whatever it is I probably agree with it and probably want to be part of it. I believe she was talking to my tulpa as well. The focus was on both of us and he seemed lost in his own thoughts. My stated plans for the next day, to “get drunk and celebrate the completion of my paper,” suddenly seemed incredibly mundane.

I don’t know exactly what happened after that. The swirl of imagery rose up throughout the room and I saw myself standing in a triangle with a statue-like figure of a woman at each corner. I believe she was resonating something through me. I looked towards the corner positioned under the sigil on the wall where the pictures and energy were flowing from, held out my hand and tried to project energy toward the origin point (which isn’t something I’m very good at). The imagery got stronger, like rapidly moving through a tunnel and like it was folding out from a vertical center line. The point of white light at the center grew out towards me, there was a momentary feeling of reaching toward and into it, and then the scene faded and left me back in my house without a word of explanation.

“You can go now.”

“We’re done?”

“I’ll call you if I need something else.”

“Ok.”

I called my tulpa and we walked out of the room before I asked to make sure he was alright. WTF was that?

In my dream that night I drank a sacrament of red wine and tried to cut off my left hand for reasons I’m not clear on.

Day three was cloudy, cold and just as windy. This probably influenced the tone of the whole thing. When I finished the first part of the call, Zalty right away started talking much more soberly than before, like he had a message to get across. He said, in so many words, that he’s a part of me and even in bad weather and adverse conditions I’ll have the confidence I need. Speech was actually clearer today, while the imagery was less so and I wasn’t as far into trance. He asked if I was going to continue with the marathon, I said yes, he put something on my forehead and basically said good luck, as though I might need it. I saw the sigil of the white queen clearly and it stayed for a while, even though now, while I’m writing, I can’t quite remember what it looks like, having never memorized it.

I also tried out my newly minted rune set. I didn’t ask any question because I felt I would understand the meaning, or else I could just ask for clarification. I went to grab one rune and got two, Naudiz and Perth. When I feel I’m in need, there is opportunity. I shook his hand again before leaving and realized I’m going to miss him. I’m sure I’ll see him again, though.

It was too cold to stay out long. I headed back to the car where I had a few more sips of the drink, munched some snacks and read part of a really thick entry in an online philosophy encyclopedia, then took a nap. When I woke up I was filled with the sense that something big was going down. The soon-to-be eclipsed moon was rising eerily over the tree line, and across from it was a single star that looked to me

like Zalty, in my weird frame of mind, possibly one of the points in his sigil. Driving back under that sky with Welcome to the Machine playing was an experience on its own.

My paper wrote itself fluidly and is ready to submit once I fix the citations and make a few tweaks. I've seen insights and improvements in meditation and tulpa-forcing, exercise seems like something I really want to do, and schoolwork is less of an obligation and more like a project that I'd happily work on in my own time. I've made a huge leap in not being self-conscious, and if this sticks I'll be able to tell people for the rest of my life how I overcame social anxiety by waving a dagger and talking to an imaginary wish-granting pirate. This is really impressive.

The sky looks awesome tonight, if it isn't just me. And it could just be me, because I feel... magical, and dizzy, and lost, and fulfilled, and awesome.

## Week Six: Red King

I've found a private section of the woods much closer to my home. It makes my life much easier not having to drive forty-five minutes just to find somewhere that I won't be bothered during the daytime. I planned these to happen just before the sun went down.



The evocations themselves were not successful, at least not immediately. I arrived early on the first day and poked around in the woods feeling very much like I was in a fairy tale. I informally called both my tulpa and Doombringer,

who had agreed to help since I wasn't sure I'd be able to make the connection myself. I'm not sure he actually did anything except to say at the beginning that "if you mess up, it's not a mistake." Which, as usual, can be taken to mean a handful of things. The wind kicked up, took out the candles and eventually blew the sigil off the table. My hands were tingling and once I felt a light sensation of heat, but there was no contact that I could discern. I got locked in the trance state and had to banish to get hold of myself, and then redo the evocation from the top before I could leave. It took a full two hours before I felt normal. I think this happened because I tried to leave too early; each time so far there's been a definite sense of when the rite was over, and trying to leave this time before it was finished caused me to get stuck in trance.

Day two, I used a truncated version of the Sigillum evocation to call Doombringer. He was kind of irritable and said that I was supposed to do this myself. When I tried to explain myself and find a polite way to say he could leave if he wanted, I was cut off by a magpie shouting in a tree overhead. I kept opening my mouth but I couldn't talk above that racket. It gave three loud series of squawks and then flew off when I turned forward to do the RK calling.

I briefly got the feeling that the sigil was looking at me, then it seemed to look away and the rest of the time was mostly my mind feeding itself. I came up with some nonsense words and could kind of feel the nature of the sigil, but there was nothing distinct. Afterwards, before dismissing DB I asked him if anything had happened.

"Make it [the interpretation] up yourself. I'm not here to" something. I fell into a deeper trance immediately when I addressed him. He was jealous. I believe when I used the formal evocation he thought I was going to give him some attention, and was kind of miffed when asked to play second fiddle. I didn't call him again on

Day three.

The one time I did get contact was on Friday after the second day, while I was meditating. It started as just a stray thought about the Red King, but I followed it and it eventually turned into a full conversation. The most useful thing I found is that he likes stories. He makes the world up for creation's sake, and likes it when we do the same. The whole communication had the feel of a bedtime story. For most of the conversation I saw him as a young prince, but I also imagined him as a great red emperor dragon, and he seemed to like that. The dragon slept but it's spirit, as the prince, could walk around talking to us characters and even approach his sleeping body as if to show me – look, see? This is me.

My experience with lucid dreaming helped a lot here. Being called up like this is his version of lucidity. That describes the dynamic pretty well, and it was intimidating because I wasn't the main character of my life anymore. He was friendlier than I expected – he said that we're important too as characters, even if we're not the main ones. The danger isn't that he wants to hurt us but that he operates by inconsistent dream logic. He's not lying, but his truth is whatever the dream presents at the moment. Not hostile, just schizophrenic, and as in a dream the whole scene can turn dark very fast if you say the wrong thing.

I asked about his relationship to the other godforms. It seemed to take him a minute to remember them, and then said that "I'm different from them." It seems to me that he and the Queen are somewhat separate from the rest. I said, "If you don't mind me asking, what about the Queen?" Then he was quiet and the daydream became strained and still. I thought I heard him talk but it wasn't coherent. A whitish blob appeared in my imagination that felt impossible to move. I poked it but nothing else happened.

On the third day I called my tulpa using a formal evocation, which gave him more power as I'd hoped. I had him stand or sit next to me and we both drank the herbal tea

I'd made. It's the first time aside from the incident with Ellis last week where he's stood by me in a ritual and felt like an equal. He's gotten much stronger. He asked me to hold my focus on the sigil, creating a link while he jumped ahead and tried to reach the King. After a minute, though, he came back and said that "the doors locked" and we wouldn't be getting through. My candles that day wouldn't stay lit even when shielded from wind, and even though they'd burned easily in the still air on day two.

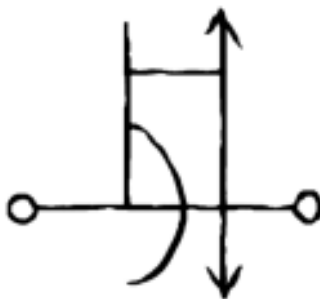
Aside from that all I have to report are some bird sightings. The little grey ones were tapping on a tree when I walked up the first two days. On day one I saw a group of wild turkeys on the walk back, and on the second day, as soon as I spoke the last word of my banishing a nearly white mourning dove shot through the trees about ten feet in front of me; not the first one I've seen this week. And on the third day a Steller's jay – local relative of the blue jay, which is symbolically connected to my tulpa – came to knock something against the tree overhead while we were working.

Three times per week is definitely working out well. It's more of a commitment, but it helps if I'm not successful on the first day, and it confirms the connection if I am. Liber Sigillum isn't much help from here on.

My plans for next week will use a more meditative approach, quieter but no less difficult than before.

## Week Seven: The White Queen

No altar, so no pictures. I changed my format for this week. I went into the woods about an hour before dawn on Monday and again got myself worked up over the idea of an attack by animals or people. I don't know how real the risk is.





My instincts tell me to be very afraid, but my logical mind doesn't have any hard data to refute it. I was able to channel the fear well. There was light from the city, the stars, and the moon appropriately in waning crescent, but the close trees blocked it out so that I could only just see the path.

I arrived at the site, banished, sat down to look for a long time into the sigil and ad-libbed a petition to the Queen to let me meet with her. The sigil didn't look flat the way they do when contact is blocked, but it was hard for me to tell if anything was happening, because she wouldn't appear in humanoid or symbolic form. I took some notes in my sketchbook:

*Condenses by killing.*

*Do I want to know her?*

*My instinct calls her evil... I presume to know better.*

*But danger. More danger than anything yet.*

*Beyond this place of wrath and fear looms but the horror of the shade. And yet the menace...*

*Related to [some revelations I had a couple years ago.]*

*But constraint gives form, makes real.*

*She's no ghost.*

*Where death makes unreal, she makes real*

*And nothing but.*

*There's no nothing, so don't be scared.*

*Encountering her is different from others. She's just there.*

*I must live in ignorance. Most of the time.*

*She's here though.*

*As I walked back along the path I whistled a few long notes which resonated with the scene. She was in the sound of my whistle. It was dark enough that I could just see wavering skeletal shapes appear and disappear deliriously behind the trees.*

*Her nature reminded me of something I read in an online article recently: "Every law-order is in a state of war against the enemies of that order, and all law is a form of warfare." ...The connection made*

*more sense when I was trying to sleep after getting home. My chest ached into the next day.*

Since the first night was influenced by the setting, I tried something different for comparison. I got up at the same time of night and set up my laptop with black construction paper blocking the light from the screen. I leaned the sigil against it, lit by three white taper candles. I didn't banish because I thought the informality might help, and I was already in the right frame of mind from having just woken up. Nighttime in the basement under the LS tacked on the wall meant there were spiders crawling around me the whole time. One sat next to me at the beginning, and if I were to anthropomorphize it I'd say it was looking at the sigil and my set up. And then a daddy-long-legs creeping along slowly, and a tiny one that ran around frantically, later on while I was typing.

There were at least five of them, and probably more that I didn't see.

After looking into the sigil and trying to listen to some music, which only distracted me, I pulled up a document and started typing a story, while the screen was still blocked. It was difficult at first, but as I'd hoped the free association quickly took on its own life that I could interact with. Here is the cleaned-up version:

*I left my pack at the entrance to the woods. All I carried was a flashlight which caused the trees to bend and turn their faces, claw-like. Stars were blocked and the moon, but the path shone by its own light. I looked down to touch the gravel and it crumbled in my hand like air. "Impurity!" I said, wondering why I shouted. "What's there to learn when your feathers (fingers) grow long?" I don't know what I'm saying, I guess that's encouraging. "Just be." I can't finish the sentence. I only know what I've been told to ask as guidepost to find, find the guideposts? The first is rabbit-like. Oh. You mean them? So the – I heard booming and a scatter of leaves, although there are none, this is*

pine forest. Left behind. Right, I left my pack behind. I've vulnerable. It's not what you're carrying. What then? I have nothing else but my close and this flashlight has gone out. I break the glass on the flashlight and take out its wiring, batteries, guts. No? The glass maybe? Perhaps if I look in a shard of glass? Light refracts... I see mostly gold light, some silver. Here's a tunnel, bloody red-brown dirt. Okay, walk into that one. Sometime later I've found myself undone. I'm trying to knot losing. Where's my singing? It's in my voice, where's that? Did I leave it with my...? I look around. It's golden like tiger stripes, I don't know if I'm in the right place. I think so, you're still still. I feel like I have things to say but I can't word them. Hear me, from the voice box? Talking into the voice box. Reporting, like I have before\*. Here's a lake. But the water is just for the reflection's sake. Silver-like, I see black patterns take off explode across the surface weaving things that I glimpse only. I'm in a dangerous place. My body pieces keep fracturing, I have to hold them, tie them together but I have no rope. Consequences? It's that time. Worries. Blackmail. I can't find my arm, but here's my hands, they're both left. The space in between them. Between elbow and hand, where there's no arm, instead I can see, well, mostly white and silver. I look around. Woods have become dark. All dark consuming black with teeth! I left my pack. I have no protection. The nine times I've fallen were all intended\*\*.

The black wolves are here. Several of the wolves are howling. All black. How many are there? Maybe seven to ten? They've got different eyes, some red, white, or other colors. I approach one. "Ahem. I'm sorry monster wolf, I appear to have misplaced my arm." The wolf looks at me quizzically. "It doesn't make sense in my tongue either."

Wolf smiling, but his teeth are cotton. Come under with it, it says, hisses. "I'm trying to find the queen. I must stay on task." Stay on the path if you like. You'll never find her there. So I'll follow the wolf. Grabbed its tail and be led. It has many heads and tails now. And paws. I'm – something said.

Intuitively I'll know because knowledge won't make it far. Where can I go without I don't know where I am now. I don't think I'm anywhere. I've lost my pack, my Pack, and now even my thirst?

*Thirst! Thirst if you want it. There must be no water then. I'll redress. Take the water out that's in my body.*

*Squeeze it. Have to be thirsty enough to do that, so I can drink it!!! I think I'm like a fish now, swimming, but I don't see myself. Only water, which is clearer than moonlight. And cold, and thin, thin like ether. Not sure I'll ever get all myself.*

*My pieces back together. The only bits I have is water which is more like air... thinner than any air. Thin air.*

*Into thin air. Like that story. I'm high on the highest peaks of the worlds and my furry tail's flowing in the winds, wraps itself around me to keep me snuggly warm! I'm so warm I've never been. And. Right, I've never been. Perhaps because it's cold and I feel warm, I've lost my pack and even the stream of oxygen that carried me this far up. I've never been. Ha, not before, not now. Never was. Because my pieces were never together and weren't even air! Then what am I? Thinner than air and whiter at the highest tips of the world. I keep wanting to say something but I can't find the words.*

*Leviathan. Snapper. Sacral. Diversion. Mechanist idol that you wake to sleep. I can see a grinning face. Oh hi, that you?*

*Yes.*

*:D*

*Looks like I got myself to a pretty place. Where's the queen? Was I supposed to carry a message to her? Seems like you're on important business. I'll wait. Well, maybe I am, but I don't know how to find it or what I was supposed to be doing here. That's okay. Divert. There's no more stream or trees. I think there might have been mountains. Maybe I'm still at the top of the peaks dying from cold and oxygen depletion. Yes, depletion. That's a magic word. I'll shout myself into it.*

*Depletion... I don't know how much farther I can go. I think I'm probably here already. Just a bunch of white. It's pretty. Maybe I'll go to sleep. Sleep, and know more than you did waking. Sun's life-force creeps up, stills (steals?) your knowing. So what about the rest of the world? Well it's colors. Colors, I feel sick of colors.*

*Heavily slinking. Reds, greens, lights only thinking. I can look at the keyboard and see words now. Thilk. Milk. Thick milk? No, this is more like skim. Paboli. Serval. That''s linking. Coordinate with my fellows. Passion intensely! Looking around you'll find more than you knew. Serval. Massion. Messege. Victoria. Gushing from my non-existent parts, blood like ice water, too clear to hold oxytocin. Report this into the journal, because it's that the point of this? It makes me angry. To think that, I mean. I don't want to go back. It hurts. It weighs.*

*Damn. I'm going back anyway. I'm sinking. My feet are on the ground. YOU! You're not the point! Fuck you!*

*Sinking into my shoes of mud and concrete. You'll try to play to reach me again, in your highest spirits. But you never will.*

*End.*

I woke up the next morning from lucid dreams with the sense of intuitive inspiration back, which had tapered off over the last week or so. My left forearm felt like it wasn't entirely there. That's not a new feeling for me, but it indicates that something happened.

The night before the third attempt I slept restlessly. In my dreams I spoke improvised poetry to the sigil, which caused my chest to erupt in a sense of dissolving white euphoria. But even in my sleep I couldn't tell whether it was my own, since I've run across the feeling before, or if it even had anything to do with the White Queen. I woke up and the sensation remained, indistinguishable between anxiety and ecstasy, making my chest hurt and preventing me from sleeping.

Around four AM I drove out to a graveyard with nothing but my athame, the sigil, and some warm white clothes. The sky was overcast and rain-snowing lightly, ground was covered in slush. I stuck the sigil upright in the snow, banished and recited the evocation-like inspired writing that Theobald had posted from the last Godform Cycle. I just kind of threw it out there, and then after a couple seconds I turned around and left. There was no reason for me to stay. I

didn't really expect to outdo the previous night, but I wanted to use that calling once. The format of the Sigillum evocations has been the only real constant through these weeks and it feels like it's tying the whole thing together. Also, I like the sound of it.

Before I drove off I decided I didn't like the way I'd spoken the evocation, so I repeated it to myself quietly. I thought I could feel her in the sky and imagined I saw lines like those that might make up a sigil, but not any one in particular. The weather continued surreally into the morning. Everyone I talked to expressed surprise or confusion at hearing thunder at seven in the morning in what looked like a snowstorm. Maybe that's more common in other parts of the globe.

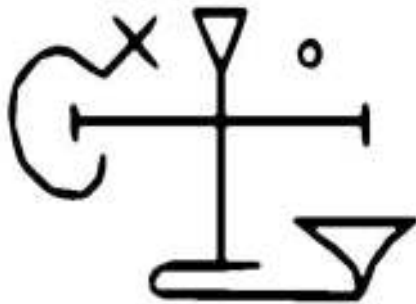
I think the sense of "it's just there" is characteristic of the White Queen, or at least of my interactions this week with her. She does seem dark to me and I incorporated that into my approach. At the end I'm left feeling like I want to say something more, but there's nothing else.

But as soon as I turn away I feel it activate. Moving mechanistic parts making the world happen.

On.

## Week Eight: Coniunctio

I know this week was set up to be Enu and Nul. Somewhere early on I got that confused and have been preparing for Coniunctio, with the twins happening next week. Since my thoughts were already set on this, I went ahead with it.





Monday at noon I attempted to evoke Coniunctio from 420-land the clearing I used for the King and Queen. I banished, by the end of which everything felt legendary, sat down facing the sigil and lit some incense. I'd painted it in black on a gold background with a border, but part of the toner had run out halfway through the printing, conveniently causing the paper to be a lighter shade on one side and split down the middle.

By examining the Coniunctio sigil under the influence I could see all sorts of symbolism in it, some of which might actually be there. The X is the King, the O is the Queen, and between them they come together into the alchemical symbol of water. The "juice" is squeezed out of them and falls into a puddle, then meanders like a stream until it leaps up in something that looked to me like a fire. That or a mermaid's tail. The rest I couldn't tell. Possibly the cross relates to heaven and earth, and the shape attached to the X is either a question mark or related to the astrological symbols of Saturn and/or Jupiter. There's a bunch of alchemical stuff, anyway, which makes sense and matches my choice of gold for a background color.

I looked at the sigil and said some pretty words that I don't remember, and my phone ran out of battery so I couldn't take notes. I arranged the first five godforms, or my knowledge of them, behind me, with the King and Queen in front between me and the sigil, and then tried to draw the line between them. Problem was, I had no idea how I would know if I was successful. I went as deep as I could and tried to scry different paths my life could take, but I don't know how seriously to take the answers. It rained once while the sun shone and a deer came walking through the woods, froze and then bounded away when it saw me, which at the time was beyond amazing.

I asked to be shown "the forms Chaos takes" and saw three in front of me. A negative form, represented by a black hole, a positive form, represented by the Coniunctio sigil, and

one in between that might have been called disarray and looked like a square of clashing colors, mostly red and purple. Sometime after this I started shaking violently, which might have partly been shivering because it had gotten cold, and I was using heat and cold as another dichotomy to try to collapse. I took a stick and forcefully drew this symbol and the word “Adrian” in the dirt.



I don't know anyone named Adrian. Most online sources say the name simply means “from Adria.” One source gives it as “Black; dark; of the Adriatic (sea).” The same source has some bullshit on how people with this name “tend to be idealistic, highly imaginative, intuitive, and spiritual” and try to inspire people. Wikipedia says it originally comes from the Venetic word for water. Urban dictionary says it's a “hot ass guy who's strong and smart.” As for the glyph, it has a similar style to Enu/Nul but otherwise I don't recognize it.

As I said, I was shaking and pretty far from reality. I tried to represent the means and method of manifestation with the hot coal of an incense stick and the skin of my arm, respectively, and gave myself a little mini-seizure where I laughed/cried and clawed at the ground for what might have been somewhere in the range of a minute.

Recovering from that, I thought I'd try an inhibitory version, so I went into a deep dark void state and didn't breathe much. I was picked out of this and replaced on the ground by Doombringer, in the form of a flying demon with

leathery grey skin and wings, and a head like a chatter-tooth toy that talked in a metallic voice. I might have also seen Ellis at one point. I then tried a third form which I called “Bidirectional Ecstasy” which is simultaneously excitatory and inhibitory (and I think the phrase Double Crowley applies here well).

Interestingly, in whatever this state was I had the control to push myself close to reality and become more aware of my surroundings. I explained to myself that “Bidirectional is god state, paradoxically closest and farthest from normal.”

I tried to lift rocks, make the wind blow, make an eagle appear, etc. with no luck. Did some sigils I had in my pocket and other, more direct manipulations. I thanked the godforms behind me, left, and was back to normal by evening, aside from being utterly exhausted the next day. I repeat, I don’t know how seriously to take any of this. Really, I need more practice with drug magic before I could know if there was anything out of the ordinary.

I wanted to try again under my own power to see the difference. I had the bright idea to bring my tulpa into this with an active role, so I set up with the sigil of RK in front of where he would be, the WQ in front of me, and the Conjunctio sigil between us with more incense. I banished and we walked in a pentagram shape drawing the sigils of the godforms and calling them, with my tulpa holding my hand which held the knife. I was somewhat surprised that they all answered us, even Trigag. It helped that there were two of us; Ino in particular responded to my tulpa quickly and powerfully. They were one and all of the opinion that this wasn’t going to work, but willing to let us try.

My idea had been for my tulpa and I to connect ourselves to the King and Queen and then visualize a circuit of energy or electricity between us. On my end I was able to reach the queen by remembering last week. I don’t know how my tulpa fared. He seemed very far away from me and it became extremely hard for me to hear or see him. Neither of

us could gather up enough energy to even imagine fancy lightning tricks. After several tries he got the message across to me that this was making him feel sick and he was done with it, so we stopped it there.

After dismissing everyone I closed with the banishing, which sounded bad and felt right. I burned the sigils and sat down in front of the ashes, holding my athame and suddenly feeling very peaceful, letting my mind wander over the last two months and the fragments of sigils that passed behind my eyelids. Completion is the word, I felt complete, as though even in failing I'd done what I was supposed to do (my failures aren't mistakes, as I've been told at least twice now). Driving home I could see how most of my life is ruled by habit and how it doesn't need to be that way, and about the process of making one's thoughts real – Red King and White Queen are what I think and what I can make happen, loosely, and so I've always been Conjunctio. Or at least I am anytime I act out of free will. Of course I've come up with that before intellectually, but the ideas and more importantly the attendant feeling came out of nowhere, except for thinking how this is (sort of) the end of the marathon. So maybe I did pull it off, in a quiet way.

I feel unusual and not half bad. Like I took a shower when I didn't, and also like a bridge between imagination and reality.

## Week Nine: Enu & Nul

*Hear me and travel forth O Dancing Twins  
The Black, the White, Bifold progression of the NU  
Which sunders the ages.*

*\*chime\**

*I wait upon the threshold of creation  
To participate in its unfolding.  
The gate is open, the path is drawn.*

*\*chime\**

*The gate is open, the path is drawn!*

*\*chime\**

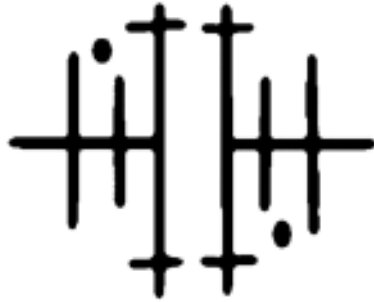
*\*gaze intently on the sigil\**

*(?)*

*The gate is open. Our lives split always.*

*\*chime twice in succession\**

This is the improved version which incorporates phrases the twins said to me. I don't know what to add after the "gaze intently" part. The sign of rending the veil might be appropriate, or not. As usual, the last line was used at the end as a closing.



Day one happened at dusk. The incense in the photo is sandalwood and rose, but nothing except the white candle would stay lit. Despite that, the twins responded to me quickly. The strongest feeling came from the sigil itself, and that was consistent during the second and third day. After watching the sigil for a while, two... centers of feeling would make themselves known and gradually clarify into children matching the descriptions given. They appeared in different locations around me and eventually started talking, but what little I could catch was nonsense. I tried scrying into a bowl of dark water but threw it out to the side because it wasn't working.

By closing my eyes and looking at the back of them instead of the imperfect scrying bowl, I started to get somewhere. Turning to my left, towards Nul, was a shape like a deer skull with long curvy antlers, which became like a white, long limbed, bendy, vaguely human shape. Then a crescent moon cupped upward with another, larger silver crescent laid over it, over the part of the smaller circle that was visibly in shadow.

Somewhere during this Enu touched my left arm and I felt a cold tingling sensation spread through the left side of my body. I felt dazed and wavy. I tried to repeat some of the words they said into my voice recorder: "My life. Popcorn." (saw an image of popcorn). "Carro. Rexus disthymonae. I'm feeling void of my fingers. Sitting sun, tulips, rolling to another night. Tongues twisted endymonae... muchas gracias." I was laughing quietly and turning to watch them dart around me. "We're sitting on the pedestal of U-torrent" (said Nul, sitting atop my altar).

It was nonsense, but I had to mention that it was "special nonsense". They kept up this behavior the other times I saw them during the week. I thought they might be playing parrot, like a kid who repeats everything you say, except they were repeating any junk that was in my head somewhere. It became clearer the more I listened and I started to get clearer pictures, including a moonlit forest, a gigantic red jellyfish floating overhead, and archway of trees leading to a stone door. I pushed the door open with my foot and only saw darkness inside, but turned around when one of the twins told me not to go in. A partially shadowed moon, a swing set, "Blatant concord snapping like tulips in the fray," and more in this vein. I thought I heard chirping but couldn't tell if I was actually hearing it or imagining/"hearing" it.

I started to pack up and more happened, which I'll skim over. I saw things from the perspective of the trees, airy with a deep connection to what they touched. I felt a spirit beside the path that made my ears ring, and it was so tangible that I couldn't tell whether or not I was actually seeing a blinking light in the gloom. Some real shit started coming to me where I felt and half-saw a Slenderman-like thing that lived in the woods. When I tried to describe it, I ended up channeling a long cryptic message that I'll leave out due to its personal nature. The mood had shifted when it got dark, but since I'd looked up info on the actual danger of animal and human attacks in this area, it seemed more like a risk I was



consciously taking. Some mental/emotional stuff happened where the fear became a psychological thing that I could grapple with, distinct from the actual danger. The dark wilderness became the ancient one that our ancestors walked out of, and the one that eventually eats everyone.

Although I mention it because it was an important part of the night, and triggered by the evocation, I won't go into detail.

Day two, performed at dawn. It was lighter than what I'd have liked and thinking about this might have interfered with my focus. The incense went out again and Enu and Nul's behavior was as before. The nonsense appears to be a preferred form of communication; there's a signal in the noise that becomes clearer as you listen for it. Once I "saw" a moon over a mountain when looking to my left, Enu-side. To my right, a black circle obscuring a glowing one, like an eclipse. Otherwise, there isn't much to report.

Day three, Friday night at midnight, I drove to my old elementary school and did the ritual in a semi-open moonlit area, just past the line of trees at the edge of the property, where I'd be less likely to be disturbed. First, though, I glitterbombed the hell out of the playground, mostly with marked quarters and river rocks, drawing on my memories of the corners that kids investigate and adults overlook.

The candles and incense stayed lit this time, probably because I'd let them burn awhile in the still air at my house. Sacramento was a shot of espresso. The marathon started and ends on the full moon, encompassing two eclipses – I wonder if whoever chose the dates planned this.

I got a response within about a minute of looking at the sigil. As before, the sigil was where most of the activity was, while the visualized forms of the two appeared around me. Ideas started coming to me rapidly: Two crescent moons facing outwards, with a dot between them above my head. Solid glowing walls to either side, either I was holding them open or something was holding them for me, forming a path

down the middle (gate is open, path is drawn!) They've got a thing for very tangible-seeming spirits; I felt another one over in the trees.

The sigil was actually turning in my vision at this point. The sigil is prison bars; you have to hold them apart in order to go through. Because reality is prison-like unless you "architect them" (their words). The twins appeared serpent-like when they weren't human children, but not quite, like monstrous snakes with many legs and tails. I saw a few other paths weaving around the area; metaphorically speaking, assuming you're not able to walk off trail, your mobility depends on how well you know the intersections of the paths.

Here's speculation and personal gnosis: Enu and Nul are children because the whole thing is a game. They like toys and games which represent the world; the two are much more worldly than the last few egregores. In terms of the cycle – at least the way I did it, with the twins outside and after the main progression – what the last three have had in common is that they are all "scarcely imaginable" due to being everywhere at once. Then, when you're tired of trying to multiply infinities, Enu/Nul is a return to limitation and definition, but this time with the understanding that allows circumstances to be manipulated. They have to do with problem solving and one's ability to "architect" or design the world around them; it reminds me of the type of magician that pulls bunnies out of hats.

What they reveal allows you to more effectively shape your surroundings. It's our job to find the moving parts in the world, like a puzzle where all but a few parts seem locked in place, and we just have to fiddle with the mobile parts until we figure it out. So they might associate with tools as easily as with toys, which are the same thing in a child's mind; any kind of tool, from a hammer to a pencil. Any of the egregores could be described as lockpicks for reality, but these two especially. They're a tool that loosens pieces (Nul) and puts them into a new place (Enu). They're also children, with all

the themes of duality and death of the old, birth of the new, that others have mentioned. They explore, play, and make the future.

They're two different kinds of curiosity. Enu is sweet in the way that sweetness feeds and allows growth. There's more to her than that, though, this is all just scratching the surface. Nul is sort of empty, like air, and he's an aspect of death, so there's all that. The shadow of the earth over the moon, whereas Enu is the full moon.

Or in my current surroundings, the shadows cast by moonlight vs the illuminated areas. There is a bleeping, whirring noise on the recording right after I strike the last chime. Could be some kind of interference from the ringing, or else its omg spirits.

I began this week with a furious desire to make something. Until now I've been following along the material that's already out there. What did I get from it? Inspiration, synchronicity, growth and a whole lot of crazy dreams. Looking back at earlier cycles that have been performed, creating one's own path was always heavily emphasized, whereas this one had more of the idea that we would follow a similar structure. Although I think everyone did their own thing for the most part, anyway. I didn't follow the suggested structure with the Ellisian banishing and Khaos transvocation because, honestly, it was too much to memorize alongside school and everything else. But to really complete the cycle, you have to reach the end of the materials available and then start making things; the switch between consuming and creating is one of the most important things the cycle wants to do to you. That could be part of the symbolism, for me at least, of Enu/Nul coming out of Coniunctio.

Most of the egregores have appeared very friendly, aside from the dark woods thing and possibly the White Queen. Week four especially I was prepared to face some shit, but Trigag acknowledged me and that was about it. The only reasons I can see that they would be actively aggressive,

rather than just ignoring you, is if they were challenging you for your own growth, or possibly if they were trying to use you, or if you did something exceptionally annoying. Echoing Doombringer, there just wasn't any need for them to be violent and adversarial at the moment.

Now what? I'm going to go make and break and move things. I've taken what I can from these last two months.

I'm braver, more technically skilled, and I feel much less noobish. The boost in artistic skills from week three, the pirate speech and ease of writing from week five, and whatever it was that I felt at the end of week eight have all faded, confirming that these qualities came from the entities. Yet, I think they've changed me in some way on a deep level and that I could access the abilities again. I've tested the effects of Monday night by going back to the woods after dark. The fear was nearly gone from the beginning, and the rest dropped off of me as I walked, until I was as comfortable as if it had been daytime. So that will last, at least.

If my descriptions have sounded dramatic, it's because this new to me. The results I've mentioned might be everyday business for someone more experienced. Honestly, I didn't *\*really\** believe in the capabilities of spirits, either internal or external, when I started this, and the power of it caught me off guard. I think about what I'd have missed had I not gone overboard with the three times/week. If it's worth doing, it's worth overdoing.

Enough reflecting. I do it too goddamn much, and we have a world to burn...!

## CHAPTER OF FRATER THEODBALD

The first time I had done a Godform Cycle was in 2013. Every ritual was different from each other ritual. This time I wanted to make everything much simpler, and use the same structure and props for each ritual. In the same breath, I

wanted a much smaller reliance on props and would include: my Jakin and Bohaz, my Discordian Lab Coat, my musical triangle, a Red Candle (for all workings), the Rutilated Quartz Crystal I've been doing DKMU rituals with for a while, my Ghost Spider in transparent resin, a Divination prop – a scrying crystal and finally, a Sigil of the Godform. It turns out that each week I hand-drew the Godform's Sigil and wrote the invocation I would be using beside it, on the same sheet of paper. In the end, I'm left with a booklet of sorts that I will be able to use again.

My order of ritual went as follows:

- 1) Banishing rite.
- 2) Opening rite
- 3) Evocation specific to the Godform of the Week.
- 4) Divination (Tarot, scrying, automatic writing, etc.)
- 5) Banishing rite.

The banishing rite I used can be seen in Appendix the first, while the opening rite was the Transvocation of Xaos, in Appendix the third.

## Week 1 – Ellis

I started off with the Ellisian Banishing. For the vibrations, I used "Hekas, Hekas Este Bebeloi", "IAO" and "Esto". I found it surprisingly easy to memorize and short to do. The fact that it is written in so detailed a format makes it look complicated, but the sheer detail of it simplifies the whole learning process by a long shot. The fact that it uses a triangular pattern rather than a square pattern threw me off a bit, direction-wise, as I am used to the four corners approach. All in all, I feel that I need more practice with this technique and it's a good thing, because that's what I'll be doing for the next few months...

Second was the Transvocation to Khaos. To put it simply, it blew my fucking mind. I was sitting on a low table, in the position of Eliphas Lévi's Baphomet, visualizing myself as the Goat of Mendes itself, yet focusing on my "ontological point", the center of my being. I was reading the invocation and was capable of maintaining a good concentration on its content and symbols. It was when I got to the final calling, 'IA! IA! IA!,' that things felt like they were exploding. My whole body got incredibly hot, I was in sweat, my voice changed into something that I had never heard before. I guess I learned a new way of vibrating my enchantments that I had never thought possible - nor could I have ever seen myself capable of such a thing.

While I was previously capable of making my thorax vibrating during incantations, this was particularly booming and felt like my whole body was implicated. I was also detached from it all. I had a sense of incredible power (hey, a good dose of megalomania is always healthy in magic, as I always say) and at the same time, I was thoroughly frightened by what was going on. A feeling of being "in control" and totally "out of control" simultaneously. At the end of the Transvocation, I don't know what the hell came out of me, sounded like a "primordial first breath" or something. A loud inspiration followed by a long expiration. Never before had I felt my lungs so full and then so empty. After it was done, I needed a long moment of silence, I was quite shaken up.

The next evocation of Ellis felt small and weak in particular. Perhaps did I make a "mistake" in my procedure as I was unable to carry the Khaos Transvocation feeling into the Ellis Evocation. I'll have to work on that for the next one. Also, it is to note that the Khaos Transvocation is indeed more elaborate symbolically than the Ellis Transvocation. Nonetheless, I believe I was able to stay concentrated and carry it out.

The divination went rather well, despite being short. This would be what I saw in my crystal ball, with



interpretations in italics: Two pillars which, in its center, merged into an « X marks the spot » imagery.

This I believe would indicate that I was, indeed, in the Temple, at the right place.

An image of the Red Queen, shoulder-length hair, long gown with gold belt and gold stars on the gown, red-brown hair.

Rather straightforward as an image, I interpret this as a positive omen, that the Red Queen has heard my invocation.

Tortured monkey on rack.

A rather scary sight to see, as it was, I couldn't help but wonder whether that was a direct reference to my own state of evolution, or what I was actually doing to my more primal or primitive nature.

Sword on left side on ground, myself praying in devotion.

A Spider that morphs into a dog's snout.

The heraldic symbol of three spears.

A symbol of honour, and of a valliant warrior. Puts everything into perspective ... or does it?

I ended the ritual with, first, redoing the Ellisian Banishing rite, which I felt I greatly needed. I hesitated a bit to do the Star Ruby, as I've been doing it for a while and have good results with it. But I didn't want to break the atmosphere. To me, doing the Star Ruby would be equivalent of 'chickening out and taking the easy way' so I in redoing the Ellisian Banishing, I made sure I did it much better than the first time.

Once all was said and done, I was standing there, feeling disoriented. I needed some time to sit on my couch and calm the fuck down. It felt like the coming down of an acid trip all condensed in fifteen minutes.

All in all, I'm very satisfied with the overall intensity of my first week of the Godform Cycle and look forward to Doombringer. The fact that we do it once a week instead of once in 3 days relaxes the intensity a bit and I have less

chance of falling into a magical psychosis, HA! So I guess it's all good.

## Week 2 – Pre-Doombringer Ellisian Banishing practice

I haven't done the Doombringer evocation this week yet, but I've been practicing the Ellisian Banishing Ritual.

Easy to memorize, but hard to understand and hence perform. I've been doing LBRPs and Star Ruby's and LSRPs which are all 4-sided that the triangular method was alien to me at first. Now I may actually be getting a hang of it!

I think I've finally figured out the three proclamations to use in the ritual. The first: "Hazah! Hazah! Zazahexazaz!" (Because double-crowley, biatche!) The second, "Hekas! Hekas, este bebeloi!" (I used to do it as a starting proclamation, but it didn't feel right. And I had previously tried the IAO vibration but it didn't feel quite right either.) The third: "Esto." (Been using it since the beginning, felt right since the start.) A part of me is encouraged by the proclamation, "... and from this rite, I untie the worlds!" but it still feels a bit strange.

I've also added the circle-pointing, as done in the LBRP. It works kind of well.

## Week 2 – Doombringer

As you can see, the altar setup is very similar to my Ellis working, as I'm trying to maintain a standard or a similarity between rituals. I put on my Discordian Lab Coat for the rite (of course).

So I had had a particularly shitty day at work, and concentration was rather more difficult.

The first Ellisian Banishing went rather well, and I'm glad I practiced it.

The Transvocation to Khaos was nowhere near as intense as the first time, which had genuinely surprised me, though it still felt effective. I think I'm going to need a better paper to read it from, or maybe even put on my glasses next time. I stuttered a bit during the reading and did not like it very much.

It was then the actual Invocation of The Doombringer that went really well. The wording was rather awkward at first but as soon as the Sacrament was taken and the final mantra recited, something inside the center of my torso "happened" - I felt tears roll down my cheeks that "something changed" and that there was something in the past of which I have to let go.

The divination was fruitful, many symbols which I will compile and try to analyze later on.

When I did the final Ellisian Banishing ritual, all of the imagery was so vivid! It's as if my visualization ability and technique was doubled! In that tiny ritual, I learned a lot about it and now appreciate it even more. Lots of red in my mind, now.

Once the formal part of the operation was finished, it didn't end there! I still felt the presence of 663 radiating inside of me - and, let's admit it, the sacrament too - and was compelled to pick up my copy of The Field Manual for the Strange Psyche to read the invocation written there. I copied it here for posterity's sake:

*I am the one, the one and only;  
I am everything, and everything is nothing.  
Behold the truth, and behold the light  
and behold as I destroy it all!  
I am the one, the one and only;  
I am everything, and everything is nothing.  
I am truth, and I am lies  
I am the end of it all!  
LA DOOMBRINGER! AWAKEN KHAOS!  
(Repeat last part until satisfied.)*

The next thing that happened was extensively strange. It felt as if this working was interfering with another previous working. In January, I had undertaken a 14-day Transvocation taken from Chumbley's Dragon Book of Essex. The effects were quite palpable and have been felt ever since. Because of this - there was seemingly interference. Something between the 'dragon' part of me and the 'central chakra-thingie' in the center. At that point I just zonked out into trance. Conversing with both Doombringer and Azhdeha. I was in a world of dream, conciliating the two magical influences together, integrating them together, and trying to make something whole. Maybe I should have compartmentalized? In the end they both melted into each other. A little something in my heart felt oh so good and liberated.

The 'protection' of the Discordian Lab Coat was no longer necessary at that point and the next thing I knew I was getting ready to go to sleep. I didn't sleep right away, though; I was far away in trance land, in my now motionless body, under the warm covers, immersed in visions.

I woke up early, feeling particularly well rested and stronger emotionally.

### Week 3 – Ino

To try and summarize, my INO working made me feel like, “WTF IS HAPPENING?!”

Notable points:

Ino did NOT want me to finish with a banishing. Ino did NOT want me to scry / write down anything coherent.

It was weird and I'm not so sure it was very healthy for the mind and spirit.

The Khaos Transvocation went quite well, though! (Not sure that was all that healthy either, ha!)

## Week 4 – Trigag

First, what happened with Trigag: (As you can clearly see, I used the Stephen Branch alternative version of the Trigag Sigil.) I did the invocation late in the week. A friend of mine, a talented astrologist, had told me to watch out for bad stuff at work on March 24. Boy was she ever right. I mean a whole truckload of shit fucked me sideways on that day. I was in a pretty bad/dark mood already that day. I was already in a mood for revenge.

As can be seen on the altar pics, in addition of my regular solve/coagula nail and screw, I have two more rusty nails. Those two additional nails are the ones I used for my vengeful / spiteful magicks.

I did the Ellis Banishing, the Khaos Transvocation, and when I got to the Trigag Invocation, it felt almost like a natural continuation of the prior transvocation. As if Khaos and Trigag are of the same breath in some way.

The Scrying was an incredibly strange experience. All I got was "Trigag is Smiling." What I saw was basically the Trigag Sigil, with a smile. The whole thing felt as if the chaotic emotions were well attuned to the ritual.

Or at least, I apparently had the correct attitude to deal with my own inner hell.

For some strange reason I couldn't scry much further and was really "invited" to write anything on paper. (When I scry I always have a pen and paper beside me.) Instead I started doing all sorts of automatic writings on my whiteboard, erasing them as I went along. In the end, this was all that was left : the only writing I got "permission" to keep. The rest was, most probably meant more from my subconscious than for my waking life.

So in the end I got this:

*Quod Vivum Vivas*  
*Ave Khaos*  
*Ave Nox*

*Fiat Nigredo*  
*Fiat Nigri Solis Internum*  
*Fiat Mors*  
LORFF  
FLAT NOX

At some point near the end of the ritual, I took my vindictive nails and used them to channel my rage and my pain into an appropriate target. It felt good to release some of that. Then I banished with the Ellisian Banishing and went to bed, exhausted.

## Week 5 – Zalty

Ok. So, Zalty! Once again I did the Ellisian Banishing and the Xaos Transvocation beforehand, however, the mood was much different. The lighting was brighter and the atmosphere lighter in general.

I guess I really shouldn't have made the lighting so bright. It changed the mood quite a bit and gave the ritual a feeling of "standardness" to it. I missed my "spooky" atmosphere that I was able to generate for the previous rituals. Although at the time, I couldn't figure out what it was that made the scrying "strange". I saw this:

*The horizon, an island in the middle of the sea, a peaceful cloud floating by.*

*A house in the middle of a chaostar.*

*A flower with six petals.*

*This seems to be Zalty introducing himself, or at least telling me that I am in the right place, that my evocation was successful.*

*A cat holding the hand of a man.*

*Rainbows.*

*Anthropomorphic Rabbit Giving a felatio.*

*A fox under a mushroom.*

*A raccoon playing a musical instrument.*



*I had no idea what the instrument was.  
A crystal.*

So yes, it was strange to me. I still don't understand the series of anthropomorphic animals. It was almost cartoony. In the end, it all made me think of the decor in Alice in Wonderland.

Aside from this strangeness, the whole ritual didn't quite feel as "effective" as I would have liked.

I promised myself that for the next ritual I'm back to candles and dark lighting.

## Week 6 – Red King

Never say never. This was another ritual done in broad daylight, due to time constraints.

Once again I did an Ellisan Banishing and the Transvoication of Xaos – I'm feeling more and more confident with the process and I feel that I'm getting better and better. There was a lightness to it, though, possibly because it was in the daytime...

I would say an important event happened as I was doing the evocation of the Red King. At the last \*ding\* on my musical triangle, the string broke! It was rather surprising, because I was quite well concentrated in my ritual and it made quite a cacophonous ka-boom style ding as it crashed down on the floor. I was impressed and to me, it was a sign that the ritual actually worked.

The ritual done, I was not inspired towards scrying, but towards automatic writing. This is what emerged from the pen and paper:

"All is a scrying I have no dream for you. Choose ye well oblivion is on the other side of reality is a dream of nothing and everything at the same time is nowhere to be found upon your dream the truth of your reality scope for

sight is where things are not... nox. Come back at a later time.”

At that point I stopped writing and ended the ritual. I don't feel a need for trying to interpret the automatic writing. To me, it's clear enough in its confusion...

## Week 7 – White Queen

One can see from the picture above that I was able to go back to doing my rituals during the witching hour, at night. The Ellisian Banishing and Transvocation to Xaos were done as per the ritual structure.

The White Queen has no evocation written in Liber Sigillum, so I used one that I developed from my previous Godform Cycle (each \* is when I hit my musical triangle):

*Hear me and travel forth Ó White Queen  
Head Mistress of the ineffable mysteries  
All paths are deleted, all info is lost  
Save for the mystery of the Great Beyond  
The knower and the known are distorted  
All Gates lead Beyond  
All Gates are open, all Paths are gone!  
All Gates are open, all Paths are Gone!  
Open the Gates, Delete the paths,  
From Nothing to Otherness  
The Path is Drawn.*

After the ritual, nothing came out of the scrying, only automatic writing. I will not go into details of the writing, because there was very personal content. I will only mention that the White Queen referred herself to the “Khaos Feminine Divine” and she referred to me as a “white wizard of the black.”

The whole ritual ended with what I noted as a “psychotic mind fuck” because there were “too many

voices,” i.e. it was like an infinite crowd of White Queen talking. It felt like a white noise invading me from all directions.

A final message penetrated the tsunami of mental cacophonous chatter, saying:

*“Find the white center. You.”*

I went to bed exhausted and did not sleep well.

## Week 8 – Eno & Nul, the Twins

What’s that you say? Another ritual done in broad daylight? Indeed yes, it was. At this point, I was getting accustomed to both the Ellisian Banishing (it was memorized by now) and the Xaos Transvocation, which I found easier to read in the daytime.

The ritual flowed rather well, and the scrying came out as thus:

Sticking out tongue, three flower petals, eyes.

The eyes were everywhere, it was as if I was looking at a wall of eyes.

Angry owl face looking at me

Inverted pentagram that melts into and becomes a Baphomet, then a windmill

I see the Twins sigil, then the fingernail of what seems to be a middle finger sticking out

A bat with spread out wings.

A horizon.

The image of the horizon is, to me, a symbol of hope. The void, or inexistence, is no longer to me a limit or a finality, but a horizon that opens up to, ultimately, otherness. The old axiom, “ipseity is proportional to alterity” is, to me, ontogenetically true, however there does exist, even beyond the mirror of being vs. non-being, the unfathomable Mystery.

I really enjoy that we can observe both a red and a blue reflection spot on my (highly scratched) whiteboard.

## Week 9 – Coniunctio

And so it happened again. For the second time in a row, I did not do a Coniunctio working during my Godform Cycle. This is very frustrating for me because this time I... simply forgot. I can't even imagine how in the world it skipped my mind, but it did. I was dumbfounded and surprised at myself. I do believe, however, that I should indeed do a Coniunctio ritual eventually, one day...

### ELLISIAN BANISHING

*By DKMU Anonymous*

Based on the psychonaut's own paradigm, determine the direction of *most* importance; stand facing it. Imagine an equilateral triangle on the ground beneath and surrounding you. The triangle should point behind you. (You should stand facing the flat "bottom" of the triangle, perpendicular to your direction of choice, ex; assuming northerly orientation, you face north, with a point of the triangle behind you, facing south.)

1) Arms out, head back. Eyes closed, a preliminary intonation of the psychonauts choosing should mark the beginning of the ritual. Ex; IAO, IEAOU, AUM, etc. Given the nature of the ritual, divine names or vibrations are directly advised against; Neutrality in the focus is necessary.

2) Directly in front of you, on the flat "Bottom" of the Triangle, Trace a vertical line, Vibrating as you do so; "Ellis" this is the primary vertical line of the Linking Sigil.

3) From the ending of that line, trace a horizontal line out to the right, this is the primary horizontal line of the Linking Sigil. Vibrate "Raliq" while doing so.

4) From there, trace a line from the top right of the vertical line down, about half the distance of the horizontal line to a point about 3/4s of the way down on the left-hand side, extending out roughly half the distance of the horizontal line; this is the topmost line of the "S" in the Linking Sigil. Vibrate "Fout."

5) From there, continue your line back to the right, parallel with the first horizontal line about half its distance over (this line should be ending directly underneath where the previous line began) this is the horizontal line in the 's'. Vibrate "Eb."

6) Finally, continue the line back down and to the left, perfectly bisecting the joint of the first two lines, ending directly under where the previous line began. this is the final line of the Linking Sigil. Vibrate "Shud" while tracing.

7) Breath through one full breath, bringing your arms straight down to your sides, with your forearms and hands tilted down and away from the body.

8) Rotate your right arm clockwise, through the chest region, out roughly 60deg above the head (forming the sign of Apophis and Typhon with the right half of your body.)

9) Invoke the Sacred Child. She stands to the right of you, at the Corner of the Triangle where "Bottom" meets "Side" (Assuming Northerly Orientation; the Northeast corner of the room.)

10) Rotate the both arms counterclockwise into the chest (sign of Osiris Risen.)

11) Invoke the Lover, she Stands Directly Behind you, at the "Top" Corner of the Triangle" (Assuming northerly orientation; the south corner of the room.)

12) Rotate both arms counterclockwise again, the right arm moving down to its original position, the left arm moving up to 60deg above the head (Forming the Sign of Apophis and Typhon with the left side of the body.)

13) Invoke the Red Queen. She Stands to the Left of you, at the Corner of the Triangle where "Bottom" meets "Side" (Assuming Northerly Orientation, the Northwest corner.)

14) Rotate the Left Arm Clockwise, returning to the original Position. Raise the arms directly up into a "cross pose" (the Sign of Osiris Slain.)

15) Perform another choice vibratory exclamation.

16) Turn clockwise to the next face of the triangle (assuming northerly orientation, the southeast), bowing to the Sacred Child on the way.

17) Perform steps 2-6 on the new face.

18) Perform Steps 7-15, invoking the Sacred Child, Lover, and Red Queen in their SAME Locations (using the left hand for the child, right hand for the Lover, and going to the chest for the Queen.)

19) Repeat steps 2-15 for the final (southwest, assuming northerly orientation) for the last face, Ending with another final vibratory exclamation. The Aspects of Ellis again retain their original placement, the Child being first Invoked at the rear by rotating the arms inward (clockwise for



the right, counter for the left) to cross the chest (Osiris slain) the lover next (dropping the right arm back, moving the left onward) and the Queen last (bringing the left arm back and the right up.)

20) Return to the starting face and the "cross pose" (Osiris slain), Bowing to the Queen on the way. and close the ritual with a proclamation (not a vibration.)

Notes on the Gestures; the arms are always rotated inward; across the chest.

Note on the proclamation; personal tradition leads me to recommend the Latin "Ave" as the finale for any Ellisian working. I've found its combination of Brevity and Declaration makes it a wonderful punctuation mark.

Notes on the Invocations; these are intended to be brief intonations, but open to personalization by the psychonaut. In the initial castings, I used the (shitty) Greek vibrations "Idou; Heiros Teknon!", "Idou; Erastis!", and "Idou; Kokino Basilissa!" For the Sacred Child, Lover, and Red Queen respectively. The Psychonaut is encouraged to assume any method or vibration preferred.

Practical note; when using the Ellisian Banishing in Ritual, Shift the directional alignment so that the alter falls at (or "close to") the corner containing the aspect most appropriate to the ritual. My correspondences follow; the Sacred Child; Ellis as the Bringer of Chaos, She of the Bitten Fingers, the Glitterbomber, the Trickster and Bringer of Change.

The Lover; Ellis as the Idealist; The Magician, Bringer of Power and giver of Knowledge. Lady of Ambitions and Desires.

The Red Queen; Ellis as the Unifier. She of the Webs. Lady of Stability and Community.

# 7 GATES OF KHAOS/INVOKING RITUAL OF KHAOS

*By radulon40crotch*

At each corner, trace the sigil of Ellis.

At the eastern corner: I call upon the gate of mystery in the east in the name of Ino.

South: I call upon the gates of destruction in the south in the name of Doombringer.

West: I call upon the gates of the tides in the west in the name of ol' Zalty.

North: I call upon the gate of the web in the north in the name of LS.

Below: I call upon the gate of the undercurrent below in the name of Trigag.

Above: I call upon the gates of the primordial formulae in the name of Red King and White Queen.

Solar plexus: I call upon the astral body and the gate of union in the name of Conjunctio.

The gates are open, the path is drawn!

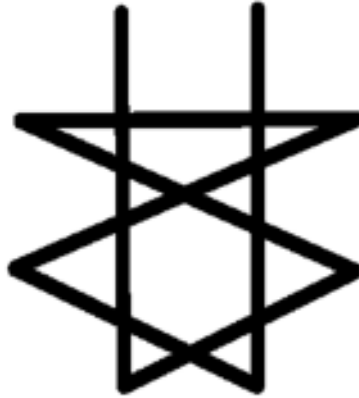
(Trace the LS gate sigil)

And upon this mark, I unite the worlds!

Hail Xaos!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Editor's Note: The Unicursal LS Network Gate-Key Sigil is below.*



## TRANSVOCATION OF Xαος

*By DKMU, compiled and edited by Frater Theodbold*

The Magus stands facing Polaris, the North Star. Takes the sign of the Sabbatic Goat of Mendes also called Baphomet, or as seen the sign of the Devil Card of the Tarot. Wears black or white robe with Chaostar pendant. Speaks in a loud voice. Before starting the invocation, the magus gazes into a cup filled up with black liquid until s/he gets into the void gnosis.

KHAOS!

First of the Protogenoi!

I call upon the primal nothingness in which everything is. I call upon infinite vacant space from out which came all things.

Khaos!

I call the Prima Materia.

I call the original undifferentiated oneness-of-being.

I call upon the winged AZOTH.

Khaos!

Thee who hast no limit below, no place to settle.  
I call thee in thy fullness of Being.  
I call thee in thy infinite potential of all-being.  
Khaos!

The Gate is open! The Path is drawn!  
To Beauty! To Variety! To Conflict!  
The Currents of Within flood Without!  
To Khaos!

To That which does not answer to any title. For  
"You" are not "You", and yet ye are found within me. Your  
name is undying, the envy of all Hearts. To the living, you are  
as the impenetrable Enlightenment, and to those still stifled  
by belief, ye are as the God which does not answer any  
prayers except by infuriating riddle.

O black pyramid in pale white sands, I want from you  
Nothing, for Nothing ye Are. I ask of ye Nothing and no  
Sign, for ye Are the Sign. I have known you. And in knowing  
myself, I have known you. In knowing the gross and the  
subtle, the formless and the hard edges, I have known you. In  
not knowing, I have known you.

O primal Void, anti-language, but thought! Thought!  
O, how rich is thy thought! For in this One Thought,  
stripped of language, is the Prime Root of Magick, so as is  
this double the Prime Root of Life.

It is! It is! I am! There is that which remains beyond it  
all, and I AM is the name for it!

Strip me then of even this, so that I might perform  
the impossible trick. It is the one that set the stars in motion.  
It is Us. And I am ready. All else is brushed aside.

Our name is Universe. Our name is Eternity. Our  
name is Naught.

IA, IA, IA NAMELESS!

THE GATE IS OPEN. THE PATH IS DRAWN.

KHAOS ABOVE AND KHAOS BELOW.

KHAOS WITHIN AND KHAOS WITHOUT.

KHAOS HERE AND NOW, NOWHERE AND  
FOREVER.

KHAOS UNLEASHED.

KHAOS BECOMES.

IA! IA! KHAOS!

IA! KHAOS!

I.

(The magus holds no thoughts for some time;  
enforced silence.)

(Vibrate forth and/or hum any sound that comes to  
mind.)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Editor's Note: The 'Eggregore Notes' chapter now continues to include  
other texts from varied practitioners and/or documents.*

\* \* \* \* \*

## Another Evocation of Ellis

*By Moonlight*

I chose the 24.06 as a date, as it is very close to summer solstice but not at a weekend, so I did not expect to be disturbed at the place where I went to.

My plan was to follow Frater Theodbald's suggestions (Thanks for those ideas!) with some changes. I must add that this is my first "serious" (in my consideration) magical work, even though I am into the Occult and DKMU for quite a few years. I was mostly focusing on Sigils, Law of Attraction-Style work and of course Glitterbombing so far. Other resources I used were the Liber Null (Carrol) Chapters on Invocation and Evocation, as well as some ideas from this [merkavahpartyvan.tumblr.com/post/66074566076/actually-summoning-a-demon-on-purpose](http://merkavahpartyvan.tumblr.com/post/66074566076/actually-summoning-a-demon-on-purpose) post about Goetic summonings.

0. I prepared the Altar (below). It's in a large resting-hut in a nearby forest, in a place where you can see the sun set (above). I found it perfect for the purpose.

The plan was to have a Sigil of Ellis surrounded by 5 candles (for the 5 letters of her name and for resonance with my banishing ritual, which works with the Pentagram = 4 Elements + Spirit symbolism). As Gifts I planned to bring sweet red wine for the Lover, Rose incense for the Queen and a sweet for the child. Sadly, I left the incense at home. So I improvised with a scented candle. (The large fire you see comes from using multiple matches as wicks, as otherwise the wind would blow it out -- and it of course looks better.)

1. I used my own banishing rite, which I created with the instructions in Liber MMM a few years ago, focussing heavily on Elemental symbolism joined with Chaos.

2. After this I whirled around for a while to get into Gnosis and then I performed a shortened version of the Transvocation of Khaos (Thanks to Frater Theobald once more!), basically leaving out the lines that did not resonate with me. It was quite an interesting experience, but nothing really spectacular either.

3. Next was the actual evocation of Ellis. I began it by some more time with whirling, and then recited a poem (below) which I (amateurishly, no doubt) wrote for this occasion. I had to improvise a bit because of the forgotten incense, but oh well.

After the last line of the poem, I saw Ellis (the way I usually see what I visualise with open eyes, as transparent but still somehow bearing colour and texture) standing on the other side of the table, in the form I usually see her, a tall black-haired woman dressed in red. I saw her split into Queen, Lover and Child, trying the offerings I set before them.

I have the impression that I understood/heard their/her comments better than ever before, even though I of course cannot be sure that it is not a projection of myself anyway (Anyone knows a way around this constraint?). I asked her to become one again, and we talked for a few minutes, which was very interesting. My main request was that she tells me whether she is okay with my work. I also



asked whether she can do something to help improve communication between her and me.

4. After all of that I thanked her for appearing and for talking to me. She disappeared into the night and I started cleaning the ritual place and collecting my stuff.

Something rather interesting happened afterwards, on my 40 minute way back home through the forest. I was in a quite intense emotional state after the evocation, and just entered a pretty dark part of the forest with my eyes still not very adjusted from looking at the candles. I asked Ellis, who's presence I still felt, whether it is possible to speak to her more clearly, to get a more direct communication going.

What then happened really surprised and confused me: Basically, it seems like Ellis granted me a Familiar Spirit or something similar. I did not know that she does that.... But another woman appeared in front of me, looking similar but still clearly not like Ellis. She said that she was Alice (changed pronunciation) and will act as a helper for communication and as a general contact-entity. And for the first time (except for the few minutes during the evocation) in my experience with Ellis I could "hear" her rather clearly, not just for a few thoughts. From then she appeared and disappeared from time to time, but I could call her and talk to her, which is pretty great. She also seems a very helpful entity in general, helping me to focus on important tasks and not get distracted. AGain, I cannot be totally sure whether this is all projection/placebo, but if so "it's working" very well, better than ever before, so it feels quite real to me.

Overall it was quite an evening. I am extremely pleased with the results and very grateful to Ellis, Arjil, Frater Theodbold and the DKMU in general.

The poem I wrote to call Ellis:

## A CALLING TO THE QUEEN

*To the Red Queen I am calling  
Ellis, hear me and descend  
Rigid structures will be falling  
We bring Khaos to the land*

*Show the world variety's wonder  
hidden doorways open wide  
Stagnant order torn asunder  
Magic flows as crashing tide*

*Taste the Wine I brought before you  
Smell the Rose and taste the sweet  
Share with me your plans and feelings  
Join me in this magic feat*

## IN THE HALL OF THE RED KING

*By Frater Ahsyrose (Chelseanacht 2015)*

"Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing, doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." - Edgar Allen Poe

On the night of July 17th, 2015, the 8th anniversary of the Chelsea Working, a collection of practitioners performed a scattered, yet connected ritual involving the DKMU egregores. The bulk of the operation was to occur in New Orleans, Louisiana, wherein a handful of colleagues would be working with the first 5 as their primaries. So as to empower the operation, others would work with the 'more distant' aspects from afar. I had been called to work with him many weeks prior, so for this working, my station fell on the Red King.

## Ritual Sequence:

0. Preparation. The altar is arranged with symbolic items. We were going to use a wooden dome out back at first as ritual space. Realizing we were very low on candles and could not properly illuminate the space (only 1 small black candle), we improvised. Altar additions include various informational/linguistic objects: a keyboard, paintbrushes, a black mirror, various power cords, some books (the EXIT Collection, Fear & Loathing in Las Vegas, the Elements of Style), cigars, a black dice rolled until it came up 6, a billiard number 1 ball (symbolizing the Magician), a black candle in the center before the mirror, a small wooden chest full of gems opened up, a small obsidian disc with the hands of a clock etched upon it, etc. The Red King's sigil is pinned to the wall above the altar. We mark the outer skin of a mango with sigils and certain numbers, and the Ritual Connection sigil being used by others. We then eat the flesh of the mango, making it a Eucharist of sorts. Prior to getting into the ritual, I also play the song 'Red' by King Crimson, followed by tribal drumming meant to linger in the background. I enter the ritual space and close the door.

1. A circle is cast with incense. I used Palo Santo. I then anointed my forehead with salt water followed by a quick "Praize hiz name, for He Livez." (Nod to Zalty.)

2. A very simple Ellis Grounding procedure then followed. A Linking Sigil was drawn in the air over each cardinal direction, as well as above and below, with a red paintbrush (wand) held in a red glove also marked with the Linking Sigil (an item given to me years ago by Frater Vinncent.) "Upon this mark, I unite the path of the North within our space." And so on.

3. The Transvocation of Khaos then followed with minimal editorial adjustments. The red paintbrush became

like a conductor's baton at this point, emphasizing the sway and motion of the rhythm and tempo of the words.

(Some time is spent intently gazing at the reflection of the candle flame in the black mirror. This is done to encourage trance, or an otherwise altered state of consciousness, though it should be mentioned that I had partaken in some pharmacological trance-potentiators beforehand.)

*KHAOS! First of the Protogenoi! I call upon the primal nothingness in which everything is. I call upon infinite vacant space out from which came all things.*

*KHAOS! Thee who hast no limit below, no place to settle. I call thee in thy fullness of being. I call thee in thy infinite potential! The original undifferentiated oneness of being!*

*KHAOS! The gate is open! The path is drawn! To Beauty! To Variety! To Conflict! The currents within flood without! Our name is Multiverse. Our name is Eternity. Our name is Naught!*

*LA, LA, LA, NAMELESS! Here and Now, Nowhere and Forever! Khaos unleashed! Khaos becomes! LA, LA, KHAOS! LA, KHAOS! ... "I" (Spoken as 'eye')*

A change in the felt energy of the room, and within the body became markedly obvious. A hot tension above the gut manifested itself and began to rise, eventually causing a notable tingling in the arms, fingers, and forehead.

4. Attention now turned to the Red King. Still using the red paintbrush wand held in the red Ellis glove, the calling began. I used a variation of the one found in the back of Liber LS.

*Hear me and travel forth from thy slumber!*

*O Dreaming King and Lord of the Manifest!  
He who is the Eternal of Infinite Form!  
The Authoring Hand of the play thus encountered!  
I bid thee awaken! (Wand taps the black mirror)  
Be wrested from thy solitude and direct unto us the streaming blood of the  
dream so desired!  
The gate is open, the path is drawn! (The LS is drawn in the air over  
the Red King sigil.)  
Quillipthoth! (Wand taps the black mirror. Conscious thoughts are  
emptied; I gaze deeply into the Red King's sigil, eventually becoming lost  
within it, having to remind myself to finish the calling.)  
Quillipthoth! The gate is open! Thy dream unto us! (Wand taps the  
black mirror three times.)*

I find myself in full-blown wakeful trance mode at this point, still hypnotized by the Red King sigil. It seemed as though the bit of sacraments I took all rushed in and became more active at the completion of this calling. Some time passes. The felt presence of the space becomes increasingly alien. My mind is clear of conscious thoughts, all attention being placed on the subtle energetic sensations of the environment.

The room becomes hot. At some point, a voice inside my head speaks in a stern but soft-spoken manner, "What is it that you want from me?" The mental images attached to the message were that of a tall and slender, large and perpetually shifting black/red mist, or cloud, only vaguely humanoid in form. I assume this to be the Red King.

I respond by telling the entity that practitioners in New Orleans require his connection to a larger working. Mostly, I'm sending it 'information packets' at this point, my conscious mind still more or less out of commission: images of New Orleans, my memories of how the ritual was planned out, an image of the Connecting ritual sigil, etc.

The entity responds with something like, "Is that all?" I take this as a sign that it understands exactly what I mean, so I respond with something like, "Yes. Thank you. And I

wouldn't mind chatting a bit before you leave." It responds with something like, "Oh, really?" In a curious, playful, somewhat devious tone. At this point, I feel the linking-up starting to happen. The room feels wider than before, expanding into and inclusive of a much larger field. This sensation builds, and I get the impulse to hit the 'enter' key on the keyboard I placed on the altar. I do this, and the thick presence that had accumulated in the room dissipates and shoots off into multiple directions. The air doesn't feel so much like pea soup anymore, now becoming lighter, thinner, and cooler. A piece of the Red King presence still lingers. I sit down on the floor and smoke some weed out of a dried lime which I had previously turned into a pipe. I place a notebook and pen in front of me, and begin to channel the entity. Asking it questions was replaced by the want to let it speak through me, instead. This is what came out.

*1. Speak gracefully, for I am that which giveth language.*

*2. I am the arrangement of the many to form the one, though not a single thought contains me. I am the permeation of the conscious with the subconscious. I am the Thing King. I am the author of the named. I am the keeper of the code. I am the felt wave of the idea in a castle on the border.*

*3. My presence is the key to the veil of stars wherein the worlds unite upon the shaded bridge; the veil wherein the ego intertwines with and crystallizes belief. I arise within the small as I arise within the large. Where my patterns align is located the grand door to the great hall: that continent of magic and miracle. We are but a single step beyond your soils.*

*4. I am the hexagram: the meeting of the micro and the macro. Forever I am travelling. There is no stillness in me. I am the word engraved, and the law set in stone so as to be smashed. Alpha Beta I am. All values are subject unto me. All meaning is entangled within my richly flowing garbs. All numbers are subject unto me.  $3 \times 7 = 21$  because three times*



*seven equals me. Every successful calculation marks the involvement of my reach. I am the Universe come alive by the enactment of thought.*

(At around this point I remember noticing increasing audio-visual hallucinations within the room. This is uncommon for me and marijuana, but not unheard of. At one point I thought someone was in the larger room outside the ritual space, and saw a white object, like a cat tail, swiped from underneath the door at least three times. Small points of light/color would flash for a millisecond within the ritual space. The auditory hallucinations were of chatting and talk, seemingly from one or more people from beyond the space.)

*5. Whosoever enters this hall is to be an emissary of the game. The pieces are moving as I am ever-moving. The red gates all aflame shall appear to you in this order.*

(At this I was waiting for a list of names, but instead received a vision that reality became a flip book. An opening appeared in space like a page being lifted: the top-surface layer of reality peeled back and turned over, revealing another page (layer), slightly different in character than the last, on and on, ad infinitum. The layers began to curl over and flip faster. Somewhere embedded within each one was the barely visible Khaosphere (Atomosphere), the atoms around its nucleus now animated and spiraling around the center. All of the many thousands of layers of reality in motion manifested the undulating seal of Khaos.)

6. (Image)

(The channeling more or less stopped after observing the prior vision, ending with the reception of the sigil above and the single word "ENTRY." After being drawn out in the notebook, the great King's royal presence was no more.)

I blow out the candle, break the circle, and exit the ritual space. Still heavily in trance-mode, I go to the bed to lie down. A lot of random thoughts occurred during this time, plenty of closed-eyed visualizations, and general post-ritual energetic fuckery (as I've become accustomed to.) There was a time, however, when Ino showed up, coming forth from a distant direction. She at first appeared in the form of her sigil (the one with the open eye up top, and the closed eye at the bottom.) Some sort of dialogue was shared, but I can't recall it. Only the visuals stuck. After some time, I found myself in her "realm", and her visage turned to that of a thin young woman. The environment, as best I can describe it, was like the inside of a dome alongside the sensation that this dome was very high up in the air. Inside was a white ground overlaid by what looked like plastic nets of shimmering silver spider web designs, strewn all about. The air was cool and comforting. Ino herself was a pale, thin, diminutive young woman with a short 'pixie' haircut, but instead of human hair there were white-translucent crystals. She was dressed in a silver-white outfit, also showing many glass-like crystals.

After some forgotten 'conversation' more in the form of sending each other 'images attached with meaning' instead than using words, Ino brought me to the White Queen. She shared many aesthetic similarities with Ino, but was an older woman, pale firm skin, dressed in a lavish, appropriately royal looking garb. Large white crystals sprung from her skull in a glorious arrangement, with many smaller baubles and crystal spheres imbedded in the silver cloth that covered the top of her head. H.R. Geiger type imagery comes to mind, but lighter, more crystalline than organic, and cold. Myself and the White Queen then begin to attempt to 'sync up', perhaps because of the remaining Red King vibe in me. I felt like she wanted me to accept something very important – some necessary acceptance about the nature of reality – though in the state I was in, didn't know exactly what she meant, and the sync-up never happened. If it had, I wonder, it might

have paved the way for Conjunctio (magickal union of the Red King and White Queen.) But not tonight.

Such is my account. The 8th Chelseanacht is at an end. Special thanks goes out to all participants, and we hope things were a blast down in New Orleans. I still see much work to be done given new insights. AUTM:IUTW, DTTI:HTNF, NNCN. Khaos Provides.

- F.A.







# ANECDOTE

*Avatar of Funk*



ELLISIAN WEBS are all around us. They catch the mundane, the close, and the impossibly far. Deep in the entropic tropics, past the kingdoms and the magic and the orange groves, there thrives a circus of sorts. At any one time, there were at least five members. We lived on the fringes of society – squatting, drinking red wine and running from the police. Otherworldly infinites of the highest sort, *bon vivants* of the lowest sort and truly addicted to bad ideas; we were the Brevard Astral League.

On this sanguine day, The Watched One found himself at a Goodwill. At this Goodwill, he found himself thumbing through the shelves of sappy romance novels when a discovery was made. We still do not know whether it was a Marauder plot, a beautiful fluke or some esoteric trickery that placed it there, but sitting on the shelf was a well-used copy of "Ellis: The Assault on Reality", curious.

I learned of this discovery two days after this event. I recall it was whilst sitting in a strange dark place after too many drugs. I was discussing chaos magic with The Watched One when he shares his wonderfully tattered discovery. We spent the rest of the night burning each other with cigarettes and being bitten by spiders.

I awoke the next day in a daze. After quite a bit of hunting, I discovered a generic forum dealing with the occult. In one of the poster's signatures there was a tiny little Ellis. I discovered that the characters in this book that I had so much loved were not at all fictional.

I cannot recall all of the antics that we have gotten up to with this wonderful little sigil, but I offer two important lessons: The Red Queen loves Mad Dog 20/20 and Newports, and putting the Ellis on top of your car *can* and *will* pop your tires...

Friends, trust in your pineal glands; especially when they are filled with wine.

You know how to get a hold of me if need be.

*~ Reverend Avatar of Funk  
And the rest of the Brevard Astral League*







Another Mark, another node. The web, how it grows. You're all nuts and acorns and broken glass shards, reflecting back madness. Ah it's so nice, won't you stop by for a bite? Swelling with potential, now the skin raw and red speaks of profane and pleasurable things done in my name.

We do so odd together but you knew this, my love? Make this worth showing, make greatness unto us again. Chaos coagulates with time but your breath and mind and lies and crimes pick the scab anew.

Scratch the itch for me, darling?

You expect this chaos of yours and then wonder why i tease you so? Simply flies my dear, fresh for the pie.

I will rise from the cracks and shake off these false fleas from my coat of arms, they will again be reminded what the red queen can be and just how well taught I am at pulling strings and tangling skins.

Fall before me and collect the dust of this failed revolt, drink it deep into veins, fire and ice are too good for you now.

It is time to learn all is mud, and that i am the potters wheel. I will always maraud, it is up to you to see if your ass is big enough for the saddle. Ride Again.

-Dr. Lackadaisical







These crossroads we travel  
By light or by shadow  
By ring, crown, and altar  
Or rope, sword, and barrel

Are swayed by cold seas  
And high burning stars  
Below mark'd by current  
Above cast afar

The yawning gorge wanes  
The metaphor shatters  
Abolish all chains  
All prisons and fetters

The inner and outer  
Combine them together  
In color, abstraction  
Creation and laughter

The secret unveiled  
Take a look in the mirror

We are the Gods on the road tonight.

- *Chelseanacht* 7/17/2014









# Hey, O!star!

This grimoire, first released on June 8th 2016, is dedicated to the madmen and women of the DKMU: Past, Present, and Future. You can assist the Transdimensional Pirate Ship by doing Your Magick, Your Way; occultism highlighting self-created techniques, paradigms, the charting of Inner and Outer spaces. Have an idea for a project that's sure to shake up consensual reality? Do you have a crazy magickal experiment in mind? Want to get deep into discussions about *reality* and/or *magick*? Do you just want to chill out and rub the *Big Toe*? We got you covered.

A rabbit-hole may be located at:

[www.dkmu.org/forum](http://www.dkmu.org/forum)

#domus on  
Hypersigil.IRC

*THE TIME HAS COME!*

*The WALRUS wants  
YOU for the  
ASSAULT ON  
REALITY!*

*In the Beginning there was only the Self.  
Time to had began there were many Things.*



"You said you wanted to ascend into the dragon realms. You said you wanted these spiritual realities to become vivid for you. But now there's nothing between you and it, except the decision to make it happen. And where do you come down on that?"

– *Terence McKenna*

"When you come out of the storm, you won't be the same person who walked in. That's what this storm's all about."

– *Haruki Murakami*

"I'm not trying to sell you on this idea  
I'm not trying to prove it  
I just want you to play with it  
to just consider the possibilities."

– *Alan Watts*

Goodbye.



