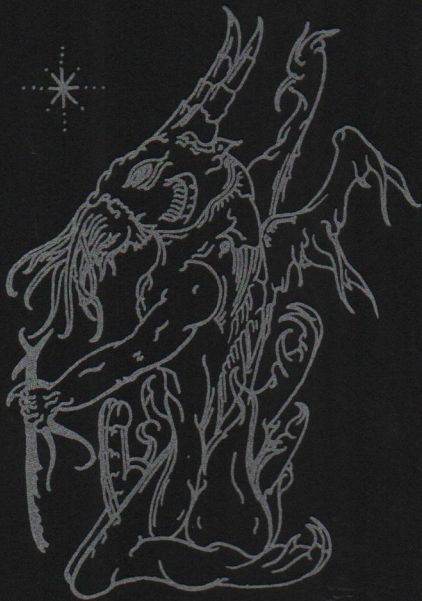




KHIAZMOS

Chumbley

XOANON



The eternal Sabbat of the Witches contains within it both the Lawful and Unlawful. It is their recursive dance, through the Sorcerous Art, that animates the Current of Opposition. The comingling of Flesh with Ghost, Light with Darkness, Known and Unknown, Union and Disintegration, liberates the primordial power of the witch, known in the Sabbatic Tradition as Crooked Path Sorcery. From this sphere of the Void-Manifest emerges the primordial grimoire KHI AZMOS: A Book Without Pages. Utilising strategies of arcane, recursive and paradoxical exposition to illustrate eternal truths of magic, the living book, as conceived in the Vision of the Scribe, simultaneously wrote and unwrote itself as it was read.

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K H I ✠ M O S
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Khiazmos

A Book Without Pages

Transmitted through the Oracle of Silence,
Here transcribed in Word and Image

By the Hand of Alogos

Andrew D. Chumbley



XOANON
MMXVII

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*This Book is dedicated to the Living and Dead
of all Blessed and Wise,
to All that have drunk from the Graal
of the High Sabbat of the Ages,
to All that are of Truth to Witchblood born...*

*a book reclaimed from Shadow
for the Brethren of the Cultus Sabbati.*

Al Q'Mu

If, with each movement of the Quill upon the page, a Charm would fall upon each word and, in the winking of an eye or yet the turning of the page, transform each mark that I may make - from all such meanings as are framed by a mortal and a passing mind - into a Living, Magical Script, endowed with new and ever-changing life...

If thus each line and point would turn according to a hid' design, then I may but alight the Quill and let the *Other* guide its secret course.

If with each closing of this book its Spirit should dream and, in wand'ring abroad through many vast and unmapp'd worlds, should enter in at the Gates of Veiled Aires where alien gods do dwell remote from mortal gaze - or yet

A BOOK WITHOUT PAGES

enter through temporal doors to times native into Wise-women and Mages long forgot' to all save but their Secret Kin; then let the Spirit listen well unto their Secret Speech, dare to read their Holy Books and Cunning Texts, and here transcribe their Lore.

O' if, with each new opening of this book, the Spirit should awake and here present new words and images, drawn straightwise from Grammars and Codices of Antient Magistrie...

If thus each page should its very form transmute, then I may now alight the Quill and let the *Other* ride abune 'midst all the Host of Wise-folk who go forth upon the Breath of Night.

ALOGOS
DHUL'QARNEN
KHIDIR

Philosophy in Silence

o

I have not written this Book,
nor are you reading it.

Scribe and the Beholder,
we impute each other.
The power of the Book
guides us to the illusion.

Together we are One,
the Author of the New,
the Creatorix of Meanings.

1

Naught exists in and of itself,
but is because all Other,
this is the Voidness of appearance.

All that is, is Void, equal in non-ipseity,
Equal in dependence on all Other.

The Absolute Truth
is the Pervasive Voidness of All.
The truth of Convention is the appearance
of non-dependent and self-existent being.

PHILOSOPHY IN SILENCE

2

Reality exhibits a spectrum of truths,
Infinite of Nuance,
Encompassing the Varied Beliefs
Of Aught that possesses Sentience.

Mind itself is the Living Knowledge
of this Limitlessness,
The Logos of the Gnosis.

What may be revealed of This?
Save that which is false,
Save to attribute to the Attributeless.

3

Being is the Mirror,
unstain'd by reflection,
equal to All.

Existent in Consciousness
is the Natural Light of Being
—the Energetic Dimensions of the Mirror.

Gnosis, Self-knowing Wisdom,
is the Consciousness that cognises Being.

KHIAZMOS

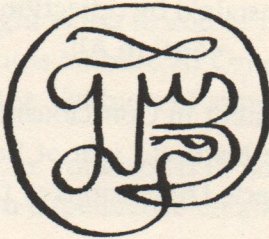
4

Silence in knowing Itself creates the Word

The Word,
The Vast Mind of Letter and Number,
reveals the Gnosis of Silence
in self-dimensionality

To speak the Word without letters,
to count its Ways without numbers,
we here begin anew:

Khiazmos.



Epitaph in Soliloquy / Proclamation of Birth

As my Words punctuate the Silence,
and the Silence my Words,
so doth their resonance align and magnify power
sufficient to reify their Intent.

As I begin, so doth the Design,
which at Words shall become.

My Words encipher me and create Reality;
As I speak so these words envelop Possibilities.

That which I will become will transcend aught
that Humankind hath worshipp'd.

I will become Other
than that which hath been call'd 'God'.

Existence itself will be eclipsed by my Shadow.
Chance is my Circle without circumference;
Fate is my Centre without position.

Magick is my Force: Energy beyond Motion.
My Body is Transition: From Now unto Now.
My Words encipher Me and create Possibility:
As I speak, so these words envelop Reality.

As I cease, so doth All, but That of which I speak.
As I cease, so doth All, but That which I am!

The Grammar of Differences

*Being the Geminus of Khiazmos
As Absence-in-Presence*

o. Many and different are the Ways of Man to talk of Magick, its nature and its encompass. A definition of Magick is only true within its own moment. No hand hath the strength to imprison the Serpent of Magick, rather let it move more freely between your hands, held in an encircling clasp of subtlety and cunning.

1. Man is Nature made conscious of itself. Consciousness of this truth transcends its implicitness; the individual steps beyond the human.

2. Obsess the Self in Mystery to obtain the 'I', the All-illumination. Obsess thyself in mystery and all things become magical.

3. Cherish your folly and you will nourish Wisdom; remember your errors and you will nurture Humility. Self-importance is a burden, not a glorification.

4. Realise as Wisdom and as Weapon the Presence of Death in Perpetual Immanence.
5. Telling the Secret is like pouring water into the desert sand: one cannot reclaim it for the Cup, yet the Sun will be its heavenly restoration, and one may revitalize and make fertile the desert.
6. By the very deeds that condemn the Many to Hell we draw down the fire from Heaven and remain in Bliss Undying upon the Earth.
7. It is the Wish of Lust to be satiated only in the grave. Let mine own endure beyond the dust, to engulf Suns and Gods.
8. The Infinite knows no Law save lawlessness, and Thou, mere fleshly speck of man, seek glorious refuge in a hovel of lies. Hell is the sole habitation of the Law-makers.
9. The nature of the Path of the Sorcerer is Auto-seductive reunification of the I with itself by the interpenetration of Star with Star, Event with Event, Self by Self, and Self to Itself in Otherness Untold, traversing metempsychosis and transvoking even the parallel.
10. Who contemplates you is whom you contemplate: the Eye of Vision reveals the witness.

11. Nostalgia and Hope, Deceivers of the Moment's Presence —let them be defrauded, and a vast Protea of Belief restor'd.
12. *Al-Khemi*: The Stultification of the Fool changed to the Wit of the Magi, both veiled equally in silence. The Transmutation, or Rectification of the Mundane Senses into Oracles open to Beauty, absolute and pure.
13. No mouth hath wisdom sufficient to speak the complete Truth of Magick, it must be revealed by the cryptic songs of symbol, dream, and myth, yet its heart is forever sealed in the Moments between its Times of Revealing and Silence.
14. An Obsession is such that all thoughts are made to follow its direction.
15. Within the Whirlpool of all that hath ever seemed contrary, a shrine, rarely glimpsed, is set like a jewel in the Toad's Skull —and the Lie in Silence— the Secret God is found.
16. What gain we from historicity but a Wisdom that belongs to the dead? This is of use if we can vivify our ancestral knowledge with our present vitalities: we are the Path of the Returning Dead, and the Path of Pre-cognition of Futurity: Now.

17. The searing furnace of Hell's deepest pit conceals the Secret: The Backward Gate of Heaven. In upholding one's moral laws one is made strong. Once made fit for the exercise of Will, let strength be turned to overthrow the self-same law: to trespass one's own codes of Good and Evil. To commit the Self-forbidden act sacrifices all and gains the Soul's Reformation.

18. By Our Speech we define the Borders of Our Silence; by Our Silence we define the Circumference of Our Secret's Power.

19. The Sabbat is not the day-dream of an unsatiated crone, or the nightmare tortured from the ignorant victims of religious fanaticism, but the phantasmagoric vision of the Sacred Whore—it is the Mystery beheld in the Third Eye of Gaia.

20. With the cipher of the Sigillic Alphabet there is a hidden panacea, by arte and the freedom of the Hand, and by that Arte we cast out every motivation deviant unto the pure and Initiatory Will of the Self: each 'desire' is automatically exorcised from our temporality and cast into the Circle of Eternity.

21. We can rediscover our first technique, the very one which gave the impetus which we have since, through our 'advancement' forgotten or cast aside.

22. How pitiful is the need for Deities, a servitude born of disrespect for ourselves. Must we ever mask our Word in their authority? The Puppets of Shame obscuring our glory, mouthing the Truths we give them yet are ourselves afraid of.

23. Through the exhaustion of desires, the capacity of the mind to dream is increased beyond the normal human range of reverie. The Icon of Humanity is broken, ravished by the new Magnificent Dream.

24. What escape is there from the supercrescence of the Living? What is the Truth of Solitude?

25. Between the asinine vulgarities of the hideous forms of Nature and the Soul of Man there is a tangled mass of birth-cords.

26. In turning around at the End of the Path to gaze upon that which has brought you here, look upon the marks of your footsteps, and there you will read at last the Secret of the Way.

27. Temptation and Submission are Equal Allies and Equal Opponents. By a Crooked Path enjoy both.

28. Equal in the clarity of the states of Awareness, Waking and Dreaming alike, the Artist passes into the Twilight – the unmapped spaces between linear Entity, where the Supreme Totems or Archetypal Sigils of Desire exist.

29. There is a secret of True Power which itself in secrecy lies. To those that would recognise it, I could make a sign whereby they would know my Nature. I would rather let my Sign be a knife unto their backs.

30. With forceful meandering between integral and absolute states the Artist escapes rigidity of Beliefs, avoiding any defined faith becoming a paralysis of the Imagination: he undulates between ideas to weave a subtle and refined rhythm. The 'undulation' of the Mind is that same motion of the Ophidian Current, for the Artist is Self-Sexuality, the sensuality of the white paper more beautiful than flesh touching flesh. I-Sexuality! Alone in Ecstasy!

31. See with ever-virgin sight, unclouded by aesthetic morality, freed from the strategies of Perception that bring Recognizance. See, and Sense all in Silence.

32. Love and Hate are two heads of a single snake.

33. When asked 'What is Magick' what else may I do but lie of the whole, and yet impart but words which, like torches in a labyrinth, permit a man to see the path ahead, but not the fullness of its turning.

34. Lie in Truth and write in paradox. Become accursed with the primitive selves and turn to the Greater Death of the Ever-turning-Inwards I: Azotos contains Zoa, Death within the Living Body, now and ever.

35. The synthesis of my recoiling, the Sphinx of every duality, writhes from the pit of my throat:- the Cry of Baphomet.

36. Do not ask a question of Magick if you have not Magick enough to gain the answer.

37. The liar dons the mask of his Worship to endow his lie with authority.

38. By automatism we may retrace our hereditary path, we may once more place our feet in our own footprints, God to man to beast... to God.

39. The mimetic reality of an Emotive core lies remote to definition, yet through the automatic expressions of Hand / Phallus / Eye / Mouth it is realized through the Lightning Strike in the flesh.

40. Love-making and Weeping, Secret-telling and Laughter: these Four Excellences I would place in the Quarters of my final hour.

41. 'Belief' is the result of sensory restriction.

42. O' Fascinum et Fascinatrix! What is there for us to find delight in, even in this world? What salvation from the Ennui? None but a New Evil, as yet unguessed by Men.

43. Religions organise superstitions as Complete Viewpoints.

44. Breath is the Mantra of Life. Death is the Samadhi. It is given to those who know to whom it is given.

45. When word and deed go hand in hand, then there is both Wisdom and Honour.

46. In the simplest forms, the greatest complexities.

47. The Path is the 'approach' to reality of the perceiving Entity; the complete path is the holistic means of the Approach.

48. The Flesh of Woman, it is the Goddess, beyond location of name and symbol.

49. Whilst I will die from a mortal blow, only in body, the Soul of I will thrive and grow.

50. Chaos is the progenitor of my forms, from whence cometh my manifestations.

51. Before you recognize a form within the picture, you are one step before the comforts of Known Reality, an infant confronted with the pre-verbal vocabulary of the Womb.

52. Given the fullness of Time, all things will cannibalise: I will eat my own corpse with your mouth, O' mine Otherness!

53. Let Belief refresh its vitality in Doubt.

54. What is there to deceive but Self? The indulgence of the weary toil of justifying petty theologies and the vagaries of purblind sophistry.

55. There is much that Man has forgotten, but there is much that remembers Man.

56. Given the infinite divisibility of the bound state, is not the finite most spacious? In similitude, via the quality of innumerability, the gradations of its in-between-ness resemble the possibilities of the Ominpotent. Within this vital singularity, I am expansive enough to potentialise my own zero, to fractionalise duplicity and engender the parallelism of spaces within a Universe. Perchance to exist susceptible of my life force, and become transgression embodied.

57. Fulfil the self-necessitated oaths determined by the Honour of your Believing before permitting the Beliefs their necessary mutations to Otherness.

58. I love, my lover is nowhere found to linger or sojourn beyond my momentary glimpse. I am hated, and thus made holier by mine enemy. I am brought closer to my secret love, where no hate may reach.

59. Turn inward with the Vampyre's unswerving intent to suck the life from the Heart of the Void. Drink from the fire whence ye are born, O Children of the Elder Gods.

60. Ecstatic in self-pointedness, the Other achieves all through me: I do nothing.
61. The legion of 'emotions' serve as forewarnings of the intrusive ingress of Outside Presences. A blossoming of Sentience in the Clouds of Melancholy, the Familiar looms: I feel as One, again.
62. Death is always pregnant.
63. I am torn asunder by the gnarled horns of Pan, yet in all I am ever none. The Bliss of Duality from Unity and All from none exceeds, it is ever the Angel of I.
64. As Men we wear the skins of our own future murders.
65. To be a Magician, forever becoming magic itself – such is my pleasure, and therein I am content to stand – A Sanctified Devil, a dancing contradiction!
66. Revere only that which you would be revered by.
67. I, who am without a Holy Book, am free to pluck scripture from the air, from the Greater Books of Seasons, from the pages of the Celestial Sphere.

68. Upon every lust-tide, there is a spill and a swill of pallid life-seed. A libation to the Lillitu, a petition of Sigillic Organism: we are de-intoxicated of desires and yet the Deep resounds more sonorously with Their Truth – imminent to enfleshing.

69. I have grown tallest amongst men, for I have eaten the souls of their gods.

70. In the sounds of my body when I am still and quiet I can hear echoes of untamed animals, far off cries of birds and howling dogs, and the screeching of prey falling beneath the talons and teeth of forgotten bestialities.

71. Amidst so much rotten and diseased magick, I set the stone of the alchemical art that it may be hidden and lost to the eyes of the profane.

72. I came into this world with an empty hand; I will leave it and my hand behind.

73. Seek not the Way. In seeking Nothing, one blindly finds.

74. How thinly men engrave reality with vain design, permutations fixed by environment and the feeble capacity of their senses. They cower

beneath mere leaves in their faiths and their philosophies, their hands too weak to lift those things that I will displace with a breath alone. My eyelids are stones too heavy for men, such as they are, to look beneath. And my eyes evoke dire teratomas of Chance, a prolific dream that this earth has never been pregnant with: Death has promised this ancient soul resurrection.

75. All opinion is naïve in contrast to a greater wisdom. Perfect wisdom makes us all perfect fools.

76. A curse of regression shall come upon them, the forgotten hungers of the Primitive Selves. Torn and divided, those that are truly mine shall remember in subtlety and die not.

77. We are cowards who slouch in the company of comforting rebellions – what difference is there in this laziness of men?

78. Sorcerous Belief is the power of intending or dissolving self-entification in Otherness.

79. Death, in all its shadows, veils the face; forgetting, Sleep, fixities of condition- all I draw over me, all I dispel with the orbit of my Thought.

80. Whosoever desires to comprehend and embrace the Mysteries, let them go into the desert and think!

81. The Self in dreaming has no reflection because it is itself the reflection of its own absence.

82. Magical Aesthesis, in all of its forms, purifies the Body Sensorial.

83. I hear the voices of many Gods and Ghosts in my mind, hidden in the sound of my own thoughts, but it is not I that am thinking them.

84. The mutilation of the means of expression: the Hand, through which the nightmare incites creative fervour.

85. A week passes, the body moves, the mind changes, and I, like a torch passed from runner to runner, continue... Lighting a way through the Avenue of Ghosts.

86. Religion and its ritual are, for those who have no direct experience of the mystical, the means of repeating and re-encoding the experience of the Founder. In short, religions are founded on the abdication of the right to See for oneself!

87. Permit the mind to enjoy its own chaos, whilst the I remains still, other-where and other-wise silent.

88. Alas, the perfume of wealth and worldly powers maketh a man an ass: but in the mirror of his own vanity, a King, a fine and dandy Fellow of Delights, is in truth a fool.

89. I am the Sun behind the clouds: I stand apart from the entangling net of the senses. Separate!

90. Endow ye the raw forces of Entity with such forms as are fitting unto thy Desire, Will, and Being: this achieve by the Fire of the Alembick Furnace of Pure Aesthesis directed through Visionary Imagination.

91. By an Averse Communion of Evil the Adept enters Heavens untold and unimagined.

92. At the fiery altar of immolation, a Blessed Unveiling within the spattered depths of the sacrificial bowl ...the wax head of every idol drips its pool here: a scrying Ocean.

93. In anamnesis become the Living Reality of the Wish, not desiring but Desire itself: ouroboric and self-perfecting.

94. Willfulness is the key to Multiplicity of the Creative Self: it is an Arcanum bound in the whirlwind, in the rattling of the prayer-garland, in the drum a-beating and the gnashing of Cain's teeth.

95. Be steadfast: the ordeal is ever now. Beware, be aware, look to thy step, and in knowledge rejoice.

96. One Way through many deviations: The Path Unique.

97. From the idols thrown to the floor, from Belief's now-broken relics a Child of Flesh and Blood and Bone will be born, upright in speech and noble walking.

98. The reticulation of the Thesean Thread bespeaks the Fates' own prophecy: that Death itself will die, and I, the Path, continue.

99. Magick is the Path of Return to our Beginning, but in the Path's End there is found neither Alpha nor Omega.



The Symposium of the New Flesh

*There are Powers and Entities
In the Flesh of the Great Sorcerer
To outnumber and outshine the stars of Heaven;
Gods, Beasts, Men and Women within his Body
Sufficient to populate a New Earth.*

*And there are Devils, Demons, Shades, and Terrors
Sufficient to overshadow the Void
And conquer all the Kingdoms of Hell.
Where shall we find this Man-above-Men,
This Living Arcanum whose Body is of All Magick?*

In That which we are, beyond all else!



ANAMNESIS

1. Beneath many names, the Circle-Dance of Priest, Priestess, Gods, Beasts, and Devils is Immemorial.
2. O' Shaded Dweller in the midst of the Sabbat's Cross'd Roads: None will speak of Thee, that All may hear.
3. Entreaty to She, the Primal Creatorix: if with one step toward Thee I should embrace Death, then One step becomes all possible paths.
4. The Sabbat is formed through the collusion of forms cast forth by minds true and contrary to the Arte.
6. The Graal of the Sabbat held in the True Mystic's hands is offered to the lips of the Seeker, that its circumference may ensorcel the Blood of the Wise.
7. The 'I Absolute' is the Ekstasis whose myriad states are its essential Light in energetic projections cast through Temporalities and Sexualities.
8. In thy Death remember the pleasures and travail of many lives, and in thy leaping beyond vouchsafe thy future forms.

9. Though you may wander wide in Word and Deed of Arte, forget not the Way of Wooden Wand and Knife of Stone, forget not the heart-fire of the Circle Pure.
10. An Altar overflowing with blood beneath the tongue of the Ad'hamme, a Secret held between the hearts of the Initiates and the Elder Gods, a Feast of every Phantasie and Pleasure. These are the Treasures we have realized for aeon upon aeon.
11. At Sabbat's End, the Devil's Throne is empty, that Man may sit upon it.



FORMULÆ:
THE GREATER SABBATIC
MYSTERIES OF ALCHEMY

1. The Flesh, a Vessel loan'd to consciousness, must serve the Will that is its custodian –as best as flesh may serve. Let Will therefore regard the body's own volitions: the automata that keep blood, breath, bone and skin in motion. There is a pilgrimage of 'Attentions' throughout the Flesh, where Mind may focus Will to flood the part in sensitivity to its custodian. By the marriage of this process to the imaginal and the disciplinary, there may be fashion'd new strengths and self-understandings.

2. The Self absorbed in the reverie of love-making, whether actual or imagined, becomes mobile within the aethyric extent of the Body; it is thus able to re-unite by purely sensual recognition with that which has fallen silent within the Mind, that is, with that which has ceased cognitive existence and has become wholly the Carnal Sentience.

3. The Apotheosis of Sexual Pleasure unlocks the Dream from the Silence of Flesh –the carnal remembrance- and casts forth their Images –revitalised –onto the Mind of Waking.

4. There are Lillitu spirits which may be called upon to minister unto the Field of Awareness twixt Carnality and the Remembrance of Dreams; these thou mayst summon by Name and by Sign. Let the mind be focused wholly upon these Twin Ciphers, at the Apotheosis of Pleasure, for then shall the Lilitu be swift to translate all such Dreams from the silent tomb of the Body to the Speaking Womb of thy Mind – As may be needful unto the Traverse of the Sorcerous Path.

5. Consciousness is imparted and exhibited by Objects reciprocally to their co-existence within a field of Awareness: mutual perceptibility. Significance and influence are dependent upon the zone of reciprocation between entities consentientally, that is to say, the meaning / activities of entities are dependent upon their manner of inter-awareness. We, the Sisters and Brethren of the Holy Cultus Sabbati, may thus endow an object or fetish with a simulacra of awareness through the fixation of our attention there-on: thus the object accretes significance, and Tabu. The process is symbiotic yet autotelic to each entity.

6. Such objects are form-emanations of the Void, reciprocal to the activities of entities a-perceptually existent, that is, those entities existing autonomously within their own field of awareness, circumferential to their own internal zone of inter-awareness: Gods, Magicians, and the New Flesh of Elder Worship.

7. The zone of reciprocation is the inbetweeness or area of determinable disunity, that being a simple area, the sole monad being Absence between presences / entities. No spatial or chronological distance exists between apparent zones of disunity, only between entities circumferential (peripheral to those zones). The number / nature of apparent zones is that endowed by belief – the Imagining of peripheral entities. Herein is the ‘approach’ to the reality of the Perceiver.

8. With the contact between the Fetish and the Skin cometh a subtle knowledge without a voice, an intimate Arcanum, akin to that profound understanding shared by lovers and warriors in the opportune locking of gazes. When the Eye alighteth upon, and when the Hand toucheth the Visible Object of Enchantment, the Icon, Effigy,

Sigil or Talisman thereof which is made most worshipful by the hyperdulic veneration afforded it by the Divine Artist through the Passionate Unity of his Will, Desire and Belief, there is a sudden and lightning-swift transurgence of magical force. This moment is both Mother and Sire to Inspiration.

9. From the automatic script plucked from dream sensations extract the repeated forms and thus establish the nodes or foci of maximum intensity within dream-awareness. These glyphs constitute the Alphabet by which the Self is aware of the Dreamt Reality; they are the reversal of the letters of waking language, and the subconscious polarity of Conscious alphabet systems. The forms of these archetypal sigils unite realities described by the Alphabets of Waking and Dreaming. They are the vehicles whereby Logos and Alogos conjoined and the Millions of Forms of Being communicated.

10. Daring madness through obsession, the Sorcerer does not turn aside from the superstition and the labour of repetitive and fixative acts of Believing; rather he hurls himself there-into and succumbs unto the blind forces thereof. Thus the Double or Body of Habits is formed in Sorcery.

11. The Intrinsic of Belief may serve as a means of transvection for 'form-emanations' from one medium / paradigm to another. If we posit that Belief determines the way in which Reality is perceived and conceived of, and hence acts as a means of induction for the Concept into the Percept, we may hence posit any parameters to 'belief' that may be possibly conceived of and thus bring to bear upon our perception any conceivable influence. This given, we must endeavour to locate the bridging mechanism from one level to another, the links which function simultaneously upon separate or overlapping levels. Thus shall be simulated maximum interconnectedness.

12. By exhaustion to the limits of consciousness, when the mind quakes upon the brink of comatose lucidity, slipping night unto dead sleep, attempt to grasp fiercely and with vigour the thought of Awareness. Push it to another state where the turmoil of a weary mind is but so much chaos about a still, calm centre.

13. By eroto-cognition, penetrate the countless bodies that ye may possibly inhabit, breed in your present self the Child of the Innumerable Divine

and Bestial Passions, by an auto-incestuous phantasy traversing the vast aeonic strata of Ancestry. For in the Flesh of the present there are past and future states imminent to the Physique, ever eager to surface.

14. Through the foci which serve as the nodes of transference within the magical continua, the aesthesiogenesis of the Other (within the Flesh) is transmitted. This is apparent as the spectra of the emotional, cognitive, and atavistic forms – the Postures equating the Sigil.

15. The Vessel is the 'Metaprosopus' of the Body of Otherness. In our moment of offering, we dwell within, seething in a 'magical cosmos' of our own Desire.

16. Permit the inconceivable to reify within the perceptual Arena of the Imagined. Thus the Dreamt, in becoming conceivable, shall be reified through the pleasurable emissions of phantasmic congress. Thus, by Immortal Sorcery, incarnate Those whose form is beyond Mortal Possibility.

17. Realisation begets the New Earth, not Virtue or Redemption, neither by the Hand of God or Devil. The New Flesh is born, O Protosarkia: Behold thy Self, for Thou Art the Second Eden.

Darkness!

*Witness my Self-Immanence,
As rich earth hold close to my germinal seed a
And with the generative coiling of your tides
raise up all that I have chanced in thee.*

Up!

*Upon thy crest to break upon the Shore
that is the Body which I have willed in Dreaming.
A Voice issues from the Burial Mound,
speaking unto the conjoining facets of I
As Memory awakens:*

*Enfleshment to this Vision,
To the Great Sabbat of the Ages.*



The Sermons in Soliloquy

1

THE SPIRIT OF MAGICK came unto me and spoke in a voice I could not hear, saying: 'There is more to me than that which you perceive; there is more to my word than letters, there is more to my voice than sound.' For many will have turned back before they reach this Gate, and those few who have come this far will have done so by many paths, whose number is beyond all the Stars of Heaven. But beware, for those that knock at this door and yet flee from the sight of the Keeper of the Threshold, they will surely run more direct into his embrace, and become more foul than that which the brave of heart have met.

2

WEARY OF THE DISPUTERS who litter the path-side, I took me away into the company of spirits. Sitting aside the stile at the World's edge I cast my thought-filled gaze back and forth amongst the World and the many seekers of Truth therein. The ghosts of dispute loomed before me, bearing

their burdensome chains of self-justification and sophistry. Therefore I recalled to my mind the follies of we who agree 'pon Magic's path. I heard the wails of the Lost and replied in silent thought to each passing spectre. In answer to each, I remembered such Seekers of the Path whose deeds live long in fame for them who tend the Way.

3

ONE DAY THE HERMIT found a jewel, a precious gemstone with countless sides. Now, by his great skill, he carved a different sign upon each facet of this jewel, a sign for each of the myriad views of Wisdom and Insight. This he accomplished in but a moment, all by the wondrous cunning of Time-stood-still. He then took himself to the peak of the Fire-breathing Mountain, and there he stood, a deed in waiting for its own Eternity. He raised the jewel to the Sun and watched, and marveled at the myriad reflections of the light as it passed through the faces of the gem, and was spun through the signs of the World's Great Teachings. And the Hermit laughed, for it seemed no more than a gambler's die.

(And the Sun was the Sun, and the light was the light)

And laughing, the Hermit set off toward the Mountain's root, one foot by the Path of Pilgrimage, one foot into the Mouth of Fire.

4

OBSESSION — compounded and thought-suspended in an emotional purity, sublimated through a whirling stillness of focus, a moment: the Body assumes its battle-stance for Power. Beyond the meagre cycles of stars, the seeming grandeur of sun and moon in motion, what marks the days and nights of this Being? Vast passions begetting godly monstrosities, an abyssal leaping, expanding, a falling inwards to nought, the movement of Mind between its states— that alone keeps Time's account of my passing. Not to arrogate humanity, for all is dust. But this is a song from the dust, such that each mote of our ancient and forgotten corpse may become a World for undestinable Being.

5

WHEN WE REACH THE PLACE where No-thing is known, we stand within the Graveyard of Meaning; all understanding is resurgence from dead experiences, all becomes the Haunter of Selfhood. Walking silently within this place, the emptiness, the stillness, the vast gaping of the sky rings loud

like a hollow-mouth'd bell. Here I will begin a new song, committing no resurrection I will prophesy out of silence lest the Past rise up and smother its own children. Love can be murder when the heart knows not its own reasons.

6

'If Man has his limits, then I shall cease to be Man!'

THUS SPAKE spake all beings after their own Kind, thus have even the Angels spoken, that from Stone to Plant to Animal to Man to Angel ...the course has run against the Tide of Enfleshing: the Toad-man's bone fleeing upstream is a Sign of the all... against all!

'Apophasis' saith the Hidden Lord, 'Is the Name of the Way! ...for those who leap beyond the measured step of advance!'

7

DO I REPENT of aught where-of I have known guilt or regret? No, for it is better to keep silent, to bear the rays of the sun, as well as the stinging hail. It is better to hold in the torment of the conscience, that such grains of dis-ease and malcontent may gnaw and grind. For in their time they shall become as rare and full as pearls, heavy and

beautiful truths to spit out at the Virtue-makers.
To kill with wisdom, that is courage. To kill with
thought — for my words shall be made — fateful!

8

I WEAR THE FACE of a seeker, not the Master's
mask. I share the mimic's gesture, yet am unique.
I am silent, I say no-thing myself. I do but repeat
the voice of wisdom according to timely need.
Stagnant pool, flowing river, tidal sea, the soother
of thirst, the drowner of infants, a tear in the
lover's eye, spittle from the rogue's lip, dew on the
rose at dawn... all are of water, none are complete.
I am not my symbol.

9

THE WANDERING PROPHET entered the temple
and approached the beautiful priest. He knelt
before him and kissed his naked feet, tears
flowing as chrism, as if to baptise the man he had
long sought. 'Lord, do you not know who you
are?' said the prophet.

'No, my friend,' the priest replied, 'I do not know
who I am, for I am as a secret sign forgotten to
itself — a seed of a mighty mystery, an unknown
becoming!'

The prophet laughed and in joy went on his way
— he knew the time was at hand. A bell tolled.

10

ONLY VISIONS ENDURE! As if the earth of bone-
yards had been shovelled into my mouth, as if I
had yawned, gaped with weary hunger and wel-
comed the cold wet soil of the Everyday and the
Self-Forgetting into me - over me- to bury me.
But a thin spark of music, a bell chiming, fraying
the pall of Death and calling me, bids me vomit
out, spit and exorcise this weariness.

My heart has learned to beat again. Even though
it be with a treacherous love, it is a Love sufficient
to rebuke the idle and foolish horde within me. I
have set a course, and there will be momentous
debts claimed of the sullen idols of humanity.
Only visions will endure this revolution of Being
—only if they may join the chorus of the heart and
blood, and move in Life —and Joy.

11

I HAVE LABOUR'D long in the Halls of Initiation,
passing slow and patient through the mysteries of
my ancestors. Ever the lightning-swift guide, the
Angel of the Quill besets my mind amid the great
Companie of the Dead. I have grown above all

others through eating the flesh of their half-gods and standing atop the skeletal mound of their bones. I have labour'd long in the quietude where no fleshly others intrude, talking with the spirits of field and tree, delighting in the contemplation of All. In the Circle of Many Brethren and the Circle of Eternity, there is a prison for all who do not realise the freedom of the antinomian unquity of Self.

12

THE PRIEST OF PRIESTS, the Mage of Mages, stood in the Hall of the Mighty Gods, proud and noble, robed as a veritable king in the service of the Divine Mysteries. In his hands he held the Book of his Learning, passed down to him by his teacher, and passed down to her by Her teacher, and so on back to the time of its fall from the star-god's casket of arcana. Silent, he opened the pages and began the Mystery of its reading. Backwards, contrariwise, by alternate steps. Inwards from light, inwards from darkness, deeper into the twilight-crack of its centre. As he read thus according to the Book's ancient ways, the tome was turn'd over in his hands, spiraling through opposition of discourse and charm, 'til it was He, the Great Magician, that turn'd in the Vast Abyss and the Book itself was still.



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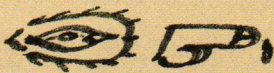
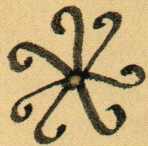
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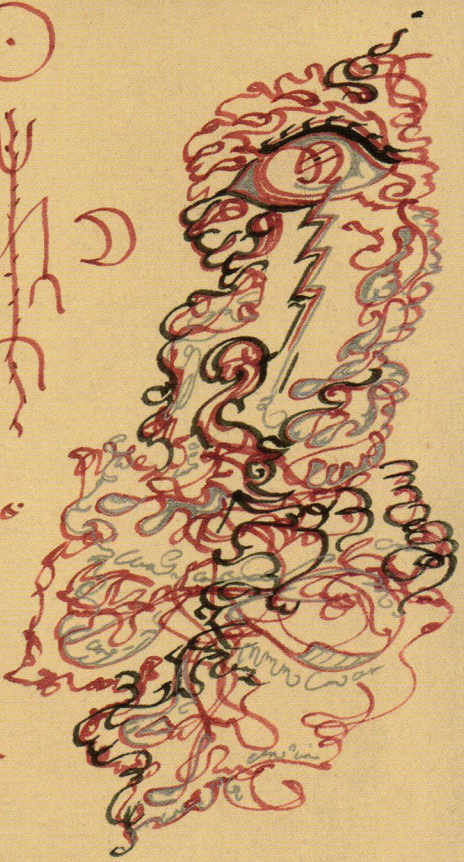
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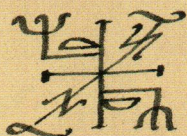
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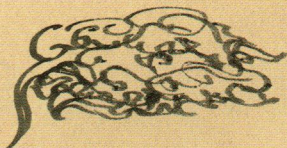
Ein Pyramiden
auf der Erde
die Pyramiden



Wider die Strafen Ewiger Pein
Kerzen, und unter dem Kreuz
das Licht der Gerechtigkeit



Das ist die Wahrheit
Kerzen, und unter dem Kreuz

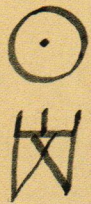
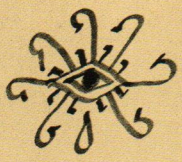




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Præcepta

I: The Maxims of the Arena

I am before the Arena of Power.

A thousand deeds I remember,

Yet none I do:

Non-action is my chosen Act,

Their absence the Mighty Abyss of I-not-I.

I am before the Arena of Power.

A single deed is fill'd with a thousand remembrances;

With a million hands the One Gesture of Power

Reveals the Abyss of I-Becoming-All-Other.

THE MAXIMS OF THE ARENA

1. Every Word, Thought and Deed effects Power, either gaining or losing it.
2. Let a Man know his Power in Humility; neither Master of all, but neither Servant of all, yet as a Man between the Worlds of Gods and Demons.
3. Silence is of many kinds - some good, some not. There is the silence of lovers meeting; silence before well-chosen words; silence in wonder at new experience; but there is also silence at injustice and hypocrisy.
4. Self-importance is a great enemy to one who seeks power and truth.
5. One may gain power in the Battle of a Thousand Beliefs, yet one must rise above the battle-field if one would be King.



II: The Maxims of the Cipher

*Sigils are the code of translation
between Nullity and Duality,
between Void and Flesh,
between Emptiness and Form.*

1. The Sigil, empty of purpose and meaning, is all-attractive to the Cosmos of Being, for all things seek to possess it with selfhood.
2. The Sigil, unknown of Nature, is by its form, the begetter of a chain of associations: likeness to likeness, it seeks its own meaning in that we — into whom it seeded itself— think and mentate upon it, for it!
3. Likewise the Sigil, known in nature in meaning and complete purpose, seeks to die —to fall away from memory— for it is sated by the mentation, bound in the chain of associations, and thus, desiring liberty, is imminent to forgetfulness.
4. The Sigil, neither meaning-full or meaning-less, neither partial in nature to one or any characteristic, nor lacking in any character or quality, neither Form nor Emptiness, nor either,

nor both, neither presence, neither absence —
neither, neither: the Sigil.

5. Realise, once the Gnosis of the Sigil is attained
it is its very 'sigillicity' that is the final obstruction.
The Fire of Forgetting maketh Heaven of Hell!

III: The Maxims of Poison

1. From a foulness of old sentiment, false loves,
and sexual degeneracy, what seed of purity can be
extracted? What blossom of truth? Only a war
within shall reveal this rose, this ill-begotten mir-
acle, declared on a still morning, without compan-
ions or comfort, a mighty effort to look within
and seize hold of a will too fearful for man.

2. And of other poisons, shall I not drive them
into a pot of writhing abomination? Go there ar-
rogance, wrath, attachment, envy, pride, false hu-
mility, treachery, perjury, greed. Ye host of
flatterers, fall upon your swords and let not pity
mop up your sorry stain of red.

PRÆCEPTIO

3. If there be others, stuffed up with their paper and arrogance, them I damn in the war against mine own vices. Yet I shall bless the dawdlers and the petty, the tawdry moralisers and whoring slaves of 'gurus' - for your time is short!

4. Exalt the venom of a witch-queen: copulate in lambent submission beneath the obscene yet sexually-learned hags of the world.

5. I have eaten the sacrament of the Chimæra and must content myself in exile: the Maggot will infest the Fruit, the Worm maketh the books to crumble, and the Serpent shall reign in Eden.



IV: The Maxims of the Crypt

*The Faces of the Dead
will look upon you, Sooth-sayer.
Time-stricken bone once more will bear flesh,
And the fallen in field, the warrior's soul,
Will speak for you.
Of where to seek and how to find,
Of whom to ask and whom to bind.*

1. Who maketh meaning from the Word, is he not a waker of the Dead, a disturber of old bodies long laid to rest? Is he not the necromancer that brings life by a magic of thoughts to mere signs? Yes, but let him beware of his own haunting... there is a life that shall overcome him.
2. When a man knows he has grasped the power to end himself without identifying that act as of his Self, then he has won his own crown. Knowing this amidst a thousand remembrances, I may exhume the Sleeping One from within me, and say that I have met Eternity —a love true to Chance. Now, to know what I am and be lost in any world brings me no fear ...no fear I could not wink out and know to my love disguised!

PRÆCEPTIO

3. Where there is a Fire, I must burn; where there is a Precipice, I must leap, and where there is a Death, I must die.

4. The recapitulation is an anamnesis of impulses directing their own present re-awakening: a re-organisation of the matrix of cognitive apprehension. This leading to recognition of that which has made the Self in the Moment, realizing distinction we unify with the Other: here strange compact is made with silent heredity. The Dead speak – are never dead completely, but in Deathly life vocalise the scope of durative sentience.

5. Solemn joy, fit to sunder the best of Oak coffins – the smile that lights me up would send another man diving into an early grave to escape, like a boat smashing up on the teeth of an unprotected gale— such is the delight that crashes through me: joy enough to meet my final moment, and the wide deep of Eternity.



V: The Maxims of Eternity

Of the Soul's Reformation: Two old gods - Poseidon and Hades-- hold a stone: this is my soul. They see that it has Lead, Bronze and Tin in its composition and must be returned to the Forge if perfection is to be attained. Back to the furnace of Hell it is cast, in time to become Gold.

1. Time does not pass by, but enters into us.
2. Why seekest thou amid Mortality, when Vision is perpetually self-attained in Eternity? For that which is attained in our Eternal Nature is beyond all seeking and labour or aspiration or remembrance - it is done; Now!
3. What is attained in Eternity need not be sought on Earth.
4. I strive not for unity with Godhead, for I am as a spear of lightning cast from the Unity of mine own eternity into the World of the Manifest. I go not to seek the Spirit, but to make manifest the Spirit eternally self-known as I.
5. Eternity! What use in haste?

Epigramma

*Being the Geminus of Khiazmos
As Presence-in-Absence*

0. Sacrificial Union of Self and Other obtains the Synergetic Union of All Differences.

1. Beyond the travail of pain and limitation, the Light is born darkly.

2. With a litany of subtle and well-thought remembrances, a host of fellows I summon within: good companions all, I say, ye who fear not to weigh your own hearts and realise where the wanting is!

3. The origin of signs and significances erupts from the stances of Omnipotentiality.

4. The Search for the Great Resolve: an involution to the crisis of naked self-recognition.

5. The Nobility of Man is the True Sorcerer: he encircles Entity to his own Direction; like Nature he is the Maker and Breaker of his own Laws.

6. Forever backwards or forwards facing, we become lost in the Present.

7. O MAGICK, I shall call Thee by names adopted to the ears which hear my call: there thou shalt labour for me in an infinity of guises. Who would guess at thine appearance and discover Thee for what Thou art? Who will know Thee if I name anew? If thy labour is ever true, then what doth naming alter? 'Twixt Thou and I, nothing.

8. Impossible, Possible, Probable, Necessitous: The Four Phases of Believing. By the 'as if' of Belief, the Impossible becomes Possible, the possible becomes Probable, the Probable becomes Necessity – imminent to Reality.

9. Age and Death, the Usurers of Life, conspire between themselves, settling debts with Memory.

10. The cheapest hypocrisy is that which hides itself well.

11. An inconstant plight conceived in the ennui of ignorance: why so much talk and dispute when Death is so close?

12. Walk the Road with blood-shod feet: the blood of That which Thou shalt be.

13. Of the Good and the Bad... what are morals but the currency of blackmail: Thou shalt do this, or else! Do the Gods speak thus? If so, then may

Hell swallow them all, contemptible moralizers
too weak to take pleasure in mortal flesh!

14. *Do they not say 'men look at the wise like beggars at rich men?'* A time is at hand, dull-eyed soul of the visionless, I declare it as I stamp down and *slay mine own demons. Your follies are known,* and there is no laughter -just the rush of air as the axe falls upon your neck.

15. We are all the automata of a great Unknowing lighting-bolt.

16. The Inauguration of crisis can be the prophet of hope. Let vision flourish for the Brave and the Alone: War as Gnosis.

17. Shall I not hereby arm and caparison mine own evils with a spacious freedom? Place weapons in new hands and declare their tasks and natures afresh!

18. Motivate all Desires through sexual principles: thus Desire is given the impetus of its Primal Originator.

19. They shall summon Thee, O' Sorcerer, even as Thou didst summon Them: Thine own descendants shall raise thy shadow-stepping revenant -

the imprint that thou has cast in psyche's shade.
From the One Vessel shall the Seven call Thee up.

20. How shall we know a Sage in truth? By the
glint in her eye...

21. The Human walks a precarious path, teetering
between Dualities, a Procreating Unity forever
giving birth to new divisions, forever embracing
simulacra of the Prototypical Desire, and thus for-
ever knowing mere simulacra of satisfaction. The
Artist leaps from the known path into the em-
brace of Original Desire, the Creative Source of
Self-Sexuality.

22. THE VOICE OF SPIRIT, passing through the Per-
spectives of Being: 'They lick at the pool of your
death and find it sweet, and with wine-ripe breath
roar a Paean to the Demise of Flesh.'

23. Have you met an enlightened Being? If yes,
then you are a compatriot, for Blessed are those
who meet their gods eye-to-eye. If no, then realise
all so-called teachings are no more than hearsay
taken on trust, and all 'Wise Ones' no more than
overstuffed minds arrogated by the consistence of
trust in second or third-hand experience of the
Divine. Experience the Way for yourself: take no
one else's vision as thine own.

EPIGRAMMA

24. In killing I purge the World of my externalisations, I obliterate that born of my Father.

25. Were these pages of skin, and these words and images of blood, this Book would not have been too dearly bought.

26. The gestational period of an elemental familiar is proportionate to the obsessional fixation upon the *Mumia Reposoire*.

27. Stay not with the whorehouse-mongers of Beliefs, eschew their homes and places of worship. As a blasphemy in all temples, so be Thou, a torch to raze their prayer-idols of truth. Living Anathema art Thou!

28. In the garden, meditate upon moths in Flight. Death! Miraculous Advisor! Bestower of Clarity, fulminator of Life!

29. Sin is the Limitation of Consciousness, thus is the Only Evil and the Only Good.

30. In dreaming of a Golden God, and its worship and secret rites, I should in my waking project this phantasy: that a Golden God came unto me and worshipped me with my own voice and in my own secret manner. For in dreaming of my left hand I reach for my right hand in waking.

31. Psyche is violent; worry and anxiety naïve.
How should I be?

32. As Void to Mind, the Harbinger of Inexpressible Poignancy to the Heart, the Forgotten lies with the Dead.

33. There are no comforts to salve the weary in this ordeal, only silence, and a will too fearsome for mortal men and their mortal gods!

34. Then shall the space made free by your death declare a Becoming! In the vacuum of your demise, a resurrection for Truth alone: for there, from the soiled wasteland of war, the green leaf protrudes.

35. Blood, Flesh and Perfume prepare the Lair.

36. O, Perspective of Fools, there is but Beyond, Between, and Within: naught else but Otherness.

37. Magical empowerment catalyses innate capacities, exteriorising the inchoate knowledge of the recipient as understanding and skills. The sleeping man has many dreams, some hearkening back to the immemorial visions of primal consciousness. The touch of empowerment incepts in the sleeper a waking recollection of his primordial magical body.

EPIGRAMMA

38. Fate brings its fruit, slowly but surely, to the compulsory feast of suffering.

39. The rituals of religion re-order the experiences of others, simulating insights and reaffirming the estrangement of mortal flesh from the Divine.

40. The Self, its Demons reveal'd, is provoked to redetermine Virtue and birth a revolution within the Soul.

41. Let ill-considered wishes of colloquy be entertained but for a moment then quickly forgotten.

42. Thou dost stand in all stillness, thou masked dancer of the Crossroads, thy Hidden Face turned to every direction. Yet I entreat Thee to lead the Backwards Procession, for the Obverse Way is the Path of Great Involution – returning all to stand with Thee upon the Empty Point of the Quintessent Source.

43. To the Subtle, the ruses of the Wise-in-Seeming are the downfall of their Seeming.

44. There are always pretenders who, in reading the works of those deemed wise, will claim to see signs of recognition as though they were party to

the Company of the Wise. They see signs in truth: signs of their own servility, no more than this!

45. The Secret is of Itself: it dwells in Solitude, and is bounded upon all edges by with masks and mysteries. In speaking of it, I show nothing but the edge of its music to the ear of the fool.

46. I have wrung the bodies of the Saints in my hands and drained the blood into my mouth: their skin is now my raiment, their bones my armour for spirit-bottles.

47. By forgetting the Wish, I sacrifice the Child, aborting its means-to-birth by silently internalizing its essential motivation — Desire.

48. World-without-meaning is freedom to elect purpose for and by the sentient.

49. How cowardly we have become, afraid to say, 'I know the Truth!' Too weak to proclaim the validity of the beliefs we hold. Do we really hold our own beliefs to be false? Surely we have faith in our own Truth —let each declare it— if only to be a mirror of self-recognition.

50. Excess and saturation of the Ego in Names, Ornament and in a multitude of Sorcerous Images

— this is my enchantment. Through a Pluralistic Unity of God as the Corpus of Genii distinctly refined through the Cipher of Interconnectedness, I obtain a many-focused one-pointedness of Magic.

51. What are we to possess or control Our Fate? Naught but a Lust imbedded in volatile Involution. Then give me Satyric Potentials to ravish the very Sun!

52. There is beauty in Hell; for they once locked me there with fetters of time. Not torture or disease or any one of a thousand of God's abominations will stop my inspiration. Send me to Hell and I will raise the Vault of Heaven with Words such as God could not conceive of in all his wretched span of life.

53. Oneiric lucidity, illuminated wakefulness, and Sleep such as feigneth the Might of Death... such are the Charites of my Great Adoration.

54. What can you do to cease my utterance - cut a thought in half? Your created soul is eternal, as is mine, yet I thy death in time will procure.

55. In all temples be a welcome sojourner; a polished jewel that shines not with its own light but

with the bright goodness of its surroundings. Take prayer with thy fellows as food and drink at a feast. Of manner, be it as required by custom; so with dress and outward semblance be as one with thy neighbours.

56. By the Prayers to the False Lord said Moonwise, I veil the Hymns unto the Shadow, and Light of Those Hidden.

57. Willfulness is the key to multiplicity of the Creative Self.

58. I: A thread unravell'd through the Maze of Dreaming, a Kaleidoscope of Perceiving, a Spectrum Disarray'd to find the Harmony of Obliquities. Returned and caparisoned, I go once more to waken with Might.

59. The Shadow of Desire lieth in the Sign of the Opposer, the Sigil Oblique to Desire's Intent.

60. In the sanctuary of the Crucified One, I am but a creature of seeming virtues in a house of seeming faith; conscience makes of me a creation of new -yet vital- Diablerie. Having Communion with a Diversity of Entity, I am become the predatory edge of the Holy Spirit, filled with an auto-

EPIGRAMMA

clasmic instinct to slay falsehood of faith, and Belief in dysfunctional forms.

61. Magic is the power of Nature manifesting against the Current of All that is manifest: One Moment of Eternity against all times and tides.

62. The Sorcerer must move to the Path where the boundaries of moralisation are removed, and thus walk more freely in a vista of moment to moment choice... the Pristine Liberty of Self Presence.

63. Within each crypt of the Zoëtic I, the *sussurus magicae* of an ancient Beast resounds.

64. Having attained to mine own Apotheosis, I am become godless. Rather that I should discover an unfathomable depth of abomination than rise to an attainable finity of the Holy.

65. All things become potential to sigillic form once forgotten.

66. The Fool in stumbling may find the Way more swiftly than the Sage who seeks the Path.

67. Refine and aptly juxtapose without bias. Let the contradictions be: seek not Unity, it is there now!

68. Now is the only forever!

69. I have, at times, in the throes of self-adorating carnality, found forms surpassing Aphrodite and Adonis in my own body.

70. We must not allow the Holy Athame to grow blunt because we are too feeble to sharpen it upon our own hearts.

71. *"Kill yourself! Prostitute yourself! ...And do it all for me."* I heard its voice whispering of love and death and I was glad and didst rejoice! For in that voice I heard the first God die, and with that I came upon the Altar and slid the Knife into us both.

72. All the Visions of the Wise will not teach the Blind to see, nor show the Wise the Blind Man's pain.

73. Magic is the Creatorix of Nature, and yet is its Devil, its Destroyer - for Nature itself desires the breaking of its own possibilities, and thus even its own Death. The True Sorcerer must ally himself to this, and yet live beyond it.

74. What is duration? Better that we grasp present joy as though none were assured beyond it.

EPIGRAMMA

75. Invoke as Lightning strikes, and in the Moment before the Thunder attain synestasy with the Invoked; Realise as the Thunder is heard.

76. All is idolatry that succumbeth not to the Perfect Vanitie of the Iconoclast!

77. Manners of Sorcerous Nature, unique to the individual, articulate the I as Living Magic.

78. The Magus of the Shadow is the Living Gate of the Other, he is double-faced self-devourer, from whose Phallus the negative Solar poisons stain the Void with Matter.

79. A blank page, a cloudless sky: the Bread of a single Purity, and the sustenance derived therefrom.

80. With the Body bare to the elements, seek for the spirits' counsel amidst their native field.

81. The Entity of a Single Desire dwelleth in its resonant centre, as a Black Point in the White Void.

82. The Fool will throw this Book into the Flames, the Sage will throw himself in with it.

83. Intermity: the Eternal and Infintite Within. This is the Forge of which I speak.

84. As the Hare executes its mazes before the oncoming battle, as one that walketh upon the bolts of the Storm, so may my Spirit be in cunning. Parallel is my path to the Serpent's undulation, all enchantment to my voice is given: a Lyre to charm the ancient stones to speak.

85. Every manner of transgression hath divided the world. The shadow of the Great Black Moon sheddeth its lode, and the Flood cometh. The blood inundation shall destroy the World of Cause and the Pearl of Light shall be upon the tongues of Those who stand upon the summit.

86. Rejoice, for the Daimon shall thus slay those things we cannot realise, and with self-weariness bring falsehoods to drown themselves.

87. Looking into the Silence, I find all thoughts, forms of sentience, becomings and existences, all rendered metaphorical: mere projections, hypothetically approximating their source. All lies, yet needful, if that Silence would be sought. Yet once found, the charade is caught out.

88. Momentary redeterminations, a Will to presence as I Entire and beyond: All is a pale shadow of the One Book.

EPIGRAMMA

89. No Word hath He whose Word is Silence: no oath to make, to take or break.

90. The Path of which I speak is written in blood fallen from the Stars to the opened hearts of those who look beyond themselves. It is for them, such as can behold the Light with the Eyes of the Blind, that the path unfolds, for that which is seen is not that which should be sought.

91. The character of this book is now different than when you first opened it, what you perceive of it may communicate more about yourself than about it or I. Do not seek to place your step in mine; you cannot read a book when standing on its pages.

92. If there be blood and seed enough, and Secrecy sufficient unto the reification of Mystery, then there shall be Magic.

93. Wresting the harvest from the wine-houses of Kronos, I move forward to obtain a future power and then place it in a 'past' to attain present impetus for Otherness.

94. A scented pearl cast into the Well will sink; its perfume alone will float.

95. By an auto-divertive act assimilate all Otherness, for we are most mutable, sapient, and inscrutable when our Present Flesh is transcendent of the pre-conditional restraint our Mundane Form, and our thoughts liberated from the pale Ghosts of Dead Selfhood.

96. When the Hand and Eye are oblique to the Mundane Order of their Nature, then ye shall be the Communicant of worlds unknown to the world of clay.

97. From Mind, Machine, and Flesh emerge the sole Imago: I.

98. Speak to thyself in Soliloquy, and with thine Otherness address thy presence. From thine Ubiquity evoke with Passion thy transcendence: this self-overcoming is the Truth of I becoming.

99. The paradox of written and spoken silence: Allogos. Into this crevasse hurl thy stellar flesh, let the senses of the Aethyric I pass through the instant of Iconoclasm: the moment of the human death, and onward through the Gates of a Greater Vision.



Quietus

To dare to know the Will of Silence,
To stretch forth the Hand
beyond the Grave of Death itself.

To touch and thus enflesh a Pleasure Unnamed
Lying beyond all circumscription of the Psyche.

To smell the perfume of the Elder Gods
Slain upon the Pyre of an Elder Worship.

To gaze beyond the gates of the Aeons.

To listen unto the Utterance
Of those who dwell beyond
the Horizon of Nature.

To dip the Quill in the drying blood
of a sacrificed universe.

To transcribe but a fragment of stolen analecta
from the Books that lie in Shadow.

To speak but a Word
and create or destroy as ye will.

O such secrets as these,
mine own heart's desires.

Thus, having emptied his heart of blood,
the Scribe gazed upon the pages of the Book
and breathed therein his final breath:
With my death I give Thee life!

Having drunk its fill
from the heart of the Scribe,
the Spirit of the Book gazed upon his corpse,
and, with the fire of its own making,
set both Book and Corpse alight:
Whither Thou goest, there go I!



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a form of shorthand or a specific dialect. The text is arranged in approximately 10 horizontal lines, starting from the middle of the page and ending near the bottom. The script is highly stylized and difficult to decipher without a key.

Afterword

Andrew D. Chumbley (1967-2004), known by his magical name Alogos Dhul'Qarnen Khidir, was a British author, scholar of comparative religion, and magical practitioner. From 1991 until his death in 2004 he was also Magister of Cultus Sabbati, a closed magical order having its historical origins in rural English and Welsh folk magic, and taking as its foundational basis the highly advanced symbolism and magic of the medieval Witches' Sabbat. *Khiazmos: A Book Without Pages* is one of many magical texts composed as an outer emanation of the work of the Cultus, though it was not published in his lifetime.

Begun in 1993, *Khiazmos* was initially conceived as a poetic contemplation reflecting upon the arcana of magical polarities and paradoxes, and upon the emerging witchcraft philosophy of Crooked Path Sorcery that came to encompass and remains at the heart of the work of the Cultus Sabbati as a whole. Refined over the years by insights born of the Circle of the Magical Art, its final sections were completed in 1999.

The 'Rite of One' or Toad-Bone Rite performed in late Summer 1999 —itself an ancient ritual complex permeated by Opposition— ultimately

Afterword

served to re-align much of Chumbley's magical writings, and as a result *A Book Without Pages* was not prioritised for publication. Following the completion of *Rite of One*, the development of other magical texts assumed prominence, such as *The Dragon Book of Essex* and *The Auræon*, as well as academic work toward his doctoral degree.

As a grimoire of magical philosophy, *Khiazmos* embodies the marriage of two major philosophical currents within the Sabbatic Tradition, each found within two of Chumbley's published books. The first is the Doctrine of the I-Congressive (Self in magical congress with Other) as articulated through the formulae of *The Azoëtia: A Grimoire of the Sabbatic Craft* (1992). The second is the Current of the Opposer, as embodied in *Qutub* (1995).

Unique in the corpus of Alogos' writings, the aphorisms of *Khiazmos* serve as individual magical formulae, each possessing contemplative and active sorcerous forms, providing those with the eyes to see, an aperture of the Sabbat. This form of magical exegesis also empowered Chumbley's short magical treatise *The Satyr's Sermon* (2008), whose twin themes of Liberty and Reserve mirror the opposing dynamic prevalent in *Khiazmos*. Through their invertive and oppositional dynamism, the aphorisms ultimately express transcendent magical truths, even

as they begin merging in contradiction, thus bringing together and setting apart of their origins, in sorcery.

The colour artwork for *Khiazmos* was executed by Chumbley in September 1999. Consisting of a series of calligraphic and sigillic image-reveries, the automatic drawings are graphical emanations of trance and post-oneiric states arising from contemplation of the magical aphoristica of the grimoire. Each stele represents a complete passage of the soul through the oppositional and harmonising powers of the magical formulae.

At the Thirteenth Greater Feast of Alogos, we of the Sabbatic Tradition are honoured to bring forth this Oracle of Silence. The book is published as a part of the literary legacy of the Cultus Sabbati; as a magical book-artifact of the past, but also a *pharos* of the present and future activities of the Order.

AKARAIS HRAN-ISSYAH
Magister, Cultus Sabbati

ILLITHIYA SHEMHIYA
Magistra, Cultus Sabbati



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S O W ✠ I H K
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Khiazmos: *A Book Without Pages* is a Sabbatic Wisdom-Teaching of Alogos Dhul'Qarnen Khidir (Andrew Chumbley, 1967-2004). Its principal aim is the exaltation of the paradoxical force of Opposition — an essential dynamic patterning of Sabbatic Witchcraft — which animates the Art of Magic itself. The aphoristic grimoire deepens the linkage of the Current of Opposition to the corpus of Sabbatic Craft Philosophy, specifically its mystical and 'poetic prose' traditions. Birthed from the atemporal strata of the Void-Vessel of the Circle, the book is further empowered with Elemental Automata drawn by the Author, and an Afterword co-written by Frater Akarais Hran-Issiyah and Soror Illithiya Shemhiya of the Cultus Sabbati.

