

The Latent Self

Skills in ego magick are essential when practicing magick and achieving desired results. A certain level of refinery is required in dealing with everything the universe throws at the individual and everything the psyche returns in its volley. I would go as far as saying that these skills need to be well honed – if not near perfect, by the time the aspirant begins to reach toward adepthood.

Nature is against your reality.

By this I mean, that the evolution of the universe and the wills of the majority of people do not act in your interest. It is important to digest this point before embarking on this small voyage to the backwaters of your own psyche. With that understanding in one's artillery, one realises that it is best to dispense with or mutate nonsensical behavioral patterns/selves. These wasteful programmes serve no better purpose than to enable one's deficits in character, produce poor magickal results, and occasionally, create a monster of an individual simulating a magus.

Every act of magick can be seen as an act of ego magick. From enchantment to divination, the exercise of one's will during magickal work is usually far more subtle (with regard to ego magick), unless its specific purpose is to change a part of the self. This is where the road to Ego City starts to lead down to HGA highway. In order to keep this article shorter, I shall put up 'no-entry' signs for now and take that

particular puppy in hand at a later date.

Simply put, I would like to pull out the rug from under the use of pure psychological models. I may refer to different concepts from various psychological models: a large smattering of Jung, the odd bash in the face of Freud, a few doses here and there of NLP (Neuro-Linguistic Programming), as well as the usual chaos magick terminology. Current psychological approaches utilise a collage from most of these models and others. However, I stress that it is up to the individual as to which framework he or she uses. This is, typically, a postmodernist approach; as opposed to the grandiose fanfare of diving into one huge belief system with all its associated idiosyncrasies.

Approaches of the 19th Century and previously – that are related to ego magick, would consist of techniques such as Goetia, simple hedgewitchery or sympathetic magick – which whilst valid in their own way; are not just restrictive, but obsolete. Obsolete, simply because the language and conceptual frameworks of reference from much of the second millenium have evolved so much, that they are now far removed from gestalts of the last few decades.

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I actually find there is a definite lack of source material covering behaviourism from a magickal perspective, and scant has been published with regard to demonology. What little I have found is either dated or non-conducive to producing decent results; this may be because without application of one's *own brand* of ego magick, it is hard to get good results. I also posit that without personal application and publication, the next new model will not evolve from this readership.

Approaches to Ego Magick are diverse and it is easiest to classify them by the usual magickal categories. By far, the most direct and obvious is that of evocation. In order to get substantial results, evocation must bring about some change in consciousness in order to

be effective, preferably an association, and then a disassociation of an experience or entity, and then, usually, a reintegration of choices (intentions). This is the process through which evocation works. Those of you, who have used, abused and since discarded the system of Goetia may have reached the point that I have with this technique. For me, it no longer has any further input or inspiration and therefore does not produce as dramatic a change in consciousness as one would prefer, which is usually required to maintain the startling results one gets to begin with. It's like eating too many beans; after a while the taste is bland and the husks too indigestible, not to mention the wind it can procure! Goetia is a blurred and older than Freudian mirror of the modern techniques used in therapies and personal psychodramas today.

So, what is the relationship between Goetia and other types of psyber-evocation? They all produce disassociation from the object (or variable, scientifically speaking), as a state of consciousness; they are just different techniques. Certainly, Goetia is far more fun initially, but when it comes to self-engineering, it is far less specific than modern techniques such as NLP. One of the reasons for this is because it fails to provide an adequate and selective library of personae or selves. Sure, it's easy to find a demon to exemplify Lust or Greed, but these are *old world demons* (many would argue that Greed is not a demon in Western society, not to mention Lust), but try to find one that epitomizes 'culture shock' and you'll come unstuck. About the only thing I find desirable about Goetia is that it does provide interesting results when it comes down to sheer research of magickal phenomena, which is why I will occasionally still flog that particular dead horse.

Results are often spectacular with the big G. My

insight being that this is because it utilises a gnosis of fear and terror. The amateur goetic practitioner, 99% of the time, achieves alarmingly successful results. It's what we call *beginners luck*. The first few times a demon is evoked by an amateur goeticist (sic), the fear of the demon (or the fear of loss of self-control and therefore being eaten up by something devilishly nasty), can be overwhelming for some, especially for those having had some sort of christian upbringing. Thus, the gnosis can be particularly intense and help achieve better results. After a number of evocations however, the fear gnosis stabilizes into a slightly excitatory, but overall, *done this - bought the T-shirt* scenario; and the results can become less spectacular. Over time, practice can become boring and the initial oomph of heady fear and rapid bowel movement is lost forever. On the other hand, respect is still maintained for the

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practicality, clarity and effectiveness of such a technique.

The techniques used by psyber-evocationists are minimalist by comparison, but they are open doors for individualised application. They may not be so much fun (and at times, fun is what counts), but they can provide startling insights into just how one's programming is written and where the drivers are located in order to run the hardware. Goetia is akin to ego magick with a blindfold; psyber-evocation is doing it with one's eyes open and also having a vast set of tools at one's disposal. In Goetia, once the demon is given a 'job to do' it



Jenna's Ascension

usually brings it about in the most crude, but effective, fashion. In psyber-evocation, one can explore & take care of a condition without any of the 'interesting' quirks that often occur as well as produce results, which are tailor-made.

Take, for instance, an acquaintance of mine. Sixteen years old and wanting to dive right into what he considered *real magick*, he bought a book on the Lesser Key and evoked a demon from its pages... oh dear, you can tell what's coming next. His intent, by the way, was to lose weight. A month later he emails me and tells me that he performed an evocation, which appeared to have no results. Later in the email, he tells me that he had some very bad luck. It turned out that he had been in a car-crash, had to be fed through a tube for 10 days, and lost about 20 pounds. I thought, conversely, that his was a very successful evocation – from a results perspective. I inquired; *Did you actually specify how the demon was going to carry out this job?* A rather dejected, *No*, was the reply. Okay, some of his misfortune was very much due to a lack of experience in terms of his disgustingly, shallow statement of intent, but this scenario is reminiscent of many stories regarding Goetic practice. Have you ever heard of this happening with psyber-evocative techniques?

Most of you are probably acquainted with the quote from Nietzsche, *Battle ye not with monsters lest ye become a monster*. Well, I disagree with Nietzsche's viewpoint. Albeit written whilst Nietzsche's tongue was firmly in his cheek, the pyrrhic scenario is doubly humourous when viewed in the current sphere of evolving magickal and psychological techniques and models. Ego magick no longer has to have a Perseus versus Medusa script. Humanity's innovation has gone far beyond the use of mirrors and spears. Add to this the sustained advancement in neurological research, and the tattered shreds of a morbid era shall finally fade into obsolescence.

Viviography:

Temple Anubis workings 94-95

Temple Draghoulkia workings 96-97

Thanks go to Jason Messer

This one's for Rosalind.

The Vortex of Mis-Daemoners

Whilst spinning, begin and continue to chant:

*Unreel, Unreal, Unreel,
Unreal...*

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Unreel
Unreal
Unreel
Unreal

Imagine whilst spinning that you are going back in time. Recall the previous time and scene (using eidetic images, sounds and kinesthetic sensations), when you last expressed the behaviorism. Try to relive the experience as vividly as possible.

Leave this scene and go further back into the past, to when this behaviour came up again. Relive the scene. Keep going further back toward a time when you think the behaviourism became a firmly rooted experience or a routine in your personal programming. Relive every experience over which your mind mulls. Begin to see if you can recognise a pattern to the causes of your behaviourism, i.e. your reasoning or excuses made to yourself for a reaction or type of behaviour.

Once you have reached what you feel is a crucial experience with regard to the formation of this behaviourism, start to re-experience the behaviour consciously and unattachedly as if you now are just an observer. Examine the experience and look for personal reasons and catalysts, which caused you to exhibit this behaviour.

When you have gone as far back as *you feel* is enough, stop spinning for a moment, but carry on chanting. Hold the momentum of the behaviourism and scene in your mind and body.

Try to maintain your balance and centre for a few moments. Then, start to spin clockwise. However, this time, simultaneously chant:

Real, Reel, Real, Reel...

...and visualise the physical entity of the behaviourism reeling out from your body as you spin forward into the infinite present.

If you are using a supplanting behaviourism in place of an unwanted one, begin to create and experience future situations, where the behaviourism comes into play, but expressed as desired.

The following ritual employs several techniques concurrently. As well as killing a number of birds with one stone, if performed diligently, it serves to provide an intense but focused gnosis. The recall of eidetic images (images taken from memory), or auditory remembered sounds; in contrast to the reconstruction of visual images and auditory sounds is an important feature. I warn all that try this not to eat before using it.

Start by choosing a behaviourism, one that you desire to get rid of or prefer to mutate into something else. If the latter, then also decide on what you would like it to change into.

Begin spinning, slowly anti-clockwise. (Keep your feet shoulder-width apart, your knees slightly bent and your balance in your hips. Keep your head in the same position throughout the spin.)



Will

Magick is the science and art of causing change to occur in conformity with will as Crowley observes. Every thought and act conforms to this postulate, but at the same time, *do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law*. It is clear that a range of phenomena is covered by the term 'will'.

The Thelemic injunction to *do what thou wilt*, is the ultimate rejection of external authority; there is no need of any ethic law or god to proscribe the purpose in life for every man and woman is a star and there are no gods but man.

However, the extreme simplicity of discovering and implementing one's true will is an immense problem for beings as complex as ourselves. If one's true will is conceived of as that trajectory through life one has been best astrologically, genetically, sociologically and psychologically suited for, the problem is largely to eliminate unnecessary behaviour.

Animals in the wild state execute their true wills without much hesitation, confusion, worry, premeditation or mistake. It is our enlarged organ of thought which distracts us from our true will at the same time as offering enlarged scope for its action.

It seems as though the will stirs the mind into action and then the churning of the mind direct the will to accomplish certain actions or further thoughts.

Will training is firstly aimed at bypassing unnecessary complications and distractions which make the ordinary man unspontaneous and confused in the performance of his life's work. The training of the magician also involves the development of the magical will, which is the instrument with

which he explores the supernatural.

Ordinary will involves achieving unity of desire. Magical will is a further development of this and involves stopping the mind altogether.

All habits, desires and beliefs sap the will, and magicians have evolved many techniques for withdrawing will from these dissipations. Austin Spare transmuted and transcended personal aesthetic culture by seeking value in those things which are normally revolting. Crowley advocated the adoption of a number of arbitrary opinions and personalities. He also

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suggested the method of equilibrium where the mind is disciplined to immediately call up the opposite to every thought, which may arise. It is also supposed to be beneficial to break any habit to free oneself of that particular form of slavery. Among the many procedures given to Castaneda by his teacher to prepare him to approach will was 'erasing personal history'. This means losing self-importance and assuming responsibility for one's acts whilst constantly remembering that one is going to die. Although these are new habits; they are considered a more effective basis for behaviour, and they allow one to be more fluid in one's actions. Other techniques included disrupting one's routines, changing one's habits on a random basis and also the curious practice of not-doing. This entails noticing the shadows of things, the spaces between objects or the minute detail of objects and other things one normally overlooks.

Once the will has been detached from the sterile round of habits it is free to act creatively once again. This is the basis of Zen enlightenment. The will may also learn to express itself supernaturally.

Spare considered that the free energy of (destroyed) belief has magical effect when projected through the subconscious by deliberate forgetfulness at moments of voidness or exhaustion. Crowley said that

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Liberation
Book of the Law
Liberation

the purpose of the yogas is to shut off the mind: Asana and Pranayama remove sensation of the body, Pratyahara, Dharana and Dhyana stop the mind, and consciousness itself is annihilated in Samadhi. Castaneda includes and quintessentialises all traditions with the observation that will operates when the internal dialogue is shut off.

Many avenues for approaching the one pointed or silenced state are open to the magician (see "Gnosis": New Equinox: Part five), all can give a glimpse of this state. Those which are self-inflicted rather than willed, are only intended to help the magician on his way. They tend to give chaotic experiences coloured by whatever happens to be in the mind at that time. Drugs fall into this category and should be regarded as giving no more than poor intimations of the true results of willed practice in the disciplines of Yoga and Magick.

The object of training the will is to progress to a point where the mind can be silenced at will to allow the full force of the entire will to surface. The surfacing of the will reveals a sense of direction or True Will, and also its means of accomplishment.

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As you unfurl the entity, begin to glossolize the chant until it becomes a different mantra or word.

The more you spin; the more the demon is reeled or cast out. With a climax build up your will in discarding the final parts of the entity from yourself and shout the new word, as you force it from your body.

From now on, the power-word has command over the programme. Every time you use this command, you can stop the demon in its tracks by your recognition and awareness of its nature. Through continual interruption of the programme, the subroutine itself can be changed or discarded. One can use the new command as a shift in consciousness or punctuation mark in order to initiate the implementation of the new behaviour that you may have chosen to supplant it. Choosing a supplanting behaviourism is often better than binding or banishing a demon, as often these programmes can mutate into different forms.

You will most likely feel ill as soon as you have finished the evocation, but take control of the physical sickness and banish immediately with a good centering ritual. Use one that does not produce much excitatory gnosis and features more grounding techniques.

Frater Elijah

7
L B L

I Will Win

There is nothing. What is this? Trapped by volition, envious and desire -us. Desiring something... Someone which is the void of being. This is fantasy though, as real as anything else. Wanting to be something one can never be. All of this is desire, a yearning. Where are it's origins? I create this sigil from manifestation traced back to origins.

To desire Void: I dare not question why, which precludes/ alludes to madness. But wonder and speculate. The ego attempts to preserve itself, always. Always fighting back for it's own specialness.

What is going on? Sigils seem to be getting more pronounced in their impact. Causing flux and chaos (ha)



in their wake. Where is this all ing? Mind sometimes/ most of time functions without. Creat- and planning to it's own ends. Kind of scary actually. What is our will? What do we really want? An interdependent matrix. Does a root exist?... or, are all roots? Madness again; most probably the cause. For some reason we keep searching for a root. Maybe this is a side effect of the madness. Maybe this can help:



In Opposition (?)

BUBASTIS SANCTUARY

Jade was reveling in a new ease and lightness, a new sense of freedom. It was two months since life had blown up in her face, since she'd depth-charged it. Two months since she'd let herself lose the plot,

then scripted a new one. What magicians sometimes call an initiation. What non-magicians often call a small, but perfectly-formed nervous breakdown. She had decided it was time to go out again and have some light-hearted fun, time to revisit the lavish hedonism of the fetish club scene. The theme at the Savage Garden club tonight was Animals. She dressed slowly, playing with outfits, savouring a spliff of skunk, feeling the adrenal thrill of the prowl. Tonight... she was going to have a seriously good time. Take an E maybe, maybe get fucked, maybe take some pretty boy or girl home with her to play all weekend. Finally, around eleven, she admired the finished product in her full-length mirror with its scrolled cast-iron frame. Her short blonde hair was roughed up, black whiskers painted on her face. She turned and played with the tiger-skin, fun-fur jacket; which she would unbutton all the way down when she got to the club, to show off her large, round breasts. Crotchless, leopardskin tights over her long legs. A black and white, tiger-skin g-string. Furry shoes with

split toes. She smiled with pleasure. She cast her gaze up and down herself again and sighed deeply, feeling aroused by her own beauty and power. Yes, she felt free and strong again. Jade dialed for a minicab, stroking her curves through the thin fabric. As she checked her street clothes in, she could feel that the club was pumping, kicking, all the other adjectives she could think of, that added up to a really tasty night on the prowl. She passed a shabby lion, a gorgeous, but clumsy bear, and dozens of assorted fetishists, perverts and serious partygoers. A fish emerged from the changing room, leaving her puzzled as to why anyone should think a fish sexy. She paused at the

... visualizing herself glowing with the power of sheer joy, the charisma extending out from her skin in waves of violet light.

entrance to the main room, took a deep breath, exhaled. She did her self-confidence exercise, visualizing herself glowing with the power of sheer joy, the charisma extending out from her skin in waves of violet light. Pace by pace, feeling all the eyes on her, she stepped out onto the dancefloor. All over London, folk are going out. It's a Friday night in the Autumn, very much the beginning of the London fetish-circuit's new year. In all kinds of clubs, a million people out for sex, drugs, techno-dancing, beer, mayhem. A few of these, maybe more than you'd think, know themselves as magicians. They take their minds in hand, learn to focus their wandering thoughts, learn to turn their own mental processes into the service of their will. They believe in impossible things, and sometimes make them happen. They are people who have traveled all the way down the path out of consensus reality, who know that power is everywhere, and that freedom is horribly inevitable; the laughing core of chaos at the heart of the spirit. They know that they are behind the scenes, shifting the stage furniture to

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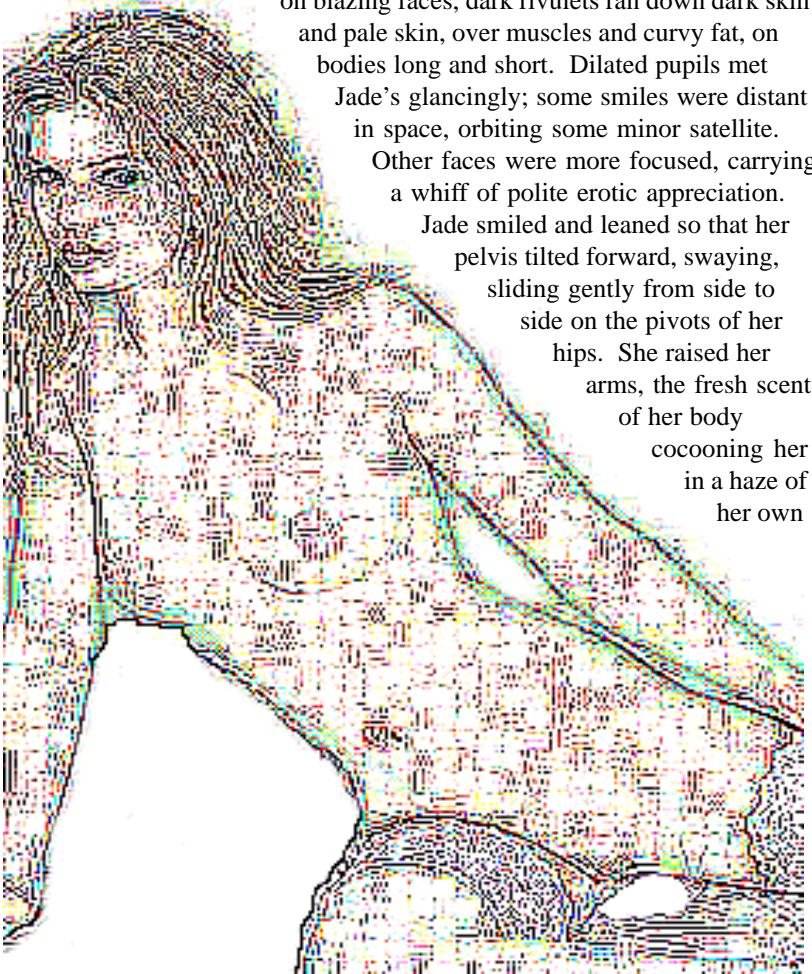
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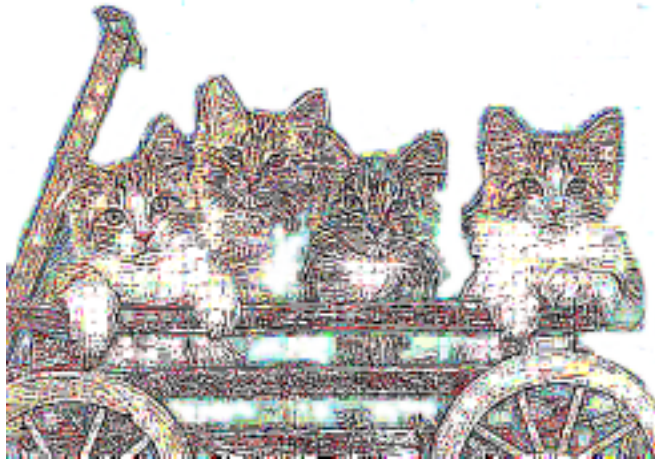
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Two of the spinning planes seemed to condense into incredible green eyes...

sexual power. Her eyes were slits, the dancefloor outside her a wobbling band of coloured smoke slashed with pulsing lights. Her breathing rose, lifting her shoulders, filling her with soft clear energy. The breath current rose into her head, structuring itself into a substance that reflected her every thought in snakes of green laser light. As the trance deepened, the laser-snakes became circles; spinning planes of effortless, abstract dance. She was lost to the world, her body on perfect automatic, in the moment of forever. Out there on the dancefloor, two pairs of eyes watched a tall, curvy woman dressed as a cat, totally absorbed in her dance; complete unto herself, smiling, eyes closed, radiant. Something rippled through Jade's trance, and her eyes opened to slits again. Two of the spinning planes seemed to condense into incredible green eyes... she was gazing at a beautiful man, who stood right in front of her. He was tall, slender,

create their own dramas, whereas ordinary mortals are merely caught up in someone else's production, reading someone else's script. Sometimes, they go out and party too. Usually, if they are any good, they get what they want. Sometimes, ordinary people notice that something wonderful has happened. More often, they are simply puzzled at something strange they see. Mostly, they erase any memory of the miracles around them. Some of those miracle makers are out tonight. The air on the dancefloor was hot and scented with amyl nitrite. Gems of sweat stood out on blazing faces, dark rivulets ran down dark skin and pale skin, over muscles and curvy fat, on bodies long and short. Dilated pupils met Jade's glancingly; some smiles were distant in space, orbiting some minor satellite. Other faces were more focused, carrying a whiff of polite erotic appreciation. Jade smiled and leaned so that her pelvis tilted forward, swaying, sliding gently from side to side on the pivots of her hips. She raised her arms, the fresh scent of her body cocooning her in a haze of her own





the hallway, and Pali ushered her into a massive sitting-room. The centre of the room formed an oval pit about ten feet across, sinking down via three tiers, all carpeted and strewn with oriental rugs and cushions. Plush, velvet curtains covered high windows. The decor was predominantly orange, a bit over the top. This must be what a love-nest is, thought Jade. The Siamese curled up on one of the levels. She and Zeo seated themselves, and Pali went out of another door. He returned with a tray. Refreshments! thought Jade, her stomach rumbling. Pali sat down, the tray beside him. He proffered her a golden cup. “This is our sacrament”, he said in a soft voice. Jade sensed that there was little point in asking what was in it. She decided to trust them, as long as they drank it too. As if reading her thoughts, Pali smiled and said, “It’s good psychedelics, a kind of horny, chill-out mix with a touch of magick. We’re having some too, so you can see it’s OK.” He raised the cup, a soft, secret smile crossing his

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face, and drank deep. He then passed it to Zeo, who drank in silence, then crossed over and handed it to Jade. Their eyes met again. The golden liquid tasted oily and metallic in Jade’s throat. She sat back on the soft cushions and got comfortable, drawing her legs up under her. She closed her eyes, and soon began to chase the first fugitive trails of dreamlight, feeling a benign heat spreading out from her belly into her chest and groin... this was a nice intoxicant. She stayed with the cool streamers behind her eyelids for some uncounted minutes. When she opened her eyes again everything had changed. The air shimmered with haloes, a seamless immanence of soft energy. Out there, it was spilling over Zeo and Pali like golden fur, and in here, behind her eyeballs, rotating filigrees of soft needles, she closed her eyes better to taste.... She opened them again, and caught Zeo’s gaze. The cat-woman was smiling, her faced creased into feline smugness, careless and pure. Slowly, Jade saw her slide off the cushion onto all fours. Jade felt her legs quiver, aware that her mouth was open and her breath coming

muscular, with pale skin, naked except for a thong and a cheetah-skin draped over his shoulders, held in place with strips of grey fur. The green eyes set in a round, bony face; his hair short and blond, spotted with dark brown. Next to him stood a dark, petite woman in a black, leather catsuit with puffs of fur at her crotch, and in rows down her slender body. She smiled broadly, cheekily, at Jade. Her eyes seemed yellow, and all Iris. Jade grinned at them, her mouth almost forming her thoughts: You’re gorgeous! I want you! The three of them were all moving round each other, reaching out playfully, their bodies creating an enormous circuit of ecstasy. Jade was in bliss; she had pulled, and what beautiful playmates! They danced and played, like the club belonged to them, showing the different scenes off to each other, confident and central everywhere they went. They enjoyed the dungeon, watching a submissive red-painted man eating out a glorious strong woman clothed in reptilian scales. They fondled each other to a backdrop of slow consensual torture: a fleshy blonde woman roped to a cross, being leisurely whipped by a muscular brown-skinned man with a cruelly-beautiful face. Somehow, Jade learned their names: Pali and Zeo. Somehow, they all got home, taking a taxi to the couple’s impressive red brick house in Finchley, in a lead-grey dawn. Pali opened a steel-reinforced security door and deactivated an alarm. They all stepped into a thickly-carpeted, warm hallway. A Siamese cat greeted them with its piercing voice, padding across the lush carpet to rub against Zeo’s leg. Zeo bent down and stroked the sleek animal, whispering something into its furry neck. They left their shoes and street clothes in

faster. Her vision swam as Zeo sauntered across the thick rugs with fluid, quadruped grace; the slits of her topaz eyes expressionless in the wide blaze of her smile. Both Zeo and Pali were purring now, the low sound filling the big room and making the golden light shake in rhythm. Pali stretched and yawned, showing off his long, muscular body; now rippling with soft, grey fur, which caught the dreamlight. Zeo was right in front of her now, her face a few inches away. Her breath smelt sweet, like blood

A moment etched in eternity... Pali licking the angle of her jaw, rainbow pinwheels rolling in her eyeballs as her gaze turned in slow motion; a shower of golden sparks as Pali's claws flicked out - and she saw three, fine threads of her blood lacing the white curve of her breast.

and chocolate. Jade felt her whole body trembling, her heart pounding, as Zeo's lips came up to hers. Timeless moments, the purring reaching deep into her, right down in her belly, loosening her sweet juices to ooze around her groin, sticky and hot. A rough tongue lapping her slick thighs. The three of them cocooned in a purring egg of electric fur and strange rich sex-smells, rolling over and growling, eye-to-eye. A moment etched in eternity... Pali licking the angle of her jaw, rainbow pinwheels rolling in her eyeballs as her gaze turned in slow motion; a shower of golden sparks as Pali's claws flicked out - and she saw three, fine threads of her blood lacing the white curve of her breast. Her own claws dug into Pali's side and pulled him onto her - her legs opening wide. Pali took her, his tapered penis slipping straight into her. A thorny pain shot through her belly. She screamed a long, unearthly howl, climaxing in showers of golden fur-light as Pali spurted inside her. She awoke to a soft susurrus of traffic outside and a sense of gigantic daylight. Her arm was around Zeo, her hand cupping the cat-woman's small, firm breast. Pali lay behind her, his arm across her,

his fingers buried in Zeo's hair. Both the cat people looked more human again in the morning light, but as Pali stirred, and his cock rose again, both he and Zeo started purring, soft and low, tickling in her belly. Jade was tired, and her genitals very sore, but the purring started her juices flowing again, and she pressed herself against Pali, shifting her legs to offer her open vulva to him. As soon as he entered her, the soft visions started again, like distant music in her blood. Zeo was licking her nipples, and Jade's fingers slid over her belly, silky with fur again, to settle in-between the creases in her labia, teasing her swollen clitoris out of the slick folds. Just before Jade lost all sense of time and identity, she remembered thinking confusedly, that Zeo may be a cat, but her sex was pure human female.

She woke again. This time, Pali was sitting naked on the bed, making a phone call. The bed was a mess of sweaty, stained silks and furs. A beautiful Maine Coon was curled up against her, its ringed tail arching over her waist. Zeo came in with a tray of hot chocolate and sat beside Jade. Their eyes met, pupils wide, and there was no need in that moment to reinforce their intimacy by touching. Zeo leaned close and whispered: "Pali is recruiting a new trainee for our games." Pali

Timeless moments, the purring reaching deep into her, right down in her belly, loosening her sweet juices to ooze around her groin, sticky and hot.

looked round, and made a gesture, his empty fist curving down from his forehead in the universal sign for 'dickhead', scissors motion at the level of the groin. Zeo hid her mouth behind her hand, barely controlling her laughter. After a few moments she drew a breath, appeared to get a grip on herself and leaned close to Jade again. Her voice was low and sweet. "Let me tell you about our criteria for playing. This character, this other man, he is by no means a fool, despite Pali's mime;" - she just stopped herself laughing - "he has a deal of power, but it is a long time since it has been seriously challenged. You know how it is: most of the worthwhile people on the fetish scene are sweet

and friendly, their sophistication in matters of the flesh is a celebration of the flesh and its beauty and freedom... that first layer is the freedom of sex, the creation of the true, high civilization of the elite hedonists, the dream of all true civilizations. This is our agenda, too. However, from this point out, the agendas diverge and deepen: next may be the edge of pain that transmutes to power, the mechanisms of power exposed and the terrifying trust in those whose power you choose to place yourself in. You know about that, of course; you are a dominant, but you have also been dominated; this is clear in your body language.” Zeo paused and smiled playfully, looking into Jade’s eyes. “Beyond this, there are, of course, other, more extreme agendas. Some of them are false, the nightmares of crude fools with the souls of property speculators, dealers in petty betrayal, sneering voices nasalized by cocaine. You know the sort. They are, of course, worthless, not an elite; just retarded bullies.” Zeo reached for her cup, and drank for a while as she listened to Pali’s half of the phone conversation. She turned to Jade again, smacking her lips, a ring of chocolate cream around them. “Beyond this, there is something else: when Pali offers to play with this man, he is inviting him into a very select club. Elite manners, generosity of soul, discretion, subtlety... and yet a field on which is played out real matters of life and death. The avant-garde arts of true hedonic civilization, maybe. You see, Pali’s mythic games, are games where identity itself is at stake, mythic identity. Would you trust someone enough to bet, say, your little finger against their sanity? For Pali, this is true love, maybe.” Later that night, Pali took her for a kind of peripatetic tour of the big house. It was warm and full of soft sounds. A phone chime seemed to come out of a wall. There were faint padding footsteps, and the chime ended. Cats were everywhere - the loud Siamese crying as they turned a corner, a pair of tabby kittens play-fighting on an Oriental cushion, a fat white cat asleep in a cardboard box. The silky-sharp smell of cats all over, a feral sweetness on the air. Pali was a graceful naked presence in the softly-lit corridors, a streak of animal beauty. He pushed open a door and held it for her. “This is the true Sanctuary”, he breathed. “This is where our Great Work is done.” Jade could hear the capitals in his reverent tone. “This is where the Records are kept”. He sat down at a comfortable workstation and switched the computer on. He motioned her over to an empty seat in view of the monitor. The screen filled with golden fur, bold red letters spelling the word FELIDAE in trails of blood. “The name of

this program is in honour of a spiritual brother of ours”, smiled Pali, enjoying some private joke. He clicked on a menu option and a horrific picture of a vivisected cat filled the screen. “This is what we must never forget, and what we will inevitably redeem.” The words sounded like a magick formula, an invocation of lifelong commitment. The tortured cat disappeared, and names began to scroll down the screen, names and numbers, thousands of them. “These are all the cats sacrificed in the name of an outdated and clumsy system of medicine, in the name of greed and shameful profit. These are the names of the dead, to be reborn in new bodies.” Jade gasped at the sheer scale of the Record as it scrolled down the screen, acres of feline death, a long, slow apocalypse of the cats. “How...?” she blurted, by no means sure what question to ask, confused by the strangeness of the data and the mind that

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collated it. “Through deep remembering, through record-keeping, through growing understanding of the processes of death for all beings, through the application of science and magick together. We offer them a special kind of reincarnation, in which they are born again as cats, but also have use of another mode of flesh. Ours, in fact”. “Let me get this straight”, said Jade; “You breed cats and do that delicious cat-sex stuff, on the sacrament, and it amounts to kind of getting possessed by what you believe are the spirits of the dead cats?” Pali smiled again, his eyes searching from left to right, before he answered. “You think like a magician, but you have to go further. You see, spirits are information, as far as we know. In the case of humans, these information clusters separate at death, dispersing to new hosts. Viral identity. However, some rare humans are able to retain their integrity, their distinctive cluster of personal, mental features at the moment of death. These are the great magicians of the left-hand path, and sometimes the

... spirits are information, as far as we know. In the case of humans, these information clusters separate at death, dispersing to new hosts. Viral identity.

servants of great spiritual traditions; traditions whose people require continuity, like the Tibetan lamas. The point being, that the death and rebirth process can be manipulated in humans, and of course in other sentient beings.” Pali paused and stretched his neck back, drawing up his shoulders and exhaling. “All that is known about the dead is recorded; all the scientific papers each one’s death contributed to. All about their specific breed type - which gives us a collective sense of their identity, a specific gene pool of the sacrificed ones. Individual details are, of course, mixed up together; no-one can say which specific individual gave rise, under torture, to that scientific paper.” Jade felt a ripple pass through the room. Zeo had slipped in. The dark cat-woman slunk over to Pali and rubbed against him, her playful eyes on Jade. Jade spoke up: “Look, you two are gorgeous, and I think it’s great that you care so much about the lovely cats, but...” Pali raised his short bony hand: “Please don’t patronize us. Let me explain. Last

night we raised an enormous amount of power. Zeo and I learned a couple of things about you: first, you need not worry about us trying to inveigle you into the kind of games I was setting up with our little friend. Those games are reserved for one kind of person; not the same as you.” Pali met Jade’s gaze, thoughtful and calm. “That young man, Marcus, I was talking to on the phone: he is a magician of sorts, but essentially a part-timer. He is a brilliant, highly successful artist, who understands the use of magick in a powerful, but restricted fashion. You, on the other hand, have the marks of a full-time magician. Your soul has the right kind of warp to it, the right kind of twistedness.” Pali smiled his broad cat-smile. “I can take power in challenging Marcus, but his power cannot add into ours. The only game I can play with him is a zero-sum game. With you, Zeo and I can play win-win magickal games, where we all get what we want. These are the games that interest me the most. You transformed immediately when you took the sacrament. We are so grateful to have discovered you.” Jade felt a single tic of fear in her belly. “What was in the sacrament?” she asked. Zeo’s low voice came levelly, without hesitation: “2CB, DET and magickally-processed cat tissues.” Jade caught her breath, the fear rising up, growing. It’s still in my body, she thought. She said: “But I thought you loved cats!” Zeo smiled sadly: “We love them more than anything. When a kitten is born, we take the placenta as the reservoir of all the potential that is not yet born, the lost brother or sister of the litter. The placenta is magickally processed, to make our sacrament.” Jade saw and heard her truthfulness, but the fear would not go away. She turned slowly to Pali: “No, there’s something else that concerns me. There’s something else, Pali.” Her eyes fixed on his pupils, pushing into his mind. Pali’s even expression didn’t falter.

“This is a sick world, little kitten. What we are doing is healing a part of it, and enjoying the blessings of the Queen as we do so. I am proud of what we do with this gem of a substance, this cast-off thing of the world. And you will find it makes you stronger, strong enough to enjoy such a powerful sacrament, far more often than normal people. Because, you see, it mutates you.” The fear in Jade’s belly flared into anger, “And you didn’t tell me!” Pali turned to her, smiling as sweetly as ever.

“Would you have believed me, before you came to know what you

know now?” “Maybe not, but you should have told me what was really in the sacrament first!” pressed Jade. “And would it have stopped you drinking it, pusscat?” Pali was grinning widely now. His cock was stirring into new life. Insatiable, thought Jade, feeling the stickiness between her thighs as she remembered the last day’s orgia. A strength rose in her, something from deeper than she’d ever felt before. She reached out and stroked Pali’s erect glistening prick, spreading the

releases all the compressed data at the point of orgasm. The data uncoils into an etheric vortex, which acts as a conduit for an incarnating spirit. This sanctuary is full of pregnant queens, you see; the patterns which form in the embryos of their young are actually channeled through Pali’s brain, and influenced by the patterns in it. It’s a two way process: he gives them the energy that all spirits desire: attention. They give him new physical potentials.” Jade’s mind raced, making sense out of this new information. She spoke slowly, thoughtfully: “These new physical potentials: what about the others, those who take the sacrament and fuck with him?” Zeo’s gaze was shy for once: “Yes, we are changed too. Because we have to change. You know our true relationship with cats, don’t you? They never were domesticated as rodent hunters in Egyptian grain stores. The first domestic cats were magickal familiars. Their position in all the magickal animal hierarchies is right at the top. The Felidae are the top of the food chain. They are the exemplars of a shameless, civilized hedonism. They are the true representatives of what civilization and freedom mean. In fact, without the feline influence, human society is quite insane. It is the

we take the placenta as the reservoir of all the potential that is not yet born, the lost brother or sister of the litter. The placenta is magickally processed, to make our sacrament.”

lubricant round the tip. She looked up into his eyes, feeling her power overwhelm him for a moment, his face awash with surprise and a new respect. Jade slid her fingers down to his balls, tight in her hand. Her voice was steady, tight. “So we have to change ourselves to work this magick. You made me change myself.” Her face was hard, as she gazed into his. After a while she drew her hand away, keeping eye contact, placed her elbow on her knee, and rested her chin on it, seeing that his beautiful green eyes were now hot with lust again. He made a little coughing sound. She let out a deep sigh and looked up at Zeo, who had crossed over to her. Zeo spoke: “Pali is the true archive, my sweet. He has all of this data, all of the Dead, encoded in his brain. The computer archive exists only to preserve the data, in case he dies too soon. The data is placed with precise sigils, which activate it, sector by sector. When he fucks someone, another cat-wizard, one of the sigils is fired. This

“So we have to change ourselves to work this magick. You made me change myself.” Her face was hard, as she gazed into his.

cat inside that saves us. The cat spirit must survive; all the beautiful, delicate Felidae are paying for the encroachment of we humans into their territories. A spirit at the top of the food chain is in a very delicate position. Our arrival on the scene, and the growth of civilization, made it imperative that the delicate cats seek a new form. Their group soul, their gene-pool sentience, dreamed the modern cat. The cat spirit, like all selfish spirits, incarnated into a new species a few thousand years ago, condensing all its essential attributes into a small body, and a consciousness that could get on with humans. And that spirit is now poised to make its next evolutionary leap.” Zeo paused,

licked her lips and looked around. “I’m going to drink. I shall bring some for you.” As quick as that, she left the room. Jade sat silent for a while, assimilating all the strange things she had heard and thought and done this last night and day. She had done magick before, in pagan groups, in small magickal circles where she seemed to be the only one who cared if they got a result. But these people were completely mad. Rich, crazy, probably incestuous aristos... Real weirdoes. Yet strangely she felt at home, totally at ease, centred in

comment. Her eyes met Zeo’s, and there was no offence there, only amusement. “Yes, sweetheart. The cat spirit in space. Humanity will go quite mad without it. We wouldn’t last five minutes, out there in the freezing void without the old, tribal formulas to comfort and restrict us. We need the Felidae mixed into our very blood. Feline genes in us. Feline patterns assimilated in the moment of ecstasy. We are becoming more than human, all three of us. We are adapting our minds to hyperspace.” Jade gave up trying to disentangle literal fact from metaphor. She felt tired, and the wine was getting to her. Basically, these people were gorgeous, but completely hatstand, magnificently bonkers. Or whatever. Mad, anyway. “I’m tired, darlings. I’m going home.” Jade drained her glass and put her arms out to Pali and Zeo. They all embraced, rubbing each other, the cat couple purring. They helped her find her clothes and called her a cab. It was dark outside, and smelt of recent rain. The sense impressions hit her with a bittersweet rush of autumn, and she took a few deep breaths. She had no idea what time it was. She felt disoriented, but it was rather exciting.

She sat in the taxi, going home, breathing the rich smell of her body, laughing quietly at nothing in particular, just a general sense of absurdity. Then she remembered the last thing she had done before leaving. She was sitting gathering wool. An enormous Oriental Shorthair entered the room and approached them. The big Egyptian cat sat down and began to clean her soft grey-champagne fur. Pali became conspiratorial and very respectful. “Pay respects to the Queen, my sweet. Come before Her as a kitten, and adore Her power.” Pali whispered in her ear, almost breathlessly, as the beautiful old cat paused in front of her. “Look, She likes you.” “What do I do?” asked Jade. “You have cat instincts; trust them, little one. Remember last night.” Jade slid to the floor, her mind ballooning into the golden egg of feline ecstasy, that last night had become in her memory. She rolled over onto her side, glancing at the Queen, who licked a paw abstractedly. The Queen walked past her, fleetingly brushing her broad, flat head against Jade’s. There was a plain gold earring in the outside of her left ear. Jade heard her cat voice, the modulation in her purr, that seemed like a minimal, regal welcome. Jade began to purr softly. The Queen turned, patted her once on the head and padded off.

It becomes increasingly possible to steer one’s life by the ‘feel’ of situations - all the information about any decision is present in the feelings of the body, if one can only learn to interpret and trust them.

her own power here. Zeo returned with a tray of glasses and some foaming wine. She poured, her head on one side, concentrating utterly on her task. Jade caught her breath, entranced again by the cat-woman’s grace. She accepted the glass, and drank gratefully. She sighed, said softly: “So what next?” Zeo put her glass down and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Her voice had a steady flow, a delicately, controlled passion as she resumed. “It’s simple, really. Humans are going into space. We need to take the cat spirit with us.” Jade couldn’t suppress a smile. “Cats In Space”, she said, and immediately felt a little embarrassed at the trivial

So one afternoon, running behind schedule, the thought passed through my mind to use magick to speed the journey. Listening to the radio as I drove down the freeway, I created a suitable Statement of Intent: *Force Time Into Compression*. Because driving doesn't lend itself well to artistic sigilization, I instead reduced it to a four-syllable mantra that I could chant to radio music: *Fotamecus*. Despite little preparation, it worked exceptionally well, and I thought that this would be the end of it.

The next day a good friend of mine, Quinn the Mad Prophet (don't

Don't Blame Me, Blame My Servitor

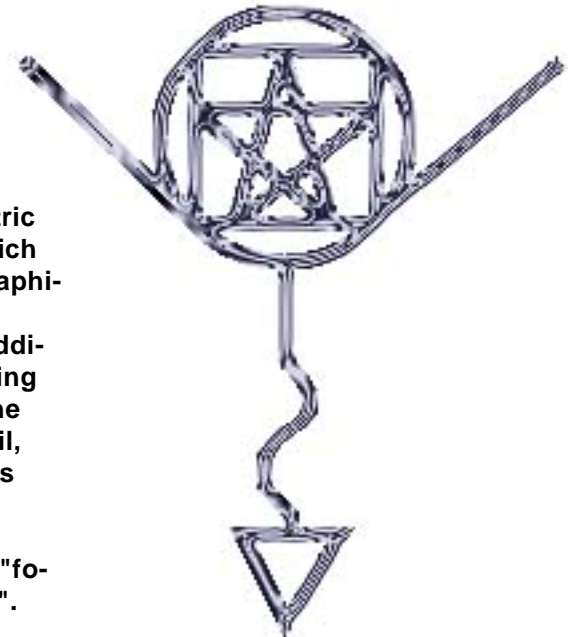
I'm not sure whether I should be worried or not. You see, Chronos is a nice enough God of Time, but he is a bit old and I'm not sure he stands a chance against what's about to hit him. Of course, he has enslaved all of Western society to the clock, so maybe he deserves it, but still yet I feel kind of sorry for him.

You see, it all started when I began playing with the idea of time magick. Not that I'm responsible for what's coming, mind you—I'll pass the blame off to Fotamecus before anyone blames me. I turned him loose a long time ago, and I take no responsibility for his actions, especially with him ranting, "Chronos, your time has come", every time I see him. Perhaps I should explain.

My own involvement with time magick was actually quite accidental. One day I got to thinking about time and how it flows, and how each hour is supposed to be the same length as all the others. Yet, this didn't make sense to me — sometimes an hour flies by as if minutes, and other times it drags on for ages. The end result of the thinking ran something like this: *If we can use magick in any area of our lives, and if Time is a mutable substance, why can't we use magick to mess around with time?* And thinking usually gets me into trouble sooner or later.

Fotamecus was originally a sigil which then became conscious and turned into a servitor. Modifications were made to the original sigil to make it a viral servitor. The Fotamecus viral servitor sigil appears at right.

The word "Fotamecus" itself is the original mantric sigil from which the above graphical sigil was created. In addition to focusing visually on the graphical sigil, one can focus auditorily by chanting the mantric sigil "fo-tuh-meh-kus".



Fotamecus began to work, we lost a car of friends that had been following us.

Even though we killed 45 minutes at a rest stop afterwards, when we re-entered the freeway we met right up with the other car even though they had never stopped. We thought the magick had worked very well until we received the backlash later that day.

For time compressed, an equal amount of time was expanded. The balance was kept. Travelling at sixty miles an hour, a fifteen mile stretch of desert highway took nearly an hour to cross. If we had already reached our destination, the expansion would have been fine, but Fotamecus was only able to hold off the backlash from the initial compression for so long.

After several similar events we mulled over various ideas to correct the problem of backlash and hit upon the idea of viral servitors — the key to a process of mutation that would allow Fotamecus to eventually grow beyond our control. We worked several rituals in which we altered the sigil to make it possible for Fotamecus to make copies of itself. These copies wired themselves into a network, that made them incredibly effective at preventing unwanted side effects. If one of them needed to compress time and another to expand it, they would pass it off to each other through the viral network, maintaining balance and reducing the possibility of backlash.

Our only problem was that we didn't limit how large the network could grow. There was no check against it — nothing to keep it from getting out of our control. And the only problem with a reproducing virus is that sooner or later it mutates.

It was about this time that news of Fotamecus started spreading through the Internet, and an online graphic of the sigil was printed out by many for personal use. Hundreds of copies were spawned and the power of the Fotamecus Viral Servitor Network continued to grow.

As the network grew, so did the power of Fotamecus. The whole thing started acting less and less like a legion of independent servitors, and more and more like an individual entity. He started showing greater signs of intelligence — he would hold interesting conversations, show up when needed without request, and applied greater precision in his use of time manipulation to get the most mileage from the least effort. It became obvious to the Mad Prophet and I that he was slipping out of our control and was about to become something

ask), approached me and asked about sigilization techniques a la Austin Spare. Requiring a demonstration sigil, I chose to use “Fotamecus”, explaining the previous day’s success with it. From the mantra, I created an artistic sigil that Quinn put in his wallet for future reference, inadvertently placing himself under its influence. Many stories of truly rapid transit followed, culminating in a Metallica concert where Quinn’s goal was to, “suck up all that free gnosis.”

All of that free gnosis that Quinn sucked up was dumped into the Fotamecus sigil to speed the trip home, and a two hour journey took only thirty minutes. Even more surprising, the energy was enough to push the sigil over the border to servitorhood. I’ve used this technique before, of feeding a sigil enough gnosis until it created an independent

We worked several rituals in which we altered the sigil to make it possible for Fotamecus to make copies of itself. These copies wired themselves into a network, that made them incredibly effective at preventing unwanted side effects.

servitor, but neither the Mad Prophet nor I had ever done it by accident. So without a home and with nowhere to go, the Fotamecus servitor, young and unintelligent, started following us around. Whenever we needed to compress or expand time we would feed it a bit of gnosis and it would do the job. It started ‘growing up’ as we fed it, growing a little more intelligent and a bit stronger each time we used it. We thought this good and well, for the stronger he got the better he did his job.

Over Thanksgiving weekend in 1996, I crammed with six other chaotes into a van headed for Death Valley. Calling on Fotamecus while in the San Francisco Bay Area, we travelled fifty miles in fifteen minutes through both heavy traffic and the MacArthur Maze, the most dizzying interchange of highways known to man. Immediately after

Lucky for us he was friendly, and wasn't about to take revenge for any perceived abuse suffered as a servitor. Instead he showed up...

else. The mutation had begun, and there was little we could do to stop it.

Only a year after his initial creation, he ceased to be a network of pieces and became more than the sum of his parts. His parts were still identifiable, but they were becoming less and less distinct. The viral network itself was now stronger than the individual servitors, and looked more like a spirit in its own right with each passing day.

The full mutation took place during the hour long Midnight to Midnight when Pacific Daylight Time became Pacific Standard Time in October of 1997. Using mundane time expansion of an hour that didn't technically exist, we performed a ritual in his name that was designed to charge him with power for whatever use he saw fit. Seven people and one smashed clock were the only witnesses to the ritual.

For three days he just disappeared. Petitions for help went unanswered, conversations were one-way talks to nothingness. Divination confirmed that yes, he was still alive, but that no, he wasn't responding to anything. So we waited, and three days later he rose from the dead more changed than we had ever expected.

Many chaos magicians speak of spirits as spanning a continuum of power: from the tiniest unintelligent

servitor, to egregores of moderate power, to godforms capable of controlling entire cultures. In one popular theory, all godforms were at some time on the short end of the stick, and through constant use they amassed power and rose from servitor to egregore to full status as a godform. When asked how long this takes, many chaotes shrug and guess that each step takes decades or even centuries. I would say that this grossly underestimates the potential for their growth, for when we next saw Fotamecus he was no longer a puny little servitor but an egregore powerful enough to shrug us off and make his own demands.

I still don't know what allowed him to cross that boundary. I suspect that when you give a servitor enough energy from enough different people, it will become an egregore; much as a sigil can become a servitor after being the recipient of strong gnosis. But, similar egregores I had dealt with in the past had not been nearly as strong as Fotamecus had become, though it shouldn't have been too much of a surprise. By this time, there were hundreds of people using him daily around the world, each of them feeding him a little more power with each use. Along with the ritual performed during the Daylight Savings Time change, it was enough to push him over that border with change to spare. He reintegrated the individual parts as his limbs, while the network became his mind. Granted, he wasn't a very strong egregore yet, but he had plans of his own at this point, and would have been difficult for any one individual to control.

Lucky for us he was friendly, and wasn't about to take revenge for any perceived abuse suffered as a servitor. Instead he showed up, let us know of his egregore-hood and what was going on, and then faded into the background from where he would manipulate events. One could petition him in the same manner as before, but his skill at time manipulation had reached mastery. Oftentimes he showed up unrequested, giving help before we could think to ask for it. There were even times when he was strong enough to get us to our destinations before we had left for them. Certainly not the work of a puny servitor!

I don't see much of him anymore, but he does show up when I need him. He usually has a better idea of when I need him than I do. And sometimes he just drops by for a chat. At 2 a.m. sitting in a Denny's just a few weeks after his attaining egregore-hood, I had a particularly revealing conversation with him. It seems that he's not satisfied with

By using his name as a mantra or by creating a ritual using his sigil to call him, he grows stronger day by day, as new users feed him in return for his help. So sure, it may be neat to tell a story about how a servitor that Quinn and I accidentally created eventually ascended to egregorehood, but these days I feel more and more like I'm a servitor to Fotamecus, that he feeds candy for being a good little magician.

being an egregore — he wants to head for godhood and the only thing standing in his way is Chronos.

Chronos, god of fixed time — his talismans are the timepieces that control our daily existence, his clocks are the prison guards to which we have become slaves. And never do we question his authority. But what could some upstart servitor with delusions of grandeur hope to offer?

In my own case, my full-time job became much more pleasant when I began to compress the entire day with his help. An eight-hour day felt like four or five, and this compression was fed back as expansion of my free time. A two hour lounge around the house often felt like three or four. If I needed more sleep, I would ask him to expand the night-time hours, and I would awake after five hours as if I had slept in late. So

much for those last nagging doubts in my head that time is fixed and immutable. In this way does Fotamecus battle Chronos. We may be slaves to our clocks, but there is nothing to stop us from changing the flow of hours within those clocks.

Word has spread. More and more people are using Fotamecus every day, and with each new user he grows in power. Already he is plotting his attacks against Chronos with what seems to be a passionate hatred, centered on vengeance for some unknown slight. He keeps muttering something about the millenium, and has told me on more than one occassion to keep an eye on London's Millenium Dome, which will hold more than 100,000 party-goers on December 31, 1999. Such comments are usually accompanied with the astral equivelant of a mischievous smile.

At this point I have a better relationship with him than I do with most gods I work with. And he seems to like me. Occasionally he pops up to tell me things to do for him, to get him out to more people or to give him ammunition for his war against Chronos. In return for a little publicity here and there, he helps me stretch those hours around the clock to get the most out of them. He even pokes me and prods me to write essays about him so that others will use him. By using his name as a mantra or by creating a ritual using his sigil to call him, he grows stronger day by day, as new users feed him in return for his help. So sure, it may be neat to tell a story about how a servitor that Quinn and I accidentally created eventually ascended to egregorehood, but these days I feel more and more like I'm a servitor to Fotamecus, that he feeds candy for being a good little magician. An odd relationship at best.

Fotamecus has been out of my control for a very long time now. I do worry a little bit about his war with Chronos — I have absolutely no clue what he's got planned, and he's certainly not telling me. But to be perfectly honest, even if I am a bit worried, I've been enjoying the show. And with the millenium just around the corner, it looks like it's only going to get better. This is what the Immanentization of the Eschaton is all about.

SOUR GRAPES:

A LOOK AT THE APPROPRIATENESS OF WEALTH

There is a fable by Aesop, which tells of a fox who desires some grapes but cannot reach them, so he walks off consoling himself by declaring that they weren't ripe anyhow. From this fable comes the saying, "sour grapes", and the adage that folk who fail at something will often blame circumstances rather than admit to their own shortcomings. It is a fine, brief, moral tale with some clever observations on human nature, but I have a problem with it. My problem is that this tale has been manipulated by the overbearing gods of capitalist marketing to put down those who do not worship at their altar of MONEY=WEALTH.

Nowadays, it seems that "sour grapes" is what you are said to have if you do not aspire to own all that the consumer society says we must have. You are accused of envy if you scoff at the baubles of the rich and their vast array of meaningless merchandise. It appears, that as we approach the millenium, it is not sufficient NOT to own something simply because it's ugly, pointless and takes up valuable space under the table. We're supposed to want it anyhow. To have is to be, allegedly.

I'd like to think that Chaos Magicians aren't fooled by all this. We understand the appropriateness of wealth, don't we? In unison we chant our mantra, "Oh gawd, consumerism", as the Christmas lights are switched on by some portly sponsor of Santa's Grotto. Our advanced spirituality lifts us free from the marketing men's bleats about what we all want; we strive only for that which we really need.

Do we bollocks! I recall making an adept laugh heartily when I

declared once, that "going on holiday was crap." They thought it was endearing that I was such a lost cause for the Admen. Others look bemused to find out that only in 1998 did I finally get a colour television; and nearly all you Americans seem to think it strange that so few UK IOT folk have, or can drive, a car. But why should this be deemed odd?

Let us look at this another way. Holidays and costly possessions are, supposedly, our reward for hard work. The more expensive the holiday / goods; the harder we must have worked to afford it. We don't just buy the holiday though, we also buy the idea that we are lucky enough to have this reward. A reward that costs us more than just man-hours of labour; it costs a small fortune in stress too.

Take holidays for example. I meant it when I said that they were crap. Imagine that you get some time off work. You can either relax at home attending to all those necessary chores you've been putting off for months, visiting old friends, and staying up late to watch the Major

Often, these great, consumer carrots cost you money, but add nothing to your personal wealth. Trying to afford them is like chasing a dream which is not your own; they bring no real satisfaction.

League Baseball on TV (in England they televise it during the small hours). An uninspiring rest maybe, but a rest nonetheless. Or you could stress yourself out totally by going on holiday. What fun! You have to organise everything weeks in advance – book the tickets, get the jabs, worry that your passport/visa won't arrive in time... it's a nightmare before you even start. Then there's canceling the milk, finding someone to feed the cat, thinking of cunning ploys to deter thieves, remembering to turn the water off... plus the packing, the dash to catch the train / plane / bus etc., AND finding ways to amuse the children during the journey – need I go on? And this is meant to be a

Demoness

Multiple Vast Preternatural Intelligence burning ladder rung #1



Within the many choices of invocation and integration of demonesses we can pick from a wide variety of forms for a wide range of uses.

Around the world we can see that there are many demonesses from mythology and ancient religion - our fears and our wishes for liberty from all kinds of conditions, as well as modern day entities (some useful and some for exploration), and some downright mad

Whatever our fun, games or serious exploration may be, within our own mind we have many alternatives for our cluster of selves within.

If someone were to ask me which one to start with, I would probably leave it up to his or her gut feeling and

reward for months of toil? Forget it. You'll need an extra week just to recover.

This is not "sour grapes"; it's common sense. Often, these great, consumer carrots cost you money, but add nothing to your personal wealth. Trying to afford them is like chasing a dream which is not your own; they bring no real satisfaction. I honestly believe that we do not need most of the things that we do not have. I don't say this to be sanctimonious, nor as a throwback to the stifling political correctness of the 1980's. It is because I prefer to strive to enjoy myself. Less stress; more fun.

Think for a moment and you'll see how crap the other false idols of Consumer Wonderland are:-

HOME OWNERSHIP A real con. Now a bank, not a landlord, owns your house (unless it's bought outright). You have to do and pay for all the repairs yourself, and if you lose your income you're not only homeless but on a credit blacklist too.

CAR OWNERSHIP An advantage if you live somewhere rural, but otherwise you're just adding to the congestion and poor air quality. Your friends will treat you as a taxi service, your parents expect you to visit more often, and there's never any parking places in town. Joyriders are the only real beneficiaries.

TOP RANGE HI-FI What's the point? I like punk, so the sound's not that important to me, and posh hi-fi's don't mix well with small children. Get a cheap one that can cope with Ribena spillage's.

COMPUTERS Well, my (cheap) PC is a twat and seems to spend more time going wrong than working properly. But, did you see that episode of "Friends", where Phoebe says she's going to give her brother the greatest gift of all? She means she's going to be a surrogate mother, but Chandler automatically assumes that she's talking about a Sony Playstation.

Actually, he's got a point. Not all the trappings of consumerism are crap. Sour grapes? Nah, just selective purchasing.

***S. Ferry is the author of Demoness (sweetness~ever after), a travel book into demoness hyper ritual, gloss poems, preternatural thoughtforms, and digital doorways. Forward by Gregg Newsom. Appendix by Frater Mot. Fully illustrated, limited edition (288), 7x7 format handstitched in a package of surprises. Coming soon in 1999 from [Inf@Ichimie Carobnica](mailto:Inf@IchimieCarobnica.com) & Tumultus Productions.**



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attraction. Whatever entices you to it, is probably the strongest entity you can possibly integrate with right now. From there, you can then change and build in the future, entities that surpass even the imagination we have presently.

From my understanding there are many forms which may not do you much good, considering the conventional world we live in. It really depends on what you are looking to transform in your mind and life. Personally (since I work in a business atmosphere on the com-

puter and dealing with people), I was looking for a demoness, which had all the multifaceted, fiery attitude and supreme intelligence that could switch faces in the spur of the moment and work on many things at once.

The following Invocation is a glimpse into this research and experience.

Vemr Qual

Imagery and function:

The imagery of this demoness is left entirely up to your imagination, each person will have a different look and feel and reality. I will not add my own pile of fetish ideas here as to what I used but let you claim your own. To be sure you want something you can feel you are inside entirely, something maybe somewhat physical in sensation. You are going to change your I to another, and part of the practice will be to concentrate on the form of the entity for a period – adding relative parts and editions as necessary. For example: You may add eyes, which see all around in 360 degrees and can sense infrared or peer deeper then the surface.

In the creation of my own for this time, I used the name Vemr Qual, but any name you feel appropriate will suffice.

The function of the demoness should be fitting with what you want to accomplish or to extend within your own body mind. You are taking on an imaginative body, which is real to you and possibly to others (if they have the eye to see it), so you want it to function to its maximum in the area you wish to explore and be Queen in! For example: I gave this demoness the function of being multifaceted in emotion, being able to switch fast from one to the next with skill and usability. Also, I gave it quickness in 'appendages' for typing, grabbing, walking, running, moving, etc. In addition, the ability to manufacture more appendages when I need it. The ability to see deep into others thoughts (though this is something you may want to hide and express in other ways - people can become wary of you and this can cause a feeling of aversion), for business reasons, to sense lies or truths. A business sense and intuition to sense when there is a good deal or not. A language of programming, speaking the language as well as being able to write it fast and lightly with good affectivity. Color changing for others to sense – blue, for instance, for cool moods, and reds for hot

moods. It is important to note here that whether others can see this or not, does not really matter, they can, nevertheless, sense it if you have the skill. Also, the function of multiple selves, which we already have, could be a nice addition programming many self-attributes, which can be harnessed when necessary. This is where you may, eventually, wish to build a whole retinue of demonesses to work with.

The next steps:

In order to become familiar with your creation, you need to be able to set up in your mind what exactly it looks like and what its functions are. When this is completed, then you can enter a state of GNOSIS and begin to absorb it.

This PROCESS is important, as you will find 'you' may never become 'it' until you are satisfied with the PROCESS itself as the becoming. In order to get help get you there, I have designed a short little gnosis technique, which may be adequate for you to surpass your normal 'I' grasping, and switch naturally.

Blood Holes

Dots or circles have always been an attraction for me. From octopus suckers to Braille cards to abstract art formations, these geometric shapes have always been good little doorways for my mind to enter, work, and play. This is a very simple technique, but pulls from a vast wellspring of internal knowledge latent in your mind. You will need a small needle for your fingers, a piece of paper or plastic, and some paint or colored pens.

After a period of motionless concentration, begin to imagine in your mind a bright sun, so bright it is almost stark white. Feel it penetrate your mind and create flashing blankness...now begin to project dots on its surface, as they appear randomly, note where they are, what pattern they take. (This will be the pattern of your current mind state, and you will use this immediately as a base board to go into gnosis and surpass this conscious barrier.)

When you have noted the dots and their pattern, immediately copy them down on paper, and prick your fingers - each one till a little blood flows forth.

Now move you hands or hand over the dots pressing each one lightly (like a button to open a door). Begin to feel the little pain and the touch of surface, and move faster with random motion, weaving and getting into it - let yourself go. (If you want you can masturbate here or something similar to increase the effect.)

You will then reach a state of GNOSIS, no mind state - emptiness - chaos, when you have achieved this state, cast your mind into the form of the demoness you have created. Feel it fall over your body and wrap itself, replacing your current body and mind.

Feel you have a new mind and body, with all the new functions you have programmed into it. And hold this form for awhile with as much

After a period of motionless concentration, begin to imagine in your mind a bright sun, so bright it is almost stark white. Feel it penetrate your mind and create flashing blankness...now begin to project dots on its surface, as they appear randomly, note where they are, what pattern they take.

clarity as you can muster. To enhance your new form and its belief construct, you can do some automatic actions, like writing, drawing, singing, glossalia, or go out and move among people feeling your new form and mind working.

At first this will be tough and seem ridiculous (depending on your level of gnosis), but soon with familiarity you will begin to enter this form as a reality, it will become real for you and possibly for others. The function that you have programmed will begin to manifest as

The Forgotten Ones ...



Part I

The Forgotten Ones – a common title for those entities in the Cthulhu Mythos for whom nothing is known for certain. In fact, our base of knowledge is the sketchiest of outlines, and the wildest of speculations. Definitely time to do a little magical research, and even a project exploring to what lengths these entities may be utilized, for currently now they are unexplored, unexploited and largely overlooked. The Forgotten Ones represent a huge reservoir of untapped, occult power.

Any exploration of this set of beings must begin with the phrase itself, *The Forgotten Ones*. It is a title often used, interchangeable with the title, *The Great Old Ones*,¹ to describe the entities known in magical circles as the *Cthulhu Mythos*. This overlap

ally of the Deep Ones, but is not a member of that group. Nor are the Elder Race akin to Shoggoths, for these entities were created by the Old Ones as a pliable work force. The Elder Race, clearly, came not only from another world, but from another dimension.

Neither are the Forgotten Ones the group of entities now known as the Great Old Ones. In *The Call of Cthulhu*, H.P. Lovecraft makes an insightful statement regarding the relationship between Cthulhu and the Great Old Ones.

He is their cousin and can spy them but dimly.

In my estimation, this statement alone is enough to eliminate any speculation on the subject of, whether or not, the Forgotten Ones are interchangeable with the Great Old Ones. In one sentence, Lovecraft separates Cthulhu from the Great Old Ones' pantheon, and implies that there is an even more remote collection of entities sloughing around in the preternatural slime, shadow and ooze.

In addition to that, he is clearly in reference to Cthulhu as a priest – indicating that there existed a group, which required his devotion, thus, the Forgotten Ones.

... about three million years ago, the Old Ones engineer humanity as play toys and menial workers. Their utilization is, however, short lived. The Shoggoths rebel and wipe out the Old Ones, leaving humanity and the Deep Ones in control of the planet.

As a side note, this reference links, as well as separates, the Great Old Ones from the Forgotten Ones. What is implied is a cosmic, familial relationship or dimensional kinship. This inference is coined by the word *spy* (or perceive).

Cthulhu can see the Great Old Ones, and visa versa in another plane of existence. In exploring the potentiality of utilizing the Forgotten ones, it is this alternate *plane of existence*, which we must breach and explore.

In, *The Mountains of Madness*, there are links drawn between the Antarctic race of genealogists, the Old Ones, and the gods they worshiped – the Great Old Ones. Moreover, reference is also made to those forces in opposition to the Great Old Ones and their followers. These beings were *The Forgotten Ones*. The specific reference regarding them calls them *worse than formless*. An indication of their partial dimensionality.

Where do they come from and what do they look like?

As mentioned above, The Forgotten Ones were/are a collection of egregores worshiped by the Elder Race. The Elder Race came to earth (according to Lovecraft), some 600 million years ago, and they brought their gods, the Forgotten Ones, with them.

This arrival interrupts the work of the Old Ones,³ a collection of entities busy at the work of engineering every type of lifeform that the planet would subsequently house. The Old Ones are also known as the Star Headed Old Ones, due to the shape of their... well... head.

A war ensues, the results of which are unclear. Enter the Great Race⁴. The Great Race, apparently, had it in for both the Elder Race and the Old Ones. The long and the short of it being, that the Elder Race is locked away /suppressed, and an uneasy trade/war situation develops between The Old Ones and the Great Race. This concludes with the resurgence of the Elder Race, which wipes out the Great Race (or at least forces them to flee).

Unfortunately for Cthulhu and Company, the Old Ones have the last laugh and re-imprison them outside of reality with a collection of signs and seals.

Having accomplished this Feat about three million years ago, the Old Ones engineer humanity as play toys and menial workers. Their utilization is, however, short lived. The Shoggoths⁵ rebel and wipe out the Old Ones, leaving humanity and the Deep Ones⁶ in control of the

planet.

An understanding of the Forgotten Ones can probably be obtained through an understanding of the race which worshiped them. As gods and egregores have, for us, taken on very anthropomorphic qualities, it would be logical to conclude that the Forgotten Ones possessed Eldermorphic characteristics.

We know what Cthulhu looked like, because of descriptions available to us from Lovecraftian sources: the octopus head; wings; claws; and the semi-formless

multi-dimensional sense, i.e. in 5 dimensions rather than 4 or in a split dimensional sense, e.g. dwelling primarily in an alternative universe. Current theory favors the former conclusion. For the Elder Race exists, *not in the spaces we know but between them*, so that they can walk among us, monstrous and unseen. This would indicate that they can see us while we can't see them.

An analogous situation can be found in the Novella, *Flatland*. A place inhabited by intelligent, two-dimensional objects (squares, circles, triangle, etc.). During that story, the peace of these intelligent, but simple beings, is interrupted by the appearance of an intelligent sphere. The sphere had the power to transect the reality of the flatlanders - it appeared as a circle (as any sphere would appear if it crossed a two dimensional plane), and communicated with the flatlanders. This intelligent sphere even went so far as to take a flatlander circle into the 3rd dimensional plane, allowing the circle to *look down* on the world of Flatland.

We are in no immediate danger though, of a Forgotten One transecting our dimensional space. They have apparently lost interest in this plane of existence; seeking only to traffic with those foolish enough to attempt the astral and mental gymnastics, which exist as a prerequisite for contacting these entities. Maybe even going so far as to wipe out only the ones who come close to realizing their presence. (The fate of Abdul Azzared, the legendary author of the *Necronomicon* comes to mind).⁷ Like circles attempting to contemplate a sphere, we do not have the mental agility to wrap our minds around 5th dimensional entities; thus we are not a threat and are not worthy of attention.

Another possibility is that they are, in fact, actively seeking readmittance (and revenge), but the constraints placed on them by the Old Ones remain intact. The obscure phrase, *when the stars are right*, does not refer to a specific astrological confluence, which will come and go; but to a point in the future when the barriers erected by the Old Ones finally collapse.

The Old Ones were wiped out by their servants - the Shoggoth, and are unable to maintain the barriers erected against the return of the Forgotten Ones.

In the absence of the Old Ones, we would become the primary target for revenge. Since the cities of the Old Ones have long since

In any event, the nature of the Elder Race leads one to suspect that their gods are a fairly awesome collection of malevolent entities - of which we know of only one, *Tsathoggua*.

quality of appearance all lends to the picture of just what these beings may have appeared like.

From what we can garner from Lovecraft, the *Elder Race* exist in a dimensional space-time quite different from our own and that of the other races in the Lovecraftian cycle. They are often referred to as being, *hard to perceive*, or, *semi-dimensional*. This condition should hold true for the beings that they worshiped as well. Interestingly enough, Cthulhu itself possesses the ability to recombine - so even as a totally, solid entity, these creatures retain a great deal of plasticity.

This semi-dimensional existence leads to speculation regarding whether the Elder Race existed in a

vanished, it is our cities, which shall feel their wrath – not a happy thought. No avenue exists for appeal or placation. Later myth and history has become so twisted that we won't even know *who* is attacking us, let alone, *why*.

The Old Ones and the Great Race, apparently, had the technology/magic to deal with these beings. We may find ourselves without the necessary weapons to stop them. When the Elder Race returns, it will be a ghastly occasion. I think that they will clear off the planet and re-inhabit it again, although they may be open to compromise. (As is evidenced by the actions of the Deep Ones).

In any event, the nature of the Elder Race leads one to suspect that their gods are a fairly awesome collection of malevolent entities - of which we know of only one, *Tsathoggua*.

In any event, the nature of the Elder Race leads one to suspect that their gods are a fairly awesome collection of malevolent entities - of which we know of only one, *Tsathoggua*. Referred to, briefly - in two stories, *Tsathoggua* is an entity described as being *formless*; not much to go on save that Cthulhu and his kin were referred to in the same line as being, *worse than formless*.⁸

At least, with the Great Old Ones, we are given the allusion to certain shapes: Black Goat, Reptilian, Black Headless God, Tentacles, etc., etc. – things that have associations, to which we can consciously make a connection. That would be, in part, due to the nature of the Great Old Ones being worshiped by the Old Ones (the Creators of humanity).

There, exists at least a tentative connection. Despite their hideous forms, the Great Old Ones exist in four-dimensional space-time.

No such point of reference exists between humanity and these beings. Traffic with the Forgotten Ones is conducted at the magician's own peril. The potential rewards of which, may actually outweigh the probable dangers. It is on such a journey that I myself will go in the following months, with the intention of keeping a constant record of my experiments - which shall be released in subsequent issues of this journal. (It may end here and the below become part of the next article for bunny).

Lovecraft describes methodologies for communing with the Forgotten Ones through the use of mathematics (specifically geometry) and dream work.⁹ The first step along these lines is to master both the techniques of lucid dreaming and the mental conceptualization of 5th dimensional objects. In that order.

The magician, after gaining conscious control of the dreamscape begins to introduce simple 5th dimensional objects to the minds eye. These objects may be memorized during periods of deep meditation and after prolonged study of 5th dimensional geometries. Once that is accomplished the magician may then choose to resonate sigils through these objects or draw 5th dimensional sigils in their minds eye.¹⁰

The logical place to go next with these exercises, once lucid dreaming and 5th dimensional sigilizing have been mastered, is to attempt to contact *Tsathoggua* and obtain its sigil. Beyond that the potential directions are limited only by the magician's imagination. As my own personal course is plotted I will make suggestions.

The first thing to be done after contacting *Tsathoggua* is to master/create an alphabet of desire to be used in communication with the Forgotten Ones. This will allow for two way traffic. A dialogue.

The untapped potential of the Forgotten Ones exists for us to exploit at will and contact with these entities/egregores should be attempted. While risks may exist there really is nothing worth daring which does not entail a certain amount of danger. As useful information is -made available it will be recorded so that others may make similar explorations.

Foot Notes:

1 The Great Old Ones, mentioned throughout the works of H.P. Lovecraft. These malevolent entities were archetypes of alien evil - existing outside of space time, and waiting for the right moment to return, clear off the planet and return to power. Worshipped by the Old Ones (see footnote #3), the Great Old Ones consist of several known entities and perhaps many more unknown ones. However, some of Lovecraft's writing seems to indicate that while totally alien to human life, the Great Old Ones are not really evil, but merely different.

2 Elder Race, never mentioned - except in the most opaque fashion. (One might add, in a way that was obscure, even for Lovecraft.) Semi-formless, seems to be the best description so far on record - these beings definitely fall under the heading, Not Nice. Not only do they dislike humanity, they have it in for the Old Ones and the Great Race too.

3 Old Ones, first mentioned in "The Mountains of Madness," came from the stars before there was life on the planet, their primary purpose in life appeared to have been molecular biology and genetics. They created all life on the planet, some for food, others for labor. Primary place of residence - Antarctica.

4 Great Race, first mentioned in "The Shadow out of Time," came from a race on the verge of extinction somewhere else in the cosmos. Have the power of interstellar mental flight and can move their collective consciousness en masse when necessary

or one at a time to any place or time desired. Their primary purpose in life appears to be writing History. Primary place of residence - Australia.

5 Shoggoths, first mentioned in "The Shadow over Innsmouth," were created as a work force for the Old Ones (see footnote #3) and were plastic entities capable of changing into whatever shape was necessary in order to complete the labor at hand. They also had a limited degree of autonomy and intelligence. Much to the dismay of the Old Ones.

6 Deep Ones, first mentioned in "The Shadow over Innsmouth," most likely were created by the Old Ones though this is never implicitly mentioned. Often allied with Cthulhu there may be some connection between this entity and the Forgotten Ones. The Deep Ones are amphibian, live forever (barring accidental death) and have the capacity to interbreed with humans.

7 As you may recall, Abdul was consumed alive in the marketplace in Damascus by unseen beings which howled like insects. Nothing of him remained.

8 The exact quote from "At the Mountains of Madness" is as follows: "...and of the Hyperborean legends of formless Tsathoggua and the worse than formless star spawn associated with that semi-entity."

9 The references can be found in "The Dreams in the Witch House."

10 They said I was mad at the University, Mad! Mad!

Banish with Laughter

* Three couples, an elderly couple, a middle aged couple, and a young newlywed couple wanted to join a church. The pastor said, “We have special requirements for new parishioners. You must abstain from having sex for two weeks.”

The couples agreed and came back at the end of two weeks.

The pastor went to the elderly couple and asked, “Were you able to abstain from sex for the two weeks?”

The old man replied, “No problem at all pastor.”

“Congratulations! Welcome to the church!” said the pastor. The pastor went to the middle-aged couple and asked, “Were you able to abstain from sex for the two weeks?”

The man replied, “The first week was not too bad. The second week I had to sleep on the couch for a couple of nights, but yes we made it.” Then the pastor went to the newlywed couple and asked, “Well were you able to abstain from having sex for the two weeks?”

“No pastor, we were not able to go without sex for the two weeks,” the young man replied sadly.

“What happened?” inquired the pastor.

“My wife was reaching for a can on the top shelf and dropped it. When she bent over to pick it up, I was overcome with lust and took advantage of her right there.”

“You understand that this means you will not be welcome in our church,” stated the pastor. “I figured that” said the young man, “We’re not welcome at Walmart anymore either.”

* Julie, the blonde, was getting pretty desperate for money. She decided to go to the nicer, richer neighborhoods around town and look for odd jobs as a handy woman.

The first house she came to, a man answered the door and told Julie, “Yeah, I have a job for you. How would you like to paint the porch?”

“Sure that sounds great!” said Julie. “Well, how much do you want me to pay you?” asked the man. “Is fifty bucks all right?”

Julie asked... “Yeah, great. You’ll find the paint and whatever else you’ll need in the garage.”

The man went back into his house to his wife who had been listening. “Fifty bucks! Does she know the porch goes all the way around

the house?” asked the wife... “Well, she must, she was standing right on it!” her husband replied.

About 45 minutes later, Julie knocked on the door. “I’m all finished,” she told the surprised homeowner. The man was amazed... “You painted the whole porch?” “Yeah,” Julie replied, “I even had some paint left, so I put on two coats!”

The man reached into his wallet to pay Julie... “Oh, and by the way,” said Julie, “That’s not a PORCH, it’s a FERRARI.”

* Signs That You’re Bored At Work

1. You are no longer content with merely photocopying your butt, you now scan and enhance it with Photoshop.
2. You’ve figured out a way to get Gilligan off the island.
3. People come into your office only to borrow pencils from your ceiling.
4. You now require only a single can of cola to belch the names of all seven Dwarfs.
5. The 4th Division of Paper Clips has overrun the Pushpin Infantry and General White-Out has called for reinforcements.
6. You discover that staring at your cubicle wall long enough produces images of Elvis.
7. You’re reading THIS aren’t you?

* Boris Yeltsin, Fidel Castro, Bill Clinton and his lawyer are riding on a train together. About an hour into the ride, Yeltsin gets up, goes over to his suitcase and takes out a bottle of Vodka. He breaks the top off, takes a big swig then opens the window and throws the rest out.

The rest of the folks looked stunned. Yeltsin says, “In my country we have so much Vodka that I don’t have to worry about wasting some.”

A while later, Castro gets up, goes over to one of his suitcases, takes out a cigar, lights it, takes one puff then throws it out the window. He then says to the rest of the folks in the car, “In my country, we have so many cigars that I don’t have to worry about wasting some.”

Two minutes later, Clinton goes over to the window and throws his lawyer out.